**Book One**

**The Gathering**

***The world is called Maljestic and its lands are in turmoil. The immortals that benevolently, though sometimes mischievously, watch over the many races of the realm are under siege by one of their own. Using their powers against them the powerful beings can do nothing to help those they protect. It is up to the mortals to free their immortals and themselves.***

***This is a tale of an age where sexual desire runs rampant among the immortals and those mortals whom they guarded, good and evil. Their only salvation lay between the mammoth breasts of the beautiful half- elven female, of a mysterious decent, Raylenethos and her two companions, the dashing rouge elf, Khambien and the gorgeous elven gypsy Charlize. Standing against them and the mastermind of the immortals lose of inhibition is the dark Lord Epyon and his minions. Unknown to the companions, Lord Epyon has abducted the Lady Lethan, the immortal of Lust. With out her presence all inhibition and control is lost and wild lust is freed, even amongst the best of people and races, including the immortals. The three companions, with the aid of a beautiful but flighty nymph and an immortal swords master and a dragon feared by all, they will have to fight and fuck their way across the lands to face the deadly Epyon and free both mortal and immortal from his sexual siege. Let our tale begin.***

***The Capture***

***Sitting down on the plush furred couch, the young warrior happily lies on his back. He cannot believe that this gorgeous immortal has chosen him to be her lover…for this night. The big-breasted female slowly pulls down his cloth trousers, revealing a monstrous nine-inch cock. She licks her full plump lips, her gigantic, melon sized breasts sway heavily in the handsome mans face as he licks at her thick tender nipples; just managing to catch the meaty flesh in his lips. She gently rubs the snake like shaft, the huge muscle hardening under her soft touch.***

***“Oh, so BIG!” her baby soft voice purrs in his ears.***

***A deep husky moan escapes his lips as the buxom woman finally wraps her pouty lips around the bulbous head of his cock, the organ swelling between her red silk flesh. The luscious female sucks down the delicious tool, its girth filling her warm mouth, her long fingers tickling his cum filled balls; the ecstatic warrior gorging himself on her immense tit flesh. She licks the veiny muscle causing his breath to grow heavier as she swallows down the shaft, her lithe hands stroking the base of his thick rod, his cum quickly rising. The strong male slaps his hand on the wonderful immortals firm round ass, the clap ringing in the small confined room. She releases her vice like grip on his swelling manhood and helps him to his feet, easing herself into a sitting position in front of him. He gently grasps the back of her head, his strong hands intertwining with her silky brown hair, his aged hazel eyes; lost in lust, gaze into her steel blue orbs as she swallows down his meaty stock. Her head bobs up and down the tool, all the way down to the base, her feminine hands rubbing and squeezing her majestic mammeries. Pumping his hips with quick gyrations the warrior drills her angelic face, his steed gliding through her lovely, pouty lips. With her tongue twirling over his twitching shaft she lets the huge snake fall between her massive boobs and she clasps the sensitive member in an iron grip of tit meat. She runs her satin orbs up and down his pole, the soft flesh of her tongue once again teasing the grand muscle. He rams his cock through her mountainous breasts, fucking her tits with wild abandon. She moans softly as he continues to drill her virgin tight cleavage, the warrior grasping her beautiful breasts, the bountiful, soft flesh spilling over his powerful hands. His head leans back and a low throaty growl rises from within him as her monstrous orbs glide over his sex. Gently he pushes the female down onto her back; spreading her long muscular legs as he eases his serpent cock into her moist, tight slit; her pussy lips embracing every burning inch of his shaft. Building up momentum the defined male rhythmically fills the gorgeous immortals snug cunt; the beautiful female holding her massive orbs as they jiggle and sway on her tiny chest, a thin film of sweat forming over her flat tummy. She pants and moans softly with the warriors’ passionate pounding, the flesh of their hips clapping softly. The massive cock fills every bit of her sex; the stout human holding her sleek thighs for support as he fucks her. After a few long strokes the warrior pulls out, allowing the astonishing beauty to change positions; turning so that she is on her hands and knees, her rotund buttocks facing the lustful male, her humongous udders dangling with their weight, as he once again enters her delectable cunt. Now he fucks her hungrily, her bountiful boobs swaying madly with each thrust, her angelic face shiny with perspiration and intense with pleasure; nibbling on her delicious lower lip. The immortal leans her body forward, pushing her ass higher and allowing him to enter her even deeper. Both man and woman are panting and moaning; the warriors cock ready to burst. When she can feel him about to pop the lovely lady pulls away from him and stands. She then directs him to lay down with a motion of her hand. Once the warrior was laid on his broad back, his cock standing full and erect, she impales herself on the mighty muscle burring it inside her. Then she proceeds to FUCK him, her strong hips grinding and arching against his, her***

***bubble like rear end bouncing off his thick shaft, her immense breasts massaging his flexed pecks. Panting with desire she feverishly rides his quivering manhood, feeling his cum engorged rod ready to erupt.***

***“Are you going to cum for me?” she asks in a babyish voice, soft and pouty.***

***All he can manage is quick breathless moans of pleasure as she continues to ride his cock, milking cum from his taunt balls. Her awesome ass rolls back and forth, up and down his pole until all he can babble is, “Ohh…ohh...ooohhhh!”***

***“Cum for…for meee”, her face an intense, anxious mask of pleasure, sexuality, lust and passion!***

***The immortal pulls up off his cock, letting it fall between her firm butt cheeks as she continues her rhythmic fucking until he finally explodes; thick ropes of milky cum fall heavily on her backside. She pumps and rocks, his shaft sliding through her cum slick ass crack, until she is completely sure that he is drained of every last drop; even reaching back to jerk it dry. Leaning forward, her soft tits mashing against his chiseled chest she kisses his lips, her gentle satin lips caressing him into a deep slumber. Once he is unconscious, the immortal stands and wraps herself in a sheer silk robe, then steps through an adjacent mirror; walking into a tiny, though comfortable room with a large greenish pool in the center of the floor. With a wave of her hand the pool begins to shimmer and an image appears.***

***The strange pool ripples with energy as the image within it; a gorgeous white skinned female with full heavy breasts entwined with a handsome elf with long black hair and chiseled muscles becomes more and more passionate. Watching the erotic picture with pleasure and enjoyment is her mistress; the Lady of Lust, Lethan. Gorgeous beyond words; with shoulder length cinnamon brown hair, intense blue eyes, soft pale skin; creamy and rich, and delectable pouty lips, she looks in on her follower, her immense breasts heaving on her chest, her long silk gown flattering her slender waist, full curvaceous hips and long muscular legs, her entire form shiny with sweat and the after glow of sex. As she watches she lets out a whisper of a prayer and the nymph grinds herself with even further vigor. Lethan stands proudly over the murky blue pool, the eerie green light illuminating the cozy scrying room. Her vibrant blue eyes watch the scene as her youngest handmaiden; Serenity, the nymph of the air, frolics with a very lucky mortal. A luscious smile forms on her full pouty lips. With another hushed blessing the angelic immortal leaves the confines of the magical room. She walks happily through a long hallway, colored in bright reds, blues, greens and oranges, the sunlight splashing through the multi colored glass windows. Slowly she passes through the beautiful hues, each color radiant on her shimmering gown as she finally reaches her destination. Opening the door Leathan enters a lush room of mattresses, silk, satin, fur, and mirrored walls. Within the center of the room a large marble bath, the water clear and steaming. Surrounding it are thirteen statues of all the major immortals, made of black and white marble. Lethan slowly unclasps her silky garment, allowing her titanic orbs to bounce free, the flimsy clothing to fall to the ground and eases herself into the warm water. She lowers herself into the pool until she is submerged up to her neck. Closing her icy eyes the immortal leans against the warm stone, allows herself to relax. Suddenly she sits up, a sudden sense of fear and wrongness washing over her. One of the mirrors violently explodes away, Lethan ducks under the surface to protect her from the shattering glass. The immortal stands angrily from the pool, water running down her delicious body, her eyes glowing pure gold with anger. In her baby soft pouty but angry voice she faces her assailant.***

***“Who dares enter my sanctum…!”?***

***Before her stands a monstrous four-armed beast, in each of his lower hands he holds an unconscious female; one a busty red skinned beauty with a muscular frame, the other, a blue skinned nymph with long flowing bluish green hair and huge melon sized orbs hanging off her chest. Behind him a shadowy figure wearing an ebony robe and midnight colored armor that conforms to his very skin, glides from the darkness. True fear rushes through over the beautiful woman, a sudden tremor within her body telling her that something evil was beginning.***

***“Hello sister.”***

***“Epyon!”***

***“We have much to do…whether you like it or not.”***

***“The others…”***

***A truly evil smile comes across his handsome face.***

***“They won’t have anything to say about it. Khlabec…grab her!”***

***“You will fail! Prophecies are just rumors” she cries as the monster stalks in on her, “Someone will stop you!”***

***“Prophecies are only rumors if you don’t make them come true.”***

***CHAPTER ONE***

***THE BEGINING***

The beautiful nymphs lithe body trembles as the huge horned beast buries his massive cock deep into her hairless sex, her mammoth breasts; the size of ripe melons, jiggle and sway wildly on her tight frame. Crying and pleading with all her might she grips his muscular arms angrily; her long knife like nails slicing into his tough flesh as his thick member disappears into her tiny frame until their hips meet with loud claps of skin. Beads of sweat build on her bronze skin and tears of anger and lust run down her cheeks; strands of her wild greenish gold mane stick to her gorgeous face, her enormous globes bouncing heavily. The beast slaps a monstrous hand on one of her mountainous wobbling breasts, the soft meaty tit flesh squeezing between his large digits. He grips her fleshy mound tightly, the young nymphs’ large nipples hardening under his grasp. Now drenched in perspiration and tears, the hulking creature turns the nymph over on her hands and knees, her shapely ass glaring sweetly at him; his trunk like shaft spreading the females’ swollen lips grotesquely. Her massive orbs sway madly as the daemon continues to ram his bulk into her tight body. The daemons’ huge hands wrap around her slender waist as he rams his beast deeper and deeper down her gaping snatch. Sweat pours down the two immortals bodies as the horned beast fucks the subdued nymph with evil abandon. She moans and whimpers as her emerald eyes glass over and her beautiful body begins to shudder, the painful pleasure of his girth bringing her to orgasm. Milky liquid erupts from her stuffed pussy, streaming over the great monsters muscle and runs down her silky thigh. He grunts lustfully, his red orbs narrowing to thin slits as he turns his majestic horned head towards a shadowy figure in the corner, then nods, an evil smile broadening across his twistedly handsome façade. The young nymph, her innocent face lost in sexual lust, tightens up as the creature drills her engorged cunt. She can feel the head of the cock in her stomach; her flat belly bulging with his size, as the immense pole is buried to the hilt. The daemon lets loose a guttural growl as the whole of his muscular frame flexes and erupts, cum pouring like a river into the beautiful girls’ belly. The nymph gasps as her insides are filled with the beasts searing hot juices. He bucks and shivers, shooting the last bit of his cream into her womb, filling her body to capacity. The daemon gently flips the beautiful demihuman onto her back. Now he can see the glorious fruits of his labor; her once flat belly is slowly growing round and full, the conception complete. The young females’ tummy quickly swells and balloons, the flesh thinning as her abdomen stretches. She looks in awe and fear as her stomach expands into a massive sphere, a fleshy distended orb, as do her already big tits, filling with milk. Soon the nymph can feel her hips widen as her belly, full, heavy and gravid, her flesh pulled taunt and shiny, drops between her now plump legs. Her body fattens; the sharp lines of her face and toned curves of her body become softer, more rounded as her belly swells until she looks ready to deliver numerous offspring, soft moans pierce her lips as the weight of her flesh covered dome becomes evident. As she tenderly and fearfully rubs her sore immensely swollen, belly, her extremely hefty mammeries, laden with milk as a pregnant mothers breasts would be, sit wonderfully atop it, she stares in confusion, sadness, anger and innocence at the daemon.

