The Twins of power

shalimar and Sebron; children of magic

the prologue

The beautiful young woman gritted her teeth against the pain as another

contraction racked her swollen body; sweat glistened of her marvelous form,

large, milk laden breasts wobbling as she tensed her muscles, pushing as her

young began their arrival, heavy drops of perspiration rolling down the hugely

gravid mass of her impossibly massive belly, which quivered with the power

contained within. Shivari panted and worked to regain her breath, trying to

recover before her next contraction. For almost two rises of the sun she had

been in labor and at last her babies had come. The pressure within her womb was

increasing steadily as the first of her young was beginning to emerge, traveling

down the tunnel of her birth canal and she cried out in pleasurable pain as the

head began to crown. The contractions were coming none stop as pace of the birth

sped up. Her head flew back, her back arching in an almost seductive manner,

pushing her fecund middle higher into the air, her lean legs drawn back to give

her better leverage with the delivery. The enchanting Ehlarra ShiningMoon, the

Lifebringer gently brushed the wet strands of almond hair from her friends face

as the young child began to emerge. No words were spoken, no sounds made other

than the labored breathing of Shivari as she pushed through another contraction.

Neither noticed the audience; standing high on an upper balcony, that had come

to watch the prophesized event, the birth of the children of Magik. Conceived by

raw power, these young would become the most powerful adepts of magic and fae in

all the realms, yet only a few; only the ancient users of magic, light and dark,

knew of their arrival. Only by the aid of the immortals; two in particular, had

the Mages of the Light found Shivari, pregnant only a month with twins and under

the protective eye of her brother, the Elf King, Belandir and the elven army of

High Keep. It was not too surprising that the Mistress of Secrets, Lady Sabrina,

had come to the Light Mages, informing them of the upcoming birth but it was

their escort, Shadow King and the Vampyre Lord, Vhym that startled them. Once at

High Keep, only Lady Sabrina and Vhym stayed for once the children were born,

much had to be done. Others had come as well, most importantly the gorgeous and

mysterious Enchantress, who caressed her own monstrously swollen belly, again

pregnant with the children of one of her many lovers. It was time. Shivaris'

head flew forward; her body looking as if it no longer was under her control,

her eyes glowing with a wild, magical light as she pushed with power that was

more than any had felt. She no longer looked as if she were in pain but Ehlarra

still held her shoulders, her own lips moving in a silent chant. Magic, raw

magic poured from the elven beauties womb, slowly, carefully as the baby slide

from his mother. A hand maiden, whom had regained her senses from Shivaris'

sudden change quickly picked up the child, and began to clean him but a ripple

of light rolled over his body and when she looked at him, his golden eyes

glistened with intelligence and power and the hand maiden swooned with it. Only

another cry from Shivari woke her from her trance as another baby, a female this

time slide from her womb and Shivari collapsed from exhaustion. It was Ehlarras'

turn to gasp as her friends body changed and shifted to what it was before she

was pregnant, all but her breasts which maintained the fullness of milk and

nutrients for her young. Ehlarra herself took the first babe from the hand

maiden as she bent and gently caressed and picked up the other, smaller new

born. Her skin was a bit darker than her older brother though she too had blonde

hair, her eyes were pure pools of sapphire and her little belly had a rather

noticeable bulge to it, as if she had already eaten too much. Each were

beautiful and obviously elven but they looked different, more beautiful than any

elf, more natural and it was something that none had ever seen before. "Sebron",

Ehlarra said, stroking the soft blonde locks of the young boy. Then looking to

the girl, noticing the strange bulge within the baby's belly, running her hand

over the sleeping babes' forehead, she whispered softly "Shalimar". Attendants

quickly came to Shivaris' side, carefully gathering up the mother and taking her

to her room to rest while Ehlarra tended to the new borns, wrapping each in

silken cloth; Sebron a light faded blue and Shalimar in a deep, rich purple. The

Lifebringer took notice to how active the baby boy was; looking about the room

as if he knew where he was and what was going on. She also noticed that neither

child cried and while Sebron was clearly extroverted, his younger sister was

introverted and seemingly much more tired from the ordeal. Yet even as Ehlarra

took care of the children below, their fate was being decided above.

"They are beautiful Lord Belandir", whispered a soft, melodic voice. The

Enchantress stood as she spoke, her balance amazing considering the gravidity of

her swollen belly, protruding greatly from the robe she wore, her large, milk

heavy breasts resting atop the distended sphere of her middle, the shear

material clinging to her every curve and swell as if she were wearing no clothes

at all; the way she would have preferred it. She wore her lush brown hair free

and it seemed to blow lightly though there was no breeze with the room The king,

tall and regal, as handsome as any elf could be and just as beautiful smiled

though there was worry in his eyes for he, as well as all in the room understood

the implications and the shear power that was contained in the two tiny babes

below. His long, thick black mane hung loosely about his head, his white robes

trimmed in silver and gold, Nightslayer, his crystalline sword was sheathed

about his waist and he turned his full attention to the room and all in

attendance. Before him stood the Enchantress, Valimar the Elder of the Light

Mages, Gildar under the One Tree; the Kings first general and head of defense,

Lady Crysteena the Canyon; the gorgeous wife to the Platinum dragon Khlendros

and Embezarian Queen, her belly bulging massively with her husbands young; she

was so hugely pregnant that she had the largest belly Belandir had ever seen,

along with the surly dwarf king of Astaroth Keep, Nicholas Tumblestone and a few

clerics of his court; finally rounding out the group. Two other more

inconspicuous witnesses were there as well, Lady Sabrina, the mysteriously

beautiful Mistress of Secrets and Vhym, a true enigma; the Vampyre Lord who was

sent by his sire, the one known as Shadow King. Handsome, strong and deadly, he

stood almost protectively behind the alluring female Immortal. They all looked

towards the King now for the question had been asked once they had discovered

the mystical nature of the two babes. King Nicholas, as gruff as he was, his

beard long and black, shiny with youth; his face brazened by hours at the

smithing hearth and his eyes were deep and dark with age. Adorned in dwarven

plate-mail crafted from mithiril and deep purple, the dwarf looked up at the

tall and regal elven king, his thick eye brows furrowed with thought and

resignation. "Ye know she can't be keepin' them Belandir; not both of them

youngsters. We lands are already hard pressed due to that damned necromancer

Melphio; he and the Lich Lord" spitting the words form his thickly bearded lips,

“has been plaguing the side o' me damned keep so much that me clerics are

starting to get a bit worried. If ye keep them both, somebody will come o'

lookin' and me army won't be able to help ye." Belandir noticeably frowned at

the mention of his sisters first born son, Melphio; kidnapped almost two

centuries ago by an unknown assailant but who had resurfaced and wielded powers

of necromancy unlike any before. He also knew the dwarven king was right; the

two children were just too powerful to hide; he could feel their energy even as

they spoke and glancing over his shoulder he was astonished to see the baby boy

looking up at them, as if he were listening to their conversation. Valimar, an

old and tall, frail looking elf, his eyes grey with age and his hair still rich,

lustrous silver and his long silver and blue robe signified him as the Grand

Mage of the order. Nearly two thousand years old, he was a sorcerer and

wizard-mage beyond par and had even stood against the likes of Lord Cyril and

even banished one of the Fallen; an ordeal that aged him far beyond his years.

He looked and smiled at his King. "My lord, if I may", though ancient to many in

the room, the elf mages voice was smooth and rather youthful as he spoke, "the

young boy, when he is of age, may train with the Light Mages. Or we can take him

now and keep him in secret as one of our own." It was obvious that the old mage

had a duel meaning to his offer. The Mages of Light were stretched beyond words,

facing off against Melphio and his hoard of undead, struggling against the

Sisters of Darkbirth; the most powerful coven of the Gravidian Witches, the

daemonic powers that suddenly emerged in the north and aiding Lord Khlendros and

the dragons of Dragon Hoard Keep, their numbers had grown thin. It was obvious

the babe now known as Sebron would be more powerful than could be imagined.

Plus, teaching him the ways of the light would insure that he would not fall to

darkness as Melphio had. Belandir considered the ancient elfs' words for a

moment. "What of the girl?" Valimar noticeably grew a bit tense for in all its

existence, the Mages of Light were all male; usually orphans or in such cases

taken for their own good and the good of others. He composed himself but he

could feel the cold stare of the Enchantress burrowing in his mind; especially

since they had once, many years ago, had been lovers; the gorgeous druid even

bearing him two sons and three daughters. Slightly flustered he cleared his

throat. "My king, though it is not an impossibility, no female has ever served

as a Light Mage. And though I am quite open to the idea, some of my fellow

colleagues may be less compromising." The elven king merely smiled at the shaken

mage, even his best friend Gildar chuckled at the spectacle but it was no

laughing matter. He could not allow his sister to bear two children and possibly

loose them both, only to see one, the boy Sebron eventually in the walls of the

castle for the Light Mages had placed within High Keep their primary school and

its students were known to frolic and explore the castles wonders and women.

More than one woman in the Keep was with child by one of the Light Mages

students. That was something he would bring up with Valimar at a later date.

"Sebron will stay with my sister until he is of age to study with your order,

Valimar. As for the girl...Enchantress?" She looked at him, her deep soulful

eyes already harboring the pains of regret. Belandir knew well enough the

answer, his eyes watching as the gorgeous female cupped and caressed her fecund,

turgid middle. Even as she spoke he felt the sorrow and sadness on her hushed,

whispered reply. "My apologies Belandir but not even the children I bare stay

long with me; usually I give them to those who cannot have young and are worthy

and deserving of the title of parent. I am nor have never truly been a mother."

She bowed, as much as her grand belly would allow and Belandir accepted the

heart felt apology. He looked to the Dragon and Embezarian queen and knew not to

ask. The wyrm Crimson had declared war on Dragon Hoard Keep and they both knew

the asset the baby girl would become and the unfortunate danger she would bring.

The low, graveled voice of Vhym startled all in the room. "Shalimar will come

with me. None will dare attack my fortress of Sky-Home and there I can teach her

and if the Enchantress allows, she can learn druidic magics in the safety of the

Enchanted Wood." It was silent for a long moment before Gildar disrupted the

hush quiet. He had no love for the creature called Vhym but he did respect him

and even was rather impressed at the goodness of the undead Vampyre lords'

heart, if he so had one. "No offense but what do you know of raising a child? I

mean you are..." Vhym was smooth and silent, his black eyes narrowing as a low

chuckle rumbled from his throat, sending an uneasiness throughout the chamber.

"Undead. Vampyre is the preferred term. And I was living, a human with a family

before my fate changed. I know about raising young and there are more than

enough females that will be able to assist me. But, no one can know of her

existence...even all of us within this room; except myself and Sabrina." The

Enchantress looked at him quizzically. "If you accept my offer at a later date,

it will be to teach a young woman and you'll remember or at least understand

that it would be important if you did say yes," as he turned slightly to the

Mistress of Secrets, "milady will see to that." Sabrina nodded as did the lovely

Enchantress. A cool, calm and edged voice came from the king, unsure of the

idea. "And my sister?" Sabrina moved forward, and looked to the king, her eyes

shimmering pools of light that flashed slightly and then dimmed. She had a

melodic, rather pleasant voice with a slightly undistinguishable accent to it.

"All is taken care of. Shivari knows only of one child; as does Ehlarra and the

two handmaidens and all other attendants. Only those here know." The power of

secrets was the power of truth as well. Again it was silent and all eyes dropped

to the King. He turned and again looked down on the two babes held in Ehlarras'

arms; the lovely female believing she delivered for two mothers instead of one.

This time it was the baby girl who looked up at Belandir, her impish face and

swirling sapphires looking upon him with such intelligence and...understanding

it was comforting and Belandir nodded to the baby who cooed and playfully

tangled her fingers in the Lifebringers' hair. He turned and without looking to

anyone else but Vhym he bowed his head. "She said it was a good idea and has

told me to say yes to your plans. Shalimar shall go with you Vhym." Again none

could speak, trying to digest what exactly the king had just said but Vhym and

Sabrina only bowed low, and disappeared, reappearing below and all in the room

watched as Ehlarra gave a happy and loving couple their baby girl. The power of

secrets was the power of truth.

CHAPTER ONE

SKY HOME

Shalimar gently rubbed the sleep from her eyes, the blue and golden speckled

orbs squinting in the darkness. She was tired and sore and very hungry, rubbing

her rather ample belly; a belly she had possessed all her thirty two years.

Sitting up in her bed, her eyes shifting to the infrared spectrum of light, the

half-elven female stretched and yawned. Smoothly she reached up to brush her

long, tangled hair from her groggy eyes, the platinum blonde locks striped with

jet raven streaks moved aside even before her hand made contact. Disregarding

the attempt Shalimar arched her back, stretching her center of gravity, which

was actually lower due to her big, round belly. Softly she caressed the swollen

orb, feeling the heat off the massive sphere and the tightness of the cinnamon

colored, soft brown flesh which stretched over it. At such a young age, a mere

child by elf standards though looking about eighteen years old, Shalimar

appeared to be at least eight months with child and yet she was not, nor had she

ever been with a man; to her thinking with such an awkward body, she would never

be. As she stroked the massive torpid orb, she thought how her life may be

different if she had been born without her, affectionately called "birthmark".

Slowly she eased herself out of her rather obscenely large bed. Her guardian, as

dangerous and powerful as he was, was a creature of comfort, at least his lover

was. In truth Shalimar, Daughter of Magic as she had been called, was remarkably

beautiful, beyond what mere words could describe. Her eyes were sapphire pools

dotted with gold, her face was slender and delicate, with a slender little nose

that was just long enough and full, volumous lips that were so succulent they

alone oozed sexuality and femininity. All that angelic beauty was framed by her

long tendrils of hair, though its length varied day to day upon her whim but was

usually blonde with black braided strands falling throughout it, with beads

strung about through them. Her shoulders were slender but toned and misguidingly

strong, as were her arms; mostly due to her work outs with her guardian. Her

breasts were large and full, and rested nicely upon her gravidity, topped with

dark areola and thick nipples that ached to be touched. Aside from her perfectly

rounded and spherical belly that hung low; almost heavily though it was not

really heavy at all, not as heavy as it appeared, her waist was slim and highly

alluring, as was the turgid distension of her middle. Upon the flawless orb of

Shalimars' belly, on the lower section of the distended swell was a tattoo of an

angelic female; nude and wielding a massive sword; a large immaculate cross

formed the hilt, her large, black wings stretching the expanse of the gravid

bulge. It was something she had done long ago when an exceptional artist visited

and she remembered that he was a cleric of some sort whom Vhym had assisted

sometime ago. Her hips were wide but more like a dancers or acrobats; seductive

and functional, with a round, firm buttocks that was utterly breathtaking.

Sleek, smooth and exceptionally powerful legs lead down to muscular, sensuous

calves and delicate, perfect feet, though Shalimar saw them less than she

wanted. Upon her right thigh was another tattoo; this one of a blue dragon,

encircling her toned leg perfectly. That one was actually a gift from Sky and

one she said would come in handy at some point. She was a model of amazing, ripe

fertility and yet she was the furthest thing from pregnant. On a frame of only

five foot three, the gorgeous young elf was amazing to look upon. Cupping the

under carriage of her bulging tummy, she ran her small hands over its great

slope, feeling the softness of the largest spot upon her otherwise slender

though not thin form, playfully teasing her poked out belly button; and

marveling at the tightness of the energy she could feel inside. Some days she

could see the beauty she had become and was growing to be, and other days she

regretted her own birth, especially her birthmark. As a child, living among a

castle full of gorgeous, wondrously beautiful snow elves, her belly had been the

target of more than a few jokes and pranks. It was, at least in Shalimars'

soulful eyes, the reason no male had ever shown her any interest; that and the

fact that her guardian was the first vampyre lord under the first true vampyre.

But that was an excuse used too often and now meant very little to her; though

she truly yearned to know the intimate touch of a lover, someone who found her

as beautiful and attractive as her guardian often told her she was. She yawned

languidly and slid her luscious form from the warmth of her covers and into the

chill air. Effortlessly Shalimar began her daily routine, stretching her

wondrously limber and nude body, easing the pain of the workout the night before

while going over the sparing lesson in her mind; recalling every move and

position of her opponents and her own body, every kick and throw and sword

thrust throughout the grueling three hour session. She had been struck once, a

glancing blow to her belly which she hadn't been able to fully get out of the

way in time but would have never touched her without her swollen girth. Thinking

about it deeper only frustrated her more; Kakli was by no means as good a

fighter as she but her birthmark was no excuse and she was still to be punished;

a three mile jog to run; before breakfast, without using her abilities in any

way. It took her a good hour to fully stretch her gorgeous body. Once done she

looked at the door that concealed her many clothes and with a wave of her hand

the enchanted armoire opened; revealing clothing of various shapes, sizes and

functions but she knew the pair she wished to wear. A simple snap of her fingers

brought the desired outfit to her awaiting arms. With extreme flexibility the

curvaceous young woman slide on a pair of form hugging leggings and a top of the

same material which held her large, volumous breast snugly, her nipples stiff

points even through the fabric. As usual Shalimar ran barefoot and running her

hand through her tussled hair and she pushed opened the large wooden doors of

her room which led into main hall of the utmost level of Sky Home. Ever burning

candles lit the stone carved hall dimly and Shalimar took a deep breath and

started her long morning jog. Sky Home was truly enormous; a castle that rested

atop what, to an outside observer, would appear to be an upside down mountain

which floated nearly a thousand feet above the surface of an ice covered sea.

Surrounding in a defensible circle were the Frostmare Mountains, the home of the

Planet Lord of Ice, Frost. Shalimar had met him once when she was younger, about

ten years ago and had an instant, if not childish crush on the cool, and

extremely confident and handsome man. He had been very polite to her and had

even taken her to his keep when her guardian was off on other business. She

still though back to those days, remembering often of how she snuck peaks of the

gorgeous man as he bathed nude in the icy pool in his bed chamber. Only now,

thinking about it, she found it odd that his door was never locked. It had been

years since she had seen the gorgeous planet lord but she knew he would be

around soon, for her birthday drew near and she was promised a night to remember

by her strict, if not caring protector. Which meant to her, a gathering of the

only friends she had; Sky; the half dragon who was the creator of Sky Home,

Threehorn; her deep purple minotaur gollum who was so ancient he has become a

sentient being, Thimedale; a resident though unlucky alchemists wizard, Frost

and her guardian, Vhym the Vampyre Lord, plus a few other guests and most of Sky

Homes' residence though Shalimar did not see many of them as friends. As she

jogged the mile and a half circumference of the main tower, Shalimar found it so

hard to believe that he was a vampyre; better yet the vampyre. When she was

still an infant she could still recall the vivid tale he told of when he was

sired for Vhym told her that story over and over and as frightening as it seemed

she found it, in an awkward way, beautiful; for as Vhym would recite the tale

Shalimar could clearly see the change that his life took and how Shadow King,

the most elusive of all creatures had turned him; not to punish but to allow

him, a knight of truth and of justice, to continue his battle, on more even

terms. Even as she came to the spiral stairway which led to the main structure

of the tower and down to the Grand ballroom of the enchanted castle, Shalimar

thought back to the stories Vhym had told her of his family and how he had lost

them to a beast, an unliving monster that had torn them apart; one that had been

sent by those his knightly order stood against, the dracolitch known as

Doombringer. It had been Shadow King that saved his life and Shadow King that

had ended it, whom had turned him so that he could one day grow strong enough to

get revenge on that abomination of nature, and from what Shalimar knew of her

guardian; powerful was exactly what he had become. Yet her thoughts shifted and

flittered back to his family; his wife, his son and two daughters, and she

wondered how her own family was. She wondered who her family was. Though she

could not understand why or what it was that made her feel the way she did

sometimes, in her heart she knew she had a mother and father, and maybe even a

sister or brother but Vhym never once hinted to it. And when she asked, all she

got in return was the icy stare of a vampyre, one that always meant conversation

over. The gorgeous female moved swiftly, briskly through the rather chilly

halls, though she was quite used to the temperature and found it quite soothing;

especially on her bare belly which grumbled slightly with hunger. If one were

fortunate enough to see the young half-elf jog in the early hours of the

morning; the stars still decorating the night sky, they would have seen poetry

in motion. Though Shalimar looked extremely pregnant and well into her third

trimester, she moved as gracefully and easily as a dancer whose body or belly

was lithe and slender. Almost cat like she ran upon the balls of her feet, her

calves flexing with every light foot fall, her smooth, muscular legs leading up

and into a full, round and firm buttocks that was literally a sight to behold,

shifting and swaying with her every motion. Her lean and toned thighs hardly

seemed bothered by the extra weight of her rather enormous fecund waist, the

tight ball of flesh glistening with sweat from her early morning activities, the

smooth flawless skin shiny with fullness. Though it was the largest part of the

young womans' form it was mostly muscle though it was always soft to the touch

and perfectly round. It jiggled slightly as she moved, hardly at all compared to

her large, melon sized breasts which bounced heavily, even in the tight confines

of her soft leather top, the tips of her erect nipples looking as if they would

pierce the thinly stretched fabric at any moment. She was delicate and strong,

the picture of feminine beauty and yet to her, even as she ran, Shalimar felt

the furthest thing from beautiful. Most of the time, Shalimar felt grotesque,

fat, ugly and...alone. There were others who dwelled with in Sky Home, mostly

servants, usually north elves whom had wondered into the keep for shelter and

well were given no choice but to stay and some guards; ice titans and the

Wardancers of course, and one mage, or wizard, or alchemist though Thimedale was

a hard...well, a hard troll, to actually figure out. First of all he was a

troll, and second he was a wizard; two things Shalimar thought were just not

meant to be put together. Often, to Vhyms' dismay, the young beauty was proven

right. Though admittedly, she had only read about trolls and well, Thimedale

just didn't fit what she knew or at least read about the usually deadly and

unintelligent beasts. To her, even as she jogged past his rather huge

laboratory, he was more of an enigma than Vhym. Just as she turned the hall she

heard him though; growling angrily and muttering; she saw him lumbering, albeit

quickly, down the path she had taken and then stop just as a bright flash

illuminated the hall and yet there was no sound from the explosion. Shaking his

head he continued down his path which led him directly towards Shalimar. He was

a giant creature, greenish brown in color, his eyes a deep red pitch with long,

clawed hands and tightly muscled arms that hung low, his under bite turned into

a low and annoyed frown and his long and rather exquisite wizards robe charred

slightly. Thimedale looked at the beautiful, and deceptively powerful young

half-elf before him, her eyes showing the worry she had for him, her slender,

fit body, all save her full, round belly, glistened with sweat and he could not

help but admire her beauty; unfortunately a smile for a troll looked more like a

grimace of pain and immediately Shalimar rushed to the nine-foot tall scholar.

"Are you okay my friend? Better yet, what happened and how much trouble are you

in?" Here voice was soft and smooth and held a regal air to it but tinged with a

wild mischief of one who was still quite young. Thimedale again smiled and

placed a huge clawed hand on her strong slender shoulder, nearly dwarfing the

lovely female. Again his grin looked more menacing than pleasant but Shalimar

understood the jovial if not disappointed alchemist. Like rolling thunder his

voice bellowed out, his breath smelling something resembling mildew but Shalimar

was rather used to the unpleasant fragrance. "Well my dea..." Even as he began

to speak though a loud, outraged roared reverberated through the stone halls.

She looked up at the troll who had immediately turned back towards the lab, an

inquisitive look on his face as they felt the first foot falls of the creature.

"Thimedale", the beautiful half-elf spoke as she started moving towards the hall

and the lab, "exactly what did you do?" He shrugged his massive shoulders,

almost apologetically as another foot fall shook the foundation of the tower.

Even from outside, far below the towers base, Shalimar could here Threehorns'

approach and she grinned at the always diligent gollum but she also knew

whatever was coming was going to do a great deal of damage before he and his

elven elite arrived. Taking in a deep breath she made a dash to hall, hearing

the worried and frantic voice of the troll alchemist behind her. "It's a ettin,

or wolfen...maybe both. Go for the gem on the back of its head!" Just as she

turned the corner, her thoughts immediately going through what he had said and

realizing he never told her which head, Shalimar swiftly; instinctively made a

swift arch with her arms, her body pulling back just as a huge and heavy claw

swipe across the expanse of her body just missing her ample waist line. Before

her it stood, two feet taller than Thimedale, an ettin but one unlike she had

ever seen for each of its heads resembled that of a giant ebon-coated wolf, two

drooling, slobbering mouths snapping at her from each hideous maw and not two

but four massively muscled arms raking at her fecund middle or head, her hands

acting on pure instinct reflecting the blows safely away, absorbing the energy

or simply diverting it. Though she was respectively heavier than a female at her

size without the belly and yet much lighter than a female with child at her

size, Shalimar was incredibly quick and agile and even as the wolf ettins'

monstrous paw slammed into the floor where the female had once been and in its

mind should have been, all it got for its efforts was hard, unyielding stone.

Its left head turned as it saw the motion from the corner of its eye for

Shalimar moved in, much more swiftly than a pregnant woman; for that was what

she appeared to be, and should not have been able to move that quickly and how

it howled as she thrust with unimaginable power and connected with a duel open

palm strike to its exposed knee; the bone shattering and splintering within its

coarsely furred flesh. She realized too late how close she was and how truly

dangerous the summoned or created thing was as he struck her with a wicked and

unperceptively quick back hand that sent her crashing painfully into the near

wall; the stone shattering as she struck it. For a moment her vision faded, and

she instinctively ducked; not because she saw the blow coming but rather felt

it; its raw energy, the fist blasting away the remainder of the cracked rock but

becoming stuck in the opened hole. Faster than it could imagine the big bellied

half-elf was at his gut and as it reached in to strike at her the beast realized

its folly for its reach was too long and it only struck the stone and she had

room, a lot of room for she wasn't even half its height or size. It roared in

utter rage and struggled to free its arm as the deceptively powerful female

became a flurry of punches against his abdomen, the beast feeling its insides

being crushed by the half-elf. Though she had pummeled the creature enough times

to fall any normal man or beast Shalimar knew that she was only doing minor

damage to the thing; its only real weak spot being the gem embedded on one of

it's two heads. There was no way she could reach it or even maneuver safely

around to strike at the target and, feeling the weight of her swollen gravidity,

leaping in any form was out of the question. All the training she had had in all

her years raced through her mind and finally fell upon her very last lesson, a

wicked grin forming on her sensuous lips. Suddenly the female stopped and it

breathlessly looked down at her, black, thick blood dripping from its mouths and

its blood red eyes narrowed in fear as it saw her hands begin to glow with power

and she looked up at it, her orbs pulsing, swirling sapphires; full of anger and

raw, primal magic and it was afraid. Shalimar faced her palms towards the

abominations hips, a took in a deep long breath, her eyes ablaze with energy as

she drew all she knew into the attack and without moving forced every ounce of

power she had absorbed from the ettins previous attacks back through her body

and into the exposed middle of the creature. She cried out in pain, not

realizing how much she had just pushed through her body, a large black and blue

bruise forming at the apex of her distended swell as its waist exploded in a

spray of gore; its upper torso was rent from its shattered legs and went

crashing into the opposite stone wall, crushing the rock and burying it under a

ton of stone. For a long moment Shalimar stood there, her eyes slowly dulling

and returning to their golden spotted beauty, her body noticeably shaking from

the amount of energy she had just forced through herself, and her breath was

hardly coming at all. Dust flittered away and she could clearly see the

creatures' half buried torso, twitching with pain. Finally her knees buckled and

she collapsed to the floor, just catching herself with extremely weak arms, her

gravid center just tickling the ground beneath her. That is when she heard it,

the shifting of stone and rubble as the wolf-ettins upper, though torn, body

began to free itself; but she couldn't move, her muscles were not hers at that

point and she suddenly began to see dark spots before her eyes. Without looking

Shalimar knew the creature had freed itself, knew it was crawling towards her

and she should have been afraid; too weak to run or even defend herself but she

was not, far from it actually, for she knew something else; something the doomed

beast did not and even as the darkness of unconsciousness began to take her she

heard the screaming of Bloodreaper, Threehorns' masterful and sentient axe

swinging down upon the unsuspecting creature. With a smile upon her face she

collapsed and embraced the blissfulness of sleep.

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For the second time that day, Shalimar the Daughter of Magik, awoke in her bed,

feeling even more sore and tired than she had when she had first awaken. Not

wanting to ruin the peacefulness of dark she did not open her eyes as she

attempted to sit up but pain suddenly racked her body, especially her belly

which she gripped tightly as she cried out. She had never felt anything like it

before and wanted never to feel it again; and for a moment she thought her

swollen orb was going to split or she was going to give birth, pregnant or not.

Breathing deeply through the tight cramp, her legs drawn up in the fetal

position, she hardly cared about the second pair of hands that lightly stroked

her turgid sphere, the pain slowly beginning to subside. After a few moments of

the gentle and amazing belly massage, which to her felt like an eternity,

Shalimar allowed herself to stretch her legs, though very gingerly but still

refused to open her eyes. That was when she heard the soft, husky feminine voice

of Sky and another female voice, one she did not recognize. "The bruise is

subsiding. It was wise to summon you Enchantress." Sky was always one to get

straight to the point in a conversation. "It is as if her mystical abilities

manifested within her center, which has given her the appearance of one heavily

with child. It is no surprise that it would become sore if she did as Thimedale

and Threehorn said she did; for it would be like over working a muscle until it

was too strained and became aggravated. Master Vhym will have to limit the use

of her mystics for a little while until she fully recovers." The mysterious

womans' voice was soothing, musical in Shalimars' mind and she could feel the

desire to sleep beginning to once again take hold. "She is quite powerful for

one so young. She actually reminds me of another; a young boy named Sebron. He

has joined the Mages of Light and apparently raising in their ranks swiftly.

Rumor has it he aided Gildar Under the One Tree vanquish Icehammer the Brutal,

the Storm Giant King; the last of the fallen titans from the old war, the last

of Epyons' mortal generals. The true rumor is that Shadow King allowed the young

one to ride him into battle; yet is only rumor." Suddenly Shalimar was awake,

the name of the boy she had dreamt about more than once giving her a burst of

energy, at least enough to attempt to speak. Both Sky and the Enchantress jumped

as Shalimar spoke or rather whimpered, her eyes still closed but obviously more

relaxed. "He...rode a massive black dragon...ddd...darker than night

itself...a...and covered in edges and blades. To...together they stormed...they

stor..." Shalimar no longer had enough strength to stay awake and again sleep

overtook her. The two females looked at the remarkable young woman, the

Enchantress marveling at the girls' raw and rather wild spirit. She looked up at

Sky, a gorgeous and lithe beauty, her body sleek and sensuous with curvy hips

and smooth, lean legs hidden under leather breeches, a tight abdomen and full,

firm and round breasts that sat high on her chest and held tightly in the tight

blouse she wore. Her eyes were silver and her lips were lush though not nearly

as full as Shalimars' but no less succulent with long curly platinum hair that

cascaded down to her perfect, pert and sculpted buttocks. What pleasures the two

could have filtered into the ancient sorceresses mind but she held off her

lustful thoughts; knowing that Sky and Vhym had been and would remain lovers for

some time. Caressing her own full, ample belly; marveling in the tight fullness

of her womb as the avariel young moved about within. She cooed softly as she

looked back again at the wondrous Shalimar. "She is strong; powerful beyond

words, though her magic is much more raw than Sebrons'. Thinking back on it, she

realized the two children looked vaguely similar but there was enough

differences ti dismiss any relation between them. Both children are so

remarkable. Does Vhym know who her parents were?" Shaking her head, Sky looked

at the alluring and sensuous female, drinking in her beauty, her belly so full

and ripe with young, for the Enchantress was currently pregnant with quintuplets

of the Neith Prince Kosair the Wind and was nearing her due date; or so she

appeared her gravidity was so taunt, tight with the growing young. Sky was

feeling a bit saddened that she would never bear children for Vhym had lost that

ability longer than she could even fathom. Still, she shrugged at the

Enchantresses question for in truth she had no answer. A little over three

decades ago he had come to her home, with a babe in tow and with the shadow

dragon. Little was told to her regarding the childs' origins or parents but it

was known to all the Sky Home would fall before any caused the young one harm.

Even as she thought those words, Sky realized Vhym would return soon and she

would have a lot to explain and as if reading her mind, the Enchantress smiled.

"I will help you explain to Vhym what has transpired; though I do believe we

should not stress Thimedales' involvement too much." Sky again nodded and a

smile broadened upon her lips. "Though you must admit the fun we could have by

teasing the old and troublesome troll." Together they shared a long and good

laugh, the Enchantresses belly shaking sexily.

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Hours later, his black furred and sleeved cape dusted with snow as the doors of

the Grand Hall opened, the golden red hue of sunrise pouring in behind him as

the Vampyre Lord returned home. His face was ruggedly handsome, his bald head

was smooth though his face was in perpetual need of shaving, just a thin layer

of dark hair masking his sharp jaw and chin. His eyes were dark, deep and

soulful and his build was what all men wished to have and all women wished to

bed. He wore no shirt, only the dire wolf coat and black leather breeches that

fit but not tight enough to look ridiculous. Like he who sired him, Vhym no

longer used weapons though his fingers, each one was adorned with a gemmed ring

that carried some form of enchantment or another making him even more formidable

in battle. As he strolled the length of the hall, crystalline chandeliers

hanging from the ceiling, long tables with the room to seat a royal house

comfortably lining the room in four rows, he could hear the gollum approach.

Vhym stopped as Threehorn stepped out of one of the side corridors, the giant

sized great axe, Bloodreaper, resting upon his deep and rich purple colored

shoulder, his horns; two jutting out and forward like a bulls and the third

pointing out directly from his forehead in unicorn fashion. Vhym, his voice deep

and graveled echoed in the huge chamber. "Trouble?" Though made of a stone found

in the deepest caverns of the planet, upon Threehorn it moved as easily as

flesh, as a smile broadened upon his animalistic head. His voice was hollow and

booming but it was a welcomed sound to the vampyre who had just spent two months

in silence tracking his old and most notable regret; Lilith. It still pained him

about her fall from grace, seduced by her coven mother, Sister Dhonytae and

Olivia, the Queen of the Crimson dragons. Again he had been turned back from his

abduction attempt, the Sisters of Darkbirth calling upon their undead hordes for

protection. "Not too much. Shalimar took care of it mostly; I just had to clean

up a little." "Is she okay?" There was no hesitation in the question which was

full of worry. "She was...well she pushed herself too far. Sky called up the

Enchantress for some help." Vhym immediately started for the hall that would

take him to charges room and as he pasted Threehorn he heard the gollum whisper.

"I'm okay too." He stopped and turned to regard the humongous, deep purple

minotaur as he began to walk away. His chuckle was deep and loud enough for

Threehorn to notice. "Sorry old friend but you, I have enough faith in not to

worry about. Are you okay?" The minotaur nodded, trying to hide his smile but to

no avail. The question struck him like a ton of stone. "What...no, why was

Shalimar fighting in the first place? Who was she fighting?" Threehorn cocked

his head, digesting the question and the rather strict orders received by Sky

earlier. "I think Sky and the Enchantress will tell you better than me." Vhyms'

eyes narrowed as he nodded to the gollum and briskly he made his way to

Shalimars' bedroom. Normally Vhym was not an emotional man, usually the furthest

thing from it but when it came to two young women in particular his emotions

became uncontrollable, and Shalimar was one of those two. Even still, he did not

go running up the towers spiraling staircase to her room but rather took four

effortlessly bounding leaps; deftly landing upon the steps as he crisscrossed

the encircled space, covering half the distance in less a minute. From there he

walked, swiftly, but he walked. As he approached Shalimars' room he saw the

charred and blasted doorway to a very annoying trolls' laboratory and the rubble

and blood stains that were the only reminder of the battle but he also saw the

north elven servants, four rather buxom young beauties; one her belly hugely

swollen with triplets working on the clean up. The poor girl looked ready to

burst and he knew who had sent her to work. Vhym slowed and approached her,

startling her and the others with his silent approach. She turned, her youthful

face still bright with life, a warm and welcoming smile upon her slightly sweat

covered face, and her pale blue flesh glistened with wet. He greeted her with

his own smile. "Good day my lord. We will have the mess cleansed by the evening

meal." Gently he placed a hand on her massive swell, feeling the warmth of the

lives with, every pulse, every surge of blood. He knew she would deliver any day

now. "You should be resting. Go to the rooms in the north hall, pick one you

like and stay there until you have delivered your babes. You three, " the other

north elven females quickly came to the Vampyre Lords' call, "are any of you a

nurse maid?" Two of them bowed and Vhym nodded back. "The three of you are gonna

help her and her kids until she can return to her duties. When she goes into

labor, come get me. I would like to greet the newest members of this castle

personally. Now you," he looked down to the heavily pregnant elf, "stay off your

feet and eat well and rest. You have much more important work to do." The four

smiled joyfully and the young mother boldly hugged the icy Vhym, going so far as

to kiss him on the cheek and then they hurried off, as fast as she could waddle.

He was a vampyre but he was far from heartless. Closing his eyes he reached out

to one of the few vampyre underlings he kept in the great castle and he found

her, feeding her plump, voluptuous self on a captured giant that had recently

attacked Sky Home; or foolishly attacked he thought. He saw her, long black hair

kissing the top of her big round ass cheeks, her full, circular face was very

attractive, juicy full lips though caked with blood and gore, with bright

emerald eyes that were made even brighter by her deep brown, sun kissed flesh.

Two massive, heavy breasts; each weighing at least five pounds a piece hung from

her chest, not grotesquely but neither firmly like Skys' or Shalimars' but no

less wonderfully; topped by dark ebon nipples and her belly was smooth and

slightly rounded, with wide volumous hips and thick, plump thighs. Why had he

kept her around was still in question but it had been to try and reeducate the

once cruel baroness; unfortunately the process was rather slow going. "Lady

Ariana, I have a task for you." He felt her licking the sweet blood from her

lips, burping slightly before she answered. Her voice was thick, with a heavy

south land accent but very seductive and pleasant. "Yes...yes my master?" "There

was a mess made here earlier, did you set the detail to clean it?" There was a

long, uncomfortable silence before she replied. "Yes my master, as Sky

instructed me." Her voice had sunk to a mere whisper. And the pregnant girl?"

Another long pause. "My apologies Lord Vhym. It shall not happen again. I shall

remove her from her duties until she is ready to return." "No need, I already

took care of it. But if it happens again and you send a mother in her condition

to work...I'll feast upon you myself", and he knew the threat was crystal clear

to the vampyress, "Now there is a mess to deal will with. I want you and three

others to take care of it, by evening." She was again silent, partially angry

with herself for getting caught but more afraid of the threat he had just hung

over her head. "It will be done, my master." Without another word he proceeded

to his destination. He could hear the laughter before he even entered the room,

his mood and worry easing greatly as he pushed opened the double doors. The

three gorgeous females turned to regard the handsome male, as he simple drank in

there beauty; Sky, lounging on the bed, leaning comfortably back on her toned

arms, her smooth midriff exposed with her breasts just hidden by her blouse from

the vampyre; the half dragon looking so royal and intoxicatingly beautiful that

Vhym took a few moments just to remember the scene; the Enchantress; again and

expectedly hugely pregnant, sat upon one of two plush sofas in the room, her

belly larger than last time he had seen it, so tight it looked shiny and even

dwarfed the young north elf he had seen earlier. As usual, she was naked, her

full milk laden breasts resting deliciously atop her gravid swell, her sleek

thighs spread to accommodate her massive girth which she stroked lovingly. Her

angelic face was framed by her vibrant dark hair and her smile was breathtaking.

