Foul Fertility

An adventure of Sebron - King of the Light Magi

By JB aka Rivan 51

The summer evening was as black as velvet, the stars shimmering and dancing like so many diamonds, sapphires and emeralds set in the blackest of materials. There was no moon, for it was the time of the Darkness, when the moons were gone from the evening skies for a full week. At such a time, dark things emerged from the earth, and men rode wary, with either sword or spell at the ready. For many, it was the darkest of times, and a time many prayed would pass quickly. But for the Elves, it was a time of great magics and celebration, a time when they could revel in the beauty of that which they loved most, the stars.

The Elvish capital, Sehandir, shone like a star come to earth beneath the canopy of velvet set with fire. Its many turrets and towers glowed with soft, ethereal light, as did its mighty walls and walkways. The streets were filled with celebrants, all dressed in their finest gowns as they laughed, drank, and danced to the sounds of Elvish musicians. In front of the High Keep, home of the Elf King, Belandir, stood a dais upon which two thrones had been placed, beneath a canopy of blue and silver. In the throne on the right, sat the King, dressed in gold trimmed royal blue, his black hair worn long, and in a thick warrior's braid, at his side, Nightslayer, the crystal blade that slew the King of Midnight. In the throne on the left, Aynarra, the golden haired, blue - eyed, Elf Queen, her slender body hugely swollen with her soon to be born triplets, her lovely face radiant with the joy of impending motherhood. As with all Elf women, the Queen had been with child for two years, and she was now in her last month, much to the pleasure of all.

High above the celebrants, on a slender walkway, stood an Elven Lady whose beauty rivaled that of the Queen's.

Ehlarra ShiningMoon, the Life Bringer of the royal household, stood still for a moment, watching the festivities with long lashed, blue-grey eyes that peered forth from beneath sensually thick, arched brows. Her full, soft, pink lips spread in a soft smile as she saw the Queen, her friend, laughing at the antics of a pair of clowns, and she silently wished her friend a bright evening, the standard, but often heartfelt blessing of the time. Slender fingers rose to brush a strand of long, darkly auburn hair away from her smooth, sun-kissed cheek and place it back with the rest of her lustrous hair as it cascaded down her back to well past her fine, round buttocks. After doing so, her hand dropped to join her other hand as it rested atop the hugely gravid, pregnant swell of her own belly as it burgeoned forth from her slender form beneath the dark blue gown she wore. Unlike the Queen, Ehlarra was not due for another six months, but she was carrying five to the Queen's three, which meant that she was as large now as the Queen, something both women had found quite amusing.

As LifeBringer, Ehlarra was the midwife to the royal household, a job she took very seriously, and before she continued on her way across the walkway, Ehlarra raised a hand toward the Queen, and made a cupping motion with it. Her hand was surrounded by blue fire for a moment, and far below, the Queen twitched slightly as she felt the mystic touch on her belly, then the fire faded, and Ehlarra smiled. The Queen was close, very close, but she would not give birth for a few days yet, which meant Ehlarra could turn her mind to a more pleasant thought.

"Sebron."

Ehlarra's voice was a delicious purr as she spoke that name, and her eyes lit with a sensual fire as her lips became a bit fuller, her walk a bit quicker, and her very, very ample chest began to rise and fall faster as a flush came to her cheeks. Her lover was close, she could feel him, sense his presence, and she hurried to him as fast as she could go. As she went, Ehlarra reflected on the events of the past few months; events that had brought the tall, leanly muscular, bronze skinned, blonde haired, handsome blue eyed mystic into her life.

She had known Sebron Half-Elven for nearly 250 years, almost since he had been born to Shivari, the King's sister under very mysterious circumstances. According to Shivari, she had awakened from a dream to find herself massively pregnant, a condition she had not been in the night before. A month later she gave birth to a beautiful baby boy, Sebron, who all immediately identified as being half - elf. No one could identify the other half of his heritage, but it soon became apparent that it had left him with a powerful, magical legacy. At age 10, the boy amazed everyone with his mystic skills, skills which rivaled that of some of the eldest magi in the kingdom, and now, at a mere 250 years, he had risen to be the most powerful Light Mage in all the known lands, even besting those who were hundreds, if not thousands of years his seniors. Those in the Circle called him Sebron - Staffless as a term of endearment, for all how knew him loved his humble, caring ways, his honorable nature, and his great loyalty. The name Staffless came about because he, unlike other wizards, needed no staff to work his magics. Indeed, in many cases, he did not even need to use his hands, a thought was all he needed. Though a mere 250 years, he had already faced, and defeated several Evil Great Dragons, as well as several covens of Gravidian Witches and the Sisters of DarkBirth, and even a few minor deities. He had even aided the King in subduing, and slaying the Kings of Night. He was accounted by all as the mightest wizard any had seen in a millenia or more. It was said that the blood of the Gods flowed in his veins.

Though 300 years his senior, Ehlarra had been friends with the young boy, then a close confidant, and even a lover upon occasion before she was wed to a General of the Elf Legions. In Elvish tradition, Ehlarra had wed Gildar under the One Tree, and, as a Light Mage, Sebron had officiated at the wedding, a smile on his face the entire time as his two friends wed. Ehlarra and Gildar had been happily married, and Sebron had been a good friend, and only a friend the entire time. 18 months before, when Ehlarra was found to be with child, Sebron had shared in the expectant couple's joy. Ehlarra had joked with him about becoming huge and fat, so much so that he would find her unattractive. Then, Sebron had confessed a secret to her.....that he found pregnant women to be highly pleasing. At that Ehlarra had been surprised, but only for a short time, for she suddenly realized that, besides herself, all the women he had taken as lovers had been with child, hugely so in some cases! Sebron would never share his bed with another man's wife, but, due to war, there were always expectant widows who found comfort in the arms of the Half-Elf Mage.

Then, six months ago, Gildar had fallen in battle against the dark wyrm Crimson, and Ehlarra had found herself to be one of those expectant widows. At first, Sebron had simply been a good friend, but, three months ago, in a torrent of passion, that had all changed, and now, as Ehlarra hurried to her private chambers, where she knew Sebron was waiting for her, she could feel the warm heat of excitement rising between her legs.

Ehlarra stepped off the bridge, and into the dim, torch lit corridor that led to her private chambers. Normally, there would be guards posted along the way, but due to the celebration, almost all the guards had been allowed to forgoe their usual posts, so they could join in the festivities. This meant that Ehlarra was the only person in the corridor, the only sounds about her being the sounds of the torches, and the rustle of her dress as she made her way toward her chambers, and her lover. The dimly lit corridor, and the dark shadows that hung heavily along the way, did not concern the Elven beauty, for she knew that mighty magics protected the city, many of which had been forged by Sebron, and none could enter it without the leave of the king, or Sebron.

The thought of her lover made Ehlarra's smile turn vampish, almost wanton, and she slowly caressed the swollen orb of her waist sensually, tracing her swollen sides with light caresses of her fingers, then raising those fingers to her milk heavy, swollen breasts as her eyelids fluttered for a moment, and she imagined Sebron touching her....

Suddenly, Ehlarra's eyes flew wide, and she gave a squeal of surprise as she felt the soft caress of lips on the back of her neck!

An instant later, she relaxed as she felt strong, slender fingered hands move around her body, and come to rest upon the swollen orb of her pregnant belly. She knew those hands, just as she knew the lean, but strong arms that enfolded her in their embrace, and the broad chest that she leaned against with a soft sigh of pleasure. She raised her heavy lidded, sensually lit eyes to the cerulean blue ones gazing down upon her, and her lush lips spread in a slow, sensual smile as she felt her lover's hands caressing the big bulge of her hugley gravid belly. Her lips parted as a single word escaped them, a husky purr of desire.

"Sebron."

Ever a man of action, Sebron said nothing, just smiled, and lowered his lips to hers in an almost savagely passionate kiss that Ehlarra responded to with an equal passion and desire. As they kissed, Ehlarra raised a hand to tangle her fingers in the long, golden locks of her lover, while her other hand moved behind him to clutch at the tight curves of Sebron's buttocks, pressing him against her with even greater intensity. She also pressed herself back against his hard length, grinding against it with her ripe buttocks as she swayed in his arms. For his part, Sebron slid one hand up Ehlarra's body, to cup and palm the fulsom, milk swollen abundance of her succulent breasts through her dress. His other hand dipped between her legs, and magically passed through Ehlarra's gown, to caress and lightly probe her moistening, hot sex as Ehlarra moaned with delight. They could both feel the heat of their passions rising, both within, and about them, and they knew they would not stay clothed for much longer.

With a wicked smile, Sebron broke the kiss, and turned Ehlarra so she stood in profile to him. He placed one hand on her big belly, and the other at the small of her back, as Ehlarra placed a slender hand on his chest, and her other on her belly as they gazed into one another's eyes. They were both acutely aware of the way Ehlarra's swollen waist was pressing against the hard ridge of Sebron's excitement.

"Does my lady have a need this evening?"The rich baritone of Sebron's voice thrummed through Ehlarra, almost making her shiver, as he spoke.

"Ohhhh....yessss...."Ehlarra almost hissed as she pressed herself against her lover."I have a great need, a burning need....can you help me my lord?"

Sebron's only response was a smile. Then, he raised a hand over Ehlarra and, as Ehlarra felt a sudden gathering of power, he swept it down, away from Ehlarra, as she gasped from the soft tingling that passed over her. An instant later, she gasped again, almost a squeal of surprise, as she realized she was naked! Her sensually ripe, fertile, gloriously sexy pregnant body was exposed to Sebron's hungry, very pleased eyes......but they were still in the main corridor! Suddenly, Ehlarra realized that Sebron was naked as well!

"Wha.....? Darling, we are out in the corridor! Someone will see us!"Ehlarra tried to sound stern, and unforgiving, but being this close to Sebron, having looked forward to this moment all day, she was too hot and impassioned to pull it off. All that came from her lips was a panting gasp of words.

Sebron lightly slid his hand up from Ehlarra's belly, his feather stroke making her shiver slightly from the thrill that went up and down her spine, and cupped a full, round, naked orb of tender milk swollen flesh as he leaned his head close to her pointed ear and said. "I will have you here and now, in this corridor, and none shall see us."

Knowing Sebron's power, Ehlarra did not doubt for a moment that he could cast a spell that would prevent anyone from seeing them. This sudden news made her passions flare up, and a wanton, vampish smile crossed her lips as she reached down to wrap Sebron's thickening member in slender, delicate fingers as she pressed her lips to his in a passionate kiss. At the same moment, Sebron began kneading and massaging her big breast, tugging at her nipple as she moaned with pleasure, his other hand moving from the small of her back to her fine, round, buttocks, kneading the firm flesh there as they pressed against one anothet in an erotic dance. It felt so wonderful to be in Sebron's arms, to feel his kisses, his touch and caress, to feel him pressing against her in erotic need, that Ehlarra almost came right then and there. Her passions were flaming, and she prayed that Sebron would fulfill her needs soon. Oh, how she ached for him!

Sebron grabbed her hands, and pressed them against the wall, along with Ehlarra's back, pinning them there firmly but gently as the lovely Elf gasped from the sudden show of force. Ehlarra felt a small flutter of fear as she suddenly realized that she was helpless, but it was overwhelmed by the passion that was blazing inside her, a passion she had long ago given into. She reveled in the feel of Sebron holding her in place, and she gasped out with delight as he dipped his head to her chest, and ravished her breasts with wild abandon, drinking and suckling deeply of her body's milk. He kept one hand on her wrists, holding her in place, but the other hand slid down, over her burgeoning body, to the heat between her legs. As he continued to pleasure and ravish her chest, Sebron slid two fingers into her sex, making Ehlarra cry out in erotic passion, her back arching and her head snapping back as her lips parted and her cries filled the air. She was now thrashing and writhing in Sebron's powerful grip, her body reacting to the erotic energies flooding her senses, as she screamed her passions to the sky. Her hands, still held in place by Sebron's powerful grip, moved about wildly, her fingers clutching and clawing at the air as she writhed about in pleasured torment. Her lovely hair was now a lustrous, auburn mass of tangles and wild locks, sweaty tendrils clinging to her cheeks as her head flew about, her lips partly open as she gasped and panted for breath, her moans and cries spurring Sebron on to greater efforts as his lover approached her peak of erotic ecstasy.

Down in the space before the palace, Aynarra shifted slightly in her chair, trying to make herself comfortable. Then, she smiled slightly as, high above the crowd, she heard a panting, gasping cry of pleasure. Her hand moved to her big belly, her fingers spread to encompass as much of it as she could, and she ducked her head a bit, her other hand rising to hide the smile on her lips. She knew that voice, knew who it was that was feeling so impassioned high up in one of the towers, and she also knew who was making her friend feel so good.

"Have a bright and blessed evening, my dear Ehlarra."The Elf Queen murmmured softly.