            “Why?”

            “Why not Nareel?”, a melodic voice bellows out from the dark corner of the antechamber.

With much difficulty Nareel; tired, confused and angry, manages to turn her heavy body in the direction of the voice; sweat dripping from her giant breasts and massive tummy, strands of her wild hair lay matted to her sweet face and graceful slopping shoulders. In the once dark corner, something she had not noticed when the daemon first brought her here, sits the naked dark Lord Epyon, the immortal of darkness and treachery. Beautiful in the evilest way, he sits proudly upon an onyx throne; his own ebony skin blending into the shadowy rock, his muscles glistening with a thin film of wet, his pure white mane laying long over his broad shoulders and golden eyes locking on hers. Before him, bent by his very will, sit two females whom she recognizes, her sisters; one a gorgeous red skinned nymph, her massive tits sitting high on her chest; her thick black hair hangs down her muscular back. Her yellow eyes are only partially open as she stuffs her gaping cunt with a fat cylindrical rod, almost the length of her own arm. She buries the false shaft into her dripping sex until it virtually disappears, pulls it out and then repeats the motion. The other female lies awkwardly between Epyons muscular legs. This one, a dryad; a sea nymph, is filling her mouth with the dark immortals’ ebony cock; her massive tits wrapped around the thick shaft. Nareel watches as the thick tool slowly glides through the dryads’ hefty mammeries, a thin stream of precum running down its long shaft. The black muscle is huge and even Nareel can’t help her own desire to feel the huge organ down her throat or deep in her own moist pussy. This nymphs belly is also huge and swollen, her once sleek body adorned in baby fat, obviously pregnant by Epyons design and not her own and Nareel suddenly feels her pain and anguish. Her bluish skin shimmers with sweat, her enormous gravid tummy is shiny and sleek, as she squeezes her huge globes tighter around Epyons meat and breast fucks him, continuing to suck on his member. Even the dark immortal himself lets loose a breath of lust at the dryads’ breast skills. Forcing herself to look away from the enticing and saddening scene, Nareel glares up hatefully at the handsome and deadly immortal.

            “Why have you done this?”

            “Why did I allow Corbios to have his way with and impregnate you? Simple really. Since Corbios is a part of me, a part of me is NOW in you and you are NOW mine. The babies, well they are none of your concern. Now make your MASTER proud and fuck me!”

            Without another word Nareel, her big belly sticking out far on her tiny frame; almost three feet, waddles over to the dark immortal and slowly straddles him; the other dryad guiding his monstrous cock into her extremely wet hole, her hugely gravid tummy sitting heavily on his abdomen. Nareel can only let out one single tear as all her own thoughts become clouded and lost; all she can desire is the dark Lord Epyon deep inside her, her belly swelling even more with his offspring. The immortal hungrily grips her wide meaty sides as he lifts the hefty nymph up and down on his rod, her huge tits bouncing wildly and her fat pregnant belly slapping wickedly against his tightly muscled stomach. Nareel grips his shoulders as his hips drive the gargantuan log into her cum and baby filled womb, her juices streaming down his shaft. The other two nymphs lick and suck on Epyons swollen balls, their tongues lapping up Nareels’ nectar and quickly sending the dark Epyon over the edge; already haven been sucked, stroked, tit fucked, and fucked for many hours by the two females long before Corbios even had been with Nareel. Feeling her master on the verge of eruption, Nareel grinds her wide hips faster and harder, milking the thick cock of its precious cream, her meaty and fattened frame jiggling with every powerful thrust. Epyon only grins as he finally blasts his massive load into her full womb. Wide eyed she digs into the immortals muscle as she conceives more children, her belly swelling to an unimaginable girth; spreading out to her sides and pressing hard into Epyons gut, her back arching in delicious ecstasy. Epyon chuckles as Nareels’ belly distends further, her belly button poking out like an erect nipple, her flesh stretching tighter and tighter until her belly swells to almost four or more feet, her expanded sides widening with tender fat. The two females quickly and happily help lift their sisters’ extremely pregnant and heavy body off Epyons still hard cock, cum dripping from her snatch. The red skinned nymph then impales herself on Epyons still rigid muscle as the two dryads kiss and rub each other’s massive tits and full bellies. Epyon growls gleefully.

            “Bring me more Corbios. I desire MORE! “

The horned daemon turns with a nod and a devilish grin forming on his wicked lips; strolls out of the chamber, his appearance changing from that of a daemon to a handsome blonde haired elf.

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Raylenethos sips her mug of ale and brushes her reddish brown hair from her angelic face as she watches the strange and erotic performance, taking place on the tavern stage. The gorgeous olive skinned elf stares in wonder as two disgusting but extremely well hung ogres double dick a chubby big breasted bar wench. The larger ogre has the wenches dress draped over her meaty round ass as he crams his thick log into her tight sphincter, her beefy cheeks rippling with the beasts pounding hips. The other greenish gray brute is stuffing the human females cute sweaty face with his girth; her tongue running down its length, spit hanging off his hairy nut sack that she squeezes tightly, his grimy hands trying desperately to grab hold of her fat, heavy tits, which hang free of her tight apron and dress, as they jiggle insanely with each of the ogres thrusts. The female groans and moans with delight as the two cretins drill her bubbly body. Raylenethos takes another drink of her warm ale as a cute halfling bar maid with round chocolate brown eyes, rich ebony hair tied high in a top knot on her small head and surprisingly large tits for her slim though curvy four foot two inch frame. Wearing tight leather breaches and a bear skin vest; which reveals a valley of cleavage, she steps up to her table and delivers a full glass of golden red liquid; straining to get it to the top on the high standing table without spilling it. The elf eyes the glass then looks at the halfling.

            “Tristin, who ordered this?”

            “Who else Ray? Besides, he feels bad about screwing up your last job.”

            “Does everybody know about that?”

            “Not everybo…” the sexy halfling is abruptly cut short by a loud growl from the stage.

            The two females turn as one of ogres; the big one grunts deeply, shooting a heavy load of cum all over the maidens’ more than supple ass, the thick liquid splattering on her full cheeks in sticky gobs. She squeals in glee, releasing the smaller beasts’ organ from her lips only to trap it between her fat globes. The wench squeezes the swollen muscle with her mammoth, melon sized, orbs tight around his cock as he drills her mountainous tit flesh. His hips pump furiously, her pillowy skin pulling his juices from his body, as she manages to tongue the bulbous head as it barely penetrates her abundant breasts. He grips her mammeries; tit meat billowing between his fingers as she cups his furry sack with her soft hands.

            “Cum for me Groc, cum for Teela”, she coos between laps of her tongue. Groc squeezes her tits even tighter around his shaft as he groans something in ogre.

            “Ooohh yyeess Groc, cum for your Teela!”

            The ogres’ body tightens as a fountain of jism explodes between Teelas’ mammoth juggs; blasting right into the happy females gaping mouth. Most of Grocs’ load goes down her throat but a great deal of the sticky cream lands on her plateau of tit flesh and in her dirty, disheveled blonde hair. She hefts up the mighty mounds one at time, licking them clean of the ogres’ goo. Groc slowly and weakly pulls up his breaches as a table of ogres clap and hoot and holler for their friend, as do some of the more raunchy and horny bar patrons.

            “What in the nine hells was ***that*** all about” Raylenethos asks as Teela heads behind the bar, hopefully to clean up.

            “Apparently it was Grocs’ and his twin brother Blatocs’ birthday. Their regulars with Teela and for ogres their pretty good guys and even better tippers.”

            “That must be one hell of a tip. One of those brutes is bad enough but two?”

            “Raylenethos, your one to talk!”

            The gorgeous elf just eyes the adorable halfling, her light brown orbs almost glowing in the dim light.

            “Two humans and an elf do not even compare.”

            Tristin just smiles and walks away. Almost as an after thought Raylenethos remembers the glass of wine.

            “Tristin, tell Khambien thanks.”

            The halfling just waves as she works her way through the crowd, her shapely ass turning more than a few heads. She’s almost trampled by a drunken barbarian but a very quick dwarf pulls her out of the way. The sexy little female rewards the squat warrior with a kiss that could curl his red belly length beard.

            Raylenethos chuckles at the spectacle as another group of sex crazed patrons take the stage; this time a well endowed half elven female; slim waisted with large round tits sitting high on her chest and a muscular and well endowed elven male, who immediately drops his leather trousers as the busty half breed swallows his stiff member. Ray downs the last of her previous brew and begins on her new glass of wine; all the while allowing her free hand to subtlety slip between her legs and play with her aroused clit through her black leather thong. She cannot explain her sudden arousal but she can feel herself growing wetter and wetter as the two patrons grope eachother with lustful abandon. Just as she slips her second finger into her moist cunt, a tall red and black haired elf with golden skin, wearing an expensive green silk shirt, soft leather pants, thigh high riding boots and wielding a heavy coin purse, approaches the table. She looks up at the elf with a resigned smile.

            “My lady.”

            “Si…ir” she calmly manages as her second finger plunges into her wet snatch.

            “I noticed that you were alone and I wondered if you would like some company?”

            Suddenly, with out any warning, Raylenethos slides her dripping fingers from her own sex and grips the slight, though noticeable bugle in his groin.

            “Listen, I have a table in the back in the corner. Would you like to join me?”

             The elf; astonished, can only nod as the delicious elf leads him to the blacked out corner of the tavern, the bulge in his groin now obvious. Surprisingly many of the patrons hardly notice, the elf on stage driving his schlong through the half elves deep cleavage, diverting their attention. There are a few who notice Raylenethos though and those few watch her carefully. One in particular is a white skinned snow elf that is as handsome as he is beautiful. His pale blue eyes follow the gorgeous female; wearing tight black furred chaps that reveal her round firm ass with a thin ebony thong running between her supple cheeks, a black leather belt that rides low on her curvy hips, a tight leather u-front top that turns into a fur covered choker around her neck and fitting tightly around her mammoth breasts; showing off her more than bountiful tits and abundant cleavage, elbow length gloves striped in black and white fur with a long sheathed scimitar hanging low off her waist, her reddish brown hair hangs long beyond her gentle rolling shoulders, her seductive golden brown eyes and full rose colored lips combined with a face of an angel and shapely toned body make Raylenethos one of the most beautiful and sexually alluring females the elf has ever laid his eyes upon. Raylenethos’ only mortal competition may be their friend Charlize, a half elven beauty in her own right.

            Just as the two disappear into the dimly lit corner Tristin stops next to the snow elf, watching her friend draw the curtains closed.

            “So what do you think she’s doing?”

            “Costing us a room at the Last Place.”

            “Khambien, she wouldn’t be crazy enough to rob the son of the elven ambassador from Northbin? Would she?”

            Khambien takes a deep draw from his glass.

            “Do you think she knows?”

            Khambien takes another deep swig of wine.

            “Oh! Sorry.”

Raylenethos leads the still shocked male into a private both, set specifically in the darkest corner of the tavern and with a draw curtain which allows rendezvous of all kinds to be kept relatively secret and sits the young elf down on the plush; for a tavern this small, yeti furred bench. She closes the drape and spins with spectacular speed on the young elf, a thin bladed dagger appearing from nowhere in her hand, its tip at his throat.