If only he were not with Sky. Then, sitting up on the bed, her own full belly

bulging out greatly due to her position, her leather top holding up her ample

bosom and a happy though mischievous grin on her full succulent lips was

Shalimar. She had a full plate of food resting upon the shelf of her fecundity,

the flesh shiny with tightness but he could see it was noticeably darker about

the center, a deep looking bruise circling her popped out naval. Her bright,

youthful eyes glowed joyfully as he stepped into the room, her cute; no

beautiful face full of life was slightly stuffed with food and Sky giggled as

Shalimar hurriedly tried to swallow her food. Once done she gulped loudly,

causing both Sky and the Enchantress to burst into a fit of laughter. Vhym

smiled and stepped right up to his young charge, leaning in a kissing her softly

on the forehead and the lightly on the lips; the delicious fragrance of her stew

filling his nostrils. "Are you okay?" Shalimar was truly flattered by the

concern in his voice but she just smiled and kissed his chilly cheek, her plate

hardly moving as her big belly shifted slightly. "Bruised a little. I think my

pride took the greater beating though." Carefully he rubbed her gravidity and

Shalimar immediately winced, and audible whimper escaping her lips and he

immediately stopped, removing his hand quickly, but her own delicate hand

catching his swiftly, her smile returning weakly, bright sapphires burning

sincerely as she looked at him. "I'm okay, just sore." Vhym nodded and stood up,

looking at Sky and she knew they would have a long talk later. He leaned down

and kissed her fully and deeply on the mouth; there was passion in their kiss

and as Shalimar watched she felt herself getting warm, a light sweat building on

her brow and between her legs was growing hot and wet. She was suddenly very

uncomfortable and there was an ach in her belly, her magic churning wantonly at

the lustful display but the young half-elf just began to chew on her bottom lip,

gripping her sheets with increasingly sweaty palms, her breath becoming heavier

and deeper. The Enchantress sat and watched as the two lovers' passionate

embrace affected the now quite distressed young woman who was looking at her

pleadingly for some form of assistance. She smiled and cleared her throat, loud

enough to get the seemingly lost couples attention. Reluctantly Vhym released

his kiss and looked at the lovely, enchanting woman. "Sorry, it has been a

while." Sky chuckled as she licked her lips and neither noticed Shalimar, for

which she was highly grateful as she quickly calmed and composed herself. She

couldn't explain what had just happened because she had seen the two kiss

before; on many occasions but they had always been at distance. This time, they

were so close it felt as if she could feel what each of them were feeling; the

hunger and the desire, the heat of passion, the sheer lust and it had flooded

her entire being. With a slightly shivering hand she returned to eating her

stew; glancing up to give a thankful look to the Enchantress who was hugging the

well built male but staring knowingly and somewhat worriedly at Shalimar. There

was a small flash in the half-elfs' eyes and then that reassuring smile

returned. After the greetings, Vhym was all business. "I heard you had some

workout this morning. So what in the nine hells happened?" Sky looked to the

Enchantress and then to Shalimar, who looked a bit more flushed than earlier and

was rather shakily eating her breakfast but acknowledged the draconic female.

She sighed and swallowed her last bite. Oh he was not going to believe this she

thought, even as she began her tale. "There was a...an accident and I had to

faced off against an ettin, I think; anyway I hurt myself in the process. I

pushed myself a bit too hard and I guess", she was trying so hard not to laugh

at her own words, "bruised my belly." She gave her guardian a sheepish grin as

he looked at her and then the other two women. Sky gently rubbed Shalimars' knee

approvingly. "And that is that huh?" Shalimar shrugged at the question. She knew

he wanted her to explain how the creature got there but in truth only Thimedale

knew and she had no desire to get the unfortunate, absent minded alchemist in

any more trouble. "Where did it come from?" The Enchantress immediately drew the

heated question her way, both Sky and herself not wanting to cause Shalimar

anymore stress for the day. "It was an honest mishap that will not happen again.

Threehorn took care of the beast after Shalimar crippled it." Again he looked at

her, his eyes cold and dark and though she knew where his anger was directed she

hardly liked the deadly stare. "Vhym, I hurt myself trying one of the channeling

maneuvers you taught me. It worked but I just channeled too much power. So I was

told that I am to be on bed rest for at least two days and well no magics for at

least a ten-day. Otherwise, I'm just fine and everything is okay." Vhym loved

the young female as if she were his own and could not help but smile at the ease

in which she took the blame of the incident upon herself. But he still wanted to

talk to the real culprit. Shalimar so wanted him to end the discussion then and

there but she knew better. "Where is the troll now?" Sky stood up and faced her

lover, their respective stares locking onto eachother. "He is sorry." "Where is

he?" She sighed understanding that it was a no win battle. "I sent him to

Frosts', for a little while." Vhym loosed a deep, throaty laugh as he thought of

Frost and Thimedale in the same room. Poor troll if the upset that one. "Good!

The damned beast can stay there for all I care." That was to much, and it was a

threat Shalimar knew Vhym would keep. Thimedale was a pain but she loved him,

almost like one would an uncle and no matter what he was going to come back. Her

heart was racing and she knew what she was about to do was going to hurt, a lot

but any other way and Vhym would keep his promise and her beloved friend would

not return. That was not acceptable. "Vhym", Sky replied harshly at the cruel

remark. A shuffling from behind and gasp from the Enchantress caused her to

turn. Vhym to looked as Shalimar tossed the covers from her body and stood up,

her plate going crashing into the far wall but stopping in mid air and returning

to a table nearby, Shalimars' eyes flashing with power. Clearly in pain as she

gripped her fecund middle, the bruise much larger than it had appeared before

upon her full, turgid sphere now that it was in clear view, her naked sex and

sleek, creamy legs also exposed to all and Vhym could smell the sweet musk and

it actual threw him off a bit. On unsteady feet she walked right up to the

Vampyre Lord, her eyes locking onto his with such intensity that it caught him

off guard. Her voice was low, almost a feral growl but it was loud enough for

Vhym to understand. "I...hurt...myself. Thimedale will...", her voice broke and

Vhym knew she was in more pain than she had first led him to believe, "will

come...home!" She held the gaze long and sternly, her stubbornness equal to his

own as he too glared back at her. It was a test; his test, she knew and he was

going to make her finish. "Vhym", he heard Sky call, angrily and he knew that

the Enchantresses gaze was boring through him as well but he still kept his eyes

locked onto Shalimars', her golden spots melting away until he looked upon her

pure sapphire colored orbs. After a few minutes her eyes dulled and the golden

specks returned and then, still staring at him she collapsed forward, Vhym

easily catching her full weight, and scoping her up in his powerful arms, her

taunt, bruised belly swollen and bulging before him. He kissed it softly and

then he kissed her forehead and Vhym hardly cared about the frustrated stares of

either other women in the room. She had won that battle by pure will and they

both knew it. Thimedale was forgiven. Without another word he laid her on her

bed and turned to leave, stopping at the opening of the doors. "Send word to

Frost. Thimedale can return when he is ready." With that he was gone, both Sky

and the Enchantress smiling and looking respectfully at the young slumbering

female. Again the Enchantress began to work her slave to ease the bruising of

Shalimars' ripe, bruised belly.

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"How is she?" He didn't need to turn around to know who had just come into his

bedroom. The room itself was elegant in its simplicity. The large bed placed in

the center of the room and with a armoire along the north wall, a huge ivory

bath designed and built into the south wall of the room next to a huge window

which looked upon the peaks of the Frostmares. A painting of Vhyms' family

decorated one wall and another painting of he and Sky decorated the other. A

huge oaken desk, where he sat was placed perpendicular to the king sized bed and

a dinner table and lounge area was set up in the foyer behind the bed, a fire

place separated the two rooms. He sighed as he felt her small, delicate hands

slide over his shoulders. "She does well. She has been sleeping since you left.

That little test took a lot out of the poor girl. The Enchantress tends to her

as we speak. She says the bruise will subside soon." He nodded, looking

intensely a set of invitations that he was filling out. He hoped to give his

charge a descent birthday but two unfilled invitations sat before him and he

could shake his head. Sky, looked at the envelopes and squeezed his tightly

muscled neck, his head noticeably relaxing at her touch. "Was that display

necessary?" This time Vhym turned to regard the striking woman, and though she

looked young; only in her mid twenties, he knew she was centuries old. It was

hard to look at her and smile, even if she was annoying at the moment. With

inhuman strength he pulled Sky off her feet and into his lap, wrapping her body

up in his powerful arms. She gave a futile and rather effortless struggle before

settling comfortably and safely into the contours of his hold, her head nestling

up into his shoulder, her silver eyes looking at him, his handsome yet

unreadable features. With a light squeeze he kissed her forehead and then looked

back at the invitations. Sky huffed with frustration but she knew he was holding

her, not just for strength but because he wanted too; or as she hoped, needed

to. "Well?" Again he looked at her, this time sighing in defeat. "It was

necessary because she wanted it to be. I understood what she was trying to do

and I wanted her to know that some things, if you really want them bad enough,

are going to take sacrifices; some sweat, some blood, some tears and some pain.

I didn't mean it to go that far though. You said she was ok, right?" It was

Sky's turn to smile. As strange as Vhym was, his heart was pure and he truly had

come to love young Shalimar; not as someone forced into his life by

circumstances beyond their understanding but as a daughter or little sister as

he had often referred to the amazing young half-elf. Softly she stroked his

clean shaven head, running her fingertips down the back of his tense and tightly

coiled neck, feeling the stress he held within, gently trying to ease the worry

that had built up there. A slight grin crossed his face as he glanced back at

her and there was no need for her to speak for she had already answered the

redundant question. Her eyes shifted towards the invitations. Looking at them

for a long moment she returned her attention to Vhym. "They have you a bit

worked up, don't they?" He breathed deeply. There was a secret that he had been

keeping for some time, one that only three shared and one that he would have to

keep for many centuries to come but looking back at the two parchments which

read:

To Gildar Under the One Tree and his wife Ehlarra the Lifebringer

and

To Sebron Half-elven, the Staffless

It was the last one, the invitation made out the young half-elf mage whom many

had quickly learned to respect and keep an eye on, it was that invitation that

worried Vhym the most. His hand slid over her flawless hip and to her sleek

thigh and he cocked his head in contemplation. "Just worried about Shalimar. I

want her to have a good birth day. She deserves it, more than anyone I know."

Sky again gave him the heart felt smile, realizing just how much the ancient

being cared for the young female. Without another word he began to finish the

invites. Though there were only a few invitations to the special day, the magics

used to deliver them left the two up well into the day. "Are...is, is Shadow

King going to come?" Vhym could only shrug. Shadow King wasn't one who was told

what to do but rather did as he felt when and wherever it suited him. He had

delivered that message personally and was still shaky after visiting the shadow

realm. "Not sure. The boy, Sebron; his birthday is being celebrated one day

before Shalimars'. The Elf King is making it a grand party and had requested the

song dragon, Andromeda to attend." The half dragon female looked at him

quizzically, not understanding where he was going with the mention of the

dragon. Vhym chuckled, his voice deep and reverberating in the spacious room.

"Andromeda has caught the eye of my sire and as such the two are very rarely

seen without one another. More than likely they will be there," and answering

his lovers question before she could ask it, " and two public events in less

than two days is a bit to ask of him. It would be nice for her to meet him

though. The Enchantress and Thimedale, as well as Frost are going to attend both

celebrations." She gave him a long, hard look. "I was not invited." He had said

it so bluntly that the statement actually caught her off guard. Sky knew that

Vhym, a vampiric knight, was not too highly accepted, especially within the elf

kingdom but she still felt a bit insulted. Not being invited herself was not

really a concern because without her presence, the mystic nature of Sky Home

would disappear and the great castle would fall to ash and dust. Vhym on the

other hand deserved more, a lot more and yet he took it all stoically. Sky knew

exactly what he needed as, something they both needed, desperately so. She

softly, teasingly ran her fingertips down Vhyms' chiseled chest, gliding over

the tight muscles of his abdomen, slowly following the trail down his waist and

easing over the large and still growing bulge hidden within his breeches, gently

giving the unseen monster a squeeze. Their eyes locked and heat and want burned

within them; for it had been nearly two months and much had happened since then.

Her hand slide smoothly up the length of the growing hardness, though it

remained cold to the touch there was heat there, fires of lust and want that

burned hotter than any physical warmth could. Vhym gripped Sky by the back of

the head, firmly but not roughly and pulled her down to his lips where they

embraced in an almost savage yet passionate kiss. Their mouths made love to

eachother, their tongues fighting for space, trying to give as much of

themselves to their lover as possible. Vhym groaned with hunger as Skys' hand

slide beneath the rim of his breeches finally wrapping upon his naked manhood,

her skin hot and soft as it glided over his shaft.

Not far from the two lovers, resting upon her massive bed was Shalimar. Her

belly, swollen full and tight, the large bruise diminished quite a bit from

earlier was bare and rose and fell steadily with her calm sleeping. She was fully

naked, her hair; a long cascade of crimson hair was curly and tussled from

Shalimars' constant rolling, working to get comfortable with her gravidity,

still sore from the days events. Watching the young elf quietly was the

Enchantress, her dark eyes memorizing every move the young woman made every soft

whimper or gasp as she dreamed or accidentally rolled too much onto her aching

tummy. The watchful druid immediately noticed when Shalimar, still deep in

slumber let out a long, drawn out moan of...of pleasure; arching her back

sensually, forcing her turgid sphere upwards, her breast wobbling slightly, her

body looking as if someone was pleasing her...tasting her sex for the first time

as her legs parted, slowly at first but then much more swiftly, seemingly

wrapping around someone, an unseen force of lust but there was no physical

signs, none that were clear to the Enchantress; who was as worried as she was

intrigued. She also felt something more, a primal tug that was making her heart

beat faster, her body grow warm, her hunger and lust forcing her breath shallow;

she was in...in heat? That was the only way the ancient and marvelous druid

could explain the sudden sensation, which was becoming increasingly intense; so

much so that she hardly registered that her hands were caressing and milking her

fulsome breasts, delicious white nectar spilling free from her engorged nipples.

Beads of sweat began to build up above her dark eyebrows, on her chest and the

massive swell of her belly. Her darks eyes darted up towards Shalimar, her legs

wrapped fully around her ghostly lover, her huge breast wobbling furiously as

she thrust back and forth against the sexual force, her mouth opened but yet no

sound came out as her head writhed to and fro in untamed pleasure. The gorgeous

young half elf was drenched, her swollen body wet from the lustful activity,

heavy droplets rolling off the mountain of her gravid, drum tight belly; the

flesh shiny and glistening with perspiration, the sheets to which she

desperately clung were completely soaked through; as the Enchantress hungrily

marveled at the beautiful Shalimar and gasped as she watch her nether lips

contract and accept the unseen manhood into their folds, her sweet nectar

spilling out as her head flew back in a wondrous, silent orgasm.

Vhym pulled Sky up to his body; mesmerized by her sleek and sweaty frame, her

powerful legs wrapped tightly about his waist as he drove deeper and deeper

into her molten sex. Her moans and gasps of pleasure came out loudly,

passionately; Sky tried and desperately wanted to tell Vhym how much she loved

him, how much she needed him but her words were only breathless pants and

grunts. He only thrust himself further into her depths, her nether lips

squeezing and milking is unfertile seed from his loins. The undead lord growled

with pleasure when Sky impassionedly raked her knife like nails across his back,

thin lines of blood left in their wake. She was close, her eyes emblazoned with

lust, her voice now reduced to animalistic moans and coos of wanted desire. In

all his life, both alive and undead, he had never felt such hunger; the half

dragon was pushing herself harder than he had ever seen and it was driving him

wild. The sounds of their bodies clapping together were only out done by their

own sex crazed voices.

The Enchantress could not understand what was happening to her but she carefully

lowered her wet, smoldering sex upon Shalimars' face, the angelic beauty lost in

the throws of passion but yet, as the immensely pregnant druids' lips touch

Shalimars'; the Daughter of Magik responded, savagely. Her hands grasped the

Enchantresses creamy thighs as her mouth went hungrily to work, her touch

driving in and out of the ancient females nether lips, the nectar sweet and

intoxicating to the entranced half-elf. The Enchantress cried out with pure

lust, her hands mashing and squeezing her over flowing udders, milk occasionally

squirting upon the swollen and slick belly of Shalimar. With her eyes closed,

biting her lower lip between gasps and moans of ecstasy, the Enchantress could

not see Shalimars' fecund middle begin to glow, pulsing with energy and as the

passion, the sexual power grew within the two females, the bruise upon

Shalimars' gravid sphere was literally burning away. Shalimar ran her fingers

lightly across the tight, sensitive flesh of the underside of the Enchantresses

massively distended fecundity and the druid yelp as she felt herself on the

verge of climax.

Not far from them, Vhym and Sky were reaching their peak. As if in unison the

four lovers began to thrust and lick and push harder...faster...faster...faster,

until finally. His thick manhood quaked within the deep folds of her sex, her

nectar dripping violently from her nether lips, granting the vampyre more and

more access to her. Gripping her shoulders firmly, his teeth clenched tight, he

thrust once more, deeper than he ever could image; Skys' eyes wide with

pleasurable pain, her body being filled more than she could dream. Vhym growled

with such fury that the walls shook, Skys' body stiffening completely as a gush

of cold, icy fluid exploded into her body, her own juices gushing out and

lathering her loves steed. The two collapsed happily in one another's arms,

falling fast asleep. The Enchantresses sex erupted into Shalimars mouth, the

gorgeous druid arching with sexual bliss, her monstrous belly quivering in

orgasmic delight and the half-elf beauty unconsciously drank it joyfully,

licking up every delicious drop. Waves upon waves raked her fertile splendor,

her hands uncontrollably kneading her milky boob flesh, her things rocking her

amazingly gravid body over Shalimars' lapping tongue. It felt like an eternity

of sexual bliss, the Enchantresses desire and lust completely satiated. Shaking,

her body weak from the surreal and mysterious experience, the Enchantress

carefully slid away from Shalimar, easing herself onto the bed, tired and

extremely satisfied. She looked at the young female and only then realized that

Shalimar was still asleep; she was in a very deep sleep and reaching out with

her own druidic powers, the Enchantresses vision changed, the room turned and

ethereal green, everything but Shalimar who was burning, a glowing white light

that nearly blinded the powerful druid but what she could see was that poor

Shalimar was still on the cusp of orgasm, her body and inferno of sexual

tension. The Enchantress wanted to help the unfortunate young woman but she felt

drained; never before feeling such raw sexual bliss, save for her one moment

with Lethan, the Lady of Lust. Even as the thought occurred to her the room was

touched in the warm glow of gold and silver, the aura of untamed sex filled the

room and releasing her spell, the Enchantress eased herself up into a sitting

position, her gorgeous distended sphere resting comfortably upon her thighs. She

watched, coyly as the light began to swirl and take shape, a very wondrous

shape. A silhouette of the most voluptuous female began to form, growing more

solid until finally she was there; her naked body radiant with the essence of

lust. Her hair was a long flowing mane of soft brown with just kissed the top of

her perfectly round, full butt which in turn lead into long sleek legs, muscular

and sensuous. Her hips were wide in the alluring sense, her belly flat and trim,

and her face was soft and seductive with full, succulent lips and eyes as blue

as the ocean. Yet her breasts were by far the most remarkable sight, jutting

from her chest like two twin melons, looking to burst with fullness yet the look

so natural, so soft and inviting; perfect in every way, down to the deep brown

areola and stiff, plump nipples. The lovely creature blinked once and then

looked about her surroundings, her eyes brightening at the sight of the

Enchantress, again heavy with child. She smiled warmly, wantonly, her voice

coming out in a babyish purr. "I heard your call. Are you okay?" The Enchantress

couldn't help but giggle at the Lady of Lust's concern, even though she knew it

was heartfelt. "Thank you Lady Lethan. I am most appreciative that you came so

quickly, though I am not in...need, this one", the druid said in almost a

whisper, her hand softly stroking the hot, tight flesh of her belly, "she is in

desperate need and I cannot give it to her." Lethan strolled over to the

sleeping young half-elf; her eyes closed peacefully, her body shivering

slightly. The female immortal carefully, reverently placed her hand on

Shalimars' swollen gravidity, gasping at the shear power held within, and then

cooing at the sexual storm also bottled up inside. She ran her hand over the

expanse of the distended sphere of flesh, slowly, sensuously; forming a circle

at the full, tight sides and working her way in a smooth orbit to the belly

button. As she did so the Enchantress could feel more than see the sexual fury

dissipate until Shalimar was resting fully. Lethan slowly moved back, her feet

wobbly beneath her, as if she were drunk from the energy she had just drained.

"A virgin... there is always so much with a virgin but she...she held in enough

hunger for dozen her age. As beautiful as she is, why has not a suitor come?"

The Enchantress looked sadly at the immortal, then to Shalimar. "I don't know."

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A week had passed since the strange events that had led up to the Lady of Lusts'

visit. Shalimar had recovered fully and gratefully to the Enchantress had no

memory of the night's events, only a faint dream which she was reluctant and

apparently too embarrassed to talk about. Sex was something she was truly

unfamiliar with and more often than not, was never really sure who she should or

could talk to about it. When it came to sex or intimacy Shalimar was at a lost

knowing only what she heard occasionally or what she dreamt; which only caused

more frustration than actual answers, only adding to her confusion. Even worse

she never truly felt comfortable enough to dare ask questions about it. Though

the Enchantress was looking a bit more accessible since her arrival at Sky Home,

and that was something Shalimar would defiantly consider. Now just thinking

about the beautiful druid gave the half-elf a warm feeling deep in her belly and

in her nether regions; something that was happening quite often as of late. Just

the thoughts of the dark haired beauties swollen, fecund ripeness, her milk

laden breasts; full and succulent caused Shalimar to grow flushed but she found

other was to expend her energies, and more than once volunteered to assist in

the preparations for her party or patrol with Cilus' Wardancers; anything to

keep her mind off sex. It was becoming rather difficult to do. Sky Home was busy

with activity for the final preparations for the young half-elfs' birthday was

fast approaching and to the surprise of Sky and Vhym, a few unexpected guests

had arrived to the gala. The Enchantress was going to be leaving that afternoon

to attend the birthday celebration of Sebron the Staffless with Frost and

Thimedale once they returned from the Frostmares. Yet two guests who were not

invited to the young mages party had come to attend Shalimars' instead and Vhym

could only guess how the Twins, as the two kender were known, found out about

the private affair. The Twins though were unlike their overly curious and highly

aggravating kin, which was a major reason why Vhym tolerated the two diminutive

folk; the other reason was they were two of the most successful assassins

trained under his sire and he respected them greatly for that. Yet he was hardly

surprised when Ariana came to him to report that some valuables had come up

missing; the Twins were kender after all. "Jade. Jinx. Have you two been keeping

yourself busy?" The two kender, one male, the other female and both looking

about the age of a young human adult, though Jade was rather developed for a

sixteen year-old human female; they were very attractive and held an air of

innocence about them, as they looked up at the vampyre lord; Jinx twirling a

fine crystal chalice about between his fingers, one Vhym immediately recognized.

The dark haired male smiled, his youthful appearance hiding the years of a

veteran assassin and thief, his hazel eye sparkling with mischief, his left

covered by a black leather patch. Jade, the surprisingly voluptuous female

giggled and bounced up off of the bed, her full bosom jiggling about in her

loose blouse, her long raven hair flowing about her shoulders. Her smile beamed

as she ran up to Vhym, grabbing his hand and pulling him towards the bed where a

pile of valuables was gathered. She sounded like a young woman as she spoke,

almost childish but Vhym knew the truth. "How upset was she? Please tell me she

is going crazy trying to figure out what happened." Vhym now had to smile. He

knew why the two enjoyed torturing Ariana and he rather found it amusing; the

vampyress had been one of the wealthiest and most self centered of humans when

she was alive but now, as a vampyre, she had served as, well, whatever he

required from her at the time. The Twins had lived a rather long life thanks to

some very powerful magics they had acquired and were around long before Ariana

had been turned, had seen her cruelty and had hence forth taken every

opportunity to taunt her whenever possible. "She is quite distressed. Do you

plan on returning these items?" They looked at eachother for a moment, Jinx

shrugging his slender shoulders. "Well, the thought had crossed our minds." Vhym

turned when he heard the light chuckle from behind him. Shalimar strolled into

the room, her full ripe belly looking a bit larger since the week before but the

ancient warrior wasn't too worried, figuring it was still a bit tender from her

fight with the ettin. Her outfit, a full suit of soft leathers, opened in the

middle allowing her gravid swell to breathe, hugged and caressed her every

tight, smooth curve; making her a picture of sexuality and her radiant, sensuous

smile beamed which only accentuated the point. "Hello." Vhym turned to regard

the Twins, both of whom seemed mesmerized by his charges beauty. When they said

nothing Shalimar looked worriedly then looked back, instinctively rubbing her

fecund bulge. She was hardly unaccustomed to people staring at her gravid waist,

she had, unfortunately to her thinking, become rather used to it but she knew of

kender; a few stopping and causing much havoc about the palace years ago and she

it was unnatural for kender to be quiet; that alarmed her more than the blank

stares. "Hello?" Jade seemed the first to come out of her trance. She had never

before seen someone so pregnant, so full with life, so...she had no words and

knew her brother was suffering far worse than she. "W...well met. I am Jade",

and punching her sibling in the arm hard enough to gain his attention, "and this

is Jinx." The lustrous half-elf smiled and bowed, gracefully and with ease; both

kender looking at her in awe. It was something Shalimar had practiced quite

often in her youth and it was a move she was actually quite proud of; which even

to her seemed a bit silly but she really did not care how it seemed, it was hers

to enjoy. Jinx was so startled that he blurted out his words in a nearly

incomprehensible speed.

"Myladyinyourconditionyoushouldnotdosuchthingspleasesitbeforeyouhurtyouselforyourbabes!"

Jade just looked at her brother in disbelief. Vhym just began to laugh, his deep

voice booming throughout the room while Shalimar looked at him, shaking her

head; her now long blonde locks pouring down to her round, firm ass, with a

grateful though embarrassed look on her face, her sapphire-golden spotted orbs

pleading for him to stop worrying and almost immediately he quieted his

distraught rant, becoming very calm and understanding. Shalimar looked at him

and noticed a slight dullness to them, as if she was entrancing him by her own

gaze and she immediately blinked, the kender cocking his head to the side as if

something had caught him queerly. Shalimar had known that she had that effect on

animals; she had even practiced it before on many of the wild creatures that

dwelled near Sky Home or the Frostmares but never had she ever affected one of

the more intelligent races; though to her that was still a debatable subject,

and never without actually trying. A hint of a smile formed on her lips even as

she spoke to the calmed Jinx. "I am no more with child than your sister, or you

for that matter. It's a...a birthmark. So please calm." The kender just nodded

his head, his natural and mischievous smile returning full force. Jade was still

dumbstruck by it all. Vhym, now chuckling watched his charge ease and calm the

kender, her words soothing to even him and he found himself listening to her

rather intently. It took him a second to bring himself out of her enchanting

banter but it struck him that she had affected him so. "Thank you both for your

concern but all is well. Now, there is a matter of some misplaced items that a

particular female", the ancient lord snapping back to attention, "is desperately

looking for. I figured since some old friends of Vhyms' had come to Sky Home,

they would be able to help find the culprits." Jade looked at her and then

grinned wickedly. Shalimar immediately caught the mischievous grin and it

brought a similar one to her alluring features. "Is there a reward?" "Yes. You

won't have to deal with me." She looked up at stoic vampyre. "Good enough" and

she pulled Shalimar to the pile of items. Shalimar was trying not to bust into a

fit of laughter as the Twins began to go into detail about how they found the

mysterious thief who stole all the valuables and then the fight they had in

which the clever villain escaped. How funny the two kender were and Shalimar

would have loved to spend a whole day with them, watching and learning about

their kind but after a few moments she quickly figured that it would take much

more than a day or even a year to understand kender; though she would have so

much fun with the two. "Well it is good that you two were here", she threw a

wink towards Vhym and he gave her a slight, amused nod, "now it's time we get

these things back to where they belong." Shalimar looked at the objects on the

bed, her eyes melting into pure pools of sapphire, and she spoke in a whispered

hush, her concentration amazing to the kender siblings. "Winds streamara retros,

notros wixin thixos Sky Home!" With that, the wind began to pick up in the rooms

interior and swirl about the items on the bed and items began to dance and jump

and then aided by the called air servant began float off the bed. It was rather

comical to say the least. The chalice, many platinum dinner wares, a silken gown

and various other highly valuable artifacts hopped through the air rhythmically,

as if they were dancing to unheard music. Jade followed the procession through

the door and burst into laughter when a young, voluptuous snow elf rushed around

the corner, nearly crashing into the floating pieces. She stood there for a

moment, awed by the sight but then regained her composer and hurried into the

room; her eyes again widening at the sight of the cinnamon skinned Shalimar, her

full round belly tight and jutting out before her, sapphire orbs glowing with

power. The poor girl never saw Vhym, not until he gentle grasped her shoulder.

Immediately her eyes fixed on him and she could hardly speak, her words a

whisper. "M...my lord, um...you told us to inform you when Galassien went into

labor", the tall male just nodded, "It has begun." "Good. Shalimar, when you're

done, join me in the north hall and you two stay out of Arianas' hair for a few

hours." The young half-elf smiled and nodded while the Twins faked being

offended by the Vampyre Lords accusations. With that he turned back towards the

snow elf and the two were off. Shalimars' eyes then brightened and the animated

objects increased their pace, moving swiftly out the room as the winds current

accelerated; right before the startled eyes of Jade and Jinx. Within minutes the

room was clear and Shalimars eyes returned to normal, her gorgeous lips turning

up into a clever smile. She looked at the two kender; Jade already packing her

gear for her next outing and Jinx slipping open the marvelously carved windows,

a grappling hook with silken rope attached dangling into the night air. The

beautiful half-elf shook her head in disbelief, the fearlessness of the two

siblings was astonishing but she also knew well the anger of her guardian and

she narrowed her gaze at the kender, her full lips forming a more devilish

smile. Again the females orbs turned into pure pools of sapphire and her voice

came out in a husky, sultry whisper. "Sleep." Almost immediately Jinx toppled

sidelong onto the bed, his soft snoring muffled by the sheets and Jade curled up

next to her brother, wrapping her cloak over her body to keep warm as she

slumbered peacefully. Her power was growing, she knew, but how much was the

question. Such a simple command had never worked before on anything greater than

Thimedales' pet dog, Cutter. She was going to like this and defiantly planned to

practice a lot more. Shalimar quietly closed the window and covered the two

small figures with a thick fur. With one last look to make sure they were lost

in the land of dreams Shalimar rushed to join Vhym.

The grunts and panting could be heard from the hall as Shalimar ran up the last

flight of stairs. She rushed past the main hall where many attendants and hand

maids rushed about. She say Sky leading the group, rushing about to make ready

for the coming arrival. Finally she made it to the balcony many-feet above the

monstrously pregnant snow elf, and the one place she knew Vhym would be. She

found the Vampyre Lord standing stoically at the edge of the balcony near the

rail, his eyes glinting red as he watched the delivery. Moving up next to the

ancient creature Shalimar also looked over the ledge and gasped; not in horror

but more in wonderment at the beauty below her. Resting upon a bed, her legs

drawn up tight about the largest, roundest belly the half-elf had ever seen;

except for maybe the Enchantress, who sat behind the young mother-to-be, was

Galassien using the druids' monstrous gravidity as a cushion. Her belly was full

and tight, and Shalimar would swear the massive orb was about to burst open and

kill the poor snow elf but it rose and fell, bulging every now and then as a

contraction racked the mothers body. It was truly the most wondrous sight the

young half-elf had ever laid her blue-golden orbs upon. The Enchantress was

chanting, or singing a soft, soothing melody and Shalimar could see it visibly

ease the nude females' entire body. Her full breast were shinny with sweat and

her turgid sphere was drenched, as were the sheets of the bed but she just

breathed; taking in a full deep breaths and blowing them out, following the tune

of the Enchantress and even as the next contraction came, Galassien seemed to

push through it, with greater ease than she had before. As Shalimar watched the

miracle, she felt her own body grow warm, and she could tell her breathing was

changing but it was more than that, something was happening to her for she could

feel her insides churn, as if the magic; the power within was reacting to such a

powerful event, such as the creation of life. Vhym, was lost in the scene before

him and didn't notice the changes happening within is charge but if he had he

would have seen her, her whole body begin to glow, but not outwardly, her

insides were a flame as if she were giving birth herself and yet, Shalimar

hardly seemed bothered, she just gripped the railing tighter, and drew in the

pain that accompanied the delivery of a child. Many times before she had

imagined, dreamed of being a mother, having and explanation to her condition but

now, watching Galassien in the middle of giving life, Shalimar the Daughter of

Magik was unconsciously about to make her fantasy in part reality. Her eyes once

again changed and a small dark bruise began to form on the apex of her fecundity

but she still continued to aid the young woman, drawing in her pain and

replacing it with pleasure, desire, all the things that Shalimar had been

feeling over the past weeks and she knew in the back of her mind that she wasn't

willingly doing this; not completely, the magic within her had reacted without

her consent.

The Enchantress continued her mystical melody; for she had many magics at her

disposal; bardic magic included. Yet she sensed something else, another

mysticism at work, one more powerful than she had ever felt except for in; her

eyes darted around the room and with a glance up she saw her, Shalimar,

clutching the railing of the balcony so tightly her knuckles were white with

lack of circulation and she was breathing, slow and regulated, along with the

sound of her voice. The Enchantress immediately turned all her concentration

into the song, using its full magic on both females. It was power unlike the

timeless female had ever felt; her mystical energy, the raw magic of young

Shalimar and the pure energy of child birth swirled and combined, forming

something greater than any before imagined. Vhym felt it, as well as Sky and any

of those attuned to the mystical fae lines. Shalimars' eyes were burning, as was

her belly, the fulsome orb was pulsing with energy, and she suddenly felt warm,

then dizzy and sick, weak and then hot; her body reacting to everything

Galassien had felt and was feeling through out her two year pregnancy; yet it

rushed through her in moments. As these sensations coursed through her body she

felt something else, a churning within her gravid belly and though she wanted to

hold her fecund middle she couldn't; she knew she couldn't or she would fall for

her whole being suddenly not hers. It was the power within her, the magics of

her birth at work and Shalimar was at its whim. Yet Shalimar could feel

everything, as she raced through her phantom pregnancy; her belly, growing,

swelling, surging forth with the phantoms of life as she absorb the pain from

the young snow elf; Shalimar could literally feel the young within her body, the

sheer heaviness of her belly which looked now full term with triplets, the soft

flesh of her belly pulling tighter and paling in color; a stark contrast to her

cinnamon tone, her legs mechanically spreading, widening a base allowing for her

to keep her balance and then the contractions began to pour into her with force

and the young woman had never felt something so painful, her muscles contracting

and tensing, flexing as if she were delivering the young but as painful as it

was; it was equally beautiful, sensuous, miraculous and with every ounce of

power and control she had over the uncontrollable situation, the Daughter of

Magik welcomed it.

Only then did Vhym look towards Shalimar and his eyes widened in amazement for

the young woman he loved and adored as a student and daughter was grasping onto

the rail almost desperately, sweat dripping profusely from her luscious frame,

with her legs spread wide for balance and quivering with effort and her eyes

burned with a fiery blue intensity that he had never seen. But what truly

shocked him was her belly, the swollen, turgid sphere that marked Shalimar for

life was growing, swelling before his eyes; and with a glance he could see the

unison of activity; for Galassiens' first child was beginning to crown. The

fecund orb was growing rounder and fuller, the flesh paling as if the energy

within was about to burst out but then he recognized it; the change was

unbelievable for Shalimars' huge belly had become the monstrous turgid sphere of

Galassiens' pulsing womb. The nurse maid gently urged the young snow elf,

encouraging her but Vhym could tell it was unnecessary, the mother-to-be was

hardly in pain, in fact she was or seemed to be in the throws of erotic bliss

and she screamed in orgasmic glee as her first, a boy emerged from her womb. The

sound of twisting metal turned Vhyms' head. Shalimar, her lovely face a mask of

pain and ecstasy groaned, low and deep, as if she had just given birth to the

child, the intense pleasure and torment of delivery transferred into her own

body. Vhym watched and carefully moved up behind Shalimar for he could tell she

was growing weak but for two more hours she held on and at last Galassien gave

birth to three beautiful baby boys, each weighing close to ten pounds by

Threehorns' estimate. Shalimar collapsed into her guardians arms, unconscious

and weak and exhausted but Vhym; though worried for her health and safety, knew,

he understood that if she had not aided the young mother, neither she nor her

babes would have survived. Slowly the young charges body returned to normal,

even as she rested along the side of Galassien, whom was just as worn out from

the birth but only Vhym and the Enchantress understood what had transpired and

they were just as unsure about the event as any. "Okay, okay. She'll stay with

you for a while. Train her well Enchantress; help her figure this out." With

utter concern in her deep, soulful eyes, her hands resting upon her hugely

swollen belly the Enchantress nodded, looking over the young women who rested

soundly and apparently unharmed. "From what I felt and saw, her powers are

druidic but there are sorcerers like abilities within her as well. I can help

her to a point but she is more powerful than any I have ever seen...", and she

suddenly seemed very intrigued with a thought, causing Vhym to give her a

curious look, "but the young Lord Staffless has shown powers matching

Shalimars'. Maybe he could give us assistance where I cannot." "Not a bad idea

at all." Both the Enchantress and Vhym turned to regard Sky, and a very handsome

and well dressed elf who had spoken; a snow elf by appearance accept that he

stood about seven feet in height. He wore a cassock of pure silver with a long

flowing robe of thick, shaggy furs. Upon his waist rested a sword, and though

sheathed, it radiated power. His eyes were as pale and clear as ice, his

features smooth, elegant and roguish with long snow white hair that frost seemed

to perpetually fall from. As he breathed, his breath made steam as it froze the

air and even as he walked into the room, all around him became covered in a

layer of chilly frost, the Enchantress; a druid able to withstand all forms of

weather even grew cold in the presence of Frost, the Planet Lord of Ice and

Cold. His words were charming, and usually sent chills through all he met, some

in a much more pleasurable way than others. Vhym gave the ancient immortal a

cock-eyed grin. "I thought you would not be here for at least another day."

"Well, the journey to Sehandir is far from short, though with Thimedale that can

be dealt with. Truthfully, I heard of recent events; Thimedale does love to talk

and wished to see young Shalimar before I left. An early birthday present you

could say. I see though that she has a...previous appointment." Vhym wasn't

smiling, at least on the on the outside. He merely nodded as the lord of ice

strolled to the edge of the alcove and watched the young woman slept. Running a

hand over his clean shaven scalp Vhym moved next to his old friend. Frost was

old, almost as old as Shadow King, and as such had become quite aloof when it

came to speaking so when he did talk, most were wise to listen. "Do you think

her beyond my ability?" Frosts' thin, masculine lips curled up into an amused

smile. "Not quite my friend. Her mystical powers are growing swiftly; even I can

feel from my Citadel the power she holds. If she does not learn to control it,

it will control her", Frost now turning to look eye to eye with his long time

friend and ally, "The Enchantress can at least teach her how to channel such

power. And it would be good for her to get out of here for a few years." Vhym,

stoic as always merely nodded his agreement. "How will Mane take it?" Sky slid

up behind her love, her fingers gently, soothingly squeezing his broad

shoulders. Her words were like a whispered breath in his ears. "The Animal Lord

will regard her well as will all the Wilders. She is more akin to them than we

ever could be." A nod from the Lord of Ice confirmed her words and Vhym

noticeably relaxed but of course Frost had to bring him back to attention. "So,

is she ready for her party? Better yet...are you?" Vhym frowned as the others

shared a good, long laugh.