With a wicked smile, Sebron slowly removed his fingers from her spasming sex flower as Ehlarra moaned softly in protest. He moved so he was standing between her legs, and, with a gesture of his hands, lifted Ehlarra's hips on level with his. He then stepped forward, pressing his hard length into her lovebox as Ehlarra screamed in pleasure, her body held in place by an invisible field, her hands reaching out to clutch at Sebron's broad, muscular chest as the pleasure she had been waiting for consumed her. Within moments, she was thrusting her hips against Sebron's thrust in wild need, her body arching and undualting wildly as she let the last vestiges of control pass away. Her desires became raw, almost animalistic, and the cries that came from hers and Sebron's throats testified to the raw, overwhelming passion that was consuming them as they pounded against one another. Ehalrra's big belly rose and fell rythmically as she humped and bucked against her lover, the dome like horzon of her belly blocking Sebron from view at times. For his part, Sebron stood there, his lover's legs wrapped about his waist, his hands on her buttocks, pounding in and out of her as her musical cries filled the air. He knew she was close, as close as he was, and he welcomed the chance to be with her like this.

Then, it hit. Like a tidal wave of passion, their mutual orgasm crashed over them. Ehlarra threw her head back, her hands clawing at Sebron's shoulders, and screamed her release into the night as she shook and shuddered in her lover's arms, and felt his member burst inside her spilling his seed into her spasming sex again and again as they writhed about in erotic release. It was a well known fact that, for the time being, Sebron had magicked his seed so it would not impregnate anyone. He wanted to save that for the time when he met his soul mate, but that did not mean that the orgasms felt any less real or powerful, and soon, they were both limp, shaking and gasping as they slowly collapsed to the floor. Then, with a wave of his hand, Sebron teleported them to Ehlarra's chambers, into her bed, where the lovers dozed in erotically blissful afterglow.....

A few hours later, as the two lovers lay in bed, dozing gently from their most recent passion play, a small, bright light flew in through one of the windows. It floated about the room for a moment, then hovered over the sleeping form of Sebron. A soft, throaty, feminine laugh came from the dancing light, then, it slowly floated down to a chair that stood close by. As it touched the cushion, the light seemed to grow larger, though not brighter, and to take on a feminine shape, before fading away all together.

In its place, a smile on her lush lips, sat Trinity, Goddess of Fertility, her lovely eyes dancing with delight as she gazed down at Sebron. Her golden, curly, sun-streaked locks framed a lovely, sensually full face and the folds of her diaphanous, transparent blue robe revealed a body of deliciously full, sexy curves dominated by a pair of very full, very round breasts topped by stiff nipples, perched above a big, round, smooth skinned, pregnant belly that made the goddess appear ready to give birth to qaudruplets at any moment. Trinity sat there, completely at ease with her massive fecundity, she was the Goddess of Fertility after all, with one hand on her big belly, and the other one at her lips, one finger lightly tapping her teeth as she regarded the handsome, half-elven mage before her. She sat there for a few moments, waiting, then, with a huff, she waved her hand, and made Sebron appear in his own chambers, with his clothing as well. As a courtesy to Ehlarra, whom Trinity counted as a friend, as well as a priestess of her order, she left a note explaining what had happened. Then, she transported herself to Sebron's room.

She found the mage awake, dressed and alert, his sword LightBringer in hand, his body poised for action. Even as Trinity came into the room, she could feel the power contained within him, the gathering of massive, godlike forces around him, and she nearly swooned from it all.

The moment Sebron saw who was in his chambers, he relaxed, and Trinity felt the forces about him ease, then disperse. Most people, upon being confronted with a goddess, would fall to their knees to worship her, but Sebron just smiled as he sheathed his blade and tossed it onto his bed.

"Trinity, why can you never knock, or just let me know you wish to see me?" Sebron's smile was dazzling, his manner charming as he regarded the swollen, sensual goddess before him. He had known Trinity for more than 100 years, intimately at times, and he felt no awe in her prescence, nor in the presence of her sister Lethan, the Lady of Lust and Desire, who he also shared a bed with from time to time.

Trinity just giggled, making her seem more like a young girl, rather than an all powerful goddess. Then, she turned her head, holding her slightly upturned nose toward the ceiling as she playfully husked, "I am a goddess. I can come and go as I wish."

"Oh, surely, you may oh great and mighty goddess."Sebron pretended to bow and worship before Trinity, eliciting another giggle from the lush, overly busty, pregnant goddess before him. Continuing with the play, Sebron came up close to the lovely being before him, his eyes on hers, and said, "What does the Goddess of Fertility desire me to do?"

For a moment, an uncertain frown marred Trinity's lovely features as she looked Sebron in the eye, and said, "I need your help."

Unused to Trinity being serious, and rather surprised that a goddess would say she needed the help of a mortal, Sebron instantly became serious. He led Trinity to a soft couch, helped her lower her hugely gravid form onto it, and sat down beside her.

"How can I help you?"

Trinity smiled slightly, obviously a bit self concious about what she was about to reveal, then said, "Two months ago, I was in one of my temples, allowing a preist of mine to...worship, as he wished..."

Sebron had to smile at this, for he knew what Trinity was really saying was that she and a young priest were in the midst of a very passionate interlude.

Seeing Sebron's knowing smile, Trinity gave him a mock frown to show her "displeasure," and continued with her tale. "....we were in the midst of his "worship," when I suddenly felt a massive surge of mystic power, power that was focused in the realm of fertility. I knew no acolyte, priest, or priestess was performing any great rites, for none had asked my blessing for such..."

"Could you tell where it came from?" Sebron interrupted, his mystic mind already wondering who, or what could have caused such a potent surge that the Goddess of Fertility herself would notice it.

"At the time, all I could tell was that it came from the North,....but I will get to that in a moment." Trinity was unperturbed by Sebron's interruption, for they were good friends and confidants, and she continued with her story, "As we were in the midst of worship, I did not stop my priest...(Sebron knew this meant she had been close to orgasm and had not wanted to stop) but when his worship was done, I quickly followed the sensation in an attempt to find its source." Trinity shifted slightly as she spoke, adjusting the heavy weight of her gravid body on the couch, then smiled as Sebron placed a hand on the burgeoning sphere of her big belly. "Even using my powers, it took me till yesterday to find the source. It was in the lands of Inara, in the capital city of Quata. I was making my way into the land, when I suddenly became dizzy, overwhelmed by the sudden flood of power that came over me."

Both Trinity and Sebron looked at each other, each of them aware of the level of power one would need to affect a god. Trinity actually shivered a bit, and Sebron quickly put a strong arm around her shoulder and pulled her close, seeking to comfort her with his touch. It seemed to work, for Trinity gave a soft sigh of release, rested her head on Sebron's chest, and closed her eyes for a moment before she went on.

"I quickly brought myself to the ground in a grove of trees, before I fell out of the sky. I had just touched the ground, when I felt a sudden heaviness come over me, focused in my belly and, looking down, beheld that I was now pregnant, even as you see me!"

"You were not with child before?"Sebron was shocked by this news, for he had assumed that Trinity was already with child before she set out. The implications of this were almost too astounding to consider, yet the proof was even now sitting next to him!

"No. I had just been with my priest, and his seed was in me, but I had not decided whether I would bear offspring by him or no." As the Goddess of Fertility, Trinity was the only female in existence who could decide if she would bear a child, or children, or not. She could even decide how long she would be with child. That someone, or something, had overridden her native ability spoke of overwhelming power! Trinity shivered again, "I immediately knew that someone had cast a powerful fertility spell, an overwhelmingly powerful one, for only one of near infinite power could affect me like this!" Trinity was now almost shaking with anxiousness as she looked up into Sebron's eyes. Her own were wide with shock, and, not a small amount of fear. "Sebron, I cast out my feelings, and I could feel the spell all around me. The very earth itself had been affected by it. But whoever cast the spell did not know what they were doing. The fertility of the land is being forced to work more rapidly, and mor powerfully than it should. If the spell is not stopped, within a few years, the kingdom of Inara will be a barren wasteland! My casting told me more, for all the women of the land were affected as well, those of chilldbearing age who had a man's seed within them were suddenly massively with child; bearing three, four, or more children. Whatsmore, the spell is continuos, so, any woman of that land who is with a man, and of childbearing age, will find herself hugely pregnant within mere moments! This sudden rush of fertility is unnatural, and it will destroy the women as well in only a few years!"

Trinity sat up, gazing into Sebron' s eyes with her own as she said, "There is only one spell that could have done this. One spell from one book." Her eyes were fearful as she almost whispered, "You know of what I speak."

Sebron nodded slowly, a hollow feeling forming in his gut as he said, "A Fertilty Spell from the GodSpell."

Trinity nodded slowly, both of them feeling an overwhelming sense of trepidation, for the GodSpell was no ordinary book of spells. It had been forged many ages past, near the end of what Men called the First Age, an age when men of power would vie with the gods for power over their realm. Among these men was one Graylin DarkFist, arguably the most powerful mage to ever walk the earth. (There were those who already suspected Sebron of matching him for power in time.) He had stood against, and nearly defeated the dark god Epyon, but the other gods had stood with Epyon, and Graylin had been defeated, and destroyed. But, before he was stopped, he had taken his most powerful spells, and written them in a great tome, one that he had intended to pass on to one who was a worthy successor once he had achieved godhood. When he had been destroyed, the gods had taken the book and hidden it, allowing only Sabrina, the Lady of Secrets to remember where it was hidden. That someone had found the book, and used it, was a matter of great concern, both to man, and to the gods.

"There is more."Trinity placed a hand on her big belly, the other rising to rest on her overly ample chest as she leaned back in her seat. "Whoever cast the spell did not have the power to do it properly. The poor creature is now the source of the spell. His, or her, lifeforce is what is powering the spell. It may be that the only way to stop the spell will be to destroy the caster."

At this, Trinity shuddered, and her eyes became clouded and teary for, as the Goddess of Fertility, life was the most precious thing to her, and the thought of having to destroy life, in any form, was abhorent to her. But, after a moment, she had composed herself, and she turned to Sebron. "I need you to travel to Inara, to Quata, and find the source of that spell, stop the spell, and, if you can, destroy that spellbook!"

Sebron smiled slightly,"No small task goddess, but I am honored that you think I am up to the challenge of it." He took one of Trinity's hands in his, then placed his other on her gravid waist and leaned in to kiss her softly on the lips. For a moment they were still, both taking pleasure in the kiss, then, Sebron straightened and rose to his feet. His eyes were strong, confident, and his smile was assuring, as he said, "I will do what you have asked."

Trinity, her hands stroking her big belly, smiled up at the tall, lean, half-elven mage. "I knew I could depend on you Lord Staffless." Then, with a wink, she vanished from before him.

Thinking that Trinity had returned to her home realm, Sebron turned, intending to don his gear.

What he saw on his bed was enough to make him forget about his gear, and his task all together.

Trinity, now completely naked, knelt on his bed, her eyes hot and heavy with desire, her body fairly aglow with sensuality. But she was not alone. In front of her, facing her, and slightly to her side, knelt Ehlarra, her own eyes heavy with lust. Even as Sebron watched, the two hugely fecund females kissed and caressed one another, as their soft pants and moans of pleasure filled Sebron's chambers. The two women were obviously in heavy heat, ready to rut like wild animals, and, as Sebron stared in awe, they stopped kissing and, as one, turned their heads to face Sebron. Trinity voice was a sensual purr as she said, "Go now my Lord Mage, and do your duty. When you return...."both women gave him slow, sensually wanton smiles, "...we will be waiting for you, even as you see us now."

Chapter Two - Travels and Adventures Begin

The following morning found Sebron riding through the woods, already well on his way through the Elvish forest. He had spent the night preparing for his journey, bidding a fond farewell to his mother, and requesting leave of the king to go and fulfill the quest that Trinity had laid upon him. The King had asked who had given Sebron this quest, for the king was thinking of dealing with a few rather annoying red dragons who dwelt on the edge of the Elf-Lands, in the foothills of the Claw Ridge mountains, and he had been counting on Sebron's aid in the task.

Sebron had told him the truth, that Trinity, Goddess of Fertility, had given him the quest. At this, Belandir had silenced his opposition, and simply nodded and given Sebron leave to go. Sebron had left shortly thereafter, but only after advising the king to wait for his return before attacking the dragons. The twin reds were offspring of the dragon Crimson, and as such they were very powerful in their own right. Sebron knew that, without his aid, Belandir would fail and likely either die in the attempt, or be forced into slavery, and Sebron had sworn that neither of those would happen to the king while he was alive.

"Lost in daydreams my son?"

Sebron smiled as he turned to his companion, breaking himself out of his inner musings as he did so. He had encountered his friend making ready for a journey and, as they were both traveling North, they had agreed to travel together.

"No Master Boldar, I was just enjoying the day. Please forgive me, I have not been a good travel companion. This quest that the goddess gave to me is no small matter, and I must confess I approach it with some trepidation." Sebron smiled at his ancient master, "I guess I was just taking a moment to enjoy the day, in case I do not return from this mission."