            “Who in the fuck are you and why did you come to ***my*** table. Talk fast and be very convincing.”

            He takes a deep breath, his chocolate brown eyes wide with fear.

            “My name is Dane…Dane Hawkspin. My friends out there bet that I would not approach someone as stunning and”, he swallows hard, “as dangerous as you.”

            Easing the blade down his silk shirt, over his money pouch, gliding across to his belt clasp she smiles mischievously; cutting the lamb skin material with ease.

            “Well…” looking down at his rising crotch, “you can tell your friends that you win.”

            Raylenethos yanks down his soft leather breaches as the Danes’ long, thin cock rises like sword. The gorgeous vixen licks her full lips before she glides her silky tongue down its entire length, engulfing his balls in her warm mouth. The elf shudders at the wonderful sensation, gripping the shaggy fur of the couch tightly. Ray sucks his sack hard, tickling the tender flesh with her tongue as she grips his shaft firmly and strokes the veiny muscle slow and gentle with her free hand; her other hand subtly removing the money pouch from the preoccupied fellow. She releases his cum filled nut sack and swallows down Danes’ long cock, easing the sensitive organ over her moist lips and tongue, down into her warm wet mouth. The sultry female can feel its head go deep into her throat. She slowly and smoothly works the rigid pole in and out of her hot mouth, increasing her momentum with wonderful skill. Still gripping the base with her free hand, she tickles his cum filled balls with the cold steel of her knife. Danes’ eyes go wide with fear and lust as the frigid tip glides over his flesh. Raylenethos can feel his cock begin to pulse; his climax quickly approaches. The sucking and slurping coming from the seductive females tongue work draws a deep moan from Dane, which in turn drives Raylenethos even harder, quickening her strokes; her head bobbing furiously and her hair flailing madly. She drops her knife and pulls up her leather top over her big beautiful round breasts, her nipples rigid points, the mass of tit flesh bouncing free; which she quickly clamps around the stiff muscle; still sucking the swollen head of the shivering organ. Sweat runs down both of their bodies, lubricating the silky skin between her melons, which have begun to swell with each thrust. Pressing tight with her massive and perfect tits, her mountainous flesh billowing between her thin fingers, the soft tight cleavage gripping his pulsing muscle, Raylenethos quickly sends Dane out of control. The young elf almost freezes, his body going completely rigid as gouts of hot cream blast down Raylenethos’ deep throat. He bucks hard, his breath coming in shallow gasps as his cum empties from his balls. The sexy elf swallows the entire load; not allowing a single drop to spill free, the warm liquid pours down her throat and into her stomach. She sucks the last of the sweet nectar from his now limp muscle as he shudders and shakes, his eyes rolling back into his head and he can’t stop unconsciousness from overtaking him. Raylenethos, still licking her full lips clean of Danes’ nut, pulls her top back down; which feels a bit tighter for some reason, slips her knife back into the hidden sheath of her glove and snatches up the freed gold purse.

            “Thank you sweet, sweet Dane. I’m certain you will win this back” giving him a tender kiss on his flushed cheek and tapping the stolen purse, “especially winning bets like this.”

            With that the divine elf slides from the curtains, doing her best to conceal herself. She takes a quick glance around, her gaze floating over the crowd and finally locking with the icy stare of the stunning Khambien. His eyes dart to his left, somewhere near the stage. By the immortals he looks good but she knew she had no time for play. The elf catches the hint and takes a look; just in time to catch sight of a group of three male elves and one human, she would imagine to be Danes’ friends. Quickly she begins to work her way closer to the front door. There is a sudden crash from behind and Raylenethos turns, a sexy smile forming on her face. The same red bearded dwarf who came to Tristin’s aid earlier had come to hers, “*accidentally*” tripping into the lead elf and sending the group of males flying off their feet and crashing painfully to the dirty floor. She could only guess what her favorite halfling offered the stout warrior for the favor but she knew she definitely owed the little shit. With the sudden reprieve Raylenethos slips into the crowded streets.

Khambien almost laughs out loud as the group picks themselves up off of the littered ground. Tristin strolls nearby and offers him a knowing wink as she delivers a fresh mug of mead to the bellowing dwarf who jokingly slaps the only human of the quartet hard on the shoulder. The off balance male nearly falls to his face but two of his companions are quick to catch him and even quicker to distance themselves from the obnoxious drunk. Tristin plants an intense kiss on the dwarf and that quickly shuts him up. The elf shakes his head as a sudden thought flashes through his mind; did Raylenethos’ breasts look bigger? He shrugs off the idea with another gulp of fae wine. Khambien turns his attention to the stage where the elf is still straddling the blonde hair half elfs’ slender waist and is wrestling with her…even larger tits. He cocks his in wonder as the lucky elf glides his pecker through her cavernous cleavage, her mounds almost doubled in size, spilling shamefully over his hands. The snow elf glances around to see if anyone has even noticed the strange occurrence but he is shocked at what he sees. Teela is once again at the ogre’s table sucking away on Grocs’ revived stiffy while she strokes two of his friends’ cocks and Blatoc is lapping away at her ripe pussy. She swallows the beasts’ pole to its hilt as her hands glide smoothly up and down his companions’ hard cocks, jacking them off with ease. As Blatocs’ slimy tongue darts in and out of her spread snatch, she lets out a muffled whimper. Even Khambien is aroused at the sight; her huge udders’ swaying free again as she sucks and strokes the plethora of dick meat. At another table not far from Teela, a slim well-endowed female patron is getting stuffed, impaling herself on some fat humans’ thick tool as he grips her long ebony hair. All around the tavern groups and couples are fondling or fucking one another with wild abandon. Even poor Tristin is sucked up in the strange phenomenon, tugging down the red haired dwarfs’ trousers and gobbling up his fat log as another male at the table positions himself behind her, yanks down her tight leather breaches and buries his face between her firm, supple ass cheeks, tonguing her delicious sphincter. Her vest pops open as her already large tits swell and burst from the confines of the tight material and just as suddenly a pair female hands are groping the pillowy flesh. There are some patrons not involved in the debauchery but they also do not seem to mind it. In fact Khambien realizes that the scene, though startled by it, really doesn’t appall him. Many instances have happened like this since the immortals disappeared. The elf on sage grunts and spasms as ropes of cum splatter on the young half-breeds immense mammeries. Khambiens’ attention is again diverted as he watches the group who had been chasing Raylenethos earlier, gather up their friend, discuss something quickly and make their way through crowd of sex crazed patrons. Khambien sighs, downs the last of his wine and makes his way out of the tavern; trying to avoid the luscious and busty lust filled maidens, which he realizes is a bit more difficult than he imagined.

The three big-bellied females slowly walk into the small room, only about the size of a carriage with one long satin bench placed close to a black wall and one steel door. Nareel and her sisters sit in the plush seat and slowly begin to rub their swollen and tender bellies, easing the tightly pulled flesh. Candlelight begins to illuminate the dark wall revealing behind it an absolutely beautiful female with full pouty lips, steel blue eyes and shoulder length straight brown hair; huge melon sized breasts; larger than any of the nymphs, a flat tummy, curvy hips, a big round shapely ass and muscular legs spread wide and locked into place by shackles attached to the ceiling, showing off her cleanly shaved vagina. The female whom they all recognize as their immortal, Lethan; the immortal of sexual desire and Queen of all Nymphs, is chained to the ceiling and is hanging completely vulnerable, at the mercy of ***their*** ***master***, the vile Lord Epyon. Lethan looks up to see three of her five handmaidens, their bellies bloated and gravid, full with the seed of Epyon and his minions. Nareel her beloved tree nymph, Shaeri her favorite sea nymph and the fire nymph Kellsa; all three with their stomachs round and swollen as if at any moment the beings inside could burst free. Angrily she watches as three daemons, their semi-hard cocks long and fat step into the room with her three nymphs and the lust filled females quickly engulf the dick meat. From behind her she can hear Epyons’ daemonic chuckle.

“Let them ***GO EPYON!*** You have ***ME!”***

Her baby soft voice is drowned out by the loud clattering of chains as a massive steel door begins to rise at the far end of the grand chamber.

“Ah with them I have your powers which means that I can now make any being, immortal or not do any sexual desire I wish. Even you Lethan, so do not worry about them little sister, I believe you have more pressing matters” as a hoard of ten of her brothers’ highest warriors enter the chamber she’s in and surround a circular bed that raises from the floor beneath her as she is simultaneously lowered down to it. As soon as the immortal hits the cushion she can feel the groping and pawning hands of the mass of daemons and her own powers working against her. One of the dark beasts buries his grotesque face between her toned legs and penetrating her delicious muff, his long serpentine tongue burrowing deep into twat, saliva drooling from his lips. She can just let out a hopeless and pleasure filled gasp. Each of her hands grip a thick, rigid cock and she lustfully jerks the powerful muscles, Epyon turning her own powers of lust against her. Corbios grabs Lethans’ gorgeous face and stuffs his pole down her throat, spreading her full lips wide, her tongue twirling over his veiny shaft. As strong hands squeeze her behemoth breasts she can feel a huge shaft slapping heavily between her vice like cleavage, her massive orbs wrapping snuggly around the thick muscle. Sticky liquid begins to run down her chest as the cock glides through her soft flesh. Powerful claws lift her waist as her eyes widen and a monstrous head spears her tight rectum. Her body quivers with each thrust of beasts’ tool. Her ears are filled with the loud slapping of flesh, the daemons that are not presently fucking her jerking and stroking their rods.

            In the tiny room the three nymphs watch their queen get stuffed and defiled by Epyons’ hoard, daemons filling Leathans’ every hole and crevasse with cock. Back in the far reaches of their minds they want to aid their mistress but Epyons’ spell is too great and all they desire are the three fat logs drilling their warm mouths that spew forth seed and fill their protruding bellies with daemon young. Nareel sucks and strokes the thick meat burrowing down her throat, the pulsing flesh driving her to work even harder to release the spiked beasts precious fluid. She strokes the gargantuan length of gigantic dick; changing from long slow strokes to rapid strokes, trying to bring the monstrosity to climax. The sea nymph Shaeri cups her cretins full and heavy sack, the monster quivering at her gentle touch; her long nails tickling the sensitive flesh as he kneads her meaty melons, her nipples going rigid with each squeeze. The bull headed creature snorts viciously, a clear slimy fluid splattering on her fat sweaty belly. Kellsa slaps her red skinned globes around her daemons round shaft. The handsome male grabs her pillowy breasts; his large clawed hands covering her tiny ones and adds even more pressure against his full trunk. Her abundant boob flesh engulfs his prick, his furry sack tickling the tender skin of her massive tummy, the sensation urging her even further into her sexual frenzy. She sucks and laps at the swollen head as it barely penetrates her hefty juggs. As the beasts’ hips pump faster and faster, his python gliding through her cavern of titty meat; his companion, the daemon fucking Shaeris’ sexy face, grunts and growls, his balls tightening as she milks them of their delicious sauce. The vile creation rears back its bull shaped head as he explodes between her blue lips. Even as the salty cream rushes down her throat her fat sphere begins to grow again, spilling out to her sides. She feels her body change, fattening and expanding as more creatures fill her womb. It stretches and swells, the nymph moaning in orgasmic pleasure, her belly growing past her knees and spreading her plump legs further. Her ass and hips widen and fatten until they can contain her new girth. Shaeris’ globe of a belly quivers slightly as it finally grows to a point where her flesh can no longer expand; small bumps appear on the grand globe as her young playfully dance within. The arc of her sphere was a tremendous slope, concealing her sopping pussy. The nymphs’ heavy, milk-laden tits sit proudly on her immense tummy, leaking droplets of delicious milk and lying ever so slightly to the sides. She licks and slurps the organ dry, squeezing out his every last drop. As the drained beast leaves, Shaeri reaches over to Nareels spiked impregnator and massages his swollen testicles, her other hand rubbing the expanse of her massive abdomen.