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Far away in the lands of waste, north of Astaroth Keep, the great mountain

stronghold of Clan Tumblestone, stood a lone castle, a striking bone white

against the ash and charred earth that surrounded it. The castle itself was

remarkable, a structure of beauty and splendor with high buttresses, and massive

walls and towers with one single tower that stood in its center, tall and

wondrous. The tower, forged from white opal was the only , truly stone structure

within the magnificent creation for upon closer inspection, if one were so

brave, they would see that the castle itself was pieced together by the bones of

millions and countless millions of victims, victims that had fallen to the

castles undying master, Lord Cyril, the Lich King. He sat comfortably in his

throne of human flesh, his beauty and splendor hiding a soul of evil, perversion

and hatred. His dress was that of an ancient time; mithiril armor that seemed

forged for a mage from a time before the Ten Kings War; a war that he remembered

vividly for it was a war that he, along with the Lord of Shadow, Epyon, had

begun. It was during this war, nearly a millennia ago that he became what he

was, the first of his kind, the Lich King, lord of the undead. A thin, perfect

and villainous smile crossed his chiseled features as he sipped from a goblet

held in well groomed hands; encrusted with four voluptuous females, large rubies

representing their hugely swollen bellies, their thick, plump legs forming the

hilt of the goblet and melted into the base. Each held their gravid middles as

it they were trying to hold them together as the silver that formed their

figures looked as if it were tearing open about the rubies of their bellies; the

four females faces locked in screams of terror and the detail was extraordinary.

The goblet was full of a thick crimson liquid that had a truly pungent smell to

it. Long, thick strands of ghostly white hair hung over his broad, strong

shoulders, his cloak billowing out behind him. His suit of mage chain was black

mithiril, his breast plate crafted from blood stone; a stone that was as dark

and rich in color as blood and that was mined only in the deepest of caverns;

its mystic powers almost equal to deep purple or black opal. Etched upon his

armor was the intricate and sad story of a man who was once a priest, loved,

trusted and honored but had become consumed by death, fearing it so much that he

sacrificed his family, his faith to make a deal with a creature of shadow to

cheat that which he feared the most; becoming a creature so hideous and vile

that he renamed himself for who he once was no longer existed. At the side of

the flesh forged throne rested a huge, towering sword, its blade grafted from

blood stone and deep purple, its hilt forming a wondrous cross like symbol; a

stark reminder of a path long forgotten. Still Cyril kept the weapon and used it

with skill beyond measure. Within the candlelit throne room, atop the center

tower of the Castle of the Dead; Deathonmortuc in the dwarven language, Cyril

sat and watched his star pupil work. The thin mysterious half-elf, his beak like

nose covered in sweat, his slender, though muscled body glistening with

perspiration as the necromancer caste a very powerful spell. The relatively

young half-elf was not ugly but was darkly attractive, his eyes dark and sunken

in, his thick black hair a hung about his shoulders, his human side far more

apparent than his elven, except for his ears, long and pointed. Cyril had stolen

him long ago from his mother, right out of the great elven city of Sehandir,

sending fear and terror throughout the wondrous place as they feared more young

would disappear. No, it was to be only this one, the one named Melphio, who

Cyril affectionately named the Dark Reader. To kidnap the young half-elf was not

Cyrils' original plan though. It had been advice given to the Lich King by the

very sensuous and powerful creature that stood attentively at his side. Her eyes

were light, a diamond white, and from her full, blood hued lips two fang tips

penetrated. Her hair was long, curly and platinum, cascading down to the tip of

her spine, just above her full, round and succulent butt. Two monster sized

breasts sat upon her chest, each thrice he size of her head, topped with large,

pale pink areole and stiff, almost rigid nubs, revealed under the ruby broach

that held her midnight colored cloak together. What was more striking was the

shear size of her belly, her middle jutting out more than three feet, the flesh

taunt and smooth; the female looking as if she were full term with octuplets and

looked quite ready to burst. Her thighs and hips were thick and wide, giving her

a ripeness that was unbelievable, a thin silken loin cloth hiding her nether

regions, which did not deter her sexy appearance, but only added to her sensuous

movements. She was Countess Chese A'maro, the Blood Mother. She caressed the

fulsome mass of her spherical belly, the warm of a recent feed still coursed

through her veins. Blood Mothers were created by the remnants of the vampire

tribes, after the Ten Kings War. Only a few Blood Mothers existed and the

Countess was the first, a creation of Shadow King and the Lady of Fertility;

female vampires who could store vast amounts of blood within hugely swollen

bellies; masking them as hugely; no, massively pregnant women; allowing them to

feed any vampires who may not have the ability or opportunity to hunt. Before

Melphio were two females, one elven and one human; each strapped tightly and

painfully to a globe shaped alter which stretched their ripe young bodies,

forcing their trim stomachs upward. Both females were well endowed, the human a

bit more busty and plump than the elf but both were strikingly beautiful for

their kind; the human, her green eyes filled with fear, her full lips quivering

in anticipation, sweat just covering her sun kissed flesh and her long mahogany

hair hanging down far behind her. The elf, a moon elf, was pale with a much

slender physique, her bosom a bit firmer and resting higher on her chest than

the humans. Her features were sharp and strong but her silver eyes displayed the

same fear that the human had and together they watched as the necromancer

chanted, his arms and hands working feverishly through his spell. "Nostus

ferorentu creatus gravidus!" Melphio shouted the last bit of his spell and then

fell to the ground, too weak to stand, but his eyes stayed on the two females.

For a moment all was silent. The Countess heard them first, the faint haunted

echoes of life long past. Soon the room became full of howling and moaning,

cursing that came from hollow voices and then they appeared. Shadowy spirits,

fallen dwarven warriors started slowly lumbering into the light of the burning

candles; each one marked by his or her own death; one with an arrow in his

skull, one whose head barely stayed on, one with his gut torn open but they were

there, dozens upon dozens of haunting dwarven spirits who slowly surrounded the

two prone females, and Melphio. Their they stood, their they waited, until the

one who summoned them gave them orders. Melphio struggled on his hands and

knees, looking up weakly at the horde but he smiled a smile of the deepest,

purest evil. "Fill them until you are all reborn!" And the hordes of dead moved.

Neither female had felt such pleasure or pain in their lives as one by one the

ghostly warriors crawled into the poor females wombs. The human cried out as the

first of the spirits spread her virginity, and forced its way into her body.

Then she felt something unlike anything before as the spirit began to take

shape, to retake and form its body anew within her. She could feel her belly

begin to stretch and bulge, her flesh become tighter about her waist as the

dwarf grew in her womb. Panting breathlessly she tried to accept the intruder,

relaxing her muscles as her belly grew, gravid and tight, full beyond reason.

From the side the poor girl looked already nine months along and ready to

deliver a large babe, but this was just the beginning for there were many

waiting and they were all going to fill her. She felt as if her belly was about

to burst, the pressure was so intense but then she felt another of the ghostly

warriors begin its insertion. Over and over the two females cried out in

agonizing terror and heart wrenching pain as the ghost horde poured into their

distended wombs. Cyril was amazed as both the human and the elf became pregnant

with undead, their once trim bellies swelling and bulging to new, wondrous

proportions as the dwarves crept into their bodies. Nearly an hour passed and

the dwarves were finally down; nearly two hundred of the undead crawled and

writhed about within the impossibly, ungodly globes of the two females. Their

bellies consumed them, swallowing up their legs to the knees, the flesh

stretched almost to transparent, clawed hands grazing the ready to burst spheres

which nearly touched the ceiling. The elf whimpered in pain but the human had

fallen unconscious; she was the lucky one. Quivering with expectancy the

immeasurably pregnant elf groaned as she felt the first contraction, but not

where she had expected it. Arched painfully over the alter, her middle swollen

beyond comprehension, pregnant with nearly a hundred dead spirits, the elf

screamed as one whom knew pain intimately as her globular belly split down its

center, blood running thickly down her taunt, over stretched belly flesh, the

skin looking hard to the touch. Melphio waved his arm and energy rolled the

alters, pulling each female into a sitting position, squeezing their foul

fecundity cruelly. The elf cried out in sheer terror as her "young" began to

tumble about, sensing that their time was near. Contractions washed over her

perversely bloated and inhumanly pregnant body. Instinctively the poor elf began

to push, panting and breathing as the rupture within her immeasurable gravidity

slowly tore open, the taunt flesh splitting like overly ripe fruit under the

barrage from within. Her back was still arched and her hands still clasped

behind her head but the elf managed to pull her wide spread legs up about her

swollen sides as she suddenly felt them, all of them, painfully emerge. Her head

whipped back as she released her death cry, her belly; the length of two full

grown titans, bulging nearly the same to her sides, exploded in a spray of blood

and gore as the horde of undead dwarves poured free; a berserker horde obedient

only to the Lich King. Moments later the human gave birth, never waking from her

unconscious stupor. Cyril looked before him, two hundred dwarven warriors,

enraged and hungry for battle awaited his command. Melphio now stood at his

masters' side, the Countess Chese A'maro gently cuddled up next to the powerful

necromancer. The Lich King, lord of the undead took a deep draw from his

ever-full goblet, and then stood to his full, empowering six foot six height.

"Return home and take what you have lost." With a maddening cry the undead army

charged out of the tower. Within hours they would be free of Deathonmortuc,

marching relentlessly through the wasteland and into Astaroth Keep. Cyril

smiled.

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Finally the day had arrived. Shalimar had recovered swiftly from the birth of

Galassiens' three boys; sleeping the entire next day and waking up to the

frantic last minute preparations for her thirty-third birthday party, a party

Vhym had promised to be better than any birthday before. Though groggy from the

lengthy amount of sleep the young half-elf had more than one attendant scurrying

her about, this way and that as they fitted her for her dinner gown. Still not

fond of her immense fecundity, Shalimar admittedly was awestruck by her garment,

sown from the silk of one of Frosts' pet ice worms, with studs of diamonds

etching the ensemble. Though it was a gown it was actually rather functional and

suited Shalimar well, wrapping up about her hefty bosom, the backless dress

exposed her muscular back just to the top of her round, full rear; exposing just

enough to keep one guessing. From her breasts and draping over her gravid belly

the gown split to either side of the fulsome orb, revealing only a bit of her

taunt, smooth, flesh and the angelic tattoo. The lower end of the gown hugged

her wide hips and round, firm buttocks, accentuating her sleek thighs and

flowing just over her thigh high leather boots. The outfit itself seemed to

alternate colors with her every step, sometimes blending into the background all

together and sometimes hitting a color so striking everyone had to look but with

each change, the color always complimented Shalimars vibrant and healthy soft

tanned flesh, and equally illuminated her sensuous curves and abundant swell in

more than a flattering manner; for she already was a natural beauty. The gown

became even more special when Shalimar discovered it was a joint gift from

Thimedale and Frost; sown by the Ice Lord himself. She loved the way it

conformed to her figure and even began to admire her shape; more than she ever

had before. What surprised the seamstress was how well it fit, needing only a

minor tuck about the bosom. Apparently Frost thought Shalimar to a bit more

endowed than she actually was; which was more flattering to the half-elf than

Vhym liked. Even still, he had to admire the Ice Lords' work and appreciated how

much the young female loved the garment. As Shalimar looked at her swollen

shape, the ripeness of her bulging belly, her muscular thighs flexing as she

moved a sudden wave of energy washed over her, flooding her senses and

overwhelming her for a moment. It was power, raw power and it was approaching

Sky Home, but there was something familiar and good about the presence she felt;

a warmth that made her smile, her full lips curling into a beaming joyfulness

that made even Vhyms' unbeating heart skip.

"Are we close yet Gildar? I'm thinkn' ol' Vhym gave us bad directions." Nicolas

Tumblestone called out to the elven general from atop the dwarven battle-wagon.

Nicolas was the twelfth king to Astaroth Keep and by far the youngest of them

all. He, along with Gildar Under the One Tree, his wife Ehlarra the Life

Bringer, the Neith berserker Latissa the Blackwinged and the one she was

guarding, the mysterious and powerful half-elven mage known as Sebron the

Staffless, the elven kings nephew who rode upon Shadowdancer, a steed of

legendary power; had all been invited to the birthday of a young female named

Shalimar. "I am certain master dwarf that the Lady of Sky Home would not lead us

astray." Ehlarra looked to her love, taking note that he had not mentioned that

the invitation had come from Lord Vhym, not Sky. None of the group had met her

but an invitation from Sky or Vhym was not to be ignored and more importantly it

would be the first time any of them had visited the enchanted place. Besides,

rarely did a dwarf need a reason for drinking but Nicolas had left that morning

from Sehandir from celebrating Sebrons' thirty third birthday and was still

feeling the effects of the over abundance of mead and ale, not to mention the

teleportation spell that the young Light Mage used to quicken their journey.

Along with them came a group of dwarven berserkers led by Logan Battleaxe; a

huge dwarf at four foot five was Nicolas' personal body guard. "Me king, I'm

thinkn' the vampyres' directions being pretty good meself." Nicolas, adorned in

full dwarven plate turned to regard his friend and guardian, Logans' bald head

shiny in the midday sun, a deep scare cutting through his right eye. Wearing

well used dwarven chain and holding a massive battle axe forged from black opal

and standing taller than the dwarf himself, its blade as wide as his broad

shoulders, its twin rested upon his back. Logan pointed ahead and the entire

entourage stopped cold. "By the Thunder Lord himself, never before have I seen

such a sight!" Before them all, floating majestically in the air and setting

atop an upside down mountain was Sky Home, a castle so grand that its beauty

rivaled that of both Sehandir and Astaroth Keep. The berserkers; were silent;

for once, and Ehlarra, so caught up in the splendor of the great castle pressed

herself closer to her love. Latissa stepped up behind her charge, the ruggedly

handsome half-elf smiling as he drank in the beauty but he also drank in the

feeling that he, or a part of him belonged there. "Have you ever seen something

like this young Sebron?" Almost absently he answered the beautiful, raven haired

Neith, her long black wings spread wide to catch the brisk air. "Only in my

dreams." Truthfully, that was exactly where he had before looked upon Sky Homes'

beauty. The young half-elf had been quiet for a good mile and Latissa had been a

bit worried about him but he had felt a presence, a power that equaled his own

and it had him entranced; not because it felt dangerous but rather it felt

right.

About midday the gong rang out that signified the approach of visitors.

Threehorn was the first to get word that a dwarven entourage was approaching;

escorting four other travelers. He gathered a good sized group of snow elven

archers known as the Wardancers, the lead archer Cilus Trueshot was at his side

at the magical drawbridge that allowed those without magics or the ability of

flight to enter Sky Home. The deep purple gollum looked at the rather short

archer but he looked at him with the utmost respect for Cilus was a three

hundred year old arcane archer, and had served Sky Home loyally through out many

battles; even killing the black wyrm Gloombringer single handedly. Standing only

five and a half feet tall, Cilus was the only snow elf that Threehorn had ever

known to be scared. A deep acid burn ran down the otherwise handsome archers

left cheek and shoulder, though the wound had since been covered by an intricate

mithiril mask that conformed to Cilus' face, a black opal was set in to replace

his missing eye. Many runes were carved into the mask and they glinted with

magical power. His dress was that of a creature of the wood, his soft leather

armor of elvish make was a blend of leaves that mirrored the shade of his

surroundings, now appearing a light grey and blue, his cloak pulled over his

head to protect him from the brisk chill that constantly surrounded the floating

castle. The monstrous gollum snorted once at the approaching caravan, his breath

showing clearly in the air. Cilus slid just behind the creature as he silently

signaled his archers into position. "You really think someone would attack

us...here...in Sky Home," Threehorn questioned the overly cautious archer. Cilus

looked up at the towering minotaur for a moment, a thin smile crossing his lips;

the only part of his face that was not hidden in shadow. "You think me too

cautious?" Three turned slightly to regard the wily and dangerous archer, a

wicked grin crossing his animalistic faÃ§ade; then he turned back to the ensemble

that was gathering around the portal which led to the mystic bridge that was the

entrance to the magical palace. It was said in lore that the bridge had been

forged from a single lock of Skys' fathers head, but none who were there, save

Threehorn, are still alive from that time and the ancient gollum was not letting

out any secrets. The deep booming sound of a horn blew, signaling all was ready

for the visitors. Threehorn stepped up the twin of that horn, a hollowed horn

from a song dragon and blew, releasing the magic of the draw bridge. Energy

rippled over the mile long expanse as from seemingly out of nowhere a bridge of

mithiril and gold materialized before them, a structure of pure beauty and

artistry that it again stole the breath from the dwarven contingent. Threehorn

stepped to the center on the pathway and waited as the host of sixteen slowly

made the trip across the bring. His eyes narrowed as he began to feel the

presence of power, power equal to young Shalimar. Even the Wardancers, Cilus'

archers felt the approach of someone great, one who warranted the same respect

that they held for Shalimar. He watched them as the group neared; a host of a

dozen dwarven berserkers clad in mithiril plate that looked more like squat two

legged porcupines than dwarves; their armor covered in sharp spikes and edges. A

known battle tactic for the dwarven berserkers of clan Tumblestone,

appropriately named the Bloodbathers was to throw themselves upon or into hordes

of their enemies and writhe and gyrate about until literally shredding their

opponents until they are bathing in their victims' life blood. They marched

proudly ahead of a massive wagon that looked like a weapon in and of itself;

armored from top to bottom in mithiril, with small ballista holes cut into its

side and two twin ballista mounted upon swivels on the wagons top and manned by

two female dwarven archers. Pulling the huge creation were four war wolves;

monstrous dire wolves trained by clan Tumblestone as battle mounts. Sitting in

the drivers chair were King Nicolas Tumblestone and a huge dwarf, his head

shaved completely and adorned in a coat of chainmail. Threehorn had never met

the new dwarf but by the scars and twin axes he wielded he knew that the dwarf

was the reputed leader of the Bloodbathers. Behind them rode three riders, two

elves; one a male dressed in the military garb of Sehandir, a upper official and

a lovely female, her garments showing her status as Lifebringer to the royal

family. The third was a young and striking half-elf, which dressed something

more akin to an elven ranger, the hilt of a beautifully crafted sword resting

upon his back, his armor a deep and rich blacks and greens. He rode upon a great

black steed that was as beautiful to look at as a moonlit night upon the top

tower of Sky Home; and just as empowering. From this one Threehorn felt power,

incredible power and he knew another great being was about to enter his home.

The last of the troupe was actually airborne, a female Neith or winged elf and

moving just behind the three riders. From this distance the gollum could see her

remarkable beauty, the slender though muscular female, her ample bosom and

shapely curves held tightly in full leather body armor. Her wings and hair black

as pitch and her silvery blue eyes glinted with wildness, the same wild, and

animal like madness all berserkers held and upon her hips were twin scimitars of

black opal. Though very few knew it the enchanted bridge of sky home had the

ability to quicken or slow the progress of those who traveled upon it so within

moments the entire entourage was pulling up before Threehorn, who now stood

alone for Cilus had disappeared into the lush wilderness that surrounded the

mystical palace. "Well met travelers. Welcome to Skylithor, or Sky Home. Please,

follow me." The dwarves looked at eachother and then to Gildar. "I never seen o'

stone minotaur in all me years, have ye?" Gildar chuckled, taking Ehlarras' hand

as they rode side by side. "No my lord but it is well advised we follow him."

With that and a frustrated huff, the troupe fell in line behind the ancient

gollum. Sebron looked into the tree line and gave a slight nod then urged

Shadowdancer forward.

From the darkness of the trees, Cilus and one of his best Wardancers looked at

one another as the young half-elf gave them an apparent nod and proceeded

onward. Only Shalimar had ever before caught any of the skilled archers in their

forest.

Finally alone, Shalimar relaxed upon her grand bed, enjoying the midday breeze

as it came through her windows. Suddenly a thought came to her, a very

disturbing thought. The young Lord Sebron was to attend her party and possibly

would give her a present but his birthday had been just the other day and she

had no present for him. Even as she thought of it, her eyes flashed golden, but

just briefly and almost immediately a beautiful, pure white snow owl flew up and

landed upon her window sill. Shalimar looked at the wondrous bird, slightly

larger than others of his kind but just as beautiful if not more so. It gave her

a slight nod and cocked its head; and Shalimar could see the intelligence within

the owls' jet eyes. Then in her head, as clearly as if it had spoken the words

she heard. "You called me mistress?" Shalimar, a bit taken aback at the

formality the owl used, smiled and gave a slight shake of her head and then

stopped; realizing that by wishing for a gift, she had, in a way, called for the

miraculous creature. "Yes...yes I did. What are you called, by your kind?"

Puffing up its chest proudly, his feathers shimmering with life, and strength

the owl hooted. "I am known as Neverwinter." "Well Neverwinter, I have a favor

to ask of you." The owl spread its wings and entered the room.

Proud of herself and very happy, Shalimar lay naked upon her bed, her full lush

belly jutting out grandly above her. She gently rubbed the fecund mass,

recalling a few nights before when it was so heavily swollen with life, a

massive sphere of fertility grown thrice the size of its present shape. Thinking

back to that night, Shalimar remember how alive she felt, the pain and the

pleasure, which she now concentrated on. Never knowing a lovers' touch left

Shalimar to tend to her own desires as best she could. And as often as she

could. As her hands glided over her smooth, taunt flesh, the warmth with

tingling her senses in a most pleasurable way she imaged what it would feel like

to be so heavy and full with child, sporting a belly so big and ripe that it

would be hard for her to walk. To have the feeling of young beings growing

within her, the shear power of life and creation held within her body and the

pleasurable pain of giving birth, the orgasmic relief of such an event was so

intoxicating, enriching that it filled her with desire, with need. Her body was

growing hot and moist as she imaged such wonders, the feel of creating such

beauty, the natural act of becoming pregnant and the twelve months after as her

young grew within. So lost in her daydreams had Shalimar become that she hardly

noticed her fingers easing towards her extremely wet sex, taunting and teasing

her swollen, yearning nether regions. Slowly she caressed her false pregnant

belly, erotically exploring the vastness of her curves, inching ever closer to

her nether regions. Breathing heavier with every stork and touch Shalimar become

more and more lost in her self gratification. Just as she was about to plunge

into the depths of sexual bliss she heard the knock on her door. The young

beauty almost jumped from her bed when she heard his icy smooth voice.

"Shalimar, are you awake my lady?" Frost was back. Not now she thought, she

pleaded. She was in no state of mind to react or even think clearly. Unable to

speak, or even move for that matter Shalimar just stared at the door blankly

until he knocked again. She took a couple of deep breathes to calm herself, her

arousal much greater than she had thought. All she wanted to do was feel her sex

explode in that wondrous sensation she had felt nights before but that, as she

took her last calming breath, would have to wait. "Y...yes Lord Frost. I'm...I'm

awake. Just allow me a moment to get dressed." The words had come out before she

could stop them and her face flushed with embarrassment. She had just told the

one man she had fantasized about since childhood she was naked. With a quick

glance her robe shot op from the floor, a gust of wind answering her call and

into her waiting grasp. Swiftly she robed herself and gave the door a simple a

nod; again the air itself pulling at the great doors. As if of its own accord

the wooden doors opened and before her stood Frost. He was breathtaking, adorned

in regal robes and a fully functional cassock with an elegant long sword

sheathed at his hip. His lips, a soft tinge of blue curled up into a mischievous

smile and his eyes, normally a pale, almost clear were now a blue almost as deep

as the ocean in which Sky Home floated over. His frost colored hair was pulled

and tucked back in a tight ponytail and his lean upon the door jam was as casual

and calm as the winter breeze. Thoughts and fantasies of ravaging the gorgeous

being fill Shalimars' thoughts; to feel his naked body against hers, to touch

and kiss his hardness and to be filled by his steely manhood flooded her mind,

the warm between her legs coming on two fold. Forcing a controlled smile and

exhaling slowly she slid to the edge of her bed. Shalimar suddenly realized she

could not find her voice but rather found herself staring at the amazing man

before her. As usual with the two, Frost always spoke first. "I apologize. I did

not mean to wake you." Her smile beamed like the sun floating over the Frostmare

Mountains, brightening the dark valley below. Though Frost would never admit it,

the radiant young half-elf stole his breath everytime he saw her and this time

was no different. Her hair was slightly disheveled due to lying on her bed, her

face was fresh and slightly flushed with excitement which made her look even

more enticing with her large, ripe breasts bulging within the confines of her

tiny robe, and her rather ample belly jutting forth from beneath the silken

cloth. Only then did the Lord of Ice realize that the garment was sheer, nearly

see through and he could just pick out the soft curves of her hips and thighs,

the large dark circles of her areola and the way her nipples looked as if they

could cut right through the fabric. The slope of her belly just hid her sex and

the elemental lord could barely catch the sweet musk and unconsciously his smile

broadened just a bit. Shalimar gave him a quizzical look and he immediately

regained his calm demeanor. "May I help you Lord Frost?" He squinted his brow,

as if trying to remember why he had come by then he relaxed, flashing her a

proud smile, as if he had accomplished something great. "Ah yes...a hug. I have

been here for over an hour and I have not seen nor heard from you yet! I was

beginning to think you had forgotten me all together" Immediately she rushed

over to the handsome immortal and wrapped him up in a tight huge. The rather

tall and broad shoulder snow elf embraced her tightly, Shalimar being

significantly shorter than he and he relished the softness of her full bosom

upon him, the full gravidity of her waist pressing against his side. Shalimar

couldn't help herself as she held him long and tight, feeling his strength and

power and she looked up into his icy blue eyes, almost wantingly she knew but

she could not contain herself; the events just before his arrival tugging at her

every sense and though she meant to say it in a more respectful manner her words

came out in a husky purr. "I would never do such a thing." If Frost was

intrigued or even touched by the way she spoke, he never let on though she saw

his eyes widen just a bit, as his smile grew and turned just a bit to the

mischievous side. Lovingly he bent down and kissed her forehead and she looked

up at him happily for that was as much as she could ask for, but then she heard

it, a whisper on the wind or a feeling in the air itself. Frost could see her

face as it changed, as if something was drawing her attention or calling out her

name. Something or someone of great power was near and that person

was...important, but why was this power calling out to her; and by what she

could tell, looking up at the Ice Lord, her alone. Her grip relaxed a bit and

Frost watched her a bit, concern coming to his silver brows. Instinctively his

hand fell to the hilt of Icingdeath, his personally forged weapon. A gentle

squeeze from Shalimar brought him out of his attentive state and he looked at

her, loosing himself in her sparkling sapphire and golden speckled orbs, the

warmth and the tenderness of her full lipped smile. She loved the way he cared

for her, even though they saw eachother so rarely but she also knew his worry

was not necessary. "It's okay Frost. I think the one Vhym spoke of...the one I

dreamt of; Sebron has arrived." The handsome immortal gave her a whimsical

glance. That had come out completely the wrong way. "Dreamt of?" "It was not

like that Lord Frost," she pouted, knowing exactly what was going through his

mind, "I saw him upon the back of the great Shadow dragon. They battled the

Storm Giant king, Icehammer the Brutal. At least that is what I dreamt...I

think" Frost nodded and offered no argument for what she said was true, very

true. A few weeks back Shadow King, along with a young Light Mage know as the

Staffless had taken on Icehammer and his hoard, laying waste to the twenty

strong storm giants. Frost himself had leant a legion of frost giants to assist

but the two formidable beings had already dispatched the deadly and powerful

group. Yet his disconcerting smile kept the young half-elf guessing. "Well if he

has arrived then maybe I should allow you to get dressed." Shalimar suddenly

realized just how close she was to the Ice Lord, so close that his chill breath

was causing frost to form on her nose and lips, so close she could kiss him and

fulfill her wildest and most passionate desires, and she shifted a bit, the

dampness between her legs becoming rather uncomfortable and her gown was in a

painfully pleasing way, rubbing her nipples, which were naturally stiff standing

in the chill air of the Ice Lord but before she could fall into temptation Frost

leaned in closely and gently, lovingly kissed her forehead and then slowly

backed away. With a gracious bow, "My Lady Shalimar, I shall see you tonight at

dinner. Oh, I do hope you wear the gown I made for you." Shalimars' smile was

from ear to ear as she returned the bow, as best her ample belly would allow,

again enjoying the fact that she could bow and then shut the door quietly and

slowly, her eyes never once loosing sight of the immortal of ice until he

finally turned the corner. As soon as the door shut Shalimar walked towards

another pair of doors set to the side of her room which led to a personal bath

that Vhym had set up at the young females' request. It was constructed out of

pure ice but had been enchanted so that it would never melt unless under the

breath of a red wyrm, and that was highly unlikely. Carvings of animals and

fairies and nymphs; all nude and surprisingly all hugely pregnant but all

radiant beauties decorated the tube which had been set into the rooms' floor.

The doors opened even before she got near them and with a single wave of her

hand the many wax candles which surrounded the intricately designed bath burst

to life with burning flame and the tube began to fill with water; warm and

soothing. Shalimar dropped her robe to the chilly floor and then slowly lowered

her sensuous, supple body into the steaming water. As soon as it touched her

skin, the fire in Shalimars' loins raged uncontrollably and immediately the

gorgeous female submerged herself into its depths, allowing her entire body to

be consumed by the warmth of the water. She stood up swiftly, smoothly; whipping

her hair about allowing the water to spray the room but as it did so she raised

her hand once again and all the droplets froze in place; as it time had stopped

and they were stilled in its picture. Slowly she lowered her hand and the

escaping droplets returned calmly back into the pool from whence they came.

Smiling to herself, the Daughter of Magik eased back into the tub, laying her

head upon the smooth carved edge. The surreal-ness of the scene brought Shalimar

back to where she had been before Frost came to her door and she found herself

rubbing and caressing the full sensuous swell of her belly, running her hands

along the full slope of the orb that rose out of the water like a crescent moon

of smooth, sun kissed flesh, her navel protruding slightly due its fullness. Now

she cupped her fulsome breasts as well, teasing the aching nubs of the heavy

orbs, causing her to gasp with pleasure as the sensations rippled through her

like lightening. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to dream. Again the

lovely half-elf began to imagine herself ripe and heavy with child, her

burgeoning fecundity bustling with life. The mere thought of her body in such a

state was sending sensations of raw sexual power into her virgin sex; her hands

now hungrily groped the soft, fulsome orbs of her breasts; squeezing and

tweaking the stiff nipples. She was panting and moaning, crying almost as her

nether regions became ablaze with a hunger that she could not satiate as she

tried to reach down between her legs. Just touching her nether lips, tormenting

the swollen pedals was not enough, and she could not reach the part of her body

that she now desperately needed to. Suddenly a soft, gently touch brought her

out of her sexual crescendo, her eyes opening to the sight of the most beautiful

female she had ever seen. Soft brown hair pulled up about her head with just a

few a strands cascading down about her face; framing the beautiful, captivating

females' deep ocean colored eyes and full pouty lips, the soft roundness of her

cheeks making her look even more inviting. Her shoulders where slender and

feminine; actually her entire body was a perfect sculpture of womanly charm and

beauty, wide hips but not grotesquely so, a flat trim belly but yet soft and

smooth; flesh that was neither too tan or too pale but just lightly kissed with

color and breasts, enormous melon sized orbs that fit naturally upon the

females' chest; her nipples dark and thick and surrounded by saucer sized

areole. The female gave Shalimar a smile that was lustful and soothing all at

once and Shalimar, her mind to lost in its hunger cared little if the stranger

was dangerous or not. Gently the female ran her delicate hands along the mass of

Shalimars' gravidity, following an unseen trail along the globe of flesh;

beneath the horizon of the water to a treasure hidden bellow its surface.

Breathing heavily with an uncontrollably need, a desire that seemed to be

consuming her; Shalimar slowly began to buck her hips, pressing the need to be

satisfied and knowing the mysterious woman meant to do just that. Just as the

womans' fingers brushed against the cap of the half-elfs' nether lips she gave

Shalimar a long, understanding look. "I am Lethan, the Lady of Lust and desire.

I cannot aid you if you do not wish it. Will you allow me to help you?" Shalimar

could hardly find her voice but some how she managed. "Y...yess...ppl...please!"

Lethan smiled, joyously as her fingers slid into Shalimars' molten sex. The

reaction was instantaneous, Shalimar crying out in pure sexual bliss as her

tumult of unsatisfied desire was fed at last. Her back arched, forcing the bulge

of her eight month along belly out of the water, her weighty breasts lulling to

either side of the swollen orb, as her hands literally cracked the icy tube from

the untamed force. Shalimars' head whipped about as she thrust herself upon the

Lady of Lusts' welcomed fingers, her undiscovered treasure accepting the slender

digits hungrily. The fury in which Shalimar plunged herself upon her mysterious

lovers fingers, the immediacy and need to satiate such a powerful hunger even

surprised the beautiful immortal; stroking and rubbing the half-elfs' gravid

belly; taunting and soothing the tight, silken flesh. Bucking like a madden

beast in heat Shalimars' voice rang out hoarsely, the intensity in the erotic

play had completely taken over. It took only a few moments before the gorgeous

females thrust grew desperate, short and swift, her nether lips pulsing and

quivering with anticipation, the only hint to the volcano ready to erupt from

her loins. With a suddenness that startled the ever sexual Lethan, young

Shalimar froze, her muscles tense and then she opened her mouth in a silent

scream but as she did so the air itself seemed to rush forward, drawn in by

Shalimar herself and then just quickly it blew out, with such force that it shot

Lethan back, slamming her into the far wall, blowing out the candles instantly

and with a gush Shalimars' sweet nectar exploded into the pool as she had her

first, true orgasm. Panting heavily, hardly able to draw breath, Shalimar

slumped into the still warm waters as Lethan collected herself and approached

the gorgeous and frightfully powerful female. Lazily, exhausted by the sudden

burst of power, Shalimar looked up at Lethan, her eyes heavy and weak. "A...are

y...you alright?" Lethan could only smile for such concern was rarely given to

her. Nor had she ever witnessed or even been apart of such a surge of raw

passion. Gently, weakly she leaned forward and kissed Shalimar, fully and deeply

on her soft, pillowy lips which Shalimar returned warmly, feeling natural with

her sexuality. The warmth of Lethans' breasts began to rekindle the young ones

fire but immediately Lethan quenched the budding furnace, placing her hand on

the wet fecundity and pulling away the growing desire. She knew the young had

had enough for the day. When their kiss broke the Immortal of Lust vanished in a

wisp of smoke as if she had been a dream. Suddenly Shalimar awoke, the candles

were burning once again and she was alone. Unsure of what had just happened

Shalimar looked herself over as much as she could, not seeing any marks or scars

she relaxed, though not completely. She quickly scanned the room and noticed

that on the edge of the icy tube, about an arms length on either side of her

body, cracks had formed, as if someone had tried to crush a part of the

structure. Somewhat worried and somewhat amused and very confused, Shalimar, the

Daughter of Magik finished her bath.

Far below, near the great hall of Sky Home, Sebron shivered as he felt a sudden,

magnificent surge of raw power; similar to the ones he used to loose before his

training among the Light Magi. He also felt the presence of not one but two

immortals, though one faded shortly after the power burst. This was a wondrous

place indeed. "Come Master Sebron," the gollum, Threehorn, called out, "This is

no place to get lost in." Sebron, who only now realized most of the group were

watching him as he stared at the largest tower within Sky Home. He gave a humble

and apologetic smile. "My apologies Master Threehorn, this place is just so

wondrous that I wish to take in as much as I can before I return to my studies.

I am sorry." The purple colored gollum smiled, though it looked like more of a

ferocious snarl than it did a smile but genuine apology was well accepted. "If

you would like my young Master Staffless, perhaps I or another, even Mistress

Shalimar may give you a tour. If that is your desire?" Threehorn nodded towards

the group and Sebron fell back in line. As they walked Latissa moved close to

the young mage, nudging him slightly as his eyes continued to wonder, to take in

all the sights of Sky Home. "What was that about?" "I...I thought I felt

something but I was mistaken," his sly grin giving away his ruse. Latissa had

been his guardian for almost twenty years and would remain so until his one

hundredth birthday; only then serving the young Staffless at his companion and

not guardian. Yet in her twenty years with the youth she had come to learn when

he was lying, simply because he did it so rarely. Standing nearly as tall as

Sebron and she was clearly stronger, the berserker in her blood made it so she

gave him a gentle reminder of who she was as she punched in the arm. Sebron

lurched forward and regarded the Neith with an even wider smile. A stern look

from Gildar brought the to back into a more serious state of mind; Sebron bowing

his apologies. Gildar turned only to receive an equally stern look from his

loving wife which he answered back with a playful wink. The group strode on and

approached the grand double doors of the Grand Hall of Sky Home. Two hooded snow

elves wielding long mithiril pikes pushed open the doors as Threehorn and the

guest arrived. The guards never once looked up or turned their faces towards the

bright sun and as Sebron passed he felt the chill of death. A creature of nature

and battle Latissa felt it too but she had been forewarned that more than one of

Sky Homes' residence were not exactly living. "Latissa...were they?" "Yes...yes

they were Sebron. I have a feeling you may see and even meet more than one

vampyre tonight." He looked at her for a moment. "Do you think this Shalimar is

one?" Latissa quickly shook her head. "No. From what I've heard she is a

half-elf, much like you." They continued on into the Grand Hall and again their

breath left them for the shear splendor and beauty of the hall. Torches and

candles by the thousands illuminated the theatre sized room, with portraits of

heroes of old and new surrounding the walls. Great chandeliers hung from the

high domed ceiling also lit with candle light or so it seemed but upon closer

inspection the crystalline pieces merely reflected the surrounding light,

brightening the room even more. It was truly spectacular. Onyx carved tables fit

for at least a hundred or more lined the great chamber with a grand table placed

at the head of the room. This table was etched with the story of Sir Vhym

Deacon, the knight who became a vampyre and the vampyre who became a knight. A

sad tail of love and betrayal and revenge and loss greater than words could tell

but all of the group; Sebron, Latissa, Ehlarra and Gildar, King Nicolas and

Logan Battleaxe along with the Bloodbathers and the two female archers, sat in

honor and deep contemplation of the tale of the lost and fallen hero. Gildar

especially looked at the intricately etched tale and Ehlarra could tell that

something in him was moved at the sight and she hugged him all the more. "This

t' be the place o' the party eh? Hopin' yer bringin' a bit o' more guest to fill

t' place!" Threehorn looked at the surely king for a moment and then smiled,

causing more than one of the Bloodbathers to get a little anxious. With a great

snort the huge gollum turned to address the visitors. "Your rooms are to the

left," he pointed with one of his thick fingers, "and to the right is the

balcony. It is a lovely sight to behold for those whose love of the ground," the

massive deep purple minotaur looked directly at the dwarf king, "is not to over

whelming." Nicolas puffed up his chest at the openly playful taunt but he truly

had no desire to see the ice covered sea that Sky Home hovered effortlessly

above. One of the back doors opened and all in the room hushed as the most

exquisite form entered the Grand Hall. She was average in height but that was

the only thing average about her. Long dark hair caressed her slender shoulders

and framed a full, delicate and smooth skinned face. Her entrancingly dark eyes

where capped with long equally dark lashes which seemed to fall solely upon

Sebron. His heart stopped as she moved towards them, slowly reveling more and

more of her wondrous figure. Wearing a robe that just covered her every sensuous

curve and feature the young Staffless found himself lost in the beauty and

splendor of the woman. He could see clearly now her breasts, full ripe orbs that

looked ready to burst and yet he knew they were as soft and supple as a doe

feathered pillow. His eyes followed her as she walked closer to them, his heart

pounding and his loins stiffing in hopes that she would reveal her treasures to

him. Then she stepped into full few and more than one of the party gasped; not

in revulsion but in awe of such rich, fertile beauty, unlike any of them had

ever seen; save for Latissa, Ehlarra, King Nicolas and Gildar whom knew well the

enchanting female before them, though that did not mean she was any less

spectacular. For Sebron it was a moment that would forever be etched upon his

very soul for he had found what must have been the most sensuous, sexual and

erotic figure that ever lived. The woman, now in full view to all was pregnant,

hugely, magnificently so; her belly swollen and full, heavy with what Sebron

could only guess as at full term quintuplets for she looked ready to burst with

life with every step. The shear size of her gravidity had Sebron gawking, almost

foolishly so but Latissa quickly snapped him back to reality with a slap on the

shoulder. Still he was mesmerized by the tranquil, surreal pregnant form of the

young woman, her massive breast shrouded by her robe, her enormous swell

burgeoning forth from the shallow confines of her robe, her hips wide, succulent

and inviting curving perfectly into long sleek legs that looked even more

powerful from the load she seemed to effortlessly carry. A slight layer of baby

fat covered her body adding to the fertile and healthy richness of her ripe and

massively pregnant figure. Her every move made Sebron more and more

uncomfortable as he felt his thickness harden with each step. Before he knew it

the female, as beautiful as a full moon on a starless night, stood before him,

her hand raised and awaiting his acceptance. Absent mindedly he took the

delicate hand in his own and softly, tender kissed it; her smile causing him

even more distress as his own sex grew painfully stiff in his breeches. "My

lady", he said with surprising calm and control. "Well met my young Lord Sebron.

