Narratives

Chapter 1: Ancient History

It isn’t as if I *mind* being in the library’s basement—it’s a hell of a lot more private down here, leaving me generally insulated from the everyday rabble, which is exactly how I prefer it!—it’s just that...it’s somehow a bit lonely too, y’know? I usually haven’t had to concern myself much with being lonely; after all, the sort of girl who would willingly enter into the life of a research librarian is probably the sort of girl who is more than fine ensconcing herself with a thick book next to a warm fire when her peers would (and did!) spend their evenings at the tavern, drinking and carousing and getting knocked up and whatever the hell else they did. Sluts, the lot of them, as far as I’m concerned—look where they ended up, and then look where the shy redhead ended up—exactly where I want to be, working with books day in and day out, and—most importantly!—left the fuck *alone.* It’s basically my dream realized.

And yet, I’m lonely. Undeniably so.

I could totally get some company if I really wanted it; I knows that, everyone knows that, fuck just *look* at me! Yeah, I know exactly what my body tends to do to people around me—even with my pert breasts, just a bit smaller than proper handfuls, though thankfully resisting the pull of gravity due to their comparatively small size, my narrow waist gently swelling outward to a pair of full hips which themselves support a rear so tight and firm, all attached to a cute, freckled redhead standing no more than five and a half feet—I’m quite a cute package, even I can see that. Anyone in town could. That’s not the issue, though; even if I were ugly, the capital town Jerihtan houses enough men to ensure that some man would find me acceptable. Hell, the shy, naïve librarian thing is probably a turn-on for lots of men, for all I know.

Where was I going with all of this? I’ve forgotten already. My name’s Mia, by the way, in case that matters; might as well make sure I tell you now before I forget. I tend to get a little scatterbrained, sorry!

“Ugh!” My disgusted protest is to no one in particular, reading over the same line of text in the open tome before me that I’ve read fifty times already without comprehending a word of it. Rubbing the heels of my hands into my eyes, I lean back in the extravagant deep red leather chair—librarians get the *best* chairs, a perk of the job no one ever really mentions—seeking a way to vent my frustration and finding none.

“I can’t keep doing this.” Nor should I keep talking to myself like this, but here I am anyway. “It shouldn’t be bothering me this much.” My voice echoes off of pale grey stone walls, the spiders in their webs in the corners of the expansive basement my only companions. They aren’t exactly talkative. “So what do I *do* about it?” Slumping in my seat, I idly pick at the modest, ankle-length pale green dress I decided to throw on today—I’ve always liked it due to the way it helps keep my cleavage covered, curves subdued but still undeniably feminine, but now the thought crosses my mind whether or not I should stop dressing like a schoolmarm. Maybe that would help me find someone, maybe that would help me be less lonely, maybe that would help me get—

“Stop it, Mia.” When you have to tell yourself aloud to not do something, it’s sort of a lost cause at that point, isn’t it? The real issue—the biggest issue—is that it’s starting to interfere with my work sorting and cataloguing and indexing the countless ancient tomes long ignored in the basement of the Royal Library, and I just can’t have that. Not that anyone’s really monitoring my progress, but...but it’s the principle of the thing! I shouldn’t let something as petty as being *lonely* get in the way of my work. I sigh and tug on a bit of my crimson hair, tied—as it always is—into a knot at the back of my head. “I just need to focus better. That’s all it is.”

As voracious a reader as I am, I really should know the answer to my dilemma of unwanted but undeniable loneliness—when a character comes up against a problem to which they can find no answer, the narrative either guides them toward it in a direction they hadn’t yet considered, or it takes the easy route and plops the answer right in front of that character.

Guess which route we’re taking here.

Shattering the silence, there is a sharp knock on the door separating me from the short hallway that leads to the stairs back up to the main floor. Knocks (and thus, visitors) are rare down here, but not completely unheard of; people only come down here when the knowledge they seek is particularly esoteric. Generally wizened old men seeking something in a chronicle of history, or apprentice witches looking for the one spell to catapult them into greatness and power—one can wager which group tends to be more successful.