Lethans’ head is lifted up so she can see her precious Shaeri get filled to capacity with Epyons’ abominations. The nymphs’ belly grows so large that Leathan would swear that Shaeri would explode in a spray of blood and gore right then. The immortals face is quickly torn from the scene; Corbios stuffing her gorgeous façade with his girth. A muffled whimper escapes her lips and a single tear runs down her cheek as they pull her up to her knees and impale her on some scaly creatures tree like cock, the size spreading her cunt lips grotesquely, her final rebellious thoughts are literally fucked to oblivion. The muscle is so huge that it makes a large bulge in her abdomen as another monster literally spears her gaping asshole.

“How does it feel sister to know that you and yours shall be the mothers of the new immortals; MY immortals.”

His evil voice rings in her ears but instead of hate she grows even hungrier for cock. Corbios holds the back of her head as he shoves his log down her throat, almost choking her on it. Bent awkwardly, having both her ass and cunt packed with dick, her head turned painfully to the side, two stiffs still fucking her tiny hands and on the verge of eruption and one daemon pounding away at her swelling breast meat; Lethans’ only thought is on the other four cocks just waiting for her service. Corbios pulls out as one of the beasts she had been jerking off guides his shaft into her open mouth. Another rigid muscle finds her free hand as the new daemon vigorously fucks her face; the horned Corbios holding her head still as the daemon groans and after a few more strokes pumps his semen down her hungry gullet.

“One.”

As he pulls out the other fiend fills her welcoming lips. Once again her free hand finds its way around another shaft. Lethans’ pale skin is drenched in sweat as the daemon drives his cock down her throat to the base and shoots into her belly. He holds her face there as he drains his nut sack, milky cream drooling down her esophagus.

“Two”, Epyon counts from a distance.

A slight bulge begins to grow in the immortals lower belly. Lethan licks the few spilt drops of cum from her lips just in time to see another minion fill one of her beloved nymphs.

As the first two daemon beasts unload their juices into their queen, Nareels’ own cretin begins shiver with anticipation. Shaeri can feel his balls tighten as he rocks his hips spastically; cum erupting in Nareels’ sucking mouth. The sea nymph pumps his nuts until his every last drop is drained into her sister. Even as the dryad licks the beasts’ tender head her stomach balloons, as if one where filling a wine skin. She grips her sides gleefully as her tummy grows rounder and fuller as do her monstrous mammeries. Her gargantuan tummy expands and fills; her belly button virtually disappearing as it grows unimaginably. Shaeri is virtually orgasmic as Nareels frame fattens and beefs up, her body looking plump and sensuously pregnant, her massive belly sitting majestically on her meaty thighs, her glistening, milk filled globes resting on her humongous sphere. The two rub each other’s giant stomachs until they squeal and moan in multiple orgasms.

Lethan can hardly enjoy the sight as the serpent daemon fucking her tits just manages to slip his bulbous head between her pouty lips and still keep his shaft between her mountainous juggs. She licks his pee-hole with her long silky tongue, which pushes the creature over the edge. His prick ejects his jism like a fountain, filling her mouth with so much cream that it spills obscenely from her lips. She swallows as much she as can, the strong muscle continuing to fill her cum engorged face. Before she can recover, both beasts stuffing her ass and cunt explode inside her. Her belly, crotch, ass and throat are on fire as her body is laden their semen. Finally drained, Lethan swallows down the chocking load in her mouth; tiredly wiping sweat matted hair from her face; her body shuddering, her insanely huge tits jiggling with every orgasmic thrust. The drained daemons pull out of her curvaceous frame as the last two beasts take their place. Her belly is noticeably swollen now, giving her the appearance of being three to four months pregnant, as the fuck-crazed immortal lets out a breathless plea, two cretins once again cram her insides with thick dick meat.

“Three, four and five. Impressive.”

Corbios stands a few feet away, jerking his serpent like cock watching the slutty female alternate between cocks, sucking one into her beautiful mouth then the other. It isn’t long before his father, his master, is calling out six and seven, the twin beasts blasting enormous amounts of semen cleanly down her throat. The minion drilling her wet pussy is next, holding on to her bountiful bosom he climaxes furiously, arching his back painfully as Corbios can almost see the jism pour into her. Finishing his awesome display the last daemon, a white furred creature pushes Lethan to her hands and knees, allowing her to watch the last of her nymphs suffer what will soon be her fate and allowing him to fuck her doggy style. She is now quite full; her once flat belly now hangs heavy and low, a fleshy, lush mountain on her sleek frame, she looks about nine months along with quintuplets. Her melon sized tits sway madly as she tries to watch Kellsa suck off her daemon.

Rapidly he rams her ass tight cleavage, boob flesh spilling over his hands as he grips her bountiful bust tighter around his shaft. Kellsa is slurping up his round meaty cock head, his balls rubbing against her swollen tummy, driving her into frenzy. She manages to tickle the flesh between his sack and his ass finally bringing him to orgasm. A true galloon of cum blasts down her hungry mouth and pours into her massive gut. As with her sisters, Kellsa’ enormous belly swells, growing and growing until it can physically grow no more without exploding, more young than possible mature inside her. Her belly becomes a massive distended orb on her plump body, gravid and taunt, full beyond reason. Her tits, ass and thighs fatten up to match the girth of the immense sphere of her abdomen. She lovingly strokes her pregnant belly as all three nymphs turn and focus on their queen.

Lethans’ heavy hangers bounce wildly, now extremely heavy with milk, as the beast buries his cock into her rectum. He slams it home with one last thrust as semen empties into her round buttocks.

“Nine”’ the sisters say in unison, their voices saturated with passion and hunger.

As the daemon walks away, Corbios stands proudly in front of the defeated Lethan, her own belly a glorious pregnant ball of fat and flesh, her body a picture of ripe, fertile sexuality. Her blue eyes glassy, his fathers spell complete.

“Finish it”, is all he commands as the dazed immortal swallows up his cock. She sucks the thick muscle furiously as he wrestles up her immense tit flesh and wraps the twin orbs around his majestic shaft. Lethan lustfully bites her lower lip as Corbios slides rhythmically through her pussy tight cleavage. Gingerly he fucks her gorgeous globes, the tip of his monster being attacked by her darting tongue. Her soft mammeries pull cum up from his hefty balls, her rigid nipples tickling the flesh of his thighs. Beads of sweat build up on his muscular frame; dripping heavily on Leathans’ already wet body. Feeling his eruption approaching rapidly, he lays the immortal on her back; grabbing her huge orbs, he spears her with his cock. His clawed hands run over her bounty of tit flesh and then rub the firm round swell of her gravid belly, the flesh slippery under his grasp. She embraces him with her long; shapely though muscular legs as the repeated action of the bulky thick muscle running through her blood engorged cunt lips finally sends an eruption of fire through her body as she explodes in orgasm. Once again as Lethans’ nectar pours over his thrusting muscle, Corbios looks at his father and with the commanding nod he releases a river of cum into her womb. She cries in pure ecstasy, pleasure and pain rushing over her, as the conception finished. Lethan watches in lustful bliss as her protruding stomach begins inflate even more. Slowly her belly swells as the creatures within her womb grow and mature, many large abominations churning in her abdomen. Now an immense sphere growing on her frame Leathans’ body begins to fatten up, matching the weight of her expanding tummy, her once lithe frame becomes thicker, fuller, baby fat covers her lower body as she turns into a sensuous, lush picture of pregnant sexuality. Her heavy tits continue to fill with milk and grow even larger than before, becoming sore and beckoning for release, her areola darkened, her nipples stiff and erect, the flesh looking tight and hard under the pressure. Lethan sits up the best she can, her strong arms straining to lift her newly acquired girth. Spreading her legs out wide her fat belly bubbles to an unimaginable size; spilling wonderfully out to her sides though lying easily on her widened hips, resting between her plump thighs, appearing so round and full that it hides the immortals dripping sex, her waist almost a foot on each side. The flesh of Lethans’ abdomen is stretched seemingly to its limit; her belly a perfectly fat, round sphere, her ass widened and hips and thighs plump and beef up to compensate for her pregnancy and the shear size of her immense tummy and her tits swollen almost to their full capabilities with nectar for her unborn, sweet honey milk leaking in a gentle stream. Within seconds her belly is a giant, gravid distended sphere, her flesh taunt and shiny, her plump and shapely frame radiating lust and beauty. Corbios looks down at the still gorgeous immortal; her body swollen with pregnancy, he hungrily licks his lips, the anticipation of tracking the last two of her handmaidens washing over him. Lethan lies on her back tired and entranced, her tummy a more than five-foot mountain of flesh on her now beefy frame; her gargantuan breasts, heavy with liquid and swollen roll beautifully to her sides. The pregnant immortal rubs as much as she can of the expanse of her globe, the flesh, tender and sensitive, sending wave after wave of pleasure over her tingling body. Lovingly she massages her beautiful ripe form, wallowing in her newfound sensuality. A satisfied and loving smile highlights her angelic face as her three fat bellied pregnant handmaidens are escorted into the chamber, waddling their way over to the satin cushion on which their queen lies.

“Prepare a feast for our mothers to be. They will be eating for more than just two tonight. Besides I want them ***FAT*** and healthy. If all goes right they will bear us an ***ARMY!***”

Epyon steps from the shadows, an evil smile across his face.

“Soon all shall be mine”, as Shaeri waddles over to him, her heavy breasts bouncing and her huge, quivering belly leading the way. She caresses her master, driving her tongue passionately down his throat as her hand makes its way to his naked cock; standing rigid at the sexual display. Gently she strokes the serpentine shaft, the trunk like organ hardening in her grasp, as they continue to tongue wrestle. Corbios watches his father admirably.

“A feast for our mothers to be!”

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The coins fall loudly onto to the desirable elfs’ sheets. She chuckles softly, rubbing her long fingers through the cool coins. With her keen elven hearing she just hears the drawing of steel from a sheath as her wooden door splinters with a thunderous crack. Raylenethos rolls smoothly over the stiff mattress, the gold and silver coins spilling everywhere, as an extremely large elf crashes through the wreckage. Adorning form fitting leather armor and wielding a wicked twin bladed axe the elf leaps across the small space of tavern room and deftly lands on the bed. Before the attacker can maneuver Raylenethos kicks out and sweeps the elfs’ legs from under him sending him crashing off the bed and down to the hard wooden floor. She unsheathes her scimitar, *Wicked Lady*, catches the sword of another elf that had snuck in behind his fallen comrade, the long blade sliding along the curve of her own. She pushes the weapon away and retreats further into the room as another elf, a patch over his left eye, enters the crowded room along with a blonde hair human; both holding long thin rapiers. Raylenethos sighs, immediately recognizing the four attackers as Danes’ companions.

“Gentlemen, if this is about the money, I’m sure we can come to an agreement.”

“Oh yes”, the one-eyed elf replies with a hiss, “and the payment will be your life!”