Or do you wish to be called Master Staffless as it is in your order?" For a

moment Sebron had no words, no voice at all; he had become lost in those never

ending pools of darkness that were the beautiful womans' eyes. Still his body

was working on pure instinct. "Sebron my Lady, Sebron will do just fine." "You

may call me the Enchantress. It is a title earned over the past thousand years

rather than given." All Sebron could do was try not to confess his undying love

for the woman. He was still a mere teenager after all. She then pulled him in

rather close and gently kissed his soft lips, a kiss that was deep and true and

held more promise for later. When she broke the tender embrace she softly,

quietly whispered in his ear. "Happy though belated birthday. Though I shall

give you your present when we are quite alone." Sebron gulped deeply and was

utterly spellbound by the Enchantress whose gaze refused to leave his. Latissa

graciously rescued the dumbfounded youth, clasping by the shoulder, allowing him

to find stability in the awkward moment. "Enchantress, it is a pleasure as

always. I was sorry that we were unable to properly introduce you at the party.

Sebron the Staffless, I'd like you to meet the Enchantress from the Enchanted

Forest, deep within the Emberza Wood. She is...a friend to all goodly races."

Finally out of his stunned trance Sebron, blinking for a brief moment then he

returned to his normal and jovial demeanor. He smiled, carefully and reluctantly

releasing the Enchantresses hand which slid gracefully back to the swell of her

enormous belly. Sebron kept his gaze above the angelic womans' neck, fearful

that he would become lost in the landscape of her delicious curves and abundant

swells. "The pleasure is mine Enchantress. May I ask; what is it like to live

with the Wilders?" The Enchantress chuckled a bit, as did Latissa for the

Wilders were truly an interesting race; varied from many different humanoid

races, the Wilders had become so in tuned with the animal side of their

personalities that they now possessed the ability to transform themselves into

which ever animal coincides with their persona. More powerful than they truly

realized the Wilders had become a force to be reckoned with and feared. Their

fury was only compounded by the fact that the Planet Lord of Beasts was and

stood as the Wilders foundation. The Enchantress looked at the intuitive half

elf. "Lord Mane and his ilk are...fascinating if nothing else. But please do not

tell him I said this; he would not find it as amusing." The group laughed, now

joined by Gildar and Ehlarra, whom both knew the Enchantress and Gildar himself

had met the elusive, deadly and unpredictable Wilder King. Ehlarra immediately

wrapped the Enchantress in a tight hug, the long time friends reuniting for the

first time in nearly a century. When they broke their embrace Ehlarra looked at

the gorgeous druid, laying a gentle hand on her enormously pregnant belly,

feeling the smooth warmth and tightness of her fecund flesh. The Enchantress

cooed softly, pressing herself closer to the Lady Lifebringer, allowing the

female elf greater access to her huge sphere. Sebron was clearly aroused and

somehow managed to slip behind both Gildar and Latissa until he could calm

himself. Still the Enchantress never let the young Staffless leave her sight.

"When are you due my dear?" Smiling fondly at her long time friend and caressing

her fulsome orb she giggled just a bit, making her swollen frame bounce

pleasantly. "In the next week unless Mother Nature deems otherwise of course.

Since the journey by nonmystical means will take about that long I shall be

leaving at dawns first light." Gildar looked at her quizzically and his question

was clear on his handsome, stern faÃ§ade? "I will not be using my abilities for I

will be traveling with a very special guest and it would be good for her to see

the world outside these castles walls." "Shalimar?" Everyone, including the

Enchantress looked at the young half-elf as he blurted out the name. Sebron, now

a bit embarrassed stood taller, to conceal the confused looks directed towards

him. But a beaming smile and a graceful nod from the Enchantress told him his

feeling was correct. "Yes Master Staffless, you are correct but let this stay

with us for it is to a surprise for the young Mistress. Now," turning her

attention towards the huge gollum who was now being inspected by a dozen

dwarves, King Nicolas included, "Threehorn my I show the guests to their rooms?"

Gratefully the monstrous minotaur gave a nod and slowly, carefully worked his

way out of the crowd of over eager dwarves, just as the horn announcing another

group of visitors sounded. At that the huge gollum bounded off, the ground

actually shaking beneath his hoofed feet, leaving deep impressions in the stone

ground. King Nicolas followed the wondrous creatures' departure and then looked

to his long time friend Logan. "I'm knowin what t' be askin' o' me next

birthday!" The bald dwarf laughed as did a few others. Sebron shared their laugh

and then immediately looked down as he felt his hand slip into the grasp of

another, a very soft, delicate and feminine hand. He looked up to see the

Enchantress looking at him, her eyes full of something he was truly unfamiliar

with...lust. She gave his hand a gentle squeeze and pulled him towards her.

"Walk with me Master Sebron. Later, if you wish and before the festivities, I

will gladly take you about the palace so that you may see its entire splendor."

The youth, who was the same age as Shalimar, gulped deeply and nodded his head,

the words becoming caught in his rather dry throat. She looked to the others,

her hand still holding Sebrons', "Please, if you will follow me, I will lead you

to your rooms." The dwarves almost froze completely upon looking the pregnant

beauty before them; even the females were awestruck by her sensuous nature,

ample bosom and perfectly swollen gravidity. King Nicolas gave a gracious bow.

"Sorry Enchantress. We got caught up by t' gollum o' sorts. Please, if ye don't

mind, lead on." Hand and hand with the young Light Mage, the Enchantress led the

group from the Grand Hall.

Shalimar, dressed in the amazing gown given to her by Lord frost and Thimedale,

had fully recovered from her visit with the Lady of Lust. She was a radiant

beauty, the dress accentuating her lush curves and trim physique all at once,

and her mane, now of platinum blonde and raven hair entwined within was pulled

up into an intricate bun with just a few strands cascading down about her face

and shoulders. Her face was naturally colored and more beautiful than most

creatures within the castle Sky Home; her lips were painted a delicious shade of

rose that only added to the natural beauty of her face. She was wearing two

forms of jewelry that she rarely ever wore; a diamond stud pierced through her

left nostril and a ruby stud, encrusted in pure onyx through a piercing through

her lower lip. Both studs had been given to her while she was a babe, and held

some mystical charms within them though she knew not what they were. In all her

years she had never felt so regal or elegant before. Presently she was trying

desperately not to laugh as Ariana madly ran about the bed chamber of the Twins;

chasing Jade whom had apparently procured one of the more extravagant jewels

from her personal treasury. That alone was amusing but the fact that she had

chased her the entire way from the lower levels of Sky Home to one of its utmost

towers; nearly twelve floors, was truly humorous. Shalimar leaned comfortably

against the door jam of the room; her slender though muscular arms were crossed

and lay languidly upon her round, ample belly and just bellow her fulsome

breasts. The young female kenders' laughter filled the room as her ducked and

spun, rolling beneath the larger females' legs and then hoping up, kicking off

the wall with her feet and twisting in an impressive back flip over the

vampyress whose eyes went all the wider as she slammed into the very same wall.

That is when the mood completely changed as Ariana turned back around, her eyes

a deep; rich crimson, a line of grotesque ridges forming upon her brow and

fangs, long razors that could easily tear flesh and bone were bare. Shalimar

straightened immediately, for this was no longer a joke or even funny, even as

the vampyre rushed Jade who just dodged the creatures raging grasp, her sharp

claws shredding away part of the bed spread. Using her unnatural speed, Ariana

turned quicker than the kender expected and grasped her by the collar but even

as she did so Shalimar was there, her hand glowing bright as flames twisted and

danced about it. Her eyes were pure, untainted pools of sapphire now, her face

serious and unforgiving and Ariana looked long and hard the young half-elf.

Something passed between them then and Ariana knew the truth by the deathly calm

gaze. Shalimar eyed the old vampyre and hardly knew that her own hand was alight

with fire but the kender was not about to be harmed, not today. There was power

there, more power than she had ever felt, even in her sire lord Vhym. Ariana

suddenly felt very, very small and she slowly, carefully loosed her grip on the

diminutive kender, who darted out of the urgently and swiftly; for in all her

life she had never been afraid...and it was not the vampyre whom she feared.

Ariana's features eased back to their normal state. Her blood red eyes melting

away to crystal clear emeralds. Weakly she smiled at the young female, carefully

backing up, giving the two a bit of room to breath. Shalimar gave the ancient

baroness a devilish grin, the normal golden flecks returning to her sapphire

eyes. The understanding was clear. "Good choice", and as if nothing had

happened, the flame still raging about her hand; twisting in with a hunger to

consume, Shalimar continued, "will you be attended the party this evening. It

would be a shame if you were not there." There was sincerity in her voice and an

edge to it as well and Ariana wisely contemplated her words before she spoke

them. Still the answer was quite obvious. "Of course I shall be there Mistress

Shalimar." With a deep bow, Ariana graciously left the room, not before reaching

down and picking up the small jeweled bobble that Jade had discarded before

exiting the dangerous situation. Only until she was gone did Shalimar diffuse

the fire. Taking a deep long breath she looked at her small delicate hand, then

softly patted her swollen waist and made the long dissent down to the Grand

Hall.

The Grand Hall of Sky Home was alive this night for most of the north elves that

dwelled there and had grown up with the lovely and likable Shalimar were there.

As were some very special guests such as; Lord Frost the Planet Lord of Ice, the

Enchantress, Thimedale the Bookkeeper, Sebron the Staffless, Gildar Under the

Tree and his wife Ehlarra Lifebringer, Latissa the Blackwinged, King Nicolas

Tumblestone, Logan Battleaxe and the Bloodbathers, a ice titan known only as

Blue dressed in the furs of a ice serpent, the Twins; Jade and Jinx, and a very

well dressed human mage whom was named Fethnick the Emerald Robe; a older yet

handsome human with a nicely trimmed beard and short cut hair his robes looked

as if someone had literally sown them from a jade stone. Of course a slightly

heated discussion had built up between King Nicholas and Sir Gildar concerning

the troubles within the lands north of Astaroth Keep, the waste lands known as

Deathonmortuc in dwarven tongue. "I'm tellin' ye we be needin' ta' aid o' the

elves of Sehandir. Wit'out their aid, Astaroth Keep ain't ta be lastin' t' much

longer!" Logan nearly yelled the words to the elven general before taking a deep

gulp of ale. King Nicholas looked approvingly to his long time friend and then

looked towards the Gildar, his face masked with regret and frustration. "The

lads right Gildar. Some o' me best have been lost ta' that damned lich and his

undead horde and its taken t' much time to be rasin' skilled warriors an'

priests. Me wife'll tell ye' whats' bein' needed but till we get a bit o'

reprieve...me kingdom might be fallin' a bit sooner n' I'd like." Ehlarra gently

gave Gildars' arm a loving squeeze. Both knew what it meant if the dwarves fell

to the Lich King. Sehandir and all of the power it possessed, even with the

great Light Magi within their depths and the army of High Keep, would not last

long under the wave of undead that had become the Lich Lords' army. Serenely

Gildar nodded to the dwarven warriors. "On my life, I will speak to the King of

Sehandir and aid will come to your people." King Nicholas took the elven

generals hand and clasped it firmly. No other words on the matter were spoken

the rest of the night. Sky, dressed in a gown of crystalline blue that seemed to

caress her body as a lovers hand was the perfect host, spreading herself about

the gala to all the guests. Cilus and the majority of the Wardancers were in

attendance though there were a few whom stayed on duty as sentries for Vhym and

the Vampyre lords within the keep had not risen as the sun had not yet set.

There was a female snow elf there with three very beautiful newborns. Galassien

was given a seat near the head table and as Shalimar entered the bustling room

she made her way immediately to the new mother. Yet as she walked into the

spectacle a smile broadened across her face for she had never before been

witnessed to such a celebration. Smells and sounds of joy and laughter filled

her ears, sights of snow elves and the occasional sylvan elf and...dwarf,

dancing and drinking and eating their fill was as beautiful to her as the sunset

on the eastern ridges of the Frostmares. Their were dancers entertaining all and

Shalimar looked in awe as at least a dozen, hugely pregnant snow elf dancers

spun and moved about the room, drawing more than one or two eyes from the crowd.

Shalimar knew the season was right for the elves and many of the females within

the keep were with child, so the dancers, though not surprising, were very

fascinating. Catching it all in, the beaming young half strode into the hall,

directly towards Galassien, whom she felt very connected too. As beautiful as

she was, no one seemed to notice her rather quiet entrance, no one except Sebron

whose entire being seemed to tingle with recognition at the sight of the truly

gorgeous female. About his age, she looked pregnant, very and wonderfully

pregnant. He watched, her every sashaying, sensual and languid movement, the way

the dressed accentuated her curves and his eyes bugged at the size of her belly,

though nowhere nearly as large as the wondrous Enchantress who sat next to him

but still it was full and round, bulging to a magnificent degree. She must have

been at least in her eighth month and nearing her ninth. Yet as he watched her,

he did not get the same hot, out of control sensation as he did when looking at

or even being near the Enchantress but he found her very attractive, though, and

he was quite surprised by this, not attractive to him. Lightly he tapped the

Enchantress' shoulder. "My Lady, may I ask who is that?" The Enchantress looked

up to see Shalimar, who, as always had slipped into the room almost completely

unnoticed. Something struck her oddly at that point for she could always sense

the power within the lovely half-elf whenever she was about but it seemed to be

masked by Sebron; equal to his overwhelming power, Shalimars' energy was simply

hidden by it or melded with it. Almost as if they shared the same mystical aura.

Sebron looked at her and she dismissed the thought, figuring she would come back

to it another day. "She, Master Sebron is the guest of honor. Mistress

Shalimar." Shalimar leaned in and gave Galassien a long, long huge. They had

been friends for sometime and Galassien, with her newborns would soon be wed to

Cilus, the leader of Wardancers. Shalimar looked to one of the newborns and then

to the new mother who nodded happily. Gently one of the two nursemaids handed

over one of the delicate babes to Shalimar who took it with ease and care,

lightly bobbing the very calmed natured baby and cooing softly. "What are their

names?" "Well, the one you have is named Khambien. This little one here,"

looking down at the baby boy in her arms, "is Sebastian, and the frisky one is

Rylad." "They are beautiful Galassien. You and Cilus will make wonderful

parents." The female elf smiled happily, kissing baby Sebastian on his pale

forehead. "How are you feeling?" Galassien looked up at Shalimar, almost

surprised, and with a quick look towards the female elfs' womb, Shalimar sensing

the new life within, the knowing smile told all. Again she noticed the rise of

her powers, as if they were growing by the second but it was something she would

have to deal with later. She concentrated on her old friend. "Well I hope these

three are girls." The north elf looked at her again with even greater surprise.

"Three?" Shalimar carefully slid Khambien into the awaiting arms of the

nursemaid and kissed her dear friend on the cheek. "Yes...three." With the last

word said she stood and proceeded towards her seat at the head table. Looking at

all the special guests, only a few familiar faces stood out among them; the

Enchantress and young Master Staffless who sat close to her, the two eyeing the

young female oddly and Shalimar slightly furrowed her brow, a bit of concern

entering her thoughts but she dismissed it considering the company. She also

recognized Lord Frost and Thimedale and the huge ice titan Blue. Tonight was a

night of celebration, it was her night and she was not going to let anything

spoil it.

"When is she due Enchantress?" The innocent questioned brought a slight fit of

laughter to the Enchantress' lips, which Sebron tried hard not to stare at.

Still her reaction to the question threw him a bit off guard. "My lady?" Still

chuckling but much more controlled, "Shalimar is not pregnant my young Master.

Nor has she ever known a man's touch. Her appearance is a birthmark of sorts.

Her belly has grown with her over the years and probably will do so until she is

very, very old." Sebron looked over at Shalimar as she approached the table,

saying hello to those she knew or those who noticed her presence; something she

was convientally keeping hidden to Sebrons' surprise until she grew near, and he

felt her power; like his except raw, unfocused. This explained a lot, for her

power acted upon her feelings and her natural instincts rather than on the whims

of her thoughts and wishes; something that Sebron was very familiar with. Then,

like a hammer it hit him, Shalimar had never known the touch of a man! He turned

to regard the Enchantress who merely took a sip of nectar from her goblet and

offered him a sly smile. She was becoming more attractive and desirable by the

moment as well as intriguing. Shalimar had sat down comfortably before even Lord

Frost had noticed her, which he found more than alarming. He looked over to the

gorgeous female who merely glanced down at her dress, drawing an appreciative

smile from the powerful immortal. One by one the guest started to notice the

arrival of the quiet and shy female. Sebron, with a bow to the Enchantress was

the first to actually approach Shalimar which drew the attention of many who

could feel that amongst them all, those two were by far the most powerful.

Shalimar looked up at the ruggedly handsome elf and at such close proximity, his

power was mind blowing but yet she felt his equal and looking at him, his

confident and yet humble approach and the ease in which he presented himself she

knew he did not feel greater or above any other. He was about her age with

blondish brown hair and smoldering cerulean blue eyes that held such power that

she was still awestruck. Unknown by her, he was having the same reaction about

her. Dressed in more of a warrior's garb, with a wondrous sword sheathed at his

hip, something she could tell he was unaccustomed to for he continually fussed

with it, his leather armor fit him well and more than did his young, muscular

body justice. He had to be one of the most attractive half-elves she had ever

laid eyes upon and yet she felt something more familiar, something closer to him

than physical attraction. Upon his right arm was a masterful piece of jewelry,

if she could call it that for it was like a living shadow upon his arm; bending

and moving with him as if it belonged there, had existed there the entirety of

his life. He bowed low, trying to keep his eyes off her fecund belly, she could

tell, but Shalimar smiled and returned the bow with a nod; far from accustomed

to the etiquette that was expected at such events. This was of course her first

truly formal party. Realizing this by the slightly embarrassed look on her

amazingly gentle and sensuous face, Sebron dismissed the seemingly rude jester.

"Hello my lady. I am First Mage Sebron Half-elven, the Staffless as my peers

sometimes regard me. It is a pleasure to meet you and to wish you a happy

birthday." Her sapphire, gold speckled orbs twinkled happily at the formal

introduction, and Sebron found himself lost in those miraculous pools for a

moment. Shalimar was quite impressed and taken with the young mage, not in a

lustful sense but more curious for as the two appeared somewhat different she

could catch more than one similarity between them that made her much more

attuned to his and her words and movements. "Thank you Sir...Master Sebron," she

paused a moment as if unsure how to address him or introduce herself, but he

nodded, giving her a bit more reassurance, "Master Sebron. I am Shalimar,

Daughter of Magik; at least that is what Lord Vhym sometimes calls me, usually

when I have done something wrong." Sebron laughed at the joke though Shalimar

was telling the truth. Still, a laugh was better than nothing. There was no

tension between the two the shared laugh seemed to bolster both their

confidence. "I wish you a happy birthday as well good Master, though belated."

Sebron bowed once again and as was his custom, reached to take the enchanting

females hand. She held her breath as he took her hand for something passed

through them and for a moment they were together, standing side by side in a

room a lifetime away, watching a gorgeous young elf and another elf, older, and

yet handsome in a boyish way, make love and as the passions increased, the

climax finally at hand the male elf released his seed but what enters the female

instead is pure raw power; magic, to such an extent that the poor girls trim

belly begins to rise as the power fills her, growing and bulging, the flesh

tightening and she soon looks six months along but he keeps pumping his seed

into her body, forcing her fecund, turgid waist to grow bigger, larger, fuller.

Her gravidity continues to mass and balloon outward, the sun kissed skin

becoming taunt under the pressure, her naval popping out as it vies for room

with her ever burgeoning belly, her breasts filling as well, becoming full and

engorged with milk. When at last he is done, the young female elf, slumbering

silently beneath the monstrous orb, appears at least two months overdue with

triplets, very large triplets. The elf slowly backs away, looking at her belly

proudly and yet somberly and then changes, his tall lean body shrinking forward,

his back bending as if he were very, very old; his hair growing longer and

thicker as did his beard which he had not had before. Grey robes materialized

about his thin, wraith like frame, but he still looked as if he held power, a

great deal of power. Gently, the now ancient looking human, patted the enormous,

bulging sphere of the hugely pregnant she elf and then he was just gone;

vanished before their eyes. Then they were back in the Grand Hall of Sky Home,

looking at eachother with more questions than answers, but to puzzled by the

sight they had just shared, Sebron tenderly kissed Shalimars' hand and quietly,

somberly returned to his chair next to the Enchantress. She looked at him for

long time as he sat silently by her side. "Well Master Sebron, what do you think

of the guest of honor?" With all the honesty he possessed he returned the

strange, unsure look of a teenager that had seen too much. "I am not sure."

Sebron could not bring himself to admit that he knew the young elf in the

vision, he knew her very well indeed, for in his heart and his eyes she was

known as Mother. It was left at that for the rest of the evening.

Shalimar followed Sebron as he went to his seat and watched him for a good long

while, her mind replaying the vision over and over, trying desperately to

recognize anyone within it but they only felt familiar to her and that was not

enough. Looking upon the young mage though, Shalimar knew her answers lay within

him.

As the party continued, the sun began to set at last. Finally the great double

doors of the structure opened and at last Vhym arrived, along with him were a

handful of his legions, the Vampyre Lords, including Ariana. All went silent as

the ten undead lords entered the room, though Sky slowly, coyly walk right up to

her lover who embraced the half-dragon in a long, strong hug. Many stood in the

presence of Lord Vhym, though some, a few very pregnant north elves were unable

to, nor was Blue, for fear he could bring the place tumbling down about their

heads. In the middle of the grand auditorium Vhym looked about, smiling and then

with a booming voice he spoke. Shalimars' heat leapt as he spoke; he was like

her father and best friend and seeing him so open and out going meant to her

that this night meant a great deal for him, for her. "To all of you I give

thanks. For this day is a very special day, for a very special young woman; it

is the day of Mistress Shalimars' birth. She is no longer a little girl anymore.

She has become a woman, one very beautiful and spectacular woman." Many clapped

at the opening quote and Shalimar just looked about the room for as many eyes

were upon her they were on Vhym as well. Truly Shalimar was speechless, for Vhym

had never spoken so eloquently of her before. She could feel her eyes water as

he continued, expressing how he loved her like a daughter and even some of the

more hardened warriors became touched by the Vampyre Lords speech. It was

something to behold. "Tonight we celebrate and we enjoy ourselves unlike we

never have before. To those honored guests who have traveled far and have yet to

meet the Mistress, may I introduce you," by now he had made his way before the

main banquet table, Sky holding his hand affectionately, "Lord Nicolas

Tumblestone, Master Logan Battleaxe, Sir Gildar Under the One Tree, Lady Ehlarra

Lifebringer, Master Sebron Half-elven, Mistress Latissa the Blackwinged, Master

Blue," the frost giant giving a respectful nod, "and Fethnick the Emerald Robe,

this is my...my pride and joy, Mistress Shalimar the Daughter of Magik," as he

pointed towards the young half-elven female whom they all believed, save Sebron,

to be just another honored guest. They all stood and bowed or curtsied towards

Shalimar who in turn stood, now revealing her miraculously swollen belly and

returned their bows respectful. King Nicolas was completely dumbfounded by the

beauty that enveloped Shalimar and the immensity of her gravid sphere, something

that he found strangely attractive, something about her fertile nature, the

natural way she seemed to fill her gravid, yet trim body. Shalimar, whom had

lived in relative solitude for thirty two, now thirty three years, became

quickly aware that her appearance, especially her fecund belly was drawing more

than a bit of attention. Much more than she wanted. Though used to being stared

at, a room with this many people, many strangers as well as acquaintances, it

was a bit more than she could handle. Blushing, she gracefully sat down, trying

to keep the stares following from her. Vhym was also quite aware of this and

turned the immediate attention back towards him. "Now, may I present the last

guests of the evening; one who has made few appearances and one who will make

very few in the future. All of you will give him and his quest the respect you

would give a king and as promised," his eyes catching Shalimars' with a sly

wink, "may I introduce my sire, Shadow King and the Lady Andromeda." A hush came

over the crowd as the entire opening of the Grand Hall grew dark and cold, the

shadows themselves coming to life, enveloping the hall, the columns, the doors,

everything until the opening itself was completely blacked out, blanketing the

stars, even the candle lights in the room, all light within the shadows wake

began to fade away at the presence of the Lord of Shadows. People near the door

moved swiftly as the shadows crawled along, spreading and darkening all, a chill

of nothingness creeping into everyone's hearts, into their souls. Their were

some, such as King Nicholas and Gildar, the Enchantress and Blue whom had either

met or seen the dark Lord of Shadow and yet they even reeled a bit in his

presence, or shifted uncomfortably as the threshold of blackness continued to

pour in. It was awesome. What Shalimar felt was power, ancient and old,

terrifying and beautiful power; beyond anything she could imagine. The intensity

of the planet lord was overwhelming, and yet she could still feel her own

immeasurable power and looking to the young Staffless, she could feel his as

well. That alone was terrifying for it was becoming clear that both she and

Sebron held a great well of raw power, and unfathomable responsibility. With a

bit of fear she looked upon the growing dark tide. Sebron, who had met the

planet lord a day early stood in awe and in respect for as far as legend could

tell, Shadow King was the first, the first of many kind, and his appearance

demanded such a thing. Yet, to his amazement he noticed that he and the guest of

honor Shalimar were present, their essence, their power was not being consumed

by the raw force of Shadow King; but how? He felt completely overwhelmed when he

first met the ancient wyrm but with her, near her he felt...stronger. Slowly

many others began to stand, including Shalimar as the shadows began to take

shape, a fearful, intimidating shape, one representing the true face of the

Shadow King; consolidating together they started to form a great maw, enveloped

in razors and edges, blades upon blades, jagged and smooth cutting in every

angle imaginable but still looking symmetrical and harmonious, yet it was all

black, pitch and lightless. No swords were drawn and no one fell or ran in panic

for it was clear this was not his true face, just a representation, just his way

of saying hello. The maw opened, wide, almost impossibly so and from it emerged

two forms, both beautiful and handsome; hand in hand as they stepped into the

light. More than one woman swooned as Shadow King, tall and muscular, broad

shouldered yet a bit slender than Vhym came into full view. He wore a long

sleeveless cassock which was buttoned up to his neck, his muscled chest pulling

the suit tight. His arms where thick and muscular but not grotesquely so and his

face was evilly beautiful, smooth ebon skin, sharp high cheek bones, eyes that

were pools of darkness, so deep Shalimar feared she would drowned in their

depths. In him she felt strength, power and hunger and her body reacted, a heat,

a familiar heat was rising between her thighs but Shalimar refused to fight it.

She could not fight it. His hair, the only part of his body that was not pitch

was as white as the caps of Frostmares' peaks, the great mane pulled into a

tight ponytail that hung down his back, and was tied; by those who were near,

with a long sharp dagger that seemed to be crafted from the shadow itself. On

his arm was the most angelic creature that many had ever laid eyes upon, almost

more enchanting than the Enchantress but in a different way. Andromeda was a

song dragon, a rare if not unheard of breed, powerful and wondrous, the song

dragons were the makers of sounds so enticing, so rich and so mesmerizing that

they could stop wars, change hearts and bedazzle gods. She stood a little over

Shadow Kings' shoulder, her skin a milky, rich white that was flawless and

smooth. She was adorned in a gown of shear silk, the fabric caressing every

curve of her voluptuous and yet toned figure. Andromedas' breasts wear large but

not nearly that of Shalimars' or the Enchantress'; or even Skys' for that

matter, a bit over a handful, maybe more but they forced her gown to cling to

them, flaunting small, perky nipples. Her waist was thin as was her belly flat

but she had wide, feminine hips that drew the attention of every male and some

females as she sashayed forward. The high cut in her dress allowed all to view

her sleek, muscular legs and just a teasing view of her ample buttocks, which

curved out deliciously from her body. Her face was soft, and inviting, with

round cheeks and gentle features, her lips full, moist and succulent, her eyes,

dark as coal, with full, lush lashes topping them. There was a youth about her

and yet her face held ages of experience in it. A cascade of ebon hair, lustrous

and shimmering with life flowed about her shoulders and down her back just

tickling the great curve of her derriÃ¨re. There was a regal air about them both,

a presence of power that could not be shaken but as the shadows lifted, and life

returned the party in murmurs and whispers of shock and light returned, the two

seemed remarkably, approachable, at least to Shalimar. It felt as if they were

in fact expecting her to come to them. In fact Sebron had felt the same thing

and Shadow King had approached in that exact manner, as if who they were was

nothing great. Yet it was. They walked casually up to Lord Vhym and Sky, giving

each a gracious bow before Andromeda embraced both Vhym and Sky in a long,

heartfelt hug. Shadow King, coolly gave his first a nod and then looked up to

the main table, nodding to his younger brother Frost whom smiled, then to the

Enchantress; actually causing her to blush just a bit, something that struck

Sebron odd; odd only for a moment when the deep orbs of onyx fell upon him and

Shadow King; the first of all dragon kind, of the race of drow, of the vampyre

themselves, the Planet Lord of Shadow and rightful heir to its immortal mantle,

gave him a bow of recognition. Dumbfounded the young Staffless stood and bowed

which drew a smile upon the ebon skinned immortals face, and more than one stare

from the crowded room whose liveliness had finally returned, two dwarves

releasing deep rumbling belches that they had held for far too long. Shalimar

was among those staring. Then Shadow King walked directly up to the table,

directly in front of Shalimar who had been looking wide eyed at the exchange

between Shadow King and Sebron. She was taken aback when she turned and saw him

there, as silent as the dark and as ominous as the shadows he was made from,

Shadow King was there, standing before her, his smile wickedly charming and

truly disarming all at once. "It is a pleasure to meet you Lady Shalimar. Vhym

speaks", looking back to the ruggedly handsome creature, "highly of you."

Smoothly he reached down and took her hand, his eyes never once leaving hers,

swallowing her up in their depths, and he kissed it, softly, tenderly and then

gracefully placed it upon her swollen lap. In that brief kiss she felt something

pass between them, something familiar and special. Only then did he glance down

at her belly, but it was not her gravid sphere he looked upon and Shalimar

followed his gaze back to her hand which was now in an ebon gauntlet, a glove

that conformed to her hand and like a living shadow it moved with her fingers

and wrist and forearm, contouring to her naturally, as if it was apart of her.

She looked up at him, wide eyed with surprise and gratitude as he bowed low. For

all her life she had lusted over Lord Frost but in the presence of one such as

the Shadow King she couldn't help the avalanche of fantasies that tumbled about

in her head. He stepped back as his sensuous and charming wife slipped in next

to him, tossing Sebron a sly wink and then bowing to Shalimar. Her eyes locked

onto the shadowy gauntlet and she looked up at her love. "Ah, you do surprise my

love. My Lady Shalimar," Andromeda dipping into a warriors bow, " I am honored."

He merely cocked an eyebrow; his gaze still locked upon Shalimar who was trying

to look at both of them and not be overwhelmed. Andromeda looked at the young

hal-elf, politely motioning for her to stand. As she did so, reluctantly even

before the impressive and inspiring Andromeda, she felt the unwelcome eyes of

the crowd again fall upon her fecund belly. The embarrassed and slightly

flustered look on her face dissolved as Andromeda reached forward with one

finger and just above her popped out naval and traced a rather intricate star

that surrounded her belly button when the female dragon was done. Shalimar felt

the heat of her own blood as it ran slowly down her gravid orb but she felt no

pain and then she heard the soft music, sounding like a rich, warm breeze upon

the face of dawns light and the star upon her belly; which she felt more than

saw glowed brightly and then dimmed as Andromeda stopped her spell. With a

simple wave of her hand the blood disappeared before a silent and awed audience,

for all had grown quiet during Andromedas' brief song. Shalimar rubbed the new

tattoo upon her round belly, chuckling when she felt her taunt flesh hum beneath

her fingers as the touched the spot. She looked at the ancient dragoness,

silently asking the question which rang loud and clear in Andromedas' head,

catching her quite off guard. "What does it do my lady?" Andromeda looked at

Shalimar in complete surprise and wonder. None had ever so quickly mastered such

a gift, except maybe Sebron, who wore the same star upon his palm. "It will aid

you in focusing your powers of the mind. You possess them young Shalimar, my

gift will help you develop them." Hearing Andromeda speak without her lips

moving was as impressive a thing the young woman had seen in since the two

dragons had arrived. This was turning out to be a splendid birthday. She was

unsure of what Andromeda meant by powers of the mind but she knew what was just

given to her was great. Understanding that she needed to speak allowed Shalimar

nodded with a bright beaming smile on her youthful face. "Thank you Lady

Andromeda. And thank Shadow King, Lord of Shadows." Even the ancient wyrm had to

smile at the formal greeting. From there the party proceeded, many walking up to

Shalimar; wishing her a very happy birthday and those who did not know her truly

congratulated her on her apparent pregnancy. Now sitting at her side were Lord

Vhym, Lady Sky, Shadow King and Lady Andromeda, with Shalimar in the center.

Vhym was quite impressed with how well the usually self conscious female was

handling herself. Shalimar had given up on trying explaining the condition of

her gravid, swollen waist; allowing the guests to believe she was near term in

her pregnancy, which the dwarven king had out spokenly stated looked like a

really "big" baby. Shalimar watched and laughed and truly enjoyed herself.

Nothing like this had ever been given to her and on many occasions she wiped

tears from her eyes. In all her life she had never been so happy or had so much

fun. Many performances went on during the party; a few jesters gave quite a tale

of Thimedales' first attempt at spell casting. They were so good that even the

old troll laughed at his naivety. Then the human mage, Fethnick the Emerald Robe

performed some elaborate and successful slight of hand tricks though Shalimar

easily saw through ruses she joyfully applauded the handsome guest. Sebron did

as well, only after performing the same tricks in his seat, amusing and showing

off for the Enchantress, who was pressing her advances in earnest. Throughout

the evening there was entertainment of one sort of another but the most enticing

and arousing performance came near the end of the night, just before the head

table was to present their gifts to Shalimar. Standing up the Enchantress walked

over to the young half-elf and offered her, her hand. A bit hesitantly Shalimar

accepted, stood and followed the ancient beauty, her eyes dropping every now and

then to take in the shapely fertile figure before. It was hard fighting of her

primal urges surrounded by the beautiful and sexual creatures that were present

but the encounter with the Lady of Lust was helping immensely. The two walked

out to the center of the room, all eyes locking on to the two big bellied

beauties, whom were now being surrounded by eleven other females, snow elves and

all massively pregnant; the smallest looking ready to deliver twins at any

moment. Each of the women wore the dress of a dancer, a simple loin cloth and a

top that just covered the nipples of their giant, full breasts. The Enchantress,

though clothed in an immaculate gown that just covered her enormous milk laden

orbs, her nipples thick and stiff looked ready to shred the fabric and an open

back that revealed her soft, sun kissed flesh, the v-cut just stopping above her

perfectly round back side with the fabric hugging her firm buttocks and the gown

then flowing out teasing all with mere glimpses of her sleek, toned legs. As

usual she wore no shoes, her delicate feet arching with every step, adding a

light bounce to her movements. Just under her huge breasts the garment was split

open, putting the greatest view of all out before the audience; her monstrous

belly, gravid and ripe, oozing sensuality, fertility and sex. Now in full view

of the entire room many thought the lovely woman would burst if she moved too

much, the sheer size of the taunt, amazingly round orb of flesh was dazzling.

The taunt orb, heavy with quintuplets, swayed with her sashaying hips, haunting

the desires of all, men and women alike; though one seemed to be suffering more

than others, even more than Sebron who was completely transfixed by the luscious

beauty, his eyes were locked onto the Enchantress in a steely, lustful gaze, one

that she would occasionally return, teasing him with thoughts and possibilities

to come; it was Shalimar, who was now in the center of a circle of beautiful,

voluptuous, heavily pregnant females; gyrating and undulating their swollen

bellies, curvaceous hips and bloated breasts, and she was now becoming consumed

by the erotic power around her. Softly they chanted in unison and though her

mind was blurred by the sensuous movements of the females, their hips shifting

to and fro, their massive breast jiggling with each thrust of their astonishing

massive bellies, Shalimar recognized the words as a spell but that was all she

could do. Her skin felt hot, alive; her breath was shortening and she could feel

a dampness growing between her thighs as the circle, led by the Enchantress,

closed in about her. Shalimar could not help but let out a lustful whimper as

the woman slowly, wondrously danced about her, their movements slow, graceful

and erotic; occasionally caressing one of their fulsome, mountainous breasts

allowing it to plop heavily upon their grand bellies or cupping and stroking the

gravidity of their swollen waists. As they moved they seemed to come closer and

closer to Shalimar, so close that she could feel their breath; sweet and

welcoming on her invigorated flesh; so close that they could and did touch her,

light strokes of her taunt belly, or firm, round buttocks; each touch sending

tingles and jolts through her body, drawing out a hoarse gasp or whimper of

pleasure though the half-elf would have preferred to experience it all somewhere

much more private. As the dance continued Shalimar could feel the warm, intense

pressure building within her sex and she made sure the Enchantress could feel as

well it for as they locked eyes Shalimar fed all she was feeling into the

Enchantress. The ancient beauty accepted the emotional barrage, using it to fuel

the others dancing with her, their movements growing much more erotic, their

advances upon Shalimar much bolder. It was becoming hard to stand for Shalimar,

her knees feeling weak as the pressure within her sex continued to build, her

inside thighs now soaked with her juices. Then she heard the music, which had

before seemed a dull hum, but now, now it was a rich song, elvish and fluid,

sensuous by its nature and more by its content as it matched pace and tempo with

her building lust and the mesmerizing dancers.

Stoically Vhym watched it all, as did Shadow King, Frost and Blue; the only ones

unaffected by the Enchantresses alluring dance or the melodic spell which would

blur this moment into the minds of those affected as a beautiful though

unexplainable memory; to all but the two planet lords and the ancient vampyre;

whose ages alone simply overpowered the spell, without their own mystical

abilities which protected them. Blue could not be affected because of what he

was, a chosen druid of the All Father. Yet Vhym and Shadow King knew that the

boy Sebron, as powerful as any of them if not more; except his sister Shalimar,

was allowing himself to be defeated by the spell; the very powerful spell.

