CHAPTER FOUR

ENTER THE UNDERDARK

The next morning the companions gathered before the gates of the city. Lady Rebekah, along with Kashca and Burxon and a host of other titans stood in military fashion for the heroes. The group, consisting of Raylenethos, Charlize, Khambien, Celeste, Ruby, Toc, Master Sebron, Lady Kira, Archmage Rivin and a scrumscious half-elven female thief whom they called Hollee the Body; gorgeous, with long curly brown hair with streaks of gold and platinum locks, large, full, perfectly round breasts and a muscular, curvaceous figure hidden under a tight leather black suit of armor and rare for she was not hugely pregnant like the majority of the females within the keep, and last but not least Serenity and Quintex. They marched through the surreal scene and into the peaks of the Dragon Horde Mountains. As they left, Lady Rebekah gave them each a gift; to Raylenethos went a platinum ring, a dragon circling and grasping its own tail, to Khambien went a seemingly plain silver necklace, to Charlize went a mithiril bracelet, Celeste was handed a jeweled eye patch, Ruby received a quiver of arrows, she placed a gauntlet of platinum in Tocs’ hands, Master Sebron was given a scroll, to Lady Kira went a crystalline wand, Rivins’ was a silver staff, laced with onyx and entwined by ruby dragons, the Body was given a cloak of blackened silk, Serenity was handed a broach to hold up her own furred cape and to Quintex twin mithiril dragon figurines were given, which fit perfectly in his palm.

“These will aid you in the times and trials to come. Their powers will make themselves known to you individually. Be safe and if you need us, whisper our ladies name and we will aid you best we can. Come home to us and our prayers are with you.”

With that the Heroes of the Dragon Horde began their journey.

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Three days had past since the dinner and both Olivia and Ebony were almost ready, constantly being feed the honey sweet milk of Lethan and Trinity. Epyon lazily lounged on a sofa near Olivia, who now looked pregnant with at least a dozen or more babies, her body not as plump as the others but that would come as soon as she had conceived. They had been chatting about the events with the troublesome Khlendros and his dragon army when the door suddenly burst open.

“As I was saying…”

“My lord!”

“Khlabec, one should *KNOCK* before entering a room!”

The demon bowed quickly but then started to speak, the urgency in his voice rang heavy.

“My lord, I think we have a problem”, Epyon eyeing him dangerously, “the one known as Penelope has gone into labor! They come Lord Epyon!”

The Lord of Shadows moved with speed and grace, abruptly leaving the Dragon Queen who, with effort, managed to stand. She slowly made her way after the dark immortal as he and his minion sped away.

Soon the two entered the birthing room. Penelope, her ebony skin dripping with perspiration, her monstrous orb, even larger than it had been after the dinner, was jiggling and shuddering with expectancy. She was sitting in an awkward shaped chair; her hands locked out wide, her legs spread eagle allowing her full pussy, which dripped with her own fluids and had dilated to almost ten centimeters. Two massive breeders, their bellies swollen tightly with young, Tabitha and Lilli, nursed the strained nymph, her body writhing in an agonized orgasmic state. Her face was contorted in pain and pleasure, desire and anticipation as Epyon strolled up next to her, his eyes glowing in anger and excitement, his hands sliding across her quivering, pulsing dome of flesh, looking ready to pop at any moment. She purred with lust even as another contraction built within.

“What happened Tabitha?”

The delicious blonde human looked at him as Penelope suddenly hunkered down and pushed, more blood and fluid spilling out of her widening cunt.

“One of the daemons had just enjoyed her. She became too full my lord and instantly went into labor. She must deliver now!”

“How soon will she be able to carry again?”

This time a chocolate haired half elf Lilli answered.

“As soon as all the children are born.”

His frustration quickly past. Epyon always knew he could reuse the nymphs and immortals but to what extent and how soon had always been his question. Since the breeders had been feeding and drinking of the immortals, he also knew that bits of their knowledge was passed on. His grimace turned into a wicked smile.

“Well, my dear Penelope…by all means proceed!”

She looked at him with lust and pain and ecstasy masked upon her lovely façade, sweat running down her brow in streams. Suddenly her head whipped back as she loosed a pain filled screamed. The hardest contraction of all was upon her now. There was a crunch and crack, the sounds of bones breaking filling the air as an immense head emerged from the nymphs’ womb, spreading the flesh till tearing. Again she howled in erotic pain as the shoulders tore free from her cunt. The stress upon her was unfathomable, her massive belly actually bulging and swelling even more as the beast within finally got its arms free of its confines and spilled out, forcing an orgasm of immeasurable proportions from poor Penelope even as the next contraction rolled forward, the second beast beginning his release. Over the next eighty-two hours the daemons emerged, racking the nymphs mind and body, pain and pleasure blending within her fragile mind, twenty two of the beasts in all; roughly the size of a human teen. Even as they were born feeders were brought in and Khlabec and Jelux fucked each one until they exploded before the newborns. Penelope was still quite plump, though her belly looked as that of a female in her second trimester of pregnancy. She was exhausted beyond words but then Lilli was soon pouring milk and flesh down her gullet, even as the wicked Khlabec slide his cock into her pussy, which had completely healed itself rapidly as soon as she consumed the immortal milk. Even after almost four days of labor, Penelope began to push against the four-armed fiend, desperately trying to make the daemon cum; to fill her, to feel her belly swell with young, hopefully even larger than before. Epyon smiled, his young daemons gorged themselves on the flesh before them.

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Elsewhere in the castle two strange looking though gorgeous, naked females walk silently along the corridors; standing taller than most females their bodies seeming to melt into the shadows as they creep along. They are beautiful; one with rich chocolate brown skin, her large eyes completely black, her body sleek and muscular, topped with huge, full, firm breasts that hang slightly from her chest. Her companion has a creamy complexion, her eyes a shimmering green with large round tits that look like ripe melons; her stomach flat and well muscled flexed as she carefully along the wall. What makes them appear so strange is that neither female has arms; rather they are sporting long leathery wings ending in long thin fingers and one long thumb which allows them to handle and manipulate objects. Their ears are also a bit larger, resembling that of a bat. Hearing footsteps in the distance the leading female stops short and together they seem to fall into the shadows of the hallway until they are completely submerged into the darkness. The two watch carefully until they could clearly see the approaching forms. Daphne and Byyoncia slowly turned the corner, the lavender female wearing a tight chain mess, her long curved scimitar drawn and ready. They stopped before the two hidden females, placing their backs to the opposite wall, though the Embezarians’ belly stuck out far, her own robes parted for the lovely swell.

“The Batarian should be here. Three days have passed and that was the allotted time.”

Both females almost jump as they winged beauties emerge from the dark, Daphnes’ sword coming to bear. The dark skinned one brings her wings up quickly.

“Hold Daphne! It is we!”

The nymph slowly lowers the blade and her angered glare turns warm and relieved.

“Tyra! Thami! It is good to see you but you need not scare the nine hells out us!”

Byyoncia nods her agreement.

“We must be off friends. The dark ones minions will soon be looking for me.”

The blonde, Thami, quickly eased herself behind the Embezarian and wrapped her soft wings around the shorter females burgeoning belly, rubbing the taunt flesh and bringing forth a soft moan. Daphne gives them both a strong nod and watches as they melt away into the shadows. She then looks back at Tyra.

“When will you return?”

“After we have safely delivered Byyoncia to her sisters, Thami and I will come back. Did everything go as planned?”

Daphne smiled. The Batarian nodded happily and leaned in close, giving the nymph a long, friendly kiss. She then backs away into the shadows and is gone. Daphne smiles with the thought of her friends return and quickly makes her way back to Xheena and Haarlei.

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Olivia had grown quite plump but Epyon knew she was not ready for the upcoming load. Her belly distended almost four-feet, her breasts were full and weighty, with her ass and thighs spreading to accommodate the up coming conception. The lady dragon knew the dark one was well aware of  her condition and had sent the last of his feeders in. Within the room stood lovely Dynna, and a wickedly beautiful female dressed in black layered robe of bear fur that spread open, allowing her large full belly to stick out clearly, the pale flesh tight and was shiny with health. Her face was slightly hidden under her furred cowl, strands of shimmering black hair hanging out, her lips painted black but held their full, thick luster. She smiled with villainy as a daemon escorted in a plump little human, her soft belly jiggling slightly. Dynna looks over to the cloaked female, her burning eyes narrowing.

“So why does the Gravidian Witch need to be here?”

The powerful female turns as the daemon slides his cock into the red haired feeders’ hairy cunt, the young female moaning with pleasure. Olivia gives the two a glance and hungrily focuses on her “meal”, her hands stroking her swollen tummy.

“I am here because our Lord Epyon wishes me to be here. It was my sister your mistress devoured. Lord Epyon wanted my coven to oversee the pregnancies as they progress. I am a Grand Wicken, one of the highest in my sisterhood, second only to Lady Dhonytae and it is my duty to watch over and nurse Lady Olivia. If there is a problem…take it up with Lord Epyon.”

Dynna glared at the haughty female, her eyes flashing with hatred. She wanted to rip the foul witch apart, starting at her taunt belly and bath in her blood. But she knew the casts’ reputation and even in her full dragon form the evil bitch would be a formidable foe. She diverted her gaze to something more pleasant, Olivia masking her amusement by concentrating on the human female.

The poor girl was dripping with sweat now, the foul beast drilling her wet pussy viciously, her bountiful bosom bouncing as he gripped her fat ass cheeks. She was literally whimpering, orgasm after orgasm washing through her plump little figure, her body aching with lust, her mind lost in the sexual perversion. The Gravidian Witch slowly approached the two as the daemon began to cum. He leaned back, allowing the females to view the swelling of the humans’ belly. The witch wickedly stepped up to the sex maddened female, her tummy already appearing quite full and round, her big breasts growing large and heavy, flopping wildly about her bulging swell. Cruelly the daemon held the girls’ arms, her body visibly fattening before him, the Gravidian witch embracing the poor female in a lust filled kissed. Her hands stroked the surging mass of her belly, relishing the explosive gravidity as it rapidly inflated. Soon she looked almost thirteen months with many children, her flesh quivering with expectancy, slowing its growth but not stopping. The witch released her kiss and in a husky voice whispered to the girl, her face an agonized mask of sexual desire, her hazel eyes glazed with passion, the stress of it all wearing upon her mind.

“Can you feel it? Your poor, poor tummy so full that it wants to burst. You want it to burst. If you can make the monster cum one more time then you’ll feel it, your belly will pop and you’ll be free. All you have to do is ask. ***Ask him!”***

With tired, yet hungry eyes the girl asked him.

*“Pl…ppll…pllleeassee…cc…cuum…cum!”*

The Gravidian Witch smiled, running her long nailed fingers across the smooth, taunt flesh, teasing it evilly, thin streams of wet trailing behind and slowly she moved aside to watch to finale. Olivias’ eyes glowed with as they reflected the poor young girl, her body full, plump, swollen with feigned pregnancy, her belly quivering and on the verge of exploding, her mouth agape as she panted heavily, her body mimicking birth and shuddering with overwhelming orgasmic joy. The daemon waited for one more erotic plea; he wanted her to beg. The girl was lost in a swirl of emotions, her stressed body pulled between pleasure and pain and all she could faintly remember were the whispered words of a cloaked woman, *“ask him!”*

*“Pppl…ppllleeaassseee…cc…cuuummm!”*

At last, the daemon smiled. He stiffened and with a vile grimace he erupted inside her. Olivia purred as the young female moaned in orgasm. Her huge, monstrous sphere surged with inhuman speed, she looked to contain twenty or more young within the turgid orb, as a thin bloody **X** formed along its summit and then with a deep wild, frightful, passionate moan her belly burst with a bloody pop, meat and gore spilling forth.

Even as one of the Breeders collected the fatty morsels Olivia acknowledged the approaching Wicken.

“My dear Sister Lilith, I do believe you enjoyed that!”

Lilith simply bowed her head, her hands stroking her own round, gravid belly, a seductively cruel grin forming along her black lips. Dynna watched with a dangerous jealousy building in her heart.

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The group had been traveling north along the mountain pass for almost five days. They had not run into any trouble as of yet but all that was about to change. Early on the sixth day of the journey, Hollee had informed them that they were entering a very dangerous part of the mountain peaks.

“We have traveled far along these mountains, far from the sanctuary of the Dragon Horde Keep. We will soon be entering a land ruled by the Broken Bone Tribe, a group of trolls that are loyal to Crimson. Keep an open eye for the rocks and the trolls are one.”

Raylenethos looked back at the mysterious female. No one had told them who she was but the Dragon Arcane had insisted she come along, for apparently she had escaped the red wryms’ layer before and knew how to get in and out of the cavern of flame. Still, Raylenethos was quite weary of the beautiful female.

The group traveled carefully among the jagged rocks, the smooth beautiful forested peaks becoming barren and desolate, the trail growing much more treacherous. Lady Amberwing took flight when she could but the added weight of her pregnant belly didn’t allow her to stay aloft for very long but while airborne she could see much and it was then when she saw the ambush. She looked quite lovely, her round, womanly shape cutting through the air with her long amber wings glinting in the growing sunlight.  Quickly the gorgeous Nieth swooped low for the warning. Sebron who had traveled and fought with the druid before and understood the move; quickly he moved to the front of the troop and informed Quintex and Raylenethos who had taken point.

“Lady Kira has seen something from above that may be foul for us!”

 With a raised hand he stopped them, just short of where Lady Kira had noticed the danger. She too dropped from the sky and there they stood.

“What was it that alarmed you my Lady?”

The Nieth was just about to answer when the stone before them stood up to a height of almost fifteen feet and as it came forth it soon took on the jagged, sharp edged, bipedal form of a stone troll, it’s muscles thick and rippling, it’s lower jaw jutting forward with huge stone canines protruding out, it’s eyes gray and cold, the beast wielding a massive stone club.

Before Lady Kira could answer two blue streaks shot pass them, Ruby sending her opening volley and scoring two wicked hits in the beasts chest. It roared in protest as rock exploded off its pecks. The halfling archer smiled proudly then her grin turned sour as she noticed how little damage she had caused. But her attack was enough to give it Quintex, Raylenethos and Toc time to move in. The immortal was a wonder to watch; his twin platinum blades carving into the stone face of the trolls lower leg. The stone creature swung low for the immortal swordsman but his huge club was stopped suddenly as the mighty Toc slammed his axe into the rock club. Quintex gave the ogre a quick, surprised glance and darted to the side, carving deep into the roaring trolls leg. Raylenthos began her own work, *Wicked Lady* cutting high into the creatures’ calf. Suddenly the troll whips his weapon free from Toc, sending the mighty warrior tumbling.

Celeste dipped behind a nearby rock and then just as swiftly dove away as another troll rumbled forward. Mithiril daggers dug into its thick hide as Rivin and Sebron moved quickly to aid the pirate captain. Lady Kira smartly took wing and began to cast. Rivin smiled wickedly and lowered the staff Lady Rebekah had given him. Stone trolls, unlike most others had no fear of sunlight, but electricity seemed to be a universal weakness as the shocking bolts of energy rippled off the silver carved staff and launched in an arcing stream into the new attackers shoulder. It howled angrily as Sebron waved his hands in a circular motion and in a brilliant flash of light Celeste was standing next to the mage, daggers still flying out of her hand in rapid session. She soon realized she was out of immediate danger and began to pull something from her pouch.

In the rear, Serenity and Charlize also began to cast their own magical volleys while Khambien leapt forward to aid the two mages; *Wintermist* and *Summershade* glowing with life and Hollee was nowhere to be seen until suddenly she appeared behind the first troll; that seemed to be fairing quite well against Raylenethos and Quintex, driving the two back but had been unable to get the upper hand.

Quintex was rolling between the trolls legs just as his massive club slammed into the ground behind him. Raylenethos hopped into the air, the nimble half elven female landing on the beasts’ calf and driving *Wicked Lady* deep into his hamstring. The massive creature whipped around just in time to catch Tocs’ axe square in the shoulder; the hit was so powerful it sent the troll back on his hind leg, digging into the earth. The female rouge flipped deftly off the back of the foul things leg and landed easily next to Quintex. The mysterious Hollee moved up on the immortals opposite side and from the folds of her cloak produced steel laced whip. Her grin was sexy and wicked as she moved in close to the troll who was coming about to face his attackers just as Hollee cracked her whipped, the long strand seeming to come to life, wrapping about the creatures’ wounded leg and catching hold. The creature truly did not understand its dilemma, looking upon the small female and even as it began to pull its’ leg back it felt the surprisingly strong tug from Hollee and then with unbelievable strength Hollee yanked her whip and sent the troll falling on its’ ass. Quintex gave her a broad grin and shot forward; following Toc who was apparently rushing to retrieve his axe but was even more astonished to see it returning to him of its’ own accord. The orges’ expression was unmistakably joyful.

Rivin launched another burst of electrical energy into the beast before him; only catching Hollees’ maneuver out of the corner of his eye. His lips curved up into a slight grin but the oncoming onslaught forced his attention back but a plethora of magic missiles coming from behind him brought the troll to a halt; shards of rock falling down on him. Then the evil creatures leg virtually exploded, Sebron cutting into the air with *Crimsonsbane* before him, a good twelve feet away from the troll and the magical wave crashed into the thing. The troll turned, limping with pain as a blur of white dashed up his arm and before it could react Khambien cut into his throat deep with *Wintermist* and then *Summershade* slashing up its’ cheek and right through its’ left eye; grayish liquid spewing forth. The troll howled and frantically whipped about, flipping its’ head back in fury and in pain. The swift snow elf flipped backwards, twisting himself in the air and smoothly driving both *Wintermist* and *Summershade* deep into the creatures spin, cutting his way down the things back. It arched and reached and grabbed for the elf who was hanging on for dear life. Rivin laughed as he pointed and a ball of energy launched from his fingertip and blasted the troll in the chest; literally blowing a hole in the trolls’ chest, sending it reeling. The blast blew Khambien off the creatures’ back, the elf landing agilely on his feet. Celeste pulled her hand from her pouch and from her hand flew a small vial. The glass container shattered against the beasts’ shoulder and the liquid within soon began to burn and melt the beasts’ rock hard flesh. The wicked creature spun about, coming to bear on the lovely female.

“Acid! A gift from a friend!”

Rivin gave the wily female an approving wink.

  A sudden gust of wind caught the fighters by surprise and then the trolls arm exploded in thousands of shards and pieces, the dust filling the air. The troll could only look down at his wound with his one good eye but was soon blinded as a streaking arrow of electricity struck his right eye and blew it apart utterly. The troll dropped to his knees and Sebron cut again in the air, slicing through the beasts’ throat and sending its’ head flying away.

     If the troll could have screamed it would have for fire leapt up around him, a flame so hot that it could melt the stone and even as it began to howl Tocs’ axe ripped through it’s jugular. Quintex slid to a halt and held out his wondrous blade, which almost immediately transformed into a twin headed axe. One armed the immortal hurled the weapon and the troll shuddered slightly and then fell back into the fellflame.

Hollee and Raylenethos looked at eachother and then towards Lady Kira who was slowly descending towards them. The beautiful half elf then gave Hollee a good long stare and then glanced down at the whip which had disappeared just as soon as it appeared. The Body returned the look and gave a wink, then moved towards the burning troll. Lady Kira landed and moved next to Raylenethos.

“Correct me if I’m wrong, but did she single handedly pull down a troll?”

Without looking back Raylenethos just smiled.

“Lady Kira, I’m in no position to correct you!”

The gorgeous Nieth could only laugh at the statement. The two joined the rest of their companions whom had gathered around the remains of the first troll.

Toc licked the blood from his axe, Ruby grimacing at the dark ritual. He growled low.

“I thought they’d be harder!”

Hollee stepped close to Rivin. She gave the grinning ogre a sidelong glance and in a soft whisper retorted.

“Do not worry good warrior, they soon will be.”

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“So Lord Crimson, do you approve?”

The large statuesque male and the Immortal of Shadow stood just in the doorway of Ebony’s chambers. She was sleeping, haven been fed all day, her body soft and smooth and curvy, her huge belly; distending almost four feet, the fur completely stretched away and leaving only flawless, taunt ebony flesh. Her hips had widened wonderfully, her ass growing round and firm leading into nice, thick shapely thighs. Her egg filled tummy quivered slightly, her huge breasts had just begun to swell and she wasn’t even pregnant yet, though her body did not seem to notice. She was plump do to the amount of food she had been consuming but Crimson could hardly wait until she was layered in baby fat and her belly swelling to monstrous dimensions.

“I do indeed. When shall we begin?”

“As soon as Bragon arrives.”

“Good!”

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Two breeders entered Epyons’ chamber, carrying a small tray of fruit. They walked silently among the hugely pregnant females; their massive bellies rising and falling slowly as they slept. They carefully approached Lethan, her eyes heavy and lazy, her hands stroking her unbelievably monstrous belly, her full, taunt breasts streaming with milk. The first female slowly eased her lips onto one of her thick stiff nipples and began to suck, her own body fattening as she did so. The immortals’ eyes opened at the pleasant sensation and the narrowed slightly as she looked upon the fruit. The other cute, big bellied-breeder smiled.

“A gift my lady, from a weaver of dreams.”

Lethans’ steel blue orbs brightened as she quickly scarfed down the delicious food. Her sister was quite the daredevil!

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The company had made a good bit of distance since the failed ambush almost a day earlier. Raylenethos and Quintex getting a few chances to speak as the carefully walked the desolate mountainside.

“So tell me more about this so called Immortal of Freedom.”

The ruggedly handsome swordsman cocked an eyebrow and grinned.

“This so called Immortal of Freedom is an enigma. Not born of any one of the thirteen Immortal Lords but rather born from all of them. This happened soon after Epyon was born, thus making her as old as or older than me, some many thousands of years. But she would have been dormant. Asleep for almost all of those years and probably awoke quite recently, I’ll guess in the last one hundred to two hundred years. She would be an orphan and live a life were laws and rules would mean little for her nature would be to be free of all such bonds. Similar to yourself young Raylenethos.”

The olive skinned beauty glanced at him, her look odd and questioning; as if Quintex knew something she did not.

“Her power is simple but more powerful than any other immortal in existence; simply she can free anyone and anything from whatever bonds that may hold them or she can bond them to anything or anyone one she wishes. At will when powerful enough. Thus she would be able to free Lethan and Trinity from Epyons’ grasp. The only question is how? How to find her and how to free them?”

Raylenethos chuckled just a little.

“You forget swordsman, she is to find us!”

“Yes. Yes she is isn’t she?"

The two walked closely together for the remainder of the day. In the rear Khambien smiled.

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That night the lovely nymph of the wind visited Lady Kira. She slipped into the Nieths’ tent, slipping off the thin cloak she wore. Serenity was naked, her huge bountiful breasts heaving with a strange excitement. The winged elf looked at her queerly. Kira; her naked body lounged out on its’ side, allowing room her soft feathered wings, attempted to sit up in a greeting but the weight of her burgeoning tummy would not allow her to as quickly as she would have liked. Serenity slid next to her and placed and placed her thin finger across her full lips. The Nieth looked at her questioningly until she recognized the lust burning in the beautiful females pale blue orbs. Her own lust began to build.

“Tonight, may I be with you?”

The question was so innocent and yet dripped with seduction. Kira pulled Serenitys’ pretty face to hers and replied with a kiss, deep long and passionate. Sex surged through her body as their lips met and she pulled herself even deeper into the embrace. The nymphs’ hands quickly began to explore the pregnant nymph, rubbing along the expanse of her swollen belly; feeling her womanly body shiver under her touch.

 They kissed and felt eachothers bodies until they shined with sweat. Serenity reluctantly released from their kiss but with a mischievous grin she began to kiss all about the pregnant beauty beneath her. Her lips slowly worked their way down Kiras’ neck, softly licking her collar bone to her breastbone and then, lifting her hefty boob, revealing her hidden cleavage, paused in sensitive area between the Nieths’ heavy, milk laden breasts. The druid priestess purred as the nymph ran her silken tongue back and forth along her bloated orbs until she finally picked one and with slow, tantalizing purpose she licked the length of the grand tit until she reached the Nieths’ dark areole. Kiras’ heavy lidded eyes were mere lust-filled slits as Serenity circled her tongue about the darkened flesh, twirling it until she reached the stiff, plump nipple and clamped down. The winged beauty’s back arched slightly, pushing her huge four-foot belly forward. Serenity ran one free hand over the smooth flesh, relishing its’ warmth and softness as she suckled on Kiras’ tit, drawing sweet, warm milk into her mouth. Kira ran her fingers through the nymphs’ silky white hair, pushing ever so slightly, trying to fit more of her huge sloshing boob into the females’ wanton mouth.

“Uuummmm! Hungry aren’t we?”

The husky whisper pushed the nymph even further and she drank heavily, the Nieths’ pussy growing wetter and wetter as the girl drank. Kira shifted her weight just enough to allow Serenity clamp down on her other taunt nipple, her own large breasts squishing nicely against the Nieths’ huge belly. The nymph could feel her own stomach growing full and after about ten minutes she had to roll to her back, rubbing her own swollen belly, which bulged out noticeably. Kira moaned lustfully and ran her hand along the immortals full stomach, feeling her warm milk slosh about in the females’ tummy. The winged druid carefully hoisted her girth up and eased between Serenitys’ sleek thighs. She planted soft teasing kisses on the insides of her muscular thighs, causing the nymph to quiver in sexual delight. Her tongue danced and teased her swollen labia, until nymph was wet and dripping freely and finally plunged into her moist slit. The sudden wave of ecstasy caused Serenity to sit up, her back arching, pushing herself up further on the Nieths’ long tongue. She bucked her hips in vain, trying to put more of dripping snatch in Kiras’ skillful mouth. The winged beauty was working the horny nymph into a frenzy; her body writhing and squirming as she lapped at her delicious sex like a sexual master until she screamed with an orgasmic fury, her nectar spilling down the Nieths’ hungry gullet.

Serenity lay there panting breathlessly, her huge breasts heaving with excitement. Kira comfortably stayed on her hands and knees, her huge belly hanging low into the earth, her milk heavy orbs dangling with weight. The exhausted and extremely satisfied nymph slowly brought herself to the same position and crawled to face the gorgeous, exotic looking druid. They nuzzled closely together, kissing eachother softly. Slowly Serenity moved to position herself behind the beautiful creature, running her long nails gently across her smooth flesh until she was nestled behind Kira, marveling at her perfectly round, wide ass, her plump pussy begging for attention. The mistress of wind gave the swollen labia a quick lick, tasting the Nieths’ wine and causing a pleased shiver through the druid. Kira pushed back against Serenitys’ probing tongue, the white skinned immortal running her hands in graceful circles over Kiras’ burgeoning sides. Her slit was growing wetter and wetter; the ageless nymph more than skilled in the art of cunnilingus was working her clit with passion and want. Balancing herself on one quivering arm, Kira reached back and began to fondle one of her huge, wobbling orbs; squeezing and pulling the sore nipple, her orgasm rapidly swelling within as the nymph nibbled and chewed and lick her pussy; relishing her sex like a gourmet meal.  Soon it became more than Kira could bear and with a deep low, hungry groan she came, squirting her juice onto Serenitys’ tongue and lips. The druid shivered and purred and then slowly eased herself onto her side, tired from the heated sex and glowing in the orgasmic aftermath. Serenity lay down next to her, still stroking her distended swell until both fell into a deep, safe sleep.

Soon the groups’ travels led them into a more wooded area atop the long mountain range. Snow had begun to fall as they moved higher into the peaks, beautiful and peaceful, the heavy white flakes falling slowly upon them, though only Celeste, Ruby and Charlize seemed too bothered by it. Khambien was born form peeks this high and Toc was just to damn tough for it to distract him. Lady Kira was a part of nature, being a high druid and Sebron showed little discomfort, though Charlize believed it to be his mage armor; he wasn’t telling. Both Rivin and Hollee seemed right at home, as did Quintex. Raylenethos was the true enigma; she seemed free of the cold winds that were stronger with every climbing step. Serenity thoroughly enjoyed the wind but seeing the chilling affect it had on some she diverted it when neseccary, even warming it on occasions. The trees, though dead seemed to grow thick and close together, making it a slightly tight fit to Lady Kira when she was grounded. But Toc made it easier, pushing apart limbs when he had to as did Sebron, using spells to allow her to pass through the wood itself; her own druidic powers enabled to penetrate the tainted wood. After a few days of maneuvering through the dense forest Hollee led them to a strangely barren and open patch of woods. Just before entering the circle she stopped the companions.

“Once we pass here we will be traveling another two weeks underground, moving through goblin and orc territory. Unfortunately they are the easiest of our foes within the underdark; there are too many for me to explain about now but I will do my best when we make camp. After the two weeks, barring little incident, we will emerge on a pass three days travel from Crimsons layer. Traveling along the mountainside would leave us open to attack from Bragon and his sweeping drakes, the Harbringers. Though I would personally enjoy dealing with that one myself, we have to take care of his dark master first. We shall make camp here tonight, and as soon as the moon rises our path will be clear. For now,” she looks about covered area, “we rest. The moon will be up in a few hours.”

Raylenethos looked skeptically at Charlize whom returned the gaze as the heroes began to set up camp.

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Xheena and Haarlei moved swiftly through the hallways. They had to meet up with the Batarians before any of Epyons’ troops stumbled upon them. They had been watching the sudden arrival of the Gravidian Witch Coven that arrived soon after the two wryms.

“From what I hear, Olivia is ready and Ebony will be within the day. If Thami or Tyra know then we must find a way to stall the conception if possible and we have to find out what in the nine hells are the Gravidian Witches doing here.”

The gorgeous sorceress nodded her agreement as the soon arrived at the meeting place; much further from were Daphne had aided Byyoncias’ escape. Out of a nearby shadow the busty Thami cautiously stepped out. Haarlei saw her first and motion for her mistress to follow.

“Greetings Lady of Dreams and High Sorceress. Tyra sent me alone this time for she is still watching the coven. From what we have uncovered, they are here as midwives to the dragon and daemoness. Both will be ready to be impregnated within the week; the only delay is a beast known as Bragon.”

Xheena smiled, wickedly and hopefully. Haarlei slightly moved away from her mistress, the look sending a shiver of fear down her spine.

“My dear Haarlei, I do believe we just found our stall.”

The lovely magic user quickly understood her immortal friends mischievous look and returned with the same wicked glee.

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Ebony awoke tired, hungry and unbelievably horny. Her desire to conceive was immeasurable as she rubbed her titanic fourteen-month-with-dectuplets sized belly. The almost four-foot swell was tight, yet extremely soft considering she held within it dozens upon dozens of eggs waiting, begging to be fertilized. The tug within her to breed was growing strong and thick, pressing her sexual desire to almost a maddening state. She knew she was going to be huge, possible even larger than Trinity or Lethan once she mated with the three dragon lords and that mere thought thrilled her. Even as her dark, midnight colored hands stroke her beautiful belly, her massive tits lying full and heavy to either side the daemoness dreams of her unbelievably monstrous tummy, stuffed to almost bursting with the half breed young; *HER HALF BREED* *YOUNG!* If Epyon only knew what she planned to do with her army of daemon drakes, he would kill her as soon as she delivered, or impregnate her again so she could not threaten him but he forgot just how powerful a pregnant daemoness could really be. Soon she would be ready, the young creature understanding her fathers’ desire to fatten her up so she could sustain the amount of children that would soon fill her body. Ebony relished the thought of becoming impossibly pregnant, so massive and swollen that she would have to be waited on hand and foot. As the thought crossed her mind a gorgeous, pale skinned female with gigantic melons of milk resting atop a five-foot globe of taunt, turgid flesh with thick, rounded thighs, a pleasantly plump figure, dominated by sensual curves and wearing a black clock of satin; that just fit over her bust, entered the room. Ebony could see the smile upon her face, her ebony lips curled up deliciously, as behind the hooded female a plump little elf, her long purple hair wild, her fat juggs wobbling nicely strolled in with a huge daemon following close. The dark furred female licked her feline lips.

“My Mistress Ebony; dinner is here!”

Soon, was the only thought that crossed her mind.

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 Raylenethos groggily opened her eyes, Charlize forcefully nudging her to consciousness. She looked up at her cinnamon skinned friend, her face a mask of exhaustion and annoyance.

“Usually I stab those who wake me up; especially in the middle of the night!”

The half elf gives her a wry smirk and starts pack up their belongings.

“Hollee says it’ll be time to move in a hour so we have to get ready. Now are you gonna get up or am I going to have to kick your cute little butt?”

Finally sitting up and awake enough to respond Raylenethos smiles, gives her dear friend a soft, subtle kiss and begins to pack.

After almost half an hour the bulk of the companions have packed up their gear, Rivin taking the most time; the Dragon Arcane surprisingly having a great deal more than anyone really could believe. Soon the group is ready, Hollee leaning against a tree near the open grove, the chill air blowing her crinkly hair slightly. Raylenethos and Sebron step up behind her, the gorgeous thief had been staring up at the twin moons of the realm; *Shannrea*, burning full and red and *Thannrea*, her shimmering white body was slowing moving in front of her sister.

“When the twin moons align, the gate will appear. It will be soon. Now gather around; I have a few warnings for you before we enter the Underdark!”

Raylenethos whistled for the group to come together, everyone centering on the mysterious thief. Rivin moved close behind the female, glancing up at the two orbs as the gradually became one.

“Listen, once we enter the underdark we will encounter some races that you know of, the dwarves and the drow and even the duegar, though they will most likely be displeased with our sudden presence. We also have to face the goblin and kobold hordes that dwell within our world’s depths. Then there are the Batarians, whom will be our greatest allies since Master Sebron travels with us”, Quintex nodding to the young mage who politely returns the acknowledgement, “and we will face their arch enemies, the Brood Guard, or Yuan-Ti, the serpent people. Mostly female they are shape-shifters; meaning that, at will, they can look as human as you or I, except for their lack of ears and scaly flesh, or they can appear as half man, half snakes or even as large serpents with arms. These creatures are distinctively cruel and maniacal, extremely magical and very, very evil.   They are given the name the Brood Guard because they serve the true masters of the Underdark, the Illithids.”