Boldar, one of the most powerful Light Wizards in the land, had been Sebron's teacher, among others, but he had also become something of a mentor, father figure, and friend to the young half-elf. In many ways, Boldar did think of Sebron as his son, and had all but bequeathed all his mystical possesions to the "boy." As tall as Sebron, Boldar was a lean, slender Elf, with long hair that was now a translucent white with age, deep set grey eyes, a slender, noble face topped by an aquiline nose, and full soft lips. He wore the blue robes and cloak of a Light Mage, and carried his staff of merlon wood, topped by a StarCrystal, in his left hand. At nearly 6,000 years old, Boldar was one of the oldest Elves still alive, but he still possessed so much energy that many of the younger elves found it rather trying to keep up with the powerful ancient. It was said that Boldar was one of the First, the Eldar, one of the first to be given life by the All-Father and, looking into his eyes, Sebron often found this easy to believe. Boldar was now mounted upon, Firewing, a tall, black mained steed with a reddish coat. A gift from the King, Firewing was one of the Royal Steeds, those usually only ridden by the Royal House, and it was said that such steeds knew the language of men, could see in the darkest night, and, when need pressed, could run as fast as the wind. Firewing was a mighty stallion, and he had served Boldar well down through the years. Yet, Firewing was as nothing compare to Sebron's steed.

No one knew where Shadowdancer came from. All anyone knew, was that one day, the great stallion appeared in the King's stables, and none could approach, much less ride, him save Sebron. There were those who said he was a gift from the gods, or one of the eldest dragons, but all agreed that they had never seen his like before. Shadowdancer's coat was as black as a starless sky, yet his hooves were silver, and his mane, tail and the hair about his hooves were all of a shimmering silvery-white. His eyes were a crystalline blue, and when one looked into them, it was as though one looked into a starlit pool of power and wisdom. From the moment they saw one another, Sebron and Shadowdancer had been joined by a bond that went far beyond that of master rider and steed.

Now, as they rode, Boldar could not help but notice how similar stallion and steed appeared. Like his steed, Sebron was dark of skin, with long blond hair, creating a contrast of light on dark, a contrast heightened by his amazinlgy blue eyes, eyes that were almost identical to Shadowdancer's. Sebron was dressed in what appeard to be leather clothing, but Boldar knew it was actually the skin of a dragonlord, one that Sebron had slain two decades past. Gauntlets of dragonskin rose from his wrist, up to the base of his shoulder, and Boldar knew that the dragonskin was as flexible as cloth, yet almost impenetrable by any weapons save those of a mystical sort. The dragon skin also formed the sleeveless tunic that Sebron wore, as well as his leggings and his boots. Over this, he wore a dark cloak of Elf weave, which meant, if he wished, he could use it to hide in plain sight, for it would instantly blend into its surroundings. At a sheath on his back rode LightBringer, the mystic blade that had been forged from a living lightning bolt. Upon his right arm, starting at his wrist, then rising up and curling about his arm till it reached the top of his gauntlet, was a black band, shaped like a dragon in flight. Only Boldar knew that the band was a gift from the Planetlord, Shadowking, the most powerful black dragon ever to live, and it conveyed upon Sebron the ability to travel through shadow, or take on the attributes of shadow, and even travel into the ShadowLand if necessary.

"Master Boldar?"

"Yes, Sebron?"

"May I ask why you have chosen to travel to the North?"Sebron was curious for, in the last few centuries, it had become well known that the ancient Elf preferred his studies in Magicka to travel.

"I am traveling to the Embraza Woods, to see the Enchantress on a personal matter."Boldar was a little uncomfortable with answering Sebron, but he knew if he did not answer truthfully, Sebron would know.

"May I ask if it is her personal business, or yours?"

"Mine."Abruptly Boldar's shoulders slumped, and he sighed soflty."Sebron, you know that I lost my wife and children to the Black Dragon Kayos centuries ago. Though you are like a son to me, I would like to see children of my own again."Boldar smiled slowly,"The Enchantress has agreed to bear my children and, as she is currently not with child, she has asked me to join her and help to bring her into the condition she so enjoys being."

"Ah,...I see."Sebron chose not to pursue what was obviously a rather sensitive subject, especially since he and the Enchantress had shared a bed many times over the years. He smiled, "I think I understand how you feel. Though I have bespedlled myself so my seed will not quicken a woman's womb at this time, I have found myself often wishing to have children to share my life with."Sebron turned to his friend, "I hope all goes well, and I will do all I can to aid you, and keep your children safe."

Boldar smiled, and reached out to clasp Sebron's arm in silent gratitude.

For the rest of that day they rode in companionable silence, speaking only occasionally, each taking pleasure in the day around them. They traveled like this for two weeks, passing to the edge of the Elf kingdom. Then, as the last day of their second week neared its end, they came to the edge of the Enchanted Forest, or Elmareth in the Elven toungue.

"Well, master, shall we make camp here for the night?"Sebron's tone was only slightly subservient, for both knew that, in truth, he was the more powerful of the two.

Deciding to play his part to the hilt, Boldar took a long time to survey the land around them, especially near the endge of the forest. At last, with an imperious nod of his head, he said, "I deem this a good place to rest. You may set up camp."

With a smile, Sebron dismounted in one fluid motion, and moved to begin unpacking his supplies from Shadowdancer's back. He had just started to undo the clasps, when both he and Boldar's heads snapped up, eyes instantly alert, as a feminine scream filled the air.

"Where did THAT come from?"Boldar asked, his staff already in his hand, the starcrystal glowing as he summoned his power.

"Deeper in the woods, but not far!"Sebron was already moving, a silent, fluid, black shadow on the grass, his eyes glowing with eldritch energy as he too summoned his power.

For all his age, Boldar was still an Elf and, as such, he would remain as limber and agile as a youth until the day he traveled to the BrightLands, so, in an instant, he was at Sebron's side moving with a liquid grace only slightly less than his former student's. They made their way into the shadowy woods, their elvish senses alert, ready, as they moved on. Twin ghosts amidst the leaves, one dark as night yet topped by starlight, and the other as pale bright as a cloudless, sunless sky. Indeed, so quickly did they move, that, in moments, they had found the source of the screaming.

Both Sebron and Boldar stopped, and dropped to a crouch behind a massive tree in one, silent, flowing motion, their eyes on the small clearing before them, their faces grim at what they saw.

Before them, on the opposite side of the clearing, lay a hugely pregnant Dryad. Her long, lustrous hair cascaded down about her face in a wealth of curls, waves and ringlets, in color like leaves dappled by the sun. As with most Dryads, she was naked, her skin the color of pale red cedar wood, her breasts huge and round, each nearly the size of her head, and topped by areola and nipples of a rich mahogany in color. Her large, innocent, long lashed eyes were a beautiful golden green, like leaves that are just beginning to turn to their fall colors, and her full, succulent lips appeard to be as soft as rose petals. She was a small, long legged, slender beauty with a belly so big and round, that Sebron was sure she would have given Ehlarra competition for the biggest belly. As with most Dryad's, the beauty before them was made even more beautiful, more fertilely sensual, by her big, round, expectant belly.

Which made what was about to happen to her all the more terrible.

Standing in front of her, his face leering in a wicked, toothy grin, stood a huge goblin wizard, his black, skull topped staff in his left hand, and a long, gleaming knife in the other. His robes were of ebony cloth, trimmed in blood red fur that could only have come from a Hellhound, and his little black eyes fairly danced with malicious glee as he regarded the pregnant dryad before him. Gathered about him, dressed in spiky black armour, and carrying the long bladed scimitars and spears which they used so skillfully, were no less than 20 goblin warriors, each one watching the helpless female before them.

Sebron noticed that the dryad's hands were bound to the tree behind her, and her legs were bound together as well. He was about to say something to Boldar in Warrior Speech, the special hand signals used in combat, when he heard the low, rough, voice of the goblin mage as he spoke to his captive, obviously taking delight in her fear, and wanting it to rise.

"Well my dear, you will soon be aiding me in summoning an army of undead warriors to serve me and my master."The goblin bent over slightly and patted the huge, round, smooth skinned dome of the Dryad's belly. "Once I cut your offspring from your belly, I will used their blood to perform the summoning."

As a creature of life, spring, and fertility, the taking of any life was horrific to her, and the poor Dryad could not help but scream in denial at what the necromancer was planning. She writhed in her bonds trying to free herself, which made the black hearts surrounding her life in wicked delight.

"The necromancer is mine."Sebron said, his eyes bright with power, his hands already moving, one to grasp the hilt of Lightbringer, and the other making a clutching motion as a blue glow began to form just above his palm.

"And I will deal with the rest."Boldar smild coldly as he lowered his staff, the crystal now glowing a fiery green.

For a moment, both were still, waiting for the right moment to attack. Then, a quick glance, an almost imperceptible meeting of the eyes, and the two Magi leapt into battle.

Hearing the sounds of twigs breaking behind him, the goblin sorcerer turned about. He had only an instant to raise a mystic sheild before Sebron's first attack struck.

Sebron had summone a Razir, a four bladed weapon that resembled a star, each of the curved, double edged blades were sharp enough to cleave through a man with one motion, but, the edges also glowed with blue, mystic energy that could penetrate many magical defenses. Forged in Elven smithies in ancient times, and created to serve the forces of Light, it had a hatred for all things dark and evil. Whatsmore, the weapon, when mystically activated, posessed a rudimentary, instinctive intelligence that made it a lethal opponent.

The necromancer's defenses were strong enough to make the Razir rebound off his sheild but, at Sebron's mental commands, the spinning, glowing weapong flew up into the air and hovered there. Both Sebron and the goblin knew that it was waiting, biding its time till it could strike the dark mystic's black heart. This was Sebron's plan, for now the goblin's attention was torn between the Razir and him. With a shout, Sebron rushed across the clearing, Lightbringer blazing in his hands like the lightning that formed its heart.

As Sebron charged toward his foe, Boldar was dealing with the goblin soldiers. He swept his staff about in a scything motion, creating a swath of green energy that blazed before him for an instant, then was gone. But as his staff passed them, the goblin soldiers were thrown into the air as though they had been struck by a giant fist. Some slammed into trees with an audible explosion of air being forced from their lungs, accompanied by the sounds of bones breaking. Others crashed to the ground, lay there for a moment, and rose to their feet with snarled curses, their scimitars and crudely forged falchions in hand as they rushed toward the Elf mage. Those that had struck the trees did not rise again.

As the goblins closed in on the ancient mage, Boldar just smiled grimly and shot up, into the air, to land on a branch several feet above their heads. As he held his staff out in front of him, parallel to the ground, in his left hand, his right made sevearal short, sharp, chopping motions. Suddenly, tree branches lashed out at the goblins, tree branches that were tipped with sharp, broken, branch ends. The branches moved in the exact manner that Boldar's hand did, a short, quick chop, and with each downward swing, the goblins found themselves being piereced in the arms, legs, neck, anywhere they were not covered by armor. Soon, only a few goblins remained standing, the rest were on the ground, dead, lying in widening pools of their own blood.

Those that remained, happened to be archers, armed with the short, black-boned bows favoured by the dark races. They quickly nocked and released their arrows at the elf mage.

Boldar simply raised his right hand, palm out, toward the oncoming shafts, the crystal in his staff glowing with power, and said, "Return."

Immediately, the barbed arrows turned in their flight, and sped toward the stunned orcs below. Before the dark warriors could react, they all fell to the ground, pierced through the heart by the very arrows they had released before.

Even as Boldar ended his battle, Sebron was finishing his. A quick series of mystic bolts had enraged the necromancer, making him focuse his energies on the blond half-elf before him. The goblin had summoned up a storm of black power, and formed it into a black fireball, his eyes locked on Sebron and blazing with hatred. But, as he swept his hand back to cast the black fire, had had to drop his mystic sheild and, in a burst of blue light, the Razir swept down, and severed his the goblin's head from his body.

Even as the goblin sorcerer's lifeless form fell to the ground, Sebron had sheathed Lightbringer, and crossed the clearing to kneel beside the hugely pregnant Dryad. He quickly used his mystic sight to make sure that she and her babies, all 6 of them, were well and unharmed. He then offered her his hand, and helped her rise to her feet.

"Are you all right?" Sebron had scanned her body, but he was now concerned about her emotional and mystic well being.

The Dryad looked up at him with her entrancing green eyes, and gave him a slow, wonderful smile as she pressed herself against him in a lovely, warm embrace, her hugely gravid body a more than pleasant feeling against his.

"I, and my babies, are unharmed in any way, thanks to you and your friend." Her voice was like a warm summer breeze through green leaves; slightly husky and breathy, filled with life and energy, and Sebron felt his battle weariness leave him as she spoke. "I am Risharra."