Shalimar was not trained in the arts of magical defense, especially against one

such as the Enchantress and being the focus of the duel edged spell was bound to

feel the full effect. As the females moved about Shalimar, Vhym silently

applauded the Enchantress for as the dancers performed, their chant would cloud

the memories of all those around them and even their own but the Enchantress was

casting her spell simultaneously, a spell that was drawing out a part of

Shalimar; a much deeper part of her being, of her psyche and a part that would

allow her to face the wilders on far more equal terms. Vhym just was not sure if

he liked how the Enchantress did it, though he knew in part, this dance was for

the boy Sebron as well. Shadow King watched, a bit amused his chin resting in

his palm as he watched the room become lost in their own lustful fantasies, a

side affect of the ancient druids spell. No one moved, they hardly breathed as

they dreamt of wants and desires that they had placed far behind them in their

lives. Glancing at Andromeda, his love and one of the most powerful of her kind,

the ancient wyrm smiled for even his beloved song dragon fell victim to the

spell, for though Andromeda was aged many hundreds of years, the Enchantress was

the first druid, hundreds of years her elder if not thousands and she was power

of an awesome magnitude. Still, something deep within told him that the

separated siblings Sebron and Shalimar were greater still; only experience gave

any the upper hand on those two. Shalimars' mind was a blur of sensations, as

the females; using only their fecund gravidity, each touched and caressed her

body, stroking it lightly, massaging it, sending her to places she never

imagined and with half closed eyes, the volcano with in her sex on the verge of

erupting the half-elf never saw the Enchantress, only felt her pillowy lips upon

hers, the tight warm flesh of the druids hugely pregnant belly and the soft yet

firm grip around her own, then their tongues met in an explosion of passion as

the Shalimar released her eruption of sexual tension. It felt like a wave of

pure, raw sexual, animalistic lust; something that washed over the crowd as

moans and gasps of pleasure filled the hall. Vhym felt it and looked over to the

planet lords, Shadow King simply cocking an eyebrow and Frost nodding as if he

expected as much. Only Blue held a look of surprise, the gentle giant never

witnessing anything as erotic as he had just seen. When Shalimar opened her

eyes, the Enchantress was standing beside her, a smile beaming across her

angelic face, the pregnant dancers were at a reasonable distance and the room

was applauding the magnificent display of grace and beauty. Somehow the young

woman knew that these people before her did not remember what truly happened and

for that she was grateful, but she did not truly know what happened either and

that annoyed her slightly; still she smiled and bowed, only glancing at the

Enchantress who seemed unaware of the young females' disapproval, or lack of

understanding. Once again seated the party continued for another hour before

Vhym stood and brought the hall quiet once again. "Though Mistress Shalimar

believes this party to be her lone birthday present, that is not the case. There

are some who have brought you," looking at Shalimar whose face clearly showed

her surprise, her thanks and her embarrassment in receiving gifts, "young

Shalimar, gifts. Now enjoy." Lady Ehlarra Lifebringer and Sir Gildar Under the

One Tree stood and moved to the front of the table before Shalimar, bowing low

and respectful. Shalimar loved the soft, melodic purr of Lady Ehlarras' voice.

She was a truly beautiful elf, long locks of deep brown hair, innocent brown

eyes; bright with youth. Her face was pure and truly elven, an embodiment of

beauty. Lady Ehlarra had a wondrously curvaceous figure, nice round breasts held

snuggly in her rich elven gown; the color of recently fallen leaves, her waist

trim and his smooth and slender yet perfectly sensuous. Shalimar was equally

impressed with Sir Gildar, tall and muscular, a bit broad shouldered for an elf

but that made him all the more attractive. He wore his shiny elven plate that

resembled the scales of a gold dragon; his long blonde hair cascaded down his

armored shoulders and his eyes, soft pools of emerald held his boyish charm.

Gildar looked considerably older than Sebron but he still looked young, early

thirties by human standards. He smiled and Shalimar smiled back him, her own

youthful exuberance beaming. "Mistress Shalimar. Forgive us for not finding a

more personal gift but we knew little of you. For your birthday we give you

this," and Gildar pulled from his cloak a crystalline swan, carved with such

skill that looking upon it Shalimar could see the individual feathers, even

droplets of water upon them. As they place it in front of the beautiful young

half-elf, Lady Ehlarra choked up as she saw the tears of joy begin to well up in

the young females' eyes. For many moments Shalimar stared at the wondrous piece

until she realized the Master Sebron was standing before her. She looked up at

him and nodded as he nodded back and then he held out his hands before her,

palms up and open. He looked at her, long and deeply then closed his eyes, only

to open them again; the orbs burning intensely with greenish fae flame. Then a

bright flash shined brilliantly before them and in a breath a staff of ironwood

appeared in his hands; deep purples and reds swirling about the shaft, topped

with an abstract figure of a very pregnant woman, her belly round and smooth and

formed from onyx stone. Shalimars' eyes went wide by the marvelous and amazing

gift; even as Sebron handed it to her but as he began to sit she looked up.

"Please hold Master Sebron. As I understand it, your birthday was not yet one

day ago and I have not yet given you your present." He turned and looked at her

curiously, as did Vhym and Sky, who knew Shalimar had made the boy nothing.

Shalimar stood, once again drawing many looks to her bulging belly, and she held

out her arm. As she did so a marvelous creature, a pure white snow owl flew

silently and gracefully into the room, swooping around Blue who nodded and

smiled then by the Enchantress who did likewise before heading towards Shalimar

who waited patiently. The owl, a bit larger than its kin was quite the site,

full white feathers that melted into the light, its eyes pitch with a hint of

gold within and a deep, deep intelligence that was apparent to those nearest the

bird. It landed upon the females forearm and hooted once. Shalimar looked to

Sebron and then to the owl. She began to speak but what she said came out as

hoots and whistles. "This is the favor I asked of. Will you watch him for me? He

is a friend and though many guard him already I would like one of the woods to

watch him. Will you do this for me?" The owl hooted and lifted from Shalimars'

arm and landed deftly upon Sebrons' shoulder. Then it was Shalimar who looked

upon Sebron, her eyes bleeding into the golden orbs which shocked Vhym, Sky and

even Threehorn; all of whom were accustomed seeing the powerful sapphires

whenever Shalimar truly manifested her abilities but gold was something truly

unique. She began to speak and though they heard her, only Sebron felt the

mystical energy upon him. "He will go with you now Master Sebron. His name is

Neverwinter. You will understand him as he does you. He is a friend and will do

as you ask, not as you command," she said with a mischievous smile, "Happy

birthday." Sebron was truly breathless as he craned his neck a bit then raised

his arm allowing Neverwinter to step into full view. The young mage looked at

him and smiled and though he knew birds could not smile he felt the happy and

friendly greeting returned in full. "Well met Neverwinter." Though to all,

except Shalimar, Sebron and the Enchantress and Blue, the owl merely hooted...a

lot, they understood it clearly. "My greetings to Sebron the Staffless. The wood

speaks of you and Shalimar thinks highly of you though she is quick to trust.

Still the Enchantress does as well so I guess that makes you worth watching,"

both females smiling at the owls sarcasm, "I am will guide you and aid you as

best I can, as long as you ask. Only you, and those of the wood will understand

us and at times I may ask you to aid me. We are friends now, you and I; and

eventually, we may consider ourselves brothers...once you earn that title."

Sebron smiled and nodded, then lowered his arm as Neverwinter walked up and

rested upon his shoulder once again. Shalimar was quite proud of herself, gently

running her fingers over the staff which radiated power and her choice though,

thinking back, it was Neverwinter who chose to answer her call. She smiled all

the wider at the thought, even as many whispers filled the air and even some

applause at the trick; which only the foolish believed it to be. Latissa the

Blackwinged only offered Shalimar a shrug, as if the presents were something she

was not prepared for but the young beauty just waved off the apology with a

thankful smile. The berserker bowed as the dwarves stood. In all her life

Shalimar hand never before seen two dwarves more ready for battle or as the

entire group of dwarven Bloodbathers stood a group so formidable. Most of the

group was outfitted in dwarven plate, mithiril armor that was covered from helm

to boot in spikes, and she only then realized that the dwarves had been standing

the bulk of the night, though they were still quite full of ale. The two who

looked out of place were the two female archers, adorned in soft leathers and

cowls; each holding a large mithiril crossbow nearly as tall as their diminutive

selves. One of the two caught her attention because she waddled noticeably; her

belly bulging full in the tight confines of her armor. She tossed the young

half-elf a knowing and congratulatory wink, placing a gauntlet covered hand on

her enormous, bulging middle while leaning easily on her huge weapon. Shalimar,

amazed at the strength and boldness of the female warrior nodded and her an

impressed salute. Then four of the Bloodbathers stepped forward, holding a

massive chest and placing it on the ground. Shalimar wanted to stand but held

her curiosity as King Nicholas Tumblestone and Logan Battleaxe stepped forward.

Logan, who stood at least a foot taller than the other dwarves at four foot five

was a warrior to the core. His chest was broad and bulging beneath his mithiril

chain coat, huge armored shoulders covered in spikes made him look even bigger.

His arms were as thick as young trees, no longer saplings and as he moved they

flexed and Shalimar gasped at the shear size of such a muscle. Bald the grey

eyed dwarven warrior had a scar that ran from his right brow to his chin and his

black beard was braided for the night, hanging to his waist. He wore on his back

two twin battleaxes forged from black opal and were a half size taller than he.

For a dwarf he was handsome at he did not look the four hundred years Vhym said

he was. His King, Nicholas Tumblestone was shorter but he sported a barrel sized

chest that was confined in his mithiril, ironwood plated; etched in the story of

his clan up his day. He too had spiked shoulder pads and grieves, as well as a

long cloak of purple and mithiril. Long brown hair fell about his shoulders, his

beard; braided in three separate braids, hung to his knees. His eyes were bright

hazel and scars dotted his otherwise youthful face. He smiled showing one tooth

missing in front causing Shalimar to smile as well. The troop of dwarves bowed

low and rose as one. "Happy birthday ta' ye' and yers," glancing at Shalimars'

belly which crested the table top. She rubbed it affectionately, playing the

part of a soon to be mother and silently wishing she were. "If we had been know'

b'fore ye was wit' child we'd planned a bit different present but we're thinkin'

this'll help all ta' same." Shalimar blushed and offered a sincere smile which

caused King Nicholas to flounder a bit, taken aback by the beauty and trueness

of the lovely female. He cleared his throat a bit as Logan. Looking back towards

his king muffled a chuckle but King Nicholas offered him no retort. Reverently

he opened the chest. Light emanated from the chest, casting a golden hue on the

dwarven king and his guardian. Shalimar gasped as the light filled the air

before her and she looked about, her gaze catching Vhyms' then the Enchantress';

each throwing her knowing smiles. Shalimar held her breath as the two dwarves

stood upright, hold a deep blue pillow. On the pillow rested a ring, dirt and

stone bleeding together, entwined as one. Shalimar looked at the ring and to her

it looked beautiful, as if the wood and the earth had formed a perfect union

though she could hear the gasps at the ring, and even the occasional "only a

dwarf would see that as beauty" which in turn got a few dangerous glares from

the Bloodbathers. None of it mattered to Shalimar, her sapphire and gold

speckled eyes transfixed on the wondrously crafted ring. She could barely

breathe as King Nicholas picked up the rather delicate piece of jewelry and held

it out before her. Never had she seen such a beautiful item and she had to force

herself to look at the dwarven king who actually had tears in his eyes and a bit

of worry as well. Sniffling just a bit he spoke, his words choking up in his

throat. "This...this here belonged ta' thee' first dwarven druid, and the forth

king o' Astaroth Keep. He...he was one o' me greatest o' kin, one o' kind and

this here ring was forged by his hands, by his breath and since none o' me kind

have fallen his line since ta' time o' his passin' this ring ain't been used."

Shalimar pushed and held back the tears as the surely dwarven king spoke his

words, the depth of pride and love and reverence towards the small ring was

undeniable. It moved her to here the young dwarf speak so fondly of his ancestry

and it brought her joy to hear that others were so moved by the dwarves,

meaningful, though less than eloquent, words. "So this here ring as seen o' bit

o' dust but ain't none worn it since me ancestor and I was statin' ta' for none

ever would till old Vhym speak o' you and yer gifts o' te' would. I spoke to me

kin and me family ta' make suren' I was okay in doin' tis," but a wry grin broke

on his face, along with a wink on his slightly teary face, " but bein' ta' king

means I gets the final say so anyway. Shalimar, the tears finally breaking free

and rolling down her soft cheeks, smiled at the kings' jest. He was a humble

dwarf, strong and proud and whether or not he believed it, his gift meant more

than he would ever know. "Soon' it was decide that tis' here ring was goin' ta'

one who could use it. Now here's ta trick lass. It be a dwarven ring, one from

one o' me kin and we ain't suren' it'll be liken' ye. Be careful about puttin'

it on." Shalimar looked up at the dwarf and she could clearly see the worry in

his face. Glancing over at Logan and then to Vhym, they all held a bit of

tension within them but then she looked over at Sebron who smiled and nodded for

her to place the ring on. Carefully she reached out over the table and took the

earthen ring in her fingers. As she touched it she could feel the presence of an

old, old soul; a druid, a dwarf and she listened as the spirit spoke to her;

absently sliding the ring upon her left index finger. "So, yer thinkin' ye a

druid eh?" Shalimar looked about, trying to see a figure to the voice that rang

so clears in her head but all about the room were familiar faces and she dropped

her gaze towards King Nicholas whose own worry was a mask on his face. Again she

heard the voice, much closer and she looked hard at the ring, a greenish light

rippling over its surface. "I'm askin' ye if yer a druid?" "I am not a druid

yet. Only my gifts seemed to grant me that title, nothing more." For a moment

there was silence and then she felt a burning go through her hand; such heat she

thought her hand was in a dwarven smithing furnace, and then she felt her hand

begin to change, as if it were returning to the earth and stone from which all

life came and then it returned to normal. Breathing quietly and staring at her

hand which had not changed at all really, Shalimar smiled and looked at Vhym,

though when she spoke, they both knew she was not speaking to him. "Did I pass?"

Vhym cocked an eyebrow but Shalimar suddenly gripped her hugely swollen belly, a

tightness within it as she her eyes widen for her belly stretched suddenly,

right beneath her very fingers. Never before had she felt the change; the growth

spurts her magic filled belly went through, until then, and it frightened her as

well as brought a sense of strength to her for she understood what she held

within her, she understood what she was to become and though she knew everyone

was watching her, many with fear and worry she giggled and smiled, her eyes

still wide. Beneath her fingertips her belly grew, just a bit, though noticeably

enough for those paying attention. Shalimar leaned back just a little, allowing

for the slight change in girth and she felt the dress grow a bit more snug under

the added gravidity but Shalimar held her smile and kept her calm, trying not to

bring any more attention to herself. If that were even possible. Then she heard

him, one last time. "Well I'll be a spittin' orc if ye' ain't a druid. Tis' ring

is yers lass and wit' it ta earth'll answer ye' call. But in time an' I'm

thinkin' not to long, ta' earth and all the elements will be answerin' ta call

o' Shalimar, the Daughter o' Magik, Circlent o' Life." With that the ring

gripped Shalimars' finger and bonded itself to her. She looked at the wonderful

gift, tears fully rolling down her cheeks and smiled so breathtaking that she

did not have to speak to answer the question lingering in the air. She laughed

as the dwarves let out a joyous howl, the Bloodbathers starting a rather

humorous dance in the center of the room. King Nicholas tossed Shalimar a huge,

toothy grin and Logan stood by him, clasping him on the shoulder. An all around

cheer erupted throughout the Great Hall and Shalimar laughed through it all, her

eyes catching Sebrons', the two sharing a very long, special stare before the

room quieted for the great ice titan suddenly spoke. "Well done Shalimar of Sky

Home," everyone now looking at the truly handsome titan. His skin was a deep,

rich blue, yet he looked as if he himself were carved out of ice, even his hair

which hung loosely around his shoulders seemed formed of ice. He was well

muscular with chiseled features but there was a softness about him that took the

fear out of all looking upon the nearly thirty foot tall creature...while

kneeling. Built like a warrior with broad, imposing shoulders, Blue wore the

skins of an ice serpent; he looked rather unique to many, for most titans were

known to dress very well and richly decorated. For the entire night the great

creature had been silent so for him to speak drew the attention of all. "I am

pleased the Circlent ring has found a new bearer and when you are ready, may I

be the first of your ilk? Shalimar looked up at him, a bit of confusion in her

eyes but she nodded yes before the behemoth, not fully understanding the gift he

offered. The dwarf spirit had called her a circlent, and she had not fully known

what he meant but she was surely going to find out. Blue nodded back, a great

smile forming on his angular features. "My gift to you comes with a great

responsibility and though I wish I could approach you," he looked up at the

ceiling which was quite low to him, "I fear the damage that might incur. Please,

will you come forward to receive my gift?" Looking around the room and the

table, her hands instinctively dropping to her belly, Shalimar stood.

Immediately Sebron noticed she was a bit larger about the waist and the

Enchantress, who got a close look as she passed noticed it as well. Though he

sat behind her, Shadow King could tell a slight difference in her step, as if

she were adjusting to a new weight. Slowly Shalimar stepped forward, her arm

hiding the growth of her waistline as best she could. It took a few moments for

the young beauty to reach the titan but he was quite patient. Finally Shalimar

stood before Blue, her hands crossed about her chest as she tried to ignore the

many glares upon the two. Blue himself seemed not too fond of the looks either

but he held his smile and both he and Shalimar concentrated solely on eachother.

Shalimar, now focusing on the master druid could feel the earth itself radiate

from him and it felt good. Yet she felt something else, something pure and good,

a creature of power but she could not see it. Her eyes began to melt into the

shimmering golden orbs once again as she looked up at Blue who merely smiled for

her back was to the crowd and only he could see them. Speaking aloud she called

out. "I feel you near. Where are you?" A soft neigh came out from behind the

druid titan and he looked over his shoulder, giving a motion forward. The neigh

came again and Shalimar heard the words spoken. A sheepish female voice. "I wish

to stay with you. I do not know her." In common Blue spoke, and though his voice

was deep it was soft and true and comforting. Shalimar listened to the two as

they spoke and she could tell the creature, a horse of some sort truly wished to

stay with Blue and it hurt her to think she would tear another from that which

they loved. "Master Blue," the titan turning to regard the young female, "if

your friend does not wish to leave you then I will not ask of it. I have asked

for nothing on this day but I have already received more than I could have

hoped. Let her stay if she wishes." Blue looked at her deeply, proud at the

wisdom and concern the stunning female had and at such a young age. To

Shalimars' surprise Blue broke into a smile and laughed; his booming voice

shaking the very walls. Then she heard a similar laugh, though it came in the

tongue of a horse. "It was as you said Blue, she would not take me with force.

Nor would she beg. Her humility speaks greatly of her. I will go. Thank you

Blue." Looking completely dumbfounded and realizing she was being tested once

again, Shalimar put her hands on her hips and looked up sternly at Blue, her

eyes burning golden suns. "Another test?" "It was necessary. My apologies." "And

mine" came a soft, feminine voice, nor longer weak and frightened but strong and

wise, as Shalimar looked behind Blue and a long golden tip emerged forming to a

longer, thin and tightly spiraled horn. Wide eyed Shalimar stared as the most

beautiful and great of all natures creations stepped forward. Her coat was a

deep, shiny gold, covering a strong muscular frame, rippling as she slowly

trotted forward. A long flowing mane of silver flowed over her thick, strong

neck and her tail matched. Platinum eyes full of vibrancy and youth and

intelligence looked upon Shalimar, her ears twitching as gasps filled the air,

all upon a truly gorgeous horse head, the great five foot long horn accentuating

the magnificence of the beast. Standing eight feet at the shoulder the huge

unicorn towered over Shalimar as it clopped over to her. Still awestruck, her

jaw literally dropped open Shalimar bowed and knelt before the chosen of nature.

Her actions shocking more than a few for as pregnant as she looked, the young

female did it all with ease. "Please stand Shalimar and forgive me. And Master

Blue. We had to make sure your heart was as serene and pure as it seemed. I was

chosen, destined to find you, the one who bore the mark," the unicorn dipping

her head and allowing the tip of her horn to just touch Shalimars' fecundity as

the female stood up before the massive creature. Slowly, cautiously, almost

afraid that the whole day were a dream, a fantasy that was nearing its end

Shalimar reached out and touched the golden horn. She walked forward slowly, as

if in a trance, her hand never leaving the horn on the unicorn. Following it

until she actually could touch the silken soft hair of the golden beast.

Shalimar was shivering as tears freely rolled down her cheeks, a smile that

trembled upon her lips and she looked into the knowing platinum eye of the

unicorn and immediately she wrapped her comparatively small arms about the

unicorns lower neck. If a unicorn could smile, this one was and Shalimar, with

blurry tear filled eyes knew it as she collapsed into the creatures' muscled

frame, sobbing with tears of joy. The unicorn neighed softly in Shalimars' ear.

"I am no dream. I am Angelsfire and I am yours." All Shalimar could do was cry.

Quietly the rooms' guests exited, feeling that Shalimar had had more than enough

excitement for she had cried herself to sleep in the coat of the golden unicorn.

Sky and Vhym thanked everyone as they left the hall, especially Shadow King and

Andromeda. Before leaving the lord of shadow looked upon Shalimar, now

soundlessly sleeping on the side of the marvelous gold unicorn. Blue gave all a

great bow and left first through a huge portal opened by Sebron. Fethnick left

second, leaving his gift with the Enchantress for reasons Vhym could not tell.

The kender, followed by the dwarves and Gildar and Ehlarra departed as did the

majority of the castle present, followed by the vampyre lords who all bowed

before Shadow King. "She is too strong for you to teach Vhym. She will need

someone to help focus her powers." Always straight to the point when it came to

Vhym or family, Shadow King put it bluntly to his first. Vhym nodded knowingly

and looked to the Enchantress who was walking arm and arm with the mysterious

and equally powerful Sebron. "Tomorrow she leaves with the Enchantress." They

turned as Frost walked up to them, clasping hands with Vhym and hugging both Sky

and Andromeda, then nodding to his much older brother. He knew the topic of

conversation quickly and smirked. "You are not fond of her going to the Embraza

Wood are you Shadow King?" Dark, ebon eyes looked upon icy blue ones. "Is it not

the only option?" "It is the only option. Vhym stepped between them, a profound

sadness in his dark eyes. "Then that is it. She will leave tomorrow and in time

may she forgive me." Shadow King placed his hand softly on his friends' low and

somber shoulder.

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Far away, as Shalimars' celebration was beginning, upon the outlining mountain

face of Astaroth Keep, a swarm of black death poured down its trails. Two

hundred, lost and forgotten undead berserkers charged tirelessly down the

mountain pass of Tumblestone, so named after the founding clan, and they were

armed as if they had never died, maybe even better but now, their minds

perverted and lost, their very souls bent to the will of the Lich King, these

undead slaves ran headlong towards the place they once called home on a mission

of death, on a promise of destruction. Still some four hours from the main gates

of Astaroth Keep, the force of the Lich King powered on, the un-life giving them

even greater strength. Yet they where not the only ones prepared for battle.

Standing tall and awaiting the unwelcome creatures were the battle lines of the

dwarves of Astaroth Keep, hardened and ready, fearless in the knowledge that

they were defending their home and their king. Scouts had spotted the undead

legion almost a day before and had reported its approach to the appointed leader

of the clan while the King was away on important political business. At the

front of the line stood nearly one hundred Bloodbathers, at there forefront was

a huge dwarf, wearing very little armor save leather breeches, his hugely

muscled body coated from the neck down in wondrous tattoos. A tall blonde streak

of hair stood up upon his head and flowing back into a mane down to his ankles

as his blonde beard; braided for battle hung down passed his knees. A leather

eye patch covered his left eye and in his hands were two war hammers, their

heads nearly as big as his chest. They called him Thor the Unfallen. Behind his

Bloodbathers were the main forces of the dwarves, three hundred deep, and one

hundred of them dwarven crossbow men. Their lines were commanded by General

Duncan Battleaxe, Logans' twin, his armor a wonderful full dwarven plate and in

his hands was huge battle pick also called a warmatic. He looked exactly like

his older brother save for the fact he had a full head of jet black hair. With a

wave of the pick he signaled the launch of the griffon riders, the Flying Death

as they were known. Their screeches filled the early morning sky as fifty

wondrous griffons arouse from the walls of the keep, each with a powerful

dwarven rider atop them and a loaded barrel of explosive pitch; brewed by the

best in dwarven and gnomish alchemy. Looking back over his sea of dwarven

fighters he gave a nod to a group dwarves and gnomes, clad in the robes and

armor of priests; though he looked directly at one, a female sitting tall upon a

centaurian knight dressed in full battle gear and wielding a monstrous sword.

This female was adorned in regal armor, specially tailored for her due to the

fact that she was currently heavy with child; holding within her armor coated

womb the first three sons of the youngest dwarven king, King Nicholas

Tumblestone. Fiery red hair whipped about her round, slightly chubby face, her

intensely bright green eyes focusing on the approaching horde of undead, though

upon looking closer one could see a profound sadness there and regret. For a

dwarven female she was quite attractive; a plump female though most of the

weight was baby fat, she was very curvy and held an elven sensuality about her.

Her nose was round and wide and her cheeks were full with thick, succulent lips.

Dwarven chain stretched to contain her fulsome breasts and beneath a mithiril,

deep purple armored plate was her hugely gravid belly which pushed out against

the metal but Queen Cora Tumblestone, Queen of Astaroth Keep and high priestess

to Pharihmar the Immortal of Crafts and Weapons, the dwarven patron and first

priestess of the All Father, the Father of all creation, she ignored the minor

discomfort. The rest of her ripe, nearly three and a half feet tall body was

hidden beneath a long flowing mithiril gown. A huge war hammer rested at her

side, along with a great spiked mace at the other. Upon her head was the crown

of Clan Tumblestone, etched with the symbol of the clan, a huge boulder crashing

through a mug of ale. Looking back at her general she gave a nod and watched as

the Flying Death swooped down upon the army of long dead dwarves, releasing the

destructive barrels of alchemical pitch. The land shook as the explosions

erupted amongst the ranks of the dead, rotted dwarven arms and legs, bodies and

heads blasted away to nothingness as nearly forty percent of their lines were

engulfed in chemical fire, twenty percent blow away all together. Yet that

hardly dented the enraged horde, their hollow howls echoing throughout the

valley. Queen Cora turned to her priests and priestesses, her voice strong and

unwavering. "It bein' time now; lets' be startin' ta prayer!" As one the group

of holy warriors took hands and began to chant, the dwarven queen serving as

their center and focal point of the spell. As the howls of the dead began to

filter into the ranks of Astaroth Keeps' warriors, some started falter, fear and

doubt filling their heads but even as it began it ended as the dwarven clerics

and gnomish priests filled the morning air with the song of Pharihmar and the

battle hymns of Teppish the Immortal of War. Suddenly the cold of fear was

washed away by the burning strength of Pharihmars' song and the dwarven call to

arms by Teppish brought forth the fire that dwelt within them. Yet it was Thor

and the Bloodbathers who caused the greatest inspiration as General Duncan

allowed the horde of dead approach within their archers range, almost four

hundred yards before loosing the battle raged berserkers. With a maddened,

screeching howl, part scream and part growl, Thor the Unfallen led the charge.

"Kkkkkiiiiiiiiillllllllllll!" As one, a hundred blood crazed dwarven berserkers

began the deadly sprint towards the haunted legion. Their cry flooded the

valley, as did their rumbling charge but the most frightening sound came as the

two lines met; like thunder clapping in a room too small, the Bloodbathers met

the charge of the Lich Kings' army. Even General Duncan winced as the groups

met; axe, sword, hammer and shield, fist and helm, the furious battle was begun.

Thor was awe inspiring as he whipped his great hammers, known to all as the

Clappers, to and fro among the overwhelming undead. His hammers crashed down

upon one of the undeads heads, crushing the skull down into the things chest as

he cut low with the second, smashing the knee of a second, which became

immediately swallowed up by one of his berserkers. Then the wind whooshed about

their heads as a hundred heavy crossbow bolts slammed into the undead, knocking

them from their feet. The fighting was horrible and furious, many of the

Bloodbathers soon caked in blood; some theirs and more the undead. A wild

screeching once again filled the sky as the Flying Death returned. The great

griffons swept in with devastating results for at such a low altitude, the

griffon riders were in range to unleash the Dwarven Throwers, electrically

charge battle hammers fashion for throwing, created by the greatest dwarven

smiths, most of whom worked themselves to death trying to make the perfect

weapons for the aerial warriors. The first of the Flying Death loosed their

mystical weapons, the hammers exploding among the rear ranks of the dark horde;

the explosions sending electricity and flame through the fallen attackers,

leaving smoldering husks about. Within moments the bulk of the death horde was

flaming or falling finally but three fourths or more remained. Still, more than

half of the Bloodbathers were already dead or critically wounded. Thor had a

deep gash out of his left arm but he hardly noticed. Piles of bodies lay at his

feet; many would never rise again though some tried, only to be met by one of

the Clappers. The priests, who had been chanting the entire time, each raised

their left arm as one and holding their palms open released close to a hundred

burning missiles of magic, completely obliterating some undead while hardly

phasing others. The general surveyed the battle lines, understanding that too

many of the Bloodbathers had fallen, but those who had fallen lay proudly and

happily upon the piled up bodies of their victims and still a little less than

half the undead were down. He turned toward his beloved queen and nodded as he

held up his warmatic, chopping it back down low. Horns blew loudly as the first

wave of dwarven soldiers charged. Still among the living was Thor, tirelessly

decimating any who approached. He could hear the battle horn blare, the signal

of an approaching storm; a storm of dwarves. Another barrage of crossbow bolts

swept passed the blood enraged Thor, blasting undead off their feet though doing

no real damage. Yet it was enough for the Bloodbathers captain to gain a

foothold and that he did and more, sweeping low with the Clappers, renting the

rotted heads from their shoulders with great, powerful blows. But the numbers

were greater and even though the dwarven battle group was fast approaching, the

remaining Bloodbathers, now numbering only thirty of one hundred, still had to

hold their dwindling line. Thor did not scream or cry out as a short sword drove

into his shoulder, piercing and breaking through his collarbone to rupture out

of his back. Instead, the Unfallen as he was called jerked back from his

attacker, throwing the creature off balance and forcing it to release the weapon

and giving Thor room to attack which he did in splendid fashion. The Clappers

were given that name for a specific reason, one that few had the unfortunate

pleasure of finding out but those who did usually never forgot...if they still

drew breath. Sliding the twin hammers back into his grasp, his huge dwarven

hands just bellow the heads, Thor reared back and then brought the two mithiril

heads back together with devastating results as thunder seemed to crash, the

heavens themselves shaking under the meeting of the Clappers. As deafening as

that sound was, the shockwave was the more destructive, the force of the blast

literally obliterating the undead dwarf that had just attacked Thor, along with

four others behind him and knocking many more from their feet. So magnificent

the retribution was the more than a few of the undead slowed, just long enough,

for rushing past Thor and the few remaining Bloodbathers came General Duncan and

his forces; slamming into the unwelcoming arms of the Lich Kings' forces. Though

none of the undead would or could contemplate the word retreat, the battle was a

route from then on as the clerics above, led by Queen Cora and the dwarven

crossbow men worked together to decimate the rear flank of the horde; magical

fire and pounding crossbow bolts, along with the dwarven throwers raining in

form on high, the battle was won soon after. Yet it was a hollow victory, and a

costly one. As the main battle force brought back the wounded, dying and dead to

be tended to by the clerics, Queen Cora Tumblestone, General Battleaxe, William

Truelight, the centaurian paladin and steed to the queen, a blooded and battered

Thor; the short sword still deep within his shoulder and two other rather

uncharacteristic looking dwarves; slender and agile, Enoch Lightfoot and Kendric

Farshot stood together, off away from the primary force. "Me Queen, t'was a

victory none ta' less!" Queen Cora looked up at Thor, his eye half closed, his

shoulder bleeding badly, along with more than a few deep and possibly critical

wounds. She was amazed that he still stood and she truly believed that the

unshakable dwarf would die standing. Looking at her general, her cute face

sullen and somber, Queen Cora placed her hands on Thor and immediately many of

his wounds began to heal though she knew the sword wound would take much more

healing and tending to. "An' how many we loose Duncan? T'was too many if yer

askin' me." Duncan, always the optimist nodded his head. "Out o' a hundred

Bloodbathers we have thirty left, only twelve o' them can move without help. The

main force lost about twenty or so; them numbers ain't in yet." A scowl and

sadness filled her face, as she shook her head, again casting a spell to help

Thor. She looked worriedly at the very stubborn and proud warrior, her brother.

He offered her a weak, toothy grin as her spell sealed more than one possibly

fatal wound. "And ye thinkin' we had ourselves a victory?" Again General Duncan

was humbled by the dwarven queen. Looking back at the battlefield and then

passed on the mountain range behind and the valet known as Tumblestone Pass, his

eyes narrowed. Without looking he regarded the two odd looking dwarves; the

one-eyed Enoch wearing only a pair of leather breeches and boots, two throwing

axes tied about his belt, his mahogany beard braided in three tight braids, two

of which were wrapped about his ears and tied tight behind his head and the

third hang to his waist, the rest of his hair was cut into three strips and were

braided as well, hanging down his back and Kendric, his leather armor that of an

elven ranger though fitted for a dwarf, a huge duel loaded crossbow of ironwood

slung over a cloaked shoulder, his rusty colored hair a wild mess and his beard

rather short, only hanging to mid-chest level. Together the wiley scouts bowed.

"That be ta' last o' them. Me' thinkin' they tryin' ta learn how we'd handle

them and thers'. Ain't that right Kendric?" "Aye me general and me queen. Saw a

few riders on horses a few miles back. I'm thinkin' the old lich might be tryin'

ta put on a show fer someone but I'd be damned who that orcs' dung is tryin' to

gain a bit o' favor wit'!" General Duncan looked over to his Queen as two

clerics came over to attend to her brother Thor who gave a respectful nod to his

sister and commander, then fell into the aiding arms of the clerics. She ran her

hand over her brothers' face as he was helped away and then allowed her hands to

fall upon the fecundity of her enormously pregnant belly. Waddling a bit due to

the shear size of her middle, she brought herself up to Sir Williams' muscular

leg and leaned against it. It was obvious to all she was tired and probably

pushed herself further than she should have. Her voice was soft though

commanding as she turned towards her scouts. "Enoch, Kendric, find out whose

goin' ta the wastelands, we're needin' ta know and quickly!" They offered her a

quick nod as they did the general and then the sprinted off, moving swiftly over

the terrain and it still amazed Queen Cora just how much elven blood ran through

the two departing scouts blood. Shaking her head with a broad grin, she gently

rubbed the soft fur of Williams' horse leg. The huge half man, half horse looked

down at his queen, smoothly removing his mithiril helm. He was handsome with

deep, chocolate brown skin which matched his nearly black furred torso. His

armor hardly did him the justice of portraying just how muscular he was. Long

dreadlocks hung down his back, tied tightly in a knot and his features were

simple stunning, except for a long scar that ran along the curve of his chin.

With bright hazel eyes, he looked like an immortal to most who met him and, his

armor encrusted with a huge diamond studded cross and his sword hilt resemble a

cross as well, the massive mercurial blade big enough to cut at least three

large dwarves in two with one swing. Smiling humbly to his queen he knelt down,

allowing her to rest her heavily pregnant body on his bent leg. The general

found it a strange relationship for the centaur seemed to know the needs of the

queen without her saying a word. Running his hand through his sweaty beard

Duncan looked solemnly at the queen. "Lady Cora, any word from King Nicholas?"

She looked at him and then her massively gravid belly, rubbing the smooth and

stretched out armor lovingly, thinking about her love, her husband, her king and

the father of her babes. "No word from me Nicholas yet but don't ye' fret

Duncan. He'll be getting' them elves o' Sehandir ta' helpin' ther' neighbors.

Don't ye doubt!" Duncan was a warrior, one of the greatest in Astaroth Keep, and

he was an optimist as well. But in light of the battle and all that the dwarves

had faced of late, his optimism was fast declining. Looking and nodding to his

queen, he silently prayed she was right.

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The battle was coming to an end and the small group of bystanders contemplated

what they had just witnessed. All were heavily cloaked but the three most

important, sat side saddle upon three monstrous steeds, Nightmares as they were

known, demonic spirits who took the form of huge, giant ebon horses with fiery

red manes and burning hooves. They were obviously female, their fulsome breasts

tugging tightly at the cloaks wrapped about their bodies but those same cloaks

strained over the massive, perfectly spherical orbs of the females' bellies.

Each of the three looked as if they were pregnant with many, many large young,

the taunt flesh of their waist peeking out in gaps in their cloaks. But the

truth was that these three females were the furthest thing from motherly.

Drawing back their cloaks the trio of Gravidian Witches revealed themselves in

the waning morning light, as noon was rapidly approaching. The most notorious

Covent of evil magic users, the Gravidian Witches were the most successful

necromancers beyond pare and perversion. The all female group of witches used

their necromantic magic in an astonishing way. Calling up the spirits of the

dead, the Gravidian Witches would fill their barren wombs impossibly so with

lost souls, giving them the appearance of insanely huge pregnant women, their

bodies reacting as if they were naturally so, making them by all means pregnant.

With their bellies swollen to unnatural proportions, the Gravidian kept

themselves youthful by feeding off the essence of the dead; and during battle

the perverted witches would literally give birth to the spirits; creating

unliving foot soldiers who obeyed without question. A single member of this

Covent could unleash a small army upon a town or castle and none would ever be

the wiser. The most deadly and well know of these Covents were the Sisters of

Darkbirth, to which these three belonged. Each of the females were lovely,

deceptively beautiful, and innocent, save for a flicker of cruelty within in

their eyes. In the center, the smallest bellied of the three was Sister

Alzr'aee, long silver hair hung loosely about her slender shoulders; apparently

the only indication of her age for her face was beautiful and young, yet

tempered with a wickedness that most could miss, with a slight hooked nose and

flawless skin, only a tint of color to it. She was truly radiant but that was

lost on the other two females next to her. On Sister Alzr'aees' left was Sister

Dhonytae, a deliciously seductive beauty with deep cinnamon skin, full lips and

burning blue eyes. Her blood red hair was in a tight bun about her head, curling

down in tendrils over her shoulders. Boulder like breasts filled her cloak and

her belly jutted from her waist many feet, making her look ready to burst with

young. Her wicked smile was aimed at the third and largest bellied of the trio.

The youngest of the three, Lilith was angelic in beauty, hauntingly so; with

pale creamy skin, succulent dark painted lips, deep, soulful ebon eyes and raven

black hair. Though her breasts were clearly not as big as Dhonytaes', her belly

all but made up for it, bulging out massively before her, the cloak split about

the taunt pale flesh of the behemoth sized sphere. Upon the hugely gravid orb

were tattoos, ancient words of the names of every soul held within her massive,

monstrously swollen belly. The dark symbols ran along her thighs and bulging

sides, as well as forming a T across her nearly gone belly button. She had a

heart as black as her hair and was the one creature Vhym loved and hated more

than anything in the entire world. Nodding back to her Covent sister, Lilith

looked to Sister Alzr'aee and nodded as her respectfully. "It appears our Lord

Cyril has shown us his strength. If one lone mage can raise such and army; an

army that it would take score of our own to unleash, then joining him in his

endeavors may be wise." Sister Dhonytae listened carefully to the elder witch,

as did Lilith though she watched carefully the finishing moments of the battle.