Raylenethos could see Toc and Celeste visibly tense at the mention of the rarely seen creatures.

“Illithids are mages of the mind or Mind Flayers, as they like to call themselves. You will know them by their octopus like heads and then frail bodies. They are all male and for them to breed they usually impregnate captured drow or dwarven females, from which their young are always painfully and sometimes critically born.”

Lady Kira hisses as Hollee finishes. She had lost her older sister when the Illithids decided that they needed a Nieth for experimentation.

“The moons are almost one now, prepare yourselves.”

Even as she spoke the words *Shannrea* and *Thannrea* melded together, becoming the *Blood Star*, the white moons fiery whips licking out from the red moons sides. Energy began to swirl around the center of the new moon, twisting and warping until finally becoming one and launching a beam of white-red down into the middle of the grove, blasting away dirt and rock; dust billowing up from the blast point. The powerful impact rumbled through the earth, sending most of the heroes to their knees, Rivin quickly moving to catch Lady Kira before she fell, Ruby leaping up into Tocs’ arms even as she lost her footing. The centralized quake lasting only a few moments; the entire group holding on to trees or to eachother as they attempted keep their feet below them. After what seemed an eternity the beam relented, the dust cleared painfully slow and the companions gathered themselves up.

Before them was a crater, the grove was completely destroyed, leaving a hole within the earth nearly forty yards long and fifty yards wide, starting at the tree line. Hollee glanced about the mass of destruction until she sees what she’s looking for. Within the huge opening was a spiral staircase that wound its way around crater.

“Follow me. The stairway leads to the Door of Misery, the gateway to the Underdark. The Lord of Pain, Malchios, placed it there after the first war of the realm when the dwarves and drow sacrificed the their life under the stars and travel into the depths of the earth to fight against the powerful Illithids and their Brood Guard. They were suppose to guard the door until the wicked fiends were defeated but alas, the war has gone better for the Illithids than it has for Malchios’ protectors. Maybe we will be able to aid them once there?”

Rivin eased up behind the lovely woman.

“One quest at a time my dear. We will liberate the Underdark in due time, first we must aid our King.”

Hollee nods mournfully and the group, after working through the forests finds the beginning of the stairway. The steps are only big enough for them to travel one at a time, so carefully and cautiously the group makes its’ way down the long walk way. Lady Kira, traveling closely behind Sebron with Khambien behind her, whispers something softly and blows, two small glowing orbs falling and splitting and multiplying; lighting the treacherous staircase. After almost two the heroes made it to the bottom of the winding walkway. The cavern before them was massive; almost a hundred yards apart and pure pitch, darker even than Epyons’ heart. Kira snapped her fingers and the glowing orbs above them rapidly snaked down the staircase and encircled the group, lighting the darkness in which they journeyed. Khambien drew out Wintermist as Raylenethos unsheathed Wicked Lady. Quintex blade changed before them into a long twin bladed weapon; the hilt centered between two duel swords.  Without a word or motion both blades lit up, burning a bright white. The spinning orbs sped around the group with amazing speed and then raced down the shadowy cavern, splitting off into rows to illuminate the cavern like torches. Celeste casually moved up behind the lush Nieth.

“So, do you think I can borrow a few of those? It would be much safer for the *Shadow Dancer* than those fiery torches we’ve been using.”

Kira smirked and the group slowly moved down the long expanse. It was quite eerie and disheartening as they cautiously walked the hallway. Suddenly Serenity cried out and jumped back. Charlize whipped about, drawing her long slender as Khambien leapt to her side. Both looked about quickly and then relaxed, almost laughing aloud. Then their smiles faded as they realized what lay at their feet. Rivin walked over and knelt down. Before them were bones; dwarven bones, old and decayed, adorned in dark, unkempt armor, their weapons shattered and broken. At least two had fallen where Rivin investigated. Raylenethos then looked about the cave and realized that all about them were strewn corpses, the bones of fallen dwarves and drow, goblins and trolls, orcs and ogres. Sebron also surveyed the bones that littered the ground before them, shaking his head sullenly.

“This battle must have happened many years ago.”

“No. This battle happened only took place a decade or so ago. These are surface dwelling dwarves and these drow are armored as slaves, not as the drow that we know. There are no elven blades or weapons, only dwarven and orcish. It must have been a revolt against the Illithids. Hollee?”

The lovely female was studying thick groves that cut almost four feet into the rock face and were about two feet across. She then turned to them.

“This battle happened after I had been here. It was a revolt and had the potential to become a full out uprising but someone stopped it,” she paused and looked deeply into the groves, “A dragon came. A big one. A female. She changed the tide of this battle.”

Raylenethos and Charlize looked at eachother somewhat amazed but more intrigued. Rivin then moved towards the groves and waved the silver staff before them. Suddenly a ghostly image of a huge long dragon appeared, covered in thick, rich blackish plum scales, sleek and muscular with its leathery wings brought in tight to its sides, her maw long and narrow with deep pulsing eyes of purple that radiated anger. Toc started to draw his axe but Quintex halted him, showing the image for what it was, a memory of the past. The ghost raked the wall and the shadowy images of dwarves and drow were blasted away. Then the image faded as swiftly as it appeared. Rivin then looked towards Hollee.

“Nightstorm? What is that shadow bitch doing down here?”

“And why did she hide her belly? Shadow dragons can blend into the darkness as if it were apart of them, yet she held her wings in close to hide her belly.”

Khambien quickly spoke what everyone else was thinking.

“Excuse me, but could you let us in on your little discovery.”

The two turned and looked at their companions as if they should already know the answer. Then the Dragon Arcane smirked despite himself.

“It is Nightstorm. A young shadow dragon that has been rumored to be a concubine of Crimson. If she is here then the red wyrm has control of the underdark. Or he has given it as a gift to Nightstorm. Either way, if the Illithids and the Yuan Ti are in the service of Crimson it explains much as to why Khlendros and the dragons of the keep have not defeated his siblings. It appears as if by freeing the Underdark we may just be aiding our lord and put a huge damper into Crimsons’ army. It looks as if you’ll get your quest after all!”

Hollee smiled and her deep brown eyes burned with hunger.

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Corbios paced back and forth before his fathers’ throne. Lethan was purring softly as Rachelle and Cassandra massaged her monstrous sphere that completely dominated her gorgeous, lush womanly frame. Occasionally she would heft up one of her massive laden tits and lick up her milk as it ran down the horizon of boob flesh. Trinity was deep in slumber, her huge gravidity rising and falling with her every breath, small bumps appearing across her globular belly. Most of the breeders and nymphs were also fast asleep, feeders rubbing down their ever grown bellies as the creatures within continued to mature. Nareel was awake; panting and groaning with lust, pleasing herself as best she could, rubbing her own sensitive juggs, pinch and squeezing her erect nipples as white sprays of liquid shot out, her gargantuan orb shimmering with sweat. All of the gorgeous big bellied, insanely pregnant females were ready to burst with life had been placed off limits for breeding. Though they still had a few months before they would be considered full term; their mountainous tummies swelling inches everyday, Epyon did not want any of them to deliver prematurely as Penelope had. She was the only one allowed to be touched per his fathers’ orders but Corbios was hungry and he needed release. Even as he looked upon the golden skinned Nareel, her platinum hair matted with perspiration, her massive twelve-foot dome of belly quivered as she brought herself to the heights of orgasmic bliss, her overfilled breasts, taunt in appearance but soft and malleable were drenched in milk, the nymphs’ angel like face a mask of erotic joy. She was seductive and enticing, her wonderful, pregnant beauty radiating lust and sensuality in its purest design. Slowly he approached her writhing body as from the shadows of the throne he felt the dark lord. Before he even turned he began to apologize.

“Forgive me father but it has been too long. I am in distress!”

Epyons’ lips curled back into a devilish grin, though his eyes glinted with frightful cruelty.

“I want you to be quite hungry when we take Olivia. I want her to be full beyond her own conceived capabilities. It will take many, many times and she will grow wonderfully. Once it is done she, with a small group of Gravidian Witches will return to the Blood Mountains. When she gives birth our army will be spread across the realm and will cover it like a plague of fire and shadow. But you must contain yourself! Is that clear?”

Corbios bows, his red eyes dark with rage and maddening lust. With a sweep of his wings the daemon prince leaves, his eyes locked on to Nareel whom had calmed slightly, exhausted from the sexual workout she had given herself.

“He his ready my lord.”

The voice was silky and evil but dripped with sex. The immortal turned to acknowledge the female as she stepped from behind the throne. She was absolutely pure woman, her face that of a woman in her early thirties, strong features though soften by her condition, full succulent lips, large golden brown eyes that glistened with life topped with long curving lashes, hair; reddish cinnamon, soft sienna colored skinned that looked healthy and full of life. She wore a long flowing cloak of black and crimson mesh that was clasp about her slender next with a broach of onyx; shaped like a massively pregnant female with wisps of magic shooting off her fingertips. The cloak hug lazily off her shoulders revealing her gorgeous femininity; two great udders of liquid filled mammary meat, topped with dark areole, tipped by plump tender nipples, sloshing slightly as she waddled forward rested comfortably atop a mountain of pregnancy. The six-foot ball of motherhood was layered in taunt, healthy flesh that glowed with womanly sexuality. The grand sphere sloped low between her long, shapely legs, hiding her sex beneath. It was so full and tight, yet held a softness that drew one in, her belly a wondrous globe of fertility. She had wide, sensuous hips that curved into full, thick thighs, her whole body laced with smooth layers of baby fat. Though he could not see it he knew her ass was round and fat though held a bit of firmness in its’ pear shaped form. She was the ideal in breeding, sensuous, sexy and fertile compacted into one lovely frame.

“And so is Lady Olivia. So may I inquire what delays you so?”

“You and your Wicken know them well High Mother. I want the three dragon lords to impregnate Ebony and one is still absent. Though I am told Bragon is fast approaching. Last reports were that he was approaching the Jeweled Sea. Shall we look in on him Sister Dhonytae?”

The female smiled and nodded, stepping up in front of the throne and resting herself between Epyons’ naked thighs, her huge tits mashing softly against his muscled legs, her belly jutting out deliciously. She looked back to the breeders; her hands stroking her full, round waist, Cassandra and Rachelle who had Lethan on the verge of slumber, rubbing the titanic mountain of creamy flesh that was simply breathtaking; pure gravidity, a swollen mass of taunt, turgid flesh, then she jealously turned back to Epyon.

“Khlabec, the Dhovarian if you would?”

The hulking beast left for a moment and then returned, a hugely pregnant golden skinned female, long horns curving just below her pillowy lips, her white mane was dirty and matted, her hefty breasts jiggling as she waddled forward, her massive belly quivering full with life, the enormous sphere jutting out almost five-feet. Normally her eyes would glow golden with life but were now sullen and dull with magical lust. Sister Dhonytae licked her plum painted lips, her hand stroking her own heavy swell as the gorgeous female was brought before them.

“How far along is she?”

Epyon looked down at the female, his cock growing noticeably harder as she stayed near him.

“She holds only a few of my kind and was taken a month ago but Khlabec will fix that. Precede my soldier.”

The mysterious beauty could only marvel as the Dhovarian, looking at least ten months with octuplets, was hoisted into the air and impaled on the four-armed fiends girth. The mystical creature gasped and groaned with unwanted pleasure as her plump pussy lips spread painfully to accommodate his shear size. Beads of sweat already broke out as she slid down his length until her fat little ass clapped against the daemons’ thighs. Khlabec held her shapely thighs wide to expose her sex; the massive swell of her tummy shivering with every thrust, her milk laden tits are squeezed by the creatures upper arms, the painful pleasure rippling through her swollen body.

For many moments Epyon and Lady Dhonytae watched until the pregnant beauty could take it no longer. Carefully she turns, squatting to allow her huge belly to hang low beneath her and slapping her liquid heavy mammeries around the immortals meat the ancient female slowly runs her long tongue up the length of Epyons’ cock. His eyes close slightly as he begins a low, whispered chant in a deep, eerie tongue, almost like a song but richer and more ghastly.

Even as he speaks the Dhovarian begins to moan and pant louder, deeper; her breaths become struggled as a dull pressure of magical force begins to well up inside her quivering belly, along with the intense fucking that was ravishing her body, her mind was becoming a blur of painful pleasure. She gripped her fleshy dome, her hands slippery with sweat as Khlabec swiftly grabbed them and pulled them behind her, forcing her to arch her back and thrust her massive stomach forward. Her cries were mere gasps as the flesh of her belly grew clear, crystalline; the magic within growing heavy and seemed to push out against the already taunt pregnant sphere. Sweat flew as the massive breasts on her chest bounced madly about. Her eyes were mere slits, her face switching from utter lust to agonized stress as her own orgasm began to grow heavy within her dripping snatch.

Epyon continues his chant, even as Lady Dhonytae wraps her full soft lips around the head of his cock, her tit flesh billowing out from her slender hands as she squeezes the over-filled mammeries around the base of his stock. Slowly she lowers her head, easing the bulky shaft into her hungry mouth as she glides her hefty tits up his length. The immortals eyes widen as the duel sensations ripple through his mind. Still he concentrates on the Dhovarian, a clear image slowly forming within the depths of her swollen girth.

The Dhovarian is almost completely silent; soft whimpers slipping out as her head lolls back and forth exhaustedly, sweat running over her pregnant form in streams, her body torn between the stress of the pregnancy, the overwhelming sexual heat within her womb, the tremendous amount of magic feeding off her sex crazed body and her own welling orgasm. Her mind was lost in the turmoil, her body reacting on instinct alone.

The image within the titanic sphere swirled about for some moments before clearing and  revealing that which Epyon was seeking. A huge, crimson dragon flying low over the ocean, with a large multi-horned head and villainous air about him, muscular and sleek the beast moved swiftly, sending waves through the dark ocean. He was powerful and Epyon; resting his hand on the lovely head of the female sucking and tit fucking him, could see why Bragon was one of Crimsons favored. His smile was large as he glanced down at Sister Dhonytae, slurping loudly on the tip of his rod, his staff shivering with each lap of her tongue, her mammoth tits pressed tightly against his shaft, the soft pillowy flesh drawing the cum from his balls. A low growl rumbles from his gut as he feels his orgasm build within. Epyon returns his gaze back to the full-bellied Dhovarian and his smile immediately turns foul. The powerful witch could feel him tense and stopped, worried.

*“Continue!”*

With urgency she began to suck off the immortal, her head twirling about his swollen head, droplets of precum dabbing her tongue. As rapidly as she can lift the sloshing orbs Dhonytae runs her tits over Epyons’ length. His grip grows tighter on her head as she stuffs more of his girth into her mouth, her huge juggs bouncing off her rounded chin.

Epyon eyes narrowed as he watched a strange wyrm swoop down upon Bragon and loose a stream of white flame across the red dragons back. The huge red screamed in horror and pain as the white flame spread across his muscular body like thick oil, burning into his thick crimson scales, melting them away but as the scales peeled off they blew into the sky as shards of ice.

***“COLDFIRE!!!! ICEBURN!!!!”***

With those hate filled words; he thrust deep into Sister Dhonytaes’ mouth and with a deep grunt he came. Her eyes went wide as the immortals sperm shot down her throat, filling her belly with his magical seed. Load after load emptied into the female, so much so that the milky sauce spilled from the sides of her lips; clasp tightly about his shaft and dripped in thick pools onto her orbs. He shuddered once and then again until he was empty, his eyes, fiery rage spewing forth, were still locked onto the image of Bragon; his huge dragon body splashing into the ocean and still burning with the magical flame until it consumed him entirely and he sank beneath the depths. His attention was quickly brought away, a soft, panicked and lustful voice calling to him.

*“M…my…oh gawd…plleeaasseee…before I…oh yeessss!”*

 Dhonytaes’ belly was swelling slowly, but it was swelling big; her flesh growing tighter with every second, her heavy orbs grew rounder, more spherical as milk poured in. Epyon looked at her, her body becoming fearful pregnant, her tummy soon looking full and thick, ready to burst with life, her face a mask of fear and pure power for as the young within her grew she grew stronger as all Gravidian Witches did. He watched evilly as her belly button soon disappeared, her turgid orb growing massive, the skin becoming shiny as it tightened. Slowly, reluctantly; part of him wanting to see her swell until she popped, to see her huge swell tear open with his seed, the animalistic orgasm twist her beautiful face, but she was the head Wicken within this coven of Gravidian Witches in his keep and he needed her…for now; he placed a hand on her expanding abdomen and whispered.

*“Give her strength.”*

The ancient Wicken moaned as a slow orgasm rippled through her, her tummy a full eight feet of taunt flesh, her tits like full ripe melons ready to be picked, all shivering in her sexual delight. She was breathing low and deep, allowing the magic of the new young within to move about her. The immortal could see her grow youthful, her skin turn smooth and wrinkles, shiny with health and luster, her full belly soften as baby fat filled in, allowing even more room to grow.

The Dhovarian was being lifted up and down Khlabecs’ tool, her body, limp and wet and her eyes shut tight, her face revealing she had long ago passed out from the exertion but still she looked amazing. The daemon was struggling to hold back his orgasm and Epyon considered allowing him his release but considered how inconvenient it was to retrieve a new Dhovarian, most of them placed under the protective eye of the Light Robes.

“Sister Dhonytae, please relieve Khlabec! I will join you later,” and almost as an after thought,  “Cassandra, help her!”

The daemon hoisted the unconscious Dhovarian off his shaft and laid her on the ground, her quivering belly instantly turning opaque and to its original pregnant state. Cassandra crawled away from Lady Lethan, who was deep in sleep and slowly moved next the Lady Dhonytae who was reaching in over her newly formed gravidity and began to tickle and lick the fiends’ full ball sack. The breeder smoothly stroked the creatures' swollen length with one hand while she rubbed her own satin tit against its tip, her thick erect nipple teasing his shivering cockhead. It was wonderful and the sensation soon overwhelmed the sex fiend. Lady Dhonytae could feel his cum laden balls stiffen and she sat back, cupping her own milk filled orbs before him while Cassandra, now using both her hands jerked him off. Within moments Khlabec reared his head back and groaned as both pregnant females held up their bounty of milky tit flesh and he came, heavy ropes of spunk landing in thick pools along the creamy expanses. He shuddered and spasmed as the last of his droplets fell free, the females rubbing the cum into their sloshing orbs.

*“Uuuuummmmmmmmm!”.*

Cassandra bent to the side and embraced the witch, kissing her deeply and fully, cupping one of her stuffed orbs; rubbing the stiff nipple in her palm, as Rachelle slid beside her, massaging her super swollen belly, soothing the tightly stretched flesh, laying soft kisses on the smooth orb. Dhonytae purred and cooed, as the females loved her new, impossibly pregnant body, caressing her every swollen curve. Khlabec watched as the breeders pampered the newest female to Epyons’ horde, and then he picked up the Dhovarian and left the chamber.

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“Damn! Iceburn you and your fucking temper! Haarlei there’s no need to try and contact Lady Reneela Rue. We no longer need the services of the Lady of Storms.”

Daphne looked up at her mistress and then moved closer so she could look into the scrying pool herself. What she saw was a truly wondrous wyrm; thick, almost completely smooth silver scales that subtly darkened as they rose from his underside until they appear deep crimson, then black on top. His maw was long, and majestic; a strange yet handsome blend of red and silver dragon. Actually the whole body of the beast was a perfect blend of both draconic races.

“Lady Xheena; *that* is Iceburn?”

By then the sorceress had joined them could witness as the strange dragon launched another volley of white flame into the ocean, ice forming on the edges of his breath.

“My Lady, what of Bragon?”

“The coldfire dragon, Iceburn, Crimsons’ bastard son just killed him!”

Haarleis’ eyes went wide. No one just eliminated Bragon. Though he wasn’t an ancient he held the power of one…or so it seemed.

“Bragon was the one who killed Iceburns’ mother Silverfox. For centuries the two have fought, Bragons’ horde always seemed to change the tide. This time he was caught without an escort. Good riddance but bad timing. Knowing Epyon he will press for them to mate with Olivia and Ebony.”

The two nymphs look wearily to eachother. Haarlei steps close to her winged mistress, her face snuggling up beneath Xheenas’ chin and resting upon her ample bust.

“What do we do?”

Lovingly the Lady of Dreams rubs the females’ hair. She looks at pool and watches the huge beast fly off, heading towards the Blood Mountains; the home of the ancient crimson wyrms.

“We wait my loves, we wait.”

Xheena felt the call before she heard it. Epyon wanted her presence.

*“Sister… I would like for you to join me for, I have thought of a way to find our young Serenity!”*

Xheena merely thought her reply and looked upon her two nymphs.

“Find the Batarian; we need to reach the Dragon Horde again. I fear that my brother plans to raise the Riders!”

Both Haarlei and Daphne look at her, this time though, fear, dark brooding and evil fell heavy upon them, the room itself seemed to grow darker with the mere mention of their name. Haarlei nodded as Xheena turned and sped off to meet her brother.

Epyon stood in a magnificent circular chamber as Xheena strolled in through the single door, her wings pulled in tight to her sexy body. Even as she stepped through the door she gasped in awe, the image before her stealing away her very breath. Within the center of the room were ten beautiful young, virgin females of elvish and human descent, lying upon onyx slabs. Etched along the sides of each of the slabs were exotic, arcane words that seemed to pulse with energy. The females were naked; their young, firm breasts rising and falling with each breath, their flat bellies shiny with sweat and each of them were very still, though Xheena could tell by their eyes that they knew where they were and that soon they would be no more. Her eyes glinted slightly as she searched the spell that bound them to the slabs and gasped for she suddenly realized that the onyx slabs weren’t just blocks of stone but crypts, the crypts of the *Fallen*, the ten kings who souls were taken by her brother over a thousand years ago.

*“No!”*

That was her only thought as she then looked up and was struck by fear and awe of the perversion. Locked in placed by huge, stone gargoyles; large silent creatures, their faces and bodies shrouded beneath cloaks of stone, were ten more figures, ten extremely pregnant females, one for each girl upon the crypts. These gorgeous females were pregnant beyond words, their bellies literally overwhelming their bodies, great, taunt spheres of pale flesh, shining in the iridescent glow of the crypts magical light. Milk laden breasts lolled to the sides of the mountainous orbs, each one looking to carry at least three full-grown men and ready to burst at any moment. Tattoos littered the swollen beauties and Xheena could see that they were each members of the Sisters of Dark Birth, the most perverse clan of necromancers in all the realms, for their necromantic magic came from stealing souls from their place of rest and holding within their wombs, giving the deceptively beautiful females the appearance of being massively swollen with child. When ready the females would  “give birth” to the stolen souls, using the tormented spirits to their villainous desire. These ten though were larger than any Xheena had the displeasure of meeting. Their shapely, pregnant thick thighs were spread wide, exposing their gaping cunts to the shroud covered gargoyles, their immense bellies hanging low and heavy. They looked so sexy and delicate, a sensation to feel such fullness began to slowly creep into the mind of the Lady of Dreams but she reluctantly and desperately shrugged it off. Standing tall between the ten crypts, at a pillar of black crystal was Epyon, naked and proud, a robe of blood crimson resting upon his strong shoulders, his eyes closed in concentration. The winged immortal brought her leathery wings in tight as she took a step forward and then stopped, her brother magically reaching into her mind.

*“Ah, you made it. Please, join Corbios in the balcony. When I awake them, I am certain the Fallen will be in a foul mood.”*

Xheena looked up, higher than the entrapped sisters and to the handsome, blonde haired elf, the chosen disguise of her brothers’ first son, and without another word she shot out her wings and took flight, landing deftly next to her nephew. He gave her a respectful nod as she stepped upon the stone and then turned his attention to his father, who was now holding a crystalline crown, a single black crystal embedded in its center. Every word the Immortal of Shadows spoke rang out within the confines of the room, tunneling up and out of the tower and throughout it. Xheena felt the power of his voice as he chanted, ancient and old words, spoken in the days of the kings.

***“Cashuna, dela xun! Iszara, quelix, wistra nun! Bella, dunathra soon ra too!”***

As he spoke the gorgeous immortal and daemon son watched in amazement and horror as figures, ghostly wraiths, echoes of the past, formed from the shrouded gargoyles, taking a mist like shape. Behind the entrapped sisters were the spirits of the Fallen, handsome creatures, almost beautiful; ten regal, lordly human males, strong, powerful and sullen, their souls bent to Epyons’ will. The dark immortal chanted further and more passionate as the wraiths gripped the wide, swollen sides of each of the females, ghostly erections; long, thick and stiff, aligned with the spread, dripping twats of the massive bellied beauties and then as one they drove home, burying themselves within the depths of the females tightness. The sisters simultaneously cried out as the spirits began to fuck the females mercilessly, furiously, angrily pounding into the over stuffed females. As the pumped deeper into the sisters, Epyons chant seemed to change and Xheena could tell that he was controlling which of the sisters’ would “deliver” first. Soon their swollen ripe bodies were covered in sweat, shinny and glistening, dripping heavy droplets upon the stone floor. As the ten wraiths drove deeper into the fearfully pregnant sisters, each hissing and moaning with animalistic fever, clawing and clutching at the air, their hands held fast by the stone gargoyles, the immortal of shadow seemed to change, growing taller and larger, then with suddenness great wings; covered in shadowy feathers, erupted from his muscular back, thick horns that curled back behind his ears and then drove forward, the tips curving to either edge of his mouth crept from his skull. His eyes glowed with golden fire and words; ancient, evil and powerful, appeared wherever his gaze fell, the true names of the ten revealed. Then he dropped his eyes on the first; a human spirit, tall and proud, unnaturally beautiful and he was hungrily, desperately fucking the young necromancer, her belly, gravid and heavy jiggled with his thrusts, her long blonde hair was soaked and stinking to her agonized face, the pleasure so great it hurt and yet if she could, Xheena knew the wicked female would beg for more. Epyon spoke then, a single word…or name.

***“Char’nazal!”***

The human spirit stopped abruptly and gazed down at the Lord of Shadows, he looked knowingly at him and then thrust one last time into the sister, cumming with great power, his ghostly image disappearing as another form her beneath emerged from the stone, a frightening and stunning animal, a horse with a coat of pitch and long wings of jet and a single horn of onyx. As the beast arrived the sister began to pant and groan orgasmicly as her titanic belly, swollen to the point of bursting began to grow, steadily grow, round and smooth and utterly perfect. The stone gargoyle began to pull her body back, stretching and arching it awkwardly, painfully until her great belly, protruding forth at least eight feet was dominating her plump frame. It was clear now that the girl was breathing as if she were preparing to give birth, as the mass of her tummy, taunt and shiny, drenched in sweat and quivering explosively grew and stopped just short of bursting, leaving the sister in a state of fearful orgasm which she relished.

Epyon then looked to the second, a huge human ghost, strong and stout and regal.

***“Teppish!”***

Like the first, his brother, this spirit came and out emerged the mighty steed, menacing and neighing angrily. Then the female bellow him, her crimson hair turned purple with perspiration began her growth. Her belly became a monstrous orb of wonderfully taunt flesh ready to split like ripe fruit. The dark immortal continued as he named the ten by name, bonding them to his command.

***“Rheliux, Klima’dur, Isiligon, Perseuos, Hannomon, Borix, Sha’mirul, Juxunma!***

With each name called the war beasts appeared and the sisters grew to unimaginable sizes, each on the verge of bursting. Epyon drank it all in as he watched the dark females hold the delivers with all their strength while relishing the unbearable pleasure and delight of sex, growth, pregnancy and birth, absorbing it all until their minds were numb. Then Epyon whispered the single word.

***“COME!”***

With that the first of the sisters moaned one last time in pained pleasure as her huge, giant mass of flesh exploded violently, grotesquely and with such force that it split the female necromancer in two, blood and gore splashing along the walls; her upper torso dangling limply, her face frozen in an insanely joyous gaze; her lower body strewn about. From her ruptured swell appeared Char’nazal, howling with fury, flying about the chamber and seeking for… something. It looked down upon the prone females and swooped low over them until it found its burial place and its target; a young elven female. Char’nazal hovered above her for a moment, looking upon her. She was beautiful, as beautiful as only an elf could be, her body young and healthy, large luscious breasts that were firm and sensitive, her nipples hardening with his presence. She couldn’t move and he loved it as he curled about her, stroking and clawing her flat tummy, inspecting it almost. Once pleased the wraith slipped between her spread legs and he bent low, smelling, tasting her untainted sex and then he plunged in. If She could have the poor female would have cried out in horror, pleasure and orgasmic madness for what she felt was nine months of pregnancy balled up in one moment and the stopping at the point of birth; her flat belly growing and swelling with every passing second, from two months to six to eight to what appeared as twelve or more months along with two grown men, her tummy ballooned, the huge mass of flesh, a delicious round sphere of perfect pregnancy filling up the females body, and she felt as if the head of the child was just protruding from her womb. Even as the pain and stress of labor began to creep into her mind, Epyons’ dominance over Trinitys’ power was complete. With her belly a grand nine-foot mountain of taunt, smooth flesh, looking ready explode under the pressure, sweat rolled over its slopes and the rest of the beautiful maidens’ body remained unchanged, only the great swollen dome of her abdomen, dark veins of blue and red spider webbing the delicate and volatile flesh. Xheena gasped at the vicious cruelty as her brother spoke again.

***“COME!”***

And Teppish reacted, exploding from his confines; the sister, growling with sexual bliss, her eyes shut tight with the ferocity of her orgasm, as her phenomenal swell lurched forward, the glorious bubble of tight flesh unable to stretch further and split violently, bursting with a loud, fleshy pop, ripping her fattened body in half. The spirit swept over the room once and then dove into a prone human, her body curvy and voluptuous. Only her eyes widened as her belly rose before her, inflating with the physical form of the long dead king, become utterly round and beautiful; swelling to untold dimensions. Her sides expanded though her body, save her swelling waist and bulging mountain of tummy, remained the same! She glistened with sweat from all the excitement and pressure, for she now carried nearly two hundred pounds of belly. Again Epyon spoke.

This time it was slow and sensual and yet horrific for the sister, her reddish brown mane, which hung wetly about her face and shoulders, began moaning and grunting softly as her hugely over grown belly started to expand again. She whipped her head about with slow, subtle circles, her gravidity shivering and expanding until it was finally too much for her to contain. The wicked and beautiful female gasped once, then moaned deeply as her turgid sphere was split down its center, blood spilling forth and the ghostly image of Rheliux slithered out. Her plump body, layered in baby fat shuddered with the last throws of orgasm and fell still. The slender spirit curled quickly about a human female, her body reacting to the sensuous movements but still not moving, the lovely slaves’ eyes rolling back as she cums repeatedly and then nearly bulge from her skull as Rheliux slithers into her womb, caressing her nether lips as he passes. Slowly her flat tummy begins to bulge, growing oh so carefully until she looks nine months with quintuplets in only a few seconds. Soon the massive nine-foot ball of belly, shiny, taunt and ready to pop, hides her upper body. By the girls eyes one can see she is lost in pleasure and pain.

The remaining seven spirits emerged, bursting from their necromantic hosts, the wonderful swells popping with suddenness and then conceive in new virgin hosts, their bellies growing magnificently, huge flawless peaks of gravid, glistening flesh. Epyon looked about him; surround by gorgeous females, pregnant beyond words, their turgid spheres swollen to the point of bursting.

***“Foortus nytex zoomonius graviditous burstimon deliverious!”***

 As one the girls groaned as if they where on their last push of birth; pleasure, pain, fear and joy swimming through their minds, finally giving birth as their huge, over whelming bellies shuddered and then split, the flesh peeling silently away in folds as there, standing dark and evilly above the poor dead females, there shadows darker and more foul than even Epyons’, were the cowled, cloaked wraiths whose name was the *Fallen.* Black cloaks and capes endlessly folded in and out of their bodies, only the skulled hilt of a sword, black armored gauntlets and boots were all that could be seen. As one they leapt upon their dark steeds and looked towards their master.

“Ah! How I’ve missed you boys!”

 Xheena shivered as Corbios slipped away into the dark.

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The company had traveled another two hours before they reached the ruins of the great doors. They were in tatters, blasted away by the corrosive breath of a shadow dragon, the hinges torn from the stone they had been placed in. There were even more corpses covering the floor about and behind the destroyed gate, mostly orcs and orges, and kobolds, only a few dwarves and drow. The bones of an ettin lay next to the southern wall, a huge dwarven axe lodged into its skull, just between the eyes.

“This is where it began. The dwarves must have rushed the door and startled the foul creatures. All went well until Nightstorm arrived.”

Hollee looked down at Rivin who was surveying the scene. She nodded and the group pressed on. They traveled for another good hour before Toc rushed to the front of the group, halting them!

“Off the lights!”

Kira looked at him queerly as Quintex stopped, smiled and dimmed his sword. One by one the group sheathed or released their magical lights, Kiras’ orbs the last to go out.

“What?”

Celeste walks up to her huge friend, who gives only a glance then begins to stalk forward slowly.

“Toc smells a fight! Ready yourselves!”

Ruby was already slipping by the pirate, an arrow knocked and ready. Rivin looked to Hollee and began to move as the female thief slipped into the shadows. Sebron moved close to Lady Kira, whom he knew was growing uncomfortable in the depths of the earth, away from her beloved sky. She looked up at him and gave a half-hearted grin.

“It will get much more worse than this. Do not worry yourself about me.”

