CHAPTER THREE

THE HEROES OF DRAGONHORDE KEEP

     The moon was full this night, rising high above the peaks of the Dragonhorde Mountains. The stars dusted the sky brightly as the moon itself glowed like a shimmering white sun. In an absolutely fantastic suite within the Tower of Light, Toc and Angelique make love; for in the morning Toc and his friends would be off to the Mountains of Falling Star, the home of the crimson wryms. The buxom, huge-bellied gypsy gently cups her lovers’ tight balls squeezing and milking them for their contents as she sucks on the tip of his twelve full inches, her tongue twirling over the sensitive head, causing Toc to moan deeply. His hands gently gripped the back of her head, her curly brown strands entangling the ogres’ large fingers. With just a bit of pressure he pushes Angeliques’ head down on his cock, his huge organ going deeper down his throat and she accepts the added force gracefully, opening her mouth even wider to take more of the beast in. Her mouth is full as she bobs up and down on the throbbing shaft, thick streams of spit roll down its length and lubricate her stroking palms, which are a blur motion as she jerks and sucks the ogre off. Angelique slurps and sucks off Toc loudly until she feels the unmistakable twitch of his approaching climax. Slowly, careful not to bring him over, the pregnant gypsy glides off Tocs’ slick tool. Beads of sweat roll over the warriors’ brow as he tries to hold off his orgasm, not want wanting to disappoint his mate, his love. With warm, sexy eyes Angelique glares up the man she would son call husband and father as she slowly eases the rigid muscle between her milk-swollen juggs. Toc grits his razor sharp teeth, the warm tight boob flesh grabbing his cock like a vice. The gorgeous female slides her bountiful tits up and down his phallus, her massively swollen belly hanging comfortably low beneath her shapely form. The joyful ogre pumped his stiff tool between her lubricated orbs, a gentle spray of milk splattering against his naked thighs. Precum dribbled from the engorged head of his muscle and the lovely gypsy hungrily licks up the sweet nectar. Her eyes once again lock with her lovers’.

“I want you in me lover, *NOW!”*

She releases her hold on the powerful male and slowly pushes him back onto the bead. With effort Angelique hoists her heavy girth up until she is standing tall in front of Toc. He smiles and admires his beautiful mate, her huge ripe, melon sized breasts resting atop her massive belly, full and swollen, the taunt brown flesh shiny and smooth; the distended orb jutting out before a good five feet. Her body, a wonderful collaboration of curves, her big round ass leading flawlessly into her thick, shapely thighs and well-muscled calves. He would have drooled over her plump, pink pussy, moist and waiting but the slope of her enormous belly hid it from view. Long curly locks of brown hang gracefully down her back. Angeliques face is gorgeous, exotic to look at, baby fat rounding out her once sharp lines, her full, succulent lips curving up into a wicked smile and her bright brown eyes lit with lust and hunger. Gracefully she climbs upon the bead, her huge tummy pushing Toc on his back. Angelique then eases the wonderful muscle into her hidden sex, thick labia sliding over every course inch of his cock until he is swallowed up entirely, her weight forcing him into her deeper than he could imagine. With amazingly strong muscles the bearer begins to grind her hips and ass on the impaled shaft, Toc gripping her soft, fleshy sides; her skin hot and flushed with desire, and easily helps her up and down his rigid twelve inches. They make love with wild lust and passion, their bodies becoming wet and slippery with sweat, heat radiating off their flesh and soon Toc is growling in anticipation but Angelique knows what he’s waiting for. She rubs her monstrous dome, panting as the delicious sensation of her lover pumping so deep inside her, and her overly sensitive belly flesh tingling under her own touch, she releases her orgasm in a breathless, commanding moan.

*“Fff…fffiiilllll…m…mmmeee! Cuuu…cummmm…fo…for…mmmmmeeeee!”*

And Toc obliges whole-heartedly! Burning hot cum blasts the inner walls of the pussy like a cannon as her own juices splash over his cock. Their hands clasp together and squeeze tight as they share the most awesome orgasm the either of them had ever had. Sperm of immeasurable amounts filled her womb and she knew she was going to get big, *REAL BIG!* Quickly and gently he lifted Angelique off his drained organ and laid her on her back, his huge hand rubbing her giant swell, waiting for the up coming event. They locked gazes and she placed her hand on his, and then she moaned deeply and lustfully as her enormous dome grew and stretched as more young formed within. The flesh became tighter as it pulled thin, her beautiful curves filling out as another layer of baby fat grew over her. She panted and purred, her hand squeezes his tightly as her swell ballooned to a titanic six and a half foot globe of wonderful pregnancy, filling out to her sides two feet, her milk-laden melons almost doubling in size. Toc kissed her passionately and stroked and massaged her grand sphere until she was fast asleep.

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Raylenethos looked out over the beautiful city of gold and platinum. She had slipped out of her gown and wore only a silk shirt and soft leather breeches. In all her one hundred and thirty two years she had never scene such a wondrous sight. Even as after the sun had dipped behind the frozen peaks of the Dragonhorde Mountain the city continued to glow a pale, yellowish light. All about the purplish sky dragons flew; gold, white, copper, bronze, blue and silver. She had always thought that blue, white, green, black and especially red dragons were all an evil breed but after talking to Lady Rebekah and Sebron she learned that dragons are much like mortals, they could choose whatever alignment they wanted, good or evil. She had even met a very interesting blue dragon whom had taken the shape of a one eyed dwarf name Thundershell. He was quite humorous, telling stories and joking with Shattergold and Quintex. There was someone she couldn’t understand, Quintex. The Immortal of Blades had watched and stared at her the whole evening, as if she held something that he just could not see. It did not bother her as much as she would have thought, having a warrior as handsome as he staring through her was as arousing as it was alarming.

“I’ll figure him out soon enough”, as she whispered to herself as she let the gentle breeze of the mountain air caress her olive skin. As far in the peaks as they were the air was far from chill, more like an early spring day. She lurched backwards as a huge silver dragon whistled by her balcony, its massive wings blowing the wind by her in a gust. As agile as she was the gorgeous rouge knew she was going to fall but to her surprise she didn’t. Two strong hands held her fast under her arms and slowly she looked up to see the smiling, handsome face of Quintex. He got her to her feet and the two looked at eachother awkwardly. Raylenethos grinned as she turned back towards the open patio, watching the huge silver dive between two towers in the distance. Quintex strolled up next to her, not crowding her but close enough for the elf to feel him.