Looking about, she regarded the seven other members of their party. "Marcellus,

are we being watched?" The squat humanoid, only five feet tall turned towards

the high perched female, a rodent like snout peeking out from his hood, bright

red eyes peering out from the shadow of his cloak. His voice was graveled and

deep, more a growl than a voice, though it was perfect common. "We were before

the fight. Two dwarven scouts but I think they were more interested in the fight

than us. Still I do suggest we get going unless we want all the dwarves of

Astaroth Keep upon us." Lilith gave the creature an incredulous glare but Sister

Alzr'aee agreed with the beast. "Yes, Marcellus speaks true. If discovered the

dwarves would come after even a trio of our Covent and I wish the dwarves not to

know of our presence here", yet, always the politician, "but Lilith is wise in

believing that not all of dwarven army would fall upon us. Marcellus, have two

of your Stalkers keep a watch on any who fallow. If our guest grow to close,

persuade them not to follow. Now sisters, we have business to attend to with

Lord Cyril." With that, the great black steeds stirred and began to move

forward. The rat man known as Marcellus motioned for two of his men to stay back

and trail the group as the other five surrounded the three horses and paced them

as they moved into the depths of the wastelands.

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The night had ended well, even though the guest of honor had collapsed, to her

utter surprise and embarrassment, rather abruptly in its waning moments.

Shalimar lay upon her huge bed, twisting the Circlent Ring about her finger,

feeling the soft texture of the item, the power it held within. She heard a soft

neighing and then something that resembled snoring outside her door. It was hard

for her to hold back her smile knowing her newest friend, and companion,

Angelsfire; a sun unicorn as she learned the specific type of unicorn she was,

rested on the other side of her door. What an amazing night it had been, the

whole evening had gone through her mind in a swirl of emotions but it all was so

wonderful that it was hard for her to even believe the night really happened.

Having already taken a rather embarrassing nap, the young beauty was unable to

sleep or concentrate so she laid upon her bed; naked, excited and...alone. She

had received so many unexpected gifts that night as she fondled the ring upon

her finger and thought back to the marvelous and mystical ironwood staff that

leaned against the bed frame, her gorgeous gown laying at the foot of her bed

along with the shadow gauntlet laying atop the gown and of course her very

interesting tattoo. Then, looking at the door she still could not fathom that a

unicorn had bonded itself with her. That was the greatest gift of all and still

she felt as if something was missing and eyes fell to her massively swollen

middle, her belly noticeably larger than it had been before the party. Her hand

slowly fell to the mountainous gravidity, lightly running the cool earthen ring

along her taunt flesh. The erotic, natural power rippled over her skin, causing

her to purr softly with pleasure, as her mind eased into more lustful thoughts;

imagining that her hand was that of her unknown, unnamed lover, caressing her

belly ripe with young and growing ever larger with life. As she explored the

blissful thoughts of passion, two others within Sky Home were about to live it.

Sebron had been infatuated with the ripe, fertile Enchantress since that

morning; her dark ebon hair, eyes dark and deep with passion and wonder, and her

body; hugely pregnant and swollen with young, her milk laden breasts taunting

him beneath her gown and her belly, oh her belly, a massive orb of taunt, smooth

sun kissed flesh bulging wondrously from her slender body. It was so big that

Sebron truly believed the womans' young would literally burst from her turgid

orb. Sebron, who lived amongst elves, the fairest and most beautiful of

creatures had lived a fairly monastic lifestyle, training under his master Light

Magi, so the art of love making, especially to someone as marvelous as the

Enchantress was a complete mystery to him. The entire night the two had flirted

with one another, building up a fire that they both realized would have to be

quenched, something that had the young Staffless more than worried...excited,

until at last the evening ended, albeit abruptly. As the others left the Grand

Hall that evening the Enchantress rather easily persuaded Sebron to escort her

back to her room. Knowing what was to come and that none in Sky Home would dare

attack her charge, Latissa the Blackwinged declined to follow. The Enchantress'

room had obviously been altered to fit her needs; a grand tree was set in the

center of the room with an earth formed bed at its base with a mattress of soft

leaves and a edge formed of living tree root. Rose pedals and lavender covered

the floor and filled the room with a rich fragrance that pleasantly assaulted

Sebrons' nostrils. Vines and flowers of all types decorated the walls and a huge

window illuminated the room in moonlight along with many candles that dotted the

room. The Enchantress waved her hand, a soft wind swirling about her and Sebron

then rushed about the room putting out the candles as she reached back and

grasped Sebrons' hand, leading him like a child to the magical bed. He sat upon

the living edge as the gorgeous and ancient druid slowly slid her gown of her

body, revealing her hidden treasures. Sebrons' eyes widen as he felt his

breeches becoming quickly uncomfortable about his groin, his brow started to

sweat and his breath shortened. He was awestruck by her dark areola and thick,

budding nipples but that was nothing as he could now see the full size of her

massive, milky breasts. Languidly she stretched her unbelievable body, allowing

Sebron to drink in every swollen curve and swell if her pregnancy, to absorb the

sensual beauty and ripeness of the fertile being before him. It was hard for him

to find his breath, and he shifted uncomfortably on the bed, his loins ablaze

with a feeling he truly had never allowed himself to fall into, desire and lust

flooding his thoughts. She turned to him, a soft, sultry smile on her face, her

deep eyes heavily falling upon him and the hunger within them was pouring forth,

overwhelmingly so. "Do I please you Sebron?" He gulped deeply and tried to draw

enough breath to speak but he could only nod. Her sashaying steps only made the

ache in his crotch grow more painful, her bloated breasts wobbling with liquid,

her amazing gravidity bulging out towards him, begging for his touch, calling

for him but he could only sit their awestruck and completely dumbfounded by what

was happening. Her smile became purely sexual and he was lost to her whim from

that moment on. The Enchantress stood directly before the handsome young man,

his rugged good looks had drawn her to him but his humble and good nature had

made her desire him. With an amazing feat of balance the Enchantress lowered

herself to her knees directly before Sebron, placing her slender, delicate hands

on his shivering thighs, running them up the leather clad muscles, and feeling a

thick and extremely large bulge that strained within the tight confines. With a

strange and serene seriousness that caught Sebron a bit off guard but hardly

diminished his growing passions the Enchantress looked him deeply in the eyes,

as if measuring the young, reading him to see if he was truly prepared.

"Sebron...I am going to give you a gift. It is a very personal and special gift,

one that comes from deep within; a gift that is as intimate as anything you have

ever experienced. I am going to give you a part of me, a moment of my life to

share with you. I want you to learn, explore, and enjoy all that you are about

to receive. Listen and touch, move slowly and follow your heart, your body will

tell you what to do. Tonight I am yours Master Sebron Half-Elven and tonight you

are mine. This moment is out of friendship though, not love," and she could see

the glimmer in his eyes diminish just a bit, but her smile seemed to bring it

back two fold, as did her words, "at least not the love that you will one day

find, the true, pure love that will seal you with another. My love is and will

be out of our friendship, our friendship that I am certain we will have and one

that comes with many more gifts; such as this." With that she slowly ran her

hands along his inner thighs, rubbing and massaging the ever growing bulge

within, feeling the hardness of his sex and hearing his breath grow deeper and

heavier. She looked at him for a moment, quizzically. "Master Sebron, is this

your first time with a woman?" He could not hide his embarrassment but he nodded

humbly to her, a slight bit of sadness in his eyes for he believed in that

moment he had disappointed the gorgeous female. He could not have been more

wrong as her beaming and joyful smile melted away his fears. "Then it is you who

gives me the greater gift this night Sebron. Thank you and I hope to please

you." He could hardly believe what she was saying as her fingers quickly and

nimbly worked his buckle, loosing his pants, which was more a relief than she

knew. Sebron had never before been nude before a female, especially one as

miraculous as the Enchantress, but he was not worried or bothered as she slid

his breeches over his muscular legs, his manhood stiff and think, springing

upward as it was freed. He truly felt comfortable in front of her, he felt

right. Now he could feel the warmth of her hands upon his skin, soft fingers

gliding along his inner thighs, gently sending tingles of pleasure, feelings he

had never felt before up through his body. With tender hands the Enchantress

cupped and caressed his rigid shaft, easily rolling her fingers along his

length, stroking his member as it grew to its full size within her grasp. His

eyes closed in untold pleasure as her hands softly ran up and down his shaft,

skillfully applying pressure where needed, stroking his thick muscle, admiring

it as her eyes widened seeing the young mans sex in its complete glory. He was

bigger than many of her lovers and she had had many, and he was hers to teach

and mold, which drove the Enchantress deeper into her lust. Sebrons' eyes shot

open as he felt the warmth of the Enchantress' lips wrap about his full

thickness, silken flesh easing down his length allowing both to fully feel and

embrace the moment. Her dark lustrous hair tickled his thighs and his body

shivered as she gave him such pleasure that he felt as if he was near death and

falling happily to the heavens. Gripping the silk weaved sheets tightly; Sebron

felt the pressure of his loins aching to explode within the Enchantress' mouth

as her head bobbed up and down upon his manhood, her hands stroking and pulling

at the base of his sex; feeding the growing explosion while fending off the

eruption at the same time. Pumping his hips, Sebron fed more of himself to the

wondrous female who simply took him deeper and deeper into her hungry mouth,

until her nose tickled his tight, lower abs. Groaning and feeling his resolve

weaken, Sebron felt the uncontrollable surge to release, his muscle tense and

straining to hold back his orgasm, sweat rolling down his brown, his body

shaking with pleasure but the Enchantress sucked hard on his length, her lips

slowly, hauntingly pulling over his coarse flesh while her hands grip his base,

ceasing his pending eruption. She licked her lips, her dark eyes smoldering

flames of lust that buried into his but when he looked at her, the Enchantress

was slightly taken aback for his eyes were flaming embers of pure fae and she

knew that the true Sebron was before her. She stood and his greenish orbs

followed her marvelous fecundity, tracing the massive curve of her quintuplet

sized sphere, the hugely swollen breast ripe with milk that rested atop, her

full curving buttocks and long sleek legs that completed a body that screamed

sex. There was a sweet, musky scent that filled him and Sebron grew intoxicated

on the scent of her hidden treasure. Slowly, with confident hands, the young

half-elf softly caressed the soft, hot flesh of the Enchantress' pregnant

sphere, feeling the tight, taunt ripeness of her turgid orb. She purred at his

touch, Sebron exploring every marvelous inch of her massively rounded waist, the

sheer perfection of her pregnant beauty. Lightly he messaged the smooth,

flawless flesh, amazed that it could stretch so far without bursting, and the

heat that radiated off it was astonishing. He had never witnessed a more

beautiful site. Without removing his hands from her belly, Sebron stood. A foot

taller than she the Enchantress looked up into the emerald pools of energy, of

soulful depth and unquenchable lust. She had wanted the night to be without any

use of magic but her own desire was building to an uncontrollable inferno, her

sex already wet just thinking about the pleasures she would soon receive and

with a wave of her hand Sebrons shirt was gone. She gasped at his sculpted body,

broad strong shoulders, muscled pecks and a rippling abdomen, the tip of his

bulge rubbing against her torpid belly. He slid to her side, feeling her hands

softly grope his toned buttocks as he leaned in close, his breath hot upon her

face and they embraced in a savage, passionate kiss; all of Sebrons sexual

energy flowing through him at that moment, that instant, over powering the

ancient beauty, so much so that she nearly collapsed in his strong arms which

now held her firmly about her hugely, wonderfully swollen waist. The Enchantress

moaned as her lover continued to kiss her hungrily, deeply until she thought

that she was floating though her feet were still on the ground. Sebron slowly

released the kiss, allowing himself to taste her as much as he could and never

had he experienced such a feeling, which was made clear by the rigid muscle of

his sex which pressed against her rounded side. Running her fingers along the

smooth, toned sides of Sebrons' waist the Enchantress teasing drew circles about

his lower belly, her young lovers' grip growing weak under the intense pleasure

she forced through him. She did this for a few moments, watching his face

contort in the sensual pains she sent over him, a mischievous smile forming on

her full lips as he patiently followed her lead, allowing her to set the pace of

the blissful evening. The Enchantress stopped her teasing and took Sebrons'

hand, waiting for him to catch his breath and open his eyes. Attentively he

watched as she took his hand and slowly placed it upon her fulsome, milk heavy

breast, the warmth of the plump udder astounded the young magi and her reaction

nearly caused him to explode for she shivered and cooed, gyrating against him

slightly; dragging his hand slowly, methodically over the smooth creamy flesh of

her breast, circling her dark areola as her breath grew heavier and heavier

before tightening up the erotic trek towards her plump, meaty nipple which

stiffened under their touch. Licking her lips which sent to many erotic thoughts

through Sebrons' virgin mind, the Enchantress cupped and kneaded her other huge

orb with her free hand, squeezing it much more forcefully than the one Sebron

now caressed and tended to; rolling her thick nipple beneath his palm. She

locked eyes on the young half-elf, growled softly and gripping the back of his

head the lust filled druid pulled the mages' head to her fleshy breast, Sebron

quickly taking control from there and wrapping up her stiff nub in his mouth,

his tongue licking and circling it naÃ¯ve skill, which made it so much more

pleasurable to the Enchantress who moaned and cried out with lustful passion.

Time was irrelevant as the tow played and teased and drank for her enormous

bosom, Sebrons' hand finding its way to the bulging orb of the Enchantress'

belly, rubbing and stroking the taunt flesh, caressing the fertile ripeness of

the wonderfully pregnant female. Fully lost in sexual bliss, the Enchantress

gyrated and ground herself against Sebron much more pointedly, releasing her

milk laden breasts and letting it flop upon her massive belly, then taking her

lovers' hand and slowly guided it over her slightly sweaty belly, touching and

exploring every inch of the swollen mass of pregnancy but always going lower and

lower until finally Sebron could feel the soft curls that marked the entrance of

her nether regions and to the untold, unimaginable treasures beyond. He stopped

and looked at her, his green eyes telling her so much; his worry of hurting her,

his inexperience, his fear of failing her but she just led his fingers closer

and closer until he felt her, plump nether lips, wet and dripping with passion

and a simple nod assured him there would be no disappointments. Her mouth opened

in a silent, breathless scream as Sebrons' fingers slowly penetrated her molten

sex and Sebron was speechless; never feeling such hot raw sexual bliss, such

softness, such wet, silken and accepting, perfection and creation all placed in

a single spot. From that moment on Sebrons' life, sexually, was altered and he

would find his love in the lush, ripe sensuality of the pregnant beauty. The

young man dropped to his knees before the gorgeous mother-to-be, his eyes

catching all her tight, smooth belly flesh as he lowered to the ground. He had

never done anything remotely like he was planning but he was following his

instincts and slid between her luscious, creamy thighs, finally looking at the

greatest treasure he had ever seen, the Enchantress' sex was slick with her

juices, her lips fleshy and plump, quivering slightly as his fingers continued

to slide in and out of her, a soft, erotic squishy sound joyfully assaulting his

ears. The smell of her sex, the sweet musk of sex was like an aphrodisiac that

intoxicated. Nervously he drew closer to her molten treasure and with a deep

breath; he licked the length of her nether lips. The taste was unlike anything

he had ever tasted, sweet, sour, too many ways to describe it and none of them

would fit or could truly describe the true and pure essence of sex. Working and

rolling his tongue over and in and out of her sex Sebron became animal lost in

his lustful feeding. Visibly shaking the Enchantress was panting and moaning and

then she felt his tongue touch her and electric shocks of untamed pleasure shot

up through her and she screamed with pleasure as her juices exploded into

Sebrons' mouth. Her body spasmed and shook, her hands gripping her massive belly

which completely hid her young and amazing lover from view which only made his

tongue lashing even more erotic and in the moments it took her to catching her

breath, Sebron had licked her to more orgasms than she could count. Weakly she

stepped away from him and looked at her like a scolded dog though reached down

and pulled him to his feet, only to pull him to her and wrap him up in a kiss

that held more passion, more lust than they knew they could give; their tongues

wrapping and wrestling within their mouths, his hands gripping her full

buttocks, squeezing it hungrily, as if he would never feel her again. Still

locked in the passionate kiss, the Enchantress led Sebron to the bed and with

somehow got him on the bed without breaking their embrace. When she did though

she knelt between his legs, engulfing his length again, her head driving down

the rock hard muscled furiously, the young mans' mouth opening unable to breath

or beg her to slow down before he exploded within her hot, wet and loving mouth.

Somehow though the Enchantress could since his threshold and eased off just as

he was about to burst with passion but that was only a temporary reprieve for

the young mage. The Enchantress looked long and hard at Sebron, confirming he

was ready for what was about to come as she gently pushed him onto his back, his

thickness rising like a tower from his muscular frame and she crawled slowly

upon the bed, straddling his body and positioning her sex right before his

quivering head. Sebron held his breath as the Enchantress eased herself onto his

thick, rigid staff; slowly sliding down his length, her overflowing juices

allowing him to slip into her without any pain. Soft, warm, hot, wet, heaven and

more words to describe the wonder, the splendor of her body as he felt the

weight of her ripe frame upon him fully; her beautiful face and fulsome breasts

hidden by the monstrous distention of her belly which he gripped firmly but

carefully as he tried not to cry form the pleasure. The Enchantress moaned as he

filled her completely, more than any lover before, and tears of joy, lustful

bliss and intense pleasure rolled down her cheeks as she slowly worked her

widened hips, grinding upon the half-elfs' manhood. Feeling him pump in and out

of her was unlike any lover she had ever had because she knew it was his first

time, the most special time of his life and she was going to try and make it

last as long as possible though she knew he was so very close as was she, never

before being driven to such heights of passion. Their hands met and gripped

tight, as the Enchantress thrust against Sebrons' manhood, driving him deeper

and deeper into her burning sex, their flesh wet and sweaty with passion, her

mane of black hair sticking to her shoulders, beads of sweat rolling off the

curves of her hugely gravid belly which clapped heavily upon the half-elfs'

stomach and she could hear his moans and gasps of lust as her own cries of

joyous bliss filled the air. Sebron was truly in heaven, her inner muscles

milking his sex with their silken warm, their bodies and hearts seemingly

connected with their touch and he felt the first pulse and surge of his orgasm.

He tried to speak but he could not, he could hardly breath but he was so close

and he squeezed her hands tighter, but the Enchantress knew and was in rhythm

with her lover. "J...just l...let go...ohhh yesssssssssss!" Even as she spoke

the words Sebron tensed and grunt, pushing himself as deep as he could as he

exploded within her sex, hot gouts of his seed blasting her into her womb even

as her own sex erupted, spilling over his thunderous steed and onto his thighs.

For what seemed an eternity the two spasmed and ground together until finally

the Enchantress slowly, ponderously eased off her young lover, collapsing

against him on the soft, inviting bed. She was exhausted as was Sebron but he

curled up behind, their bodies hot and wet, his hands wrapping about the

wonderful fullness of her swollen womb, tenderly, compassionately stroking it.

She turned slightly and looked at him, a smile of warmth and satisfaction

evident in her eyes which were tired and heavy. Softly the Enchantress gave

Sebron a kiss on the lips. "Thank you Sebron. I do hope to see you in the

future." She kissed him again then turned and fell soundlessly to sleep,

pressing herself tightly in the strong and protective arms of Sebron the

Staffless who stayed awake for only a few moments longer before falling into a

deep sleep, dreaming of his next meeting with the Enchantress.

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Shalimar had fallen soundlessly to sleep after pleasing herself more than once.

She had lost herself in the depths of eroticism and had also unknowingly

experienced some of the Enchantress' and Sebrons' amazing night; her bond with

both of them reacting within her with quite wondrous results though she could

not truly explain what she had felt. Yet even in the depths of slumber she felt

him, and Shalimar slowly opened her eyes and rolled to allow herself to sit up.

Rubbing her eyes she was hardly surprised to see Vhym sitting silently in a

chair across the room, a single candle illuminating his face, a somber smile

etched on his lips. Shalimar could feel something was wrong, she could sense his

nervousness and his sadness as if she were having those emotions herself. Her

voice was tired and shaking worriedly as she spoke. "What is wrong?" He looked

at her and ran his hands over his bald head, his eyes wet as tears began to well

up in his eyes. Now Shalimar was scared. Never before had she seen Vhym so

upset, so troubled that he could not speak, that he was near tears. Though nude

she hardly cared as she quickly crawled out of her bed and rushed over to the

vampyre lord, dropping to her knees and wrapping her arms about his waist as he

equally embraced her, squeezing her tightly about the shoulders. He was sobbing

and though she could not see it the star tattooed upon her belly flashed as she

her him, like a whisper even thought Shalimar knew he had not spoken the words.

"I wish you could stay." She looked up at him and he her, her sapphire and gold

orbs burrowing into his thoughts, into his heart and she knew, though no words

were spoken, only feelings, but she knew. Tears built up in her eyes and she

began to shake just a bit. "Why and where am I going?" Vhyms' eyes told her his

surprise but also told her the truth of her question. Shalimar was going to be

leaving Sky Home. Now the tears flowed, silent and pure, wet crystals that

glowed golden in the soft light of the candle as her head dropped and her face

became hidden under her platinum and ebon locks. Vhym wanted to look at her, he

wanted her to see how much it hurt him but she was not going to give him such an

easy reprieve. He took a deep breath, and softly ran his fingers through her

hair. When she did not retract from his touch he felt a little better but not

much, not much at all. Shalimar was lost in thought, numb to almost everything.

Her mind raced through so many emotions that she felt as if her heart and head

were going to explode. She could hardly breathe and in no way bring herself to

look at Vhym; in part because she was embarrassed and in part because she did

not know if she would cry and beg to stay or smack for making her leave or just

fall into the depths of her mind and never return. Why? Why now, why this night,

why would he abandon her like this? His words came out in barely a whisper but

their tone, so sad, so frail...so helpless, made Shalimar look at her friend,

her mentor, and in her mind her father. His face was wet with tears as was her

own. "I can no longer teach you Shalimar. I...do not have power, the knowledge

or the abilities to give you what you need to become all that I know you are

destined for." Shalimars' eyes were red from crying but the tears had stopped,

because Vhym was so desperately trying to tell her why he had to let her go.

"You are special beyond imagination, more powerful than any truly understand and

you will only become more powerful Shalimar. Yes I can teach you to fight, to

adapt, to focus your body and soul but there is more to you than what I can

give. Though not of my blood you are my daughter Shalimar, and as such I have

to...to do what is best for you. Everyday I see you grow stronger in the ways of

mysticism, with powers I cannot understand. Everyday I see how unnecessary I

have become to you." Shalimars' eyes widened at the bluntness of his statement

and the absurdity of it but as she started to reply he placed a single finger on

her lips to calm her. There was a fire in those sapphire eyes of hers, the

golden spots slowly melting away under the power but Vhym remained stern. "Shhh.

What I say is the truth. Though my knowledge is vast, it is meager in the ways

of actual magic. I am a warrior," and her eyes narrowed for he knew she say

herself as one as well, "as are you, but you are greater than I shall become.

Thus, you need a greater teacher. At dawns first light the Enchantress will be

returning to the Enchanted Wood, her home in the Emberza Wood. You shall go with

her to train with the druidic magics as well as learn and train with the Wilder

King." She was shaking, trying to grasp all that he had said and still contain

herself. What was he saying? For all her life, Vhym was the most powerful man,

creature she had known but as she thought about, what daughter would not say

such things about her father. It was her turn to take his hand, the flesh as

cold as ever but it did not matter to her. Only then did she realize how much

pain he was in. Softly, lovingly she kissed his hand, the beautiful half elf

just held him close. There was so much that needed to be said at that moment, to

be finished, to hear but neither had the words, or the heart. Shalimar squeezed

Vhyms' hand one more time, long and hard; until she knew he was looking at her

and without raising her eyes to face him she whispered, "Ok." The rest of the

night the two stayed there, silent and somber. Each where drowning in their

thoughts and neither could find comfort in the yes of the other, and yet there

was a peace between them, a sad regretful peace. Shalimar wanted to scream, to

cry, and to do something but she could not and in all her life she had never

felt so alone.

Morning came, far too quickly for some and for others, not soon enough; but for

Shalimar, the warm rays cresting over the tips of the Frostmares, she had wished

it would have never come at all. Earlier, after Vhym had left her room,

Shalimar, all her tears dry and gone had packed very little, even though she

knew she would not be back for some time. The air smelled different that

morning, the sun looked less bright and Shalimar felt the sadness of the place

she called home. It was a new world; one that she did not know for this would be

the first time in thirty three years Shalimar would leave the boundaries of the

Frostmare Mountains. She was afraid. A small pack was slung over her shoulder

and she held the wondrous ironwood staff in her other hand, using it as a make

shift walking stick. She wore her scouting gear, a suit of studded leather

armor, creased and split down the center to allow room for her ample belly. The

breeches were worn low about the waist, just cover her perfectly formed

buttocks, revealing a sliver of an ebon thong and she hand the shadow gauntlet

about her left arm and an elven cloak of ever leaves was wrapped about her

shoulders. Her boots, also of elven make went up about mid thigh; a bandolier of

daggers was also wrapped about her right leg. Though she looked like a heavily

pregnant druidic warrior, she also looked as a very dangerous one. Angelsfire

was following her closely, though no saddle was upon her. Her muscles glinted

like golden flakes in the light of the arising sun, her horn peaking in a star

in the radiance of the blazing orb. Behind her came the Enchantress, her

massively swollen gravidity bulged hugely from her cloak of bear fur; her sun

kissed skin, taunt and smooth, radiant with life, accentuated by the dark, deep

brown of the soft fur. Shalimar could tell by the way the garment hung to her

that the Enchantress had magicked it to hide her immensely full breasts and ripe

lush body, keeping any who looked upon her from seeing just how pregnant she may

be as the Enchantress wrapped the fur about her splendid fecundity and she

actually, to Shalimars' surprise, looked smaller. Though even smaller her

swollen waist dwarfed the young half-elven female. With her trotted a beautiful

white and brown mare, her fur smooth and shiny and her muscles strong, thick and

powerful, though she was small next to Angelsfire. As the two approached

Shalimar noticed that the mares' sides bulged out, quite significantly, her

belly hung low near the ground and she waddled just a bit with her trotting

steps. The lovely female approached the mare and ran her hand across her bloated

sides; feeling the twin foals heartbeats within. She looked at the Enchantress,

a bit of concern on her face. The Enchantress warmly patted the fecund side of

her steed, smiling at the gentle hearted Shalimar. "Do not worry about Spirit my

dear; she will be okay to travel. That I have made sure of." The mare snorted

and Shalimar recognized the horse language, and understood that Spirit was okay

and would be fine over the long journey. Shalimar whispered back to the heavily

pregnant mare. "Good. Now I only worry if I will be okay." The she horse nudged

Shalimar with her head, a sadness in her eyes for she could feel the pain in the

young womans' heart. Shalimar ran her hand along her neck and full side then

patted it softly then moved towards Angelsfire who awaited her new companion

patiently. That was when she saw them, coming out of the castle proper of Sky

Home. Upon a massive black steed, a little larger than Shalimars' golden unicorn

was the young mage Sebron, adorned in traveling gear; with Neverwinter sitting

comfortably upon his shoulder. From one of the upper towers, her huge black

wings spread to catch the cool breeze of the air, came Latissa, swooping over

them once and then dropping down next to the Enchantress who looked at her a bit

oddly. "We are to escort you to the Emberza Wood, per order of Gildar Under the

One Tree. We will be passing the lands near the Waste Lands and rumor has it

that some things of the dead and the orc tribes have begun to gather about."

Sebron upon his beautiful steed rode up and Shalimar looked upon the wondrous

creature closely; feeling the power within the beast, his fur as deep as the

shadow itself and his dark, ebon eyes rippling with intelligence. She stepped

close to the huge horse and softly patted its neck, the horse snorting once as

she did so. Sebron looked at her, a bit shocked, for very few; well none in fact

had ever approached or even touched Shadowdancer without some dangerous warning

from his mysterious friend. Looking up at Sebron she offered him a weak smile,

the tiredness in her eyes and sadness was heavy on her. He looked at her and

gently took her hand. "Fear not my lady. You will see this place again, it is

your home. Besides, the world before you is far greater than you can imagine."

She looked at him and for the first time began to her departure a bit

differently; with a bit more hope and excitement than she had before and her

smile lightened as did her heart. Shalimar gave the young man a nod and turned,

then with amazing grace and ease climbed upon Angelsfires' back. She had no

saddle or bridle and needed none. The Enchantress rode bareback as well though

Spirit lowered herself to accommodate her heavily pregnant rider. Only then did

Shalimar notice the slightly awed and hungry look in her new male companions'

eyes. A slight glance to the Enchantress confirmed the same lustful look in her

dark eyes as she smiled to the handsome young man. Shalimar, smiled wryly as she

brought up the hood of her cloak but it melted away as she looked back at her

beloved home. Just in the shadows of the keeps gate she saw him, his face somber

but comforting, even at such a distance. Vhym looked at her and the star upon

her belly glowed in a soft dull light. "Shalimar, this is and will always be

your home. I love you and will always be there when you need me. This is not

farewell my daughter, but just a time of growing. You are wonderful and will

forever have my heart, as friend and as father." Shalimar could not speak; her

heart swelling with love for the man, the vampyre who had been father, mentor

and friend. Even as the tears rolled down her soft cheeks she smiled and turned.

Everything was going to change but that change Shalimar no longer feared. The

trio upon their steeds began their journey towards the Emberza Wood and destiny,

Latissa flying high above, and the sun seemed brighter, the air more fresh and

the heart of Shy Home swelled with pride.

Vhym slid into the safety of the keeps Great Hall, his skin smoking under the

light of the sun. Sky, her eyes icy blue, filled with love and compassion

wrapped him up in a big hug as he reached the shade. He hugged her long and deep

and there was no need for words, none at all, his strength and comfort found in

her touch. Behind them, the heart of Sky Home nodded and Threehorn turned and

walked away, a proud smile on his bullish face.

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CHAPTER TWO

The Enchanted Wood

The wind was brisk and cool as they departed Sky Home. Shalimar looked back

frequently as the great castle fell from view, the ice capped peaks of the high

tower finally disappearing as they crested a hill some ten miles away. The first

few hours of their journey had been very quiet and serene, Shalimar looking

about as they crossed the shallow plain of the Ice Moors, the land between the

Cavern of Wintering; the only safe path through the Frostmares, and Sky Home.

The name truly only fit the area during the winter when the cold winds from the

peaks of the Frostmares would rain down upon the land and cover it a coat of ice

and snow. During the spring and summer months the plain was green and beautiful

with winter flowers growing in great patches, decorating the land with deep

blues and whites. Though flat, Shalimar could catch the slight movement here and

there of one of the Wardancers and could only guess what was going on through

their minds. It startled her when Sebron broke the hours long silence. "How

often do they patrol this land Mistress Shalimar?" She gave him a queer look

before completely understanding what he had asked. She spoke softly and quietly,

almost seeming afraid to disturb the calm silence of the Ice Moors. "They set a

watch every few miles but it is constantly changing and they are always roaming

the lands. One would be hard pressed not to be discovered crossing the Ice

Moors." After that, the conversation went quiet once again. Shalimar was by far

the smallest of the group in size, so when the entered the Cavern of Wintering

she seemed and felt uncharacteristically tiny, for the cave was enormous, truly

enormous; an opening almost twenty miles long and hundreds of feet high. They

all stopped to marvel at the beauty of the cavern, long icy stalagmites and

stalactites hung or jutted up from the caverns roof and floor, sparkling

radiantly as the sunlight flittered inside, sending rays of light throughout the

space and giving the entire cave a crystalline appearance. It was breathtaking.

"By the heavens", was all Shalimar could gasp as the slowly made their way into

the ancient cavern. The Enchantress began to speak, her words soft and tranquil,

as if calming or soothing a wild beast. "The Cavern of Wintering is said to have

been formed ages ago, when dragons of old ruled the land, during the first war

of Dracos, when Khlendros, now the Lord and King of the Dragon Horde and leader

of the Council of Wyrm, stood against two of his brothers, Wintering the Ice

Fang and Crimson the Harold of Fire. It was in this very cave where legends say

Wintering was on the verge of victory when Shadow King choose his side, and slew

his younger brother. His essence forever froze this place. After that, Crimson

fled to the Mountains of Charred Death, beyond the Blood Sea. Shadow King by all

rights could have taken the throne of the dragon kingdom but he gave it to his

youngest brother, Khlendros the Platinum dragon." "Why", Shalimar asked her eyes

wondrously tracing the lines of the immortally frozen cavern, "why did he give

such a great gift to one so young?" "Because Shalimar", the Enchantress cooed

softly, "sometimes the greatest responsibility falls upon the young." They

traveled swiftly through the day and late into the night before they made camp

that early morning, the Enchantress advising that they should be well out of the

Cavern of Wintering for some spirits refuse to rest. That morning they broke

camp some ten miles from Hunters Wood, a place some forty to fifty miles deep

that led passed the Waste Lands and to the outer rim of the Emberza Wood and the

protection of the Wilders. Upon first look, Hunters Wood was rather unremarkable

until they drew close to the towering tress of the rather young forest,

according to the Enchantress. Someone had touched the forest to form a

protective barrier against the Waste Lands and the small Kingdom of Tolmort. The

archmage and druidic priest of Tyriel known as the Jyhlac Sominor the Hunter was

said to have created it when the forces of the dark began to arise. As they

entered the deep wood, the sounds and fragrances, the very air seemed to call

and whisper to Shalimar. She was alive. The first two days out from the

Frostmares and into the Hunters Wood had been relatively quiet, for Shalimar at

least. She had spent most of the two days looking and listening to the sights

and sounds she had only read about but never seen. The Enchantress watched her

as she took it all in, touching and smelling, feeling the forest about her and

it was quite charming to see. Most of the talking had actually been between the

ancient druid and young Sebron, who asked her many questions about her home and

her life, which the Enchantress was only partially forthcoming with. She liked

having her life secret but enjoyed having the handsome, desirable young male try

to decipher the mysteries of her life. Shalimar, though seemingly lost in the

newness of the woods, listened as well, getting a slight feel for the woman she

was about to spend a great deal of time with. The first night out was quite

jovial for Sebron told tales of his adventures which, at such a young age, he

had many of but he always seemed to scale down his part in the tales; though

Latissa often reminded him that he played a much more important role most often.

Shalimar listened in awe and in a bit of jealousy for she had had very few

adventures; for nothing every attacked Sky Home. She did tell a tale of her

first outing with the Wardancers and how she had helped them hunt down a white

dragon named Colddark, but she left out the part of how she had called for the

ice and stone to incase the dragons' wings which allowed for the Wardancers to

slay the malicious creature. She, much like Sebron was very modest and she also

realized that without an eye witness like the powerfully built Neith, she would

seem to simply be bragging. Sebron told stories well into the night until

finally the Enchantress, her taunt belly now bulging out fully from her cloak,

the golden flesh soft and radiant under the light of the camp fire, was overcome

with tiredness. She ran her fingers over her massive gravidity as Sebron coolly

stepped over and assisted her to her feet. "Thank you my lord. Would you

accompany me to my bed?" Sebron nodded and bowed, offering the Enchantress his

arm. Shalimar had never witnessed such confidence sexually, or brazen lust for

that matter as the two disappeared into the Enchantress and Sebron stepped into

a very large tree, the powerful druid altering its insides to fit her needs.

What struck her even more strangely was that in the darkness of night,

Shadowdancer had vanished. She remembered that Sebron had not tethered the huge

creature though she had not tethered Angelsfire either but the wondrous unicorn

lay closely to the mare Spirit, whom was fast asleep. A soft, muffled moan of

pleasure filtered into the night air and Latissa chuckled. Shalimar gave the

body guard an inquisitive look. "Thus the way of the Enchantress, a being of

nature and life. Sex is a strong part of her nature and Sebron has become her

newest lover, of many lovers." Shalimar looked at the tree, more humored than

surprised. "You will learn this soon enough young Shalimar. Now rest, I shall

keep watch tonight." Looking up at the sky, stars blanketing the dark, deep ebon

sky with their sparkling lights, the soft breeze rustling through the caring

leaves of the tress and the sounds of nature filling her ears; Shalimar smiled,

laying back on the cool earth, her hands falling upon her own fecund belly which

jutted upward and allowed herself to drift sleep. That night she dreamt of

oceans and mountains and sunrises and sun sets; nature itself welcoming one of

its' own. She dreamt of animals and beasts and in her dreams she saw the planet

lords; Earth, Rock, Water, Air, Ice, Fire, Animal, Light, and even Shadow

and...and Magic. They bowed to her and welcomed her as their chosen, their

Circlent of Life. It was a restful, warm night for Shalimar; a peaceful night of

much needed and deserved rest. Moans and gasps of erotic pleasure bled

harmoniously with the calls of the forests nocturnal kindred.

Dawn broke through the trees and found Shalimar awakening to the rustling of the

trees. She was up in an instant as Latissa dropped from the air, sensing the

movement. What emerged shocked them both for an instant but even as Latissa

moved to strike Shalimar stayed her with an up raised hand; as a huge, tan

furred mountain lion stepped from the wood, in its' mouth, the carcass of a fat

doe. The lion dropped the kill before Shalimar, nodding to the beautiful and

stunned half elf with a soft growl; she nodded and returned the growl, almost

perfectly. Then he gripped a plump hind leg and tore it off before bounding off

into the woods, disappearing in the tree line. The two stood there for a moment,

dumbfounded and perplexed. Latissa looked at Shalimar, taking in the mysterious

woman before her. "What did it say?" "He said...breakfast, sort of." "And what

did you say?" Shalimar turned towards the Neith, a slight frown on her face. "I

said thank you of course." With that last statement Shalimar drew a long,

curving elven blade and proceeded to carve up and prepare the tender deer meat,

with virtually flawless skill. Latissa watched for many moments until another

movement caught her eye. She did not react to it as she had with the lion for

she recognized the ebon form of Shadowdancer trotting out of the shadows of the

woodland. He galloped over to where Angelsfire and Spirit were, though the

hugely pregnant mare continued to lay down, conserving her strength. Within an

hour Shalimar had the deer meat ready for travel, though cooking up just enough

for a fine breakfast, with some herbs and berries she managed to gather. Sebron

was stunned at the meal before him though the Enchantress seemed hardly

surprised, gracefully lowering herself to enjoy the meal. It was still morning

when the group resumed their journey. They still had nearly a week worth of

travel so they pushed themselves a bit faster, doing so in spurts to allow

Spirit and the Enchantress to rest. During the days ride Sebron managed to get

Shalimar to open up a bit, though it was no easy task. He could tell her

experience with people was not extensive but he could tell why those who knew

her found her very easy to like. Not only was Shalimar physically beautiful, she

had a good and warm heart, she was sincere and compassionate in her words and

one could tell her emotions even through her eyes. Only twice did Sebron seem to

touch a subject that seemed painful to her. "Did you know your parents

Shalimar?" Silently she kept her eyes ahead, though there was sadness in her

face and Sebron wisely stopped the line of questioning. "My apolo..." "No", she

interrupted him, "I did not know them. And there is no need to apologize for the

question was just. My only family resides back in Sky Home; a vampyre as father,

a half dragon as mother, an adorable troll as an uncle," that statement caught

Sebron off guard, "and a well versed gollum as an older brother. That is my

family and my only family; for the ones who left me do not exist." Sebron could

feel the hurt and anger in her soft voice. She held her gaze for a little longer

before calming enough to speak. "I was told your father was lost in combat."