"I am called Sebron." Sebron stepped back for a moment, so he could bow, then straightened as Boldar approached, a knowing smile on the ancient Elf's face. "My companion is Boldar, an ancient elf, and a Lord of the Light Magi."

Risharra embraced Boldar as well as she thanked him, pressing herself against him with equal intensity. Such was the nature of Dryad's for, as beings of nature, life, and love, they were generous with their affections, as well as their passions. Knowing this, neither Boldar, nor Sebron were suprised by her actions.

After a long moment, Risharra released Boldar, and stepped back with a smile. " I cannot thank you enough for rescuing me. Were I not pregnant, I could have fought them, or run from them, without any difficulty. But.."Here Risharra smiled and caressed the smooth skinned mound of her pregnancy, "....I am not as limber, or as careless, as I once was, and the goblin mage was too much for me."

Sebron smiled at this, for Dryads and Nyads used only the simplest, most basic of elmentary magics, and could quickly be subdued by a mage of any real power. Had she not been pregnant, Risharra likely could have run off and vanished into the trees before the goblins had even realized she had done so. But, as with any other pregnant female, her newly swollen body slowed Risharra mightily.

"We should deal with these bodies."Sebron turned to the tossed and dead bodies around them. Both he and Boldar raised their hands, intending to blast the bodies with a purifying flame.

"There is no need."Risharra laid a cool, gentle hand on their arms, her eyes alight with pleasure just from touching them. "The creatures of the forest have long hated goblins and their ilk. They will see that the bodies are dealt with in a way that benefits the woods."

Sebron and Boldar both stopped their spell castings, then turned to face Risharra, both of them wondering what to do with the big bellied beauty.

Risharra already had the answer to that question.

"Please, my home is near, will you allow me to prepare you food, and give you a place of rest for the night?"As Risharra spoke, she eyed Sebron rather hungrily, leaving no doubt as to whose bed she wanted to offer him.

Having a choice between sleeping on the ground, and eating what either man could create, or spending the evening in the warmth of the lovely Dryad's home, enjoying her company and food, it was little wonder that Sebron and Boldar agreed to Risharra's invitation. They followed the hugely pregnant Dryad through the darkening woods, till they came to a massive, ancient oak that towered above all other trees around. Both Boldar and Sebron stared up in awe at the majestic tree, their Elvish nature making them both want to sing out in delight at seeing such a mighty king of trees before them.

"Welcome to my home."Risharra said with a smile as she indicated the massive tree before them.

Now, Sebron and Boldar saw that at the base of the tree there were windows, and a great door, all carved and formed from the living wood of the tree. Light glimmered behind those windows, and the welcome scent of warm food drifted toward the two Magi's nostrils. As they came closer, Sebron wondered how food could be cooking when Risharra had obviously been out all day. He cast about with his mystic sense, but could not detect the presence of magic. Did Risharra live alone, or did she have a companion?

Sebron's unasked question was answered as the door swung open and a feminine voice called out Risharra's name in greeting.

Standing in the doorway, her hair falling down to well past her buttocks, stood another Dryad, this one even more pregnant than Risharra.

She had hair of a pale, yellow-green, and smooth, supple skin that was a light bronze color, as though she was one who spent much time in the sun. Her lips were lushly full, beautifully curved on a sensual mouth beneath a slender nose. Her long lashed eyes were a rich, soft, gentle, brown that fairly sparkled with life and vitality, as though to look at them was to look at fertile earth just waiting to burst forth with life. She was taller than Risharra, about Sebron's height, with breasts that were half again the size of her head as they thrust forth proudly from her chest. Her long, sleek, legs rose from delicate feet to curve into the fine, feminine swells of her ripe hips, and her slender arms ended in delicate fingers. She was clothed, but only in a light, almost transparent, diaphanous gown of pale green. Even as Sebron and Boldar approached, they saw this new beauty softly smile and caress her hugely swollen waist as she called out to Risharra.

"Risharra! Where have you been? I was getting worried!" Her voice was like a soft, spring breeze; warm and full of life and expectancy.

Then, the beauty saw the two elven magi who accompanied Risharra. Her eyes lit up with erotic interest and delight, especially when they settled upon Sebron, and her posture changed to beome more seductive in its movements as her lower lip seemed to become fuller, her eyes more heated. "And who are your companinons?" She husked.

Risharra's smile became a mischevious grin as she said, "Ylia, I have the great pleasure, and honor, to present to you two mighty Mages of the Elf Kingdom. The elder is called Boldar, and he is a mighty mage of the mystic arts. The younger, is called Sebron, and he is both mage and warrior." Risharra then proceeded to tell Ylia about the goblins, and how Sebron and Boldar had rescued her. The fair haired Dryad listened attentively, her eyes growing wide with concern for Risharra, then glowing with happiness and gratitude as she gazed upon the two who had rescued her companion.

"Sirs, Risharra was right in asking you to join us in our home this evening."Ylia reached out and took Sebron by the hand, even as Boldar found Risharra taking his, and the two Dryads led the elves into their tree home as Ylia continued. "To give you shelter for the night, and good food, is the least we can do for two who so willingly gave their aid to a stranger."

Sebron, feeling that they were making too much of what had occurred, as did Boldar, tried to downplay what they had done, but the two fecund females would not allow the two magi to do so.

"You are both heroes, and shall be treated as such."Ylia said firmly, and Risharra nodded with equal certainty. The two females then sat the males down in comfortable chairs, poured them a golden liquid in cups, and told them to relax while they prepared baths for them. Both Sebron and Boldar smiled as they sipped the amber drink, intrigued to find that it tasted like honey, yet flowed down their throats as smoothly as silk. It warmed and invigorated them even as it relaxed them, and both found themselves sighing in contentment. After three weeks of traveling, and sleeping out, under the stars, it was good to sit in a real chair, in a real home, and relax.

A few moments later, the two Dryads returned to announce that they had prepared baths for the men. Risharra took Boldar by the hand with a smile, even as Ylia held her hand out to Sebron, her dark eyes fairly glowing with promise. With an answering smile, Sebron took the slender hand, and rose to his feet, allowing Ylia to lead him down a short corridor, and into a wide, spacious room.

In the center of the room was a large, round pool that was sunken into the floor. As with all the other features and furniture in the tree home, the pool was made of wood. Indeed, it was as though a portion of the trunk of the tree had been altered to create the rooms and chambers for the two Dryads which, as Sebron was aware, was highly possible. The smooth sides of the pool gleamed like highly polished wood, telling Sebron that the pool was often used. Now, it was filled with warm water that filled the room with the scent of sandalwood, and other musky, almost earthy scents that Sebron found pleasing. He reached up to undo his cloak, but found that Ylia's slender fingers were already there, removing his cloak with graceful fingers. The rest of his garments quickly followed, though Ylia did not like handling Lightbringer, for weapons are always distasteful to Dryads. Now naked, Sebron made his way into the pool, descending the few steps into the fragrant, soothing water, and being fully aware of Ylia's hungry eyes upon him the entire time.

As Sebron felt the waters enfold him, he could not help but give a soft sigh of contentment. On his journey, the only means he and Boldar had had to bathe was in cold rivers and streams. It left them clean, but not as relaxed as a warm bath did. Now, feeling the warmth of the water easing the tension and strain left over from the battle, Sebron closed his eyes in contented bliss. The water was deep, rising to just below his chest, so his body was wonderfully enfolded by the gentle warmth about him.

"The bath pleases you, My Lord Sebron?"

Ylia's soft voice was just as silky as before, and, as Sebron turned to face her, he was not surprised to see her standing at the top of the steps, still dressed in her flowing gown, but obviously hoping for something to happen.

"Yes, Ylia, the bath pleases me greatly. But, please, my name is Sebron, and I am no lord. I am just a warrior mage of the Elf Kingdom."Sebron's smile became inviting as he said, "I would find this bath more pleasing, were I not in it alone."

With a slow, sensual smile, Ylia let her gown fall to the floor, revealing the fulsom, fertile contours of her ripely swollen, pregnant body to Sebron's hungry eyes. For a moment she stood there, allowing the magi to drink in her gravid beauty. Then, she slowly descended into the pool, her hips moving in a rolling, sashaying motion that almost made Sebron groan with the promises of pleasure that motion gave. Ylia was soon in the water, and in the arms of Sebron, their lips pressed together passionately as they pressed their bodies together in an erotic embrace. Sebron's hands moved over Ylia's sexy form with knowing motions, caressing her swollen belly, or cupping and palming her big, round, overly sensitive breasts as the sexy Dryad moaned with pleasure. She shivered with delight as she felt the hard, thick, length of him pressing against the lower curve of her pregnant waist, and she gasped outright when she felt him knead and massage her ripe buttocks. Ylia's response to this, was to press herself more urgently against Sebron, bring a hand up to his broad, muscular chest, and encircle his swelling member with slender, knowing fingers.

After a few moments, they broke their passionate kiss, and Ylia leaned slightly away from the tall, golden haired half-elf, her eyes regarding him with new wonder.

"You may not be a lord yet."The gravid Dryad purred,"But there is great power in you, greater power than I have ever felt. I think one day you will be more than a lord, perhaps even more than a king!"

Sebron's response was a slow smile as he regarded the pregnant beauty before him with eyes hot with desire."Perhaps what you say will come to be, some day. But, for now, I am just a male elf who is with a beautiful woman, and that is more than enough for me."

Ylia's response to this, was to lean in close to Sebron, and press her lips to his in another fiery, passionate kiss. As their lips met, Sebron heard Ylia's voice in his head say, "Then take me, for I am yours my lord."

With a slow smile, Sebron lowered his head to Ylia's breasts, his hands already caressing her swollen belly, and began to suck on her stiffened nipples passonately as the lovely Dryad clutched at his head and back with passionate fingers, her clear voice filling the room with her sounds of erotic delight.

Chapter Three - Moments of Reflection

As Sebron and Ylia enjoyed themselves in Ylia's tree home, others in the world were experiencing a very different evening.

Many leagues distance from the Enchanted Woods, in the city of Quata, capital of Inara, on the balcony of one of the tallest towers in the mighty castle that was home to the royal family, a young woman stood staring up at the stars. Her long, blonde hair cascaded down about her shoulders and back in lustrous, silky waves, framing a smooth golden - skinned face of exotic beauty. Her long lashed, green eyes were almond shaped, the pupils slitted, making them look like a cat's eyes; her face was moon shaped, her lips full and lushly pouting, her nose slender, and the points of her upswept, pointed ears emerged from the silky gold covering of her hair. Her only clothing was a gossamer, diaphanous nightgown with a very low neckline, and a slash on either side that rose from the hem, to her hip, showing off the long, sleek lines of her finely sculpted legs. The low neckline also exposed the incredibly bountious depth of her overy abundant, incredibly round breasts, her nipples stiffening slightly in the evening breeze. Her slender fingered hands moved to her waist, caressing the massively gravid, almost impossibly swollen mass of her pregnant belly with gentle strokes as a soft sigh of pleasure escaped her lips. For a few moments, she stood there, waiting for the first moon to rise. Then, as the pale yellow dome crested the horizon, Diara, Princess of the Inarin people, turned around and made her slow way back inside her private chambers.

As she did so, Diarah looked up at the tallest keep in the castle, her green eyes gazing up sadly at the highest windows therein. From within them, she could see a pulsing, throbbing light, and a massive, dome like shadow on the wall. For a moment, as she saw the pulsing increase, Diarah stood there, praying that what was about to happen would not take place. Then, as a gasping scream of exertion and pain filled the air, a glowing ball of energy sailed out of the room, up into the air, and burst high in the sky, tendrils of energy floating down to the ground, and the people below.

With a soft sigh, Diarah slowly passed on into her chambers, her eyes downcast, her walk poderous. She made her slow way past her bed, past her couch, and into a small shrine that stood just off the fireplace. Within the shrine there stood a statue of a smiling, sexy, huge bellied, big breasted woman; the image of Trinity Goddess of Fertility, one of the patrons of the Inarin people.

"Oh goddess, you who bless us with fertility, please, come to our aid. It has been two months now, two months since the madness and the sudden swelling of our bellies, and there is no end in sight."Diarah's eyes misted with tears as she prayed to her patron, "I love that I may now bear children, something I never thought I would be able to do, but, not like this, not at the expense of so many. Please, she struggles so....is her sacrifice not enough? Can you not end this? Can you not aid us?"

A gentle, warm breeze suddenly caressed Diarah's cheek, like a soft comforting kiss and, as the young girl's eyes suddenly widened, a feminine, breathy voice said, "Fear not my daughter. One comes to aid you. He will come soon, and he is sent by me, with my blessing. Look for he who is, and is not, an elf for it is he whom I have sent. You will know him by this; though he claims to be a wizard, he will carry no staff."

A moment later, carried there by gentle, mystic hands, Diarah lay in bed, sleeping peacefully for the first time in months.