Raylenethos’ eyes narrow as the human dives in at her with his rapier leading the way. She easily knocks it wide and lands a punishing blow to his exposed face with her knee. The axe wielder gets up off the floor just in time to cushion the blow of the wounded human as they fall with a heavy thud. The elf with the long sword growls and comes in high with his blade but *Wicked Lady* halts the weapon before it can descend and she open palms his nose; blood and cartilage splattering across his face. His vision blurred, the elf stumbles back into the far corner, slamming into the wall.

“Obviously you guys haven’t done this very much.”

The one-eyed elf looks around at his battered companions and just looks at her viscously. He attacks quickly with a high low combination that Raylenethos smoothly blocks. She can tell he is probably the most experienced fighter of the group but she doubts he had gotten out any fights such as this or as many as she had. As the thin blade is knocked out to his left, the gorgeous female kicks out, her leather heel catching him just under the chin; flipping the one eyed elf up and over in the air. The elf crumples the floor, blood running from his nose and lip. Suddenly Dane flies through the destroyed door. He bounces off the bed, rolls over it and crashes painfully into the wall. A handsome white skinned snow elf strolls in casually from the hallway. Raylenethos gives Khambien a thankful smile as he leans against the door jam.

“Followed me huh?”

“Had to. Somebody had to save these poor fellows from themselves. Besides, the tavern became a little …awkward after you left and I knew I ‘d have so much more fun”, he looks around at the quartet trying to pick themselves up, “at least I thought I’d more fun.”

Light footsteps and the sound of a weapon being drawn causes the two friends to turn though their caution quickly subsides as a sexy cinnamon skinned female steps into the room; as her caramel eyes surveying the room, her slightly curly hair hanging about midway down her back, a green leather halter top strains to contain her enormous bust, exposing her slender flat abdomen, a high split leather skirt hangs low between her legs; revealing her curvy hips, round ass and tone thighs, her belt and sheath lie at an angle, strapped to her sensual hips. The female wears knee high soft leather boots that suddenly make very little a noise as she steps into the scene.

“So…who’s going to tell me what happened to our room?”

Khambien just cocks his head as Raylenethos gives her a sheepish grin.

“Well Charlize, it’s like this…”

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The monster hoists the human female onto his enormous cock; the barrel sized shaft spreading her cunt painfully. Her sandy blonde hair flails wildly, her giant tits bouncing heavily off her chest as she tries to scream but all she releases are lustful breaths as the grunting monster buries his meat deeper and deeper into her womb. In the shadows Corbios watches the villainous rape, his minion Fhatis pounding away at the young female who had been apparently trying to gather water. Bad timing. Her blouse already torn, the vile beast gropes one of her plump mammeries, stuffing his grotesque face with the meaty morsel, his slimy tongue lapping at her chewy nipple. Fhatis bites on the thick nub as the young woman squeals passionately, her body stiffening as a massive orgasm overtakes her, her cunt juice pouring down his trunk-like muscle. He roughly lays her on the grass and crams her with his beast. Her legs spread wide the daemon grips her skirt; his other huge hand still pawing her beefy tit, and pulls her further up his shaft. The poor girls eyes glass over, as she is lost in the creatures’ lust. Finally Fhatis lets loose an evil roar as he erupts, his cum rushing into the mortals body. When the last of his fluid is drained the daemon backs away to watch his cruel work. The girl rubs herself lustfully for a few moments, wallowing in her orgasm when a sudden painful, pleasurable pressure grips her abdomen and her stomach begins to grow rapidly, her eyes going wide in horror and sickening glee. The young females moans and pleas as her belly surges, her blouse becoming tighter and tighter around her expanding form, pressure swelling within her. She can feel her slim hips widen, her bulging sphere dropping between her tender, fleshy thighs as her lower limbs suddenly fatten up as if she were being prepared as a feast. Fhatis just smiles; the girls belly swelling with his seed, finally rips through the confines of her clothing, their tight grip released though the painful pressure in her womb was still building; giving her the appearance of a pregnant animal ripe to devour. Within seconds she looks as if she could give birth too more young than humanly possible, the flesh of her belly pulled so taunt that the veins in her stomach began burst. She moans animalistically, as her body fattens and plumps up, her colossal tummy a bruised, monstrous seven-foot sphere on her meaty frame, with her skin stretching to its limits and still growing. The massively big-bellied girl is lost in a blur of sexual bliss and pain as her body prepares for its unforgiving birth. Wide eyed with sexual madness she grasps her sweat soaked belly as it swells to the point of exploding; a fleshy, pulsing bubble just waiting to pop, which for her it painfully and pleasurably does. As a orgasm of phenomenal proportions builds with her ravaged womb a thin line of blood splits across the slopping expanse of her gargantuan stomach, the sound of torn flesh filling the air as her eyes and mouth go wide in a silent agonizing orgasmic scream, her hands clawing and ripping at the loose earth. Then she arches painfully, the mass of her abdomen is suddenly ruptured from the inside, blood and meat and gore spraying the area as she experiences the most wonderful and horrific orgasm that she would ever have. She lets out a heart-wrenching cry of lust as she gives life-ending birth to a disgusting pulsing beast that resembles a large grub. She shudders for a few moments, the excruciating erotic torture sending its last waves through what was left of her pour mind before all goes dark. The girl is lucky enough to pass away before the creature inside emerges fully and begins feasting on her fat, meaty corpse, tearing away at her tender, tasty flesh. Fhatis kneels next to the dead girls head, the disgusting sound of flesh being torn and devoured, bone crunching between powerful jaws, ringing marvelously in his ears.

“Poor girl. Didn’t they tell you to run from beasts like me? Though I must thank you for my new pet and providing him with such a delicious meal.”

The glassy eyes of the murdered female just look at him blankly. As Fhatis stands, a silver streak whizzes past his head and into the gore-covered worm feasting on the girl. The shimmering arrow buries itself into the things hide. The creature rises in pain as rays of energy burst through it and it explodes in blackish green chunks. The scaly daemon turns just in time to catch one streaking missiles in his forehead. He falls to his knees, his last sight that of a voluptuous female, standing majestically though hidden in a sheer forest colored cloak and wielding a platinum bow the length of her body. Fhatis’ body explodes, adding to the mess and carnage decorating the brook side. Slowly the mysterious female walks sadly towards the dead young girl. Lovingly she kneels down and caresses the girls limp head in her lap. As she touches the dead girls face, the body brings itself back together, though it is still plump and meaty, the nymphs power unable to reverse that which nature considers natural though caused by unnatural methods.

“Her name was Janice”, the cloaked female whispers mournfully. She stands and removes her cloak; revealing the face of an angel, adorned by long curly hair; a rainbow of colors, flowing down her muscular back and tickling the crack of her perfectly spherical ass. Her tits are absolutely massive, hanging proudly on her chest like full melons with big pink areole the size of saucers, fully erect nipples, a flat tummy with a feminine roundness at belly; a thin patch of hair surrounds her tantalizing muff, her muscular and shapely legs holding her up with an almost godly air. She stands over the girls’ body and waves her hand; a mist of sparkles falling from her fingertips and covering the form in a warm glow. Then the girl is gone, as if she were never there. The nymph turns and is startled as Corbios and five vile daemons surrounding her.

“Avangelyne, your sisters are waiting for you.”

“My Lady Leathan will have your head for this Corbios!”

“Oh…I think not. ***Get HER!”***

The nymph of the hunt gives the first daemon an awesome kick to the gut; his four huge arms grabbing the sore area as he tumbles to the ground, but that is the only attack the gorgeous Avangelyne gets as the other four powerful brutes overwhelm her. They slam her the ground holding her strong arms and legs painfully tight as the four-armed beast straddles her mid section.

“May I master?”

“Do NOT cum inside her Khlabec. The rest of us will get our turn soon enough. Make it quick.”

Avangelyne desperately tries to fight her sudden desire for the cretin but the amount of lust and sexuality exuding from the daemon and his companions over powers her and she reluctantly succumbs to their will. The daemon grips her arms with his upper appendages, pulling them free from his brethren and clamping them against the sides of her mountains of breast, wrapping them completely around his full and erect cock; swallowing the thick shaft easily. He almost cums right then, her tit flesh feeling warmer and softer than anything he has ever felt in his thousand years of life. She squeezes her massive mammeries tightly around his tool, her meaty orbs spilling over her slender hands like dough. With his lower hands Khlabec scoops up the excess boob meat and adds even greater pressure surrounding his dick. Knowing that this beautiful sensation will quickly drain him, the daemon starts slow, allowing his precum to lubricate her vice like cleavage before his thrusts become more rapid. Avangelyne presses her orbs in even tighter, the glorious feeling finally taking her into lust. The beast pumps his organ between her marvelous melons with greater vigor; the satin skin milking cum from his spherical balls.

The veins in Khlabecs’ huge neck bulge as he tightens his grip on the nymphs thin waist, his climax quickly approaching. The huntress can feel his load build up in his swollen member and with her long pink tongue licks at the fiends bulbous tip. It’s too much for the daemon to handle and he erupts; hot cream gushing between her fat globes, splashing against the soft curve of her jaw and her delicate neck. She rubs the gooey stuff into her mountainous tits, a pool of the milky sauce gathering just below her chin, as two daemons hoist her awesome body up off the ground, causing Khlabecs’ juices to run down between her abundant cleavage and over the expanse of her gorgeous boobs; one of the creatures taking a thick reddish black chain smelling disgustingly of sulfur and brimstone and wrapping it tight around her small waist and wrists. The powerful magic’s within the chain cause Avangelyne to stiffen and at the daemons guttural command she begins to walk. Corbios watches as the small group begins to enter a spiral of energy, a prime material gateway created by his own hand.

            “Khlabec, take her to father and return me as quickly as possible. Serenity is still loose and that air bitch is more elusive than my uncle, Lord Ragnok. Once all of Leathans’ hand maidens are ours and impregnated with our seeds the time of daemons will arrive and the immortals will be nothing to this world. ***GO!”***

            The four armed cretin nods as his brethren lead the subdued nymph through the gateway. Corbios looks back at the splattered remains of Fhatis. Father was not going to like that at all.

            The lithe female strolls down the shadowy hallway, long black and red feathered wings pulled up tightly behind her, her massive breasts bouncing gloriously with each determined step, her gorgeous face covered with a mask of annoyance; low burning candles giving the tunnel an eerie glow, the screams and moans, flesh pounding flesh, erotic cries and lustful grunts filling the air, echoing off the stonewalls. Her delicious buttocks moving wantonly, the slight breeze causing her long shadowy hair to flowing like a wave; the beautiful mane flickering in the dim torch light. As she approaches the end of the long chamber she can see her destination, a monstrous steel door, decorated with a marvelous engraving of all thirteen of the major immortals; standing majestically with their trophies floating near by or in hand, their bodies flowing into each other with such fluidity that one could not tell where one immortal began and one ended but could still see each individual member of the grand council. Unsurprisingly the figure in the middle is a tall muscular male; standing naked and proud, huge leathery wings folded over his lower body and his toned arms crossing his broad chest, his body slender though not thin, his long mane flowing like wings into the other immortals, his eyes narrowed and a vicious smile formed on his thin lips. Guarding the gigantic metal gate are two huge twelve foot tall, bull headed beasts, their horns jutting out wide and then flowing in front of their faces, into perfect points. Each of the immense guards wields gargantuan twin bladed axes. The steel reflecting the distress on the angelic females face as they turn to meet her slow but steady charge. The winged beauty stops almost ten feet from the menacing warriors, her feline eyes darting back from one monster to the next.

