**Chapter Three**

The trail led all the way to the lowest floor and also through a door. The stronger of the scents was descending; the escape. He knew they were gone by now so he followed the older trail to apartment 904. A smile widened on his face for he knew the resident of the place. Frost slipped back into the infra red spectrum and let his senses tell him what he needed to know before words ever could.

The thick musk of the Quintarin and the soft scent of an Aetanarian told him the two had been here not over an hour ago. Looking into the room he could see her heat signature; her breasts and belly both swollen heavily and still were white hot from the recent change in her body. Rorgin was going to be a father soon, if he lived. She was already big; real big and on closer inspection he could see a jumble of six within her womb; all Quintarin he would guess. This girl was going to grow huge before she delivered. The fecund orb stretched out greatly on her softer form, nearly four feet already.

Frost could see she was the only one in the room, with no weapons present. Slipping back into the normal light he knocked on the door. His acute hearing caught her efforts to stand, the heavy footfalls of her waddle and the door click and unlock. She was gorgeous. Dark ebon skin with ocean blue eyes that matched her hair. She stood only five and a half feet tall which made her milk laden breasts enormous in her barely there T-shirt, the nipples so stiff they near cut the fabric. Her belly was almost as big as she was tall; the dark skin shiny it was so incredibly full; the sphere a deliciously perfect orb of pregnancy that would only get bigger. Loose pants made of a silky like cloth sat low on her widened hips, pushed down further by the slope of her massive gravidity. Draping a slender arm over the shelf of her distended orb, purposely hiking up her plump breasts the female Aetanarian cooed softly.

“And to what do I owe the pleasure?”

Frost looked her up and down and offered a sly grin.

“May I come in?”

The door closed quietly behind him.

Moments later the soft muffled moans and gasps from the gorgeous Aetanarian could be heard through the magna-sealed doors.

Her name was Yrna, but most, including friends such as Frost knew her as Midnight. A premiere dancer at Yssobols’ and one of her best working girls the young alien now laid on her side with one leg up in the air as the dark skinned Wolfen licked and tongued her wet sex. The plump nether lips were topped with a small tuft of blue hair that was cut in a purposeful V shape, as if leading the way to her delicious treasure. She squeezed her heavy, milk filled udders; the t-shirt soon becoming soaked in the warm spray. Were Rorgin had promptly got to his own needs, Frost catered to hers first; watching her heat patterns and easily bringing her to climax. It took only a few minutes before Midnight was gripping the cushions of her plush couch, sweat dripping off her wondrously swollen body and her mouth open in a breathless orgasmic cry. She bucked wildly; her massive belly quivering with fullness as she climaxed multiple times in mere moments. Frost relaxed his sexual hold on the female, giving her time to catch her breath.

Lazily Midnight raised her hand and Frost took it, easing her into a sitting position which only made her gravidity look that much bigger. There was a sudden hunger in her eyes and she quickly began removing his pants as the Guardian freed himself from his cassock. He groaned as her blue painted lips found there way around the thick head of his shaft and she hungrily took him into the warm depths of her mouth. Midnight had both hands wrapped about the amazing girth, stroking and bobbing her head furiously as she felt him grow thicker and harder in her mouth. Soon her hands were slick with the saliva coating she had placed over his shaft and she audibly enjoyed herself, the Aetanarian accentuating every slurp and gulp as she took Frost wantonly.

Soon he was ready as was Midnight and together they helped her stand, only to lean comfortably over the edge of the couch; offering Frost a marvelous view of her beautiful rear, a full round buttocks while showing off the shear size of her belly which hung low and heavy, her breasts swaying with weight. She was wet and he could see her sex literally burn in the infra red spectrum. Slowly he eased his thickness into her quim and the instant gush of her juices told him it wouldn’t take long. He started with an easy rhythm and gradually built his tempo until Midnight was crying out in pleasure with every powerful thrust. His hands wandered her marvelous backside, her buttocks a full bubble; widened by the sudden expansion of her belly. Frost drove himself into her hungrily as he soon let his fingertips explore the monstrous swell of her belly which hung low and heavy with her Quintarin young.

Midnight gasped as she felt the razor like nails of her Wolfen lover draw circles about the taunt flesh of her skin. It was a teasing, tantalizing sensation that sent shivers of erotic bliss down her spine and into her sex and she moaned as her quim began feel as if it were going to burst. This was the beginning of an orgasmic tidal wave she was eager to ride.

Sweat soon rolled of their bodies as Frost used his every sense to please Midnight until she could take no more. The Aetanarian quickly found herself lost in a haze of sexual bliss and loved the sensation. With inhuman strength the Aetanarian cracked the back support beam of her couch as another of numerous orgasms crashed through her. The sound her meaty backside clapping against Frosts’ thighs, her huge breasts bouncing off of the fecund mass of her belly, their combined moans and cries of pleasure were a wondrous opera of sexual delight.

Frost had finally reached his limits, feeling himself on the verge of his own climax; Midnight, noticing the intensity of his strokes gently urged him to pull out her soft nether regions. With care, his loins ready to explode, Frost slid from the wet, molten depths of the Aetanarians’ sex only to have her turn and force him to watch her remove her milk soaked shirt to reveal her two monstrous ebon skinned breasts, her dark pink nipples so stiff they could cut glass. With the care of a mother holding a newborn Frost hefted up one massive breast; marveling at its weight and then the other, the whole time Midnight teased his aching manhood with her gravidity.

With a mischievous smile the fecund beauty dropped to her knees and slowly stroked Frosts’ quivering organ; her own juices and saliva lubricating her efforts. He groaned softly as her motions grew steadily faster until her hands were a blur upon his throbbing shaft. She cooed delightfully with the first twitch of his rapidly approaching finish. With a pleased sigh Frost climaxed, thick heavy ropes of his seed erupting from his thickness; splashing on Midnights face, breasts and the huge shelf of her newly acquired belly. His eyes fell to thin slits as she gobbled up the still gushing shaft and swallowed the rest of his release.

The two friends and lovers slumped together comfortably on the plush but broken sofa a short time later after the pregnant Aetanarian had cleansed herself off. Midnight giggled as she looked at the bend in her furniture.

“This is your fault you know”, she accused playfully.

“Complaining?”

“Hell no”, and she gave his a soft kiss on his lips! Then she looked at him and she knew there was more to the visit than their playful and delightful evening.

“Let me guess…Rorgin?”

“Someone tried to kill him tonight; after he left here” and he could see her face become suddenly serious, “I need to ask you…did you see anything?”

She lay there quietly for a moment, leaning into Frost as he absently drew circles over her enormous middle; watching the lines of sweat cool her body in the heat sensitive spectrum. Her blue orbs closed as she tried to remember anything unusual. Patiently Frost waited. As if she had stumbled onto great treasure, Midnights’ eyes popped open.

“There was something! A Quintarin; at least by the size of him, was shuffling down the halls earlier tonight, a little while before Rorgin arrived. I noticed him because of the weird mechanical sound he made with each step. He must have had some old replacements put in but I never saw his face; he wore a dark hood and didn’t talk really.”

“He didn’t talk really?”

Again Midnight shrugged.

“He just chuckled to himself as if he knew something we didn’t.”

Frost considered her words, knowing he wouldn’t be able to pick out the scent after so many people had passed by already and he wasn’t even sure which scent to look for. He had only noticed two before and they could have easily masked the older scent of a third. Still, it was something.

“Thank you baby”, he whispered as he gave her a soft kiss on the lips, “I’ll have a new sofa for you this weekend. Okay!”

Midnight just kissed him again.