“Thanks for catching me but what are you doing in *my* room?”

Without looking at the immortal she heard him chuckle softly. Quintex glanced over to her and then continued to look out over the city.

“I came to talk to you but”, his gaze going over the beauty of the dragons land, “with all this beauty and splendor around us I think that this is not an appropriate time to discuss business. Tomorrow we meet the Queen of Dragonhorde and that will be a much better time to talk. For now, if you allow it, I would merely like to enjoy this evening under the stars with you.”

Raylenethos looked at him, all her attention placed upon the handsome male. He was adorned in a casual vest of black leather and similar pants. On his belt he still wore that remarkable blade. Quintex felt her glare but did not return it. She smirked and moved next to him and they stayed there well into the night.

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“So Master Sebron, you *truly* find big, round, pregnant female’s attractive, do you?”

Kira Amberwing stood wearing only a robe shear satin, her full breasts just hidden by the folds, her dark areole peaking through. Her massive belly protruded a good three feet from her shapely body, with her long soft, brown locks hanging aloof, her great amber wings tucked in tight behind her. Sebron lounged comfortably on the bed and watched her seductively waddle towards him, her wide hips shifting from side to side with grace and beauty. He could feel his nine-inch cock harden as he enjoyed her sensuous movements and even as she ran her hand smoothly up his muscular thigh he could still hardly believe that this angelic female was his friend and tonight, his lover. Gently she gripped his stiff muscle, the master mage letting escape a deep moan with her wonderful touch. She slowly and smoothly began to stroke his cock, her huge tits dangling beneath her, rubbing his inner thigh, her massive belly hanging low.

“Sebron…you haven’t answered!”

The beautiful Nieth jerked him with skill, the half elf closing his eyes as he relished her strong, stroking hands, Sebron had always proved his worth by deed more than word and with this stunning female he was definitely going to show her. Easily he sat up and kissed her deep and powerful. His tongue penetrated her full ruby lips and they kissed for some time, all the while his hands straying to caress a full, milk laden breast or to rub and tease her monstrous gravidity, the taunt flesh a huge erogenous area, eliciting a deep, feral purr from the winged elf. They reluctantly stopped their tongue duel as Kira gently pushed the handsome mage onto his back, exposing her extremely hard target, and slowly, cruelly teasing him as she slid her silken tongue over the expanse of his rigid shaft. Sebrons’ eyes shut as he felt her wet, warm mouth caress his tool and then suck deep and hard on his meat. With speed and a whorish ability, Kira sucked and slurped up the mages staff; her hungry desire making wet, sloppy sounds as her head bobbed up and down his length. Her hands stroked the base of the thick phallus, massaging and tickling his full ball as her eyes looked at him with a sexy, slutty excitement. Somehow he managed to pump his hips, easing himself deeper between her full lips and hot mouth. He moaned with her every motion, his hands gripping the sheets tight with lust as she focused her efforts on his tender tip, Kira’s tongue playing a wicked game with his slit. Easing herself off his shaft, giving it one last hard suck she stood, allowing him take in her marvelous, baby burdened and full form, her every curve beckoning him to feel and taste her. But she was in control of this night. Kira waddled away from the master of magic and slowly bent over a plush satin sofa of violet and purple, spreading her amber wings out wide to give the happy male a full view of her glorious body. Her round, shapely ass was a perfect bubble, her huge belly bulging out to sides significantly, exposing her full, pink wet pussy lips and erect clit. With a wicked sexy glance over the shoulder she motioned for Sebron to come to her, which he did of course, though he held his anxious hunger in check as he slowly stepped up behind her, his strong, nimble hands sliding over the smooth, cushy flesh of her plump ass. He gave her a loving, teasing squeeze, the young Nieth purring in anticipation as he knelt behind her. The mage sniffed and relished the aroma of her sex, allowing the sweet fragrance to fill his lunges just as if he were smelling roses on the first day of bloom. Kira gasped as his tongue lapped at her labia. By the immortals she tasted good! Sebrons’ tongue darted in and out of the beautiful womans’ cunt, his nose buried into her moist sex as he spread her fleshy buttocks, licking her as deeply as he possibly could. She writhed hungrily as he spread her thick thighs further apart, opening up her twat even more, giving the seasoned elf even more room to play with.

*“Yes lover; by the gods yesssssssss!*

He licked and sucked at her clit until Kiras’ juices flowed freely over his tongue. Moans and gasps of shear ecstasy filled the air. Sebron had been with Kira many times throughout their friendship; almost one hundred forty years, but with her and in this place was like a constant aphrodisiac to them both and they had politely held their desires at bay until know. The wise mage knew she would cum soon if he kept this up but she was in control tonight and until she said he was going to continue. Kira felt her orgasm build up with her enormous belly and flow towards her swollen, quivering cunt. Even in her lust-filled haze she knew the young mage would continue his oral assault until she told him to stop and she wasn’t sure if she even wanted too but the thought of that huge cock slipping into her womb, filling her cunt completely was too much to give up.

“Stop lover…huh…I want you inside me!”

 Sebron gave her snatch one more deep lick before he backed off and moved towards the bed. Slow and sensuously the young vixen gave Sebron the most sexually intoxicated look he had ever seen. Almost as if she were caught in a slow spell she stalked up to the bed in which he lay. Carefully she slipped onto the bed, the cushions yielding to her weight as the big-bellied Nieth gingerly straddled Sebron and eases herself onto his rod. Her mouth was open in a soundless moan as the huge cock slide deeper and deeper into her tight sex. Sebron could just see her face over the expanse of belly as his hands worked across the taunt tender flesh of the orb, each movement or slide of his hand caused her to purr deliciously, as the monster inside her settled and waited. Locking hands with the gorgeous elven female allowed Sebron to help lift her immense girth as she bounced heavily off his cock. With surprising agility for her size the precious sorceress ground her shapely hips, thrusting harder and faster against the mages body. Their sweaty flesh clapped softly as the two friends fucked passionately. By the Immortals she was so tight and felt perfect, Sebrons’ thoughts projecting in his actions as he pumped away at her turgid beauty. A film of sweat covered the two lovers and Kira was panting heavily, her orgasm on the verge, the elf mage sending waves of amazing pleasure through her luscious frame, kissing and stroking her wonderful belly, filling her with sensations that she had never felt before. She squeezed Sebrons’ hands tightly, droplets running down the globe of her sphere, her huge wobbling juggs bouncing furiously of her swollen orb. Her head whipped about with lustful abandon, her wet hair failing about her sexually anguished face, the sheets soaked with their desire as Sebron slowed down the pace, letting his lover to feel his length slide in and out of her plump labia, his length teasing her clit sinfully. He slid their hands against the burgeoning sides of her taunt, swollen belly, running circles across her slick sensuous sides, as he continued his slow, torturous thrusts. The duel pleasures quickly become untamable as her orgasm comes to a head.