I jerk up in my seat at the sound of the knock, hands immediately smoothing my dress back down, forcing myself into personable mode. “C—come in!” Relax, Mia, you’re fine. No one will know you’ve been talking to yourself down here for the last fifteen minutes. Keep calm, smile, be helpful, and get whoever the hell it is in and out. Such are my thoughts, but they flee the moment the door opens and I lay eyes on the figure that steps through.

No wizened old man, this—no fledgling spellcaster, either. The man who has to stoop down to fit through the door doesn’t look like the sort who would ever willingly step foot into a library—why would he need to? Just...just look at him! The very first thing I notice is just how enormously big this man is; Blessed Mother, he must be seven feet tall! Maybe more! It’s hard to tell from here, especially seated at the massive wooden desk as I am. Not just tall, though, but truly and genuinely *big*; the shadow this man casts covers me completely! Shoulders broad, bare arms packed with slabs of muscle, wearing what seems to be a shirt the size of a typical bed sheet, and he clearly needs it! It fits him well, though, as if tailored specifically for him (I wouldn’t be surprised, he must have to alter everything he buys, I muse idly) but doesn’t seem to make an effort to mask the fact that he is clearly the biggest, strongest man I’ve ever laid eyes on. Barrel-chested seems to be a more literal term when applied to him than it usually is, and though they’re masked from my eyes, I get the idea that he must have the most well-defined abdominals of any man basically ever. Basically *ever*.

His trousers seem to be similarly tailored to fit, belted around his narrow waist and hanging *just so* off of his hips, and the moment my eyes catch on what seems to be an evident protrusion tucked between his powerful thighs, I force her gaze back upwards with superhuman will. Up up up. Look at his face, Mia. Eyes on his. Professional, girl. My green eyes lock on his, which seem to be sky blue, and the man’s tanned (handsome!) features open into a smile, revealing dimples I didn’t see before. “Am I interrupting?” Fuck, even his *voice* is excessive—a baritone that seems to permeate every pore of my exposed, pale flesh.

I realize two moments later that my mouth is gaping open, and promptly close it.

“No, of course not, I’m just reading this—working—you’re not interrupting anything, but even if you were, I wouldn’t--” Stop babbling, Mia. Stop. Pause. Calm down. Breathe. Try again. “What can I h-help you with, sir?” Stop blushing, too: it shows far, far too well on your alabaster skin.

“You’ve got all the long and forgotten books down here, right, girl?” Girl. Girl, he says. That, at the very least, helps bring me back down to my senses—of course he’s going to be an asshole. Guy as big as that, probably used to getting his way, probably used to women falling all over him, and me...why, I’m far too smart to let something like that happen. *Far* too smart. He sure does make the basement feel small, though, like he’s just too big for even the room he’s in. All the more reason to help him with whatever the hell he needs and get him out of here and let me return to my solitude, silence, and literary slavery.

I don’t get up from my desk; rather, I just nod, gesturing not only to the tomes strewn across the surface I’m perched behind, but also to the stacks of musty old books piled up all around. Dust covers most of them, openly displaying that I haven’t quite gotten to many of them yet; hey, it’s a time-consuming job, cut me some slack! “Yes sir. Pretty sure everyone’s forgotten about all of these books except for me.” Don’t make jokes, Mia, don’t give him any indication that he should stick around any longer than absolutely necessary.

“Tell me, then: have you ever heard of some old fertility goddess...shit, what’s her name...Trielle? I think that’s it.” As he speaks, the man doesn’t hesitate to make himself at home, drawing the thick fingers of one massive hand over the dusty surface of a nearby book, glancing briefly down at it before returning his welcoming, sky-blue gaze to my own: stark contrast to his somewhat-rough demeanor. Would someone like him really be down here for research? He looks like...like some kind of legendary warrior. Like he should be covered from head to toe in chainmail—or maybe even plate!—sporting a sword longer than I am tall. Blessed Mother knows everyone’s seen plenty of examples of that type (though this particular specimen is even larger than any I’ve has ever seen before!) and I can’t quite guess why someone like him would be here. Him? You haven’t even asked his name yet, Mia! Etiquette! To be fair, he didn’t really offer it, either, and chivalry is still definitely a thing, last I checked. Hmph.