He kissed her cheek and they soon joined the rest of the group who was following closely behind Toc. After almost a half an hour the sounds of battle were ringing clear in their ears. They quickened their pace and soon came upon a ridge, the wide lip leading over a steep though not impossibly high cliff. Cautiously they moved to the edge to observe the scene.

Before them was a fight. Scores of goblins and their smaller kobold kin were charging a small group of dwarves whom had surround an exotic looking female. She was pregnant, amazingly so, her belly a massive orb eight-foot ball of swollen flesh, her gargantuan breasts laying gently to the sides, framing her monstrous tummy. Pregnancy and lush fertility radiated off her gravid form. She had no hands per say but soft furred wings. Her face was beautiful and sexy, rounded with baby fat; her hair was long, blondish locks flowing over her strong shoulders. Though she was sitting they could see she possessed wide, sensuous hips and shapely, muscled thighs but the sheer size of her belly permitted her from standing.

Others like her, all female, not pregnant but equally erotic, swooped in the air batting at goblins or hoisting kobolds into the air and launching them away. One particular Batarian, her belly large and gravid was leading the valiant females. They dove in and out of the shadows, keeping the cruel creatures in a chaotic mess. It was as much a weapon as a defense for many of the lovely Batarian had fallen. Many lay on the ground with arrows littering their gorgeous bodies or spears spiking out from their ample bosoms or flat, smooth stomachs.

Behind the horde of goblin fodder were two armored deep trolls, their skin a dark purple, thick canines jutting out and each wielded great axes; cracked and blood stained. Between them was a strangely beautiful huge breasted female, her face thin and angular with black coals for eyes and long ebony hair twisted in a tight ponytail, resting on what looked like a pyramid of cushions but at closer inspection was a tail; a serpents tail.

***“Yuan Ti! They must be after the pregnant Batarian. Protect her!”***

Sebron heard the sword even before Rivin spoke true.

“The Yuan Ti! The pregnant Batarian is their target! Shall we?”

Before he finished Toc and Quintex had leapt off the ledge; Toc landing with a phenomenal crash, literally concaving the ground beneath him as Quintex landing was smooth and deft, his feet running before he touched the solid earth. Rivin stood and pointed that wicked staff at a contingent of goblins that were hard pressing the dwarven wall. A small, pea-sized orb shot out from its tip but as it traveled it grew and grew until it was a full-blown fireball, flame trailing it and licking about. One of the dwarves just noticed the approaching orb and was about to scream out but soon realized its trajectory and held his tongue. The following explosion caught the attention of all in the room as the charred bodies of goblins rained down. The Yuan Ti female turned and the surprise on her face was nothing compared to look she held as she watched Tocs’ axe twirl toward her end over end and catch her in the shoulder; lifting her entire body off the ground and blasting her almost twenty feet back into the stone wall. The trolls looked in utter terror as their mistress was blasted away but then it was their turn; a streaking arrow of bluish light connecting with the first ones head, electricity rippling and coursing through its skull until the huge noggin exploded in a spray of gore. The other looked up in astonishment just as a beam of pure energy shot through his heart. It turned just in time to see a small half-elf pointing a sword at him then all became black. Toc sprinted past the falling corpses while Quintex broke off down the hall. Raylenethos watched him and then nodded to her companions and hopped off the ledge, making a B-line after the immortal. Khambien and Celeste flipped off the lip and landed just in time to face a dozen kobolds and a score of goblins. The first five smaller creatures fell as magic missiles; gifts from Charlize, tore into them. It gave Khambien all the time he needed, the snow elf leaping twice and placing him behind the charge. The goblins, stunned by the quick loss of their fodder and the even quicker move by the elf were caught completely off guard as Khambien came in, *Wintermist* carving through the first of the foul things and *Summershade* slicing into another’s spine then back with *Wintermist* to lope off a thirds head.

The kobolds did not fair much better as Celestes hand moved in a blur, an endless stream of daggers cutting them down until only two remained. Before the stupid beasts could catch their breath Celeste waded in with her own saber and with a single stroke removed both their heads. She looked up as Khambien spun in a blur of motion between the four remaining goblins, his twin blades dipping, cutting, blocking, parrying and stabbing. Two goblins quickly fell; a third soon followed missing his arm and then the fourth that seemed to have lost his head.

That fight lasted mere seconds but in that time Lady Kira, a druid of immeasurable power had devastated the goblin, kobold ranks; huge earth elementals had risen in front of the brave dwarves and rained terror onto the attacking horde until the few that remained, ten or so were finished off by the Batarian. Khambien nodded to Celeste and both sprinted off to help Toc. As they sped away one of the gorgeous winged ladies landed by Sebron. She had a full, spherical belly, looking almost eight months along with triplets but it was not enough to encumbrance her. It was soft in appearance but still held its firmness, her wide, sensuous hips accentuating her turgid swell. Her creamy breasts were round smoothness and heavy, wobbling noticeably with milky sustenance; thick, dark nipples pointing out, her large almond eyes a bright brown, topped by lush, sexy lashes with shiny dark brown hair cascading down her light brown flesh. Kira knew she was only a couple of months pregnant; she would soon be as large as the one the dwarves guarded.

“It has been a long time lover! I missed you.”

“What are you doing down here?”

Without another word of explanation the two kissed deeply, her wings wrapping up the master mage. Kira gave him a cock-eyed look as Rivin stepped between Charlize and Serenity.

“They must be old friends.”

After the long embrace, the two finally coming up for air, Sebron looked about, almost apologetically Kira, his hand resting on the Batarians’ pregnant belly.

“This is Tia’bella. The tribes finest warrior.”

Kira just glared at him in mocked jealousy. The druid female knew he had many lovers, most of them pregnant. He still had a lot of explaining to do.

The deep proud bellow of dwarves soon filled the air.

Toc reached the fallen Yuan Ti just as she wrenched his axe from her shoulder. He just smiled as the weapon flew from her grasp and back to his hands just as he reached her. She whipped about; bluish blood pouring out of her gaping wound and screamed briefly as the ogre slammed the huge blade home, slitting her beautiful face in two. He stepped on her neck as he yanked his axe free, then he turned to join Quintex; Raylenethos just catching up to him.

“Thought they’d be harder!”

She couldn’t help but grin as they rounded the corner just in time to see the immortal swordsmen roll between the thick legs of an ettin and hop up in time to dodge a blast of energy from off to the side. The gorgeous half elf altered her momentum and made her way towards the origin of the energy shot. Toc took a quick measure of the ettin whose back was turned to him and then hurled his axe. With true aim the huge blade slammed into back of one of the ettins’ heads as the tip of a spear blasted through front of the other, Quintex skillful seeing Tocs’ maneuver, then both weapons exited the falling beast and returned to their masters.

Raylenethos dove around the bend and rolled up to the other side, her opponent quickly launching an attack her way. Even as she rolled up to her feet she felt the intruder try and attack her mind. It was like claws grappling her thoughts and holding them tight and then digging in till the pain was unbearable. She closed her eyes with the discomfort and then she simple shuck off the confining attack. Raylenthos was free from the mental barrage and hopped around the corner.

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Ethilascha was an illithid over three centuries old. He was considered powerful among his kind and had even controlled many of them at will. Never had any simply discarded one of his attacks, as this female had, not even when he was a youth. Whomever this woman was she was powerful, strong and dangerous. He would have to warn his brothers but even as the thought entered his mind he knew his chances were lost for though the young elf was out and open, his hesitance to attack her allowed him to feel the mind of a new and familiar threat that emerged from the shadows behind him. Ethilascha did not fear death as three claws pushed threw his chest and all went black.

Even as Raylenethos started to leap she held back for before her was an illithid, its octopus head emotionless, his bulbous eyes dull and cold, and the six-foot tall thing thin and spiny was draped in tight, chain mesh robes. But it was not his appearance that stopped her, no, it was Hollee; emerging from out of nothingness, pulling back the cowl of her blackish gray cloak and with her hand she drove it through the creatures back and out of his chest. The illithid stiffened and then fell, without a sound; Hollee whispered something and the blood of the creature burned away.

“Nice trick.”

Hollee looked at the female rogue, her eyes deep with questions.

“You shouldn’t be standing but you resisted one Ethilaschas’ mental attacks. I faced him once before and almost fell. How?”

Raylenethos merely shrugged as Toc and Quintex stepped up behind her. The ogre turned as both Celeste and Khambien ran up to them, smiling.

“It looks like the day is ours.”

The four just smiled, though Hollees’ eyes never left Raylenethos.

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Soon they returned to the main battleground, many of the Batarian and dwarves tending to the wounded as was Serenity and Lady Kira. Rivin was incinerating the bodies of the fallen goblins and kobolds with magical fire. Sebron and Charlize were standing next to a stout, barrel chest dwarf, his hair a tall mohawk that rose a foot high, his thick white beard hanging almost three feet long; about his four-and-a-half-feet height. He was adorned in blackened spike mail armor and held a blood-darkened warhammer. Next to him was a stunning Batarian, her belly swollen and heavy, topped by twin mountains of boob flesh. Her winged arms were clasped about her distended gravidity. She looked to term with triplets, with wide, sensuous hips curving into long sleek and shapely legs. Raylenethos recognized her as the leading warrior. On the dwarfs other side was another dwarf, a female. She too was pregnant and she was huge. Her belly jutted out almost three full feet, which looked so much larger for she stood only three-feet tall. She was covered in chain armor; stretched tight around her titan-sized tits, which split, about her round globe of flesh. Khambien, even Toc found her cute attractiveness sexy. Her hips were full and accommodating to her overwhelming swell with twin hand axes resting on her expanded waist, her legs were all tight muscle; revealed by the split in her skirt. She had pale, creamy flesh, long purple-black hair and plump lips that looked ready to suck anything between them. Pale blue eyes watched with deep intelligence and wisdom but held a sexual fire that was ready to blow. Behind them all was the impossible pregnant Batarian, smiling and chatting happily away with Master Sebron. It was as if she had never been in danger.

“Ah, you’ve arrived just in time. Allow me to introduce the queen mother of this particular tribe of Batarian, Lady Whendyee’. This is her second, Tia’bella. This fine fellow here is Thorin Trollcutter and the lovely young woman to his right is Jhessyana Jewelstone, his adopted daughter. Thorin here runs this band of dwarves; the few who have kept out of the clutches of the illithids. He confirms what you have said Hollee, about twenty years ago a shadow dragon came and since then the illithids and their minions have turned the war in their favor.”

The thief nodded her agreement and then to the sturdy dwarf.

“Alas my manners. These are my companions. Lord and master swordsman, Quintex,” the immortal taking heart that he did not mention what he was, “and the mighty warrior Toc. This lovely lady is Hollee the Body; she is our guide. The beautiful Captain Celeste and the wicked rouge Khambien. And finally our heart if you would Lady Raylenthos. You have already met the others.”

She looked at him astonished and embarrassed by the high and unneseccary praise but politely bowed as the others did. She just caught Charilzes’ wily smirk and the mages jester like nod.

“Well met! Seen’ ye has put a smile o’ me face!”

As the dwarven male grinned, Celeste almost laughed aloud as he noticed that his two front teeth were gone.

“Ye aided us an’ yer mage here says ye plan t’ get the damned drake! Me an’ mine, we’ll help ye! First, I thinks it high time we be gettin’ the Lady here back to her home! We were lucky to run upon ye anyways!”

The dwarfs’ tongue was rich and heavy but amusing to hear. Then the big-bellied Jhessyana stepped up. She gently placed her hands on the Batarians burgeoning swell, her hands running down her taunt, tight flesh; feeling soft, and smooth beneath her fingertips. Her voice was light but held the toughness of a warrior and the thick accent of her people.

“Ye almost ready love. We must be gettin’ ye back beforin’ ye young come. Thisn’ the place ye be needn’ to give birth.”

The huge baby filled female bobbed her head; it was cute and sexy though it was just a simple nod. Thorin turned, yelling.

“Hurry up lads! We be needn’ to get from this place as soon as we can!”

Forty minutes later the troop, a dozen Batarian, about fifteen stout and strong dwarves, and the Heroes of the Dragon Horde were moving deeper into the depths of the underdark.

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“What do you mean Bragon is ***DEAD!!!”***

Epyon paced the length of the elaborate chamber as Crimson stood next to the fireplace, the flames within flaring as he yelled. Olivia lounged comfortably on the nearby bed, her heavy form sunk deep into the satin cushion, her hands stroking her titanic, swollen belly. In the corner stood Sister Lilith, her own hands cupping her burgeoning girth. Dynna was not present but the dark and handsome Nataku was, clad in wonderfully crafted plate mail. His eyes widened slightly as he heard the announcement of his brethrens death.

“Your youngest son is dead! Killed at the hand your loins…Iceburn. Somehow he finally hunted the murderer of his mother and if my guess is correct he will be looking for you next!”

“The body?”

“Destroyed utterly! What will you do?”

Crimson smirked at the meager threat; though in his heart he knew the powerful coldfire dragon could destroy him.

“I think it’s time I ended this petty little feud between father and son. If I know Iceburn he will be heading for my home and there he will wait. Nataku and I will deal with that whelp.”

Nataku raised a dark brow.

“We do have some business to take care of first,” his gaze dropping onto Olivias’ beautiful body, “the time is right.”

Crimson sighed, flames licking from his nostrils.

“Business first of course. When?”

“Tonight, after dinner. Lady Olivia is that satisfactory with you?”

The dragon queen yawned lazily, stretching out, allowing her huge belly to expand fully before the males. She was irresistible. Lilith licked her lips.

“I will be ready.”

Epyon nodded and bowed low and deep.

“Lilith, please tell Ebony tonight we change the future.”

Olivia just purred.

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The dark lord stalked down his hallway. He walked the halls until he finally reached his destination. Two dwarven carved doors held fast and guarded by a white furred minotuar, Sergo; Destromos’ and the deceased Tayhlons’ elder brother. Epyon actually bowed in respect to the nearly twelve foot tall beast. He was almost two centuries old and had never failed the dark one. As he pushed open the door the blue sky was brightening as dawn fast approached, the little bit of light stinging his sensitive eyes. The sea air was warm as he stepped out into the pale-lit sky; the twin moons near setting. He made his way down to docks, two massive galleons anchored in the harbor. Trolls, mules goblins, gnolls, humans, elves, hobgoblins of all shapes and sizes worked swiftly to load cargo. Off in the distance, watching them all from a high peak was a strangely attractive orc male dressed in black studded leather, two short swords at his sides and gorgeous snow elf; her huge bosom pulling her blouse tight, her wide, sensuous hips and deliciously full ass filling out her deep gray pants and a long, thin blade hanging low off her hip. They turned as they noticed the approach of the dark immortal. As he moved closer he could better see the two pirates. The orc was a good size for his kind, but not bulky and clumsy looking, rather well portioned and agile in appearance. He was ruggedly handsome, wearing his long black hair in tight braids and a single, diamond studded patch over his left eye; a thin scar running up his cheek and up to his eye brow. Intelligence and cunning were bright in his one good eye and he reeked of cruelty and strength. The snow elf was healthy, on the verge of plump but she was all curves, sexy and enticing. She had the perfect body for bearing children, a beautiful, slightly rounded face with pale gray eyes, full juicy lips, long platinum blonde hair hanging straight down to her fat, bubbly rear. Her breasts were large and heavy, though they still held firmness, with a soft, slightly pooched tummy. She had nice round, sensuous hips and shapely thighs. Standing only five foot five, she was pure, compact sexuality and unlike her people she was vicious and evil, and she enjoyed it. Which was even more alluring to the wicked fiend.

“Captain Raze, Mistress Thara. I have a job for you.”

The orc captain looked at the immortal, his bushy brow arching in interest. Thara slid up next to him, brushing her hand against the bulge within his breeches. Epyon grinned. Raze, unlike his kin, spoke perfect common and, from what Epyon heard, many other languages.

“What is this job dark lord?”

The immortal now remembered why he enjoyed this ones company.

“Always the businessman. There is a young female I need brought to. A nymph. She has something I need and I want her and it to be returned to me.”

Tharas’ eyes brightened. Epyon gave her a quick glance, a simple warning to the greedy snow elf and then returned to the orc.

“Do you know where she’s hiding, or is it to be a hunt?”

“A hunt! Yet she knows I seek her so she may be looking for protection? My suggestions, you should search ports such as the Nightingale and Rainwood. I’ve heard the heroic type dwell there. So does information.”

Raze looked at Thara. She cocked her head and replied.

“That’s a lot of travel time unless we split up. That’s also dangerous territory; we are wanted on the Three Tear Seas, especially since our last job for you. This will cost you.”

Epyon hardly cared about their welfare. The dark immortal could easily use his new powers of lust on both of them; he would love to see the voluptuous snow elfs’ belly swell unimaginably with his seed. But the two had served him well, on many occasions and they were worth the cost. Besides, money meant nothing to him and he had it in abundance. If they succeeded, he would have more power than even they could dream.

“I shall match the weight of each of your vessels in jewels and gold. Is that enough?”

Thara just managed to keep her mouth from dropping open. Her orcish counterpart smiled.

“That’ll do. Plus four ships big enough to transport it and the supplies you have already given and two months additional.”

Epyon looked at him almost absurdly but the cost was nothing compared to the prize, Serenity and Lethan, the Thirteen Immortals and the crown of godhood.

“Agreed. But each of you will be taking along five of my Shadow Riders, the ***Fallen***. They will save you from having to depart your ships and will keep me informed of your progress.”

The female pirates’ eyes narrowed. She remembered the black-cloaked creatures and their shadowy blades. She had taken all ten aboard *Lady Death* and watched as her crew became darkened by their evil. Yet she also remembered how ten of them cut through fifty men aboard a royal galleon she had pirated. With them she lost not a single man. And then of course was the warning from the Lady of the Seas, Lady LeMay. She could feel their dark presence on her waters. Raze had never witnessed or seen them but her sudden shiver told him much, yet the price Epyon was paying was worth the minor discomfort.

“Agreed!”

“Good,” the immortals’ smile beautiful and dark all at once, “as for my other assignment?”

Thara pointed towards Razes’ ship, *Killjoy*.

“Look for yourself.”

As she spoke two huge mules wee escorting at least a hundred beautiful females, all of varying races and all in various stages of pregnancy but each with monstrous sized bellies. They waddled off the ship, huddled close, trying to quell the fear within them. A similar line could be seen exiting *Lady Death.* Razes’ eye narrowed.

“It’s strange though, the ones that were only a month or two along suddenly swelled up like they were ready blow. The ones that were further along…well you see.”

Near the rear of each line, a group of twenty or so were being wheeled off in specially designed carts; their bellies tremendous swells of life, taunt and shiny; to large and heavy for the girls to walk on their own, quite visible, even in the distance, their breasts, huge melons spraying with milk. Thara glanced back at Epyon.

“Looks like your cousin Trinity has lost control or she’s just having some cruel fun.”

He merely smirked at the comment.

“Two hundred and fifty in all.”

Epyon bowed.

“You know where to take them. The riders will be ready to leave at dusk. Good hunting.”

The two watched the immortal disappear into the shadows, just as the sun began to peak over the horizon, light splashing over the mountain of black rock.

“If he needs the riders he’s desperate.”

Raze just looked over the dark waters, the sunrise reflecting off her surface.

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Penelope was drenched and weak but she still hungered for more. Since she had delivered Epyon decided to use her in a cruel fashion. Daily, his daemons would come in and have their way with her, impregnating her until she was full and then she would be forced to give birth prematurely. The young were not nearly as large or powerful as their fathers but they would make great spies for now they came out faceless ebony figures with the innate ability to shape change. Her first young had been more daemon than nymph but these were a perfect blend. To her life now was a blur of sensations, sucking, fucking, eating, swelling and bearing young. She was constantly orgasmic, her senses a fire, cumming with the merest of touches. A huge stone like daemon was pounding away at her gaping snatch; her massive tummy hanging low towards the onyx floor, billowing out two feet on her sides quivered as he slammed harder and faster into her cunt. Her black flesh dripped with sex, her succulent lips formed into a passionate **O** as she came repeatedly on his girth; her plump inner thighs slick with her juices. Another daemon stood in wait as a gorgeous auburn haired breeder sucked his massive rod. She stroked and slurped his full stock until she could feel him shiver in her hands. Quickly the young slave pulled away and the daemon shoved his tool between Penelopes’ full lips, her body rocking wildly; his legs where getting slapped by her huge tits as the stone fiend fucked her . She uncontrollably bobbed up and down his tool as the rear intruder shuddered and stiffened. The poor nymph took the pause and sucked hard on the other daemons cock until both erupted into her turgid form. Cum sputtered out from the sides of her mouth as the sauce filled her body and her belly surged forth. Quickly they turned her over as the swell expanded and grew, the flesh tight and shivering with volatility. Fresh milk streamed out of her taunt nipples, raining down on her panting, sex crazed face. Her shapely thighs were spread wide as her gravid waist filled out, baby fat washing over her slutty, sexy pregnant body. Tabitha soon waddled in as the daemons left. She rubbed the seven-foot mountain of flesh and looked down at the exhausted nymph. The baby machine needed to feed. She looked at the other breeder who bowed and hurried off to get milk and flesh. Soon another batch would be ready. The heavily pregnant midwife kissed the massive swell proudly. Her master would be pleased.

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The Batarian camp was nothing like they had seen before, save Sebron. Their dwellings, hidden within a massive cavern were carved into the huge stalactites, which hung low from the ceiling, a spiderweb of buttresses criss crossed the hanging rock to connect in a masterful sight of architecture. Within the stalagmites on the surface, Thorin and his small clan made their temporary home; one of many hidden throughout the underdark. It had taken them an hour to get to the underground lair but in that short time Whendyee went into labor.

“W…wee…mm…must hur…hurry! Th…they will b…be here ss…ssooonn!”

By the time they reached their home, her contractions where coming strong and fast. The main host of Batarian lifted her into the air and swiftly made their way to the birthing chamber. Tia’bella sent down others of her kind to collect the heroes; except for Lady Kira, and Thorin and Jhessyana. The gorgeous females dropped from their holes in droves, sweeping over the group; broad, joyous and excited smiles on their faces and with strong gripping clawed feet they hoisted them into the air. Anticipation filled the air, word of their queen going into labor spread rapidly. Toc looked down as they ascended and quickly decided that that was not one of his better ideas. Gently they set them down onto the ledge of the birthing room.

Whendyee was hanging upside down on a long thin bar of some metal they had never seen, her legs were spread wide, her massive juggs dangling in front of her face. Tia’bella and another lovely Batarian were next to her, gently massaging her monstrous belly, now fully distended as her young moved up the birth canal. The pregnant beauty was panting breathlessly, her own winged arms squeezing her burgeoning waist.

“Breath my queen. They are almost ready. One more big push.”

Whendyee complied and took one more deep breath and pushed. The other Batarian ran her wing over the pulsing slope of her tummy and rested it just above the queens gaping womb, directly on her clit. With slow, vibrations, almost completely hidden to the naked eye, she rubbed her wing over the erect nub, stimulating it into orgasm. An inaudible scream of pleasure, heard only by the sensitive ears of the Batarian, and those of the Nieth druid and Toc, filled the air as blood and embryonic fluid squirted out, splashing the unnamed Batarian in the face. Then came the wet, bloody head of the first of the queens’ young. Gently the winged midwife pulled the big baby, almost ten pounds, free as it instantly began to cry. With sharp canines Tia’bella bent forward and severed the chord. Whendyee was breathless and tired but her second bent down and reminded her it was just the beginning. For almost seven hours they stood and watched as the Batarian queen gave birth to sixteen big babies, ranging from ten to fifteen pounds. The two midwives; Tia’bella and her aid, took care of the young while others helped their queen from her perch, her belly still bulging, looking about seven months along with quintuplets. Even as she slumbered, she looked beautiful and serene, peaceful and proud. All the females in her presence were weeping or openly crying with joy. Even Toc and burly Thorin grew misty eyed.

    After the Batarian settled in, getting their queen and her young comfortably placed into bed, Tia’bella gave the heroes her full attention, tears still in her eyes, her leathery wings clasping her swollen middle lovingly, protectively.

“Thank you for what you have done here today. Who knows what may have happened if Ethilascha had his way. The Batarian thank you, and are forever in your debt.”

She bowed to each of them and placed a tender, enduring kiss on each of their cheeks. Thorin huffed. Tia’bella smiled widely at the stocky warrior. Bending as low as her distended belly would allow she kissed the proud warrior full and deeply on the lips. His smile was from ear to ear, even as she did the same to Jhessyana; caressing the dwarven females taunt belly as they embraced.

“To our friends and guardians of the dwarven clan of Trollcutter we will owe until the end of time.”

She moved slowly and wearily to a the bar and with a quick flap of her wings lifted herself up enough to amazingly flip her full, round body over and easily snag the bar with her feet and hang. They looked at her as she drew her wings across her chest, keeping her huge orbs from falling in front of her face.

“I apologize but remaining on my feet all day has made me quite tired as I imagine all of you must be,” as another beautiful female walked in.

She was tall and sleek, with slender yet feminine hips and a delicious onion like ass, a flat flawless tummy and huge, full sphere shaped breasts with dark, plump nipples rested off her chest. Her eyes were a light brown, lush, thick lips with a perfect nose topped her angular face. Long locks of multi-shades of blonde fell down her back, curling gently at the ends.

“Shae’lee will escort you to your quarters where you may find food, drink and sleep. When you have rested fully we will talk of things to come and how best we may aid you. Please forgive my rudeness once again.”

Almost immediately she was lost in dreams; even before the companions left the room. Shae’lee led them across the stone-carved walkways between the stalactites for only a short while until they entered the one she liked. As they entered they could see steps spiraling up, draped doors covering the entrances to rooms that branched off here and there. Charlize looked at the stairs and then to the Batarian.

“Stairs? You didn’t make them just for us?”

Shae’lee smiled.

“No. When we are with child we eventually become to large for flight and then even walking becomes difficult. The stairs are used during that time.”

The half elf just nodded.

“Pick your rooms as you wish. Food and drink can be found in all, as with beds that will hopefully fit your needs. I will return shortly to bring you aids to sleep, if you require them.”

With that she left, flying off into the huge cavern.

For a moment they all just stood their, taking it all in. Then Celeste grabbed Thorins’ arm and drug him to the nearest room. For a second they stood in silence, astonished at the sudden, blatant move. Ruby chuckled.

“Would you believe she’s never been with a dwarf!”

Jhessyana shock her head as Serenity bent down in front of her and gently touched her belly. The stout female cooed despite herself. Serenity smiled wide. Thus the night began. Toc and Ruby gave eachother a quick nod and headed up the stairs. Rivin took the arm of Hollee and Lady Kira. They gave him a friendly bow and moved towards a room of their choosing. Khambien and Charlize slowly walked to another room, watching as Quintex politely took Raylenethos’ hand and she gave him the approving smile. Khambien laughed and pulled his lovely friend swiftly along. Sebron took a room to himself and awaited Shae’lee’s return. He wanted to talk to a friend. The nymph and dwarven female eventually made it into a room.

Thorin fell against the mushroom bed. He was quite startled by the humans’ forwardness even as she began to remove his confining armor. Celeste was surprised at herself; she was so horny that she wasn’t sure how long the poor dwarf would last. She didn’t even care about the food or the rest, after watching the beauty of birth all she wanted was to feel that pure and womanly and Thorin was the only male free to help her. The instinct was deep and had been welling up inside her ever since Raylenthos had convinced her to join them; now it was unbearable and Celeste wanted to be pregnant, even if the child would be half dwarf. It took her only a few minutes to free Thorin from his spike mail and her heart leaped as she looked upon him. The dwarf was well muscled, his chest broad and thick with a solid though undefined abdomen. Trunk sized arms and full-rippling shoulders completed his rugged upper body. Thorins legs were short and compact but even as he sat there she could see the powerful appendages flexed and ready. Then she saw her true desire and almost swooned; his huge, round cock, a full ten inches though she knew it would grow more ; the muscle half hardened with anticipation. She licked her lips and moved in, her eyes blazing with lust. She slowly dropped to her knees before the warrior, gripping his shaft with strong hands, squeezing and twisting about his shaft as she began to jerk him off. The dwarf groaned deep and low as the female pirate eased her lips around his schlong, allowing a thick wad of spit to run down his length, lubricating her stroking hands. Still keeping her grip with on hand, Celeste began to undo her blouse, her quick palm appeasing Thorin; his gray partly closed. Her heavy tits fell free as her garment opened and she quickly swallowed up the swelling cock.

He had never felt such warmth or hunger, Celestes’ head bobbing up and down his thickness with unimaginable skill. With each draw her hand would follow, stroking him as it went. Gripping the fungus made bed, his hands digging into the plant, he quickly began pumping his powerful hips, matching her rhythm perfectly. The gorgeous females’ muffled moan only heightened his hunger. Loud slurping and sucking began to fill the small room, Celeste increasing her momentum, desperately trying get precious cum from his cock. Soon beads of sweat started to roll down Thorins’ face and chest, his muscles growing tense as he felt his climax approaching. Celeste felt it to and slowly, carefully released him from her lips. She stood before him, her big, round tits hanging full and free, her blouse pulled back to frame her ample bosom, also revealing a tight and tone stomach. Her tight leather breeches accentuated her deliciously feminine hips and long sleek legs. Celeste was beautiful, Thorin could not deny that, her eyes big and brown, topped with long, sensuous lashes; though the right one was hidden behind a jeweled eye patch, locks of soft brown hair water-falling over her shoulders. Slowly the female turned, allowing her lover; this night, to view her firm, sculpted ass, then; just to fuel his fire, she bent over, pulling her pants down as she went, baring her full naked buttocks, her plump pussy nestled between silken thighs and begging for gratification. Celeste just glanced over her shoulder as Thorin hopped from the bed and buried his face between her soft cheeks. She moaned as the dwarf stabbed his long tongue deep into her moist sex. He was well schooled in the arts of sex, lapping and sucking on her swollen labia, caressing his clit with every lick. Celeste wanted more of him inside her and she wanted it know! With acrobatic balance she began thrusting against his face, pushing more of the dwarfs’ mouth onto her hungry sex, the soft hair of his beard tickling her inner thighs. Thorin was wonderful, the female pirate already feeling herself on the edges of climax. The wily dwarf eased squeezed her firm ass cheeks with one strong hand and penetrated her tight sphincter with the fingers of the other. That was it. Celeste screamed out, her pussy juices flowed as Thorin fingered her asshole while he ate her delectable cunt. He continued until she came again, her body glistening with sweat.

Thorin drew back onto the mushroom shaped bed as Celeste turned and literally pounced upon him. She kissed his bearded face with burning desire as she impaled herself onto his erect shaft. The huge organ filled her slick sex with ease and she nearly swooned with pleasure. Without moving her upper body; her massive tits dangling just in reach of Thorins’ mouth, she bounced her ass off his member, slamming it into her cunt as deeply as possible, her strong hips grinding into his. The dwarf had never felt such desire, such hunger and it consumed him. Celeste was also swallowed up by the lust that filled the room, the whole of the Batarian structure as she came for the third time, soaking the dwarfs’ shaft as it filled her. The two were now dripping with perspiration, their bodies shimmering wetly. Thorin grabbed her arms and with power turned onto her back while spinning himself until he stood between her silken thighs, his cock still buried within her snatch. The warrior was close to cumming but somehow he felt her wish, her desire to become pregnant, it filled him. He pulled the human female up his cock, using only his trunk like arms to work their bodies; Celeste squeezing her full tits tight. Thorin was soaked and though they had not been with eachother long, the heat and passion was smothering as he drilled deeper and deeper into her sex. Celeste looked up at him, her eyes ablaze with lust.

*“Cum, cum, cum, cum, CCCUUUUMMMM!!!!”*

The command was final and absolute as the dwarf tensed and erupted into her womb. She screamed with such fury that even the hearty warrior believed he was harming her. Her body shivered with excitement as she felt all his warm seed pump into her, filling her and Celeste knew instantly that she had succeeded. Thorin spasmed and jerked as the last of his cum emptied into her hot snatch, so much so that as he exited a milky stream leaked out. Tired and spent the dwarf collapsed next to the gorgeous female who was rubbing her sweaty belly, dreaming of how large it would swell in the months to come. Celeste was slightly startled that her tummy had already formed into a small bulge; she looked and felt a month pregnant. She leaned over and kissed her sturdy lover and the two fell fast asleep, happy and appeased.

Sebron could hear the female pirates orgasmic cry, and even as she went silent the passionate moans of Rivin and his two lovers filled the air. He smiled for the centuries old mage understood what was coming over his friends and the sensation that was swelling in his own heart. This place was the Batarians’ ritual mating temple and its entirety was imbued with raw sex, and lust and the hunger to breed. Gifts from the two immortals they now quested to save. Already Celeste was coursing through her first trimester. In the morning she would have a pleasant surprise. Irony, true irony, at its best.

            Charlize chuckled as she and Khambien listened to Kiras’ high-pitched orgasm, followed swiftly by Hollees’. They had heard Celeste earlier and could now hear the breathless pants of Serenity and the pregnant dwarf. The half elf lay close to her friend, his eyes pale and beautiful, his smile heart melting. For the first time the gypsy realized how much she loved the crafty warrior; not just as friends but she truly loved him, and going into such peril, in her heart Charlize knew she had to have something special from; she had to give something precious as well. The gorgeous female drew close to the snow-elf, her hand resting on his naked crotch, her eyes locking deeply with his. Khambien could feel that something was different; she was different. Charlize looked like the Gypsy Queen that was her inheritance; she was regal, beautiful, sexy and powerful. He sat up so he could give her his full attention.

               “Khambien…you know I love you? Don’t you?”

            He smiled but before he could give a sarcastic answer Charlize was in his face, her eyes burning with passion that seared into Khambiens’ heart. Then he just nodded.