*“Ooohh…oohh ffuuc…cccckkkk…MMMMEEEEEEE!”*

 Sebron eagerly obliges as he suddenly increases his pace, pounding away with powerful, penetrating thrusts as her nectar streams over his shaft and lap. She moans, almost animalistic as she cums with such fury that Sebron could feel her sexual magic course over their bodies, Kiras’ orgasm quaking fiercely through her sexy, gravid body. Her hands clench his until they are bone white, her golden eyes heavy and exhausted. Nestled upon Sebrons’ cock she looks at him tiredly and almost sympathetically.

“Oh…huh… the young Master…hh… has not been served yet!”

With Sebrons’ help Kira slides off the rigid muscle. She waddles over to the couch nearby, purposely shifting her shapely ass, enticing the half-elf to follow. The Nieth drapes her wings over the back of the couch and purrs as her friend and lover stands before her, his thick phallus dripping with her own juices. Keeping her eyes up towards him she swallows up his schlong, sucking it wildly and fiercely. Her hands are a blur up and down his base as is her head. Sebron closes his eyes, his handsome face contorted into a pleasurable, pained mask. Without looking he feels his prick drop between the full, satin pillows of Kiras’ chest. She wraps her milk-laden juggs tightly around the thick organ and pumps and fucks him with purpose, trying to give her friend the same pleasure he gave her. He had held out for some time and Kira knew he was aching for relief as she squeezed even tighter with her malleable breasts, ivory droplets leaking out from her overfilled orbs. Though he lasts longer than she expected her long tongue lapping away at his tip as it peaks out from the between her bloated juggs; he, without warning; only a deep, guttural grunt, shots ropes of cum out from the depths of her cleavage, splashing against her chin and on her cheek, landing in thick pools on her warm tit flesh. Breathing deeply Sebron looks down at the stunning Nieth; licking the drops of jism from one of her heavy boobs.

“So…what…what was your question?”

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That morning the heroes were taken to the grand hall, within the High Spire, a huge building of ivory and platinum. Their escorts, hugely pregnant females clad in armor of pure mithiril, their massive bellies protruding from there metal confines stylishly and sexily, explained to them the meaning of the carving. It meant that forever bearers and dragons would be tied together. It is masterfully carved to take on the appearance of a massively pregnant female; her body, made of complete ivory, is nestled comfortable in a throne of platinum. The female, her descent unsure is gorgeous with long flowing hair that frames her angel like face, her two gargantuan breasts rest easily on the dome of a belly that is so huge that if this female were alive she would have to be carrying the young of almost ten or more great wryms. The building gave off an air of sex and sensuality. Raylenethos, Charlize, Celeste and Ruby all looked upon the grand structure with a sudden need and urgency to become pregnant, the naturally instinct to breed emerging with power. Kira, as pregnant as she was also felt the need and simple looked upon the immortal Quintex for he could fill her womb with young until she could hold no more. Toc looked at the Spire and all he saw was Angelique. He smiled. Khambien looked at Lady Amberwing and felt uncomfortable as his cock slowly stiffened then he looked towards their super pregnant escorts; adorned in magical armor, their huge, bare bellies jutting out from the confining suites, the flesh so smooth and tight; Sebron just admired his friend and her gorgeous, turgid shape. Her amber orbs locked with his as if to saw, “Last night was not enough!” He only nodded in agreement. Quintex watched Serenity whose hungry eyes blazed with a sexual inferno. She was feeling what his sister was feeling and she wanted to be apart of it. Epyons’ reach was long, too long!

The doors were opened by two eight-foot tall dragonkin, half-breeds occasionally born from the bearers. These two, even with their reptilian facades were handsome; scales of silver and mithiril, armor of the same metal, there eyes liquid pools of the stuff. Each held a giant halberd and tower shield, encrusted with a picture: a gorgeous, extremely pregnant female, encircled protectively by a platinum dragon. The two guards nodded respectfully to each of the companions, though they seemed to almost smile as Sebron walked by, waving his finger in silent protest to their mischief.

The hall was magnificent with statues of full-bellied females, pregnant beyond imagination, each of them lining the long expanse and leading them towards two monstrous doors, each bearing the same relief as the dragonkin guards outside. Other dragonkin marched the hallway, each nodding to heroes as the walked by. Charlize felt slightly uncomfortable as they eyed her with every pass. Sebron chuckled.

“Do not worry my lady. They do that to all the strangers. With the dragonkin, when one sees something, all his brothers see it as well. When they look at you they are relaying it to their kin. Now, wherever you travel, if one of theirs is near they will know you as a friend.”

The gorgeous gypsy smiled as another group of guards approached. The hall seemed to go forever and was eerily empty, the guards, their pregnant escorts and of course the Lady Rebekah being the only life inside. They arrived at the doors and with a glance two more dragonkin pushed open the door.

The throne room was a mass of treasure the likes of which every thief in the land would sacrifice their very soul for. Ii was neatly organized between weapons, artifacts, jewels and coin. The sun burned bright here while it reflected the glorious colors there.

“Take care and touch nothing. This is Lord Khlendros’ horde and it would be…unfortunate for the heroes to fail so soon.”