“Well?” the man insists, looking a curious mix between amused and impatient, and I realize that I’ve just been staring up at the man instead of actually answering his question. Oops. I go red. Again.

“S—sorry. Trielle, you said?” The name doesn’t immediately ring any bells, but that doesn’t mean anything—there’s plenty that even a research librarian wouldn’t know off of the top of her head! “Fertility goddess...she’s obviously not current...do you know when she might have been worshipped?” I’m thankful for the focus on the topic: it gives me an excuse not to pay any real attention to the man himself (and especially not that oh-so-prominent bulge down below!) Now I’m back in my element where I belong. With barely a thought, I turn to rise from my seat, venturing a bit further back into the room among the stacks of nigh-forgotten, uncategorized tomes, skimming over title after title. I am oblivious, however, to the fact that this oh-so-modest dress tends to cling to the contours of my rear when I bend over; one can only hope he’s not looking. He probably is. Fuck.

“No idea. Old, definitely. Old enough for a temple devoted to her to be overgrown and basically hidden.” His response is vague yet weirdly specific enough to pique my curiosity, and I glance back over my shoulder at him with one thin eyebrow arched. “I might’ve...stumbled over something,” he explains a bit further, an enigmatic smile crossing his rugged features.

“Literally? Temples must be tiny to someone like you.” Teasing? Snark? Pick your own name for it; the fact that I’ve found it within myself to be something other than purely professional is a pretty good sign, I reckon. Luckily, he chuckles in amusement, setting me a bit more at ease; maybe he’s not just an asshole! But...a temple...that’s the exciting part! News of a new temple unearthed, long and forgotten...hmm. “Where?”

“A week’s walk west. Near the coast.”

“The coast? I thought that had been pretty well scoured. How’d you find it?” He chuckles again at my question, but this time it earns him a brief scowl. We’re in business mode now, pay attention!

“I told you, girl. I stumbled over it.” He seems unfazed by my surely fearsome scowl, and I return my eyes and attention to the stack of books—here, here it is! Yanking a particularly thick, black leather bound tome from the stack, sending the ones on top scattering around—they’ve been around this long, they’ll survive a tumble—I bring it back to the desk, pushing the one I’d been reading aside, and cracking this one open: Beliefs, it’s called.

“Did you go in? Do you know anything about it? What did it look like?” Details that would help me find the goddess (and her temples) if they’re in a book like this; it would take ages to scour the whole thing bit by bit. It doesn’t help matters that the book is written in the weirdest dialect of Common that I’ve ever seen; why are there so many Mother-cursed Xs in these words?

“Of course I went in; what kind of adventurer would I be if I shied away from an unexplored temple?” The man sounds almost insulted, and I glance briefly up at him, giving a small shrug of my narrow shoulders, but I make the ‘keep going’ gesture with one hand. He does. “It was locked fast just a bit inside, though. I couldn’t find any kind of release, and there wasn’t any other entrance or anything. The only interesting thing I saw was this big statue of a woman—probably the goddess herself, I’d guess—with her hands held out in front of her like she’s waiting for something.” Though I don’t look up, I listen to his description with no small amount of fascination—while the things he’s telling me aren’t completely unheard of in temples, the mere fact that it’s a temple devoted to a goddess I’ve never heard of is the really exciting angle.