            “Tayhlon, Destromo, let me pass. Epyon owes me an answer!”

            In a low booming voice, amplified by the confined space of the hall, the tallest of the great creatures, Destromo, answers the flustered female.

            “Mistress Xheena, as you know, the dark master wishes not to be disturb.”

            “Destromo, I can open these doors with your favor or without it. Decide…***NOW!”***

            Both creatures move into a defensive stance, Destromo drawing back on his two handed weapon; Tayhlon gripping his in the center of its handle and begins to spin the great steel deftly.  Xheenas’ eyes begin to glow a villainous green, energy rippling out to their sides. She brings her long nailed hands up in front of her bountiful bust and begins moving them in slow deliberate motions, her full luscious lips silently mouthing arcane words as more green energy begins to dance off her small hands.

            Before Xheena can release her spell faint light forms and ripples in front of the two guards, the image rippling and fading into the anxious façade of the dark lord himself.

            “Sister, please be patient. I shall see you soon. Allow me to deal with…a few matters of importance. I promise you that I will be there and I will return the favor I owe you.”

            “Now brother, you know as well as I, that I do not and cannot trust you.”

            “Understandably so sister. Await me in chambers and we will talk. Is that satisfactory?”

            “Do ***NOT*** keep me waiting Epyon”, and with that Xheena releases her magic; a green ball of energy launching from her long fingertips, the gust of wind blasting through Epyons’ image, causing the illusion to flutter and connects with Tayhlon; the gargantuan beast hurtling back into the grand door, the green energy pouring in and out of his spasming body until thin streams of force burst from his eyes and chest and the guardian explodes in a mess of gore and matter. The remains of his brother splatter on Destromo, thick pools of blood drip off his now evil and vicious façade. Steam gusts out of his flared nostrils, his crushing grip on his axe filling the air with the sounds of splintering wood.

            “Destromo…halt!”

            The beast grunts angrily but slowly backs away, retaking his position at the gate, his black hooves squishing in the guts and gore of what’s left of his brother.

            “That was unnecessary, ***Sister.”***

            The gorgeous winged immortal turns, frustrated, spreading her long beauty wings in the cramped space. All Epyons’ image can do is smile, manically.

            “It got my point across, didn’t it?"

            She gives her wings one strong flap and in a blink of an eye she’s gone. Destromo just eyes the beauty woman as she flies down the corridor, his fur matted by thick blood, vengeance filling his every thought.

            “If you even think that you can strike down my sister daemon; your fate will be much ***WORSE*** than anything that your brother just felt. Do you understand beast!”

            Destromo growls deeply.

            “Good. Good.”

            Epyon relaxes his thoughts and opens his eyes. He sits comfortably in an ebony velvet throne, before him is a mass of bodies; creating a sea of sex and lust that now feeds him more and more. Hundreds of beasts are fucking captured or enslaved women with evil abandon, their lustful moans and pleas for more fill the dark lords ears like sweet music. Their thin rags or full suites rip and shred as their tummies expand like balloons on their lovely, instantly pregnant bodies; filling the chamber with beautiful big-bellied females with their massive abdomens continuing to swell to explosive sizes. Mortal females are stuffed and filled by daemon cock; as the creatures cum, the poor girls bodies plump up; tender and juicy, their bellies bloat into huge round, fat balls until they explode orgasmicly into disgusting bloody messes of meat and flesh. As the females die, their fattened corpses are delivered to a long table where Lethan and her pregnant nymphs hungrily devour the meaty carcasses; disgustingly, almost wild like, shredding and ripping and tearing into the tender mortal flesh, their bodies plumping up with every bite, their bellies growing and expanding; becoming meatier and heavier with each swallow.

            “If you only knew sister what important business I was attending too. How is your feast ladies? Ha! Ha! Ha!”

            The subdued and enslaved immortals continue their grotesque meal and in the back of their captured hearts they cry for each life lost, including their own.

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 Raylenethos, Charlize and Khambien rode hard for three nights, ensuring that Dane and his friends were not following them. On the fourth night the companions broke for camp, Raylenethos and Charlize fixing a make shift tent and the snow gathering wood. The air was cool and the wind brisk, meaning that the three would share small cover of branches and leaves. After a quick meal and the fire had burned low, Khambien; with a caring but tired nod heads to the nature formed hobble, the two gorgeous females still warming themselves and whispering to each other near the dying embers.

“I can’t believe he did that.”

“I know Charlize, but he did. He actually followed me to make sure that I was alright.”

“Have you thanked him?”

Raylenethos sighs and gives her friend a pitiful glance.

“You haven’t, have you?”

“No I haven’t, okay. I was waiting for the right time to ask.”

“Ask for what Ray?”

“Well…I was thinking, hoping, you could help me. It would be our treat. Besides, I did treat him rather shitty after our last job and he was only trying to help.”

“Yeah, but burning down the warehouse was a bit much…wasn’t it?”

The red haired beauty just smiles and begins to make her way to the tent; crawling on her hands and knees, her shapely ass just teasing the sexy half elf. Charlize sighs, picks her delicious self up off the ground and slowly follows her.

Khambien lies naked under his furred blanket, his armor; the little he wore did nothing to keep him warm. He is on the verge of unconsciousness when he hears his lovely female rouges crawl up next to him. Then his eyes open wide as a pair of hands slide underneath his wrap and make their way up his leg, tickling his warm skin all the way to his crotch which has quickly stiffened. The handsome elf looks wonderment at the sexy, naked elves as they pull away his furry cover and fondle his naked organ. Raylene gives him a slutty glance as she eyes at the small mortals immense cock, almost a full ten inches. She slurps up the round head; her huge tits mashing softly against his leg, as Charlize gentle fondles his full ball sack, her long nails tickling the flesh between his asshole and testicles. Without pause the half elf gobbles up the thin skin, her tongue running up and around the sensitive area, her nails titillating his inner thighs. The gorgeous red haired elf swallows Khambiens organ, easing the thick shaft down her throat until her nose teases his tight abdomen. He can’t help releasing a deep moan as Raylenethos’ head begins to bob up and down his entire shaft and Charlize sucks and stimulates his scrotum as she jerks him off with her free hand. Khambien knows he won’t last long with these two, Rays’ tongue swirling over his muscle as she fills her mouth with his rod and Charlize milking his balls with her pink tongue. Feeling his cock twitch as cum rushes up his shaft Raylenethos slowly withdraws the swollen trunk, bulging and dripping with saliva. She gently strokes the huge prick as her luscious companion takes the immense head in between her full lips. Khambien shudders at the awesome sensation, as Charlize takes in more and more of the thick meat, her tongue guiding the way. He swallows hard before Raylenethos embraces him, her lips tasting sweet and feeling intoxicating against his own, and their tongues wrestling playfully with eachother. His hand slides down her muscular back, gliding over her smooth olive skin and slapping easily on the firm soft flesh of her ass, her enormous tits spreading obscenely across his chiseled chest. A lustful whimper escapes his covered mouth as a pair of satin breasts wrap around his tingling shaft. Charlize runs her glorious globes up and down his ten inches, allowing the round member to just rest there before she squeezes her mountainous breasts tight against his veiny pole. Lost in desire she doesn’t see her huge mounds swelling, growing bigger than before. She tit fucks him hard and fast; Raylenethos crawling down Khambiens’ body and planting an awesome lip lock on her before she buries her face between Charlizes’ deep cleavage, catching the shiny cock head with her silken tongue.

“Do you want to fuck him or do I get too?”

Even Khambien, in his lustful haze, can catch the playful poutiness in Charlize voice.

“I do. I’m the one who wanted to thank him anyway.”

Raylenethos turns to face Khambien and straddles the lucky snow elf, lowering herself onto his thick, shivering manhood. She lets out a low moan as his bulbous head spreads her ripe pussy lips. Slowly she slides down his length, breathless moans filling the air as he fills her moist cunt. Charlize stands over his handsome face and drops down methodically; allowing the elf to admire her plump pussy before he laps out with his long tongue, just tasting her nectar and sending a wave of orgasmic energy through her body; her heavy tits quivering with his touch. The three fuck with wild abandon, sharing themselves in friendship and lust, their amazing bodies drench in sex sweat.

Stuffed with cock, her pussy fully relaxed and comfortable with his size she begins to drive herself up and down on his girth; her gigantic tits bouncing madly off her chest, the females ass and hips grinding against his. None of them noticed that once again her breasts were growing, slightly, but growing.

It isn’t long before Charlize is squirming on his face, her orgasm on the horizon.

“Ohhh…by t…thhee …gwwaad…deessss…I…I…I’m cc…ccuumminnggg!”

Khambiens’ mouth is suddenly flooded with his friends’ juices as she shudders, sweet sexual desire spasming through her flesh. Just then Raylenethos lets loose a guttural moan that flutters as she too explodes in orgasmic fury. Milky liquid pours over Khambiens bulging shaft and down her silky thighs as she shakes pleasantly. She gingerly slides off Khambiens’ rock hard organ and quickly swallows up the stiff member as Charlize gobbles up his swollen nut sack. They devour his shivering member, desperately trying to bring their friend to climax. Finally the snow elf stiffens, his full balls tightening in Charlizes’ mouth.

 Gripping the cold earth, sweat covering his well-muscled frame, he warns the ladies of his approaching climax with quickening breaths. Raylenethos just sucks harder and faster, the approaching eruption driving her further in lust. Charlize begins to squeeze his sack, pumping his juice from it.

“By the heave…aaaahhhh…hush…aaaahhhh!”

Cum explodes into the females’ mouth, like a geyser pouring down her throat, Charlize just pumps away at his full and flexing nuts. Raylenethos gulps down the sweet, salty nectar, trying to swallow every drop but as his jism continues gush she allows the milky goo to spill from her lips; running down his shaft, her cheeks puffy and full of sauce. The thankful vixen sits back on her hand, rubbing her stomach, the small bulge of her belly indicating the amount of cum she had taken. Charlize quickly begins to suck the still rigid and ejaculating organ; Khambien lies back breathless, tired and extremely happy. Both Raylenethos and Charlize embrace in another passionate kiss, sharing Khambiens sweet and sour cream. The lucky elf hardly hears Raylenethos’ breathless thank you before he falls into a deep slumber.

Watching the whole affair is a blue haired, bone white female, her unnatural beauty stealing away the natural loveliness of nature. Serenity smiles happily. She had finally found her bodyguards. Little did she know that she had found so much more.

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Xheena sips the cool red nectar from the crystalline glass, her patience quickly slipping away. She sits in a huge comfortable chair made of pure silk. There is another chair exactly like the one she occupies; a small table carved from black marble separates the two. In the center of the room is a massive bed covered in full soft sheets and a plethora of billowing pillows, both the headboard and footboard capped with platinum skulls. A gorgeous mirror covers the far wall; the frame carved beautifully in the resemblance of the immortals and as with the door, Epyon takes center stage. She is just marveling at the stunning piece when she hears the click at the door. After almost a half a hour her brother finally enters the plush room.

“It took you long eno…”

She stops short as an enormous belly followed by a plump frame and gorgeous face precedes him. Lethan looks at the beautiful Xheena, her eyes full of lust but still holding in a deep sadness. Epyon directs their extremely pregnant sister to the bed; her immense abdomen swollen, the flesh pulled taunt and gravid; the massive sphere distended from her plump frame, her small clothing barley covering her massive tits or juicy round ass, widen hips and waist; her body jiggling everywhere and glowing in her pregnancy. She looks radiant and frighteningly pregnant, ready to burst, here burgeoning belly quivering with her every movement. Her sensual aura is even more powerful as Xheena feels the tugging within her to be so full and ripe with child, so sensuous and sexy with motherhood. Xheena forces the idea out her head. After Lethan is placed comfortably on the bed, the oak legs creaking in protest to her girth, her stunning belly protruding from her like a delicious mountain of flesh. She rubs the swollen globe lovingly as Epyon sits in the chair across from Xheena, still staring wide-eyed at her very pregnant older sister.