They all understood the warning. As they rounded the last bend the simultaneous gasp of lust, awe, desire and wonder came from the companions as they wondrous beauty of the Queen of Dragon Horde Keep. Sitting regally in a throne of platinum, topped with the same pregnant female, though this time entwined with the dragon as a lover rather than a protector was one of the most beautiful females they had ever seen. She had raven black hair that cascaded down her slightly sloped shoulders. Her eyes were a rich brown, soft yet heavy with strength and sexuality. With full, lush lips of ruby she wore a benevolent, almost motherly smile. Around her head rested a crown of pure platinum, encrusted in its center a flawless diamond and around her neck was a pendant of onyx and sapphire, which glinted softly in the golden hue of the room. Her breasts, full beyond measure with milk, were the size of over ripe melons, topped with dark areole and thick, stiff nipples that each bore a drop of milk. Each of her huge orbs rested oh so wonderfully atop the largest belly any of the heroes had ever seen, thrice as large as Brytanees’ and nearly double that of Rebekah whose own swollen belly dwarfed any bearers they had laid their eyes upon. The almost nine-foot mountain of flesh distended gloriously from her curvaceous feminine body, covered ever so nicely with a smooth layer of baby fat. Her belly button was lost, her gigantic swell, smooth and without blemish. The slope of the monstrous dome curved low, hiding her sex, spreading her shapely legs wide, the strong muscles hidden under the plump flesh. She was pure femininity, full and ripe with pregnancy, her sexuality oozing off her curvy, sensuous frame. Behind her sat two extremely pregnant females, their bellies full, and taunt, the gravid spheres almost radiating in the light. Both of them are wearing loin clothes of silk and bracelets of platinum. They had necklaces, the red haired female on her left wore one of ruby, the brunette; an elf, wore one of pearl. Next to them stood two dragonkin, bigger than any other, standing almost ten-feet tall, clad in full plate mail and each armed with twin headed axes, the blades edged with diamond. Their eyes burned in gold fire, the presence of power pulsing in the air around them. As Raylenethos looked upon them she realized that they were twins, the twin sons of Khlendros. She smiled at that but she couldn’t understand why. Lady Rebekah walked before the massive bellied female and bowed, though her own burgeoning orb only allowed her to bend and inch or so. She then turned to the heroes and smiled, proudly.

“Heroes of the Dragon Horde may I introduce you to her Majesty, the Lady Crysteena of the Kayon Kingdom, wife of Lord Khlendros, Queen of the Dragon Horde Keep and her Ladies in Waiting, the Lady of Sanafae and the Lady Azyea Cearea, both High Priestesses of the Embezarian Kingdom of the Mystics Valley. My Queen, may I introduce you to Master Mage of the Light, Sebron of Darken Wood and Lady Kira Amberwing, high druid of the Nieth and Lady of the Romina Tower within Darken Wood.”

The two bowed low, though Kira suffered the same problem that Lady Rebekah had. Lady Crysteena smiled joyfully at the very expectant Nieth then looked at Sebron and with a flick of her wrists sent one of the dragonkin guards away.

“Accompanying them is are the Heroes of the Dragon Horde. First the famous arcane archer Ruby Happyfoot. Next is the axe master Toc, of the Sharptooth Clan and fiancé to our own Angelique,” both Ruby and Celeste look at him then eachother, his smile from ear to pointed ear, “The honored Captain Celeste of the pirate hunter ship *Shadow Dancer* and ally to the ancient sea wyrm Ghihyjex, the Great Wave. This is Lady Charlize, Gypsy Princess of the Wanderer Tribe. Her escort and friend, Master Khambien.”

Both of them bow in honor. Raylenethos looks at them with a crooked grin.

“Your Majesty this is the groups’ appointed leader, Lady Raylenethos.” And she looks at her oddly for she realizes that her name is all that seems to be known of the half-elven female, “and they are escorting the air nymph Serenity, follower of the Lady Lethan, cousin to Lord Quintex.”

The gorgeous queen nods to them both, respectfully and smiles upon the group as a whole. As she spoke, her voice was smooth and soft, though equally deep and rich like that of a dragons.

         “Welcome, all of you to our home. From what I understand you are going to aid my husband against his brother and sister, thus why he needs your help for he cannot face them as they cannot out rightly attack him but you can”, the group was slightly taken aback, “After that you plan to stand against an even darker and greater foe; one that threatens all life within our realm. For that you have my gratitude and for that you have the allegiance of the Dragon Horde Keep and the Bearers of the Dragons. Alas, I do have some unfortunate news that may be of some importance. We have received a Dhovarian messenger for both Master Sebron and you Serenity. Mind you, the method of delivery is”, she was visibly flushed, “an erotic venture.”

Even as she spoke the dragonkin walked in, escorting a gorgeous female, with long pearl white hair, full, soft lips, hips wide and sensuous, shapely legs and a massive belly, appearing as a female pregnant with dectuplets in her twelfth month, the golden flesh tight, shimmering in the sift light. Her pupiless eyes were also a rich golden, deeper and thicker but just as lovely, beneath her long white lashes and eye brows. Jutting out from her head, starting at the temples of her angelic face are two horns of gold that curve underneath her ears and come to points along the side of smooth, soft cheeks. She smiles at Sebron, a known protector of her kind. He smiles acknowledging back at her. With them is a strong looking elf with blue hair and slightly greenish skin. He was large for an elf, almost seven-feet tall, shoulders broad and strong, his eyes a deep sea blue.

“This is Mistress Khorryne Shaphar, High Priestess to the Dhovarian tribe within these peaks. And with her is Archmagi Master Rivin, Dragon Arcane of the Dragon Keep. He feels this façade is more pleasing to the eye, though I do disagree. With his abilities he will be able to deliver the message much more *pleasantly* than normal.”

Rivin and Khorryne look at each other with lustful smiles.

“Please Archmagi and my lady…proceed.”