Back in the Enchanted woods, though still two days journey from Ylia's tree, there stood a large glade with a pool of clear, sparkling water in it. The grass of the glade was a rich, verdant green, and filled with flowers. At one side of the glade, at the edge of the woodlands, almost hidden in the shadows, stood a homey looking cottage. Its walls were covered with vines and ivy, all manner of flowers dotting it here and there, yet the windows and doors were left free, as though they had been framed by the vines. In all, it was a place that invited one to come in, relax, and be at peace.

At one of the windows, there stood a beautiful, seemingly young, woman with beautiful, long lashed, saphire and gold eyes. Her long hair was blonde, though streaked with black, and a small gem winked from the left nostril of her delicate nose. Her skin was smooth and dusky colored, creating an exotic contrast to her lovely eyes. Her soft, full lips were beautifully formed, as was the rest of her lush, sexy body. She wore a hooded cloak of pale grey-blue, but beneath it, her body was clad in form fitting breeches of a fine weave, a spiked, leather gauntlet was on her left arm, and a top of hardened leather coverd her incredibly fulsom breasts and shoulders, but left her midriff exposed, and for good reason.

In the moonlight, it was clearly evident that the young woman appeared to be huge with child, her big, round, almost perfectly spherical belly, bulging forth from her slender body like that of a woman far gone with a pregnancy of several children. The big, gravid sphere seemed a part of the young woman, a natural extension of her body, adding to her lovley sensuallity with its ripe appearnce. So did Shalimar, Daughter of Magik, Druidic Preistess of Life, appear as a huge, silvery - white, snow owl fled down from the sky to land on her outstretched arm. As it did so, Shalimar used her right hand to take hold of a staff of ironwood that stood near at hand. Colors and light seemed to dance and swirl within its depths, and its top was carved into the general form of a woman heavy with child. As Shalimar took up her staff, she smiled, remembering who had given it to her, for it was he whom she sought. She had come to visit her friend, the Enchantress, the owner of the cottage, and to seek her wisdom on a matter of some importance. Now, as the lovely, dark haired, dark eyed, Enchantress slept, Shalimar worked to take the advice she had been given.

"Neverwinter, my friend."She cooed at the mighty, now ancient snow owl, her eyes glowing with golden light as she gazed into the owls golden orbs. "Find he whom I gave you to. Find Sebron, and tell him I have need of him. You will not have to search far, for he is close. I can feel him."

"I will go, my friend. For I have not seen Sebron in a few days, and I miss his company." The owl spoke in mind-speech as he launched himself into the air on silent wings.

"And I am sure he misses yours as well, old friend."Shalimar smiled as she slowly lowered herself into a seat, and prepared herself for a conversation with the strange half - elf she had formed a strong friendship with so many years ago. As she did so, a star tatoo on the lower part of her swollen belly began to glow faintly.

Back at Ylia's tree, Sebron now stood outside, leaning against the tree, his eyes closed, dressed only in his cloak, pants, and boots, with Lightbringer at his side. As he stood there, a huge, black shadow stepped out of the darkness, and into the moon - lit glade. As it did so, moonlight fell upon a hugely muscled, 8 foot tall being with a man's body, and a horses head. Crystalline blue eyes regarded Sebron, and a long mane of silvery-white flowed down the figure's back. Ebony colored armour gleamed dully in the moonlight, as did the edges of a big battle axe that rested upon its back, and the squared off head of a war hammer that hung from its hip. The soft clop of hooves came across the glade as the being came forward fully into the light, and Sebron, his eyes still closed smiled slowly.

"Hello Shadowdancer. I was wondering where you had gone off to."

A deep, throaty voice came from the horse head, and big, solid, white teeth gleamed in the night as Shadowdancer, Prince of the Shaido, the shadowy shape changers of the Shadowrealm, nickered lightly, then said, "I wanted to make sure there were no other beasties around. I did not like the smell those you killed gave off, and I though I scented more of them further east."

"Did you find them?"Sebron was instantly alert, eyes open and narrowed. For dark hearted beasts like goblins to be in the Enchanted woods spoke of dire straits, for that meant Mane, the Wilder King, was either in trouble, or dead. Mane allowed nothing of dark intent into his lands.

"Aye, I found them. They were being dealt with by Mane and his Wilders. There were a few Necromancers among them, so I stuck around and helped deal with them."Shadowdancer's big teeth flashed in a huge, wicked smile, for there were few things he enjoyed more than a good, hard battle. "A few of the beasties escaped, so I am working with a few of the Wilders to track them down. I thought I would stop by, and let you know what was happening."

"Thank you my friend, and good hunting."Sebron watched his mighty friend stalk off into the dark woods, warhammer ready, with a smile. That Shadowdancer could change forms was a secret very few knew of, besides himself, only the King, and Sebron's friend Shalimar knew that the horse was not a horse. The mighty shapechanger's ability had come in handy more than once, but both he and Sebron had decided long ago to keep it a secret.

As Shadowdancer disappeared into the forest, Sebron returned to his musings. While spending time, and passion, with Ylia, he had been able to avoid the grim thoughts that filled his mind. But now, in the still of the evening, the thoughts returned.....had the Godspell been found? If it had, was he up to the task of fighting off a spell from its pages? Sebron knew he was powerful, more powerful than any mage he had ever known, and he knew he had not yet fully tapped the forces within him, but was he poweful enough to face the spells that had been strong enough to humble the gods themselves? Could he justify Trinity's faith in him, and prove her correct in trusting him with so important a quest? He hoped he could.

A sudden flash of white startled Sebron from his thoughts, and he instinctively reached for Lightbringer as his left hand suddenly glowed with power.

He immediately relaxed, however, when he saw the huge white wings, and golden eyes of his friend Neverwinter. The mighty owl had been a gift to Sebron from Shalimar over 100 years ago, and Sebron had gifted the owl with several magical abilities not the least of which was an incredibly long life. Now, as the huge, snow white bird came in and settled on his shoulder, Sebron could not help but smile at the pleasure he gained from the feel of his friend upon his shoulder.

"I have missed you, my friend."Sebron spoke aloud, knowing that Neverwinter understood the speech of man.

"And I you, Sebron. I have been seeking you for two days, ever since I felt you near my roost."Sebron felt a sense of reprimand in Neverwinter's tone, and he quickly apologized for not greeting his friend when he passed by.

"No matter. I am sent to find you, and to tell you to open your mind. Shalimar wishes to speak with you. She is at the Enchantress' cottage, and bids you hurry to come there. But, she needs to speak with you now."

Having delivered his message, Neverwinter spread his wings, and flew off into the night to hunt, telling Sebron he would meet him at the Enchantress' cottage.

As Neverwinter disappeared into the night on silent wings, Sebron leaned back against the tree, his eyes closing softly. On the palm of his left hand, a star tatoo began to glow softly as he opened his mind to speak with his friend. He had barely opened his mental link, when he felt the warm, feminine presence of his druidic friend.

"Hello Shalimar."

"Sebron! Thank the gods! I did not know if Neverwinter would find you, or how soon. You must be close by!"

"About a day's journey or so. Neverwinter said you needed my aid?"

"Yes, I do. But, I do not wish to tell you about it like this. Can you get her quickly?"

"Within moments. I can take the Mage Way."

"Please do. We have a need to discuss....oh, the Enchantress asks, if Boldar is with you, that he join you."

"He is. You can expect us both in a few moments."

Sebron gently seperated himself from the link with Shalimar, then sent a mental summons for Shadowdancer to return, in horse form. He then crept back into the treehouse, gathered his things and donned his garb. He then summoned Boldar, telling him they had to leave quickly. As Boldar readied himself, Sebron, not wanting to leave the two nymphs to think that they had left without saying goodbye, wrote a quick message of explanation. But, as they were stepping out, Sebron turned back toward the nymph's rooms one last time, his eyes glowing green with mystic fire. Soon, soft pants of pleasure came from the rooms, and Sebron turned to leave with a smile, knowing that Ylia and Risharra were having some very, very pleasant dreams.

Outside, Sebron found Boldar ready and waiting, both Firewing and Shadowdancer saddled and prepared for travel. The elder Elf looked at his friend, his face rather serious.

"We are taking the Mage Way?"

Sebron nodded, then turned toward the North, the direction in which the Enchantress' cottage lay. He raised his hands, his eyes glowing, fairly blazing with green flame, and spoke a series of word in the Ancient Toungue, the language of Power. As he spoke, his hands moved in a circular pattern, a pattern that widened as he spoke, as though he were trying to make a massive circle in front of him. Then, as he gave a final command, the circle he had made with his hands became real.

At first, there was just the faintest tracery of silver lining, shimmering in the stairlight, a slender line covering the circumfrence of the circle. Then, thin, almost impercitible lines spread out, moving in a spiderweb pattern, toward the center of the circle, making the very air within the circle appear to be slowly breaking, like ice in the winter. As the lines met in the middle, they became brighter, more numerous, till the entire circle was filled the the silver lines. Suddenly, with a great blowing of a wind, the "shards" of reality fell apart, were sucked into the sudden, dimly lit, hole that appeared before the two elves and their horses. As Sebron stood before the hole, he could see a path extending before him, into the tunnel that was now before him and, at the other end, he could see the Enchantress' cottage. Such was the Mage Way; a mystic tunnel only Magi could use, and only when they had a clear image of where they were going. By using this, a mage could reduce a day's travel to mere minutes, but, it was draining for most magi. Yet, as Boldar came close to Sebron, he was amazed to find the young mage looked as fresh and as vibrant as he had before he summoned the tunnel. To Boldar, this was just anothe sign of just how powerful Sebron was. Sebron smiled at his mentor, took the reins of Shadowdancer, and led the way into the tunnel.

Leagues away, in the home of the Enchantress, Shalimar, now sitting and enjoying a glass of wine with her hostess, suddenly stiffened, then relaxed, as she felt the gathering of forces as Sebron summoned the Mage Way. To her left, the lovely, dark haired, dark eyed Enchantress also felt the rush of power, and smiled, looking forward to seeing the man who had become a true friend over the last century and more, as well as one who often shared her bed. She and Sebron were as close as two could be who were not wed. She knew him as well as any woman, and in some ways she knew him better than any, save his soulmate, ever would. She had not seen him in months, and she looked forward to his arrival. She shifted in her seat, unused to, and not enjoying, the lack of a hugely swollen belly full of life. She adjusted her robes about her lushly feminine, deliciously curved figure, and thought to herself just how anxious she was for Boldar to come and fill her with his seed.

Further away, in Quata, in the highest tower in the castle, from whence moans and cries of torture came, a hooded, black clad form suddenly stiffened, slitted, yellow eyes glaring out from beneath the cowl of the hood. A hiss came from within the deep, black folds of the robe, and the eyes flicked to the center of the room, hungrily watching what took place there, then turned back to a crystal ball as crooked, scaled hands reached out to caress it, as thin lips muttered words of Power.

A glow formed in the center, and brightened, but no image came forth. The hooded figure chanted with greater urgency, but still the only thing he could see was a glowing, nebulos mass. With a curse, the scaled hands dropped from the ball, the slitted eyes narrowed dangerously, and a chilling, whispery voice echoed in the room.

"Someone comes.....someone with Power....."

Chapter Four - A Meeting, and a Moment of Pleasure

The morning sun found Sebron up, and standing in the main room of the Enchantress' home. He wore a pair of grey, woolen trousers, and sandals on his feet, but was otherwise bare, his muscular form exposed to any and all who were about. However, as the sun was barely cresting the horizon, there was no one else up save Sebron who, by nature was an early riser. For a moment, Sebron gazed out one of the many windows that filled the rooms of the cottage, his blue eyes taking pleasure in the first few rays of the dawning sun peeping over the horizon. Then, he gathered up Lightbringer, and made his way outside, to a space just to the right of the cottage.

Once there, Sebron knelt on the ground, Lightbringer lying flat before him. He lowered his head to the ground, once, then again, then raised it to the sky and opened his mouth as he softly sang his Songs of Prayer to the gods. This was a ritual he performed every morning, and was both a means to honor those who watched over the world, as well as keep his connection with them secure. As his voice carried the song up to the sky, his eyes closed, and he allowed images of those Immortals he had met flow through his mind. Chief among them were Trinity, Immortal of Fertility; Lethan, the Immortal of Desire and Lust; and the Shadowking, the one true Black Dragon and Sebron's good friend. Each had, in their own way, contributed to the learning and experiences of the half-elven mage, and he counted each of them as a member of his closest circle of friends.

Once his morning worship was completed, Sebron stood upright, took a deep breath, and began his morning exercises. His body began moving in a flowing, rythmic manner; starting out slowly, then moving faster and faster, his limbs flowing out in graceful, dancelike motions. Sebron had studied the Elvish martial arts closely, and was accounted one of its best practitioners, for he practiced his movements everyday as well and now, they had become almost instinctual with him. He never needed to think about how to react to a situation; whether to strike or block, dodge or attack, his body knew what to do even before his mind did, making him a most lethal warrior. His exercises also worked as a form of meditation, allowing his mind to work on other things as his body flowed through the motions of combat.