“Sorry, Lady Lethan and her maidens were eating and I unfortunately had to force the queen here to rush so she did not get a chance to finish her meal.”

“How? She’s so huge already, how in the name of all the immortals can she get bigger? How in the nine hells did you catch her anyway? Why? Epyon…she’s our sister!”

“First she isn’t anything near as big as she will get. More of my brethren will want to have her bare their children. Secondly, how I entrapped the Lady Lethan is a completely different story; one that I will tell you after the show. Third, I need her to over throw the great thirteen immortals.” His words were nonchalant and uncaring.

The ebony manned females’ glowing green eyes just narrow veraciously and maliciously at her evil brother, as the door opens again and a busty reddish blonde haired girl is dumped in the room, her huge bluish scaled daemonic captor standing hungrily behind her. Lethan noticeably sits up, her huge belly making it difficult for her to move, though she does manage. The female, glassy eyed looks up at the three immortals, her bountiful breast trying to bust out her tattered gown.

“We found her taking a late night stroll. Proceed Craxios.”

The daemon grins manically as he lifts up the back of the girls clothing, revealing a beautiful rotund ass. He gropes the meaty flesh as he impales her with his snake like cock. She opens her mouth in agonizing pleasure as the beast drills her viciously with his monstrous size. Her huge tits jiggle and sway as he continues his thrusts, beads of wet budding on his forehead and dripping heavily on the glistening flesh of her buttocks. Craxios grabs her voluptuous sides, his claws tearing through her gown and into her flesh as she squeals in ecstasy, the cretin bringing her to an explosive orgasm. The girls’ juices spill like a waterfall over his girth as he looks hungrily at the dark lord, his eyes glowing an evil yellow.

“Now”, Epyon says calmly, his thin lips forming a sly grin.

Xheena watches in amazement, disgust and lust as Craxios stiffens and releases into the cute female. She moans in delight as he empties into her but as he withdraws, her moans of lust turn to cries and whimpers of painful pleasure. She rolls onto her back and sits herself up on her shaking arms as a pressure grips her abdomen. The poor girl looks down and watches in desire and delight and fearful anticipation as her belly begins to expand and swell, quickly stretching the loose material of her gown, which grows tight and confining as her stomach, fills. The pain soon becomes unbearable as the girls belly, round and fat, swells beyond the capacity of her clothing. Epyons’ eyes glow as the young expanding female pulls Craxios to her and begins to suck on his hardening shaft. A loud ripping indicates the sudden size of her belly as her fleshy dome tears through her gown, her tummy tight and ripe and growing into a monstrous ball on her fattening frame. Her hips widen and plump up, as do her already enormous breasts, filling with fatty meat and her gargantuan abdomen, appearing as a grotesque fleshy orb, distended and round, her skin pulled tight and shiny; as if it could explode in an instant, continues to expand. She continues to suck on the demons cock even as the flesh of her swollen belly, ballooned to a point that her body can no longer handle; her belly reaching its limit, splits down the center, blood spraying her anguished and lustful face until finally exploding in a mess of meat and gore; splattering all over the room, but bouncing off the hidden fields of energy placed in front of Epyon, Xheena and Lethan. Craxios, gore covered, smiles with death on his lips.

“Feed our guest!”

The daemon lifts a fat and meaty leg from the bloody carcass, leaving a dark red trail as he goes and stalks over to Lethan; who is hungrily licking her full pouty lips as he lifts it her face and she gorges herself on the meat and muscle, thick red blood running down her lips and chin. Xheena looks astonished as Lethan noticeably begins to grow fatter, her ass and belly plumping and expanding, her humongous tits swell to unimaginable proportions, her angelic face fleshing out.

“Okay Epyon, talk! You have her eating mortal flesh.”

Just then the door opens and in it stands a hulking four-armed monstrosity, his canines jutting up from his lower jaw.

“Khlabec…you have news?”

“Avangelyne is ours.”

Epyon just smiles and looks over to the captured immortal, gorging herself on the mortal flesh. Xheena too, smiles, though for a much different reason.

“Fhatis is dead.”

Epyon glares at the daemon, his eyes narrowing to slits. Then he stands and looks down at delicious and rotund Lethan, his evil smile returning.

“Then Avangelyne will bear his burden.”

Epyon leads his immensely pregnant sister down the corridor, Khlabec and Craxios following right behind. The winged immortal just stares; in fear and sorrow, if Epyon has become this powerful then all of the realm is doomed. Quickly Xheena distances herself from her twisted brother, thoughts and ideas racing through her head. Who could or would stand up to Epyon now? Most of the immortals are lost in lust and those that aren’t are hiding. Except for her twin, Quintex, immortal of blades, he would stand against Epyon for no other reason than to fight. He had been aiding the great wryms attain peace in their ancient home. Someone would have to… *Serenity!* The last of Leathans’ handmaidens, maybe she could find her brother Quintex. She would have to find protection if she hasn’t already. The air nymph is our last hope.

Avangelyne sits in the dim light. Her big multicolored eyes glancing around the room, searching for something, anything, she is hungry, craving much more than food, carnal lust burning within her loins. Slowly the candles begin to brighten as Corbios and two other daemons emerge from the shadows. The huntress licks her lips hungrily, the enormous cocks on the three beasts appearing to her as a prayer answered. She can see their reflection in the full onyx stonewall behind them; though she does not see the dark one Epyon or her extremely pregnant queen, Lady Lethan, full and content; her body plumped up by the flesh of mortals, her belly an immense orb on the verge of erupting and her sister nymphs, Nareel, Kellsa and Shaeri; their once beautiful, sleek forms now swollen with pregnancy, covered in beefy baby fat, their bellies monstrous, grotesque and yet lovely spheres appearing as if they could pop with a mere pin prick, sitting many feet from their bubbly frames, spreading their legs wide and softly quivering; each appearing as a sensuous, sexy picture of fertility and motherhood. They wear small outfits from which they burst, their immense tummies spilling deliciously from their clothes. Leathan sits directly beside Epyon, one hand massaging her humongous pregnant tummy, the fat abdomen shiny and glistening with sweat, the other hand slowly and gently stroking the dark lords cock; preparing him for the finale. Nor can Avangelyne see that their fate awaits her too. They watch joyfully as the three daemons surround the delicious Avangelyne and the impregnation begins. The first cretin, a mass of muscle buries his sickening face in the nymphs’ hairless muff as she begins sucking off Corbios and the smallest of the trio, alternating between each trunk like cock. She grunts painfully on the small ones shaft as her cunt is stretched and a tree trunk of a cock drills into her sex. The daemon slowly thrusts his hips forward Avangelynes’ enormous breasts wobble deliciously with each motion. She moans hungrily between sucks and strokes of the organs filling her lips. The beast between her legs gropes her mammoth orbs, her slick and sweaty tit flesh squeezing between his digits. Soon the position shifts as Avangelyne is hoisted up so she straddles one cretin as the small daemon penetrates her tight asshole; his clawed fingers drawing thin lines of blood from her supple ass cheeks. Her eyes roll back as her head lolls too and fro before Corbios grabs it and stuffs his meat between her luscious lips. Heavy droplets splash on her ass and back as the small beast grunts spastically, his cum quickly rushing up his shaft. The lower daemon growls, bearing his blood stained canines as his climax approaches. The angelic nymph can only whimper with desire as the beasts have their way with her, her red hair flailing passionately as her abundant tit flesh bounces off her chest. Almost as if planned, both lesser daemons finish simultaneously, hot cum pouring inside her womb. When the two are empty they quickly slide away from the scene. Though she does not notice; Epyon smiles as he watches her tone tummy begin to inflate, becoming a gentle rolling hill at first then to a full and rounder mass until she appears many months pregnant. Avangelyne rubs her full and suddenly round tummy as she engulfs Corbios’ stiff member to the hilt. Once again he takes the nymphs’ fleshy mounds and wraps them around his twitching cock. Her tits are absolutely awesome, almost as good as Lethans. Quickly she catches his swollen, cock head and sucks the sensitive face as she squeezes and runs her satin orbs up and down his length. The horned son of the Dark One begins to fiercely pump his hips, burring himself deeper between her mammeries and mouth. Corbios is grunting as he tries all he can to hold his up coming climax. He slowly withdraws from her silken cleavage and moves to her nether regions, his smile cruel and hungry. Avangelyne is smoothly laid on her back as the daemon spreads her long shapely legs and pierces her snatch. With purpose he fucks the gorgeous nymph, her body shuddering with his power, her massive tits jiggling madly about her muscular, though swollen body. Within minutes she is moaning in orgasmic glee, her rainbow eyes glassy and jaded, milky white cream gushing from her sex onto the marble floor. As her body quakes and shivers; Corbios turns to the shadowy wall that has become clear to reveal its occupants and Epyon, grinning evilly just nods. The dark lords sons’ crushing grip on the nymphs’ thighs begins to bruise as he slams himself even deeper into her exhausted body. Finally, after a few powerful thrusts Corbios howls, his huge maw rears up towards the sky as the nymph looses an unholy scream, shattering the shadowy wall and revealing the occupants of the hidden room. Gouts of searing hot ejaculate pour into Avangelynes’ already pregnant body, shuddering with pleasure and her breath coming in lustful gasps but suddenly turns into a low orgasmic moan. Her belly, already a full, round sphere, begins to rapidly swell, her flesh becoming tight on her growing abdomen. She can feel her hips widen and fill with meat and fat, her shapely legs becoming thick, fleshy and plump and her enormous breasts fill with milk and soon become sore and heavy but extremely firm as liquid streams in. Corbios lifts her to her feet as her massive belly drops heavily between her beefy thighs and her body continues too fatten up. Within moments Avangelynes’ belly is huge and distended, the gravid sphere sticking out almost five feet from her new plump, curvy body. Now the daemon can see his work and marvel at it, the poor nymph hugely pregnant, covered in sweat and still wanting more. He sits her down on a plush cushion as it rises beneath her big, round ass; her new girth hindering her movement. She can now see Epyon, sitting naked in a black onyx throne and her mistress, the Lady Lethan, hugely swollen and pregnant; her belly appearing as if ready to burst, sitting next to him, stroking his monstrous and delicious cock. Avangelyne rubs the tender flesh of her enormous tummy, each stroke sending waves of pleasure through her body and visions of lust into her clouded thoughts. The nymph of the hunt then looks at her sisters, Nareel, Shaeri and Kellsa; all pregnant beyond reason, their gorgeous bodies fattened and plump and on the verge of popping. All she wants is to be that big, that beautiful. Then her attention turns as three of Corbios’ brethren enter the room, each dragging an obviously fattened female behind them; one well endowed ebony skinned drow, a plump big breasted blonde and a busty elf with a greenish gold strip of hair running down to her ample buttocks. Avangelyne hungrily licks her lips as the beasts begin to prepare her meal, tearing open the females leggings or dress just enough to fit there massive cocks through. As the beast have their way, Lethan engulfs the immense head of Epyons’ shaft and begins rhythmically sucking the fiends muscle. The human moans in orgasm as the daemon looks to his master for permission, and then erupts into her jiggling body. She soon begins her painful and lustful cry as her belly rips through the confines of her clothing as do her ass, legs and breasts; her plump body fattening up until her belly; the flesh taunt and shiny, cannot take any more, the poor female exploding in a gory mess as she moans with the accompanying orgasm. As her daemon lifts a tender morsel and begins feeding the pregnant nymph, her huge body immediately fattening with each swallow, the drow looses an orgasmic scream; purely animal, as her distended orb swells with the daemons seed. She arches her back, pushing out her burgeoning sphere as it rips down its’ center and explodes, as does the wild elf; gasping and panting in erotic madness; her titanic dome growing and swelling, large tits filling with natures milk; looking hard to the touch, her plump body quivering with life as her massive tummy finally erupts. Avangelyne gorges herself on the mortal flesh as Epyon stands, smiling broadly; his cock full and erect.