The guard stepped away as the two approached the center of the room. Khorryne slowly disrobed the dragon mage in front of her, standing a good two feet above her five and a half foot frame, her belly bulging out deliciously. The hulking dragon was extremely well muscled, a perfect male specimen and his cock hung low down his leg, almost a foot long or more. The Dhovarian looked upon the organ hungrily and with shaking hands she lifted the huge, weighty muscle to her lips and eased its girth between her full lips. She savored the taste as it slid into her mouth, the young mystical female slowly sucking down as much of the length as possible. She gripped the base of the thick cock, her hands barely fitting around the huge shaft, her head gingerly bobbing up and down on only half of the creatures rod, her saliva dropping in thick puddles onto her burgeoning gravidity. Everyone in the room felt the sudden emergence of sexual heat as the Dhovarian began to suck harder and faster as she managed to fit more and more of the phallus down her throat. Rivin, his eyelids heavy with lust, the gorgeous creature engulfing his cock skillfully. His great hand gently gripped the back of her head as he nudged more of his length into his mouth. She looked up at him knowingly and desperately tried to fit more of his girth down her gullet. For many moments she sucked and slurped on his schlong until he could feel cum building up in his balls. Reluctantly he eased out of her mouth, a long string of spit hanging off her lips. He backed away and sat down upon the ground, his cock rising like a column off his statuesque form, a thick saliva film covering it. Khorryne straddled his body, her belly obscuring his handsome face. Slowly, carefully, teasingly she lowered herself onto his thickness and as the slippery shaft slid deep into her womb she moaned with erotic pleasure. She could feel his strong hands caress her taunt gravidity as leaned back against his knees and gingerly lifted herself up and down on his cock. As she fucked the dragon mage she grew stronger, bouncing herself off his wood, fucking him like an animal. Sweat rolled down her slopping belly, dripping heavily on Rivins’ chest. He loved her full, pregnant body on his, the weight of her belly forcing him deeper into her warm sex. Even as he relished the wonderful sex with the intoxicating Dhovarian he was here to perform a task and through the blur of lust and passion he began to chant. The gorgeous female was moaning and panting with sexual fever as the arcane began his chants. Khorryne could feel the magic build within her, concentrating on her swollen abdomen and soon consuming her in an erotic, orgasmic blanket, her every sense burning with a magically enhanced orgasm. She was drenched with perspiration, her body glistening, her breath short and random, as Rivin; still chanting and casting remarkably well, fucked her with amazing fury until soon the Dhovarian was screaming with excitement. Then, without any sign of warning she came and her body jerked to a halt, every muscle tense as steel. Suddenly she whipped her head back, mouth open wide, with beams of golden light spewing forth. Then her enormous belly began to glow, dully at first, slightly quivering as her breathing becoming slow and steady, then it grew brighter and brighter until it shined in a blinding light until it grew clear, resembling the likes of a crystal ball. Slowly Serenity and Sebron approached the swollen, pulsing, glowing dome and with care, reached out and touched it. Immediately the image of a beautiful winged female, her huge tits clad in black armor, a thin blade hanging low of her hip, the belt holding it the representing the rest of her clothing. She stood there, her eyes glowing green and holding the most magnificent blade any of them had ever seen. The female then began to speak and as she spoke the Dhovarian looked at them, mouthing the words of the gorgeous female, her voice changing to match that of the woman as well.

“Greetings my Lady Crysteena and to those who have aided the young nymph Serenity. I am Xheena, Lady of Dreams, and sister to the one called Epyon and my Lord Quintex. I bring you grave news unfortunately. My wretched brother has somehow captured and impregnated my sister, Lady Lethan, the Lady of Lust and my cousin Lady Trinity, the Lady of birth and Fertility. Though his plans are unclear, I do know that he is planning something against the Thirteen Immortals. He has also made an allegiance with the Queen of Dragons, Olivia and her foul tempered and wicked brother, Lord Crimson. This came at a heavy price for the Embezarian have lost one of their high priestesses, Sister Gwendelyne, as have the Gravidian Witches. This union also bears the witness to the birth of the first female daemon in over a millennium, Ebony. Alas, the daemons have gained the upper hand in war that no one knows about…save you. I hear that a hero of the Embezarian is present at the Dragon Horde. Well, for you Master Sebron, Gwendelyne has left you something that will aid you in your up coming battle against Epyon and the wryms,” as she holds up the wondrous blade, “this is the last gift of Sister Gwendelyne. This sword holds power, more than one can imagine for it was forged with the womb of an Embezarian High Priestess and it’s magic is beyond compare, but it is for their hero and their hero only. Do you except this gift Mater Sebron?”

It was quite eerie watching the female speak through the other and yet it was also amazing. Sebron looked at the sword, his eyes glinting in it’s magical light, even through the crystal ball belly. The Dhovarian watched him, her golden eyes shimmering with a surprising amount of understanding, even in her mystical trance. Sebron was almost at a loss for words; this honor bestowed upon him was greater than any he had ever had before. With a deep breath he smiled and dipped into a low bow.

“It would be an honor to receive this gift from the Embezarian and I vow to avenge the death of their high priestess Gwendelyne whom I shall hold forever in my heart as friend.”

Lady Xheena smiled, giving the Master Mage a mischievous grin.

“After I am done addressing the others I shall have it delivered to you,” both she and the Dhovarian looking simultaneously at Queen Crysteena, “if your majesty does not mind us using one of your Embezarian priestesses?”

The Queen turned to her right and wordlessly asked Azyea whom quickly and almost excitedly answered.

“I would be most honored my Queen, though my sister may have to assist me.”

The lust was thick on her lips but the Queen merely smiled, understanding how sexually hungry her Ladies in Waiting were, especially since they were both carrying the young of bronze and copper dragons, two of the horniest of their species. She gave them a nod and then turned to the image of the Lady of Dreams.

“Of course you may my Lady.”

Celeste and Charlize looked at eachother in slight confusion. Lady Kira turned to them and whispered the answer to their unspoken question.

“The Embezarian females hold much power, especially when with child. One of these abilities is to magically teleport items or even people through a mock birth, but a certain amount of …stimulation must occur to help with this most pleasurable process.”

Charlize and Celeste looked at eachother, small grins appearing on their lips. This was going to be most entertaining.