He continues. “That statue, though...yeah, it’s gotta be the goddess. I guess she must be fertility, because she had the biggest tits I’ve ever seen.” His crassness draws a blush back to my features, and the tone of awe in his voice reminds me firmly of my own...comparative lack in that particular area. I glance down, just for a second, at my own small chest, before returning my attention fully and forcefully back to the book. And his story, of course. Can’t forget that. ‘Go on,’ my hand says again, impatiently. “Not just her tits, either! The best breeding hips I’ve ever seen, and a nice big, thick ass—yeah, what I’d give to run into a girl like her. I can see why she was worshipped, I mean.” I doubt this blush is ever going to go away—does he *have* to talk like this?

“I’ve got it, sir. Is there anything else you can tell me?” I’m back to flipping pages in the book, still hopeful that I’ll find *something* about this...this Trielle in there. Anything I could find out about her to help this man...wait, what was it he wanted anyway? Just information? But information to what purpose?

“Well, in her hands where it looked like you were supposed to offer her something, I found this.” He punctuates his sentence by fishing something out of the pocket of his trousers, and he sets it on the desk, revealing it to be a small shard of something. White (though filthy, it was probably white once) and when I pick it up, it feels like...ceramic? Something like that. Additionally, it feels warm for just a moment—very warm, nearly causing me to drop it!—but it cools to room temperature after a moment. Weird.

“Did you, now?” Now this is interesting. This man brought not just a story, but evidence too—something that should probably be donated to the Royal Archives for preservation and study, but I suppose I’m lucky enough to get to lay my eyes and hands on it first. The joys of being a research librarian: getting to handle things that could either be priceless or garbage. There’s rarely an in-between. Holding it up to the light—what little light there is, emanating from a trio of torches on the wall, enough to read by but not a whole lot else—I see the way it sparkles in the firelight through the layers of dust and grime brought on by...decades, at least. Probably centuries. Hmm. “Any idea what it might be a part of?” I ask him, glancing past the shard toward the man, feeling that wonderful excitement of discovery welling up in me. That amazing, warm sensation you get when you know you’re on to something, when you’re about to stumble over something that you just *know* is going to be big and important. If only I’d be so lucky.

He shrugs at my query. “No clue. That was all I could find, other than the statue and plenty of dust. The place is pretty overgrown; moss and vines and shit, you know how it is.” Like a storybook. Like a fabled explorer plundering tombs for riches, vanquishing evil; doesn’t he look like the typical adventurer? Like exactly the sort of person who would be vanquishing evil and all of that shit? There’s something...weird about this, but it’s not something I’m able to put my finger on; for whatever reason, I start finding it difficult to focus on a single thought, and I slowly become aware that beads of perspiration have started to form. Sweating. I feel flushed, too.

It’s obviously not just me, because the look on the man’s face shifts from personable curiosity to concern as he leans in closer. “Are you all right, girl?” he asks, but his closeness only distracts me further. As he does get closer, however, I become aware of a...well, I don’t want to call it a smell, per se, but more like a...like a scent. Not like he hasn’t bathed in awhile, but more like...like it’s just a part of him naturally or something like that. It’s hard to tell, and my ability to focus continues to deteriorate anyway. But that scent, it’s...it’s primal, it’s potent, it’s *masculine.* The realization clicks, accompanied by a sudden, unfamiliar heat in the pit of my belly, and the shard slips from my fingers, clattering onto the desk, but I pay it no mind. All of my attention is on him now—all of it is on the man before me, and suddenly I find myself able to focus only on him and him alone. Have I ever been this wet? Probably not. *Definitely* not. My body knows exactly what it wants, and while I have no idea what spurred this sudden burst of desire, I’m way too fucking horny to even begin to care.

“Yeah. Fine. Why am I still dressed?” I answer his question distractedly, my voice coming out a husky growl, surprising myself with the intensity; the fuck is going on? Doesn’t matter. Doesn’t matter at all. Quit worrying about it, Mia, and just give in and get fucked by the most attractive man you’ve ever seen. With barely a thought, I rise from my seat, easily and smoothly stripping the dress up off over my head, leaving it a pool on the floor, followed shortly by matching undergarments. The little nipples on my breasts are achingly hard, demanding attention, demanding lips, demanding teeth, and my cunt is in a similar state—I’ve never, ever been this fucking wet, I confirm with myself, feeling some of my juices starting to stain my slender thighs. “Why are *you* still dressed? Aren’t you going to fuck me?”