            “I don’t know how this will end, but I do know losing you would kill me. Promise me you will never leave me! Promise me!”

            Khambien stared at her, looking for her to falter or break but she didn’t. She loved him. Good.

            “I promise, Charlize, I will never leave you.”

            She eased him down onto his back and slid a leg over his muscular waist, straddling him.

            “That, I’m going to make sure of.”

            Reaching back she gripped his hardening cock, which instantly grew rigid in her grasp. The snow gasped, stunned at the surge of emotion that filled his muscle, growing rock hard at the mere touch of the woman he… he loved. Gingerly the gypsy eased herself onto the massive phallus, its thickness sliding into her moist sex, her pussy lips accepting the tool as if it belonged there. She purred as she felt him fill her, the thick monster touching her in places she had never explored herself. It was so powerful Charlize almost came right then, her nice round ass finally resting on his lap. Her cinnamon brown skin was a stark contrast and yet an amazing blend next to his ivory flesh. Once they were comfortable, his cock nestled deep into her womb; she bent down and kissed him, long, strong and passionate, emotions flowing between their lips. As she did so, her hips began to gyrate, moving methodically up and down his shaft. It was raw and pure as her ass bounced off his cock; her wet snatch gobbling up his sex hungrily, desperately. Still the two kissed; had Khambiens’ eyes been open he would have seen the tears rolling down her soft cheeks, and Charlize would have seen his as well. This night, two friends fell in love, true and honest and without care. They were free of all worry.

            Charlize lay silent save her deep breathing. She was sleeping, lost in a pleasant dream, a dream about the young that were now growing within her, the offspring of her and her friend, her love, Khambien. She dreamt of her being pregnant, her belly, growing round and full, the skin tight, quivering heavily with life, her breasts becoming full and laden with milk. It was a beautiful dream.

            Khambien lay next to her. He was tired, exhausted to almost collapsing but he couldn’t sleep, his hand resting on the slightly distended belly of his lover. They had made love only a short time ago, yet the half elf gypsy looked already three months pregnant. He could see her large breasts swell as they prepared for the young, the areole darkening, the nipples growing thicker. Her hips had widened slightly, as her face grew a bit softer but not too noticeably. As he stroked her belly, he marveled at how firm it was and yet how warm and soft it felt. Within it were his sons and daughters. Khambien would be a father soon. With his hand still on her swollen waist, the joyous snow elf soon fell asleep.

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            Far above them all Quintex watched Raylenethos sleep. He knew where they were, what the building was for. That is why he removed Raylenethos. He was sure he could resist its pull, as could the two dragons; to a degree, but he was unsure of the elf. The immortal soon realized his worries were misplaced. As soon as they entered the room, she had striped down and sprawled out on the mushroom bed. He almost chuckled at himself until she suddenly turned over onto her back, her eyes burning a vibrant violet and he heard the lustful cry of Celeste. She then curled back and seemed perfectly asleep. She then repeated the act as Kira and Hollee moaned in orgasm, then when young Serenity and Jhessyana came. The last time was the most powerful; her body arching as if she was experiencing the most wondrous sexual experience of her life and then energy, free and wild energy shot from her mouth; filling the room with light and as suddenly as it had come, it was gone. Again she slept. Quintex was in awe. For the rest of the night he watched her. His heart pounded as his mind raced.

*“Could she be the one we seek?”*

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            Shae’lee soon returned to Master Sebron; the great mage reclining on the mushroom bed, his eyes flickering with amusement as he read one of the many tombs hidden away within the folds of his robe. The lovely Batarian slide in and sat next to the half elf, her winged arm resting on the large bulge of his crotch. She smiled at him fully and warmly. He retuned the genuine smile.

            “Tia’bella is awake though still quite tired. She wishes for you to visit her this evening but she warns that in her condition she lacks energy and she wishes not to disappoint you. She as asked me to help you…warm up if you will. Do you mind?”

            His look of shock took her of guard for only a moment. As he cocked his eyebrow she understood. Slowly with the finger-like tips of her wings she spread his robe, his thick cock sprang up like a tower before her. The gorgeous female cooed, as she tasted his tip with a long, satin tongue.

            “You make my work far too easy.”

            With that she swallowed up his entire length in one clean motion; causing the sexual master to sit up with pleasure. She was so warm and soft, her tongue caressing every inch of his stalk, her huge creamy breasts mashed against his muscled thighs. Shae’lees’ head bobbed up and down his cock, streams of saliva running down his swelling scrotum. The scrumptious Batarian spread her leathery wings wide, allowing her to take the huge erection deeper into her throat. Beads of sweat began to role down his brow as she began to suck harder and on his tool, pulling the cum from his masculine body. He pumped his hips, matching every bob and twist of her head until he felt the tug, his climax was approaching rapidly; the temple was finally getting to him. Shae’lee gingerly released his twitching organ, her soft furred wings wrapping about; stroking it until he felt he would blow and then stopping. She did this a few more times until she knew the poor mage wouldn’t last long. Behind them, *Crimsonsbane* sang; softly, but she sang. Slowly the Batarian helped him up and carefully the two walked to where Tia’bella awaited him. It wasn’t far and Sebron was thankful for that; his poor cock was aching for release and the powers of the temple still swam about in his head. Though he could resist many magics, the Temples’ spell was ancient; beyond even Khlendros and it was immortal magic. Though he was powerful in his own rite, few immortals wished to face him, the combination of age and immortality were still stronger.

            Tia’bella was simply huge. She was nearly the size of her queen before she delivered and looked ready to drop at any moment. Since Whendyee had given birth her young second had swollen to almost double in size; her taunt tummy distending a good six-feet, her shapely legs spread out to the sides as she gently rubbed her midsection. Milk now leaked in abundance, her massive breasts also growing with her belly. Sebrons’ cock burned at the sight of such delicious, sensuous gravidity. She held such sexuality that it seemed to overwhelm him. The sheer expectancy of her turgid and plump pregnant body pulled the sexual madness forth. The lovely female looked at him, lust welling in her brown orbs. They wanted eachother but her size would make it difficult, or so it seemed. Her gaze was hungry and troubled but Sebron grinned as he stepped into the room. His eyes began to swirl with magic, emerald energy beaming forth. Tia’bella gasped as she felt her heavy girth lift off the mushroom bed and float towards the arcane, her swollen body turning until she felt herself slide down his saliva slick cock. The sex craved Batarian came instantly; her body, overcome with passion and desire as she had experienced the transference; the gift from her queen, literally impregnating with pure sexual magic and the magical gift had left her on the edges of orgasm, which Sebron finally released. Tia’bella moaned with pure animalistic pleasure as her juices spilled out. She had never felt such erotic joy and it was just beginning. The powerful mage gripped her soft sides, levitating her body as he slowly fill her hot, tight, moist sex; her cum running down her fattened inner thighs. With long, deep thrusts he stuffs the Batarians’ burning sex; the hovering beauty wrapping her fat legs back and around the half-elfs’ slim, masculine waist, pulling her floating, heavily pregnant body further along the twitching cock, causing her snatch to quiver with wild abandon. With her winged arms she grappled with her bountiful breasts, the huge orbs sloshing about with milk. She moaning breathlessly as her old friend drove deeper and deeper into her passion, losing her grip with her legs, as they grew weak with pleasure. As good as any lover, actually better than any lover, Shae’lees’ oral magic had weakened Sebrons’ resolve, his own climax swiftly approaching. But Sebron was a master of lovemaking and he carefully eased out of her searing box. With a simple twirl of his finger he turned the huge-bellied female over, her vast mountain of pregnant belly flesh glowing before him. He lick his lips and eased the tip of his cock into her cunt, sending a shiver through her lush body. Then he closed his eyes and simple imaged himself sliding in and out of the gorgeous female, his length touching every sensational bit of her sex, his fingers rubbing her blood engorged clit.

            Tia’bella could just see her lover over the top of massive, taunt and gravid, swell, she was floating at a slight angle but though she could not see him she felt him. His thick muscle was filling her beyond her own imagination, touching and caressing her every spot, his strong fingers exciting her erect clit causing her to cum with power, her huge juggs flopping about as she felt herself bounce of his cock; massaging her titanic dome of belly flesh.

She came multi-times as the light mage magically fucked her starry-eyed, conserving his energy as best he could. He felt everything he did to the Batarian but it was in he mind he felt it, his body still on the verge of climax, awaiting, begging to erupt.

*“Ppp…pplease…Sss…Ssebron…ccc…cuumm…ffff…foorrr…meee! Iii…itt…iiss ttt…ttt…tttoooo…gg…gggooooddd!”*

The mage smiled and opened his eyes; still burning green and slid his aching tool into her. She screamed out with pure desire, passion and love, as if feeling him for the first time as Sebron slammed into her with three quick, passionate thrusts.

***“Fff…oorrr yy…yyou myy…dd…dear!”***

He could just breathe the words as his cum ejected into her womb. They came together then, their juices blending within her. She was truly exhausted; her brown eyes were closed to slits as Sebron used the last of his strength levitate her safely to the mushroom bed. Slowly he joined her, she happily snuggled against him, his hands gently stroking her burgeoning swell, relishing her smooth, spectacular flesh.

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Far away Raze watched from the bow of his galleon, *Killjoy*, as like shadows upon shadows they came; midnight forms shrouded in spectral cloaks of darkness, their bodies hidden with the darkness; each riding a form of evil darker than they, black pegacorns; leaving ash in their dusty wake. Every man, woman and beast swiftly moved out of their way. One unfortunate female orc was not swift enough and the lead rider reached down from his monstrous steed and brushed her with his hand. He did so without breaking stride and the poor orcish woman fell; grasping her belly, a mix of pain and orgasmic joy upon her face as her belly swelled, tearing through what little clothing she wore as it grew at a phenomenal rate of speed. As they passed, each of the riders brushed her swiftly expanding stomach, causing it to grow and balloon faster, more intensely. Raze watched her thrash about, his men too shocked to help her; even if they knew how, then his eyes darted to the dark ten as they split, five to the *Killjoy* and five to the *Lady Death.* He heard it before he saw it as the orcish females’ belly ballooned to disastrous results. Raze winched as he watched her perish, strange ghostly apparitions floating away from her shattered corpse, the noise of the black raiders boarding his ship filling his ears. For the first time ever, the always-scheming pirate felt outmatched. There was a ghostly echo in the air, faint and yet perfectly clear. Laughter; low, cruel laughter. He looked over to the *Lady Death* to see Thara shaking her head. That was not a good sign.

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Ebony slowly waddled into the room; her belly, full, fat and heavy, the tight flesh distended nearly five feet, her breasts burgeoning and wobbling on her massive swell. Her eyes were afire with lust, as she looked upon her lovers, Nataku, proud and strong, his long black hair raining down his back, and Crimson, powerful, raw and hungry. They stood naked before the daemoness as she slowly waddled towards them, her wide, sensuous hips adding to the pure aura of lust radiating off her fertile, womanly form. She wore only a long flowing gown; opened in the front to accentuate her hugely, swollen dome. A pile of cushions was placed before the two warriors and Ebony, her dark flesh already shiny with desire, knelt in front of them. There were no words spoken, none needed to be. They had a bargain, an arrangement and now it was time to pay up. With hunger beyond reason, Ebony engulfed Natakus’ huge, serpentine cock, the sheer size causing her to gag. Blindly she groped about until her hands squeezed around Crimsons’ thick shaft. The dark soldier firmly gripped the back of her head as he crammed as much of his rod as he could down her gullet, which anxiously accepted. Her small digits were dwarfed by the great wyrms’ muscle, jerking the hardening muscle as best she could. She had never felt such hunger, her virgin body; fertile and waiting, was ablaze with sexual fire. Ebonys’ head danced along Natakus’ shaft, his tool go further down her throat, her pert little nose rubbing his smooth abdomen, his hips pumping powerfully as he fucked her feline, female face. The young sluts lips were like satin, her tongue like magic as she sucked off the great dragon.

Crimson bent and grasped one of the females’ milk heavy tits, squeezing the soft flesh in his strong hands. He was astonished at the sheer weight of the fleshy orb; the nipples stiffening as he palmed the hefty organ, milk leaking out in abundance, pouring onto her shimmering gravidity. Ebonys’ hand was a blur along his staff, her own firm grip drawing out the cum from his thick muscle. The old beast was growling with pleasure, her strokes feeling marvelous along his sex.

As she sucked and jerked off the two crimson wyrms, Ebony explored her swollen, curvaceous body with her free hand, rubbing the expanse of her globular belly; the smooth tight flesh sending waves of sexual energy through her beefy body, cupping her other wobbling breasts, tweaking the taunt nipple and spraying creamy milk onto Natakus’ thigh. She felt so beautiful, so sensuous and sexy, her untamed pussy growing wet with want and primal desire.

The sex-starved daemoness released Nataku from her lips and swallowed down Crimsons’ rigid meat, his bulbous head forcing her to open her mouth painfully wide. She was hot and wet, a saliva trail following her suckable lips. She quickly grabbed the lesser dragons’ tool and ran her hand up and down his slick length. Crimson chuckled as she continuously choked down his cock, her eyes closed tight as she concentrated on the task. Nataku pulled away from her grasp and silently moved behind her. Ebony felt his hot hands grope and tease her full ass; squeezing her fat butt cheeks with his powerful hands, his stiff cock rubbing her own flushed flesh. Her every organ, every sensation was raging; she was ready. The younger dragon licked his thin lips, spreading the meaty flesh, exposing her delectable sphincter and virgin pussy, glistening with desire. Slowly he knelt down between her full buttocks, savoring the sweet aroma before tasting her young, ripe pussy. Ebony almost came with his first lick, clamping down on Crimsons’ shaft and sucking hard, the old wyrm shivering with lust. Nataku worked his tongue into her tight box with voracious hunger, teasing and lapping away at her clit, the daemoness’ round rear and swollen waist; her belly hanging low to the cushioned ground, squirming in an animalistic frenzy, her juices leaking freely into his mouth. She slurped loudly, obscenely on Crimsons’ cock, sucking away with wild abandon. It was so new, so fresh and all raw and sexual that within moments the daemoness’ pregnant body stiffened as she had her first of many orgasms. Nataku lapped away at the delicious nectar, gulping in down with relish. She would have screamed with maddened lust had her mouth not been full of cock. Breathlessly she continued to suck and jerk powerful Crimson, his huge muscle shivering in her wet mouth.

Nataku knew it was time, his shaft quivering with anticipation, as he finally was ready to fill her with his seed, his offspring. Gently he wrapped a hand around her taunt, spherical belly, caressing the firm yet soft flesh of the smooth, ebony dome. Cruelly he rested the glistening head of his cock just between her fleshy labia; again the young daemoness squirmed, wanting desperately to fulfill her desires. The dragon grinned, allowing her frustration to mount, her muffled whimpers echoing sweetly in his ears but he was feverishly horny and with one, powerful thrust he slide into her sex. By the immortals she was tight! Ebony howled in pain as her hymen ruptured, dark blood streaming out and in pleasure as her virgin pussy was penetrated for the first time; the sensation so great that she had to release her precious hold of Crimson. With his hand still on her belly, Nataku drilled her slick hole relentlessly; her ass cheeks wobbling as his hips slammed into the fat flesh, the beautiful clapping filling the air. Ebony was in pure ecstasy, so much so that she had to lay forward on her burgeoning dome, her heavy girth sinking into the pillows. The sensation of the amazing male, fucking her hungrily, desiring to fill her with young stole away her control as she gripped the soft cushions beneath her, absorbing the frenzy of Nataku. Though her pussy was wondrous, gripping him like a vice, this was no time for pleasure and Nataku was always business, or so it seemed. He gripped her sweat covered belly with his other hand, giving him even greater leverage as he thrust deeper and deeper into the painfully gorgeous female, her body glowing anxiously.

Crimson sat back, slowly stroking his manhood, watching his oldest dragon lord fuck the virgin mercilessly. He loved her lustful, exhausted moans, the poor daemoness being ravaged by feelings and sensations unlike any she had ever felt. Nataku was quaking, he was going to cum soon and Crimson was going to get front row seats.

The young dragon was on the verge; sweat dripping his body as he fucked Ebony starry-eyed. She too was drenched, wet running off her turgid form in streams, her body hungry and awaiting her lovers seed, her body a fertile machine for breeding. With one last powerful thrust Nataku came; his cum pouring into her womb like a river, his seed immediately goin to work. A sudden energy overtook the daemoness then as she felt the first twinge of life within her. Quickly she rolled onto her back, her eyes wide with anxious hunger as she watched her burgeoning belly begin to swell, the taunt flesh growing and pulling tighter, the all too massive dome rapidly become fuller and heavier. Her breasts swiftly joined in on the act; milk pouring into the already hefty orbs; her erect nipples straining to contain the liquid within. Beneath her Ebony could feel her hips and ass widen to accommodate her expanding waist; she could feel the baby fat as it layered her body, giving her a more lush, sensuous shape. Within moments she was a plump, curvy picture of sex and motherhood. Ebony was pregnant. The veil of darkness fell.

Nataku stepped back and admired her new, womanly shape, Ebonys’ belly distending almost six-feet, a mountain of taunt, gravidity, swollen deliciously with life. Her hands joyously stroked her grand sphere, slick with sweat and stretched tight with young and ready for more. Crimson, his cock rigid from the awesome display pulled her to her feet, his strong hands gripping her round, expanded hips firmly. He looked long and hard at her wonderful, pear-shaped ass; each cheek fat yet firm. With the strength of an ancient wyrm he hoisted her up by her thick sides and planted her on his stiff tool. He was amazed at how heavy she was and Crimson sat back on the floor, on the edge of the pillow pit. She spread her thick, creamy thighs as her full, monstrous tummy dropped between them, the underside rubbing the course flesh of his cock. This drove her crazy as he proceeded to fuck her like a beast, which he was. She moaned with maddened lust, the burning, raging nature to breed filling her, the daemoness’ hands squeezing her huge baby filled belly, the slope starting between her wobbling and sloshing udders and rolling low between her meaty thighs. Ebonys’ gargantuan breasts flopped about as she slid up and down his shaft. He felt so good between her tight pussy lips, adding to the fullness of her womb. Nataku stepped up beside her; his thick rod again ready for action and she hungrily gobbled it down. He was hot; Ebony could taste herself on his skin. The young warrior knew he was going to cum again and soon, possibly before his sire, as the daemoness ravaged his pole with her tongue.

Crimson was in heaven. Even his recent quest, Isis, felt nothing compared to this daemon slut. He skillfully bounced the daemon bitch off his stock for many moments, Ebonys’ body jerking as she came repeatedly. Soon all she could do was pant with desire; her full body growing tired and weak. As with his younger companion, the old dragon knew this was going to be short and sweet. His sex was already twitching within her and he could sense the tide approaching. Ebonys’ protruding mound of pregnant glory jiggled with his heart-pounding thrusts, her voice quivering as she ground her sensuous hips into his. His grip grew tighter, the ancient concentrating on his upcoming climax. Watching the young woman bounce off him with an unseen hunger as she skillfully sucked Natakus’ hard pole, the masterful oral magic soon grew to be too much and he began to tense. Ebony felt it and flexed her pussy lips around the spasming cock within her as she, with a feather like touch, tickled Natakus’ nut sack that immediately tightened and he came for the second time, thick gouts cum filling her mouth. Crimson released while her mouth was full of spunk, savoring her look of lust and overwhelming sensation. Still gulping down dragon cum, Ebony placed her hands on her waist; cumming herself as she became lost in the sensuality of becoming impossibly pregnant; her burgeoning gravidity surging forth, spreading her hips as the swell grew. Crimson marveled at her weight, as Nataku marveled at her belly, ballooning to almost ten feet before his eyes, her flesh pulling tight and hard. The dark dragon lord escaped her incapacitating girth and smiled, his hand cautiously falling upon the frighteningly enormous dome, baby fat softening the turgid swell beneath his touch. She looked even more sensuous and stunning, both the wyrms’ cocks hopping to life, Ebony a sexy portrait of femininity. It was then that Lilith entered the room; her quadruplet sized belly leading the way, two plump humans blindly, drunkenly following behind her. Nataku hungrily licked his lips. The Gravidian witch simple pointed and the two feeders went to meet their fate. The young, ancient witch looked at Ebony, swollen unimaginably with pregnancy, shiny milk-laden breasts leaking with delicious cream, tiredly exploring her new, gorgeous body. Lilith merely purred and enjoyed the show.

From a room not too far away, Epyon and Olivia watched the conception through the Dhovarians’ glowing, magical belly; swollen fearfully, looking as if it could rupture with the young beasts held within. The queen of dragons patted her own full tummy, her lava pools churning as she imagined what she would soon look like; full and swollen, her body becoming all sexy curves, heavy with young. The old wyrm ran her silky tongue over her luscious lips.

“She is so ***BIG!*** When will it be ***my*** turn Dark Lord?”

The wicked immortal just smiled, his eyebrow bowing mischievously.

“Oh tonight good Queen…after dinner of course.”

It was Olivias’ turn to look amused. Khlabec released the poor Dhovarian, her body falling in a heap of exhaustion. Soon two young, massive bellied women walked in, a blue haired, silver skinned moon elf, her tummy shuddering with at least a dozen young and a severely pregnant human, her waist noticeably smaller than the elfs’, her short-cropped hair was jet with streaks of red. Behind them came Corbios, wearing his devilishly beautiful elven façade. Olivia glanced at Epyon, her hands shaking with anticipation.

“I felt Breeders would better suite our needs. Don’t you agree?”

Olivia just nodded, a sudden lust, a fiery hunger, instinctual drive to be hugely swollen with babies, to become forever pregnant a breeding machine. Epyons’ eyes burn a deep purple, Trinitys’ powers flowing through him as easily as his own.

Khlabec, his cock a tree trunk at full mast, the Dhovarians’ pussy juices still dripping off the stone hard muscle. The first of the Breeders just looked at the monstrous muscle, her body quivering as it approached, and her mouth watering just from the site of it. He stood in front of the human, her orbs dull and wide, staring without deviation at his strong tool. With one huge hand he pulled her forward, her full lips wrapping softly about the bulbous head until it looks as if he would split her beautiful head in two. She slowly, carefully sucks the disgustingly huge member until her mouth relaxes, allowing her to take more of the beast in. She can taste the Dhovarians’ pussy, the mystical aphrodisiac working swiftly as the Breeder starts working harder and harder, desperately trying to get more of Khlabec within her.

The queen of dragons gently begins to massage her heavy, liquid filled breasts, her nipples growing stiff as she squeezes the pliable flesh. The moon elf, escorted by Corbios, snuggles up beside the female dragon, caressing the hefty orb in her small hands before wrapping her juicy lips around the erect nub. Olivia swoons at the wonderful feeling; the painful pleasure of milk being suckled from her is all consuming. She hardly registers Corbios’ cock penetrating her own succulent lips, stuffing her wet mouth. Almost without a second thought she begins sucking on the massive tool, allowing her saliva to drool down the stock before hungrily slurping it back up. The lust driven queen gripped the thick rod, her hand pulling and twisting as she jerked him off. The daemon prince let out a husky breath, easing his hips forward as more of his cock slid down her throat.

The human Breeder was savagely working her mouth down the daemons’ muscle. Her tits and burgeoning belly were covered in spit, the young woman gagging herself on the beasts’ shaft. Khlabec continued to shove her head down his rigid girth, his lower arms grappling with her overstuffed boob flesh, slapping the beefy udders around his cock as she hungrily blew him. The sex fiend drilled her soft, pussy tight cleavage, while she concentrated her slutty efforts on his twitching head. The daemon was shuddering; he could feel his cum on the rise, his master forcing him to hold off his eruption before, seeking to keep the Dhovarian intact. This though was a Breeder, built for that singular purpose and he was ready to aid her. It had taken most of his self control not to cum with the horn headed bitch and now, this human, her mouth tearing the spunk from his cock was becoming unbearable. The multi-armed daemon looked to his master, his eyes pleading for satisfaction.

“Fuck her first my good Khlabec. I want Olivia to enjoy this moment, the conception of our young!”

Khlabec drew himself free of the humans wonderful mouth and amazing tits, hoisting her to her feet and then roughly bending her over; her ripe ass glaring up at him, her pussy wet and streaming; beckoning him to enter. Without hesitation the wicked creature buried his pole into her slick slit, her labia grabbing him as he went. Like a savage he fucked the human, her massive belly, hung low and heavy, quaking with his every thrust. Bouncing furiously her huge tits rocked wildly, Khlabec taking her like the beast he was.

Olivia was moaning between slurps on Corbios’ steed, the moon elf had licked and kissed her way down the wyrms swollen body, teasing and tantalizing the tight, turgid flesh. She spent several moments there, running her fingers gently over the titanic globe; massaging and caressing the frightfully taunt orb, allowing the ancient female to savor each wonderful stroke, light squeeze and tender probe. She went so far as to rub her own burgeoning orb against Olivias’, allowing the soft, wet flesh to playful ease the over stretched skin of the dragons’ tummy. Her belly quivered in ecstasy as the young elf worked her way under the monstrous slope; paying much needed attention to the forgotten underside of her globe. Finally she reached her destination, taking a deep draw of air, absorbing the fragrance of Olivias’ hidden sex. The understanding dragoness leaned back, spreading her plump thighs, revealing her love box to the hungry elf; all the while slurping up Corbios’ pole. The elf plunged into the tight, wet hole, her fingers and tongue working in masterful unison on her hot snatch, chewing and tweaking her clit while fucking her with her long digits. Heavy with gravidity, Olivia still arched and bucked as the elf worked her burning cunt with skill and passion. Corbios just watched as the Breeder worked the dragon into a frenzy, her lips still locked around his erection.

Khlabec was ferociously pounding the poor humans hole, the slapping of flesh ringing throughout the small room. She was just barely balancing herself, her hands flat on the onyx floor, her plump legs spread wide, her massive distended orb squeezed painfully as her huge juggs wobbled and sloshed about. Her lightly tanned skin was flushed with desire, her body literally soaked in perspiration as the beast ravaged her. She was panting heavily and squeezing her well-worked lips around the monster tearing into her sex. It wasn’t long before she was brought to the heights of desire, her sweet nectar squirting out of her pussy. Khlabec roared his approval, his claws drawing thin lines of blood on her expanded sides. He once again looked to his master who was slowly approaching, a wicked mask of villainy upon his handsome face. He walked by the three others in the room, Corbios relishing the terrific oral abilities of Olivia as she did the same with the elven Breeder. He decided that the young elven beauty would live another day; her skill at pleasing the dragoness was exceptional. This poor human on the other hand was going to provide an appetizing sideshow to what was soon to come. Within strides he was next to Khlabec and he looked up at his loyal fiend, nodding. The daemon jerked and shot jets of cum into the full-bellied slave. His orgasm was so powerful, so strong that he almost launched the poor girl off his rod but he held fast; pulling her down his shaft, ensuring his seed flooded her womb. She screamed out as it happened, begging for more and more as she soon began to swell, but she quickly understood that this not like before, this was more. It quickly became evident for her belly lunged forward with growth. Khlabec evilly shoved her the floor, her body rolling onto her side, the massive swell expanding even as she struggled to get to her back. Within seconds she her belly was twice as large as it had been, looking as if she carried a dozen big babies. The girl was lost in a wave of lust and joy and pain; her body, still swelling, fat and meat softening up her already beautiful body, growing rounder and fuller, then suddenly reacting as she went into labor. That was what she had felt before, the difference, it was her time to give birth, and her young would soon enter the world. She smiled and then instantly gritted her teeth as another contraction racked her frame. Still her belly grew, ballooning swiftly as she finally turned over, her monstrous dome a three foot tall mountain of creamy flesh, her heavy tits following suite, filling with milk, growing tight and appearing hard to touch. Epyon laid a gentle hand on the titanic sphere, feeling its volatile nature as it grew another foot beneath his hand. Khlabec, his work done, stepped up to the unconscious young golden haired beauty and he easily lifted up the exhausted Dhovarian and carried her pregnant body from the fray.

“Ah Stesha”, her eyes wide as she marveled at her belly, growing between her even thicker thighs, her huge tits parting as it swelled up between them, rising like dough, “you have to hold on. You will ***NOT*** give birth until ***I*** say so.”

 Sweat was pouring off her now, the stress of labor and conception, of going through twelve months of pregnancy in seconds was forcing her mind into a whirlwind, consumed mostly by lust and the shear joy of birth. She looked at him, pain and agonizing pleasure swirling within the depths of her orbs but she just nodded, breathlessly and strained, oblivious to her dyer situation. Slowly Stesha sat up, her legs opened painfully, unnaturally wide, her belly, a six-foot ball of flesh at its summit, rested, quivering with life between her fat legs, her body looking plump and delicious, ready to explode, veins mapping out the frightfully turgid flesh, completely smooth, her belly button lost long ago, glistening with stress and perspiration. Pressure built up within her, centralizing on the peak of her gravidity. Stesha breathed deep and low, doing as her master wished, holding off her desire to push, her desire to give birth to her babies. With the power of the pure force of Epyons’ will, the poor girl held her explosive delivery. She watched as her master stepped up to Olivia, his eyes flaming lights of royal purple.

The moon elf felt the presence of her master and moved her burgeoning body as swiftly as she could. Epyon watched her deliciously plump little body writhe and squirm as she moved away from him, her ass, a scrumscious round bubble, shifting beautifully as she crawled away. He looked at her, his eyes still burning brightly.

“Zhoea, go play with Stesha; she’ll soon be ready!”

The moon elf carefully got to her feet, her big swollen belly jutting out four feet. She had been in the Breeding chamber longer than Stesha, her body heavy with the young of orcs and gnolls. Slowly Zhoea waddled towards poor Stesha, her belly a monstrously swollen orb shivering, quaking with frightful expectancy, bulges gathering and pressing against the taunt, over stretched flesh of her gravidity, her beautiful face drenched in sweat as she desperately held off the birth. Her belly must have weighed at least eighty or ninety pounds of pure baby, she looked ready to burst at any moment. Zhoea leaned down, her full swell sleek and wet, feeling hot against Steshas’ strained flesh, and she looked into the humans eyes; gem blue orbs blurred with dreams of motherhood, and then the moon elf kissed her; deep and soulful. Zhoeas’ hands caressed and stroked the ready to pop tummy, drawing the clawing hands of the daemons within. Stesha moaned with pained ecstasy; her lips pressed hard against the full-bellied elf as the beasts teased the insides of her swollen gravidity.

Olivia reluctantly released the daemon princes’ hulking stock, the massive phallus falling heavily upon her milk-laden orbs, as his dark father approached. Leaning back, stretching her bulbous frame, she quickly clamped her plump udders around the full log; Corbios straddling her bountiful chest, the silky meat doing wonders to his sensitive flesh. Epyon soon emerged, standing before her like a giant, his eyes shimmering with magic and cruelty. Almost lovingly the wicked lord rested his hands upon her egg-engorged belly, testing its tautness, the skin tight yet soft and searing with heat. Gently he placed his lips upon it, running his mouth down her wicked slope until he could smell the sweet, honey aroma of her flower. In just a few licks he reached his target, her pussy wet and leaking with desire. His tongue lashed out lightening quick; he tasted her for the first time. Olivia growled deep, like a true dragon, the walls vibrating with the force as Epyon showed her what a true master could do. Even as she tit fucked Corbios, his poor schlong twitching with excitement, the dragon queen thrust against the immortals mouth, forcing him deeper and deeper into her twat until finally she came, rich cream spilling over his face. It was wonderful. He stood up, looking down at her, over the mountain of flesh, her eyes slivers, her huge juggs scrambling over the length of his sons wood, until Corbios obscured his vision, completely straddling her chest. Epyon grinned and slowly eased his frightfully huge cock into her slickness, her cunt wet and sloppy, sucking him in to the hilt of his organ. He let out a slow, nearly orgasmic breath, her tight lips grasping him as if they were thinking on their own. Olivia made no sound, her face contorting into a beautiful mask of primal lust. With smooth, long thrusts the dark immortal fucked her.

Stesha was panting with all she had, deep guttural moans occasionally slipping out as Zhoea; who managed to slide beneath the humans now squatting form from behind, was sucking and torturing her gaping snatch, never missing and inch of the hypersensitive flesh. Her belly, swollen and distended almost eight feet, the mass looking to be a hundred or more pound ball of pure pregnancy, was literally shaking visibly as it begged to erupt. Somehow she had managed gyrate her fearfully swollen body over Zhoeas’ lapping tongue, burying the elfs lips into her ripe pussy, her juices flowing over the young girls mouth. It was a marvel to watch, erotic, as it was saddening. The moon elf was hungrily dinning on the delectable muff, her mouth exploring every crevasse of the wet flower; the rich cream of Steshas’ sex overflowing from her lips, her hands squeezing and kneading the humans’ expanding ass.

The dragon queen was groaning in orgasmic glee, the dark lord Epyon relentlessly driving his cock further and further up the female wyrms’ fertile womb. She was desperately trying to catch Corbios’ steed in her mouth as his great member glided through bounty of tit flesh, his rear slapping against the rise of her belly. The young prince was on the verge as was his father; his shaft buried within her.

“Move son…I want her to witness this moment of glory!”