“Thank you your Majesty. Now Serenity. You are our last hope for you are the one thing that is keeping my sister from giving birth. With the help of my nymphs we have created a haven for Lady Lethan and Lady Trinity and your sisters of course. This has aided Lady Trinity from delivering but I fear that the young inside her will soon become impatient and want release into this world. Our little haven has given her back some control but with the bulk of Lethans’ power within his grasp and all of Trinitys’, she will not last long. The creatures within will mature within the year. Some of your sisters will be ready to deliver in a few months, some could give birth much earlier than that. Knowing Epyon he will impregnate them continually, having them bare him armies of daemons. From what I have witnessed this is what he has in mind for Olivia and his daughter Ebony. They are carrying the mystically merged eggs of a Gravidian witch and an Embezarian along with their own. I believe he wants dragon and daemon to merge and if this happens, the Lady of Light, Nikke or Nicolette to those who did not know her and her Knight Templar will not be able to withstand the might of such a force, though the war would be magnificent and brutal, both sides losing many, Epyons’ horde would win the day.”

Everyone in the room felt the darkness of her statement. Next too immortals, angels, daemons and dragons were the most powerful creatures in the realms. A draconic daemon would be more powerful than any of them, including immortals. The Queen sighed deeply, her thoughts immediately going to her husband.

“Serenity, with the aid of my brother Quintex and this fine group of warriors you can defeat Epyon. You must find the lost Immortal of Freedom.”

The white haired nymph, her steel eyes bright in the glow of the Dhovarians’ belly looked at the immortal with an intrigued and disbelieving expression. She then looked to Quintex whose smile, though faint, caused her heart to leap.

“But that immortal is but a myth; aren’t they?”

“No young one. The Immortal of Freedom is an immortal born into the body of a mortal, releasing them of all rules and bonds of immortals. The legends say that she will be able to free anyone from whatever bonds may tie them. The legends also state that this immortal will be found within a female who has no mortal bonds, for she is been given the breath of all thirteen immortals and thus she has no mortal mother or father. She, you will have to find and with her you can defeat my dark brother.”

“How will we find her.”

“The legends say she will find you. Look for one who seems to be as free as the wind and those around her will tend to float along her breeze. This female will not know she is immortal, not until another immortal brings it out of her. That is what I hope Quintex will be able to do.”

He nods and glances at the heroes; eyeing Raylenethos and Celeste most of all, Raylenethos even more so. She caught him though and he abruptly turned away.

“I can tell you no more and for that I am sorry. My nymphs and I, along with the aid of a Batarian tribe near this evil palace, will do the best we can to aid you. The Batarian have already help us by smuggling in an Embezarian to help us deliver this sword. Speaking of which, are you ready Lady Azyea?”

The dark haired beauty nodded, her hands already stroking her huge belly.

“We will begin here, prepare yourself. As for you, Heroes of the Dragon Horde, I wish you the blessing of all the immortals for the fate of realms, for mortal and immortal alike is now in your hands. Brother Quintex, I hope to see you soon.”

“As do I little sister.”

With that Lady Xheena bowed low and turned away; the Dhovarians’ belly dulling, becoming a wonderful fleshy opaque, sweat dripping off her as the magic subsided. She was panting heavily now, Rivins’ cock still buried deep within her dripping sex. She felt the urge to relieve him, for she could feel his cock twitching inside her womb, begging to erupt but she was exhausted, so much so she feared she would not be able to get up. The draconic archmage smiled knowingly and with monstrous strength lifted her swollen form off him, gently and carefully. Khorynnes’ legs were wobbly beneath her and quickly one of the dragonkin was there to help her. She wrapped one arm around the armored beast and lovingly caressed her massive gravidity with the other as he aided her back to her chambers. Rivin stood, naked and proud, his cock stiff and rigid and dripping with Khorynnes’ juices, grinning with approval as he watched the young Dhovarian waddle away; she had done well. Azyea slowly approached the dragon and squatted in front of his manhood. She positioned herself so her belly was facing perpendicular to his, her head turned allowing her to engulf the twitching shaft as Sanafae slide up next to her and gently massaged one of her hefty mammeries. The stunning female purred, her head sliding up and down Rivins’ length, the taste of cock and cum sweet in her mouth as her fellow Embezarian was licking her plump nipple, softly chewing the nub between her teeth. Her hands slowly rubbed circles around the expanse of her sun baked belly, which looked even larger as the female squatted, her free breast wobbling between her strokes. None of the group had ever seen this sort of magic before, save Sebron, Kira and Quintex. The others were breathing heavy, the sexual power was overwhelming and hard to resist. Charlize was eyeing Khambien like a piece of fresh cut meat. Soon the Embezarian was breathing hard, her glistening belly heaving heavily with her ever breath, almost as if she were preparing to give birth.

Within the dark halls of Shadow, Xheenas’ nymphs prepared the other Embezarian for the exchange. Haarlei and Daphne helped the Embezarian onto the cushion and quickly started to work. The cinnamon skinned female was gorgeous, her eyes were a deep brown, laced with thick, sensuous lashes; her lips were full and plump, tinted in a dark violet. She had long chocolate brown hair that hung just beyond the shoulder. Her breast were titanic melon-sized orbs that sloshed about heavily with an over abundance of milk, her thick nipples were dark and surrounded by an even darker areole. Her belly was simply enormous; she looked like one of Epyons’ bearers, the flesh so taunt and smooth that it burst with expectancy. She was simply delicious and the two nymphs were not about to let an opportunity like this to pass them by. Haarlei embraced the beautiful female, her lips pressing against hers tightly, their tongues twirling in a erotic dance in their mouths as Daphne gently rubbed the gigantic seven-foot globe of flesh, allowing her fingernails to tease the tightly stretched flesh, sending immense pleasure rippling throughout the humongous belly. Slowly the Embezarian began to buck her hips, Haarlei squeezing one of her massive juggs, the malleable flesh squishing between her thin fingers. She caught the erect nipple with her fore finger and middle finger, stroking it with purpose as the vixen nibbled away at the other stiff nub; one of her own huge tits mashed between them, the other wobbling just in the reach of the Embezarian who desperately licked and lapped away as it dangled above her face. Xheena knelt between the pregnant beauties plump legs and admired how her belly sloped over her sex, forcing it to fill with blood and making it all the more stimulated. She ran a single long nail just outside her swollen labia, tickling the hypersensitive flesh, making sure she gave the neseccary attention to the underside of her burgeoning dome with soft, playful kisses. The Embezarian bucked hard and moaned hungrily as the immortal did this, and almost threw the others free as Xheenas’ tongue penetrated her pussy lips, darting over her erect clit. Soon her juices were flowing, lathering the winged females quick muscle, an orgasm building within her bulging girth. Xheena backed away, pausing to watch her nymphs tease and pleasure the gloriously round female.