The man—you *still* haven’t gotten his name, Mia, and he still doesn’t have yours, but that doesn’t matter at all!—goes from worried concern to eager excitement in the space of moments as he seems to finally realize what’s happening here—though he’s undoubtedly confused about what the hell is going on with me, what sort of man would turn down a suddenly-naked woman demanding to get fucked? Not this sort of man, evidently, as I watch him fumble at his trousers, soon fishing out...

“Blessed Mother, is that thing *real*?” The words burst from my lips with no impediment, my eyes widening at the sight of the biggest fucking cock I’ve ever seen—everything about him is massive, and his prick is no exception in that department. Even on his stature, that piece of meat—soft at first, but rapidly swelling, thickening, hardening—looks oversized, and though my rational mind knows that there’s no way it should ever be able to fit inside of me, my rational mind is a pretty weak little voice at the moment, vastly overpowered by the sheer strength of my desire. Artificial desire, obviously, but that doesn’t make it any less real. Any less powerful.

Where were we? I’m even more fucking scatterbrained when I’m horny, I discover, but it’s easy to remember what I was thinking of—that cock, that dick, that massive fucking slab of meat that I need to have inside of me. “*Now,”* I demand, turning around to face away from him, bending over the desk, presenting my pert little rear and my eager, drooling pussy. Again, there should be no way that thing could fit inside of me—I turned before it finished growing, but even then that thing must have been thicker than my forearm and almost as long—it shouldn’t fit, it shouldn’t, it *shouldn’t.* That’s not going to stop him from trying, I would hope, and soon enough my hopes are realized.

A gasp slips from my lips as I feel those large hands of his on my hips; I can feel his overpowering strength just in that touch, and I know he could essentially do whatever he wanted with me and I wouldn’t have any way of resisting—fortunately for the both of us, resisting is the absolute last thing I want to do at the moment. He grabs me by the hips, and I respond by lowering myself further on the desk, arching my hips higher, my legs spread just enough, and soon—soon I feel it. My fingers scrabble for purchase on the wooden desk, but there’s nothing really to hold onto as he starts to press the massive, thick head against my netherlips, forcing them to start spreading already, smearing his flesh with my desire; lubrication, at least, won’t be a worry.

“Never seen a slut like you,” he mutters, but I barely hear him and care even less than that. “I’m gonna be gentle, all right? Girls usually can’t take this right away, so we gotta go slow.” Ugh, so many fucking words, why can’t he just stuff it inside of me already? What the fuck is he even *waiting* on? My hips press back instinctively, coaxing him within—well, not so much coaxing as insisting. Demanding. I’m rewarded first with a groan, then with him starting to push into me—slowly, like he said, much to my initial chagrin. Chagrin rapidly gives way to gratitude, however, as I realize just how thick he really is—and how small I am, on top of that. “Fuck, you’re tight,” he grunts, continuing to force me open, centimeter by centimeter.

As he starts to give me what I want, I’m wracked with simultaneous pleasure and need, every single nerve ending in my body on edge and overloading with sensation, as though I’ve been waiting to be fucked by this particular man in this particular manner for my entire life. I feel like I could cum already, despite the discomfort of my pussy spreading wider and wider for him, despite the fact that he’s barely within me—doesn’t matter. None of that matters. All that matters is that my body fucking *needs* his godlike prick, and it couldn’t be within me fast enough. Any worries or doubts or questions or alarms have been thoroughly steamrolled by the immense machine of my sheer desire. “Fucking—fuck me--!” The words barely sound like my voice, but the sentiment is familiar enough. There’s no way that cock should be fitting within me, but he has yet to hit a roadblock—my pussy is tight, but yielding; then again, who wouldn’t yield to someone like him?