Slowly, cautiously Corbios eased his schlong from the depths of her bosom and rose from Olivias’ vision. There she looked upon a beautiful sight, her sleek legs spread wide, her big round breasts resting to either side of a mountain of flesh; tight, smooth and round, distended almost three-feet, and above that, Epyon; his ebony skin, slick and shiny with sweat, his muscles tight and rippling, ready for climax. His hands rubbed her slope, easing and stimulating her burning flesh until she thought she would burst with pleasure. With great strength Olivia pushed herself up, squeezing her massive swell tightly, seductively painful, her huge orbs spreading out to the sides of the gigantic dome; her pussy lips gripping Epyons’ member even tighter. It was sensational and Epyon tensed, gritting his teeth and smiled. He managed one last thrust and with a deep groan he came. His seed streamed into her like a thick, molasses river, pouring into her womb and swiftly going to work. Instantly Olivia gasped and then screamed in pure, absolute ecstasy; a scream so loud it was silent and her hands clasped her belly. It was quick and painful as much as it was pleasing, her womb rapidly swelling with life as she watched her great dome grow and grow, the flesh tightening, as the orb became full and heavy, laden with large children. Baby fat began to spread about her body, her gorgeous frame becoming softer, curvier, and sexier, the mass of Olivias’ belly rising above her with such utter beauty and purity that it seemed wrong. The shear size of the mountainous sphere forcing her on her back, the stress and stimulus of growing so pregnant so quickly weakening her arms until she had to lay flat. The full juggs of milk lying upon her chest swelled also, the rich liquid filling them without end until they sprayed delicious cream freely, their flesh tight and shiny, appearing almost painful. Olivia was in heaven, if she could imagine such a place. When the dark lord stepped away he looked upon the newly impregnated wyrm. She was full and swollen, her taunt flesh rising above her almost six-feet, a glorious mountain of pregnant gravidity; Olivias’ milk filled breasts rising and falling slowly with her every breath, her body recovering from her newly acquired weight. Corbios slid up behind her and with power he lifted up the mother-to-be; tightly squeezing her monstrous globe, the flesh tight and shiny, sweat glistening off her tanned flesh, her eyes heavy with lust, strands of damp hair spider-webbing the beautiful females face. Her thick, shapely legs were spread wide, her full, weighty dome resting heavily between them; her overflowing breasts hanging slightly to sides, ivory liquid rolling from her thick, erect nipples. For the first time she could see Stesha, impossibly pregnant; her belly distended at least eight-feet or more, shivering with expectancy and clawed hands stroking the insides of the burgeoning dome, her plump legs shaking as she squatted down over the face Zhoea; Olivias’ skillful lover of before. The human looked ready to explode in any second. She hungrily licked her lips, the human was fat and looking delicious to the starving dragon. With amazing grace and strength Olivia eased herself to her feet, the massive turgid ball of her abdomen jutting out six or more feet, perfect and smooth and absolutely beautiful. She waddled over to the poor human and smiled, squatting down to look at the lovely female face to face. Stesha could barely make out the pregnant dragoness through hallucinations of birth and she grinned drunkenly before grimacing as the contractions grew more fierce and frequent. Olivia pulled the humans face towards hers, their lips embracing tightly, their tongues fighting for space in eachothers mouths; Stesha trying to catch her breath between the orgasms given to her by Zhoea, the pangs of labor and passion of the dragon queens’ kiss. She was in a literal tidal wave of sensations and feelings and it was soon to be over. Olivia released the embrace and looked into the females’ hazy eyes.

*“Zhoea…move. I want Stesha to feel this with me. When he cums it will be all* *over*”, Olivias’ hands stroking Steshas’ flush and flustered face, *“you will feel nothing like you have ever felt before, joy and wonder****. All you have to do is to make him cum. Can you do that for your master?”***

Stesha moaned, barely able to speak.

*“Yy…yyyeessss…mm…mmaa…mmaakkee…cc…cuumm!”*

Olivia purred.

***“Yyyeessss!”***

Like a cat the dragoness was playing with her food. Zhoea eased herself from beneath the swollen beauty and crawled away from Stesha and moved to a corner of the room. She watched in forced joy as Epyon stepped before her human companion, now sprawled upon her back, her turgid swell a hulking monstrosity of gravid flesh, begging to explode. His cock was thick and rigid and he slid the cum-covered-organ into Steshas’ tight, slick cunt. Somehow, even with the activity of the dark lord pounding away at her sex the human Breeder held off the birth, willing her body to stay together. Beside her Corbios was entering Olivia, the gorgeous wyrm cooing as he filled her. Both the dragon queen and daemon prince knew he would not last long for he was shivering with anticipation. He pumped her long and slow, each withdraw pulling forth more and more of his seed until he knew he was done. With one last thrust he came and she howled as the monstrous sphere surged with life, filling and growing, her body becoming rounder and fuller and thicker.

Stesha watched the sight and thrust harder against the immortal. She was ready to deliver but she had to make her master cum. The angelic lady whose own body was swelling with new life told her thus. With all her strength the doomed female ground her hips against her lords until she felt him twitch within her slickness, pausing for a moment and then driving even further up his stalk.

After only a few moments Olivia was twice her previous size, her pregnant swell distending fully nine-and-a-half-feet, her massive breasts hanging heavily to her sides, sweat glinting off her wonderfully curvaceous, swollen body. She was exhausted and tired but savagely hungry. Corbios was sated and slumped to the ground, smiling menacingly. Olivia reached over and began squeezing and stroking Steshas’ wobbling udder, wondering what fun she could have with her soon to be meal, her other free hand caressing her own sensuous shape. The human gripped her volatile gravidity as if she could hold the overly swollen flesh together, the skin bruised and rippling, veins running across it like a map. She must have been holding at least a hundred and forty pounds of swollen belly. Epyon was ready to blow but he stopped.

***“Ask me!”***

A simple deadly command.

*“Cc…cc…cum ff…for…mm…mmeee!”*

With those panted words he came. The thick cream shot into her with power and cruel intension. The dark lord stepped back and watched as her titanic and explosive dome made one last sudden surge of expansion and then stopped. The human lurched upward and with gritted teeth, thin streams of blood running down her quivering lip; she still held her delivery. Stesha looked at him, waiting for his command, for him to allow her to give birth.

***“Release him!”***

 Stesha moaned deep and low, her back arching awkwardly, painfully, almost orgasmicly; pushing the great weight forward as deep crimson **X** emerged along the summit of the mighty dome. She held that position, her body shivering, making a frighteningly animalistic sound until finally her belly, with a liquidly pop and fleshy rip, unable to hold, her will broken and freed, bursts in a spray of bloody flesh and meat, her insides spilling out as a slender humanoid creature emerged, his eyes yellow and glowing. Stesha shuddered and twitched, her sight growing dark, her son the last thing she would see.

“Hello son. Zhoea, feed our new mother to be.”

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That morning Raylenethos awoke, tired and sore, as if she had been working out all night. Quintex was sitting next to the bed, his eyes closed and hands resting lightly on his blade. Gingerly and quietly she sat up, looking around the room, then suddenly realizing her stomach was sore. She looked down at her flat belly and rubbed the smooth flesh. Easing herself out bed the gorgeous half elf rested her feet onto the warm, for some strange reason she felt completely comfortable standing nude before the immortal. Though she had no reason for it the thought of him seeing her nude didn’t bother her at all. It was a rather pleasing thought. She looked about and noticed steam rising from a curtain-covered doorway off to the right of the room. Slowly she reached down to her belt and drew her thin elven blade, then silently she made her way to the curtain. Smoothly she drew back the strangely soft cloth and gasped, a full bath of warm, purplish liquid. Before she could even smile she felt his presence behind her, Quintex standing tall with sword in hand. Raylenethos casually looked over her shoulder.

“It’s just a bath.”

Though she could not see it, she felt his smirk and then him casually leave the room. With that cue, the beautiful rouge eased into the strange water. It was hotter than she expected but not uncomfortably so, tingling as she lowered her body until she was submerged just above her glorious tits. The warm liquid seemed to massage her body, stealing away all the soreness of before. Within minutes she was fast asleep, allowing the water to replenish her strength.

All the companions found baths such as this, though two of them found even larger surprises. Celeste groggily opened her eyes, her hands smoothly running over her body; exploring her full, larger breasts and finally resting upon her belly. Instantly she was awake. With a slight bit of fear and an extreme amount of excitement she sat up and sighed with relief, love and joy, floating thickly upon the sight before her. She was pregnant, carrying the children of a dwarven prince. Her hands gently stroked her waist, swollen tightly looking about three months along. It was firm and yet soft beneath her touch. Celeste could feel that her body was a bit thicker in the waist and hips but this only gave her a more sultry, sensuous look. The lovely female yawned and stretched just as her evenings lover walked into the room. Thorin was grinning broadly at the stunning female before him, holding within her his prodigy.

“Ye finally awake lass’. Been sleepin’ like o’ baby all morning. Breakfast be’ ready soon enuf’! We ta be meetn’ tho queen after that.”

Celeste purred and curled about the bed, reveling in her new body and status, as mother.

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Khambien gently rubbed Charlize sexy new shape, her breast heavier and fuller; her tummy round and swollen. She looked about four and a half months along, which was amazing because the two had only made love last night. By the immortals she was beautiful. The snow elf could hardly believe that he would be a father in a few months; though she looked as if she would be ready in much less time. He laid a loving hand on her beautiful body, causing the new mother to stir and awaken. She opened her deep brown eyes, moving slowly and sexily under his touch, reaching as she allowed her body elongate and stretch. Her hand found his and grasped it lovingly.

“Good morning handsome.”

“How are you feeling?”

She slowly sat up, resting upon her arms, looking wondrously down at her new, beautiful body; her belly distended deliciously though not enough to yet hinder her movements. She felt powerful, stronger and defiantly sexier.

“I feel…perfect.”

Khambien leaned and kissed her, then eased off just a bit. Charlize looked at him, worried but only for a moment.

“What in the nine hells is Raylenethos going to say?”

The two laughed for a long time.

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After a long relaxing bath Raylenethos got dressed and was ready to join the others. Shae’lee had informed them that they would be meeting with Whendyee that morning, to discuss how the Batarian would aid the heroes. Along with Quintex and the dwarven female Jhessyana, the others were already present in the great stalactite carved into a tight spiral, its tip almost touching the earth far below. As they walked in Raylenethos’ eyes nearly flew from their sockets. Whendyee sat in a mushroom throne, her huge breasts; heavy and tight, rested upon her massively distended belly; almost five-feet of delicious shimmering tummy, swollen full and much larger than it had been last night; after she had given birth to sixteen babies. She was pregnant again and she looked so content that it tugged at the half elfs’ heart. That was not what had startled her. She nearly ran to her gypsy friend, her hand landing gently but quickly onto the thief’s’ tummy, jutting out a good two or more feet, the cinnamon flesh taunt and shiny, yet so warm and soft; almost like a pillow of doe feathers. The two locked eyes instantly and tears welled up in their eyes. They hugged tightly, Charlize pregnant belly pressing wonderfully into her flat trim stomach. Slowly the broke apart and her gaze fell onto her other friend, the snow elf standing extremely close to the mother-to-be. Even as tears ran down her cheeks, a beautiful smile forming onto her face. The unusually quiet rouge just through her a wink; then he nodded over to the opposite side of the room. Raylenethos was almost scared to look but she did so anyway. Her jaw dropped as she saw Celeste, her tummy expanded as well; she looked nearly three months pregnant, nothing compared to Charlizes’ five months. It was then the thought crossed her mind. On her heels she spun on her gypsy companion.

“Ummm…how?”

Charlize lovingly stroked her gorgeous swell, smiling widely. Then almost haphazardly she shrugged.

“Sebron knows.”

The young, powerful mage was chatting to Tia’bella, her own tummy sticking out far in front of her, tight and perfectly spherical, larger than it had been the previous night. She was radiant, as were Celeste and Charlize. The handsome male looked over to Raylenethos, noticing the gorgeous Batarian pointing towards her. She glanced at her friends then pleading raised her hands, the silent question was sent. Sebron closed his eyes and Raylenthos could hear the answer in her head though no words were spoken.

*“It was the temple we slept in last night; a breeding temple for our hosts. The magic incantations placed within it cause most females to instinctively hunger to become pregnant, the sexual energy is almost overwhelming, in a good way. This is how the Batarian thrive.  Rivin and Hollee are…naturally resistant to most of the magic though it still affects. Lady Kira is pregnant already, as is Jhessyana, only their lust was empowered. Love protected Toc, which is why Ruby is still…well without child, though she did try. I was not present, therefore I could hold off from the intensity of the ancient spell. I am assuming that Quintex is immune because he is an immortal and related to those who cast the magic, and why you are also not pregnant”,* Raylenethos’ face showing a bit of question though Sebron could not seeit*, “and are quite worried about your companions. Do not fear, though they will both grow large and heavy with child, they are quite safe and have nine months till they give birth. They just may have to change their lifestyles.”*

With that he opened his eyes and nodded to the thief, though he knew that the simple, short answer would not be enough, it would calm her for now. Raylenethos rubbed her temple; the psionic conversation was something she was not ready for. Shae’lee was now motioning for Tia’bella who slowly waddled up next to the throne, her smile full of love and joy. The second was also smiling, her gaze usually falling upon Sebron and then the others. Lady Kiras’ eyes flashed with jealousy, though only for a moment, as she remembered whom she was fawning over, her attention going to the Batarian queen who was beginning to speak.

“Our guests, you have honored us with your bravery and have granted me a gift, greater than any words can explain”, the regal female looking over to a chamber off to her right where her children rested, “and for which we and all Batarian shall forever be in your debt. You have also come to aid us in freeing the Underdark from the tyranny that is Nightstorm. Legends shall remember the days to come. As for how we may aid you in your endeavors, Shae’lee and our best guide, Voodoo have offered to lead you to your destination. Thorin, we cannot speak for you and yours though we suspect the answer.”

The dwarf stood proud, the king and lord of his people.

“Me an mine will be wit’ you. Jhessyana, along wit’ Odin Cleaverskull and Galin the Trollstomper, they’ll be comin’ wit’ us. The three o’ them be knowin’ this land better than me self.

Whendyee looked upon them, a sadness in her eyes, and a yearning.

“Though I wish I could go with you or offer more I cannot. What I can do is this!”

The Batarian queen closed her soft eyes and spread her winged arms, allowing her huge belly to be bare. With quickness it flashed as energy shot from it and struck both Charlize and Celestes’ bellies. The two gasped at the warm, sensual touch and then smiled with appreciation.

“No matter where you are, we will be able to find you if you need us.”

With that the group bowed and prepared for the journey to come.

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Rivin was gathering roots for below the Batarian encampment for a particularly nasty spell he had in mind for the shadow bitch Nightstorm when he felt the soft hands slide over his shoulders. He turned to see Hollee, standing with a wry little grin. The old dragon stood and looked down at the buxom beauty, which had yet to utter a word. Slowly she removed her magical cloak and eased the top of her leather armor down, revealing her full, heavy breasts, round and firm, yet soft to the touch. She lifted one of the hefty orbs to her sensuous lips, wrapping them around the thick nipple until it stiffened in her mouth. Slowly she released it, not before running her long silken tongue over the erect nub. The thief’s voice was thick and sexy, with a teasing poutiness.

“We did not get an evening alone so I have decided on a compromise.”

Without another word and not giving the arcane a chance to speak she reaches into his robes and yanks down his breeches beneath. Rivins’ huge member immediately pops out from the folds of his mage attire. It was beautiful and the gorgeous female licked her lips in appreciation. With a gentle, caressing hand she gripped the massive thickness, slowly twisting and stroking the great length. The green skinned tower of manhood closed his eyes as the feeling of his lovers touch wash through him. Hollee gripped him with her other hand and fiercely jerked the mighty phallus. Her grip was strong and Rivin; no slouch in the stamina department, was not sure how long he would last under her barrage. For many moments she did this, licking away at the swollen head adding to the torture. Finally she eased the huge thing into her hot mouth. It took all he had not to shoot his load right then as her silk muscle hugged his veiny shaft, her hands still stroking his base. Hollee quickly went to work, sucking hard and deep on his cock, her tongue starting a intense twirl over the twitching head. She could already feel him begin to tense as he gasped and grunted with delight. Her deep brown orbs caught his aqua green orbs, allowing him to read the deep hunger and lust held with her. Seeing her lover in such erotic agony turned her on even more and she began concentrating on the head; occasionally deep throating him to keep him from cumming. This wondrous blowjob lasted for almost twenty minutes, the sexy thief swallowing up as much of his stock as she could while hoisting up her beefy mounds and running the satin pillows along the underside of his shaft. This was too much for him and he gripped her shoulder, unable to verbally warn her. Her head bobbed like a piston and within seconds he came, heavy gouts of salty spunk shoot down her throat. Hollee gulped down the thick liquid with relish, her cheeks puffy with the amount of cream. When he finally calmed Hollee looked up at him and winked. She stood up, dressed herself and with a soft kiss to his chest the buxom vixen strolled off. Rivin remembered why he picked her as a mate.

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The companions left that night, after resting and gathering supplies. The two new dwarves, Odin and Galin were a strange lot. Odin was huge, even for a dwarf; standing five and a half feet tall, wielding a massive warhammer in one hand and a battle axe in his other. His beard was black and grimy, his face aged with battle scars. Clad in jet armor covered in spikes of various sizes they were told that he was a battle rager, a berserker. Galin was a handsome dwarf, young and lithe, for his kind, with long blondish brown dreadlocks. He just stood at four feet and carried with him a huge metal crossbow. Galin wore gray leather and chain armor, hidden under a cloak that seemed blend into the background. His eyes were a bright gray, full of life and he stayed noticeably close to Jhessyana, who often gave him desired and loving looks. The new Batarian was delicious; creamy pale skin and wings, long sleek legs, full seductive hips with a perfectly onion shaped ass. Her eyes were charcoal dark as was her hair, curly and cascading down the arch of her back. Her lips, plump and succulent and her tits, heavy and swollen, hanging beautifully off her chest and topped with thick dark nipples. Voodoo was healthy, not as slender as Shae’lee but it gave her an even greater womanly sensuousness that tugged at all the male loins.

It would be a few days travel and the sense of danger was laying upon them and fear. Now it was time to be serious.

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The dragon shot through the sky as he sped towards the Blood Mountains. The vile Bragon was no more but this did not satisfy him. Iceburn wanted Crimson and the mere thought consumed him. That wyrm was to be his and his alone. Yet something was amiss. Bragon, out on his own and heading for…where? Was Crimson that way? No matter. He would be looking to avenge his youngest child soon enough and that would be his doom. The coldfire dragon pushed himself. Crimson would be his.

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Two days had passed since he brought them aboard and already the sea was churning its disapproval. Something upon it did not please the Lady of the Waters, Oceans and Seas, the Lady LeMay. Razes’ crew had noticed it in abundance; their own hatred swelling up after they had witnessed the loss of one their own to these beasts, not to mention one of the few sluts they had to entertain them. The orc was highly annoyed with the situation had been pushing his crew for utmost speed to the Nightingale. The sooner they unloaded these shadow riders the quicker he and his men would feel, would be free. Thara and the *Lady Death* had broken off east towards Rainwood and away from the *Killjoy* on the first night out. He was traveling south and at top speed, if the wind still remained strong, they would arrive within a three weeks time. Upon the third night the captain received his first visit from Epyons’ huntsmen, one that he would remember the rest of his days. Like a darkness on the darkness the cloaked thing entered his room, the door silent with fear. Raze was not one to scare easy but as the dark death approached he could feel the evil touch his soul…his soul! The air grew cold and stale. The breathe of rot and decay was stifling and caused the orc to choke on its thickness. Standing almost nine feet tall, a rolling, writhing shadow flowed about him. Then it spoke, a deep hollow hissing, as if many voices were speaking at once in the deepest of chasms, echoing almost forever, slow and calculating.

***“Captain Razzeeee! How farrrr?”***

It took a moment for the proud pirate to regain his resolve and bolster his nerve. When he spoke, it was with confidence.

“A few weeks journey. Two if Lady LeMay grants us leave, three at best.”

It’s cowl covered head seemed to cock to the side and again Raze heard the ghostly, hideous laughter, coming from all around him save from the dark rider.

***“She wishes usss not to passs. The lady of the sea knows not that The Fallen answer to none!”***

With that the thing turned and as quietly and easily as it entered it left, the room instantly becoming brighter; the candles flickering back to life. Raze narrowed his eye.

“I wonder if Epyon knows that!”

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Surprising to Voodoo and Shae’lee, the troop ran into little trouble as they made their way to Nightstorms’ conclave, hidden within the bowls of the illithid city. Wishing to go unnoticed they decided not to face the Yuan Ti patrol that they had encountered on the third day. From what Galin could understand, the sudden loss of the Batarian queen and the unbelievable death of Ethilascha had caused a stir, all the illithids were going to stay within their homes. He was one of the most powerful of his illithid brethren and him falling to anything less than a dragon was unimaginable. Raylenethos looked over Hollee, who was grinning, her eyes sharp and wicked. The evil psionicists were not ones to frighten easily but they were not fools either. Apparently most of the Yuan Ti were out hunting and the city was surrounded by the troll and goblin hordes, along with any male drow and or dwarven slaves. Batarian were used for breeding only. Voodoo hissed. After a few hours of the patrols passing they emerged upon the illithid city. Immediately the heart left the heroes, even as awe overwhelmed them. The city itself was beautiful, spiraling towers of onyx, twisting up to the heights of a ten-mile or so long cavern, nearly three miles high, encircling a huge glass dome, greenish light pulsating from it. A wall of stalagmites surrounded the glorious structures. Outside of the city was an army of hundreds, mostly dwarves and drow; shackled, starved and utterly subservient, patrolling the walls or just standing in wait. From their position, a good two miles away, none could see the shaken heroes. Raylenethos looked over at the Batarians, her face; for the first time was sad and weak. Her sweet voice was shaky, a mere whisper.

“How ?”

Sebron gently squeezed her shoulders, trying to calm his new friend. Shae’lee stared at her hard. Voodoo was the on e to answer, strong and angry.

“They sweep the mind. Though those poor ones out there do not wish to be there they have to. The illithids hive mind has them now and to free them we must destroy it. My people do not posses the power to overcome such a will. When we attack most of us are enslaved and as the snake people said, we are breeders for the damned illithids.”

Shae’lee just looked out upon the slave guards And then beyond them. She gasped suddenly. Rivin and Lady Kira were the next to see it. Behind the horde was a dragon, a huge black dragon. Rivin looked at Hollee in utter shock.

“What in the nine hells is Hollownight doing here?”

“Nightstorm called in a favor or he is just visiting.”

The arcane did not find the latter comment amusing at all. Charlize scooted up behind them, her armor modified to allow her growing belly breathing room. She looked at the massive serpent, two curved horns wickedly protruding from his dark, scaly head. He was lying low upon the ground, his dark scales and black wings camouflaging his presence. These illithids were truly evil.

“So what now?”

Sebron moved to the back of the group and with a wave of his hand and mirror formed in the empty space. He lifted his hands, bringing his fingertips together, a small ball of magic forming at the ends.

“Find he who burns with icy flame!”

 At the command the small orb hurls itself into the mirror. Then he waves his hand over the mirror again and turns to the group. Raylenethos looks at it and then to Quintex, who had been relentlessly watching the dragon. He turned to her as she gave him a wink.

“We go to be heroes!”

 As if a great weight had been lifted, the group felt a new resolve and strength come upon them. The vile mind flayers were in for a treat. Raylenethos took a deep breath and drawing *Wicked Lady*, she stepped cautiously through the mirror.

 As she emerged her sword hummed and immediately she swung high to the right, severing the head of a very startled goblin. She looked about and say cages upon cages of Batarian, their poor bellies literally consuming their bodies; swollen immeasurably huge, rising above them like flesh covered mountains; each quivering with explosive expectancy, small bumps rising here and there as the young tested their boundaries; the females breasts, over ripe melons ready to burst with milk. There were drow and dwarven females in the cages as well, their tummies massively swollen and on the verge of bursting. They cooed softly, their minds lost in their unimaginable pregnancies.  In some of the cages were grotesque, rotting corpses; dead Batarian, drow and dwarves, their stomachs split like rotted fruit, their huge tits lying to the sides in a disgusting, awkward manor, their faces masks of terror and hatred and orgasmic relief.

“Oh my gawd!”

That was all she could say. Slowly she moved forward as her companions stepped into the breeding hall. Charlize vomited at the sight of the first corpse, the smell, the udder terror and morning sickness hitting her at once; Khambien quickly moving to her side. Voodoo rushed to one particular cage and fell to her knees, weeping. Shae’lee looked into the bared room, tears rolling down her cheeks as she looked upon the dead Batarian within. Sebron too was moved, anger finally stealing his calm demeanor. He stepped up next to the mourning Batarian, his eyes alight with green magic.

“I shall avenge her.”

His voice was steady and sure, so much so that Voodoo stopped crying and stood to her feet, strength welling within her. She gazed into glowing green orbs, the magical flame licking from their edges.

“She was my sister.”

The light mage nodded and with a snap of his fingers the dead Batarian bodies become engulfed in the greenish flame and are gone instantly. Lady Kira slides up next to the powerful half elf, her hands sliding around his waist.

“May they rest in peace.”

            There was nothing they could do to aid those Batarian who had already been impregnated; not until they were ready to give birth. Then the more powerful Batarian priestesses could hopefully keep the illithid young within from tearing free and killing the mother. They would have to move quickly if they were to save them. As for those who were not yet touched, there was still hope. As they were moving from the hall Celeste noticed movement from one cell that appeared empty. She stopped, Thorin and Odin who were following close behind stepped up in front of her when they noticed the subtle motion. In a flash Odin had his weapons in hand as the voice came out, halting the group.

*“Wait. Two iron golems guard the door, along with a necromancer, one of the Sisters of Dark Birth.  If you leave she and her unliving young will have you or at least have time to warn the othersss.”*

            Instantly the dwarves recognized the manor of speech, Galins’ crossbow bearing down. It was Shae’lees’ quick action that stopped them. Thorin looked at her with battle in his heart. She looked at him, at all the dwarves pleadingly. Slowly the winged female turned.

            “Kasornin? Sister is that you?”

            Form the shadows she emerged, an amazing looking female. She was young in appearance and unlike any of the Yuan Ti they had seen she had long curly hair, brown with locks of gold and blonde, very similar to Shae’lee, her flesh was tinted green and lightly scaled, as a reptiles. Even more stunning was that she was pregnant Big, heavy breasts with taunt, milk tipped nipples rested upon a shelf of pregnancy, her belly jutting out a good five feet. Kasornins’ hips were wide and shapely, accommodating the sixty pounds of belly that she caressed with slightly scaly hands. Her sensuous hips led directly into a long shapely tale that slithered seductively behind her unique and still tantalizing body. Needless to say all mouths were agape. With silted, snake like eyes the gorgeous Yuan Ti slithered up to the cage, her burgeoning swell pressing against the rusty, copper colored bars. As she smiled, the warmth of motherhood eased the tension of the dwarven warriors and even more convincing was Shae’lees’ reaction; rushing to the cell, her hands clasping the half woman, half serpent hands with absolute love.

            “What n’ tha’ nine hells is tis!”

            Jhessyana quickly shushed the annoyed battle rager though she too was thinking the same.

            “Sister have they found you out?”

            Kasornins’ smile broadened and she even chuckled a bit, her full tummy jiggling a bit. She shook her head, the lustrous locks of hair swishing about.

*“No, no sssister, though the illithids do suspect I fear. Due to my…condition I still live but they have placed me here to watch over the others, and to remind me of my loyalties. When one of us goesss into labor I am to inform the bitch outside and sssshe and her slavesss come to collect the young, taking the mother to become impregnated again or leaving the bodiesss here to rot. Thank you Master Sebron.”*

            With that she bowed low, her tight gravidity brushing the stone floor. The half-elven mage then moved to the cell and his emerald eyes flickered then flamed up with sudden recognition. With a glance the lock on the cage burned and melted away, the joyous Batarian quickly throwing open the barred door and sweeping up the huge bellied Yuan Ti, embracing almost painfully tight. Sebron turned to the others, Voodoo specifically.

            “Kasornin is an informant for the Batarian underground. She is the only of her kind to be raised by the Batarian; her adopted mother, Shae’lees’ birth mother, decided to make them blood sisters; forever connecting the two and keeping Kasornins’ heart pure and true to your people”, looking at the others, “she is one us.”

            “Then she shall come with us!”

            Quintex looked at Raylenethos as she made the commanding announcement. Serenity smiled at him, still proud of her chosen protectors. Kasornin looked up at them over her sisters’ shoulder, tears welling up in her serpentine orbs.

*“What of my sisters in the breeding arena? We must rescue them! And the dwarves and drow enslaved here!”*

            Raylenethos gave her a wicked smirk.

            “After today, the underdark will forever be changed!”

            Khambien lovingly squeezed Charlize hand. This was going to be fun.

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            Lethan awoke, her huge swell grumbling with hunger. She looked around to her nymphs and sister, all of whom where deep in slumber, lying on their sides or backs; their massive bellies protruding out many feet or rising above them like great mountains of flesh, most of their energy used mainly to feed and occasionally fuck one of her brothers fiends. The gorgeous immortal had spent her night talking to them in the dream world, a gift from her baby sister. How she hated to leave such freedom, Lethan feeling her thoughts grow clouded until all she desired was food and sex. The breeders were huddled together, tired and even more pregnant, Epyon forcing them into an orgy with a group of hobgoblins. Teela and Cassandra were by far the largest; their turgid bellies perfect spheres of pregnancy, tight and quivering with expectancy. The newest to the harem was a Gravidian witch, Sister Dhonytae. Unlike the rest, she was free to do as she pleased, and was powerful beyond reason. It was she who noticed Lethan stir, her sensuous, heavy lidded orbs opening from a long sleep. Slowly the witch rose to her feet and waddled to the unbelievably gigantic immortal, her tummy distended far from her fattened, plump frame, luscious and sexy in all its curvy sensuality. After a few minutes Dhonytae reached her, placing a deceitfully gentle hand upon the wonderful gravidity, her other hand stroking her own huge, baby filled belly. Lethan purred as Dhonytae ran her sharp nails along the taunt flesh of her pregnancy. The immortals steel blue eyes began to swirl with magic and locked onto the full-bellied sorceress. With sudden recognition of power greater than her own Dhonytaes’ orbs shot up to the immortals.

            “Yes my mistress.”

            Dhonytae gently lifted up one of Lethans’ monstrously milk filled breasts, her tongue running up the heavy slope, taking in the stream of sweet liquid that leaked in abundance from her thick, erect nub. She slowly closed her lush lips around the jutting nipple and drank, the sudden release of pressure causing an instant orgasm to rush through the frightfully swollen immortal, her swollen frame shuddering visibly. As the nectar poured down her throat, she could feel her body filling out, growing softer, fleshier. She clasped her hands to her sides and was amazed, her body becoming fat and plump under her touch; still she suckled from the laden breast. Pressure built up with her rapidly growing middle, the smooth skin silky and beautiful, Dhonytae was soon feeling full. Lethan ran her fingers through the Wickens’ reddish brown hair; the soft locks intertwining with her slender digits. The Gravidian reluctantly released the massive udder only to hoist the other immense orb up and clamp down upon the tense nipple; her warm flesh rubbing against that of the Lady of Lust, their fat breast mashing together, the plump turgid bellies teasing one another. Another tremendous orgasm washed over Lethan who moaned deeply as her sex released her hot juices, which splashed against the underside of the titanic sphere. Dhonytae continued to swallow down the gallons of milk within the immortals immense breasts. Her dome was heavy as the fatty liquid poured in, she soon felt that she would burst if she did not stop but still she drank. Cupping the lower curve of her grand sphere she swallowed up as much of Lethans’ breast milk as possible, whimpering in her fullness but still gulping down the contents. Orgasms had begun to roll through the massively swollen immortal, almost nonstop, completely fogging her mind to Dhonytaes’ plight. Through immeasurable will and the fact that Lethans’ powers had weakened the Gravidian witch released the sloshing tit. Slowly she backed away until plopping down on her bloated rear. She had grown quite large since she had fed and was terribly tired; lying to her side and allowing sleep to take hold. Poor Lethan was still hungry, though her passion had been sated. Even though Epyon was not there to command the feeders to prepare the harem meals they understood and were soon upon the immortal, yet it was fruit and milk that filled her belly. Epyon was not there and the daemonic guards were not in sight. Xheenas’ dream world had grown.

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         Iceburn soared through the skies as a mere flicker of caught his attention. With amazing agility the wyrm spun, his mouth opened, ready to loose his devastating breath upon the foolish attacker. As quickly as he was ready to destroy he eased up. Looking down upon the minute magical messenger. The small glowing sphere rose to his massive and spoke. Iceburns’ huge maw turned up into a fearful grin. Even as the orb began to dissipate the coldfire dragon began to cast his own spell.

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            Once free, Kasornin showed them a way past the foul necromancer and her golems, leading them out into another passage just behind. Hollee moved as if she were going to attack but Rivin held her fast, shaking his head. Her face was visibly frustrated but she bit her hunger and quietly fell into line. Charlize looked at her and then to Khambien who also saw her strange reaction to the dark mage. The gypsy wrapped her arms around her expanded waist, grown nearly two inches since they had left the Batarian camp. As they slid through the dark halls of the illithid capitol Raylenethos moved up closer to Sebron. Softly she spoke to him.

            “You sent something through your portal before we entered it. What was it?”

            The half elf turned with a sly look, his orbs still dripping with the green fae.

            “I called up an old friend who I owed a great debt. Hollownight is about to have a very bad day.”

            He was so handsome, so charming, that Raylenethos could not help from smiling; even though Sebrons’ calm demeanor was a bit disconcerting. Soon the sound of panting and moaning, grunting, pleas of fear and unwanted pleasure filling the air. A wickedly eerie light began to flicker off the onyx walls, dancing about like ghastly wraiths. Creeping around the corner, Quintex leading the way, the hallway circled about a great arena, the inner walls; closest to the arena were barred, creating the frighteningly seductive dance along the far wall. The immortal of swords raised his hand, halting the groups’ progression, as he carefully glimpsed over the edge, through the bars. Though they could not see his face, they could feel his disgust and his amazement, his shoulders tightening and muscles tensing up. Raylenethos felt an almost painful tug within her and then released a long, easy breath and Quintex relaxed, his shoulders easing.