“My dear Byyoncia, please send her to the Dragon Horde Keep, her new companion awaits her.”

The gorgeous Embezarian could not of answered if she tried to, her mouth full of tit flesh. A muffled moan and the tale tell glow of her sex told Xheena that Byyoncia was ready and very willing. Spreading her legs just a bit wider, opening up the mystical plain of her womb to the immortal of dreams the Embezarian bucked even harder, feeling the strangely warm steel of the weapons blade penetrate her pussy as Xheena slowing, methodically fed the weapon in. As if she were making love the female pumped harder and faster, swallowing more and more of the weapon, Daphne massaging her massive belly as it swelled slightly, the mystical plane within accepting the sword. After almost five minutes, Xheena taking her time, building up Byyoncias’ orgasm, the sword was completely swallowed by the Embezarian. Energy swirled and danced within her womb, pushing with intense, orgasmic pressure on her birth canal. She was panting and groaning as the pressure continued to mount, the two nymphs suckling on her milk laden juggs while they ran magical circles over her swell. It soon became too much and with a heart pounding scream of sexual fury she came. As she released a beam pure light and energy shot from her womb, blasting through a magical portal that led to outside and then across the land.

Back at the Dragon horde all was ready as the Embezarians’ magical beam approached. Azyea was covered in sweat, her body soaked. She continued to suck on Rivins’ pulsing shaft, the dragon pumping his hips with vigor, his climax on the verge. Sanafae had ceased her tit tease, concentrating on rubbing and massaging her sisters immense fleshy sphere, softly whispering to her as from out of nowhere a streak of pure energy blasts into the room and crashes into the Embezarians’ womb. Her eyes open wide in a sexual frenzy as her belly swells noticeably. The sudden surge sends a shockwave through her swollen body and into Rivin whom immediately spasms as he erupts in her mouth. Not one drop spills from her lips. Azyea hungrily swallowing the continuing flood of dragon seed, her belly surging with life as it fills with the young of the Archmagi. Her muscular legs spread and then give way to the sudden added weight as she plops down on her full rear; Rivins’ cock falling from her lips, her unbelievably huge dome shimmering with life, the flesh growing even tighter, her size nearly double. She was now supporting a six-foot sphere of gorgeous belly, Sanafaes’  hands working frantically to sooth the tightly stretched skin, as Azyea lays on her back, panting and puffing, her legs spread wide and her pussy glowing. She sat up suddenly and she pushed, her strength amazing, as another beam of energy shoots out and halts before Sebron. The exhausted Embezarian lies on her back, her huge mountain of flesh rising and falling as Sanafae caresses her to sleep. Rivin slowly puts back on his robe as  the energy takes the form of the miraculous blade, a hue of blue and black radiating off its edge. Even as he reaches out to touch the weapon he can hear it speak.

***“I am the spirit of Gwendelyne, but you may address me as Crimsonsbane. I am yours now.”***

Slowly he unsheathes his old sword and tosses it into the dragons’ horde and smiles, his hands gripping and relishing *Crimsonsbane*.

   “No my lady, we are one and I shall avenge you!”

Quintex steps before them all; Sebron sheathing *Crimsonsbane*, then the immortal looks towards the Queen of Dragons.

“My Queen, we are ready.”

That night, Sebron examined his new sword; so enthralled was he that he was quite surprised when Lady Rebekah paid him a visit. She wore only a shear nightgown of lace, which cut just beyond her shapely feminine hips and that fit snuggly over her ample bosom and massively swollen belly; Sebron could see her full, stiff nipples, her huge dome curving low and hiding her muff, her blonde hair was curled up elegantly above her angelic face. Her blue eyes seemed to glow with the seductive sexuality of motherhood and her crimson lips wore a mischievous grin. He politely allowed her to waddle by, his eyes watching her big, round ass, his own eyes glinting in lust.

“My lady, to what do I owe this unexpected pleasure.”

She looks cock-eyed at the marvelous sword displayed across his bed and then to the warm bath drawn next to the fireplace, her smile broadening.

***“Is it not obvious Sebron; she wants you. She too is an Embezarian, and a princess as well and to be with our hero is a great honor.”***

Sebron gives the sword a quick, almost shocked look as Lady Rebekah steps forward, obviously seeing his discomfort, but misinterpreting the meaning.

“Am I not wanted my lord?”

He looks at her almost to say *didn’t you hear that* but then realizes that she took his glance as something different and he quickly moves in front of her, his cock pressed hard against her distended girth. She smiles as she feels the bulge through his robe.

“A bath my lady, I would like to give you a bath.”