As he exercised, Sebron allowed his mind to go back over the events of the previous night.

He and Boldar had arrived at the cottage, and had been greeted warmly by both Shalimar, and the Enchantress. Shalimar had been introduced to the ancient mage, and she liked him from the moment she met him, but the Enchantress, who had known Boldar for many years, quickly pulled him away from the group, and into her bedchambers. The two had spent the night there, and Sebron had not doubt that conception had taken place. The Enchantress would have seen to that.

As Boldar and the Enchantress saw their arrangement to completion, Sebron and Shalimar had taken seats in the main room of the cottage, and talked about why Shalimar had needed to speak with him so badly.

"Her name is Siliah, and she is meant to be a Light Mage."Shalimar had gestured, and the image of a lovely, dark skinned, young woman with long black hair, and amber colored eyes appeared before them. "She was traveling through the Inarin lands, when something happened....."

"A spell struck her, and she suddenly became so full of the need for a man that she could not stop herself. She found a man, lay with him, and, within moments, was huge with child."Sebron's interruption, and his obviously correct statement made Shalimar's eyes narrow as she gazed at the blonde magi before her.

"How did you know that?"

Sebron had explained about his visit from Trinity, as well as her condition, and her request.

"Since then, I have done some research on the spell, and found that it affects the woman's libido as well as her reprodcutive abilities."Sebron's eyes narrowed in an almost perfect copy of Shalimar's. He had strongly urged the Light Mages to accept woman into their ranks and, 10 years earlier, they had agreed. This girl would be one of the few female Light Magi around and, as such, she could pose a major threat to any member of the Darkness. Since the decision had been made, Shalimar had served the Council of Light, by guiding those who were found to have the Talent to Sehandir, so they could be taught how to use their abilities properly. That an apprentice was out there on her own did not bode well.

"Why have you not gone to get her?"Sebron's question had not been an accusation, or a condemnation. But a statement of concern.

Shalimar had shifted in her seat, adjusting the heavy girth of her swollen belly more comfortably. "I was going to, but neither the Enchantress, nor I, knew what effect the spell might have on me. I was willing to risk it, but the Enchantress was not, and she counseled me strongly against it, as did Mane."

"They were wise to do so."Sebron had said, his eyes going distant as his thoughts returned to his primary mission."The spell has not faded, and any woman who enters the land will succumb to it. There is no telling what it would do to one with your power. Where is Siliah now?"

"She is in a village, just this side of the Inarin border. The spell seems to end there. She is waiting in an inn called the Emerald Dancer. It is run by an Embezarian merchant guild, and I felt she would be safe there."

"Yes, she will be."Sebron had nodded, "I know the owner of that inn, her name is Isha. She is an excellent choice for gaurdian."

"Can you bring Siliah here? From here, I can see her safe to Sehandir."

Sebron had nodded again, smiling. "I can, and I will. But first, I will have to deal with Trinity's mission. However, I can easily take a detour on my way home, and deliver Siliah to you."

Now, as Sebron moved in his exercise, his mind drifted to thoughts of the lovely Isha, who he had not seen in a year or more. A smile crossed his lips as he thought of her long, curly red hair, her flashing green eyes, and her full, sensually lush lips. He felt himself becoming excited as he thought of her body, with her fine, round, deliciously large breasts, and her hugely swollen belly, all covered by silky smooth skin. As with all Emberzarians, Isha always appeared to be massively pregnant, though she often was not with child. At puberty, her belly had begun to swell and expand, as had her breasts. However, though her breasts did express a most delicious milk, her belly was not growing with a child. Rather, it was swelling with a mystic energy unique to the Embezarian women, an energy that allowed them to transport items of any size within their bellies, as well as transport items from one Embezarian to another, by means of a mystic link only they could control. It was because of this ability that Embezarian females were the most sought after transporters of goods in all the known lands. Isha was a Lady of some rank among them, and her inn was a meeting place for the members of their guild, as well as any Embezarian female who was traveling in the area. Needless to say, Sebron was greatly looking forward to that detour.

As he had been thinking, Sebron's body had been moving faster and faster, his limbs blurring with movement, body spinning and dancing about as he whirled about in the complex Dance. So fast was he moving, that his entire body soon became a mere blur dancing about the yard, almost invisible in motion, till, with a sudden, explosive exhilation of breath, he stopped, his body crouched, Lightbringer up and ready, his chest only slighty heaving as he breathed, his blue eyes flashing with energy.

"Very impressive."Purred a throaty voice from the direction of the house."Very impressive indeed."

"Enjoy the show?" With a smile, Sebron turned toward the voice, knowing who was there, and knowing that she had been watching him for some time now.

The Enchantress, her eyes sparkling in the morning sunlight, a soft, sensual smile on her lips, slowly swayed closer to Sebron.

Her long dark hair cascaded down her back in a shimmer of lustrous silk, and the peach color of her gown only added a soft touch to her already luminescent beauty. The gown flowed about her as she walked toward Sebron, flowing about her and hugging her curves beautifully, carressing the fine, overly full abundance of her breasts, as well as her belly, which now attested to her activities with Boldar. The trim waist of the previous evening was gone and, in its place, was a great, round, fertiley gravid, pregnant dome of a belly. The grand sphere of expectancy bulged forth hugely from the Enchantress' slender body, forcing her to sway slightly in a sexy version of a pregnant waddle. Sebron could tell, just by looking at her belly, that the Enchantress was carrying several offspring for Boldar and, judging by the radiant glow in her eyes, she was ecstatic to be doing so.

Enchantress came up to Sebron and, without a word, raised a slender hand to his chest and traced the rigid, defined muscle that was there. From his chest, her hand moved to his arm, tracing the muscle there as well, her eyes on Sebron's, their depths now holding a spark of passionate desire that Sebron knew was echoed in his own blue orbs. With a smile, he laid his hand on Enchantress' big belly, softly caressing the big orb with his fingers as she cooed with pleasure.

"I see I am not the only thing that is impressive this morning."Sebron said with a smile.

Enchantress giggled, a smile on her lush lips. "Yes, I have not been this big in some time. It is safe to say that Boldar's seed has lost none of its potency!"

"Very safe to say indeed."Sebron smiled, his hand still on Enchantress' swollen belly. He felt movement beneath the taut flesh, and smiled as Enchantress cooed with pleasure, her hand moving to caress that spot beneath the fabric of her gown. Sebron looked deep into the depths of Enchantress' eyes, and asked, "How many?"

Her eyes closed in pleasure, the Enchantress sighed, then purred softly, "Six.Six beautiful children of Boldar's seed live and grow in my womb now."

Sebron, looking down at the huge mound of Enchantress' belly, smiled slightly,"How far along have you made yourself?"

"About 6 months,"Enchantress stroked and carressed her belly as she spoke, a beatific smile on her face."I wanted to be at a stage where I could feel them move, but still enjoy my pregnancy for a goodly time."

"And how long will that be?"Sebron knew the Enchantress would make her pregnancy last as long as she possibly could. He had known her to extend her gestation up to 5 years upon occasion.

Enchantress laughed softly, "Well, Boldar is in a bit of a rush. So, I think I will give birth in about six months."

"Six months of having such a huge, round, pregnant belly."As Sebron spoke, he pressed himself against Enchantress' swollen sides, letting her feel the thick, hard length of his excitement against her. "Six months of carrying around such a big, heavy load of life....."

"Oooohh...."Enchantress pressed herself against Sebron as well, her hands rising to the back of his neck as she raised her face to his,"Stop teasing me! After he gave me these lovely children, Boldar returned to Sehandir by the Mage Way, saying he had to be present when the Queen gave birth. I have not had a man with me since I conceived!"

Sebron smiled at this, knowing that the spells Enchantress used to speed up her pregnancies actually affected time around her body only, thus making it possible for her to become big with child overnight. But, as a result, although her mind knew she had only been without a man for a few hours, her hormone crazy body had felt deprieved for six months!

"Enchantress..."Sebron's lips curled into a teasing smile as she said, "Are you asking me to be with you?"

With a playfully serious growl, Enchantress pulled Sebron's lips to her's, pressing against him with wanton need, her raging hormones afire with need for him. Her huge belly pressed against the bulge at his waist, both of them reveling in the feel of her unborn moving inside her as she did so. So passionate was Enchantress, that she pushed Sebron back against a tree with her desirous advances. Her hands all but clawed at Sebron's neck and back as he continued to kiss her with savage passion that only served to turn Enchantress' embers of passion to flames of lust. As Sebron felt the rough bark of the tree come in contact with his back, he dropped his sword, and reached out to cup and caress Enchantress' hugely swollen, milk engorged breasts as the immortal beauty moaned with pleasure from his ministrations. Soon, Sebron had removed Enchantress' robe, and let it fall to the ground. Now having her naked before him, in all her lush, ripe, gravid beauty, Sebron was shown once again why he desired pregnant women above all other women. Enchantress was so sensual, so feminine, so erotically ripe and female, that she seemed to be the epitome of womanly sensuality, and Sebron could think of no time when this applied so perfectly to a woman as when she was with child.

Further musings were cut short as Enchantress, with a hungry smile, slowly lowered herself into a low squat, pressing her gravid body firmly against Sebron as she did so, and smiling whorishly when she heard him moan from the pleasure of it. She quickly removed his pants, then, pressed his legs open by pushing her big, beautiful belly between them. For a moment, she squated there, eyeing the thick stalk of Sebron's hard member with hungry, fiery eyes. Then, with a purr of anticipation, Enchantress lowered her head, and took his erection between her lush, full lips and into the warm wetness of her mouth.

As Enchantress' lips wrapped around Sebron's thick member, Sebron could not help but groan and gasp with pleasure as she sucked and tongued him with whorish skill. He had one hand on her head, tangled in the thick, silky tresses of her hair, and the other clutched at the tree, or just at the air as her head bobbed up and down on his member, filling him with such erotic sensations that he was ready to come in an instant. But, the Enchantress had learned her craft over a millenia, and knew just when to stop, and how to prevent a man from releasing his seed to soon. She encircled Sebron's throbbing member with her slender fingers, squeezing just so, and stopped his climax from occuring as she continued to ravish his hard length hungrily.

This situation was maintained for only a few moments however, the two lovers both far too impassioned to put off what they wanted for long.

With a low growl, Sebron pulled Enchantress' mouth off his member, his eyes blazing with an almost animalistic need. He raised her to her feet, then lay down on the ground, his monument to desire standing tall. With a cat like, sensual grin, Enchantress stradled her oft time lover's waist, and slowly lowered herself down up his shaft. As it filled her, Enchantress moaned loudly with pleasure, her body shivering and shuddering from the pleasure, her eyes rolling up into her head and her lids closing softly. Even as Enchantress reacted to the full penetration of her sex by Sebron's thick tool, Sebron was groaning from the erotic feeling of the rough, wet feel of Enchantress' sex wrapping about his member and holding it with her inner muscles as he spasmed from the pleasure. Their moans and groans, their panting gasps of pleasure, soon filled the morning air even as the musky scent of their sex filled their nostrils.

"By the gods Sebron!"Enchantress moaned as she rode her half - elven lover, "Each time....oooohhh....I see....GODS!!....you......YES!!....you....seem....tooooohhh.....hhhhhhhave....grrrroooowwwnnn!!!!"

Enchantress was now writhing atop Sebron, her hands moving to caress and cup her sexy, ever ripening body as she tossed hear head from side to side, dark tendrils of her silky hair clinging to her cheeks as she panted out her passion to the rising sun. As Sebron thrust up mightily, Enchnatress' hands reached down to claw at his chest, almost breaking the skin so overcome was she by the erotic energies flowing through her. She reveled in the feeling of being impaled upon Sebron's thickness, her sex throbbing with pleasure, her mind lost in a sea of lusty passions. In all her thousand years of life, she had never, never had a lover who could please her as much as this young half elf could. He had lost his virginity to her years ago and, since then, they had often shared their passions and desires. They did not have the love of soulmates, but their caring for one another went deep, far beyond that of casual lovers. She knew she had nothing to fear from Sebron, that he would not harm her, or allow her to be harmed, in any way, so, she could give herself to him completely, let him take her wildly and lose herself in the passion of the moment without any hindrance or concern. As she felt Sebron thrust into her as deeply as he possibly could, Enchantress gave herself over to pleasure, threw back her head, and howled her release to the sky as her body shook and shuddered in orgasmic spasms.

Even as Enchantress gave herself over to orgasmic bliss, Sebron gave a massive thrust of his hips, burying himself as deep as he could into his lover's sex, and gasped out in an explosive burst of air as his member spasmed and burst within her, spewing his seed into her spasming, impregnated sex as they both gave themselves over to pleasure.