            Before him was a scene of pure erotic horror. All about the room were women, females from the drow and dwarven races, some surface elves and human or orc sprinkled in; some partial clothed, others completely naked, all of whom were moaning and gasping, purring or crying out in absolute sexual bliss or undeniable terror as long wispy tendrils crammed themselves into the poor females every oraphus. Quintex could see the women gripping the snaking organs as they forced their way inside them, viciously raping the unwilling hosts to their growing brood. With heartless precision the long tendrils pound and grind into the slaves, fucking them senseless. The immortals’ cool eyes began to glitter then shine with rage as he soon understood what was happening; every one of the females, young or old, was caught in a different stage of pregnancy and as the tendrils released their seed; huge bubbles of the grotesque bile slowly undulating up the length of the serpentine phallus until reaching the unsuspecting target and then exploding within that woman, the females belly would surge forth with life, swelling with remarkable speed; the hosts middle expanding and ballooning impossibly big, forcing them into a sudden state of pregnancy. The monstrous spheres, looking ready to erupt with expectancy were tight shimmering balls of flesh, consuming, overwhelming the womans bodies as the grew, the desperate hosts grabbing and clawing with the painful yet wondrous sensation; until the shear weight of their gravidity seduced them, and the other changes began. It was fearfully beautiful. Then the females’ body would naturally react to her sudden and unnatural condition, their breasts filling, rounding out to become heavy and engorged with milk, the nipples stiffening with the unforgiving pressure of the liquid held within. Their hips would widen, become more sensuous and curvaceous. The females lower bodies would naturally thicken, their asses would become rounder, more shapely; each of the women growing into gorgeous pictures of delicious, mind blowing pregnancy. Quintex shifted as he grew aroused but not overcome by the dangerously seductive vision. Returning to his warrior state of mind Quintex began to track the tendrils to their origin. He watched the slithering tentacles as the writhed about, searching for more and more hosts for its brood. Through the swollen gyrating bodies he finally tracked their beginnings, a massive crater within the center of the arena, surrounded by a circle of  twenty robed women, sitting cross-legged on the floor, hands clasped together and chanting loudly; their voices heard above all others. Like huge, round spheres their bellies protruded from their robes, glistening with sweat, a rhythmic, pulsing greenish light reflecting off the tightly gravid orbs making them appear to pulsate with the glow, swelling along with its every beat. A low growl came from the depths of  the immortal. He turned to face his friends, most of them startled by the hatred in his gaze.

            “The Sisters have summoned a breeder for the illithids. It is the Hive Mind. It must be destroyed!”

Rivin nods his head knowingly but reluctantly.

            “If we do this…then our group will have to separate. One force to free the slaves and another to deal with Nightstorm, which will decrease our chances of success greatly but it would be our best chance.”

            Somewhat confused Celeste and Serenity look at him. Thorin, whose axe glinted with the hunger for battle, understood the Arcanes’ point of view.

            “Look, if we were to attack one then the other we would most assuredly destroy our first target though our second would come upon us with full readiness. Two simultaneous assaults would take them off guard but the groups separated would be weaker. By far, to split is our only option.”

            Sebron stepped up at that point.

            “I have called in a debt that will capture Hollownights’ full attention.”

            Hollee looked at him then her eyes grew large with recognition. Rivin also nodded though he by no means approved of the idea.

            “Everyone outside will perish, you do understand that mage.”

            The young half elf shook his disagreement.

            “Iceburn will attack Hollownight and the two deep giants that always travel with him. The slaves will not be able to hurt the wyrm and they are not his target. It is Nightstorm he seeks and whom he will destroy if we do not capture her first.”

            Quintex sighs at this knowledge as Serenity shivers slightly, recalling the times when Lady Lethan visited with the wondrous wyrm. Power was the only word for him.

            “He will arrive soon so our time is limited. How will we find the shadow dragon?”

            Surprisingly it was Jhessyana who spoke.

            “We be knowin’ where she lay. Rumor havin’ it that she be wit child” , stroking her own delicious sphere, her armored hands gliding over the fullness of her belly, “an she be ready soon!”

            “Then it’s time we get ready. The groups will be simple; Arcane Rivin, Hollee, Master Sebron and our dwarven companions will take care of Nightstorm. Together you have the most knowledge of her and the power to stop her” ,looking over towards the arena, “the rest of us free the slaves. Let’s go be heroes!”

            Quintex smiles.

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            Far from them all, within the Tower of Shadows another nymph was quickly approaching her time. Honeymoon panted and breathed as her titanic swell pulsed with the life contained inside, her hands rubbing the turgid sphere; trying to ease the growing pain as another contraction rolled over her swollen, plump figure, her unbelievably massive breasts heaving with every breath. Her brown eyes were bright with intensity, as she hunkered down, the pressure within her monstrous gravidity mounting as the birthing process progressed. Lethan and Trinity looked upon her with loving care, Trinity especially; clutching her tightness with worry as she watched her nymph go into labor. A powerful contraction slammed into the frightfully pregnant nymph and she moaned as the pain and pleasure wracked her body. The other nymphs gathered around the legs of the two immortals, each massaging their taunt and heavy bellies, resting snuggly between thick, meaty thighs. The breeders surrounded the writhing beauty, Teela and Mynka; the largest, save Cassandra, and closest to delivery, massaged her massive mountain of turgid flesh, their own distended bellies aching with hunger. Cassandra, Rachelle and Zhoea took liberties with Honeymoons’ milk heavy breasts, streams of sweet liquid rolling over vast slopes of the gargantuan orbs, each twice as big as their heads; Cassandra drinking deeply, growing drunk on the feeling of her own body becoming fuller, softer and more sensuous, the orgasmic sensation urging her feed. Sister Dhonytae stood closely by, watching intently with perverse pleasure, absorbing the erotic pain and sexuality of birth. Heatherlee was lying on her side between Honeymoons’ wide spread legs, working her fingers and tongue with wicked abandon, her long tongue plunging deep into the quivering slickness of her gaping womb. The poor nymph cried out, the sensual delight bursting through her immensely pregnant body as the stress and labor of her young’s arrival crashed her monstrous swell. Sweat rolled off her in thick heavy droplets, her hair stuck to her face like a spider web. Honeymoons’ mouth opened wide as a unbearable contraction overcame her, the whole of her swollen body stiffening instantly beneath the touches of the Breeders, her sex spreading drastically even as Heatherlee sent her into orgasmic bliss; her tongue flicking against her erect clit, every ounce of her being quivering with absolute painful pleasure as a huge bulbous, bloody head began to emerge from her gaping, shivering pussy lips. She knew she would burst with erotic torture pulsing throughout her being! Even as the creature started to tear free of its confines, its brothers’ close behind, the thing stopped, holding the nymph in a state of incredible sensation, a shifting blend of orgasm and blinding pain. She lost all control at that point, cumming almost continually, her sweet juices pouring over the crown of her babies head, her massive gravidity wobbling and juddering with activity; swelling as the creatures inside begin to make a new escape for themselves; deciding to burst from the fearfully turgid sphere, adding the erotic joy, the pressure of growth to her waterfall of feelings throughout her delicious frame. Honeymoon thought she would burst from all the activity within her, the young inside desperate to free themselves. Cassandra wrapped her lips around Honeymoons’, stifling the nymphs only means to vent her overwhelming sensations, as Rachelle clamped down upon her taunt nipple, gorging upon the sugary sustenance within, her own body fattening, plumping with every drop. Trinity was grasping her gargantuan belly, shivering as she absorbed all that her young nymph felt, her pussy pulsing with the excitement of the suddenly stalled delivery. The immortal loosed a deep, guttural groan of sexual delight as she came, her body far to swollen with expectancy to noticeably tell, save for the slight jiggle of her larger than life belly. Lethan licked her lips as she watched, the remaining breeders lying down with her nymphs, suckling upon over filled breasts or easing the tightness of belly flesh over their frighteningly swollen baby filled tummies with gentle, loving touches.

            Suddenly, above them all appeared the visage of Epyon, his eyes dancing with magical light. He looked upon Honeymoon, caught in the throws of childbirth, clawed hands rippling across the expanse of her titanic gravidity, her belly ready to explode with life. The dark lord was extremely angry, another nymph going into premature labor. It was then he expressed his true control of Trinitys’ power, the red flame turning bright purple as the baby on the verge withdraws back into the womb, her humongous middle growing even larger as his progeny began to mature. With amazing strength the overly pregnant, massive, gigantic swell literally on the verge of exploding utterly, the growing lives inside begging for release, Honeymoon sat up as she came with tremendous power. The poor nymph shivered slightly, panting breathlessly, then she slumped to the side, exhausted and unconscious, her belly swelling with every breath.

            All the females looked upon the picture of Epyon, a dangerous smile upon his lips.

**“None of you shall give birth till I deem it time!”**

            He was cold and malicious and a shiver ran through their blood as the image faded away. Soon feeders entered the room, as did two daemons, their ruthless gazes dropping upon Lethan and Trinity. As with Penelope, the two immortals would be punished by being impregnated again. The Lady of Lust had no joy in her heart, no inkling of desire as they came towards her. A tear rolled down her puffy, plump cheek as the first fiend cruelly and mockingly caressed her titanic belly, his sharp claws sending a tingle of delight throughout her unbelievably swollen body. Darkness filled her as the beast spread her thick, fleshy legs and eased his thickness into her slick sex, bringing forth an unwanted purr of pleasure, as he began to thrust back and forth, ready to cause the immortal to pop with young.

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            The group led by Raylenthos moved silently along many corridors until they stumbled on a sight that was as disgusting as it was erotic. The conception of an undead brood was at hand. A beautiful young female with deep, unending eyes of pitch; evil swirling within, full succulent lips painted as black as her eyes and long, lustrous black and red hair that seemed to curl down over her shoulders like a cascading waterfall was sprawled out on what seemed to be an onyx slab, carved perfectly for her slender frame save the huge, rounded center about her middle. She was strapped down by tight metal bindings, her breast large and firm though not as big as Raylenethos’ or Rubys’. Her stomach was flat and trim with wide hips that were perfect for child bearing, though they were spread wide, her sex plump and pink, shaven clean for the impregnation. Surrounding her were five gorgeous of the Sisters of Dark Birth, draped in blood red satin, their monstrous bellies tightly swollen with soulless beings protruding forth, ready to drop at the sisters beckon call, huge ripe mountains of gravidity topped by twin melons; their breasts so full of milk that they are nearly twice the size of their heads. The five sisters clasped hands and slowly began to chant, a painfully beautiful and erotica call that stirred Lady Kira, Charlize and Celeste, each clutching their own bellies in an almost mesmerized state. Khambien quickly brought his love and dear friend out of the trance while Quintex awoke Lady Kira. Kasornin just hissed; her kind were immune to the wicked call. The chant went on for several minutes, the tempo building in a wild and frenzied sexual bliss until finally with almost and orgasmic scream, ***“Come those who have fallen and be reborn within our sister…Nakita!”***

            Quintex slowly reached for his blades but Shae’lee held him fast. In a husky whisper she explained.

            “There is no time and we cannot pass without being seen. We just have to wait.”

            The immortal growled so low it was frightening as suddenly a ghostly apparition rose from the stone floor. Then another and another and another until there were at least a dozen of the specters about the young female. Her eyes burned with excitement as the ghastly dozen began to twirl around her, their sockets ablaze, red evil and frustration and sadness radiating from their core. Slowly they stroked her body, Nakita purring at the icy touches against her hot flesh. The largest of the spirits, taking the shape an ancient barbarian king, long flowing wisps of spectral hair, rippling muscles, his cock nearly touching his knee the huge for stood to almost eight feet. Then in a hollow voice he commanded the others!

*“Fill her!”*

            With that the other phantoms floated up between her creamy thighs, taking their earthly shape before slithering up into her womb. The first was a dwarf, fat and long bearded. He grinned a big, toothy grin as drove his transparent hand straight into her silken sex, her juices squirting out of the tightness. She cried out in pleasure, the sudden ecstasy of her cunt becoming full! It was a wondrous fearful scene as the fat dwarf squirmed up into the awaiting sister, her trim belly swelling as he crawled further up her womb, his head submerging, then shoulders. His gut was rather trying and all this did was cause Nakita into a wild orgasm, her bound body writhing about, her tummy growing with the dead life inside, swelling as he moved his huge middle into her with a pop and then slid in easy. It was amazing to look upon, her new belly; taunt as she looked about six months pregnant, resting upon her otherwise slender body. A shine of sweat covered the sister as the others watched on with voyeuristic glee; the next ghost, an impossibly pregnant human priestess; a Gravidian Witch, looking heavy with octuplets, her boulder sized tits leaking false milk which dissipated in the air, stepped up, rubbing her tight gravidity against Nakitas’ clit which through the sister into a wicked climax. For several moments the she did this until dropping between the full slim legs and plunging her head right in. All Nakita could do was not pass out; the sensation was so intense. With a maniacal slowness the ghostly female moved inside, squeezing her massive tits in awkwardly and then her belly, which caused Nakita to swoon; nearly falling unconscious. Finally the witch was inside. The change was spectacular; Nakitas’ belly rising like dough, her breasts reacting naturally began to swell with mothers milk, her thighs now growing thicker, her hips spreading; allowing room for the suddenly huge ball of flesh to drop between. With half closed eyes the necromancer gazed down upon her new shape. She looked nearly full term with triplets now, her belly poking out proudly; the flesh creamy and smooth, tight all around. She panted breathlessly as the third, an orc moved towards her. The strange, almost surreal impregnation continued as a human, then troll, then human, another Gravidian witch, a hobgoblin, two dwarven brothers and a gnoll filled her womb. When they were done she was immense, looking fully pregnant with at least dozen heavy young, ready to burst from her nearly five-foot shelf of luscious gravidity. Her breasts, so tight and swollen with milk, lulled to the side like great boulders, thrice the size of any of the other sisters in the chamber. Nakita was barely awake; so much activity causing her to be almost blind with lust,. Her body was plump and healthy, baby fat smothering her old sexy shape with a luscious, more sensuous and curvaceous one. Her face was softer and warmer; nearly loving save for the wicked glint in her eyes. Then she felt the cold hands of the barbarian, his gaze resting upon her mountain of pregnancy. Without hesitation Nakita could feel his ghostly phallus enter her still virgin sex, spreading the tight hole so much that she felt he would rip her open. The massive organ slid in and out of her with a smooth, cold grace, the barbarian never breaking contact with the female who was cooing and grunting her approval; her breath spurting out in deep, tired husks. The other sisters began to chant again and Nakitas’ eyes widened as she could sense more ghosts coming and then she saw the barbarian grow more solid as he filled with spirits; the huge man still pumping away relentlessly at her sex. She was moaning as the huge man pushed himself deeper into her womb, the specters inside tumbling about, her huge tits sloshing wildly with milk. The dead king increased his speed as he grow into form until he was finally solid and strong, now grinning with evil intent as with one great thrust he came. He gripped her taunt, warm belly flesh tightly as it swelled with ungodly speed beneath his hands. Nakita had felt nothing as pleasurable and fearful in her life as her already mountainous sphere grew, blowing up beyond measure. As she ballooned and swelled, becoming unimaginably pregnant the barbarian grew more ghostly as the spirits within him released into her like opening a flood gate until nothing remained save for his spectral façade. Solemnly he crawled into his mother, sealing the conception. Nakita hung there like a great, sweat covered ball of deliciously swollen flesh; her belly jutting forth almost eight feet; taunt, glorious flesh shimmering and quivering with life, as the Sisters of Dark Birth stood looking upon her bosom heavy with sustenance, her body curvaceous and all feminine, womanly. As they gathered around the new mother, Raylenethos and the others slipped by.

            Raylenethos raised her hand to stop her small group, the original band, including Quintex and Lady Kira, along with the Batarian and the Yuan Ti spy. It had been almost two hours since they had broken up their group. She looked around the corner and gasped in amazement; gazing down the hall into a plush, barless cell, as a gorgeous blonde half-elf sat comfortably within the lavish living quarters, her face young and lively, softened by her condition, with bright blue eyes full of life and hunger. She had enormous breasts, full and heavy with milk. Topped with light brown areole and stiff, plump nipples. Her belly was spectacular; round and heavily swollen; so much so that her belly button was almost extinct, the flesh creamy and flawless. She looked as if she could deliver at any moment, her giant swell looking to hold at least eight to ten young within its tight gravidity. Her hips and waist had widened perfectly, her thighs thicker, her whole body lusciously full, baby fat adding to her sensuousness. She was reclined on a comfortable couch, rubbing the taunt smooth skin of her baby-swollen belly, cooing with every stroke. Something within Raylenethos told her that this female was important and must be free. On either side of the cell stood two Yuan Ti guards, their tails coiled beneath them. Each held a long, curving falchion, wicked smiles growing on their faces as they listened to the lovely female pleasure herself. The sly elf slinked back around the corner,

            “There is a girl at the end of the hall, defiantly a prisoner. Something about her seems familiar but I don’t know what. Charlize, Lady Kira, do you think the two of you may have something for the twins watching over her?”

            Lady Kira smiled, her hands resting upon her belly, which had grown considerably during their travels, looking as if quintuplets were filling her smooth orb. She and Charlize, also grown quite large in the few days of her pregnancy took eachothers hands and began to chant, their words different but bleeding together until they spoke in tandem; a pale glow coming over them, their eyes turning opaque and then energy crackled about their swollen middles, pooling at the center and then with a sudden lurch twin balls of magic launched from their gravid bellies a whipped around the corner. Everyone shared surprised glances for they had never before seen anything like that especially from the two of them; Charlize and Kira not known for their long conversations together. The two moaned, almost as if they had just shared an unbelievably orgasmic experience, their smiles pure, untamed bliss. Still holding hands, the two casually walked around the corner.

The two Yuan Ti were elite compared to many and had power that could send fear into the souls of any they came across but this sudden attack, from the combined motherly magics of two women who were much more than they seemed, the Yuan Ti were utterly defenseless as the spheres of energy struck them square in the chests, blasting holes within them cleanly; their insides splattering against the walls behind. The half-elf jumped, screaming out in shock, amazement and glee as she watched the humanoid snakes slump to the ground. She cupped her amazing fullness, the whole of her belly weighing heavy within her arms as she eased herself to her feet with stunning grace, her golden blonde hair cascading down her shoulders and back, her huge tits shifting from side to side, the liquid inside sloshing about. As the smoke from the blast cleared she swooned with delight, forcing her to sit back on her bed, as two beautiful, heavily pregnant women came into view, one adorned in a priestesses toga, long beautiful amber wings covered with soft Dow feathers hanging angelically from her back, her full breast pulling the cloth tight, her yellowish tanned belly protruding out, the naked flesh shiny it was so tight, looking heavy with full term quintuplets; the other female, her cinnamon skin smooth and warm, her lovely brown eyes tender and inviting, her belly the size of a mother with sextuplets in her fourth month. She was quite big and the two approached with such calm that it was almost alarming, the two holding hands, their sexy, curvy hips shifting sensuously as they walked and their free hands resting upon their taunt gravidity, smiles wide and inviting, almost loving. She suddenly felt very safe. Looking at them as they stepped up to the invisible bars that kept her caged she smiled and introduced herself.

“Hello. I am Princess Khellia O’Dell, adopted daughter to his Lord Khlendros and Lady Crysteena, the Royal Family of Dragon Horde Keep. Do you know of them?”

Both Charlize and Kira smiled, big loving smiles as they thought back to that wondrous kingdom and they tightened their clasped hands as their eyes flashed with a sudden brightness and the unseen bars melted away into nothingness. Khellia cupped her wonderful gravidity with excitement, rocking slightly back and forth until finally standing tall, the milk swollen breast sloshing about with her movement, her great dome jutting forth proudly, her shapely hips wide and inviting, joy exuding from her every pore. Then her blue eyes burst to life as she saw Quintex step around the corner, his own expression lighting up as he saw her.

“Lord Quintex! You are here to rescue me!”

Quintex almost sprinted to the young woman, the rest of the troop coming into view, Khambien sliding up behind his love, wrapping his arms around her swollen waist, feeling the tightness of her growing belly and the pulse of the lives within. She leaned into the snow elf, enjoying his protective hold. Quintex wrapped up Khellia in a tight embrace, as if he had not seen her in ages; the swell of her tummy forcing him to hug her from the side.

“So young Khellia, this is where you’ve been hiding! We thought you lost when we heard of your fathers disappearance!”

All the young princess could do was grin sheepishly. She looked about as the rest of the heroes gathered around the radiant female, each of them giving her a polite and warm greeting. Toc immediately stepped before her, Khellia a bit taken aback by the imposing but strangely handsome orc, her reflection glinting in his platinum armor, his ivory tusk clean long.

*“If you be the princess of my Lady Angelique then you’ll be under MY protection!”*

Celeste, her belly smooth and round, heavy with quadruplets, swollen as to appear already in her fifth month chuckled at her warrior friend.

“We will all make sure you and everyone else gets out of here. Now, since this route is a dead end I guess we back track?”

Khellia looked up at the immortal of swords, a shy expression on her face. He stared at her and soon understood.

“There is another way out isn’t there?”

The princess casually waddled over to the back of her cell and pulled on one of the candle lob era hanging off the wall. A hidden passageway opened up before them and they looked at her incredulously. Khellia understood their questioning glances and again glanced at Quintex, a bit of embarrassment masking her beautiful face. Her voice was sweet and easy on the ears as she spoke.

“Nightstorm enjoys a good show every now and then, especially with me being as big as I am and only in my fifth month, “patting her belly lovingly as she spoke.

Lady Kira then moved next to her, gently placing a hand on the naked flesh, inciting an unintentional purr from the freed heiress. She giggled as she rested her hands upon those of the pregnant Nieth.

“None of them…?”

“No Lord Quintex. Nightstorm would not allow any thing to taint the dragons within. She planned to do that herself. The shadow dragon is pregnant, very pregnant. She could deliver any day now. She was pregnant when she arrived here and has been growing ever since. Hollownight arrived a short time later, apparently to her call. Many of the illithids open their minds during sex. If one can get over the barrage of emotions and thoughts one can learn a great deal.”

Khambien and Charlize were already at the hidden passageway; Ruby her bow knocked was standing off to the side with her eyes gazing into the darkness.

“This passage leads into the breeding pit. Some of the slaves or illithids are sent to entertain the shadow dragon before they burst with young, “looking down and protectively gripping her swollen middle, “I have seen so much death.”

Raylenethos, almost trance like stepped before the gorgeous princess and placed her hand on her soft, warm cheek. The elf leaned in close, her satin lips just brushing against her ear, and she breathed a whispered command. As if a heavy weight was lifted from her, the life and vigor shown true, her sexuality hummed as the darkness she had witnessed disappeared. Quintex just watched, believing what his heart had told him when he had first met the gorgeous female. All he could do was smile.

“If we destroy the brain, the illithids will loose control over all their slaves, save those they personally control. If the others handle Nightstorm then the mind flayers’ power will be all but lost. The drow and dwarves and Batarian will handle the rest.”

Quintex’ plan seemed quite good and the hugely pregnant Kasornin slithered into the tunnel, every one else following her lead. Just as they had neared the end of the dark passage the whole city shook violently, as if some huge force had entered the cavern with such sudden fury it sent fear into the depths of the tainted walls.

“Iceburn is here!”

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The dwarves led the way through tunnels and caverns and halls hidden throughout the city, created by free dwarves over the years and used to free their kin. It took them nearly two hours to get to the chamber of Nightstorm. Thorin and Odin were the first to peek through the spy holes within the dragons’ chamber. They had never before seen such a place; the room huge and lit with soft candlelight, forcing shadows upon the grand opening. Near the back of the room was a pile of such treasure and wealth that Thorin unconsciously gasped as such a horde. Then he stiffened as he saw her for the first time, out of her dragon form. Her skin was a deep brown, smooth and rich, her eyes violet pearls that seemed to glow with power. Her face was young, with a subtle hint of wickedness and masked in pure seduction, her full, black lips plump and lush. Long braided locks of blue-black hair hung down her back, touching the upper shelf of her round and expanded rear end. Her hips were like the lower end of an hourglass, wide and curvy, flowing into shapely, womanly thighs, sleek and muscular. She had humongous, perfect melon shaped breasts with small, tender nipples that lay atop a belly as large as that of the Batarian Queen. Sensuality literally leaked from her being as she sexily waddled from behind the horde, licking her full lips, droplets of blood dotted the shimmering tight flesh of her amazing gravidity. Lazily she began to walk up magical steps within the mountain of treasure when suddenly she stopped. Nightstorm sniffed the air and slowly, evilly dropped her sights upon the tapestry behind which the dwarves hid. Sebron noticed the two tense as if unsure what to do and quickly pulled them aside in time to dodge as the dragoness inhaled her dangerous breath and blew. The Light Robe lifted *Crimsonsbane* as cloud of darkness blasted away the wall. As the shadowy cloud dissipated, the small contingent watched in awe, safely tucked away behind a magical shield. Before them stood not the gorgeous, luscious pregnant beauty but a huge dragon of shadowy black and blue, her scales as pitch as the darkness, her maw sleek and beautiful, with long slender horns that flowed behind her. She was no less wondrous, her shadowy, transparent wings spreading wide, her violet eyes glowing angrily. Below her, her belly hung low to the ground, dragging across the stone floor, the scales stretched completely smooth. Even as she looked down upon them in true rage, fear suddenly flashed over her eyes and slowly she backed away. Dust and rock fell from behind the shielded quartet as a huge pair deep blue claws crashed down next to them on the right and a pair of bronze on the left. They looked up to see a giant blue wyrm and stunning bronze dragon standing above them.

***“Okay bitch…where is he?”***

Sebron smiled and laughed aloud as the Dragon Arcane, the great blue wyrm stepped forward, lightening rippling off his glinting fangs and shimmering scales, streaks of electricity shooting out from burning white eyes. The bronze; also a lightening dragon, Rivins’ beautiful mate Hollee leapt forward, landing with a crash that shook the room, the bronze crown of her head reflecting the fear in Nightstorms’ face, the hugely pregnant dragon shuffling back, the weight of her belly forcing her to remain grounded and stealing away her maneuverability. Suddenly the entire cavern shuddered as a roar of pure power quaked the foundation. Sebron looked up to Rivin who cranked his neck back and the dropped a glance to the half elf.

“He’s here! We must hurry!”

Jhessyana quickly took Sebrons’ hand, holding Crimsonsbane tall in his other; the mage looked at her inquisitively.

“I lend ye me power! I’m to b’ thinkn’ we be needn’ all we can get!”

The elf smiled and began to cast, as Hollee loosed a bluish yellow cloud that seemed to blast at Nightstorms’ core, repelling the shadow dragon away from powerful mage and the dwarves. Just then a door opened off to the side of the main chamber a five Yuan Ti, armored in dark plate slithered in. Thorin smiled through his thick beard and looked over to Odin and Galin, “We be takin’ care o’ tis lot! Be careful me daughter!”

The three rushed the awe struck Yuan Ti, never before seeing three dragons before, especially so close. Too bad for them as a heavy crossbow bolt struck the first of the creatures, blasting through his serpentine head and sending his lifeless body back through the door. Two others were caught just as suddenly and died as quickly as well; Thorins’ warhammer smashing into the face of one of the Yuan Ti as Odins’ axe split the skull of a third and then flew back to the ragers’ hand. Another bolt slammed into the fourth as the room flashed with electricity as Rivin made his presence known to Nightstorm, the dragoness slamming into her mountain of treasure, electricity rippling off the expanse of her huge, wobbling belly, the female groaning in pain as Hollee lands next to her, slamming her in the maw with a great swiping fist.

***“This has to be done!”***

But even as she landed the cavern shivered as an even greater battle raged on outside the city walls.

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The first of the dark giants lay in a smoldering heap near the city gates. Iceburn had come through his portal with such suddenness that the enslaved horde beneath him saw only the white beam of energy that tore through the giant and consumed him utterly. Hollownight had the chance to leap into the air as the coldfire dragon dropped upon the second of the deep titans, wrapping his tail about its throat and hoisting him up; the quick movement jerking and snapping the creatures neck. The young black quickly went on the offensive, spraying a noxious cloud of corrosive acid into the air but Iceburn, nearly thrice Hollownights size merely sneered at the pitiful attempt and crashed full bore into the younger warrior; their bodies blasting into the upper shelf of the three mile high cavern, shaking the ground utterly. Claws dug deep into Hollownights hide, slicing ribs and muscle with ease as Iceburn spun him and hurled the beast back to the earth below; the slaves and goblins and trolls scattering like fleeing ants. It was a sight to behold as the great black shattered the ground beneath him as he crashed to the surface; the great cavern shaking with the force, Iceburn loosing a beam of coldfire at the young drake, severing his wing completely and grounding his foe in a single breath. Hollownight howled in agony.

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Celeste and the Batarian moved along through the shadows, as was the power of the winged females. As they moved unnoticed the found what seemed to be a drow though she was impossibly pregnant, her ebony sphere rising above her like a turgid mountain that seemed ready to erupt with shear power as young overwhelmed her insides. Lying on her back she looked upon the trio, somehow seeing them within the darkness and she smiled for in them she saw freedom. Celeste patted her own growing belly and gave the drow a knowing wink as the group continued to move on to their position. After a few moments they slid up behind the circle of female necromancers, the three biggest within their sites. Celeste slid out a jeweled eye patch and slid it over her right eye, the rubies and diamonds glinting magically. She turned her attention back the circle and gasped as she say three illithids hidden by their psionic abilities guarding the group. What startled her even more was that she could see the twirling, tortured souls within the bellies of the evil females, twisting and writhing as they chanted.

“I’ll take the illithids, you guys handle the sisters!”

Both Shae’lee and Voodoo looked at her quizzically but said nothing as they emerged from the shadows.

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Raylenethos looked at her five magic users, Serenity, Lady Kira, Lady Khellia, Kasornin and Charlize; all holding hands and chanting away, the pregnant females’ bellies glowing with a strange and beautiful light, the nymph of air standing in the center. With their eyes closed their chant seemed to grow more powerful and yet never rose in pitch. The elven female nodded and with Toc, Khambien and Quintex moved into the great breeding chamber, sliding through the swollen, overly pregnant females with sullen and angered conviction. Ruby was nowhere to be seen but they knew she was there for as the four moved in an arrow of streaming silver launched into the horde of huge bellied beauties and struck one in the head; the female morphing back to the beast she was, a Yuan Ti and falling dead instantly. The room exploded into motion then as a dozen Yuan Ti females; hidden among the breeding stock leapt forward to face the attackers; though one was suddenly blown apart by one of Ruby’s wicked arrows.

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Celeste could see the illithids turn as her friends went to work and her arms went into a blur of motion as daggers flew in a stream, crossing back and forth as she struck home; the first illithid, closest to her fell dead almost automatically as three of her magical blades cut through his bulbous head, the second moved but not quickly enough as he too was carved down; his heart sliced by her masterful aim. The third had enough time to enact a barrier for which Celestes’ blades bounced until she; never ending her flurry of daggers, concentrated on the barrier and her eye patch; her gift from Lady Rebekah, flashed and the shield vanished, her deadly blades ending the illithids life in a heart beat.

Shae’lee and Voodoo moved up behind two of the Sisters of Dark Birth, completely unaware of the danger they were in and with ease the two Batarian lowered the heavy bellied females into the shadowy earth, just up to the neck and then stopped. The two females immediately stopped chanting as their heads rolled away, their swollen bodies buried in the ground. Ghostly spirits, two dozen or so rose above the turmoil and began to circle around the suddenly wounded group. With that all the sisters screamed in agony as the breeder seemed to quake with anger, its tentacles flailing about; the beast grabbing two of the necromancer with unbelievable speed and piercing their plump sex, pumping its seed into them relentlessly, their huge bellies swelling almost instantly as illithid young mixed with the undead brood inside. Each of the females screamed and moaned in orgasmic agony as their bellies grew far to large to contain and they popped with a liquid burst. The spirits inside floated up into the air and began circling wickedly above the other females. The sixteen remaining sisters, still in a bit of a daze from being torn from their summoning, began to roll and rock, trying to hoist their heavily pregnant bodies off the ground; three of them falling to the breeder as they were not fast enough. Celeste again launched her stream of never-ending daggers, dropping two more of the slow moving females where they stood. Again the spirits within rose. When there were at least six dozen of the freed souls they howled in a vicious war cry and as one dove into the nearest of the sisters. She grabbed her belly, the huge orb rapidly swelling and growing, the sudden weight forcing her to the ground, the huge dome rising like a volcano until the last spirit entered her womb and with a deep pain laden, orgasmic groan her huge swell; gravid and tight, shuddering with all expectancy erupted, splitting down its center in a gurgling pop, the spirits rising out and seeking another victim. The Batarian sisters quickly joined in; the vulnerable Sisters of Dark Birth far to afraid and weak to attempt to try any spell casting, grabbing the full bellied necromancers and pulling them into the earth, severing their heads from their swollen bodies and releasing the captured souls. Celeste slid back into the shadows, keeping far away from the breeder, which seemed to be growing when suddenly it stopped moving all together. Shae’lee and Voodoo then materialized from the shadows and pulled the pirate captain to safety.