“Time for desert my dear.”

The nymph drops the flesh and hungrily awaits her masters’ treat.

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“Raylenethos, get up!”

She groans softly, slowly turning over as to avoid the annoying call. Someone pushes her, gently, but enough to get her attention. Groggily she opens her soft brown eyes, welcoming the sight of the snow elf Khambien.

“ What in the nine hells do you want?”

“You have to see this. Get up!”

The handsome male kisses her fore head then glides out of the small tent. She sits up, tired and hungry, still naked from last night’s play and wondering what in the hell had gotten into her friend. Wrapping a furred cloak around her gorgeous body she slips out of tent into the brisk morning air. The aroma of freshly cooked meat fills her lungs as looks around the small camp. Before her sit Charlize; who looks a little different, her tits are huge, bigger than she remembered, Khambien, and a beautiful, almost angelic, female with stark white skin with frosty blue hair and icy blue eyes, plump blue lips and a stunning body, with huge full breasts topped with pert little nipples, a flat sculpted stomach, a gorgeous round ass and thick, muscular legs that seemed miles long. She wore a thin, transparent wrap that flowed in the gentle breeze of the morning. Raylenethos stares in awe before any words escape her lips.

“Whose our guest?”

The female stands, her majestic beauty stealing away the elfs’ breath.

“Hello Raylenethos of Stratus. I am Serenity, nymph of the winds, and handmaiden to the Lady Lethan, immortal of lust. I have come to ask for your help.”

Raylenethos eyes her companions; Khambien shyly looking away as Charlize just meets her gaze, her chocolate brown orbs answering the question before she asks. She lets out a frustrated sigh.

“So…what have we agreed to do”, her eyes still locked with the half-elven female. Serenity looks at the two females, worry on her face.

“If I am causing trouble then I will leave. I wish no distress between you.”

“It’s okay”, Charlize answers sweetly, “Tell her why you need us.”

The nymph nods as Raylenethos strolls up next to her, a sly grin on her face.

“My sisters have been abducted by the lord of the dark, Epyon. With them he has been able to steal away my mistresses power and has now captured her. If Epyon finds me I will not be able to resists him; if this happens he will forever have my ladies powers, therefore making him immortal Lord of Darkness and Desire. He will then be able to control all the immortals and this world will be torn asunder. I need you to protect me from Epyons’ daemons until I can convince the other immortals to help free my mistress and my sisters. From what his younger sister Xheena has told me, her twin Quintex, Immortal of the Blade has not been affected by Epyons’ new power. I am to find him within the Mountains of Dragonhorde. She cannot fight Epyon because she could easily suffer her older sisters fate. Besides, she is the only one Epyon trusts.”

The three look at eachother, the same thought going through each of their heads. Her blues eyes glancing over each of them brings a sexy smile to her face.

“Yes, she can be trusted. Fear makes the strangest of allies though the Lady of Dreams’ heart is quite pure.”

“Well then”, Khambien says with a smile, “ let’s eat before we travel to realm of dragons.”

Raylenethos just sighs.

Trinity glares at the two hulking beasts as she lies comfortably on a long silken couch; her soft, alluring face stern, curly golden and platinum locks just sitting across her shoulders, a white furred cape just revealing the creamy pale skin of her gargantuan tits, her plump belly, curvaceous hips and thick thighs, her body encompassing the beauty and fertility of the female. The first, a young seven foot cyclopian, with bulging muscles, a huge blood shot eye, gray skin, a long tuff of greenish hair and a long snake like cock dangling between his swollen thighs; the other, a six foot something mule, bald head, bronze skin though it is difficult to tell with the many tattoos covering the bulk of his chiseled frame, and a shaft the length of her forearm. The immortal of fertility can feel herself getting wet, her thick nipples hardening on her enormous breasts. She wraps her bearskin cloak around her abundant bosom, as the two males stand rigid before her. Slowly the purple eyed female smiles as another ebony skinned female struts up to the lounging mistress; her mountainous boobs bouncing heavily on her muscular slender waisted, wide hipped frame. The female kneels next the immortal, wiping her own midnight black hair from her exotic face, her red eyes lustful and wild, and her immense breasts spreading along either side of her knee. In a rich voice she addresses the voluptuous female.

             “My lady Trinity, lady of fertility, a gift from lord Epyon. He sends word that a change is coming and if you side with him, more gifts are sure to…cum.

            Trinity gives the gorgeous nymph a haphazard look.

             “If I join him. Does he not think I cannot find pleasure for myself? No matter. I accept the dark ones gifts but I will have to think about his proposal. You will relay this to him Penelope…*after we enjoy his gifts*.”

            With an almost wraith like movement she beckons the mule towards her as the ebony skinned nymph glides up to the Cyclops and instantly she inhales his girth, the beast moaning gutturally as her soft tongue rolls along his shaft. The bald headed male gently spreads Trinitys’ beefy thighs and sniffs the sweet aroma of her sex before lapping slowly at her wet cunt. She purrs as his tongue parts her thick lips and enters her hole, starting slowly at first but quickly picking up the pace, a blur of motion against her clit. Soft moans escape the immortals perfect lips as she grips his head with her powerful legs causing him bury himself deeper into her snatch.

            Penelope bobs her head up and down on as much of the Cyclops tool as she can, heavy streams of saliva running down its length and over his fuzzy sack. Fiercely she strokes the beasts spit covered member, her hands squeezing and pulling up cum from his laden balls. The nymph begins to focus on the bulbous head, causing the seven-foot monstrosity to shudder as she hefts up her mighty udders and wraps them around his snake, the soft flesh devouring his girth. The beast can only gasp as she squeezes those beautiful orbs tight around his cock and bounces them over his sensitive flesh. Smoothly he rocks his hips, adding to the wonderful titfuck.

            The mule continues his oral assault on Trinitys’ muff until her deep purrs and moans turn to orgasmic cries, her delicious juices pouring over his tongue and mouth. He laps up all that he can before the immortal releases her leg lock, pulling his face to her and planting a lustful kiss on his dripping face; taking in her on juices as she does so.

            “***Fuck meee***”, she growls in his ear and the mortal quickly obeys. With ease the muscular male slips his already rigid cock into her moist slot. She howls passionately as he buries himself to the hilt; their sticky flesh slapping together loudly. He grunts like a wild beast as he rams his member into cunt, sweat running down their bodies; her giant tits flopping wildly off her chest, her plump body, slick and shiny, giggling everywhere. The mule grapples with her bountiful boob flesh, squeezing the enormous mounds together and leaning in just enough to tongue tease her meaty nipples. She squeals with pleasure as his silky muscle laps at her sensitive nubs.

            The Cyclops groans as his cum rapidly builds up in his shaft. Penelope can feel the pulse of the beasts’ rod between her silk breasts. She gives him a few more quick thrusts, her plump udders bringing him to the brink. Slowly and gently she lets the huge shaft slide from her tight cleavage. With ease the one eyed monster lifts up the nimble female and hoists her upon his thick pole. She moans with pleasure and pain as the huge organ fills her womb, her mountainous mammeries smashing against his rock hard pecks, her strong legs wrapping around his thick hide. He bounces her off his shaft, the girth of the huge cock forming a small bulge in her lower abdomen as it pumps in and out of her tight sex.

            Trinity leans over the arm her luxurious couch, her big round butt spread wide for the tattooed cover male. With hunger he spreads the immortals fat cheeks and buries his tongue in her sphincter. She squeals with pleasure and then looses a surprise squeak, the mule quickly pulling back and spearing her tight asshole with his rod. With furious passion he fucks her bubble round ass, her plump rear jiggles as he pumps his log. Sweat begins to run down their bodies, heavy droplets splashing across her spine.

***“Fuck me, fuck me, ffuuuuccckkk mmeeeee!”***

            He drills her harder and faster, her gigantic melons rolling across her chest, the fur of the seat tickling her sensitive and erect nipples. She can feel him ready to unload, his cock shuddering between her meaty cheeks.

***“I want you…between… my tits!”,*** she moans hungrily through deep breaths. The mule quickly pulls out as the voluptuous female positions herself beneath him. She clasps her fat orbs around her quivering shaft, her tit flesh absorbing the massive dick. Vigorously he pumps his hips, driving himself through her virgin tight cleavage; even leaning forward on the furred seat for better leverage. The blonde immortal just licks the tip of dick as it emerges from her cavernous breasts. With in a few awesome moments of hard titty fucking the mule lets out a low groan, his body spasming as jets of hot semen shoot from his relieved muscle. Cum blasts her chubby chin and neck as he continues nut, draining his every ounce. Trinity lazily looks over to watch her nymph Penelope work and is stunned and angered as the sexy scene unfolds.

            The cyclopian bounces the ebony skinned female off his tool, her juices running down his length as she cums with pleasure, perspiration covering their hot bodies. He easily lies Penelope down on the cool stone surface, continuing to stuff her moist cunt, her massive breasts wobbling wildly on her slender chest. The one eye blinks as sweat rolls down his beastly façade, gripping the nymphs’ slim waist with his strong hands. He furiously pumps his staff into the gorgeous female; his cum rising from his heavy nut sack. Finally it’s too much for the giant and he erupts, pumping wave after wave of hot semen into her tiny womb. She moans lustfully for a few moments, licking her ruby lips but then she grips her belly as tightness washes over her abdomen. The dark nymph then begins to gyrate orgasmicly on the floor as her flat midsection swells, slowly at first but then rapidly gaining momentum. Trinity watches, as her nymphs belly grows round and full, ripe with pregnancy, the flesh pulling tight and shiny, her belly button popping out, as she soon looks full term with numerous offspring. Penelopes’ fit and trim body quickly begins soften and plump up, her thighs and hips widening, thickening, her already large breasts filling and growing until they are sore and heavy with milk, looking almost hard as the liquid continues to pour in. Her expanding belly finally stops, the huge mass a fat and distended ball of pregnant flesh, the gravidity tight and glistening on her plump and fleshy frame. The nymph lies there moaning, her tummy a monstrous five foot mountain of tender, plump flesh.

            The immortal of fertility rushes over to her immensely pregnant servant, her purple orbs glowing in rage. She looks up at the Cyclops whose vicious smile quickly turns to a frown of terror.

*“You were meant for* ***ME!*** ***Tell your master this alliance is far from*** ***coming!”***

            With a single wave of her hand both the Cyclops and the mule disappear in a flash of violet energy. She looks back at her faithful friend, lying on the stone floor moaning, her beautiful belly swollen and gravid, the nymph rubbing as much of the massive ball of flesh that she can.

            “I’m so sorry Penelope. I did not mean for this to happen. The trap was for me.”.