When it was done, Sebron helped Enchantress to her feet, and helped her don her robes once again, smiling at her as she grinned knowingly up at him. Then, the two kissed tenderly.

"How soon will you be leaving?"Enchantress rested her head upon the broad chest of her tall lover, one hand around his waist, the other on her big belly.

"In a few hours. The people in Inari will be in dire straits if I am not there within 10 days time. At that point, the spell will become permanent, and virtually indestructible."As he spoke, Sebron softly held the woman who had been his lover, his teacher and his friend for over a century. His eyes were soft as they gazed into Enchantress' dark orbs, "But, believe me, I will make sure to stop by here when I get back!"

Her lips spread in a generous, inviting smile, Enchantress husked, "You had better. You know no man can pleasure me as you do!"

"I am your servant. I wish only to please you M'lady."Sebron bowed low before the hugely pregnant immortal. Then, with a laugh, he gathered up Lightbringer, and, with his arm about Enchantress' waist, made his way back into the cottage.

Sebron spent the next few hours stocking up on supplies, poring over maps, and speaking with Shalimar and the Enchantress about what he might possibly face in Inara.

"Be on your guard."Enchantress warned, her eyes dark with concern, a concern echoed in Shalimar's gold and sapphire orbs."We have both felt a great, dark power in the North. We suspect you will find that you must contest with more than just an awesomely powerful fertility spell."Enchantress lay a hand on Sebron's arm, lightly clutching it in her concern. "This was no accidentaly cast spell. A dark force has manipulated events so that this would occur."She pulled Sebron close, kissing him softly, then said, "Be careful."

Sebron smiled at the two women, showing more courage than he felt, for he had also felt the dark power in the North."Ladies, I thank you for your concern, and for your well wishes and advice."

Sebron stepped outside, mounted Shadowdancer, and looking at the Enchantress specifically, but also locking eyes with Shalimar, he said,"I will return."

As Sebron turned, and rode away, spurring Shadowdancer into a gallop, Shalimar stepped up and put her arms around Enchantress, pressing their two swollen bodies together. She smiled at the smaller, much more pregnant woman, and said,"Fear not Enchantress. He is not called the King of Light Magi for naught. He is the most powerful magi I have ever seen."

Enchantress smiled up at the blonde beauty, "I know. He is even more powerful than he realizes. Yet, I cannot help but fear for him."

Shalimar smiled softly, and led the Enchantress back inside the cottage. As they passed under the door, Shalimar looked back at the already small speck of the elf mage she felt so strangely close to, and said, under her breath.

"Return safely to us Master Magi."

Chapter Five - Revalations

As Sebron raced across the land on Shadowdancer, the people of Inara were starting to come awake and prepare to face another day.

In the royal palace in Quata, Princess Diarha slowly came awake in her private chambers. As was now the usual method, Diarha had gone to sleep naked, with her back propped up slightly by a mass of soft pillows and, when she awakened, it was to find that she had one arm draped over her hugely fecund belly while the other rested by her side. As she opened her green eyes to the morning, she could not help but look down, past her amazingly swollen breasts, at her massively gravid belly and smile gently. She raised her resting hand to join her other hand on her belly, caressing the orb of her waist gently, purring with pleasure as she did so, reveling in her condition. She gasped slightly at one point as she felt her young move about inside her, a smile of wonder crossing her lips. Despite the seriousness of her people's situation, she often found herself like this; amazed by her fertile, ripe state, and all but consumed by the wonder that she, who had been told she would never bear children, was now so hugely pregnant. As sometimes happened, a slow tear of joy fell from her eye, and down her smooth cheek.

"Your Highness?"

The feminine, yet huskily sensual voice broke Diarha from her musings, and made her turn her head to her left and gaze upon her companion from the night before.

Almond shaped, long lashed eyes of amber gold gazed up at the princess from a golden, smooth skinned face of lush beauty. Full, deliciously formed lips perched beneath a pert nose, all framed by a mass of long, raven black hair that gleamed lustrously, like the silk it resembled when touched. A slender hand rose up to softly caress away the tear that slid down Diarah's face, raising the sheet that covered her companion and exposing the hugely swollen orbs of her breasts, as well as the great curve of her own hugely distended, pregnant belly. Like Diarah, the raven haired beauty was naked, and with good reason. The two fecund females had spent the night in a torrent of passion that had left them both exhausted.

"Are you all right?"The husky, sensual voice of her companion made Diarah's passions begin to rise anew. But, she smiled at the tone of concern in her lover's voice.

"Yes, Cyra, I am fine."Diarah raised Cyra's slender fingers to her lips, and softly kissed them, her green eyes locked onto Cyra's golden orbs with gentle intensity. "I was just thinking about how, despite all the troubles we are currently facing, I am blessed to be with child...."Diarah giggled, and patted her belly, "..I guess I should say children, should I not?"

"Aye,"Cyra slowly raised her own hugely gravid body up, onto the pillows that had been supporting her, revealing a great, round, protuberantly pregnant belly nearly as large as Diarah's, and a pair of naked, full looking, breasts that were half again as large as the Princess'. A flash of silver between her huge breasts, drew Diarah's attention to the image of Timore, the Immortal of Strength, Cyra's patron. "Every woman in the land is "with children," and, with that spell continuosly renewing itself, there will be more with children by the end of the day!"

A small frown crossed Diarah's features as she sighed, "Don't remind me! I don't know what we will do with them all! And the way the spell sets our libidos afire with desire so constantly, especially when a man is around, is enough to drive any woman crazy!"

Cyra nodded slowly, "You were wise, M'Lady, to send the men into the city walls and barracks. If you had not, no woman in Quata would be able to do any work, of any kind!"

"Yes. I just hope the other towns and cities recieved my decree, and followed it!" Diarah was having a hard time thinking clearly, and a quick glance at Cyra showed that the lovely young woman was also struggling with her desires. Despite her attempts to resist, Diarah became acutely aware of her hand rising to caress and stroke Cyra's big, ripe, pregnant belly. The ebon haired beauty cooed softly from the touch, her eyes fluttering from the wash of erotic pleasure that came over her. But, she too tried to maintain a sense of control.

"As to that M'Lady....ooohhh.... I have recieved word that they have all sequestered their men in fortresses or outlying citradels, as per your order."Cyra raised her own hand to her Princess' larger, firmer belly and started to caress it as Diarah added her coos of delight to the air."They....ohhhhh Di, that feels soooo...gooood!.....have all....ffffffollowwwed your commands."

"Good...."Diarah's eyes were now closed with pleasure, her lips looking fuller, more lush, and a flush coming to her cheeks. She could feel her desire rising, and knew she would soon be unable to stop it. Then, she felt Cyra roll onto her side, her big belly pressing into Diarah's swollen side. The feel of Cyra's warm, smooth, silky skin against her fecund sides, her hands on Diarah's body, and the feel of the lives moving in her belly, and in Diarah's was almost enough to make Diarah swoon with desire in and of itself. Her green eyes nearly blazed with lust as she looked down at Cyra, her voice husky, richly throaty with need as she purred, "Now, make love to your Princess!"

Cyra's smile was vampish as she said, "Yes, M'Lady."

As Cyra pressed her swollen, fertile body against Diarahs hugley pregnant form, outside the Princess' private chambers, two female guards, both acolytes of Timore, stood guard. They were both hugely swollen with pregnancy and, as such, could not wear their full armor. Instead, they wore their chain mail blouses, which had been modified to accomodate their swollen forms, and their huaberks over their heads, beneath their helmets. Their swords were worn on their backs, as they could not wear them at their waist, and in their hands they held long, finely crafted spears and great, round sheilds which bore the sword and panther emblem of the Royal Household of Inara. their legs were covered by thigh high leather boots, and over their chain mail they bore newly sized tabards bearing the emblem of the royal family as well.

As soft cries of passion began to be heard from within the Princess' chambers, the two guards, both with golden eyes and tawny hair, smiled knowingly at one another, their hands moving to their own swollen waists. Both women were lovely, and both could feel their own desires rising within their breasts. As one, they pursed their lips at each other in a promise of what was to come when they were off duty.

Sometime later, a very contented Diarah lay in her bed, watching as the lovely Cyra slowly heaved herself out of bed, and waddled over to the chair where her uniform lay. As Diarah watched, Cyra pulled on her thigh high boots, no small task for a woman as hugely pregnant as she, then rose and donned her golden colored chain mail blouse, followed by her huaberk, and her tabard. Cyra then placed her sheath and sword belt in such a way as to place her sword on her back. Finally, her helmet, forged to look like a winged lion, as did all the helms of those who served as the Princess' personal guard, was placed on her head. Now bedecked in her armour, the Captain of Diarah's personal guard stood to face her Princess.

"I shall await you in the hall My Princess."Cyra said, her voice and demeanor proffesional, but her eyes hot with desire for her Princess.

"Thank you, my sweet Captain."Diarah cooed as she watched the gravid, golden clad form make her way out of her bedchambers. As Cyra stepped out, into the corridor, Diarah lay back on her pillows with a sigh, her small hands stroking and caressing the huge mass of her pregnant belly. How wonderful it would be to just lay in bed, hugely pregnant, and revel in her wonderfully ripe, fertile state! Diarah could think of no better way to spend the day....unless a man were to join her in bed, to make love to her ripely fecund body....

"Enough!"

Diarah spoke sharply to herself, snapping her out of the almost trancelike state into which she had been falling. She knew the danger that lay in succumbing to such a sensation; had seen several women who had done so, and they were now just helpless, almost mindless breeding machines whose only want was to lay in bed, caress their hugely swollen bellies, and wait for a man to come and make love to them. The Princess had even seen one of her Ladies in Waiting succumb to it, and now, the Lady Nari just lay in her bed, in a trance, her only thought to caress herself and await her lord, or any other man to come and make love to her. It was a strangely erotic, yet terrifying site to see, and Diarah had vowed that she would not succumb to the trance. Her Mystic Advisor, Sahri, a High Preistess of Shylarra, the Lady of Magic, had said that she believed those in a trance would return to their normal state once the spell was lifted. Diarah hoped this would prove true.

With a loud, breathy, grunt of effort, Diarah heaved her hugely pregnant form out of her bed, her breasts shaking and wobbling about as she struggled to do so. Once she was on her feet, Diarah made her slow way to her wardrobe to select something to wear. She knew she should bathe, but, she also knew that bathing in her current hormonal state would just cause another attack of the desire to fall into the trance. This being the case, she forwent the bath, and lightly covered her body with sweetly scented oils. She then selected a gown of pale aqua blue to wear. She clasped it between her huge breasts, noting how the material strained to contain them, but let it hang open about the rest of her, for there was no way it would close around her hugely bulging belly. Instead, she slowly lowered herself to a seat, wheezing with the effort, and, with a substantial struggle, pulled on a pair of thigh high, doeskin boots. She did not worry about covering her sex, for her huge belly concealed it quite nicely. Now dressed, Diarah rose from her seat, donned her circlet of diamonds and silver, as well as a golden necklace with the symbol of the Goddess of Fertility around her neck, and made her slow way to the door.

As Diarah stepped outside, the two guards snapped to attention, as did Cyra, their huge bellies thrust out before them proudly. Diarah nodded to each of them, acknowledging their salute, then faced Cyra, her face calm, despite the rage of hormonal lust that filled her.

"I am going to see the High Priestess, Sahri."

"Very good My Princess."Cyra signaled and, as she preceeded Diarah, and the two guards flanked the pregnant Princess. The foursome made their way down a series of halls and corridors, till they came to a large wooden door inlaid with traciries of silver that depicted Shylarra, Immortal of Magic. As Diarah's request, the two guards took up position on either side of the door. The Princess than asked Cyra to go to the main tower, and see that all was in readiness for her visit there. As Cyra saluted, then departed, Diarah stepped forward, and opened the door to the Mystic Advisor's private chambers.

She should have knocked first, for Sahri was quite indisposed!

Diarah stepped into the room, and found herself facing a scene of unbridled, erotic passion.

The lovely, titan haired, blue eyed Sahri was on all fours on her bed, and completely naked. The great orbs of her breasts, which were as large as Cyra's, hung down heavily from her chest, swaying and bouncing like overfilled milk bags, the nipples stiff and hard. The huge protuberance of her massivley pregnant belly, one of the few in the land that was larger than Diarah's, rested firmly on the bed beneath her, and an audible slap was heard as Sahri's huge breasts impacted with the ball of her fecundity. Her hands gripped the sheets beneath her tightly, and her head was bobbing up and down or thrashing from left to right, her red-gold hair flashing about her head, as loud, grunting, passionate cries of pleasure filled the air. Sahri was in full heat, unbridled rut, and she was oblivious to the fact that she had an audience.

Behind her, his hips moving rythmically, his hands on Sahri's buttocks and hips, his face expressionless, stood a manlike form made of wood. The form was a bit crude,save for the genitilia, but, as Diarah could clearly see, it served the purpose for which it had been created.