Nina watched as one by one her sisters’ burst, being forced to give birth, until she was all that remained. She was caught in her own plight for the breeder had found her and was pumping its young into her already hugely pregnant belly. It felt so wonderful yet the stretching flesh was becoming almost unbearable. Then the huge daemon stopped moving all at once, though its semen still flowed into her with no means of halting, Then the spirits came and Nina screamed as she felt the most painfully, pleasurable erotic sensation of her existence, nineteen dozen lost souls pouring into her; her body quaking with orgasm after orgasm. Her belly consumed her, swallowing up her titanic breast, toned arms and shapely legs until she looked like a great sphere. Then her scream ended as a great bone claw ripped from her explosively taunt flesh, literally tearing her apart as the rest of the skeletal creature emerged. What stood in the wake of all the corpses was a dracolich, the monstrous undead remains of a silver dragon. Slowly it turned, pausing as if someone were telling it something and then loosed its breath upon the daemon, a stream of freezing ice that cut into the beast.

Raylenethos had just slid *Wicked Lady* from the throat of a Yuan Ti as the massive dracolich stepped forth from a bubble of flesh. She looked upon the great beast and then smiled.

“You are free!”

As the words left her mouth the great undead turned and loosed a beam pure cold into the unmoving breeder. She looked back to see the quintet standing with eyes opened wide, greenish gold light shimmering from them and broad smiles on their faces. A burning arrow made her turn as another Brood Guard was blasted away. Quintex sliced fully into the Yuan Ti before him, severing its head, Khambien using *Summershade* as a shield against one while he launched *Wintermist* down a snake fiends’ gullet. Then Toc made all the Yuan Ti pay; carving the remaining one near the snow elf and then hurling his wondrous axe at another, which it split in two and continued on into a second and third and fourth before returning to the ogre. Only a few Yuan Ti stood now and their attention was fully on the dracolich who again breathed on the daemon, finally causing black blood to splatter out, covering a few of the hugely swollen females below. Its third blast was followed by a great roar as the dome above was blown away, shattered pieces falling and bouncing free of the heavily encumbered females underneath as Hollownight slammed into the mortally wounded fiend. The dracolich looked up with hollow eyes as only the head of the largest dragon they had ever seen dipped into the room. It surveyed the room quickly, its silvery flaming eyes locking onto the undead dragon with sudden rage, which almost immediately melted away into a warm, loving and joyful gaze. Then the miraculous creature turned and with a single breath it burned away dragon and daemon, the rush of air pressing back all near the fiend though not hurting any of the innocence on the ground. Then it slid out as the dracolich leapt up through the opening. All in the room stood quite still, the five beauties coming out of their spell with soft purrs, Celeste and the Batarian rising nearby, Raylenethos and the others walking up as well and Ruby strolling up quietly, a mischievous grin on her lips and her beautiful bow slung over her shoulder. Khambien looked back towards the horde of females, the remaining Brood Guard lying dead, littered with arrows and the room of gorgeous mothers waking from a terrible nightmare.

“Voodoo, Kasornin and I will assist them. You go and meet the others. Do not worry about the illithids or their guard. The city is free and they have many more problems to worry about.”

The lovely Batarian flashes them a warm and grateful smile as she and her sisters enter the room of impregnated beauties.

Indeed the city was free and Drow and Dwarves exacted sweet and vicious revenge upon all, the Yuan Ti being overwhelmed and the illithids; stunned by the loss of the daemonic hive mind, fall quickly under the barrage.

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Rivin slammed the shadow drake upon her back, all his weight down upon Nightstorms’ left arm as Hollee held her right side fast, completely immobilizing the hugely pregnant dragon, exposing the mountain of her monstrous belly, sleek and shinning.

***“NOW SEBRON!”***

Even as the ancient wrym spoke the powerful mage, with his eyes closed, his lips moving rapidly as he seemed to be whispering a spell, blood running down his hand as he held the beautiful weapon known only as Crimsonsbane tightly in his hand, his other holding on firmly to the dwarven priestess Jhessyana, her own eyes closed, a strange glow of gold and green emanating from her massively swollen belly, the taught flesh quivering with the power of her god; Sebrons’ flesh was pale, the blood literally drained from it as his whispered chant grew louder until it no longer became a chant but maddened scream that seemed to shake the room. Then he opened his eyes, liquid magic dripping from his handsome orbs, his body shaking with strength and power, his spell coming to its finale. As he spoke his voice was straight, strong and unyielding, no fear, no ounce of doubt.

*“I command thee dragon of shadow and dark to be held, locked into a shell of crystal from which I will hold and I will command; with these words I bind thee and release those who have been bonded by you whom have spoken these words before them, NOW COME TO ME!”*

Both half-elf and dwarf where blown back as a beam of pure light blasted through the crust of subterranean cavern, through the great hall that was Nightstorms’ lair, churning and converging on *Crimsonsbane*, the energy coursing through Sebron like a conductor and down into Jhessyana and then like a ray of pure sunlight shooting out of her swollen tummy and directly into the pregnant dragons’ own grand swell; the force blasting back both the awesome wyrms’ holding her, both great beasts crashing into the walls on either side. There was no sound, no scream or cry of pain, no howl of loss, just light and then nothing except for a beautiful, delicate, palmed sized onyx statue of a hugely pregnant shadow dragon curled up around her massive sphere. Slowly the dust began clear as the heroes slowly began to regroup. The three dwarven warriors, lead by Thorin rushed into the haze, the their thick voices calling out for their lost friends until they heard the soft groan of a female. Galin was the first to find Jhessyana, slowly trying to raise her huge, round form off the debris covered floor.

“Ye’ alright love?”

With her bright, baby blues glinting with renewed strength and power she smiled at her lover and pulled him down for a deep, heart-pounding kiss. Odin walked up behind the two, a big toothy grin on his face.

“Surin’ the lass has had a bit o’ the magic touch her soul! It’s lookin’ to as ye might be needn’ o’ bit o’ privacy!”

But even as the hearty dwarf spoke his voice became drowned out by a mighty roar as the Lord of the Dragons emerged from the depths of Nightstorms’ horde, his huge head dwarfing the majestic Rivin and wondrous Hollee; gold, jewels and treasure beyond words rained down upon the none dragons. Khlendros’ body rose higher and higher, his great form shattering the ceiling above, his great platinum wings crashing through the roof of the lair, breaking out into the open subterranean air. He was a creature of such purity and beauty that his mere presence sent awe and fear into the core of the dwarven berserker as he fell to his knees. Galin wrapped his arms tightly about Jhessyana, protecting her and yet sharing with her the glory of the Lord of the Dragons. Only a quarter of his body had raised from the treasure that had buried him and still he was enormous compared to the other two dragons. He was the most ancient of all the wryms and he was their king. Sebron, with *Crimsonsbane* in hand walked from the hail of gold and silver and knelt humbly before the great creature, fae still leaking from his eyes like emerald tears. Khlendros roared once and the top of the stone lair disintegrated under the wake of his voice, opening it into the starless night of the underdark. Then he lowered his massive maw before the miniature mortals, a great and gracious smile forming upon his huge face. Even as he spoke, the breath, like a fresh wind blew about the four.

“Well. Master Sebron, you are a man of your word. Forever I shall be in your debt. As I shall be with your companions and all those of goodness above and below the earth who have come to the rescue of my daughter and myself. Thank you!”

By now Hollee had slid up beside her lord, Rivin standing proudly next to the upper torso of the great wyrm; ripples of electricity rolling over his blue scales.

“My great lord Khlendros we have not found your daughter yet”.

Then in his ear he could hear the whisper of his wonderful blade, ***“The others have found and saved her. All is well!”***

“But my companions elsewhere have her and are on their way here”, the observant mage noticing the shimmering white glow approach, a glow duller than the brightness of the platinums' scales, “as is another my king!”

Khlendros raised his giant head through the opening he had created and a deep bellowing roar erupted from him as he spoke, surprise and saddened joy echoing within his words.

“What! Iceburn, you too have come! Silverfox! The witches are dead then…good! This is a joyous reunion!”

Sebron and the others began a cheer of victory, which was soon joined by thousands of voices throughout the great city. The underdark was free.

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Hours later the entire group was reunited within the Hall of Storm, one of the many retaken halls of the drow city **Xherhe’zephena**, the first city of the underdark. The two groups quickly went through their experiences but they were overshadowed by the miraculous reunion between father and daughter and mother and son. Khellia, her huge belly leading the way, rushed into the awaiting arms of her father, Khlendros, the lord of dragons, whom now appeared as a statuesque man in his thirties, large, nearly seven-feet tall and well muscled. His eyes were as bright and full of life as hers, rich platinum pools that exuded love. He was beyond handsome, he was gorgeous and strong, fatherly and sexy and proud, yet within him was an unmistakable humility that made him all the more approachable. His hair was platinum, almost white, his skin a soft tan, with strong, sharp features to his face. He wore armor of glowing platinum and a cape of gold, upon his head was a crown of silver and platinum with a hugely pregnant female and a wondrous dragon entwined in a lovers embrace. Khlendros smoothly removed his cape and wrapped it about his daughters’ naked glory, though even it could not cover the sheer expanse of her gravidity and was tight around her massive bust. Then he held her with such tightness that the two seemed to melt into one another. Tears openly streamed from their eyes as they spoke no words but just held eachother lovingly. Behind them on a throne of onyx and diamond sat a gorgeous, ebony skinned drow, her mane of stark white hair dripping over her shoulders, her wonderful form swathed in silken wraps, fitting tightly about her over swollen bosom, her muscular legs spread wide as her titanic abdomen, full to bursting with young, the skin shiny it was stretched so tight with pregnancy, resting between her silken thighs. It was the same drow female that Celeste and the Batarian had met earlier when they released Silverfox. Most of the freed drow and dwarven females were hugely pregnant, their bellies resting heavily off their shapely, curvy bodies, males of each kind guarding them closely. But thanks to Sebron, Lady Kira and the Arcane Rivin, their turgid swells no longer contained illithids but dwarven and drow young. The spell was a wish spell and was final. Nonpregnant Batarian lined the walls and clapped their leather wings as the two hugged, most of the room erupting in a great cheer. Even the heroes had to clap and hoot as the two were joined. Near them stood two others, silent and smiling, though an air of sadness hung over their heads. The first was a stunningly handsome young man, his hair a pale blue with streaks of crimson and black at the fringes. His eyes were swirls of bluish white flame and he was big, tall and broad shouldered. His armor, three quarter plate was dark and shimmering like smoldering ash and he held in one hand a huge flaming white claymore, his other holding tight to a robed figure with no discernable features whatsoever. The group was standing and smiling, Khambien his arms tight around the even larger bellied Charlize, her belly had grown several inches sense they had freed Khellia. Raylenethos stood closely to Quintex, while Sebron had his hands wrapped about Lady Kiras’ waist. Toc and Ruby leaned close to eachother, Serenity safely tucked in behind them and Thorin stood near Celeste, one hand stroking her taunt swell that had also grown, her own hands stroking the beautiful orb. Galin had his hands wrapped around Jhessyanas’ massive tummy, kissing his lover on the nape of her neck. Odin stood away but not far enough to be unnoticed. Rivin and Hollee were close to the sullen pair, the bronze dragon holding her lover before their king. Shae’lee, Voodoo and Kasornin were near the Batarian host, sharing the joy of their freed sisters. Khlendros reluctantly broke his hug, looking about the room and the heroes that freed him, his arm still tightly draped about his daughter. He could barely choke out his words as he stood.

“Thank you.”

The heroes, one by one, bowed or nodded, considering their condition. Khellia smiled with amazing happiness as she turned and considered the two whom seemed so alone.

“Father.”

Khlendros turned and looked at the two, his smile warm and sincere. He motioned for the robed figure to come forward and before her he placed the small onyx figurine. Then he closed his eyes and began to speak.

***“From death to life but still in death, a silver soul wishes for new breath. Cast deep within a stone of coal is a soul as black as the richest coal. Let this change and bring light breath and darkness not, may silvers soul have life renewed and shadow live the life she strewn.”***

As his words left his lips, light began to glow about the robed figure and the dragon figurine and those about could see the change as the robed figure began to take shape, and what a shape it was. The loose fitting cloak soon grew shapely and sexy as it grew tight around the body within, the outline of a full, rotund ass and strong sleek legs, the chest growing out full as two heavy breasts took shape. Then came the greatest change as the figures middle began to bulge a little at first and then it formed into a good sized ball, the robe fitting tightly around it but soon giving way to the deliciously swelling flesh as the females belly quickly became too large and full to be concealed beneath the confining cloth. The flesh, a pale bluish white, was taunt and full and delicate, the belly rising until the robed female looked nearly fourteen months pregnant with dectuplets, big, healthy and strong. Soft, slender hands emerged from the folds of the cloak and lovingly clasped the turgid sphere, stroking it, exploring it as if it were not really there. The handsome male approached her slowly and with shivering hands removed the cowl to reveal the most beautiful of all the dragons, Silverfox. Her eyes were rich jewels of silver, her lips lush and full, her features were soft and warm and yet a sexual heat radiated from within that could not be explained. Her nose was small yet fitting and locks of pure silver, curly and wild cascaded down her back and over her shoulders. She stole away all the breath within the room as her son scooped her up in his loving arms, streams of cold fire rolling down his cheeks but never falling upon his mother. She two wept as she held her son whom she thought she would never see again.

Khlendros smiled as he picked up the figurine, now looking like a skeletal drake curled about itself.

“Nightstorm, here you shall stay!”

Both Iceburn and Silverfox turned to their king and the coldfire dragon knelt before him while the ancient and newly pregnant silver nodded.

“Ah, it is so good to see you. Iceburn”, the dragon lord began as he approached Silverfox, his hand gently touching her gravid, immensity, “know that you are no longer one of a kind, you are no longer alone.”

The handsome male looked up at the platinum dragon and smiled, simply smiled. Then Khlendros kissed Silverfox on her cheek and stood next his daughter, his gaze falling upon the pregnant drow. It was his turn to bow.

“My Lady. Greetings to you Queen Keishalae Thymur’ Lyra. It is a pleasure to meet you at last, though I must apologize for my earlier failure. Forgive me.”

That was the mark of a true king. The beautiful female merely chuckled and seemed to blush, not even ready for something as an apology from a creature such as the platinum king. She almost forgot to answer.

“Thank you my lord. Yet I believe that it was a young host of strangers that have freed us both.”

Again there came a cheer from the freed masses and the Heroes of the Dragon Horde stood their awestruck, unable to believe how much they had just done for these people, but they were proud.

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Far away, across the Jewel Sea, in the Tower of Shadows, Epyon stood naked, glaring out a huge window of frosted glass. In his hand was a ruby goblet with a thick crimson liquid within it. On his bed was the limp, lifeless body of a feeder, her belly, once hugely distended was split down its middle, blood dripping from the torn flesh, her huge breasts lolling to either side of her corpse, an expression of orgasmic ecstasy was frozen upon her cute face. A soft knock at his door brought his attention back to the present.

“Enter!”

The door slide open and a frightfully gorgeous female with pale skin, black coal lips and the most scrumscious, swollen sphere of pregnant belly that seemed to jut forth with delicious glory, framed by a cloak of shadowy fur, tightly hugging equally massive breasts. Her belly was round and smooth, almost perfect without a hint of flaw, wondrous and heavy and beautiful. She stood in the doorway, waiting for the volatile immortal to turn and look at her. Epyon merely cocked his head her direction and motioned for her to come in. With stunning grace the hugely pregnant female strolled forward, pausing at the dead girl long enough to dip her hands the ruptured dome of flesh and cupping out a handful of warm blood. She lifted the nectar to her face, allowing droplets to fall upon her gravid shelf of belly, thick streams rolling down the grand slope of the turgid mountain as poured the warm red liquid down her through, blood spilling over her full, succulent lips as she continued forward. With a bloody hand she gripped Epyons’ cheeks and pulled him in closely until their blood cover lips met with hungry passion, their tongues twirling about eachother with sexual heat and animal like desire. The goblet clanged to the floor as Epyon dropped the dish and cupped the witches tantalizing swell, squeezing and massaging the taunt flesh almost lovingly. Gently he broke their embrace, blood smeared across their faces.

“Sister Lilith; I’ve been wondering what has taken you so long. All is well with Olivia I take it?”

Slowly she ran her fingers up the side of his thickness, feeling it harden beneath her touch, poking at her belly.

“Yes my lord. The dragoness is resting. She has been doing nothing but feasting since conceiving and has grown quite plump and delicious. Ebony has also been feeding, but a great wrym eats considerably more. The stock from Raze would make a delectable meal for our dear dragon.”

She was now openly stroking the immortals cock, feeling his girth grow thicker and harder within her small hand. He was smiling, his golden eyes closed to slits, yet he still spoke with a clear head.

“I have plans for that host. Use the smaller ones from Mistress Tharas’ ship. They should keep our lady dragon content. Lord Crimson and Nataku have departed to hunt down Iceburn. It would be a…ah…a fight to behold. Now Lilith, you did not just come here to say hello?”

The Gravidian Witch eased herself into a plush, satin chair, dragging the Immortal of Shadows along by his stiff tool. With one hand Lilith unclasped her furred cloak, allowing her huge, milk-swollen breasts to fall free, flopping heavily upon her wonderfully turgid dome, the two juggs were topped by soft, pink areola and thick, rosy nipples. As the cloak fell away it revealed all her beauty. Lilith was truly beautiful, almost angelic in appearance with soft, smooth features, full black lips, dark, seductive eyes that twinkled with life and topped with thick black lashes. Her hair was as black as the dark one himself, a stark contrast to her nearly white flesh. She was radiant, exuding all her fertile sexuality as slowly she eased Epyons’ dark girth between her lips, allowing her flesh to caress all of his muscle; her velvet tongue ran along the underside of his shaft until Lilith was gagging on his sex. With meticulous care Lilith sucked up and down the immortals’ length, Epyons’ huge cock growing even more between her lips. She took him deep down her throat, grabbing on to his firm buttocks, her nails digging into his flesh as she began to suck harder and faster, making loud slurping and gulping noises as she did so. The dark daemonic fiend pumped his hips rhythmically along with the bobbing of her head, forcing himself deeper and deeper down her esophagus. Long black fingernails ran along the thin flesh of his scrotum as Lilith tickled the sensitive skin, causing a shudder through the Lord of Shadows. Epyon wanted more and carefully eased himself back until only the head of his cock was in Liliths’ mouth. He then scooped up as much of her bountiful tit flesh as possible and wrapped the enormous orbs around his shaft. Her cleavage was like hot silk that gripped him like a vice, almost as tight as the untainted pussy of virgin. With haste he started fucking her tits, the milk filled juggs wobbling madly in his hands while the soft flesh of her belly tantalized his dangling nut sack and inner thighs. With deep, soulful and intelligent eyes of pitch Lilith looked up at the immortal, barely containing his orgasm, his cock painfully full of cum. She could tell he was trying to decide whether or not to kill her, his desire for carnage almost as powerful as his lust for sex. Lilith let the cock slip from her mouth, her tongue lapping away at its swollen head. He was thrusting frantically now, her body jerking with his every movement.

*“Mm…my…ll…lord…if y…you…wish for…for*…(lap)…*more…then* *Dho…Dhonytae iissss…r*…(slurp)…*ready!”*

He looked down at the wicked beauty, a truly evil grin forming on his lips.

***“Who would take her place?”***

With those words Lilith caught the head of the immortals pumping muscle as it emerged from the cavern of her bosom and sucked deeply, stealing away Epyons’ control as he erupted into her mouth. Gouts of thick, heavy cum shot down her almost unending throat and Lilith swallowed it all, every last drop. For nearly a minute Epyon pumped his seed into the Gravidian Witch and she took it all in, her hands stroking the sides of her huge belly as it slowly swelled with the new life. The immortal stepped back and watched as Lilith grew, her belly stretching and filling, spreading her shapely legs wider, her hips spreading as her massive breasts became immense; tight and heavy, milk streaming from the nipples, unable to contain the sustenance that was pouring in. After only a few moments Lilith looked huge, nearly carrying another person within her taunt, gravid sphere, her tummy soon appeared as if it would burst, her belly button now a faint memory, the creamy flesh nearly transparent, a eight foot globe of wonderful belly. The whole time Lilith just looked at Epyon, beads of sweat rolling down her brow, her body glistening with wet as she changed, trembling under the pressure of orgasmic birth. The dark immortal then touched her quivering sphere and Lilith groaned with a monstrous climax, her whole, swollen body shivering as she came. Epyon smiled as the Gravidian Witch purred with the delicious feeling of power that her new brood was feeding her. She was brave and devoted and completely willing to give herself up for him, for power. And she was devious and evil, all the things he loved in a woman. Besides, Dhonytae would be fun to watch. Lilith licked her lips; her eyes closed tight, aftershocks of her orgasm rolling over her. Now the power was hers.

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        Xherhe’zephena was once again bustling with life as the drow and dwarves began to put back together the reclaimed city. Most of the pregnant females took care of the light duties; those few who could walk without aid. Those too large to move were attended to by the Batarian whom soon arrived once the city was secured. In the main hall, the Temple of Szrhae’lere; Khlendros, Keishalae and Whendyee were discussing how to further protect the underdark since a small group of the necromancers known as the Sisters of Dark Birth had escaped the purge, along with a small contingent of Yuan Ti. With them were Silverfox; who remained very close to her king, always stroking her new and wondrous belly, Thorin, Sebron, Rivin, Tia’bella, Quintex and Toc. The others were told to rest up and enjoy the city, which they did most happily. Khambien and Charlize strolled the halls of the beautiful place, dwarves and drow treating them like heroes as they went. But Charlize, who had been fending off the urge was soon overcome by her desire and pulled the snow elf into a room that was probably a lounge area, mushroom pillows covered the floor, making it soft and yet firm. Charlize pushed her lover down on the floor and just flashed him a mischievous grin. Slowly she ran her hands over her deliciously, amazingly swollen belly, the cinnamon flesh tight and smooth, her fingers gliding over the spherical slopes moving down to her widened waist and began to undo her leather skirt that hung low on her hips. Khambien was amazed at how beautiful and how pregnant she was, her belly looking nearly six months with octuplets, larger than it had been hours early. She was deliciously big now. Even watching her now, as she slowly, seductively danced before him, shift and gyrate with melodic rhythm, he could swear her belly was slowly growing before his eyes. This made him love her even more. Almost wraithlike the stunning gypsy danced for her lover as she eased off her leather skirt, revealing more and more of her lovely flesh. Khambien was growing noticeably aroused as the bulge in his leather breeches grew harder and thicker as he watched the big bellied gypsy, shift and sway before him, her swollen, curvy body moving gracefully before his eyes as if the thirty pounds of taunt gravity was enhancing her splendor rather than hindering it. With ease and sensual grace Charlize slipped from her skirt as her hands glided up her every curve and swell until they caught the lower edges of her revealing halter, which she teasingly removed from her milk laden breasts, drinking in the attention her lover was giving her. Just as the top covered her eyes she felt his soft gentle hands slide across the expanse of her distended middle, then tender, loving lips embrace hers. She also felt the hard, heavy log of Khambiens’ sex poke into her expanded waist. Her lovers’ hands glided up her sides until coming up beneath her huge, weighty tits, cupping them carefully as they did. The snow elf was amazed at the shear weight of each of the orbs as he hoisted them up, testing their firmness; his lips and tongue still making love to Charlizes’ mouth. With her eyes still blocked, Charlize could only feel her friends’ movements as his lips reluctantly left hers and with soft butterfly licks he worked his way down her neck and over her chest until he finally reached his destination. There in silence for a brief moment as Khambien marveled at the immensity of his loves’ breasts. Her tits were almost twice the size of her head, smothered in wonderful, succulent cinnamon flesh, her areola, huge round saucers had darkened due to the swelling and her nipples were plump and heavy, nearly half and inch long and stiff, barely containing the gallons of rich milk they held. He blew softly on one of the erect nubs and watched Charlize shiver under the sensation, her full lips parting as she cooed with pleasure. Then slowly he wrapped his mouth around that same nipple and began to suck. He was surprised as milk sprang into his mouth but Khambien was even more startled hearing the pregnant gypsy gasp and moan as she came almost instantly. The wily snow elf slid one hand behind her big, round scrumscious ass that was a wonderful bubble and worked his way between her creamy, plump thighs until he finally felt her sex, her juices streaming forth. Without hesitation he plunged two fingers into her climaxing wetness and Charlize screamed, Khambien opening the floodgates; fingering her as he drained her painfully swollen breast. One handed the handsome elf managed to heft up the other huge mammary and clamped down on its stiff nipple, Charlize visibly shaking and shivering beneath in his arms, her voice singing out in sexual delight. After a good while of this Charlize was breathless, quaking with pleasure, her eyes still covered. Khambien slowly lowered her to the mushroom bed and slid her leather halter from her eyes, allowing him to see the sexual exhaustion and fire that still burned in her soft brown orbs. She was panting as he once again began to show her how much he enjoyed her body. From a pouch on his waist Khambien pulled forth a vile of clear liquid, which he broke over the great rise of her belly. Like molasses the stuff poured onto her taunt flesh, as it did so the cool liquid caused a tingle within and gorgeous elf groaned as the tightness of her belly flesh relented and her belly noticeably swelled up as if she were making room for more. Finally slipping off her top she looked at Khambien queerly, who was rubbing the cool stuff all over the massive globe, her turgid tummy glistening and shimmering as he did so. With amazing skill the snow elf eased out of his armor and went quickly back to work until Charlize was “ohing” and “cooing” her satisfaction. Then with three gel covered fingers he once again buried himself into her dripping sex, stroking his huge, thicker cock with his free hand, covering it with the liquid. When Charlize was again panting with his pumping hand, her gasps faltering as she hit a pleasurable peek he removed his fingers and replaced them with his own rock hard manhood. The gypsy princess’ eyes bugged out as she let loose a soundless scream of pure ecstasy. With long, deep strokes Khambien made love to Charlize, growing harder and stronger as her plump, velvet lips gripped his cock with every thrust. With unknown strength Charlize pushed herself up on her hands, squeezing her huge belly and making it bugle to look even bigger, forcing herself tighter around the snow elfs’ shaft, the lucky elf opening his mouth in erotic strain, loving the sudden feeling. His eyes locked onto his lovers and they smiled together as he continued to thrust into her, both knowing he wouldn’t last very long, as long as she kept this position. She could feel his urgency as they began to pant and breath together, her orgasm building up with his as the became one. He placed his hands on her belly and shivered just a bit as he came, shooting his seed deep into her full womb with every thrust as her cream spilled over his thickness, soaking his inner thighs. As one they shuddered with duel orgasm. Khambien laid the angelic beauty upon her back and looked down at his love and winked, as her belly suddenly grew tight and swelled up, the liquid working perfectly. Charlize merely gasped at the joyful feeling, as she grew even more pregnant, her taunt flesh pulling and stretching tighter. She now looked six months with dectuplets, her belly a grand swollen sphere of tight, gravid, pregnancy. Her hips widen as her breasts swelled as well, though this only accentuated the growth of her pregnancy. Purring she stretched out fully, letting her tricky lover to explore her new curves and glow at his handy work. Her words were soft, tired and harmlessly accusational, not really mad but thankful.

“You had to didn’t you?”

Khambien just shrugged and slid in close to his lover. The two were soon asleep. Outside the room stood two dwarves, armed in spiked plate and each wielding some very nasty looking battleaxes, protectively guarding the lovers’ privacy.

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Ruby, Celeste and Serenity had decided to indulge themselves as they took a long bath in one of the many hot springs within the city. Attending to them were six very handsome drow; slender, muscular and hung. Celeste was big now, though not as big as Charlize or Lady Kira but still big, her belly a gloriously round sphere of gravidity. She looked at least seven months along with quintuplets. The great bubble of flesh rose from the warm waters, as did her two milk filled juggs, resting upon the massive shelf. Serenity was half submerged next to the pregnant beauty, her hands rubbing the taunt, tender orb with childlike curiosity, this causing the lovely captain to hum with relaxed pleasure. Ruby was lounging, licking her lips as the drow came and went, getting oils and fruits for the three as they enjoyed the down time. Soon she motioned for two of them to sit next to her and as soon as they hit the water their cocks were in her small grasp. Drow were not big, their body size between dwarf and human, making them big enough for a halfling without being too big. But body size had nothing to do with the two cocks in Rubys’ little hands. She was stroking the two off with skill; Kimmurel, a taller drow with a long ponytail and the other, Masoj, was perfectly proportioned with a long mane of hair. She looked each of them as she jerked their cocks, both of them were stunningly handsome, there skin as black as onyx, Kimmurels’ yellow eyes were closed to slits while Masoj reached down and began rubbing one of her big, firm melons. She leaned in on Kimmurels’ cock and slowly eased the hard phallus into her hungry mouth. Celeste looked over at her favorite archer, sucking off one drow as she jerked off another, her own pussy growing wet, not to mention the tantalizing belly rub Serenity was offering her, soothing her turgid skin. The pirate captain looked over to one of the other drow standing by and with a head nod he was over next to her his long pole deep down her throat. Serenity, an air nymph with no need to breath, just sank into the water, moving between her shapely thighs, her hands rubbing the underside of Celestes’ belly as her tongue began its own mission on the lovely females’ erect clit. The drow in between Celestes’ lips was known as Dantrag, bigger than most of his kind in everyway. The hugely pregnant Celeste would have been moaning with sexual passion as Serenity worked her swollen twat had her mouth not been completely full of Dantrags’ hulking shaft, thick gulping and slurping sounds ensuing. Another drow was soon joining them, suckling on one of her titian sized udders, relieving the abundant pressure of the milk inside. She thought his name Guy’rai but Celeste really wasn’t thinking about names.

Kimmurel was fucking Rubys’ face now, pumping his cock as deep down her throat as possible, the amazing halfling just taking it all in, her tiny hand still working over Masojs’ member. She was taking Kimmurel with joy as she fondled his cum filled balls with her free hand, feeling him shudder with her touch. Ruby barely heard the splash as another drow, Dinin, joined the fun. She felt his hands slide over her curving hips and then one hand slip into her tight twat, a low muffled moan coming from her cock filled lips. Three beautiful drow were about to fuck her senseless. Kimmurel eased out of her mouth just so she could fill it with Masojs’ meat. She then saw Dinin, young, strong and handsome, light red eyes, a soft smile and a cock that touched his knee. Immediately she grabbed it and began to jerk, firmly pulling and stroking the thick rod until it swelled in her hand, growing to almost fifteen inches. Ruby could barely hold her excitement, sucking Masojs’ cock with even greater vigor. Kimmurel cupped her round buttocks and lifted her from the water just high enough to slide his big pole into her wet sex. He nearly came right then, never feeling anyone so tight and soft before.

The last of the drow males, Rizzen, gently pulled Serenity from her work and brushing her wet strands from her face kissed her with heated lust. She was overwhelmed by his hunger but relished it, feeling how hard he was next to her creamy thigh. Guy’rai released Celestes’ wobbling orb and joined his brother with Serenity, lifting her by the waist and planting her on Rizzens’ huge dick. The nymph yelped at his surprising size but loved the feel of her pussy as it made way for him. She kissed him hard as Guy’rai, no slouch on size, suddenly penetrated her ass. The two simultaneously fucked her, pumping into the gorgeous female in unison. It felt so wonderful that Serenity was afraid she may faint with pleasure.

Sense Guy’rai no longer held her breast, Celeste slid Dantrag free of her mouth, allowing her to turn and lean against the edge of the spring. The drow caught the hint and slipped into the pool behind her. He was awestruck by the beauty of her round, bubble like ass that was so full of shape, her thick, delectable thighs and her belly that hung low beneath her, submerged in the water, along with her mammoth mammeries. His hands were shaking as stroked her globular bottom, feeling the smoothness of her buttocks. With a cruel teasing move he stroked the head of his cock over the pregnant humans’ erect clit, feeling her swollen body squirm and beg for him to enter her. She looked back at the drow with almost pleading eyes as he finally eased himself into her plump pussy. Celeste clawed the natural earthy edge, Dantrag was so big she thought he would split her open, her mouth gaping wide, her eyes closed tight with the pleasurable pain. With wondrous grace the captain of the *Shadow Dancer* began to work and gyrate her wide hips and big backside over Dantrags’ cock, which had him shivering with lust. With hunger he began to drill Celeste hastily. Soon they were both dripping with sweat and water, steam from the pool filling the air around them.

Ruby was moaning and whimpering as Kimmurel slammed into her pussy, her full tits wobbling about her tiny chest. She could no longer suck off Masoj or Dinin, fearing that she might hurt one of them. They were content though, the gorgeous beauty jerking them off till they both felt the need to cum. The skilled halfling wrapped her strong legs around her drow lover, pulling him deeper into her sex, his cock touching her every crevasse, working her wonderfully; her climax on the rise. Then with skill he slipped out of her pussy and into her tight asshole in one fluid motion. Ruby howled as she came, the surprise and utter filling of her body put her over the edge. Her sweet juices splattered over Kimmurels’ lower abs as in three brief strokes he tightened up and came, shooting his hot cream deep into her ass. The drow closed his eyes tight as he bucked and shivered, blasting almost eight years of sexual tension into the halfling. Finally spent Kimmurel withdrew as Masoj hopped on the edge of the pool, Ruby quickly engulfing his sex while Dinin slid behind her and eased all of his huge muscle between her nether lips. Ruby gripped the poolside, her fingers digging into the unworked earth, the whole of her body shivering with uncontainable pleasure, her body being filled to capacity by the biggest cock she had ever seen or felt. Cum still leaked from her sphincter as Dinin slowly began to thrust all his meat into her tight halfling pussy, her heavy tits slapping over the steaming springs surface. Masoj just let Ruby work, the gorgeous red head managing to work his stiff pole with her lips and tongue without error, even as she was getting stuffed from behind.

Guy’rai and Rizzen were shaking as they duel fucked the unimaginably beautiful nymph who was panting and grunting right along with them. Serenity could feel their cocks quaking within her body, her pussy and ass quivering as she began to boil over, her sexual peak on the verge. Her massive tits bounced wildly over Rizzens’ masculine face, his tongue lapping away at her deep cleavage. It was almost as if they could feel the closeness of her orgasm because both drow began to rhythmically increase their tempo and speed, thrusting deeper and harder until she was shivering.