Sebron laughed, as the Enchantress, now very interested in their conversation

moved up next to the towering Shadowdancer. "That is the story to explain my

birth, yes. The truth is that no one, not even my mother, knows who my father

may be. In part that is how I became a light mage; for my mother had grown

pregnant with me almost overnight and I was born a week later. My conception was

in no uncertain terms a mystery and the Light Mages of Sehandir had vowed to

solve it. But it does not concern me." She looked at him and understood, a bit

thankful he had not said anything else about family. The Enchantress gave Sebron

an understanding bow and the group proceeded onward. Hours had passed and dusk

approached when Shalimar heard it, the soft, soothing whispers of the night.

Looking at towards her companions she searched to see if they noticed. An up

curled smile on the Enchantress' face told her she had. Sebron began to pick up

on it as well. With a loving stroke of her own gravid belly, hidden slightly by

the enchanted fur, the ancient druid looked almost longingly into the woods. "A

tribe of the wild elves, the Akir have begun their fertility dance; where they

pick out the most fertile of their kin and all the males lay with them. It

insures that the females will become pregnant and bare a good deal of young.

Most give birth to at least three to four children. Though it seems strange, to

be with nearly a dozen or two men in one night is, exhilarating." Her words told

the duo that she had been apart of the tradition, probably more than once. With

light hearts they strode on.

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The three females strode into the depths of Deathonmortuc, the Castle of the

Dead, though Lilith, her monstrous gravidity bulging out impossibly before her

floated, a mystical pendant clasped about her gown allowed her the ability as it

did for many of the Sisters who had grown to large to walk. Marcellus had

reported that they had lost their dwarven trackers though he had lost one of his

ratmen, the two dwarves a bit more armed than they expected. Still, the trackers

had been chased off and the identity of the Sisters of Darkbirth had been kept

secret. He and the Stalkers remained in the lower sections of the rather

remarkable castle; stones and marble statues created an air of wealth and beauty

about the place, candles lighting everything in a soft glow of pale light but it

was the chill that reminded them all that most in this place were quite dead.

Their guide, a huge hulking creature, an undead Athasian or half giant, stood

nearly as tall as a cave troll but he walked upright and proper, his long hair

silver and his flesh pale, void of life. He wore the armor of a knight and about

his hip was a sword meant for the likes of a titan, its' wickedly serrated tip

peeked from the open-ended hilt. Upon his back was slung a huge shield, the

emblem of the Knights of Truelight encrusted on it, a sword over a cross with a

blazing sun behind it. Lilith recognized the symbol, her gorgeous, exotic face

darkening for it had been the symbol of her first mentor, the creature she felt

had betrayed and failed her, the one known as Vhym. Sister Dhonytae noticed the

slight scowl and smiled, for she knew that Lilith had been chosen, the living

avatar for their Goddess, Lady Na'Raszagal, the Immortal of the Undead. She had

been born from the union of the last High Mother, Sister Tomorae and a

dracolith, the servants of Lady Na'Raszagal, though the High Mother perished

during the birth. Due to this Lilith was not considered a Sister of the Covent

but something more and second under Lady Alzr'aee, the next in line for the

position of High Mother. Jealous was hardly the term to describe the animosity

between Lilith and Sister Dhonytae. The Athasian led them to a large oaken wood

door, the life story of the Immortal of Deceit and Shadow; Lord Epyon carved

wondrously along the onyx stone door frame and bleeding back into the oaken door

itself. As the huge death knight pushed open the doors, candlelight flooded over

the three females and before them in a massive and plush room was a long opal

carved table with a wonderful assortment of rare and delicious foods from across

the realm. The table which could seat twenty had three large candle

centerpieces; golden forms of three nude, voluptuous females, their bellies huge

and ripe, the candles held in their open mouths, but it was the face of the

table that so intrigued the three women for across the expanse of the tables

surface was a scene of raw, untamed carnal lust. What could only be describe as

a breeding ground the Gravidian Witches watched in awe and wanton pleasure as

hundreds of goblinoids raped and impregnated scores upon scores of human, elf

and halfling women, filling them with their seed relentless and then discarding

them into pits where they would stay, caged like animals until they gave birth

to their brood. Within the cages Lilith could see females, of varying races with

their bellies bulging hugely, glistening with sweat and covered in dirt and

grime. It was horrific, at least to those who had caring hearts but the cruelty

displayed was only an appetizer to the likes of Lilith, Sister Alzr'aee and

Sister Dhonytae. Soundless though it was, the sheer terror and pain of the

females etched upon their often young and delicate faces, their hands clutching

at the air or their gravid waists, as they birthed their hybrid monstrosities

was more than enough delight for the Gravidian. Lilith chuckled as one poor

halfling, her belly nearly twice her size, literally burst open as her four half

ogres tore her open; the ogre babes even bigger than their mother. "Ah, I see

you like my gift", the cold voice of the lich king echoing in the large chamber.

The three necromantic witches looked up to see the handsome, deathly pale

creature sitting casually at the head of the table, a familiar chalice of silver

encrusted with four voluptuous females, large rubies representing their hugely

swollen bellies, their thick, plump legs forming the hilt of the goblet and

melted into the base. Each held their gravid middles as it they were trying to

hold them together as the silver that formed their figures looked as if it were

tearing open about the rubies of their bellies; the four females faces locked in

screams of terror and the detail was extraordinary. A thick red liquid filled

the goblet as the females calmly made their way towards the awaiting lich lord.

He smiled and they could not deny the allure of the extremely attractive male,

his ancient and regal attire seemingly unblemished by time, much like his own

wicked beauty. Upon his hip was sheathed a weapon that all knew and recognized,

a weapon of ancient lore and legend; Xaleil, the Fallen, the Doomcry. The

weapon, its ebon blade that seemed to smoke with vileness and evil was said to

have the soul of a fallen angel, one of the true children of the All Father. The

legend says that in the war of the King of Kings an angel, Xaleil, the first

angel of battle, stood against the King of Kings and was defeated, his soul and

essence captured and forced into a sword. The torture and torment of the poor

creature fueled the blade and gave its possessor great and terrible power. Now

it was in the hands of the Lich King, Lord Cyril, who now stood as they

approached. The towering creature, standing near seven feet in height, bowed low

before the three females, for he was a gentleman still. They returned the bow

with a nod of their heads and placing one hand upon their breast. With a congeal

wave of his hand, three, high backed seats with cushions of silk and dow slid

back, awaiting the women to take their places. Once seated Lord Cyril took his

seat within his huge, immaculately designed high backed throne and motioned for

the massive bellied guests to eat their fill. They looked skeptically at one

another for a moment and then proceeded to magically prepare their plates,

filling them completely for though they were not truly with child, their bodies

still needed nourishment as if they were. As they began to feast, the great

doors of the chamber opened once more, this time the Athasian led in a small

group of three, two beautiful female drow; their armor indicating that they were

priestesses of some kind, the Gravidian not familiar with the goddesses or gods

of the dark elves; especially the more villainous of the scattered subterranean

dark elf tribes. Behind them strode a massive creature, its upper torso that of

a very handsome and well muscled drow, his lower body however was all spider,

his hard shell covered legs clacking against the stone surface. A drider, as

they were called, were the chosen of Lady Malice, the Immortal of Malice and

Corruption and Darkness; a chaotic deity who was truly malevolent and absolutely

insane, though her chosen driders had gained her a great deal of respect through

fear and violence in the tunnels of the deep earth, the Underdark. The three

approached and the wickedly beautiful females; slender and trim, their waists

tiny and waft like, smooth athletic hips and pert little breast that lay

concealed in layers of armor and elven silk moved silently together. One wore a

devilish whip upon her belt, the enchanted weapon had eight slithering and

squirming snake heads which seemed to be alive and act of their own accord. The

other, the smaller of the two had twin rapiers sheathed at her hip. The drider

sported a long, cruel edge halberd and a sizable great axe over his broad

shoulders. The two females bowed to the lich king and then to the Gravidian,

more out of respect than actual recognition. The drider moved away from the

table, taking the position of guard rather than equal but Cyril showed him fully

that he was respected and was seen not as a servant. The two females moved to

seats across from the Gravidian Witches and only then did they seem to notice

the living scene within the table. For some moments they watched the breeding of

an army, various types of half breed goblinoids who served the lich king without

fail. Almost nonchalantly he spoke to the women. "Small prices to pay for the

services of the Hollow-Tooth Tribe, would you not agree Priestess Gunray, or do

you think the price should have been far less?" The taller of the two females

smiled, a wicked glint in her crimson orbs, and nodded. Her body guard looked to

Cyril, then to the three huge bellied witches, especially eyeing the monstrous

orb of Liliths' belly, bulging out before her to an unbelievable distance.

Lilith rubbed the mass of her gravidity, flaunting the taunt, and tattooed,

overly stretched flesh before the somewhat confused drow.

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important threw her a purely evil glare.

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The Gravidian looked at the two, unable to discern what was said but knowing

fully the younger of the two had erred. Cyril merely chuckled. The drider gave

the younger female a dangerous look though her back was turned to him. "Well,”

said Priestess Gunray. Mistress Tal'une, “you should listen to and mind your

superior wisely, for I can speak your language quite well. Now please sit and

enjoy the meal. The last of the quest shall soon arrive and I shall tell you all

why I have summoned you here." The two drow sat and Priestess Gunray proceeded

to eat, though her threatening look to Tal'une showed that upstart female was

not going to dine that evening. Conversation was light and mostly came from Lord

Cyril, asking about the state of affairs within the Covent of the Gravidian

Witches and how the dark elf city of Terrol'nibon stood against the their

enemies below, the goodly cities of Xherhe'zephena; the first of the drow cities

and the lower city of Astaroth, known as the Keep of the Lords of Tumblestone.

Priestess Gunray was commented on their most recent venture against the

annoyingly protective Xherhe'zephena when the doors again opened and the half

giant entered, behind him strode a large troll dressed in the robes of a mage,

ugly and grim faced though most of his face was hidden by the shadow of his cowl

and a female half orc, her beauty lost on the cruel scowl she wore, though her

armor revealed a rather muscular body, her arms as thick as one of the drows'

waists. The towering troll walked with the grace of an elf and seemed to hold an

air of power about him though his counterpart was more rough, her presence that

of a true fighter, which was equally displayed by the huge axe slung across her

back. She wore little armor, leather breeches and top with some shoulder plates

but otherwise she was exposed, her trim, well-muscled belly for all to view. She

was shapely but far from lady like or attractive; even males of her species

found her hardly alluring. "Thank you Sir Dealan", the huge Athasian frowning

just a bit at the formal title, Lord Cyril smirking even as he said it, then

referring to his two quests, both of whom seemed rather comfortable around the

lich king, "Master Grimgnaw, and Mistress Grymyae Hollow-Tooth. Well met." The

huge troll bowed, his many folded robe and cowl concealing much about his

mannerisms or his true power, but Grymyae simply nodded and like her brutish kin

reached over the table, tore a hunk of meat from one of the roasted pheasants

and sat easily, throwing her feet up on the table. Master Grimgnaw shook his

head and then sat smoothly, his movements almost elegant which was odd, very odd

for a troll. Grymyae was the first to speak, spittle and food flying from her

mouth, her voice deep and heavily accented. "Wez donz as ye askz wez ta do. Me

boyz haven theyz way wit em girlz, and havin' a mitey bit o fun wit em to.

Fillin' theyz belliez till em aboutz ta pop", as she grins evilly, one of her

tusk jutting from her lip, her forest green eyes falling upon the monstrous

bellies of the Gravidian, "and somez do ya knowz; POP!" Lilith stared at the

half orc, her own dark eyes showing no fear or even concern with the females'

words and Grymyae just laughed, nearly falling out of her seat. The troll

cleared his throat which immediately silenced the female half breed. His voice

was low, deep and literally shook the bones of those present. "The army comes as

scheduled Lord Cyril. As you can see", tapping the smooth top of the table, "of

the five hundred slaves, all have been impregnated and thanks to the spell from

your Master Dark Reader, the pregnancies are brought to full term in just a few

short days. The young shall be fully grown and battle ready within the year," he

hesitated for a moment, "We are coming across one small problem. We have lost as

few of the breeding stock due to the amount of young and the size of young they

are bearing. As Grymyae so eloquently worded it, some of the females have

literally burst open; killing them instantly though the young seem not affected.

There is also the problem of usability. The humans can withstand two or three

births at best; the elves are good for at least three, sometimes four. The

halflings, once and only once; for they have been our greatest number of

casualties. Soon this group will be worthless to us but they will have

successfully given us an army of eight thousand or more of our kin. They shall

be a most deadly group. As for your other project, well, I shall let Master

Melphio show you his progress." As if on queue, the great doors opened once

again, and all looked to see the entrance of Darkreader, Melphio and his

entourage enter the great hall. Lilith gasps at the surprisingly handsome

half-elf, tall and lean, his muscles tight and rippling, long jet hair tied in a

tight pony tail and his neatly trimmed mustache and goatee equally braided;

exposed by the strange serpentine armor he wore, the back of his cape rising in

a crowning like hood behind his head, the cape itself was wrapped and attached

at his elbows and hung over his hands. He wore a belt of mithiril skulls as well

as a single skulled necklace, his legs covered in a masterfully designed chain

meshed gown and in his hand held a staff that seemed forged from ancient,

gnarled wood and topped by a blood colored crystal ball held tight by three

clawed hands while upon his hip was a sword, unsheathed; the blade red and

pulsing with life, the hilt clawed and cruel looking obsidian with a wickedly

edged blade guard. His eyes widened a bit as he looked at Lilith, her exotic

features, long lustrous ebon hair with dark, deep eyes; her full lips colored

black and her body, though hidden some by the table was or looked inhumanly

pregnant; the massive dome of her tattooed flesh rising like a mountain with her

heavy, milk engorged held tight by her diaphanous robe rested like great melons

upon a monstrous shelf of creamy flesh. Next to her were two other females, both

quite beautiful but neither looked nearly as pregnant or seemed as powerful.

Sister Alzr'aee caught the look and felt the connection, her mind immediately

going to work. As he walked in, he stepped sidelong to allow the other guests to

enter. The first was the huge bellied Blood Mother, Countess Chese A'maro, her

pale flesh taunt and tight, her waist looking on the verge of bursting, the

ancient creature appearing at least overdue with a dozen young or more; the

sounds of liquid sloshing about could be heard slightly as she waddled in rather

gracefully. Swathed in black cloth, her breasts, neck and lower body seemed

shrouded and hard to see though the size of her blood filled orbs was very

noticeable. She was angelically beautiful but all knew what she was and knew the

dangers of such a creature. Lord Cyril looked her over and could tell she had

fed, recently and well; a full content look was in her face and he could see the

heat within her flesh; mostly in her greatly distended belly. Casually she

walked over to the table, allowing all to see her splendid form and then she

took her place next to Lord Cyril, who stood and took her hand, offering it a

gentleman's kiss. "Well met Countess." The Blood Mother nodded and then turned

her attention to the door. What entered at first seemed to be a mountain of

flesh but after what seemed like many, many minutes the rest of the poor female

floated in. Everyone but Cyril and the Countess, gasped at the sight before

them. The human, her face young, subdued and obviously spell bound was cute, not

too beautiful but fair and warm which made it seem all the more cruel to witness

what was about to happen. Naked, her breast looked quite heavy with milk and her

nipples were stiff from the pressure. Wide hips and thick, rather plump legs

hung; dangled a foot off the stone. But it was the sheer size of her belly that

caught everyone's attention. The behemoth sized orb of flesh jutted out from the

young girl obscenely, nearly seven feet of frightfully tight flesh; veins

mapping her belly, the pressure within pushing them to the surface and to say

she looked ready to explode was hardly fitting. Her belly was literally

bursting, though slowly; growing an inch every so often even as she entered the

room. So taunt was the skin of her belly that it was close to transparent, and

as she floated by, the guests could actually see movement; Priestess Gunray

catching a claw ripple across the surface, the poor girl moaning softly in pain.

The pressure must have been indescribable; yet the girl, a light sheen of sweat

covering her body, hardly made a sound, except when her babe drew too close to

the surface. She floated past everyone up to a strange looking chair made of

bone and that seemed to come from nowhere and was placed upon a raised dais.

Ponderously she took her seat, her belly a mountain of flesh hid her face from

view but as she spread her legs, her sex was revealed; the thick folds of her

nether lips had been hidden by the great slope of her belly when she stood. Once

seated, bone clawed hands gripped her wrists and ankles. Two females, lithe

slender females dressed in simple gowns, their pale flesh showing that no life;

no true life, was left in them, moved over towards the fearfully pregnant female

and began to tend to her. One began to rub some sort of oil over the lower under

belly of the females explosively swollen belly; concentrating on one particular

section while the second seemed to be feeding the female for a swallowing

gulping sound could be heard, between soft, muffled moans and Sister Dhonytae

was dumb struck as she watched the monstrous orb grow slightly; the sound of

flesh stretching whispered on the air, the girls belly struggling to stay

together. Master Melphio took a seat next to his master and bowed to the guests,

before casually making himself a plate of food. Everyone seemed to be staring at

him and he looked up at them, almost annoyed by their questioning glares.

"Please eat. My son is not due yet, though it will be soon. When his time comes,

we", looking at his lord and master, "will reveal everything." After a few

moments of silence, the table of evil feasted. It was mostly quiet, most

everyone keeping an eye on the behemoth bellied human. Finally, almost an hour

later there came a low deep moan, then a loud pop and splash. Melphio wiped his

hands and looked, as did everyone else though most expected to see the girl

splashed over the bone chair and something; Melphios' son, to be in her stead.

That was not the case but it was not far from the truth for the poor mothers'

water had broke and spilled upon the ground, droplets of slightly bloody liquid

dripping from her sex and the edge of the birthing chair. Everyone stood,

transfixed on the sight as her belly began to pulse slightly, every pulse ending

with the sphere a bit larger than before. The Dark Reader softly chanted an

incantation as the chair shifted and moved, pulling the girl upright; allowing

her to be viewed clearly and for her to feel the full, enormous weight of her

belly. A grimace of pain shot across her face as she looked up horrified, over

the now ten foot expanse of her pregnancy, her grey eyes pleading for one of the

group before her to show some form of compassion, to help her in some way but

they simply stood there, watching her plight as the first of many contractions

began to riddle her body. Sweat was covering her, dripping from her dirty,

brownish red hair, her lips quivering in fear. She groaned as contractions

rolled through her, hardly attempting to breathe for she had never given birth

before. She had only been with one man and he stood there before her, smiling

evilly and waiting for her to deliver the thing that was crawling about her

womb. The contractions were mere seconds apart as pressure began to build up in

her nether regions and lower belly but pain was causing her to lose focus and

she was becoming dizzy and faint. Yet she could not pass out and what seemed

like hours were only minutes, but they were excruciating and terrible. A bulge

formed near the females sex as the final stages of her birth were nearing. She

cried out in heart rending terror as a huge clawed hand exploded from her womb,

tearing her open from the inside and then her massive belly split open at its

lower regions, her legs and waist completely rent from her body as the creature

emerged, the girl gave one last cry of pain and death. Everyone stepped back as

the poor girls' lower belly, legs and waist were blasted away by the force of

the emerging being. The creature crawled; fell from the remains of its mother,

covered in blood and gore. Slowly the beast rose, huge muscled arms pressing

upon the stone with such force that they cracked and splintered the rock. Long,

dripping black hair fell over its' shoulders and it growled, low and terrible,

like a dragon who had awakened from a long sleep. It took a few moments before

the thing could stand but when it did, the sight was terrifying and beautiful

all at once. The creature stood at a height taller than Grimgnaw who himself was

large for a troll and its face was broad and flat, almost human like, and its

broad, overly muscled shoulders were as well, which gave the thing the

appearance of being almost neckless. Rows of teeth decorated its mouth and its

eyes; almond shaped orbs of crimson glowed with evil. It appeared to have no

nose but its ears were large and pointed, dangling almost comically to the sides

of its head. Yet the undeniable strength in the creatures' mere appearance was

frightening, his chest was wide and thick, as were his arms which led into long,

wickedly sharp claws. Chiseled and etched muscles adorned his body and his

manhood, almost a foot and half dangled proudly between his toned thighs. Though

blood and gore covered the creature was uniquely handsome; more by his presence

than actual appearance. He looked over the crowd and leapt from the dais,

landing easily before Melphio, his weight shaking the ground at their feet. Then

the creature knelt before the Dark Reader and lowered its' head, his voice low

and controlled, edged with a growl but rather clear. "Father, you have summoned

me." Melphio smiled, placing a loving, fatherly hand on the creatures shoulder;

its muscles bulging and solid. "That I have. You are the first my son, my Khur

and your name shall be Bane." In a guttural growl the khur responded. "Bane."

"Now my son, I have a task for you", lifting the creatures head and turning it

slightly, so it could see as the Athasian lead in five young women; human and

elf, "and this task is to breed." Standing fully Bane nodded and leapt from

where he stood, clearing almost fifteen feet effortlessly, landing easily before

the quintet and grabbing the first of the girls, driving his thick manhood into

her sex, her scream of pain a mere aphrodisiac to the beast as he ravaged her

violently. The other females ran and huddled in a corner where Sir Dealan kept

them. The carnal lust and fury of the Khur made the females swoon hungrily; the

simple thought of such raw power taunting them, especially Grymyae, her animal

instincts kicking in but before she lost herself the powerful hand of the troll

mage stayed her. "You know their fate; do you truly wish to join them", for as

he spoke Bane howled as he released his full load into the girls womb, her belly

bulging slightly from the load. He tossed her aside as if she were nothing and

plucked up another female huddled in the corner but even as he did so the first

girl began to whimper and moan as her belly began to swell, quite noticeably.

Within moments he had impregnated two of five and was working on the third when

the first girl moaned and cried out in horrible pain and terror, her belly an

impossibly swollen mountain of taunt flesh almost seven feet above her,

quivering and on the verge of bursting, the veins of her belly bulging with

blood, the skin shinny and shimmering with tightness, the weight of the orb

seeming to crush her tiny body. The distressed moan from the second girl filled

the air, her belly already that of one with twins and it was growing rapidly,

faster than the first poor girl. Bane again growled as he released for his third

time, even as the first girl screamed her death cry, a loud, wet, bone breaking

bursting sound coming from her tormented form as a new born Khur emerged,

tearing its mother apart as it ripped free from her and stood, clearly a foot

shorter than Bane but no less terrifying or threatening. In only a few minutes

Bane stood with five new khur; his sons, and they knelt before Melphio and Lord

Cyril, their masters, the torn and ruined bodies of their mothers splattered

along the floor behind them. The two necromancers turned and looked to the rest

of the quests. Lord Cyril calmly talked as he proudly inspected his new

warriors. "The Khur. Powerful, loyal, fearless, relentless and ours. They shall

be the army against the south. An unstoppable force of darkness, leading the way

with the armies of the Hollow-Tooth tribe behind them and then the army of the

drow city of Terrol'nibon and, if the Gravidian Covent is willing to join, the

entire force shall follow a wave of undead, which will break the backs of

dwarves of Astaroth Keep and then pour into the elven lands of Sehandir, wiping

clean the face of the south and making way for our world." Clapping his hands

the Khur stood, heads bowed and ready to serve; their minds mystically altered

at conception to be perfectly loyal to the masters of Deathonmortuc. "Yet",

Melphio now taking his masters lead, "if a demonstration is in order then allow

us to join our forces and show the small kingdom to our north, the Kingdom of

Tolmort and their Hunter how powerful our combined strength can truly be. Let us

in two months time prepare a temporary army and together we wipe out the kingdom

and then, if all our pleased, we look to the south." Smiles appeared on the

faces of all and an alliance of evil was formed.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Sebron lay curled up next to the slumbering form of the Enchantress, his hand

draped across her bulging belly, the warmth of the fecund sphere soothing and

welcoming. He could feel she was close to giving birth, her soft flesh bulging

every so often as one of the babes moved. They were close to the end of Hunters

Wood and near the edge of the Emberza Wood where he and Latissa would have to

leave the Enchantress and Shalimar, and head southwest towards Sehandir. He was

not looking forward to leaving the Enchantress whom had shared her bed and

herself with him every night since they had left Sky Home. She had told him not

to fall in love with her but a part of him had, for now he considered her the

closest friend he had, even more so than Latissa but yet, through and above it

all he felt in some way bonded to the young, aloof Shalimar. Though they hardly

spoke to eachother there was a connection, ever since they had shared the vision

of his mother and the strange man but Sebron could not tell what it was. A

rustling from outside of the Enchantress mystical tree house drew his attention

and carefully, making sure not to wake the lovely druid; Sebron slipped from

their bed and peeked out of the mystic door. In the dark of morning he saw

Shalimar, stretching her beautiful though strangely shaped body; her muscles

trim and toned except her belly, round and full, looking full with a large baby

and ready to deliver at any moment but yet ther was no young, just power; raw

power. She wore only a top to hold her heavy breasts as she loosened the muscles

of her limber body. He watched her for a long time, light just beginning to

trickle over the forest. As it did Shalimar finished her mornings routine and

quickly dressed, sliding on a small leather thong, long leather chaps that left

her full round buttocks exposed but completely hid her small, dainty feet and a

long sleeved leather top that covered her breasts in a second layer. Sebron

smiled, seeing that there was much more to the young Shalimar before he slipped

back into the enchanted tree, and found a way to catch a quick hour of sleep.

They had fed off of deer meat for the most of the trip, though that morning the

group had fish, black-head trout that Shalimar had caught in a nearby pond. The

Enchantress looked very tired as she ate, rubbing her massive belly and wincing

every now and then, feeling the babes within tussle about. Worried the female

half-elf knelt beside her, placing her hand on the swollen mass of the druids'

womb. "They are coming, soon." The Enchantress gave her a reassuring look,

rubbing her hand over the taunt flesh of her pregnancy. "Yes Shalimar, they are

coming. My powers have held off the birth for some time now, ever since leaving

Sehandir on Master Sebrons' birthday; but all the travel and creating resting

places for myself has drained me so their time is rapidly approaching." Shalimar

looked up at the Enchantress and smiled, gently placing her hands on the druids'

bare, smooth gravidity and then the young female closed her eyes and began to

whisper. As she did so, blue energy rippled from beneath her long lashes as

Sebron and Latissa moved up to the two females, looks of concern and wonder

etched on their faces. The Enchantress stared at Shalimar, anticipation written

on her beautiful face and then she felt it; a warm sensuous tingle that spread

over her nude belly, soothing and calming. Almost immediately did she feel her

strength renewed as she also felt the babes within ease back into dormancy,

slumbering peacefully and contently. Slowly Shalimars' eyes opened and for a

moment she stood there, hands on the Enchantress' belly, her own body shivering

slightly and her breath hardly coming. A smile formed on her full lips and then

the young half-elf stood, nodding reassuringly to the ancient mother, and

looking at both Sebron and the Neith berserker, a look of surprise on her face,

almost as if she had not expected them to be there. Sebron looked wide eyed at

the Enchantress, rubbing her huge taunt belly and cooing softly. "That was

amazing Mistress Shalimar." Latissa was speechless. Shalimar felt proud and

embarrassed all at once. She knew she had power but greatly disliked flaunting

it so she stammered over her words as she began to head towards the forest. With

a quick glance she grabbed up her staff and was gone. What she had done was

good, she knew it but to have an audience gave her a wrong feeling, insecure and

dirty though deep in her head she knew that was just in her own mind. In either

case, she had to get away from the group, if not for a little while. "I...I am

going to bathe. I...I...will return shortly." The three looked at her almost

confused as Shalimar seemed to disappear in the brush. Sebron looked over to the

Enchantress who could only shrug her shoulders.

Shalimar was moving swiftly through the dense trees, the brush seeming to move

out of her way, leading or guiding her towards the pool she so wanted to be at.

In her head she could hear the soft whisper of her mount and it seemed to slow

her steps. "Is all well my Mistress?" Shalimar slowed and began to stroll to the

nearing pool; loosening the leather top as the brush cleared and two watering

pools emerged. Again she heard Angelsfires' call. "Mistress?" "All is well my

friend. I...just needed to get some air. I am fine. Keep an eye out on the camp

for me." "Yes my Mistress." Placing her ironwood staff next to a nearby tree,

Shalimar smiled, giggling softly as she removed her leather chaps, though she

decided to keep her thong and under shirt on, just in case Sebron or someone

else came upon her. She knew which pool was good and safe to bath in, the other

was actually a fishing hole. The water was cool and soothing, gently caressing

her thighs and butt, rolling over the swollen girth of her belly, until stopping

just under the curve of her breasts. For many moments the young woman sat there,

enjoying the soft sounds of the wood, the serene nature of life surrounding her

and she allowed herself to relax.

Not far from the camp they came, thirty in number; goblins, trolls, ogre and

orcs. They had come from the wastes, looking and hunting for their masters; the

ogre, adorned in the garb of a shaman, a broken hollowed out dragon tooth hung

from his neck, the insignia of his tribe. This group, sizeable and deadly had

ventured out greatly from their normal patrolling borders, so far to even risk

notice from the rangers of Tolmort, though few, were good and had destroyed

groups of far greater number but as the ogre pressed them on, never one with an

ogre magi. One of the leading orcs raised his hand, halting the troop. "I smellz

fishz! Somebodyz close. We hunt?" The ogre magi, Faust Boneeater, grinned

widely, his black tusks dripping with saliva. His growl came low and deadly. "We

kill!" The entire group poured into the forest.

Sebron looked up as Neverwinter swooped over once and then banked around,

landing upon the young mages shoulder. The snow owl hooted something once and

immediately Sebron was up, drawing Lightbringer and looking about. The

Enchantress looked at him strangely as he blindly offered her a hand, easily and

gently pulling the hugely pregnant female to her feet. He looked into her deep

eyes, concern etched in his sea blue orbs as the green fae magic began to bleed

in. Latissa was already airborne, looking about for the danger. "You must hide

in the safety of the tree. We have goblins in the wood my lady. A large host and

in your condition I cannot protect you and fight at the same time." She gave him

an almost incredulous look, as if he had insulted her in some way but his smile

completely turned her anger. "Enchantress, I have now doubt that you are a

capable warrior but you are on the verge of giving birth and your powers must be

used to protect the young, not fight. Latissa and I can and will take care of

this." The lovely druid nodded and gave Sebron a long, passionate kiss before

withdrawing towards the tree but she stopped suddenly, a terrified look on her

face and almost immediately Sebron knew what she was thinking. "Shalimar!?"

"Mistress!" Shalimar slowly opened her eyes. She had dozed off for only a moment

but the call of Angelsfire brought her from her nap. "Mistress, there are

goblins coming!" She was up and moving even before the unicorn finished

speaking. Suddenly she stopped a look of complete shock on her face. Within the

branches of the trees were her clothes, appearing as if the wood itself had

picked up her clothing and held it, waiting for her to finish her bath. A smile

grew on her lips and she threw on her top and slid easily into her chaps but she

was in for another surprise when she reached for her staff. In its stead,

leaning upon the same tree was a stringless bow, though the large bellied figure

was still atop it. Looking perplexed and wondrously at the weapon she spoke to

her mount. "I will be there shortly. Protect Spirit and the Enchantress. I will

see you soon." With that she grabbed up the bow and dashed into the woods.

Even as the Enchantress disappeared into the safety of her tree and Sebrons'

assurance that Shalimar would be safe, they came; an onslaught of orc and

goblin, pouring into the camp from the south and east, growling and howling,

rushing the apparent lone warrior. Sebron smile and pointed Lightbringer

forward; a streaming bolt of lightening greeted the first of the horde, rippling

through their bodies, and the sickening smell of burning flesh filled the air.

Wisely the oncoming beast spread out to surround the surprising half elf.

Suddenly their came a maddening, high pitched wail as Latissa the Black Winged

fell from the sky, her twin blades cutting into a group of unfortunate goblins,

their heads falling free of their shoulders. Spirit neighed with fear and

Angelsfire moved in front as a huge, lumbering beast exploded onto the scene.

Sebron was knocked forward by the force of the trees being blasted away as a

mountain troll crashed into the camp. The creature roared and then bellowed as

Shadowdancer slammed directly into the massive things leg, crumpling with

unexplainable power. Pushing himself off the ground and knowing orc and goblin

where surrounding him Sebron winced, expecting to take at least one hit from the

creatures but a sudden flash of energy and then an explosion of fire startled

him even more. He looked back as Angelsfire gave him a one horned nod but he

gasped as he watched Shadowdancer get taken off his feet by a second trolls

club. The young half-elf was up and a blur of motion, cutting down two, three

and then four orc as he made his way to the trolls, his eyes green burning

flames. Latissa spun and ducked and cut, high then low and then high as at least

six goblins and three orc surrounded her. She flipped and flew, twisted in the

air and caught a few stinging hits while she delivered more than she took; two

goblins dropping to the earth, and one orc fleeing with an eye gone. The

berserker looked over as she watched Sebron run up the leg of one wounded troll,

only to leap in the air and drive Lightbringer into the shoulder of the second,

electricity riddling the beast from inside even as Shadowdancer came literally

from nowhere, slamming himself into the wounded beast other leg. A sudden

explosion rocked the camp, a fireball blasting back Sebrons' steed and sending

the creature rolling. Latissa knew the Shadowdancer was unharmed by the magical

flame though the concussion of the explosion probably caught him off guard.

There was a mage amongst this group but the berserker, kicking out against a

goblins blade while ducking another from an orc, could do nothing at the moment.

Sebron winced as his friend and steed bounced into a tree, cracking the thick

trunk. Balancing with dept skill on the roaring trolls shoulder, the half-elf

danced about cutting Lightbringer along the things back neck. He saw them just

in time as five magical missiles came towards him. Spinning, Sebron raised his

hand and reached for the mystical energy of the bolts, absorbing them harmlessly

into his hand; but the distraction cost him as the wounded troll swung up and

batted the Light Mage off his companions' shoulders, Sebron slamming hard into

the ground. The hit knocked the air from the young warrior but he kept his wits

and rolled as a goblins spear just missed him but Angelsfire loosed again and

flames erupted between him and the remaining goblins but the trolls still

remained. Sebron looked up, realizing that he was now at the feet of the troll

he had attacked. The beast stood tall, raised it club over his head and then

jerked back, once and then again and then a third time as arrows; one flaming,

one seeming to rippling with lighting and the third sizzled into the beasts

chest, melting into its flesh. Shalimar had arrived. Flipping up to his feet

Sebron charged the distracted troll, only to jump back as a wall of flame grew

before him. He turned to see the mage and smiled. "Shalimar!" Without even

answering Shalimar turned and loosed a rain of arrows, a rainbow of colors; each

arrow representing an element. The ogre mage howled out as he watched the

pregnant druid turn her bow on him and fire streaks of various colored arrows

his way. Quickly Faust Boneeater grabbed one of the small orcs near him and

caught the first four arrows with his living shield but the fifth and sixth

caught him in the thigh and shoulder. His leg felt like ice as the blue arrow

buried into his flesh and the black in his shoulder made him shudder for the

world seemed to cloud up before him. Shalimar smiled but flinched back as a

spear just missed her bulging belly. Spinning back she fired and dropped two

goblins hitting them square in the face, then a third; a green arrow

disappearing into its gut. A shadow passed overhead and Shalimar glanced up,

just catching a pair of black wings. Looking over, she could see Latissa lost in

her battle rage, her silvery blue eyes wide with fury and her blades cutting

back and forth, slicing down any orc foolish enough to get near. A small circle

had surrounded her, most of the beasts ignorantly attempting to rush in only to

be met by her obsidian opal blades. Shalimar had no time to contemplate what had

passed above for she had to again fire on the ogre magi, his hands twisting

about in another attempt to cast. Sebron flipped backwards, the trolls club

crushing the ground before him and immediately the half elf was back into melee,

this time, leaping upon the things wrist and driving Lightbringer into the flesh

between the beasts' thick bones. Lightening arched from the blades handle as

troll howled in rage and pain, the unstoppable energy literally burning him from

the inside out. Sebron ripped the blade from the trolls' wrist and drove it into

the things hand as it came in at him, slicing cleanly into its' palm and then he

concentrated, electricity shooting up the beasts' arm and exploding out from the

things elbow. The troll lurched in agony, sending Sebron off and into another

roll, again in front of the wounded troll who was upright on his knees but only

for a moment as a huge winged creature emerged from literally no where, clad in

an obsidian armored vest and kilt and wielding a war axe that Sebron felt more

than saw as the blade chopped down into the things skull, splitting its eyes;

which know looked up in a futile attempt to see who had killed it. The other

troll howled as it watched his brother die, slumping forward with a strange

looking elf with wings on his back. Sebron turned and lifted his hand, his eyes

flaring with green energy. "Seyatah!" He roared the mystical words as a ball of

greenish flame launched from his hand and blasted the troll in the face, blowing

the ugly creatures' head from its hulking shoulders and sending the beast

backwards into the wood. Then he looked to the new and mysterious warrior who

smiled at him cockily before leaping up and landing directly into retreating

group of goblins. Now in full view Sebron could see the creature whom appeared

to be a male Neith but bigger, much bigger at nearly seven feet and with blood

red skin. His hair was pitch and his eyes were just as dark. Muscled beyond

words ancient script ran dow his arms and legs, his neck and even about his face

and wings; his armor was perfectly functional, the kilt formed of tightly linked

chain and his vest the same as he cut down the goblins with ease. Shalimar saw

the creature out of the corner of her eye even as she released another barrage

of arrows, the ogres' mystical shield halting two of three, another ice arrow

driving into his thigh. She looked as the huge Neith leapt from the dead troll,

even as Shadowdancer sprung from the shadows and landed by Sebron. Turning back

to the ogre Shalimar narrowed her eyes, burning bright sapphires and spoke,

softly but strongly, concentrating on the earth beneath the troll, knowing that

the last of the orcs were coming at her. "Hold!" With that, the ground itself

reached up, in the form of a massive hand and snagged Faust in a crushing grip;

the ogre magi groaned as his breath was squeezed out of him. Shalimar then spun

on the charging orcs only to see a rain of arrows come from above her, cutting

into the group of five and dropping them in seconds at her feet. Startled she

looked up, only to see a lithe figure hop from one branch to another, loosing

arrows along the way, felling the remaining of the troupe of goblinoids. The

cloaked figure dropped easily from the trees and landed silently beside the huge

Neith, whom rent his axe from the corpse of a dead goblin. Shalimar kept her bow

readied as she cautiously made her way towards Sebron, whom now sat atop

Shadowdancer and Latissa who looked at the other Neith with eyes full of battle

rage and blood lust. Loosing an almost feral growl Latissa leapt at the Neith

who stood there calmly, tapping the blade of his axe across his hand. Sebron

reached out but it was too late for she had covered almost half the distance

when he heard her, Shalimar whispered softly. "Latissa...sleep." Her words came

with a strength that he knew, for he had used it more than once and almost

immediately the female berserker fell to the ground, slamming hard into the

earth and rolling into a tree. Quickly Shalimar rushed over to her and turned

her, inspecting her wounds; some more serious than others, but she knew the

majority of them came from the battle. Gently she began to trail her hands over

Latissa, golden energy pulsing off her palms as the wounds began to seal up

about the Neiths' body; though her armor still remained a bit battered. Though

concentrating on Latissa, Shalimar heard the conversation. "Well met. We've been

tracking this damned group over two days now, from the Emberza Wood. They came

form the waste but we needed someone to slow them down a bit for us to get in

good and close. Thanks." His voice was deep and smooth but remarkable gentle and

he had an accent that Shalimar did not recognize. "Greetings as well and thank

you for your assistance. I am Sebron Half-elven, Light Magi from Sehandir, and

my companions are Shalimar from Sky Home and", looking at his fallen body guard,

"Latissa the Blackwinged." Then from behind them came the sultry purr of the

beautiful druid. "And do not leave me out young Master Staffless." As one they

turned to regard the Enchantress, her hands draped across the huge expanse of

her gravidity, a luscious angel amongst the bodies. "Enchantress! We were

wondering when you'd return home. Prince Kosair the Wind arrived a day ago and

already Shade here has had to keep me from killing him. See you came with good

company." Sebron and Shalimar looked at one another then to the Enchantress and

back to the strange Neith and his companion who had nearly merged into the

shadows of the tree line. Angelsfire moved up behind Shalimar as Spirit trotted

next to her rider, nudging her lovingly. "Avareil, I told you I was on my way.