Her face almost glows with excitement as he escorts her towards the ivory carved pool. Slowly, as to enjoy every womanly inch revealed, Sebron gathers up Rebekahs’ nightgown and slowly lifts it over her heads, pausing as it reaches her arms, using the garment as a make shift bond, he bends down, giving the gorgeous blond a deep, lustful kiss; their tongues melting together in their mouths. His free hand explores her round naked form; stroking her full, taunt belly then moving up to her heavy, milk filled breasts, her soft, pink nipple growing hard as he gently pinches it. She whimpers softly but the sound is muffled, her mouth embraced with his. They hold this position for many moments, his hand roving across her body, his touch building up sexual hunger within Rebekah with every pass. He finally releases the kiss and flings the nightgown towards the bed, and then he carefully helps her into the clear waters of the bath. The water was warm, caressing her pregnant body like a long lost lover causing a pleasant moan to escape her lips and then a sexy little giggle. Sebron waited until she was safely in the pool and then he too disrobed. Rebekahs’ eyes widen for she had never imaged a mortal mage to be so well built or endowed. He eased into the water and gathered up a soft cloth as he approached. Dipping it in the water he strolled up in front of the angelic female and locking eyes with her he slowly began to wash her huge gravidity. Her eyes grew heavy as the soft cloth gently massaged the tight flesh of her belly. He ran smooth circles over the massive orb, which jutted out almost five feet or more and lay partially hidden beneath the waters. Rebekah was almost moaning as Sebron paid her belly more attention than any lover before, appreciating its every sensuous curve, the lush fullness of it, and the femininity it exuded as he washed and stroked every bit of the huge sphere. Her eyes were closed now, the soothing bath sapping her strength and causing her to lean heavily on the mage but he didn’t mind at all. He soon concentrated on her soft, milk filled orbs, inciting an erotic purr as he rubbed all over the huge mountains. His hands dipped between her two orbs, washing her sensitive cleavage and then he surprised her as he lifted the heavy utters and bathed the unattended tits flesh beneath; making sure to tease the hidden belly as well. The Embezarians’ loins were on fire and he had done nothing but bath her. Firmly he stroked her stiff nipples, her hands squeezing his toned ass in response, her eyes still closed tight. Gracefully he turned her around, letting her balance herself against the edge, Rebekahs’ full belly dipping low into the water, her hefty juggs dangling just above it with her nipples tickling the warm liquid and raising her expanded rear and well shaped legs just above the water. Sebron stepped back a bit just to enjoy the sight before him. The lady had arched her well toned back, her waist and hips widened with expectancy, her belly swollen out a foot on each side and her ass, nice and shapely, grown big and firm but layered with just a touch of baby fat with her swollen pussy, nicely, cleanly shaven leading into thick, muscular thighs giving her such a womanly appearance that his cock harden just by the sight. He washed her back, massaged her shoulders and spine, then focusing on her lower muscles, sore from the weight of her belly. Softly, slowly she began to rock back and forth as Sebron slowly stroked and bathed her round backside. Gently he spread her full cheeks and teased her tight asshole causing her to squeal softly and he skillfully allowed the water to drip into her pussy. This caused her to buck even harder. His hands soon roamed between her plump, thighs and finally, letting the cloth drop he slipped two fingers into her wet cunt. With that she gasped, her eyes opening wide. Gripping her round rear-end he continued to pump his fingers into her twat. Now she was fully thrusting against his digits, his fingers becoming buried in her snatch, the water splashing softly as she fucked his hand. Using her hands she pushed herself further on his hand, trying to fill her sex. Sebron slowly withdrew his fingers, licking the Embezarians juices from his hand, relishing the honey and then dipped between her full cheeks, his tongue darting into her swollen sex. She was panting with excitement, her muscles quivered as the mage lapped away at her pussy, tonguing her erect clit hungrily.

“Oh yes Lord Sebron*, eat me pleassseeee!*

The half elf happily obliged, his face burrowing into her snatch, licking, tonguing, sucking and nibbling her insides with abandon. She was pushing herself with her hands, her huge juggs now splashing in the water as he ate her out. With her pussy lips quivering on the edge of orgasm Sebron dropped into the water, heavily kissing the underside of her belly as she swooned and came in a gush, her milky cream splashing into the pool. Rebekah cried out with passion, her muscles stiffening. Sebron could feel her tense beneath the surface, his hands stroking her submerged girth. Slowly he rose from the pool, his long hair hanging wetly about his head, his thin lips forming a playful grin, his hands still clasping the lady’s gravid swell and his own stiff erection teasing her still shivering cheeks. Rebekah looked over her shoulder; perspiration glistening off her face, her blue eyes bright with lust and with a slow nod Sebron eases his long shaft into her tight, wet pussy. She groans approvingly as his size fills her womb. With long, slow strokes the mage fucks the gorgeous female, his balls gently slapping against her clitoris, her moans of passion filling his ears.

So lost in desire were the two that neither noticed *Crimsonsbane* rise off the bed and float before them, the ruby; the belly of the female carved along its hilt, held within the center of dragon shaped cross piece, was glowing, watching the two lovers.

Sebron had helped Rebekah onto the edge of the pool, her tits bouncing heavily to the sides of her swollen belly, as the mage held her full, shapely legs apart and pounded away at her sex. She pushed herself up as best she could; her eyes locked with Sebrons’, squeezing her sphere and making it look even larger. The mage pumped away at the Embezarians’ snatch, their flesh clapping loudly as they met, water and sweat soon mixing together, Rebekahs’ moaning becoming a sexual symphony as the young lord stuffed her womb.

***“Do not cum inside her! If you do her dragons’ children will be altered much to his dismay. Unlike the one named Toc who is a sub-daemon, your seed would mix with the growing young, rather than grow separately. If you asked she would allow it but do not give her that option!”***

Sebron could hear the sentient weapon even as he felt the first twinge of orgasm. Slowly he backed out the lady and once again started to eat her delectable muff, his own aching member begging for release. Rebekahs’ head thrashed about with sexual delight as she loosed a deep, animalistic howl, cumming furiously on the mages tongue, sweet nectar spilling into his mouth. Sebron rose from between her legs and gently stroked her belly, enjoying the feel of its size rise and fall with her heavy breathes. It is then that he notices the magical blade hovering behind the Embezarian. Sebron gives it a stare of pure wonderment as Rebekah eases herself into the water. He quickly gives her his full attention as she stares hard at him, her blue eyes filled with desire, her lids heavy with lust as she eases the rigid member into her warm mouth.

“By…by the immortals!”

He could just utter the words as the lush, fertile female engulfed his entire length, her tongue sliding across his veiny shaft until her nose disappears in his golden pubic hair. Now he closed his eyes as Rebekahs’ head danced along his cock, swallowing up his sex, her tongue slipping out just enough to lick his swollen balls. She could feel him shiver as he held off his eruption and she centered her focus on the head of his wood, her small hands gripping and stroking his thick stalk; squeezing the cum from his body. Hungrily Sebron pumped his hips, his breath growing short, his cum rising like a volcano. Rebekah felt the first spasm and opened her mouth, the tip of his cock resting on her tongue, her hands a blur along his shaft as finally, he tightened up and with a grunt he cums; thick, heavy spurts of cream shooting into her mouth and across her lips. She jerks and strokes his cock until every drop is gone; swallowing all that got into her mouth and scooping up the rest on her fingers and licking them clean. He shuddered and jerked a bit, the gorgeous female supporting him as he tiredly lowered himself into the pool. They snuggled close together, her head resting on his muscled chest, his hands caressing the heaviness of her burgeoning belly, looking out onto the city from the pool until sunrise.