*“OOOhhh…fffuu…fffuuuccckkkk…MMMMMEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”*

Warm liquid splashed out from her body, coating Rizzens’ pulsing cock, the huge organ sliding even further as Guy’rai stopped altogether, holding in his monster sized load. Serenitys’ nails were buried in Rizzens’ back as her body shuddered and quaked and spasmed with orgasmic power. The two drow carefully eased the still shivering nymph off their cum engorged cocks, each of them breathing deeply as to not erupt too soon. Serenity was breathless as they lowered her into the warm water, her huge breasts heaving with every breath, looking at her two handsome lovers looking upon her, almost begging for her to finish. She gave them both one of the sexiest smiles they would ever see; melting away all worries or bothers, her sweet lips gliding over Guy’rais’ staff, caressing all his length in one gulp. The drow moaned as he instantaneously pumped his load down her throat. The air nymph swallowed every thick blast of hot spunk, the creamy, sugary liquid jetting into her hungry mouth. With one hand she squeezed and milked his tight ball sack, milking it of its contents, the young drows body rigid with his long overdue climax; her other hand was lovingly stroking Rizzen, his breath burdened as he contained his own release. After many long moments Guy’rai went limp in her mouth, his entire body relaxing and slipping tiredly into the water, the young elf spent beyond words. Serenity immediately swallowed up Rizzens’ pulsating erection, her soft, satin tongue working the bulbous head of the spear. Amazingly he lasted longer than his companion, pumping his hips forward, deeper into her mouth but it wasn’t long before his breath grew short and his body began to shake uncontrollably. The glowing, white skinned immortal let the huge phallus fall between her glorious globes, the silky flesh wet and inviting. She clamped her titans around his quivering cock and ran the baby soft flesh over all his length, sending the happy drow over the edge. He gripped her shoulders tightly as he fucked the virgin like depths of her melons.

*“Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”*

Rizzen gave one great thrust as ropes of semen were ejected from his cock, blasting and splattering in Serenitys’ hair and on her lust filled face, across her nose and lips, thick pools plopping heavily upon the expanse of her delicious tit flesh. The climax was so intense that poor Rizzen nearly collapsed, just catching himself on the waters edge, cum still spurting from his shaft, his whole body failing him, growing weak and unsteady. Serenity scoped up gobs of his jism and slid them into her mouth, relishing the sweetness.

Masoj was next to go, Rubys’ tongue and mouth work sending him out of control. He jerked as the halfling took him entirely down her throat, sucking hard at the base of his stock. He gritted his teeth as his cum gushed down her hungry gullet. He came so much that poor Rubys’ cheeks puffed out with fullness. Even as she began gulping down his wad she could feel Dinin tense behind her. She rammed herself back on his cock, not giving him a chance to pull out but forcing him to fill her womb with his seed, knowingly impregnating herself. The drow gripped her small waist and with one great thrust he buried himself to his cocks’ hilt and released. It was so powerful that Ruby felt he would blast her through the wall, the female still filling her belly with Masojs’ stuff. A minute later Dinin slipped free from Rubys’ cum filled pussy, his entire body weak and tired and happy; his mind too blurred with the long awaited sex that he didn’t even realize Ruby would be the mother of many of his children. Masoj was almost unconscious from all the exertion and Ruby simply lay on the bank of the spring, rubbing her flat belly that would soon be large and round and full of young.

Dantrag was literally shaking with desire as Celeste ground her pussy over his cock, feeling his urgency as he rubbed the hanging swell of her expectancy. It took only a few more deep strokes and the drow slid out of her warm wet sex and fell between the soft yet firm cheeks of her big rear, pressing the creamy globes over his meat and pumping away until he finally blew, strings of sticky, pearly white nut decorated her back and drenched brown locks. She was continued to grind her hips until she was she sure the young drow was dry. Celeste then turned and hugged her elven lover, kissing him with heated passion, his hands caressing her huge, glowing sphere of pregnancy.

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Lady Kira and Iceburn sat within one of the cities many mage towers, looking over the magically lit city. It was spectacular. For the druid Nieth, it wasn’t her first time meeting with the ancient dragon, in fact she had known him as long as she had known Sebron and in much the same way she knew the half elven mage. It had been some time since the two had been together, almost a century and a half, yet nothing had changed between them; save her marvelous pregnancy; something she knew had quickly caught her dear friends attention, the gorgeous Nieth lying back on the dragons’ broad chest, her wings magically retracted allowing her to lay there comfortably, one of his hands gently running through her lustrous hair, the other stroking and caressing the immense swell of her hugely pregnant belly, the sphere full of quintuplets, rose and fell with her every breath. As old as he was, he had seen wonders and splendors of ages, Iceburn still marveled at Lady Kiras’ raw beauty, especially now, her body so full and ripe, her every swell and curve a delicious picture of pregnancy.

“How long has it been Iceburn?”

His eyes, swirls of burning flame, seemed to narrow as he thought back, giving him an almost pained look, though the pregnant druid could not see it. Finally he seemed to relax.

“Since I was last with the Enchantress, about eighty some years ago.”

Kira turned slightly in his arms, trying to look at the beautiful man. She could feel him shift his weight so they could see eachother.

“How is she? It has been sometime since I saw her last.”

“She was expecting…again. A centaurs’ young I believe. When I left she was ready to pop with children, albeit she was twice your gorgeous size.”

Reaching back and pulling the old dragon close, her lips just nestling against his, their breath warm and sweet in eachothers mouths, Kira whispered to him.

“Well, *you* can fix that…if *you* dare!”

His eyes narrowed, a bit of worry flashing through them.

“I have carried both Sevenstars’ young and Shattergolds’. I can carry yours as well.”

“What of your young?”

Kira moved away so she could look into the depths of her dangerous friends fiery orbs.

“I am pregnant with the young of a Nieth who died long ago. I am sure he would not mind if they were joined with yours. Please, Iceburn. You have endured so much my friend, let me do this for you.”

Though they did not fall, the enchanting druid could see the tears well up in his eyes as she pulled him back in, their lips pressing against eachother with such passion and love and respect that it was overwhelming. His hands rubbed and caressed her glorious swell, drinking in her every curve, the tautness of her bronze flesh, the smoothness of her size and shape. A muffled moan of excitement resounded from their embraced lips, their tongues vying for space in eachothers mouths. Slowly Iceburn worked his way under the Nieths’ milk engorged breasts, still hidden under the silken folds of her robe. He gasped at their unbelievable weight, so full of sustenance that they looked ready to burst, even under the mask of cloth. Gently he lifted the silk veil, allowing the huge, plump udders to fall free, landing heavily upon her shelf of pregnancy. Though he could not see them, the two lovers still entwined in their kiss; neither coming up for air, he groped and massaged their full weight, feeling the softness of flesh, her thick, permanently erect nipples playfully stabbing his palm. Carefully he explored the vastness of her bosom, feeling and loving all of her tit flesh, teasing it with light strokes and exciting it with painless pinches. Beneath him, Kira purred and squirmed with desire, her sex pulsing with all the attention her sensitive orbs were receiving, her first orgasm welling up within her loins. It was so intense that she could hardly focus on the kiss, her lips and tongue almost motionless as her body began to shudder, her belly wobbling with her every gyration. Iceburn quit kissing her all together, the angelic female was openly panting, all her concentration lost to her upcoming climax. She stiffened suddenly, mouth agape, her huge, fleshy dome seeming to swell up as she screamed out silently, a spray of liquid, the Nieths’ milky juices splashing out over her thighs and on the cushion. Kira spasmed multiple times, each time a gush of cum shot out until she merely shivered within the dragons grasp, his hands now soothing her quaking belly, the mass of flesh slick with sweat. Slowly she sat up, squeezing her great ball of pregnancy and without warning her golden wings burst from her back, as if she were a great eagle preparing to take flight. With two strong flaps of her wings the Nieth was standing, and then she turned, her massive, baby filled belly leading the way, and she stood before Iceburn, tall and majestic, beautiful beyond comprehension, all her glorious shape, every curve and swell, all her pregnant perfection amplified by those golden wings spread proudly.

“Now it’s your turn.”

The dragon, his cock forming a large tent in his trousers was completely in awe of the druids’ splendor. She waved her hand and instantly the dragons’ shirt and tunic were removed, vanished to someplace neither cared. Kira looked upon Iceburn for a moment. He was a masterwork of physical artistry, muscled but not to many, smooth and slender but not thin and his cock was like a titan, a tower of manhood rising from the plain of his wonderful body. Kira wanted to taste it so badly but the desire to feel it buried within her was even stronger and she relented to that urge as she stepped over him, her wet, dripping pussy, her thick lips glistening with her juices, lined up perfectly over that delicious looking cock. Almost as if time had slowed down just for them, Kira lowered herself onto the thick shaft. She swooned with pleasure as soon as the bulbous head pierced her nether lips, spreading them wide as she descended, filling her up like she had never before been filled, so much so that she feared she may burst if he went any deeper but she only continued to engulf him into her sex and it was wonderful. A tear of pure ecstasy ran down her cheek when she had finally taken him in completely, resting her weight upon him, allowing them both to enjoy the feeling, her womb stuffed with his thickness, her tight pussy gripping every inch of his cock, the poor dragon nearly cumming as soon as he felt her upon the tip of his stock. She leaned forward, as much as her belly would allow, taking his strong hands, giving her balance as she began to gently lift herself up and down his nearly eleven inch length, the druids’ velvet lips sliding along his member, caressing him tightly as she stopped herself just short of his swollen tip and brought her body all the way down to the base, the curve of her belly plopping down on his flat abdomen. By the gawds she felt so good and Iceburn wasn’t sure how long he could last, each of her deep strokes causing immeasurable joy and pain within his body. Almost eighty years had gone by of battle and blood, now he was being embraced by the warmth and love of one of the most sensuous creatures he had ever met. Rhythmically Iceburn began to pump his hips, thrusting against the Nieth, the two meeting before she could lower herself, their flesh, now slick with passion, clapping as they met. Kiras’ breath grew deeper and heavier, the dragon growing within her sex, his breathing quickening as their pace grew faster, more intense, more pleasurable. The slapping of flesh filled the room as she bounced off his hips, his huge organ buried so deep she felt as if he was within the center of her belly. He was grunting now as heavy drops of sweat rolled down the expanse of her gravidity, splashing upon his chest, his shaft quaking with urgency, the feel of her pussy lips quivering and contracting, awaiting her rapidly approaching climax. She was whipping her head about wildly as her swollen body was filled beyond words, her body shaking, glowing as made love to her friend, her face flushed with sexual heat.

*“Ccc…ccuu…cccuuummm…ccuummm ffor…rr…mmeeee!!!!!!!!”*

Iceburn squeezed her hands tightly, almost painfully as his eyes entrapped hers with such power that she became orgasmic with lust and fear. He shivered almost, his muscles tensing up as he came suddenly, the great beast roaring with pleasure, his voice shaking the room as he released, and as he did so, he thrust deep into his lover. The hot liquid gushed into her body, burning her every nerve with pleasure until she was bucking savagely, her own climax blasting through her being.  Both of them shuddered with orgasmic glee, crying and moaning with every joyous sensation. Kira was absolutely breathless as she felt the beginning twinge of conception, the orgasmic growth of her belly as it tingled with delight. She flapped her wings slowly as she slid off his cock and leaned next to the ledge, her delicious thighs spread for the up coming change. Iceburn placed his hand on her gorgeous pregnancy as it grew slowly beneath his touch. His eyes widened as she grew, appearing nine months with quintuplets and growing to almost ten months with at least thirteen young, her soft bronze flesh pulled unbelievably tight, her poor belly button struggling to maintain, a dark line traveling up the grand slope of her new pregnant sphere, resting now about six or more feet from her body. She could feel the weight as her luscious thighs grew thicker, her hips widened and her breasts overflowed with milk. Baby fat rolled over her wonderful body, covered with new sensuous and sexy curves. Kira wiped some of her sweat soaked hair from her face and stroked her hugely swollen belly, resting heavily between her plump thighs. The coldfire dragon gently kissed her taunt gravid swell, round and distended, and then carefully sat her between his legs where she fell fast asleep, his hands caressing her wonderful belly with undying love and friendship.

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Raylenethos walked the halls by herself, contemplating the many events of the day when a young drow female, wearing a silken gown split down the center as to allow for her hefty, milky juggs, full to bursting and her belly, a massive ball of ebony flesh to breath, stopped her. She was cute, her face rounded and soft due to the pregnancy, her hips wide and sensuous, her belly, swollen so big she looked as if she carried a full grown elf inside her. With deep purple eyes and a smile bright and joyful she pulled Raylenthos’ hand to her lush lips and kissed it. Then without another word she put her own hands together and when she opened them there was a silver statue of a sexy female, slim hips, rounded ass and big, full tits resting upon her chest. Her hair was shoulder length and there was a seductive grin on her lips. The drow female took the half elfs’ hand and dropped the statue in it with a smile.

“Her name is Lita. Lita the Chaser, a genie of remarkable power and true friend when friendship is earned, as I hope you will find out. Set her free and she will join you and aid you. Thank you for all you have done.”

Speechless Raylenthos stood there looking at the statue as the gorgeous drow waddled off.

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It was later that evening when most of the heroes had finally gone to sleep, exhaustion finally catching up to them when Sebron was paid a visit by the Yuan Ti spy, Kasornin. Earlier that day the two had spoke and the mage had felt her attraction towards him, the heat radiating from her pregnant beauty. Even before she came to him, Sebron felt her presence, knowing that she wanted to be with him before she gave birth. He heard her knock and then enter his room, the mage too tired to get the door. She slithered up to the bed and slid her hand along his upper thigh until she could grip his semi-hard shaft. Sebron sat up slightly and looked at her. Kasornin was gorgeous, her features smooth and delicate, yet held the mysterious serpentine quality, her breasts, full and heavy; like two huge melons, lightly covered in scales they were so big and her belly, huge and distended, stretched so much that the scales were smooth. She was in her nine month he knew and she could deliver any day, for she was pregnant with twenty plus Yuan Ti. Since that morning her belly had swollen; an eighty pound mass of pregnancy. When their time to deliver draws near, Yuan Ti begin to swell and grow until their bellies are nearly a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds of belly mass. Kasornin stroked her own taunt sphere, the flesh so smooth that it was shiny, the green tint stretched away.

*“For freeing my sisterssss I offer you a gifffft.”*

With those words she tugged away Sebrons’ covers and gazed upon his thickness, her forked tongue flicking out and tasting the wonderful sex, sending a pleasurable shiver through the mages’ body. Slowly she runs her tongue along his length, causing him to him to tense, his cock becoming instantly rigid as the hugely pregnant beauty rises up on her tail and engulfs his member. Sebron grips the sheets of his bed, her mouth sending such sensations through him that he felt he would cum almost instantly. Her head bobs up and down Sebrons’ shaft, his nine inches welling up to nearly elven in her mouth, her tongue wrapped around his length, stroking him while she sucks him off. Sweat rolls off his brow, the oral skills of the pregnant beauty driving him crazy, her loud sucks and slurps filling the room. Sebron sat up, reaching down and cupping one of the lovely creatures amazing breasts, its weight and fullness astonishing him. Milk squirted from the stiff nipple as he gave it a gentle squeeze, Kasornin shivering slightly at the erotic touch, though still working on his thickness.

Though the mage had been with many women and species, the Yuan Ti were new for him but he was far from deterred as he closed his eyes and as they opened the same eerie light of greenish fae burned within them, covering the room in its powerful glow. He looked down at his legs and blew. As the air passed over them the two appendages melted together and elongated until they formed one solid tail, long and sleek. Kasornin rose up and looked upon his new form in wonderment; Sebron curling up his tail, whipping it about hers, twirling about her like a knot, until his huge stock just touched the scaly covering that hid her sex. As if it had a mind of its own the, Sebrons’ schlong slid under the hood and right into her slick sex. It happened so quickly that the Yuan Ti cried out in pleasure, the mage was so big that he filled her beyond her imagination. Now she was at his mercy for Sebron wrapped himself around her swollen body, his hands caressing and stroking her heavy gravidity, loving her delicious curves, touching and exploring the females growing sides, the taunt smoothness of her belly flesh, while he quickly clamped down on one of her huge mammeries, his forked tongue entwining her erect nipple, milking her for her creamy nectar. Kasornin was flooded with sexual delight in seconds as her lover worked his serpentine hips as if he were born with them, pumping into deeply and easily meanwhile sucking on her milk engorged breast, drinking her wine ravenously. She gripped him tightly, her sharp claws slicing into his flesh, her moans of passion like music. Kasornin was losing herself to her animal side as Sebron bit into her neck, not deep but enough for her feel it and relish it, for Yuan Ti, though reptilian, were wild when they made love, enjoying just a bit of pain with immeasurable amounts of pleasure. Her magnificent belly pushed into the half-elfs’ gut as she ground herself further on Sebrons’ shaft; feeling his tip within the depths of her womb, sweat rolling off the deliciously taunt sphere. Squeezing and pawing the malleable flesh of her breasts, Sebron kissed the full-lipped Kasornin, their twin tongues teasing eachother. He slowly pulled back his upper torso, relishing her luscious, pregnant beauty, her huge belly distended so many feet, glistening with perspiration, the sex crazed vixen hefting up one of her mammoth utters and filling her mouth with it, sucking in her delicious milk, the other wobbling about on the shelf of her pregnancy, with yellow serpentine eyes ablaze with passion staring at him, drawing him in; mesmerizing him as snake would its prey, while worked his lower body in rhythm with hers, feeling his cum enraged cock near exploding. But he was still in control. The mage moved back in close to her and with a gently nudge urged her onto her back, as his tail unraveled and reformed into muscular thighs, straddling her thick, writhing tail, his cock literally buried in her sex and his hands gripping and kneading the plump, tight flesh of her wondrous belly, sweat running over his hands. Kasornin loosed her massive udder, unable to concentrate on the task as Sebron mirrored his huge cock, stuffing the secondary hole that served as her sphincter. The amazing beauty arched up uncontrollably, the utter filling of her body driving her crazy with hunger, a climax of such force building up within her, her beautiful globe looking marvelous, exposed in all its turgid glory. Somehow she sat up, her belly pushing Sebron back with its size but the wily mage simply elongated his organs as he held her tightly squeezed tummy fast. Her tongue lashed out and tasted his sweat cheek as his own lashed out and lapped at her stiff nipple causing her to shudder and pushing her climax until she could no longer contain it. With a feral hiss the gorgeous Kasornin hunkered down, her body quaking with pressure as she had a magnificent orgasm, her juices squirting out of the edges of her stuffed pussy lips. Breathlessly she fell back, grasping at her belly, relishing her body as she continued to cum and Sebron continued to fuck her. The mage, dripping wet pulled out, his twin cocks merging into one and he straddled the Yuan Ti’s face and she gobbled up his cock, determined to finish what she started. Her tongue twirled about his nearly foot long shaft and milked him as she slurped his swollen cock head. It was only a matter of moments before Sebron stiffened and grunted, cum jetting down the females throat, so much so that some spurted out her mouth was so full. With one hand and her tail she balanced her still growing girth, nearly a pound an hour, while she used her free hand and tongue to jerk him dry, drops of ivory splashing on her valley of cleavage or the expanse of her belly. Sebron collapsed to his bed, the exhaustion of the adventure finally catching up to him. Kasornin eased his head onto her soft pillowy breasts and allowed him to slumber until morning.

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            Lady Dhonytae floated down the halls with her two daemon escorts, the magical jewel Epyon had given his favorite breeders and his one Gravidian Witch, which allowed them to move once their bellies were far to big for their bodies to carry. She was plump and full and both her escorts could feel the sex dripping off her, they could taste it. They walked her to a large room were she saw the lovely Olivia, pregnant beyond words, her thighs plump and heavy spread wide to encompass her gargantuan belly, a good ten feet of distended pregnancy, her giant sized breasts resting atop it comfortably and her immense bellied sister, Lilith, her creamy flesh dome glowing with expectancy, nearly nine feet of wondrous pregnant beauty. Immediately the powerful witch felt the danger as Corbios, in his daemonic visage stood proudly behind the self-proclaimed dragon queen, beside him, a black-scaled seven-foot tall daemon, his eyes a deadly pale yellow. Behind them stood the quadruplets, four ten-foot draconic, daemon beasts, handsome and wrong, one dark, blackish blue, another blood crimson, the third as white as fallen snow and the fourth a deep forest green. As one they look at the deeply tanned witch, her huge belly almost eight foot of taunt sienna colored flesh, ready to burst with young. Her boulder sized breasts rest to the sides of her magnificent swell. Almost instinctively she cupped her burgeoning sphere, a sudden recognition coming to her face. Her deceitful sister had struck a deal and she was the price. Her golden brown eyes locked onto to Liliths’ black orbs, as the message was send, the understanding of betrayal as the four pounced upon her, ripping off her useless robe and pulling her to the ground. Corbios chuckled.

            “Meet my friends, Whitemane, Firestar, Seablood and Vinewhip. I know they are strange names but I let the youngster here name them…is that not correct Witchhazel?”

            The shadow form merely nodded. Whitemane, his ivory wings tucked tight pulled her head towards his cock and as much as she wanted to resist, to live, Epyons’ power was soon felt and she swallowed up the huge phallus hungrily. She slurped and sucked on the thick stock, his great paw shoving her head forward and thrusting deep into her mouth. Blindly she gorges herself on his meat as she felt strong, forceful arms lift her and unforgivingly impale her on a massive muscle, her entire womb being stuffed with cock. It was so big she thought the creature would split her in two, her belly already feeling ready to explode. The suddenness of the move nearly gagged her on the shaft in her mouth. She could feel her hands wrap around the other two huge muscles, vigorously jerking off the daemons. She knew this would be quick and that soon she would be giving birth to something powerful and the thought of her monstrous, swollen belly bursting with such a creature excited her, thrilled her, over powered her completely. Sharp claws from the fiend beneath her sliced into her thighs as she hoisted up her sloshing breasts, squeezing her nipples painfully, spraying milk all over Whitemanes’ thighs. The abundant tit flesh squeezed from her slender fingers; perspiration building up on her upper lip and chest, her head driving down the unimaginable length, choking her on his steed. Meanwhile her body bounced up and down on the beast below, her plump buttocks slapping against his scaly flesh, her massive sweaty dome smacking furiously over his thighs. Her thick labia pulled at his stiff member, swallowing as much as possible, feeling the hulking trunk grow and swell within her body. Frightfully only Dhonytae made any noise, her slurping and panting echoing about the room, causing the fear of what was to come to excite her even more, and she ground her hips furiously until the beast fucking her began to grunt steadily, her hands blurs along Firestars’ and Vinewhips’ cocks. Soon she could feel Seablood stiffen and almost on queue, Whitemane reared back and as one the two twins came. Dhonytae was drowning on the amount of cum Whitemane launched into her mouth as her womb became flooded with semen. The three backed away as Seablood shoved her off his limp member forcefully, allowing her to roll on her back as her belly began to grow. It was amazing, the flesh thickening and stretching as her taunt sphere began to swell, her body fattening under the natural force, Dhonytae still trying to swallow all the seed in her mouth as Vinewhip straddles her and buries his cock into her sticky mouth, white drops spurting out. Firestar lifts up her wide, shapely ass, his claws cutting into her fatty cheeks, and plunges his rod into her wet, pussy, a great sloppy slurpy sound resounding as he pounds away. The daemon marvels at her belly, now towering at nearly eleven feet; a great dome of delicate flesh pulled so taunt it shines, streams of wet coursing across its great slope. She clasps her fattening thighs around his waist and pulls him in further, until he is smacking against the underside of her huge pregnancy. The witch, consumed with her pregnancy and birth, striving to reach that end, mercilessly sucks down Vinewhips’ muscle, yanking upon it with her hands, trying with all her might to get the daemon to cum, to fill her until she pops with young, her belly nearly four feet wide and twelve feet high as it continues its growth. She can feel the young inside merge and combine, twisting about to form her one child, as both daemons seem to swell within her and as one cum. Again, she is laden with daemonic seed, each of the two cretins pumping her full, until drained and then stepping back to enjoy the show. She lays flat, her body fattening and swelling until she is all wonderful curves, her belly nearly fifteen feet of delicious, taunt flesh; smooth and flawless, begging to erupt. Her breasts lay like mountains of flesh to the side of a greater mountain of pregnancy, pure gravidity, quivering with expectant life. The weight and pressure are almost overwhelming and as the painful pressure of labor builds, her belly still expanding she can feel herself on the verge of orgasm, one that wound be beyond her imagination! She lay there before the four, her sister, the daemonic brothers and the dragon queen; her belly towering above her, sweat covering her body, a pool of wet beneath her. She was shivering, the feeling of her body on the verge of bursting, the life within her popping from her womb was blinding and it was Lilith who would deliver the final coupe de gras. The huge bellied Wicken slowly and carefully sauntered over to her fearfully swollen sister, one hand cupping her own gravidity, the other, running along the smooth, tender flesh of Dhonytaes’ dome. She lowered herself amazingly, her plump thighs flexing as her taunt sphere curved under low between her legs and touched the cold stone surface. Her black lips curled up in a grin as she lovingly, mockingly wiped a sweat-covered lock of hair from her sisters’ face, Dhonytae panting with the pain of labor, the stress of growth, and orgasm that she struggled to contain. The High Mother of the Covent was ready to pop, all she needed as just a touch to push her over the edge, just a touch to send her to orgasmic oblivion. Lilith looked at her, her eyes dulled by Epyons’ power and she lifted her hand, a jug of liquid materializing in her palm.

            “Ah dear sister, do you know what this is?”

            Absently the huge female shook her head, the sensations overwhelming her once powerful mind.

            “It is milk from the Lady of Birth, Lady Trinity. With a single drop, any mortal female will become instantly pregnant with one healthy child. I wish to know what a gallon may do to you. *Do you want to see?”*

            Poor Dhonytae just nodded, her mind now blurred beyond reason, succumbed to the power. Lilith tilted her sisters’ head back and poured the contents of the jug down her throat. Creamy milk spilled over lips, the lost female trying her hardest to swallow it all. Once emptied Lilith stepped back and marveled, Dhonytae suddenly going stiff and then growling, low and guttural, animalistic as her back arched, pushing the amazing mountain of flesh up in the air, her juices splashing onto the wet floor. Her fingers dug into the onyx stone as blood spurted out from the peak of her belly, the pressure too much to contain and her belly burst, splitting apart in a gory spray that covered all in the room. Dhonytae spasmed once and fell still, and above her stood the last of the four, now five, Blackwing. Lilith licked her blood soaked lips. The quintuplets took the corpse apart and fed its magical flesh to Olivia, fattening before their eyes. Witchhazel watched as Lilith, took a scrap of flesh and scarfed it down, her belly growing noticeably. He merely smiled.

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            In another room, Epyon and Dynna watched intently. She hissed as she watched Liliths’ wicked game, Epyon chuckling at the event.

            “She cannot be trusted!”

            “True my draconic friend. Watch her. If she betrays us…eat her!”

            Dynna licked her lips at the though.

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            That morning the group awake at the sounds of a great bell, chiming throughout the halls of the city. There was urgency about it and they quickly gathered in the main hall. Raylenethos arrived first, holding in her hand a beautiful silver statue. Toc and Ruby were there shortly after her; though Ruby looked a bit pale, as if she had been sick that morning. Sebron and Kasornin came next, the Yuan Ti looking as if she may explode at any moment, her gravid belly distended far before her. Her sister Shae’lee rushing to her as she arrived, along with Voodoo, each caressing the massive swell protectively. Whendyee, her tummy immense and swollen and a convoy of dwarven guards led by Thorin and Odin strolled in. Galin and Jhessyana, her turgid sphere protruding from her body soon showed up with the bells toll. Next, like clockwork came Rivin and Hollee, preceded by Khlendros and Khellia, adorned in regal robes, her gorgeous belly spreading the cloth to the sides, showing off its majesty. Celeste, rubbing her pregnant belly and Serenity came in, escorted by Quintex. Then came Lady Kira and Iceburn. Sebron looked upon the Nieth beauty with lust and a bit of jealousy, for she was by far bigger than ever, her five feet of belly looking ready to explode with babies. Silverfox gave her son a look and he merely shrugged. A new female, a lovely brown haired elf, with sun kissed skin and beautiful green eyes stood nearby. She wore the elven armor of an arcane archer and her wonderful crystalline bow showed it. Ruby nodded to her in recognition. Celeste waddled up to her halfling friend.

            “Who is she?”

            “That is Caylani Seawhisper. An arcane archer from the Enchanted Wood and known friend and protector of the mystic they call the Enchantress.”

            “So why is she here?”

            When Ruby did not immediately respond she turned to see Ruby vomiting in the corner. A drow male came to her side; Dinin if she was correct but Ruby politely waved him away and cast something causing the mess to vanish.

            When she returned Celeste took the halflings hand and placed it upon her quadruplet filled belly.

            “Are you?”

            Ruby just nodded with a mischievous smile.

            Even as they all arrived they all took notice of the great, reflectionless mirror beyond Keishalaes’ throne, the hugely pregnant drow standing next to the amazingly swollen Silverfox. Charlize and Khambien were the last to enter, the gypsy quite a bit larger, her belly nearly seven months with dectuplets, her wide hips spread slightly to accommodate her new girth. She wore an elven robe and a low riding gypsy dress, her belly jutting out from the folds of the robe. The drow and dragon were softly chanting and everyone was present as Khlendros approached Toc.

            “We have a message for you…from Angelique.”

            Tocs’ eyes became alive with joy. The two females soft chant becomes a beautiful, melodic song; the magic seems to roll off their lips and pour into the mirror, swirling about as if it where alive. Energy pulsed from the mirror and with a flash of brilliance it became a clear image. Before them were many of the young women they had saved before they reached the Dragon Horde; all of whom surrounded the massive, glistening dome of Angelique, nearly a eight-foot ball of distended beauty, rising heavily with her every breath, sweat rolling down her light brown skin, black hair matted to her face, deep brown eyes, full of lust and pleasure and pain and love looking into the mirror and locking onto her loves. Holding her hands are Brytanee, hugely swollen with young, the elf wiping off her friends brow and Songhilee, singing softly, the eastern elf even larger than before. Behind her sat Queen Crysteena, the lovely mother-to-be resting upon the Queens’ naked, monstrous belly. She caught the eyes of her daughter first and then her love and the wordless message of pure love crossed the time and space. Angelique was breathing deeply and smoothly and though her contractions were rolling over and through her swollen body almost constantly, they seemed to be giving her more pleasure than pain for the gorgeous female would coo with every powerful contraction of her womb. Her huge belly was squeezed tightly as she rested in her birthing position, her dilated sex spread before all in the room and it was more beautiful and wonderful than any imagined, the several mothers in present lovingly rubbing their baby filled bellies as they watched the miracle of life. Next to the Queen stood Lady Rebekah, swollen to a degree that she looked ready to pop, her creamy flesh taunt and flawless, not even her belly button remained, she was all belly. Her hand rested on the right shoulder of Queen Crysteena while Lady Azyea Cearea, huge beyond words, her womb heavy with the children of Sparkler and the Arcane, and the big-bellied Lady Sanafae, her bright red hair cascading down over her milk swollen breasts. Surrounding the group were dozens of  the Sacred Bearers, some whom the heroes recognize; the cute ball of pregnancy Terra Goldknot, the luscious chocolate big-bellied Dominique, of course the angelic Typhanye, her tummy swollen to nearly seven feet, the gorgeous Carrinia, her long dark hair covering her milk heavy tits, which rested upon her own turgid flesh. They, along with dozens of other hugely pregnant beauties, were holding hands and singing softly; the music calming and refreshing and yet empowering to all who heard it, near or far.

 “H…*hhhhuh*…hello…mmhuh…my love! I…I…knew y…you would n…*hhuuuhhmm*…not wa…*oohhhhuuhh*…want t…tt…to miss *thhhuuuhh*…the b…bbirth of our…y…young!”

The gorgeous female struggled with the words as she pushed through another contraction. The Queen spoke then, powerful and regal, though her hands lovingly stroked her sphere. Songhilee held Angeliques’ hand tight, the lovely female panting as another contraction rolled through her swollen body.

“Master Toc, Lady Angelique has been in labor for the last two days. She is now at her of delivery and has insisted that you witness the arrival of your young. We obliged as quickly as we could.”

Toc, the proud ogre warrior, dawned in pure platinum plate; his masterful axe slung over his shoulder, had tears rolling down his cheeks. So happy he was he nearly crumpled to his knees with joy, Celeste waddling up behind him, placing a loving and caring hand on his sobbing shoulder, her own eyes wet with happiness. The Queen merely smiled as Songhilee and Brytanee aided the monstrously swollen Angelique to a squatting position; she was now breathing quite rhythmically, matching the tempo of the Bearers’ song, her huge belly quivering and tightening as contractions roll through her beautiful body. They held her hands as a slender elven female moved behind her, her hands gently stroking Angeliques’ dilated womb, causing the birthing mother to shudder with orgasmic delight, her nether lips widening further and greenish tinted head slowly emerged. The elf carefully took hold of the head, Angeliques’ orgasm pushing the newborn from the womb until finally the baby was free. A big, healthy baby boy. Angelique came with power, her mouth going wide, her legs shaking as blood, fluid and cum gushed out and another head was pushing free. In moments another healthy boy was born. Angelique was in labor for another thirteen hours before her womb was empty. She had given birth to twelve big, healthy and beautiful half ogre babies, five boys and seven girls, and she had delivered seven young, healthy bronze wyrmlings; the young of Burninglight, the ancient bronze wyrm. The whole time, the heroes stayed and watched the beautiful miracle of life.