"Gods!!!....Yyyyyyessssss!!!!!"Sahri cried, her head flying back, face grimacing in pleasure."Fill me....yessss...fill me my Golem....spear me with your thickness.....Gggggggoooodddssssss....."

Sahri suddenly bucked and spasmed wildly, her body shaking and shivering in a climactic orgasm that was so potent it made the bed shake. Then, as she lay on the bed, panting heavily, she bade the golem return to his station in the corner till she summoned him again.

A wicked smile on her lips, Diarah clapped her hands as though she were at the end of a scene in a play.

With a startled gasp, Sahri sat up as quickly as she could, her blue eyes wide in shock, and emberassment.

"Princess Diarah!"

Diarah could not help but laugh as the lovely, hugely pregnant mystic struggled and strained to heave herself out of bed as quickly as possible. She waved Sahri to relax, then, with a look of feigned, wide- eyed innocence, Diarah said, "I guess I should have knocked?"

Sahri smiled ruefully as she lay back against a pile of cushions, her legs widespread to accomodate the mass of her hugely swollen, smooth skinned belly. "Your Highness caught me a bit....unprepared."

Diarah giggled, "I think you were well prepared, but for a more private purpose!"

Both young women giggled at that, their hands on their greatly swollen bellies. Then, with a quick summoning of her power, Sahri levitated herself off her bed, and made her heavy way over to her closet. She selected a hooded robe of dark, royal blue trimmed at the edges with silver stars, donned it, then raised her feet, one at a time, as her magic slippers placed themselves on her feet.

"Neat trick."Diarha said, a bit jealously, as she remembered her struggles earlier to don her own footwear.

"I can do it to your shoes as well," Sahri said as she took her Mystic's staff in hand. The staff of pale wood was smooth, and without blemish, topped by a Dragon's Eye sapphire. "I can also do your clothing."

"If you can make my boots, and other footwear, don themselves, that will be enough. I can still dress myself." Diarah found herself looking forward to not having to struggle with her footwear anymore. As she stood there, watching Sahri prepare herself to go, Diarah could not believe just how hugely swollen the girl's belly was. It was nearly half again as large as her own, and Sahri's breasts were easily as large as Cyra's. How did she move with all that weight pulling her down?

Diarah was also taking note of just how lushly ripe and sensual Sahri was, how the blue of her robe set off the color of her eyes, and she found herself becoming excited, impassioned....

"Your highness?"

Diarah snapped out of the trance with a sharp jerk of her head, and found Sahri looking at her intensely.

"Sorry. It's this blasted spell! Everytime I loose my concentration, I start thinking about sex, and becoming excited..."

"I know, I felt it to." Sahri said as she stepped up to Diarah. She held her hand out, and Diarah saw a small, simple ring of silver in Sahri's hand.

"What is this?"

Sahri smiled, "Put it on, and you shall see."

Diarah did so, and immediately felt the constant need and desire for sex diminish from the usual roaring, almost overwhelming force it had been, to a much lesser, almost duller ache for passion. In an instant, Diarah felt more free of the desire for sex than she had for the last two months. Her eyes widened with excitement and joy as she realized she could think clearly for the first time in months!

"Sahri, this is wonderful!" Diarah embraced her friend as best she could with their two massive bellies. "Can you make more? How do the do against the presence of a man?"

Sahri smiled, pleased at the pleasure her creation had given her monarch, and friend. "I have already produced enough to give all the women in the nation one. Not all are silver, in fact, most are of wood, but they are all as potent as the one you are wearing. As for how it works against the presence of a man......it is best if they stay within the barracks and the walls. The rings give us a measure of resistance, but constant exposure causes a strain on the spell and it diminishes quickly."

"Ah, well, at least now we can function with a sense of normality." Diarah smiled at the smaller, more swollen girl before her. "Can these rings free those who have fallen into a trance?"

"They can, Highness. I have already sent some to the rooms where they are being cared for and, shortly, they should all be free of the trance."

"Wonderful!" Diarah, bowed her head slightly in honor of Sahri's achievement. "Such an accomplishmet deserves a reward. Name it and, within reason, it shall be done."

Sahri stood before Diarah for a moment, one hand draped over her hugely gravid waist, and the other cupping her chin as she pretended to think about Diarah's promise. Then, with a slow, sultry smile, she came up to the Princess and, as she lightly carressed Diarah's full fecundity, Sahri purred, "Then, for my reward, I ask that I have the pleasure of sharing my Princess' bed this night."

Diarah's smile was equally as inviting as she husked, "Granted, and with much pleasure, on one condition."

"And that is?" Sahri asked, somewhat surprised.

Diarah's eyes danced with mischevious glee as she pointed to the golem in the corner, "You bring that big hunk of wood with you."

A moment later, still giggling and laughing, Diarah and Sahri left the mystic's chambers and proceeded on toward their destination, still flanked by Diarah's two pregnant bodyguards. All four women now wore the protective rings Sahri had made. As they walked, they were at first laughing and chatting happily. However, as they neared their destination, each and every face became more and more somber, the voices quieter, till as they stood before the entrance to the main keep, all were quiet. Then, with a sad sigh, Diarah signalled Sahri, and the mystic activated a small portal that took them up, into the keep.

As Diarah and Sahri vanished through the portal, the two gaurds took up positons nearby, leaning slightly against the wall to support their hugely gravid weight. After a moment, one of them looked up toward the top of the keep and sighed in soft sympathy, "Poor Princess Diarah. I feel so sorry for her."

The other guard nodded, "I do to. I cannot imagine being in her position."

"Neither can I. Can you imagine if it was your mother up there?"

Diarah stepped out of the portal, followed by Sahri, to find what she had found everyday for the last two months.

The room was a large, spacious affair, with a simple bed in one corner, and a desk and chair at the opposite corner. A number of large windows allowed cool, fresh air to fill the room, and a number of tapestries and flowers filled the room with color. But none of that interested Diarah. Her focus was soley for the poor woman in the middle of the room, floating in the air, supported on a thick pillar of pulsing green energy.

Queen Arisha was a beautiful woman, with the same long, blonde hair, cat like green eyes, and smooth golden skin as her daughter. Before he fell in battle, Diarah's father had always claimed she was the most beautiful woman in all the land, and Diarah was fully aware of where her beauty came from.

Now, that beauty was marred by a fertility spell, cast by the Queen, that had gone terribly wrong.

Two years ealier, the Queen had receive the sad, horrible news that her only child would never bear children of her own. It seemed that Diarah's body, though containing all the right parts, was not producing the eggs she needed in order to reproduce. None of the medics or mystics knew of a way to change this, and Arisha had set out on a mission to find a way to cure her daughter. She sent for wise men from all corners of the known lands, desperately seeking someone who could aid her. But, none could find a solution to the problem.

Then, just over two months ago, a seeming miracle occurred. A man from the South, Raaka by name, came into the city and claimed that he had an ancient, powerful spell that could make it possible for Diarah to bear children. He was so confident, so sure of himself, seemed so kind and understanding, and the Queen was so desperate, that Arisha quickly took him into the palace, and made him Lord Chamberlain over the realm.

Arisha had taken the spell to the highest point in the land, the tower keep where she now resided, and, without consideration or examination of it, had cast the spell. The final words had barely escaped her lips, when a great blast of brilliant green energy exploded over the land, touching everything with its power. Immediately, the grass was greener, the wheat was taller, and all that was growing in the land became better than it was before. For a moment, everyone was filled with joy at how lush and fertile everything was. Then, the shoe dropped.

Women of childbearing age, suddenly consumed with an unstoppable need for sex, an almost whorish lust filling them, grabbed their husbands, boyfriends, or any man they could find, and lay with them, rutting like animals. It did not matter where they were, or what they had been doing, they suddenly needed to have a man's seed inside them. Even in the palace, the women were affected, and Diarah suddenly grabbed a Captain of the guard, all but tore off his uniform, and almost raped him because she was so consumed by lust and desire. The sudden rush of overwhelming desire faded, in part, once the women had lain with the men, but, the damage was done. In an instant, every woman felt her belly and breasts expanding, filling with life and milk, as they felt movement in their wombs and realized they were with child, hugely so in some cases! In mere moments, every woman in Inara of child bearing age was hugely pregnant! Their bellies ballooned forth at an impossible rate, swelling and filling so rapidly that some women fell to the ground from the sudden, living weight in their bellies. In the blink of an eye, Inara's female population was impossibly pregnant, with no idea as to when they would deliver.

But, for Diarah, the worst was yet to come. For, as she made her way to the tower, and, with a shocked Sahri's help, made her way to the topmost room, she found a sight that rocked her to the core. Even now, as she stood looking at her mother, Diarah could not help but shudder at the sight before her.

Arisha floated in the middle of the room, writhing limply atop a bed of green energy, energy which seemed to flow up from the floor, from the earth itself, and into her. Green tendrils played and danced slowly about her, a few thick tentacle like lines wrapping about her ankles, keeping her legs in a wide spread, bent pose. Her head lay limply on the bed of energy, twitching or rolling from side to side, as soft moans of torture came from her lips. Her hands moved limply, flexing and unflexing, clenching into fists during moments of extreme torture, when loud moans would escape her full lips, tearing at the heart of Diarah and Sahri. But, that which truly drew Diarah and Sahri's gaze, was the condition of Arisha's body. It was more impossibly bloated and swollen than any other woman's in the kingdom. Arisha's breasts were so full and tight looking, that they would have appeared more appropriate if they were the belly of a woman about to give birth to her child, the nipples so stiff, and painful looking that Diarah could not help but wince in sympathetic discomfort. But it was her belly that truly drew the girl's eye, for it was so hugely swollen, so impossibly round and gravid, that it dominated the room, making Diarah think that her mother looked ready to give birth to full grown triplets. The skin was smooth, unblemished, but looked so tight that Diarah thought that, if someone pressed on it to hard, her mother's belly would burst. The once beautiful Queen Arisha was now a horrific parody of what a pregnant woman should look like.

Even as they watched, Arisha gave a moan, then, as her belly became bigger, more round, she began panting and groaning in rythmic exertion, as though she were straining to give birth. A moment later, as she gave a gasping scream of pain, a glowing sphere of energy emerged from her, and floated out the window. Diarah knew that such a thing happened several times a day, that the spell was using her mother as a focus and feeding itself on her. And Diarah knew it was slowly killing her.

"Oh, Mother." Diarah said softly, her eyes misty, yet determined. "I swear I will find a way to undo this."

"I am working night and day to find a way to reverse the spell, or at least, to end it." Sahri said as she came up close to Diarah, their swollen sided lightly rubbing together. "It is just so powerful! I have never seen a spell, any spell, much less a fertility spell, with such power."

Diarah smiled at Sahri, "I know you are, and I thank you for it. But, two nights ago I received word of aid for us that may come from outside of our kingdom." She raised a slender finger to her lips as Sahri opened her mouth to ask for more details. "I will not say more at this time."

The last was said in almost a whisper, and both girls looked back at the desk as Diarah spoke, their eyes becoming hard, angry, and mistrusting.

At the desk sat a slender, almost emaciated, yet muscular figure dressed in a long robe of scarlet, trimmed in silver. His bald head gleamed in the sunlight as he pored over books and manuscripts. As the girls watched, he raised a quill in almost skeletally slender fingers, and made a notation, the looked at another book, all the while seeming to be oblivious to the two hugely pregnant young women before him. Strangely, the girls felt no desire to be with him, despite the fact that he was male, and darkly handsome. In fact, the only thing they had ever felt for him was revulsion and distrust.

"How fares my mother, the Queen, my Lord Chamberlain?" Diarah asked softly, hating that the very man who had done this to her mother was also the only one, so he claimed, who could keep her alive.

Eyes that were golden-green in the sunlight regarded Diarah closely, the soft smile of sympathy on his face never touching their cold depths.

"As well as can be expected your Highness, though, sadly, there has been no change." Raaka gestured expansively at the books before him, "But I continue to search."

"And I thank you for it." Diarah pretended to believe the man, but she tended to believe Sahri when she said that he did nothing, else he would have found something by now.

A moment later, the two girls left as Diarah had to attend to court, such as it was.

As soon as they were gone, the man known as Raaka stood and made his way over to the moaning, inhumanly bloated form of Arisha. As he approached, his form changed, taking on a more reptilian visage, a cobra's hood rising about his head and face. Serpentine, yellow eyes gazed hungrily at the moaning woman as Raaka, a wizard of the Khibran hissed at her, "I have not yet discovered who it is who comes, and bears such power, my little breeding whore. But, it does not matter. In seven days time, the spell will be complete, and your lands will fall to the army of my people that approaches. Then, we will rule this land, and use your people as breeding stock and food. We will build an empire, all because you were so easily duped into chanting a spell no mortal could ever control!"

His dark laughter bubbling in his throat, Raaka reverted back to his human disquise, and moved back to his desk.

His king needed the plans to the city, and soon, so he could attack it successfully.