That’s not all there is to it, though. Even as he pushes further and further within me, I can feel my body starting to...to shift. That’s the best way I can put it. Things shift, things change to make the going a little less tough for my immense companion, and suddenly the nigh-fist-sized head of his cock pops into me, accompanied by my eyes rolling back in my head as I cum and cum *hard.* Just from the head of his dick pushing into my cunt—the fuck is going on, the fuck is wrong with me? Who cares? When it feels this good, I’m a little less inclined to ask questions. And...oh, does it ever feel good. Every muscle in my body is pulled taut, my cunt clamping down on his rock-hard flesh, my back arching suddenly, forcing my hips back toward him, jamming a few extra inches of him into me in the process, and I scream—I scream louder than I thought possible. It’s rather fortunate that my ‘office,’ such as it is, is down here in the basement—we’re not likely to be interrupted.

That shifting, though. My orgasm distracts me from it, but that doesn’t stop it from happening. I don’t know how aware he is of it as it happens; he must notice, honestly, given that his strong hands still clasp my hips even as they...as they widen. There’s no other word for it. My body shifts, my hips widen—how much, I can’t say, but it definitely happens, granting me a bit of a more bottom-heavy sort of figure. They were just on the narrow side of average before, but after that shift is done, those hips could almost be called motherly! In the process, the going becomes a little bit easier for my erstwhile, massive partner, and he finds my pussy not quite as restrictively tight as it was a few moments prior.

Whether he notices or not, I have no idea, but regardless, it doesn’t stop him from doing exactly what he should continue doing. He picks up the pace a bit, drawing out some of his horse-sized cock, before stuffing it back into place, pushing deeper and deeper each time, filling me more and more with each thrust. Another orgasm overcomes me—or is it just an extension of the first? Irrelevant. I find myself in a constant haze of pleasure punctuated by harsher, deeper thrusts from him, coaxing delight out of me I never dared to imagine. I can feel every fucking vein of his colossal cock, pulsing with life as he fucks me, his entire rod throbbing more and more as moments pass, giving me the unfamiliar signal that he probably isn’t going to take much longer, himself. I can feel the thick head finally starting to push against my limits; how much has he managed to fit inside of me? I don’t have it in me to try to turn my head and look. How much more could there be? It feels like he’s got his entire fucking arm inside of me, and I...I fucking love it. I love every second of it.

His scent overwhelms me like a cloud, making me swear I could fucking *see* it, it’s so Mother-cursed thick, intoxicating, amping my pleasure and desire more and more with every passing moment. “Got more of a figure than I—shit!—gave you credit for, slut,” he growls down toward me as one of his hands leaves my hip, sliding up along my slender body to grasp one of my small tits instead—well, they’re not *small*, but in his immense grasp, I feel hopelessly outmatched. It’s exactly at that moment that I feel that...that shift again. There has to be a better name for it, but now is hardly the time to try and think of it. That shift—that warmth, that change—fills me again, this time focusing upward in those small mounds, and I feel them start to echo the progression of my hips. Less than handfuls before, my tits swell heavier, rounder, fuller, one of them starting to fill (and then overfill!) his hand, the other pushing against the desk—and then pushing my body *up* due to its increasing size.

“The fuck? How did you--” Is that...surprise in his voice? Sounds like it. He obviously didn’t expect my tits to grow in his grasp for evidently no reason, the growth finally ending after a few moments that feel like a heavenly eternity, leaving me with...fuck, they feel huge, though I’m not exactly in a position to gauge exactly how much I’ve grown. The sensation of my breasts suddenly swelling, giving me more of the sort of figure he evidently enjoys, brings him over the edge: his cock throbs harder than ever, stretching me more than before, and I feel his immense body shuddering over me as he cums—as he cums, and cums.

The thick, hot, creamy liquid fills my cunt all but instantly, but his cock is so fucking gigantic that it seems to form an almost perfect seal in my pussy, so that his spunk has nowhere else to go—forced into my womb, it starts to round outward, pressing down against the desk beneath me, making it look more and more as though I’m knocked up, several months pregnant by the time he’s finished. By the time he’s done pumping his seed so deep within me, stuffing me full, fuller than I ever thought I could be. The womb isn’t meant to stretch like this so quickly, I know (vaguely, I’m still pretty distracted), but it happens regardless; maybe another shift.

Eventually, he’s done, and he rests on top of me for a few moments, his hands coming to brace himself on the desk on either side of me, giving me the brief impression that I’m somehow in a forest all of a sudden—his arms are so fucking thick they remind me of trees, and this errant imagery draws an unexpected giggle from my lips.

“You all right?” he asks down at me, and I nod.

“Yeah. F-fine. Let me...let me up,” I request, and he soon complies, gently drawing his overwhelming length out and out of me, the head finally vacating me with an audible ‘pop!’ Trickles of his seed follow, but the bulk of it seems to be perfectly happy to stay right where it is, stretching out my womb. I don’t question it just yet, my hands seeking the edge of the desk to try and help brace me enough to push myself up to my feet. I manage, eventually, with the assistance of my enormously strong companion keeping me steady.

“...I don’t...know what happened,” I tell him as I look down at myself, my view unnaturally blocked by tits several sizes larger than I’d had moments before; fuck, they’re like...honeydew melons, I decide, racking my brains for something to compare them to. They’re so full, so much *heavier* than I’m used to, but for whatever reason, that new weight feels right. Appropriate. My tiny nipples, similarly, have swollen proportionally, still jutting rudely. Beneath them, a belly that looks to be four months pregnant pushes out a bit, and my hips look suitable to support such a pregnancy easily. None of this was the case before he’d fucked me. So, again... “Did you...do this to me?” I ask the man, managing to look up at him, even as my hands go to my new tits, exploring their unmarred, stretch-mark-free flesh. They’re mine, just...bigger.

“I don’t know what happened, either,” he replies with a shrug of those immense shoulders. “I’d sure as hell like to find out, though,” the man continues with a lecherous grin. “Maybe make it happen again sometime.” I scowl, even as the mere thought of having his cock inside of me again makes my cunt twitch. In a good way. In a good, good way. Fuuuuuuck.

“Whether or not that happens again, I need to find out...how it happened. Why it did. Whether or not it can be reversed.” The look of disappointment that crosses his handsome features matches the dismay that flits across my mind: do I really *want* to reverse it? Don’t I look better now? Other than that pregnant-looking belly, yeah—well, that and the fact that my ass doesn’t seem to have kept pace with my hips. One way or another, I’m going to have to get to the bottom of all of this, and for better or worse... “I get the idea that...that shard of whatever had something to do with this. I’d like to see that temple of yours.”

He looks surprised at first, then nods. “You sure? It’s a bit of a walk...you don’t look like you leave the library much. It’s not gonna be easy, you know.”

I shrug dismissively. “I’ll be fine, don’t worry about me.” Maybe he should. He’s right, I really haven’t done a whole lot of traveling, and when I have it’s been by magic. If that temple is on the coast, though, that means teleporting won’t be an option: there’s no destination set up remotely near there. We’ll have to walk. Great.

“Well, all right. I’m staying at the Lusty Wench—oh, don’t make that face, it’s cheap.” I didn’t even realize I was making a face. Oops. “Come find me when you’re ready to go.” I nod, and he moves to collect and don his discarded trousers, forcing his still-hard, juice-and-cum-slickened cock back into them as best he can. He doesn’t succeed in masking it much; the bulge it makes could be seen by a blind woman, I muse, a smile drawing to my lips as I remember just how that thing felt inside of me. He turns, finally, heading to the door.

“Wait!” I stop him, realizing. He pauses, glancing back at me. “My...my name’s Mia.” Hah. Talk about late introductions.

He chuckles. “Crete. It’s nice to...meet you, Mia,” the massive adventurer says, before he’s out of that (comparatively tiny) door, leaving me naked, alone, and shifted.

I’ve got work to do.