You still need to learn patience. Though I am glad to...", only then did she see

Shalimar tending to Latissas' wounds, "Latissa! Was she harmed during the

battle?" Avareil looked down and seemed to slink back just a bit. The

Enchantress, making her way towards the fallen Neith took note of his movements

and slowed as Sebron immediately dismounted and moved to her side, helping her

over the dead bodies strewn about. "What happened Sebron?" "The battle had ended

but when Latissa saw...Avareil, she charged him. Shalimar put her to sleep,

something I have never seen done before." The Enchantress smiled at that,

clearly amused at Sebrons astonishment. She glanced back at the ogre who still

desperately tried to pull his way free of the earthen hand that held him fast.

It was her turn to gasp. She shook her head and looked at the huge winged Neith.

"I was afraid that this would happen. Avareil is very special, and his blood is

that of the first berserker. This means all berserkers when in his presence have

the desire, the need to prove themselves the better. In truth I was hoping this

meeting would not take place but young Shalimar seemed to solve our problem."

Sebron nodded and then narrowed his eyes, as if something had just struck him.

"The first berserker? That would mean he is the son of..." "Yes." The

conversation ended at that as Shalimar lifted her hands from Latissa who was

finally stirring although she seemed extremely tired and groggy. Shalimar smiled

at the female, who gave her a somewhat confused look but then nodded and slowly

got to her feet. She looked about at the carnage and then her gaze fell directly

on Avareil who was now talking calmly to a figure shrouded in shadow. A soft

touch from Shalimar turned her head. "No Latissa. He is a friend. The battle is

over." With a deep long breath Latissa seemed to ease and moved towards the

others. Shalimar also began to trek through the dead bodies, her bow returned to

its original shape. Only then did Avareil and the other strange elf join them.

Now in full view the other elf, regarded by Avareil as Shade, was quite

remarkable and Shalimar found herself staring at the rather beautiful elf. He

wore a cloak and armor that seemed to reflect grays, whites and blacks that made

it seem as if he was disappearing in and out of the shadows and light. His face

was elegant and smooth, youthful; with pale white skin in the light but to

Shalimars' bewilderment, became jet black in the darkness of shadows. While his

skin seemed to be like that of a chameleon, Shades' eyes seemed to always stay a

soft, gentle grey. Obviously shorter than his hulking companion, Shade stood

near six feet, just a few inches shy of Sebron. In his hand was a beautifully

crafted bow that seemed to have the face of every type of dragon carved

perfectly into it. The bow itself looked to be made of black opal but Shalimar

could not be sure so she promised herself she would find out later. With his

face covered in the shroud of his hood, Shade seemed quite mysterious but his

smile, soft lips curled up mischievously, was more than welcoming. Graceful

beyond words the lithe elf moved up to the Enchantress and offered her a

gracious bow and then kissed her softly upon her smooth cheek. The Enchantress'

smile beamed as the elf did so and then with a simple bend of the knees he went

airborne, twisting about in the air and landing easily upon a tree limb; bow

drawn and ready. Shalimar followed the elegant elf the entire time, her heart

beating with awe and a bit of desire; wondering how marvelous the elf could be

in other ways. A loud growl brought her attention back to the present as well as

the others, though Latissa kept her eyes on Avareil who was twirling his

wickedly crafted war axe, the blade glinting red with each pass. "What do we

have here? Hey Shade, what do ya say; we carve him up till he talks or just

carve him up." Sebrons' eyes narrowed at the huge Neiths' bravado, even though

he now knew who Avareils' father was, it still annoyed the humble mage. The

Enchantress gently took his hand and drew his attention toward her. There was a

simmering anger burning within Sebrons' icy blue eyes but the caring and calming

look that the Enchantress gave him seemed to quell the inferno. "Do not worry

about Avareil. He does this quite often. Just watch." He gave her nod and turned

while Shalimar just slowly moved closer, somewhat amazed the earth continued to

hold the ogre fast. She though her request would have been seen as over and done

with and that they would be chasing the foul ogre magi but the earth held fast,

patiently awaiting her command to release. As Avareil drew closer Faust worked

more frantically to free himself from the damned trap, but the earth, strong and

solid, was unmoving and had even begun to squeeze tighter, causing the ogre to

lose his breath and strength all the faster. Before he knew it the edge of the

huge winged elfs' axe was just cutting into his hooked nose. "Chak gomp groo tal

nut fo'!" Avareil looked at him a bit queerly, not even able to understand ogre

but Shalimar, who stood directly behind the winged warrior understood perfectly,

though she was not sure how. "No. We will not release you. Not until you tell us

why you and your group", she tried to fight the urge to curse the ugly beast,

"traveled these woods, which have been declared under the protection of the

Hunter." Now everyone seemed to be looking at Shalimar and though not enjoying

the looks the gorgeous half-elf kept her attention fully on the ogre. "How does

fat bellied elf know my language?" For some reason the simple insult hurt

Shalimar greatly and rattled her for a moment, but only a moment, for anger took

over immediately. Her eyes began to shimmer with power, the sapphires glowing

and beating with energy. Sebron felt it and lightly squeezing the Enchantress'

arm as he made his way towards his female companion. Latissa moved up in a

protective stance by the Enchantress and was startled to see Shade silently

leaning against the trunk of a tree on her other side. "The questions are not

yours to ask beast they are mine! Now what business do you have in these woods

or", narrowing her eyes and silently commanding the earthen hand to squeeze

tighter, "do I crush the very life you do not deserve from you?" Avareil looked

about, a broad grin of amusement on his face. He was beginning to like the

Enchantress' pregnant young friend. "Now talk!" It was odd to watch the half elf

grow angry because her voice never seemed to rise though it got stronger and

seemed to pound against Fausts' mind, as if she were yelling in his head without

ever actually yelling. The massive dirt and clay hand was beginning to crush the

ogre magi as the sound of one rib breaking then another echoed in the air.

Shalimars' eyes narrowed into thin, blue slits, her face never falter save a

look of calm anger but there was more there, a lot more. The ogres' words had

hurt Shalimar, and she could not tell why, but she wanted to crush the life out

of the beast and the earth was quite willing to comply. Suddenly she was turned

around by a strong hand and she was looking into the cool, caring eyes of

Sebron. She stared deeply in to icy orbs and slowly her anger subsided and she

could feel the earth relax its grip, just enough to let the ogre breath. The

light magi smiled at her as she lowered her head and stood there, quietly,

trying to understand what had made her so angry, so destructive and then looking

about at the carnage and death around her; she could feel the anger and sadness

of the earth. It was completely overwhelming, pouring into her mind and her

heart, her every emotion seemed to scream with the feeling. Shalimar felt her

legs grow weak and the world seemed to spin; she could not seem to stand as the

darkness of unconsciousness took her. Sebron caught her quickly as she fainted,

her full weight collapsing into his arms. He heard the Enchantress gasp and then

Latissas' warning for he knew the earthen cage had fallen with Shalimar but when

he looked up he watched in astonishment as arrows riddled the creature

impossibly fast. The ogre fell back, slamming hard into a tree but before it

could attempt to recover Avareil brought his axe around in a single swipe that

cut Faust Boneeater in half at the waist, his upper torso crumpling to the earth

by his own feet; just before they fell. Gently Sebron lowered Shalimar to the

ground, placing a hand on her chest to make sure she was breathing. He removed

it quickly for the girls' heart was racing. Her body was shaking as if she had a

fever of some sort and the mages eyes became alive with power, using his magics

to look over the young woman, trying to see if she were wounded in anyway but

what he saw was no wound but magic, living magic that dwelled within her like a

child would its mother, growing and feeding as well as strengthening and

supporting. The energy that lived in Shalimars' swollen belly was truly and

utterly connected to the female, it coursed through her veins like blood and

beat with her heart, breathed when she breathed and he came to understand why

and how she appeared as she did. He could also see the ties of the magic,

tendrils of power touching every one of natures' planes, and he knew now why she

was going with the Enchantress and why she had fainted. To feel all of natures'

pain at once would be overwhelming to say the least but she had. Sebron found

Shalimar even more beautiful than when he first saw her and he smiled genuinely

as he brushed her forehead. As he touched her he allowed a part of himself, a

part of his discipline to flitter into her mind and the star on his hand glowed

lightly as did the twin of the tattoo, which had been placed on Shalimars'

belly. Placing his free hand on her chest he could feel her heart beat slow and

calm, her body stopped shaking and she was finally sleeping soundly. When the

magi looked up he saw the head of Angelsfire looking, almost glaring at him but

he could see the worry in the creatures' eyes and he smiled again. "She is

alright. Her connection nature is...very strong and it will have effects on her

until she learns to control it. Which I am sure she will." The golden unicorn

neighed and softly ran its muzzle along Shalimars' soft cheek. Standing Sebron

gently stroked the magical creatures' mane before regarding the others who stood

near, and his attention fell immediately on the Enchantress, her hand stroking

her massively fertile gravidity, her dark eyes blazing with hunger and yet their

was tenderness and respect there as well. She smiled and then looked passed him.

Turning he saw Avareil drive his axe into the chest of the ogre magi and then he

watched in disgust and amazement as the weapon fed, drawing up the blood and

essence of the dead beast. The huge Neith looked over and then towards Shalimar,

whom now rested peacefully. "What in the nine hells was she fighting for;

especially in her condition?" The Enchantress chuckled as Sebron gave the

hulking warrior a slightly condescending look but understood that Avareil was

merely acting on what he was seeing. "Shalimar is no more pregnant than you or

I. She has a...", and Sebron searched for the words, smiling broadly at the

winged warrior, "she has a gift which has left her with such a lovely

appearance." Avariel cocked an eyebrow and looked over to Shade, who was now

cleaning off his masterful bow. "What do ya think?" Shade looked up at him and

then to her, his head tilting just a bit and Sebron could have sworn he saw the

cloak hidden elfs' eyes glint silver before he looked back up at Avareil, a

broad, almost proud smile on his face. "Well damn. Okay then," Avareil looked

towards the Enchantress who watched the exchange with amusement, "you could have

told us. Shade likes her already." Her voice was a sensual purr as she spoke.

"Good my friend, because you will be seeing much more of her over the next many

years as she will be staying with us at the wood; to train. Now, if you don't

mind," and she raised one slender arm above her head, the other resting on the

shelf of her belly, and softly she began to sing. As she did so, the roots of

the trees started to move and quiver and then suddenly sprung into motion. Like

great arms of wood and vine the trees began to pull in the many dead on the

ground, using the orcish flesh as fertilizer, the earth cannibalizing the bodies

with wondrous efficiency until the land lay clean before them; only a few scorch

marks hinting to any battle that may have taken place. As soon as the trees and

roots finished their deed the Enchantress seemed to grow very tired but Sebron

was there, wrapping his strong arms firmly about her swollen waist, supporting

the heaviness of her fecund belly. The flesh was smooth and taunt yet was so

warm and inviting that it took a moment before Sebron wanted to release her. She

looked up at him and offered a weak though heart filled smile. "Avareil, will

you bring Shalimar with us. Tonight we rest for tomorrow is to be a long ride;

we shall not stop until home." Without a word, the great Neith scooped up the

unconscious half elf and the four made their way towards the tree the

Enchantress had been using as a home. Again she looked up at the handsome half

elf, her eyes flooded with hunger while there was a profound sadness within. "My

lady, what troubles you?" She slid in close to the handsome mage, her big round

pregnant orb pressing into the taller males groin and felt it stiffen at her

touch, the Enchantress cooing softly at the response to her presence. "I am

troubled that I will not be able to spend this night with you. Even more so that

our time together will soon come to a brief end and that is quite saddening."

Sebron took her hand and offered it a gentle kiss, his other hand stroking her

taunt full belly. "Do not be troubled my lady. I assure you that I will make all

attempts to see you as often as possible." With that she pulled him close and

granted the mage a tender yet hungry kiss. Avareil looked at the two, merely

shaking his head. It awed him how seductive the often pregnant female was,

especially in her almost constant condition; huge with child. Shade just

chuckled and disappeared into the trees.

Shalimar awoke; her sapphire eyes groggy and heavy with sleep. Slowly she sat

up, her big belly bulging as she did so. The memories of the day's events

trickled back into her mind and the emotions of the earth again flooded her

senses but now they seemed appeased, tranquil and she smiled with pleasure as

her body grew warm; and a need, an animalistic fever began to course through her

veins. She knew the feeling and she relished. Only then did Shalimar look about

to see that she was no longer outside but in the lavish, earthen comforts of the

Enchantress' tree house. The beauty around her was astonished. The moon shown

through the knothole formed window as the warmth of the night air whisked about

in a gentle breeze. The smell of soft pine soothed her and the cushion of leaves

felt like a bed of down feathers beneath her shapely rear. Then another

fragrance hit her and it was a delicious one. An aroma of berries and warm bread

rolled in her nostrils pleasantly and she turned, stretching her body around to

see the Enchantress; nude and in all her pregnant glory, fixing a plate of fresh

wild berries and bread, and some sort of meat that Shalimar believed to be

pheasant. Yet as hungry as she was for food, the sight of the Enchantress

brought forth another hunger; an unrelenting hunger that she had felt before and

that had been building since she woke, one that had only been quenched in the

throws of a dream with the Lady of Lust, and as she watched the ancient druids'

full swollen breasts, filled with milk and as round as melons, tipped in thick

nubs of dark flesh, wobble about upon the shelf of her enormous gravidity, the

sun kissed skin tight and taunt, the massive orb of pregnancy a wondrous sphere

of growing life and fertility bulging from her slender, the hunger became

unbearable. The Enchantress' angelic face turned and smiled upon Shalimar, those

lush succulent lips curling up in a warm inviting smile, her long lustrous ebon

hair dangling low just above the curve of her round, full buttocks and Shalimar

felt her breath leave her at the splendid sight. Frozen, transfixed on the

beauty before her, Shalimar just stared as the Enchantress sauntered towards

her, her hips sashaying back in forth with such sexual splendor that the young

half-elf was afraid she would leap up and devour the gorgeous druid if she

continued to come closer but she some how controlled herself, even as the

Enchantress slowly lowered herself on the side of the bed next to Shalimar.

Setting the tray on the edge of the bed the ancient creature placed her hand on

her own fecund belly while playfully and caringly running her hand through the

soft locks of Shalimars' mane of blonde. Her deep soulful eyes explored

Shalimars' body and then looked into her, carefully taking measure of the young

female. Seeing that there was no damage done the Enchantress sighed with relief

but then she cocked her head slightly, taking notice of the feverish sparkle in

Shalimars' sapphire orbs, the slight quiver within her body and she could feel

the pressing need within the young woman, and it quickly began to affect her; a

warm tingle arising within her belly and spreading. A mischievous smirk grew on

her gorgeous face. "It is good to see you awake, Shalimar. You have slept nearly

a day since the battle; the sun will be rising soon", and looking towards the

plate of food, "I do hope you are hungry." Shalimar was mesmerized by the

Enchantress' smile, yet she could see a bit more hunger in her eyes than before,

a desire that was growing as the druids' eyes wandered across the landscape of

Shalimars' body; memorizing and taking in the youthful beauties shape and form

and it only made Shalimar more wanting of the Enchantress. The lovely female

gently pushed the younger back onto the bed so that Shalimar was laying almost

flat, her upper body just slightly inclined on a pillow of down, her big belly a

shelf of flesh before her with her breasts resting slightly to either side. With

a playful grin the Enchantress took up a single berry and brought it to

Shalimars' lips but before feeding her the delicious fruit the ancient druid

seductively rolled the rounded berry over Shalimars' lower lip and then across

her upper one, finally sliding the berry into her warm mouth. The wonderful

taste of the berry exploded in her mouth but the way the Enchantress had fed her

was simply too much to bare. Unable to control herself any longer, Shalimar

wrapped up one of the Enchantress' fingers between her lips, gently catching her

slender wrist and sucked hungrily on the single digit; the Enchantress cooed as

a warm rush of pleasure coursed through her body. Immediately it was clear that

this was something that they both needed; Shalimar due to the lustful hunger

that had become an inferno within her and the Enchantress who had succumbed to

her own desires, for she had not been a night without a lover since departing

Sky Home. Even as the Enchantress reached for another berry she heard the soft

growl from Shalimar and turned in time to meet the young half-elfs' lush lips

upon hers, pressing hungrily against her. The Enchantress met the primal need,

the urgency of Shalimars' lust with a animalistic desire of her own, her tongue

sliding into her younger lovers' mouth, twirling and twisting about with

Shalimars' tongue, the two women feeding upon one another's need. They did not

even notice, nor cared as the tray of food crashed to the wooden floor, for they

were lost and had given themselves with primal abandon to their lust. The

Enchantress used one hand to balance her swollen, heavily pregnant body on the

side of the bed while the other fell upon Shalimars' own gravid swell, softly

drawing circles about the taunt flesh, feeling the warmth of power that seemed

to pulse with life. Shalimar pressed her belly up into the Enchantress' hand,

giving her more flesh to explore and caress, the skilled druid touching and

rubbing every inch of the seemingly pregnant mass. The Enchantress slid her hand

just above the Shalimars' sex, the musky perfume filling the air, the heat of

her treasure radiating with hunger as the two continued to make love with their

mouths. She held it there, rolling her fingers in tight circles until Shalimar

began to whimper, the closeness of such pleasure driving her wild. Still, the

Enchantress continued the playful torment until finally Shalimar broke their

kiss, looking wantonly and frustrated at the ancient beauty; her body and

emotions control her rational thoughts now. She was, for all purposes, in heat;

and the Enchantress knew it. When the two locked eyes it was clear that the

Enchantress still maintained some control and this gave Shalimar enough strength

of will to concentrate on the womans' words. "If this is to continue young one,

you must not fall in love with me, though I hope you cherish and love the act. I

will be your teacher, your friend and your lover but I cannot be your love. Do

you understand?" Shalimar closed her eyes and breathed deeply, allowing her to

regain a bit more control, and allowed the words to settle before she gave the

beautiful female an agreeing nod. With that the Enchantress slowly slid one

finger into the smoldering depths of Shalimars' sex. Shalimars' body arched as

the pleasure enwrapped her completely, her wet folds pierced by the finger of

the gorgeous woman. Eyes closed, her head whipped about as the Enchantress

gently plunged the digit in and out of the young female, her thumb rolling over

the swollen sensitive nub just above Shalimars' dripping sex. Within moments

breathless moans of pleasure filled the room, Shalimar clutching at the earth

bed, digging into it as the Enchantress leaned forward and lapped away at the

erect nipple upon her fulsome breast. This sent a wave of orgasmic furry through

the young half-elf as her sex exploded with lust and her juices spilled out over

the Enchantress thrusting finger. Her body spasmed with orgasmic delight but she

could feel that this was just the beginning. The Enchantress' finger continued

its wondrous thrusting, filling the unquenchable void within Shalimar as she

felt the soft fingers of her immortal lover cup and caress her full breast. Her

eyes still shut and her body still shivering from her first orgasm, Shalimar

turned towards the Enchantress, opening her sleek thighs as the skilled ancient

slid another finger into Shalimars' spasming sex. The young female cried out

with splendid relish, pressing herself upon the thrusting digits which seemed to

fill her completely. Shalimar opened her eyes, though only slightly it was

enough to see the bouncing fulsome orbs of the Enchantress before her, her dark

areola surrounding a thick, meaty nipple. Hungrily Shalimar wrapped her mouth

about the wobbling orb, her hand blindly wondering over the massive expanse of

the Enchantress pregnancy, feeling the heat of the grand sphere; the taunt

flesh, tight with young and ready to burst, the sun kissed flesh shinny under

the soft light of the moon and the amber of the candles within. It was the

Enchantress' turn to cue with pleasure as Shalimar licked and sucked on the

stiff nipple, delicious milk shooting into her suckling mouth. Shalimar used her

free hand to gently squeeze the overfilled orb, milking it for its wonderful

sustenance. The pressure of another orgasm was building to its climax as

Shalimar thrusts grew more furious against the Enchantress' fingers, and they

were greeted with increasingly faster thrusts from the Enchantress until finally

the muffled scream of Shalimar, her mouth still full with the druids melon sized

breast, rang out, her body shuddering with orgasmic fury. Shalimar tiredly

relinquished her hold on the Enchantress' milk laden udder as she rolled onto

her back; she could feel the lovely fingers slide from her wet folds. She sat up

them, kicking her legs over the edge of the bed and spreading them wide to

accommodate the fecund sphere of the Enchantress' pregnancy. Leaning forward,

her body elevated just over the grand swell of wondrous belly, Shalimar gently

cupped the heavy, milky breasts of the Enchantress, kneading the soft flesh in

her hands, massaging the abundant meat; feeling the milk slosh about within.

Shalimar hefted up one massive orbs to her lips and hungrily, savagely engulfed

the pillowy breast; her teeth lightly grazing the sore and tender nipple,

causing the Enchantress to gasp with pleasure, gripping her lover by the back of

her head, her fingers twirling about in the young half-elfs platinum and ebon

locks, while she squeezed and caressed her other fulsome mammary. Shalimar drank

deeply as warm, sweet milk gushed into her mouth and she gulped it down

greedily, feeling her own big belly grow full off the Enchantress' nectar. She

concentrated on one fulsome orb until she heard the druid whimpering with

pleasure, her grip upon the back of Shalimars' head tightening as her other hand

gripped the bed side tightly and then the low, lustful growl as the Enchantress

seemed to freeze then cry out with passionate release. Her body bucked and

shivered with delight as Shalimar continued to suckle upon the huge milky orb.

"Ohhh...yyyeeesssssss! Yeeesssssssssssssssssssss!" Slowly Shalimar released the

fulsome udder, rubbing her belly which had grown slightly with fullness, the

protruding gravidity tighter than normal. She so badly wanted to kiss the

Enchantress, to wrap her up in a hungry embrace and fall into the depths of lust

but their opposing bellies simply would not allow the feat. The Enchantress

slowly stood; her face drunk with pleasure and carefully climbed upon the bed,

amazingly straddling Shalimars' face, giving the young female a view of her

moist sex, the dark hairs trimmed neatly above the pink, soft nether lips and

her belly a monstrous mountain of flesh cast a wondrous shadow over everything

and blocking out everything above. Shalimar had never tasted a woman, and for

the first time she was uncertain of what to do but as the delicious looking

treasure lowered towards her she allowed her instincts to take over. The smell

was intoxicating and Shalimar grew drunk on its musk but she savored it as well.

Her tongue slowly, tentatively drew forth until she felt the soft wetness of the

Enchantress' sex, the wonderfully sweet taste exploding on her tongue. It was

unlike anything she had tasted before, it was indescribable and she wanted more,

gripping the strong thighs of the Enchantress and pulling herself upwards into

the hot moistness, her nose burying into the satin tendrils of hair as her

tongue savagely lapped away silken nether lips, piercing them and burrowing into

the full, molten depths of the Enchantress' sex. The Enchantress screamed in

lustful delight, her young lover kissing and sucking her sex with amazing skill,

almost as if she had done this for years. Slowly the Enchantress started to buck

her hips, gripping the natural formed head board of the earthen bed for balance,

as she ground her sex into the hungry, amazing mouth of Shalimar; her big round

belly gently wobbling about as her huge breasts bounced joyfully upon the shelf

of her pregnancy. Sounds of wet slurping and sucking filled the night air, as

the Enchantress' head lolled to and fro, her melodic screams of passion over

whelming the sounds of night. The Enchantress was amazed by the raw talent of

Shalimar as she felt her second orgasm begin to arise within and this only drove

her further into her lust, her hips bucking wildly upon Shalimars' face. Moments

later her head shot back and the Enchantress screamed with wild abandon as her

sex exploded in one of the most intense orgasms she had ever experienced, her

body jerking and shaking with crazed passion; Sebron the only one to ever give

her such pleasure on their first meeting. She shivered, her body hovering above

Shalimars' face, her sex dripping with appeasement. Yet the Enchantress purred

as she felt the hot, slithering tongue of Shalimar again and again until she was

lost in a storm of orgasmic explosions, the young female ravaging her orally for

hours until finally the Enchantress could no longer hold her balance and weakly,

happily and tiredly crumpled upon the bed next to Shalimar. Sweat covered her

swollen body and she welcomed the soft, caring strokes of Shalimars' hands upon

her wondrous gravidity; the young female gently massaging the druids' pregnant

belly until she was sleeping peacefully. For a long time she watched the

Enchantress, wondering what her life would be like with the amazing beauty; the

things she would learn, she would see, would feel and it was beginning to scare

her. Shaking away her fears, Shalimar quietly stood and gathered her armor,

silently slipping it on piece by piece. Once dressed she retrieved her gifted

staff and stepped through the mystical doorway into the purple haze of dawn. The

sun had not yet broken the horizon but Shalimar could see well enough. It was

amazing; for the wood appeared just as it had before the small battle; not a

tree scared, not one body of their attackers and now Shalimar understood why the

wood had greeted her so strongly when she had awaken. Looking about she found

Sebron slumbering quietly next to the tree she just stepped from and she could

tell that he was far from a deep sleep, allowing him to awake within seconds.

Yet being silent was something you learned when living with a vampyre lord;

especially one who trained under the assassin of assassins. Without a sound she

moved away from the tree, her eyes still taking in the camps layout. The huge

Neith, Avareil lay propped up next to a tree across from Sebron and Latissa was

sleeping across from him in a diagonal line making a defensive triangle around

the campsite. Shadowdancer, Angelsfire and Spirit were off to the side close to

Sebron and Shalimars' golden unicorn lifted her head as her mistress emerged.

"Good morning mistress." "Good morning Angelsfire. Did you sleep well?" The

beautiful creature neighed softly and looked over to Shadowdancer, the huge ebon

beast nodding his head. She nodded with a warm smile, whispering to the strange

and mysterious creature. "Good morning Shadowdancer." Shalimar stretched, the

air cool upon her big belly and yawned and moved to the center of the camp

sight. As if she heard the whisper on the wind or the tingle within the back of

her spine, Shalimar slowly looked over her shoulder. Balanced perfectly and

impossibly on the thin tree branch above her was Shade, his bow in hand and his

hood hiding his face. He looked down at Shalimar and gave her a welcoming nod,

which she politely returned, and then he hopped up deeper into the tree, then

leapt from one huge oak to another; easily making his way around the campsite.

All Shalimar could think was that she someday wished to be that good in the

forest. Rubbing her bare belly, she looked up at the trees, then to her turgid

sphere and sighed. With her belly full of milk, Shalimar made her way back to

the fishing hole to prepare breakfast for her other companions. Half an hour

later the delicious smell of fish filled the air. Shalimar had also gathered

some berries and herbs which made for a splendid breakfast. Sebron was the first

to rouse, though Shalimar was sure he had not really been sleeping, then Latissa

and finally Avareil. "Well met Shalimar." She gave Sebron a warm smile as she

offered him a plate of food. Soon all were eating, after Sebron had awakened the

Enchantress. Even Shade took a break from his duties eat. That morning the

gathered companions broke camp and began the swift journey to the Emberza Wood.

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Melphio gulped down the sweet elixir, the red wine soothing his sore throat

while warming his body. He was tired. Since the birth of his "son"; Bane, and

his progeny, the Khur, much had been done. It had been, almost a week since the

alliance between the Deathonmortuc, the city of Terrol'nibon, the clan of

Hollow-Tooth and of course the alluring beauties, the Gravidian Covent, the

Sisters of Darkbirth. Sitting back in his plush chair, one leg draped over the

arm, he considered the three, sensuous females; each attractive and splendid in

their false pregnancies, especially the most stunning, Lilith. Her raven colored

hair, the smooth pale color of her skin, her graceful yet overwhelming presence,

her power and of course the ripe, fertile aspect of her unnatural pregnancy. By

far Lilith was the largest of the Gravidian, her belly a monstrous gravid orb of

flesh, decorated in masterful tattoos, so distended form her body that walking

had become a literal burden on her and yet she seemed hardly needing of anyone.

He had kept his attraction hidden over the past few days, not wanting the

distraction of such futile emotions like lust and desire. He had a quest to

complete and that first meant the destruction of Tolmort and their accursed

Hunter. This would secure the temporary alliance between the four powerful

forces and then they could proceed to Astaroth Keep and the clan Tumblestone and

finally to Sehandir and the desolation of the elven kingdom. His master had told

him of their abandonment of him as a child; the Light Magi feared he was too

powerful and that they would not be able to control him so they left him in the

lands of the waste were the Countess and her small clan found him and delivered

him to Lord Cyril. That was the truth he knew and the truth he would only know.

Taking another deep draw from his goblet, the necromancer stood and moved

towards a large mirror that took up nearly an entire wall in his massive room.

Cyril had decided that having the Khur impregnate each individual slave would

take far too long so with the aid of the unseely nymph Solei, they had corrupted

and twisted large, ancient trees; sentient creatures that, combined with the

first five of Banes' sons they had formed Khurbreeds; huge stalks of pulsing

seed that could impregnate a dozen slaves at a time. Melphio downed the last

drop of wine before stepping up the mirror. With a slight wave of his hand, the

magical device glowed with life and a scene appeared on its mirrored face. At

first the picture was cloudy and hard to see but in moments it cleared and the

Darkreader smiled. Before him were they stood, like great stalks of pure energy

but they had a solid shape, a gel like form and they pulsed with life. Attached

to each were a dozen females; separated in groups of four, their hands bound by

the gel up and behind their heads and their knees bent and held at the ankles,

allowing full access to their untainted sex, except for the Khurbreeds;

tentacles of gel piercing their wombs and pumping seed into their bellies

tirelessly. With an amused and pleased smile he watched as the females' bellies

grew and bulged, swelling with the fiendish seed, filling each female with not

one but three Khur at a time. It took only a few hours for the girls to give

birth and Melphio watched has one helpless elf screamed out, her head whipping

back in torment as her belly; so big, so taunt, impossibly gravid, so full that

her body looked tiny next to the fecund mass of flesh, finally burst open; her

lower remains exploding violently to nothingness and three huge Khur, each a

seven foot tower of muscle and death, dropped thirty feet, landing with ease,

their weight crushing the stone beneath them. Another cry rang out and another

as the process was repeated. Melphio could hardly contain his giddiness at the

sight; he relished it. So wrapped up in his entertainment he did not notice the

beautiful, deliciously shaped female; who now floated silently into his room.

"Are you enjoying the show?" Melphio instinctively reached for a silver and onyx

wand that he always kept on hand as he heard the smooth, silken voice of Lilith.

Relaxing just bit, but keeping his hand close to the devastating weapon the

deceptively handsome half-elf turned around. He struggled to keep his breath,

for Lilith now stood before him, her hands draped languidly over the massive

shelf over her belly, her full, heavy breasts were held aloft by a shear,

diaphanous gown of ebon, and long stockings that covered her shapely legs to

about mid thigh. He could feel himself harden in his silken breeches but he was

hardly going to attempt to hide the fact. Watching her he could see her eyes

dart down to his waist and then back up to him, a sensuous grin forming on her

full, black painted lips. "I see that you are indeed enjoying the show." Melphio

coolly kept his composer. "My Lady Lilith," and bowing low and deep, "how is it

that I may assist you?" She slowly floated up the slight staircase that lead up

to the alcove in which the scrying mirror rested and slightly past the

necromancer, allowing her full view of the scene within; the birth of the Khur

army. She was impressed, aroused and frightened all at once for the power

displayed was beyond anything she had ever witnessed. Melphio could see her awe

in her angelic, haunting features and he stepped up next to her fully, allowing

her fragrance to gently assault him. It was a sweet musk, delicious and inviting

and it was hard for Melphio to fight off the urge to take her; with or without

her consent. Gently she stroked her bulging, bloated sides, cooing softly as she

touched her taunt swollen belly with gentle strokes. Melphio was hard pressed to

keep his eyes off her turgid sphere even as the horrid cries of another mother

filled his ears. They watched the scene for a few moments longer and the

Darkreader could tell that the young female was clearly aroused for she looked

at him hungrily as he waved his hand, dispelling the scrying device. He smiled

cockily at her and proceeded across his huge room towards the desk where he had

left his half empty bottle of wine. "Refilatos nuomos twinnaire." The words

rolled off his tongue as the bottle lifted up as if it were alive or some unseen

servant had collected it and floated over to two empty chalices and slowly began

to pour, filling both crystalline glasses until the bottle was nearly gone. As

the wine bottle lowered to the shelf of the elaborate liquor case, the two full

chalices lifted upward towards Melphio. With ease and perfection they landed

into his awaiting hands. Casually he turned and offered the second glass to

Lilith who readily accepted. They each took a few sips before curiosity got the

better of Melphio. "To whom must I thank for the honor of this visit my lady?"

She smiled, taunting the older sorcerer, her lips wrapping about the edge of the

chalice as the deep red liquid poured down her throat. Melphio watched it all,

enjoying every stimulating moment. Her dark eyes stared at him intensely, as if

measuring up the powerful man before her. Placing the chalice upon one of the

many candle stands by her, Lilith took Melphios' hand and as she floated to an

adjacent room he followed willingly. The room they entered was simply decorated

with a plush furred couch, a giant oaken bookcase and a desk with a wooden chair

behind it. To his surprise, the huge bellied beauty led him to the desk,

motioning for him to sit upon it. Turning to her side, allowing room for the

monstrous distention of her belly, Lilith, one handedly began to rub the

Darkreaders' inner thigh. Melphio noticeably tensed as she gently yet firmly

reached his already stiffened member, feeling it harden further as the Gravidian

gripped it fully, stroking the solid muscle which now tented Melphios' trousers.

His head lolled back as he loosed a breathless moan, Liliths' hand dancing up

and down the half-elfs' impressive length. Skillfully the witch worked the

mages' breeches over the tower of his sex and she smiled, stunned slightly by

the girth and length of Melphios' manhood. He looked at her, and could see the

hunger in her eyes even as she maneuvered her bulging belly and fulsome breasts,

which squeezed between his thighs like silk covered pillows, and lowered her

beautiful head over the helmet of his massive steed, wrapping her satin lips

about his quivering sex. Melphios' mouth opened in a soundless cry of pleasure

as Lilith sucked and slurped his member, horishly, with frightening skill and

feverish intensity. His body shivered in pleasure with her oral display, sending

waves of desire and lust through every pore of Melphios' body, his toes and

fingernails curling in concentration. With her free hand, Lilith cupped and

caressed his lower shaft, feeling it pulsate with his approaching orgasm but she

held it firmly, squeezing it every so often to delay his release while keeping

him on the verge of bliss, a sexual torture she had learned from more than one

willing subject. Melphio growled as the beautiful female swallowed up his entire

length and slowly rose, repeating the process again and again. It was not going

to be long before he exploded in her mouth and they both knew it.

Not far from Melphios' room, three powerful forces watched through a mystic

scrying pool as Lilith orally pleased the inspiring half-elf. Lord Cyril smiled,

almost amused but definitely intrigued, as his young protage growled out, his

hand pressing Liliths' head down on his crotch, forcing her to swallowing his

erupting seed fully. The pool soon faded and Lord Cyril looked towards his two

guests. Countess Chese A'maro and Priestess Gunray both turned to the great lich

lord, his pale lips curling up into a wicked grin. "Well, it appears the

Gravidian are making a play for the affections of my young Melphio. What ever

shall we do about this?" The Bloodmother rubbed the great swell of her liquid

filled belly, her hugely pregnant appearance still quite attractive and

disarming to the drow priestess, for she could see how one could make the

mistake of believing the ancient female weak. "My master, for now we should do

nothing; for this particular covent, the Sisters of Darkbirth are the most

powerful within the Gravidian hierarchy. With them, we can produce ten times the

numbers of undead for our eventual attack upon the south." The beautiful drow

female stepped forward, bowing low before Lord Cyril. "The Countess speaks true

my Lord. Let us not forget that once released, the Gravidians' brood then

belongs to you, as do all the undead. Let them have their fun, while you use

them to your advantage." The Lich King calmly walked back behind a huge,

beautifully crafted desk of onyx and opal, two glowing crystals of red energy,

encased in black boned lanterns. Power emanated from the two standing cases, and

they gave Cyril an almost demonic look as he took his seat behind them. "Ladies,

I agree, the Gravidian are far too valuable but we must keep a watchful eye upon

them. Something frightens them, something powerful enough that Sister Alzr'aee

is willing to give her most powerful treasure to my son. Lilith is an avatar to

my queen, Lady Na'Raszagal, and was sent as a living gift to the Gravidian. If

some power is great enough that the soon to be High Mother is willing to offer

her to my son to form a bond or even a child is a power that we must uncover."

He looked towards the ebon skinned priestess. "Sister Dhonytae is the key. Her

loyalties lay with power and jealously; our good Countess," nodding to the

gorgeous vampyre, "has seen it. Use Mistress Tal'une. She has proven more than

once to be an effective if not capable spy, especially against the users of

magic. Countess, please keep our young Melphio on the right path; I wish not the

wiles of one Gravidian bitch to turn him." The Bloodmother looked at her master

with a bit of surprise. "My lord, Melphio is loyal to you and you only." Nodding

his head the handsome lich looked at her deeply. "Love, or the promise of it,

can test and destroy even the greatest of bonds. Never forget that. Now...go."

With that, the two ladies bowed, the Bloodmother offering a simple nod, and they

exited the room. Lord Cyril leaned back in his chair, his pale eyes closing as

the crystals began to pulse with light, greater than before. The lich knew why

and stood, placing his hands upon the mystical lanterns. Even as he did so the

wall before him grew dark, pitch beyond measure and from the darkness emerged a

scene; two crystals like those he now used placed upon a balcony of onyx and

black crystal. Standing between them, his hands placed upon the devices was a

dark elf, a drow of such beauty that he could not be described as drow. His

lustrous snow white hair hung neatly down his back, save two braids corded in

gold. His skin was as ebon as the shadow itself and his eyes burned with a

golden ember. With strong, angular features, it was clear that this being was

beyond that of any other mortal, he was power. Evil rippled off him and Lord

Cyril relished it, smiling at the dark creature, marveling at the wondrous armor

clad male, the dark suit of form fitting plate looked like layers upon layers of

shadow, his shoulder plates arching up at their ends, the pieces growing darker

and darker into the depths of blackness. Cyril stood and bowed.

"Greetings...Lord Epyon."

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They had traveled nearly a day and a half, stopping only once to allow the

Enchantress to join Sebron upon Shadowdancer for Spirit was far too near birth

to bear a rider any longer and at such a swift pace. Latissa and Avareil had

flown forward, scouting the area while Shade had disappeared completely into the

depths of the forest; though Shalimar could feel him near, always. She rode

Angelsfire behind Sebron and the powerful druid, with Spirit between them.

Nearing the mid-afternoon Shalimar saw the Enchantress grab Sebrons' arm

tightly, her other hand falling to her swollen, baby filled belly. Worried she

looked upon the hugely pregnant beauty and gasped, urging her steed forward even

as Shadowdancer slowed his pace. Sebron hopped off easily and reached up for the

Enchantress, carefully helping her off the back of Shadowdancer, who was himself

kneeling to make it easier. He looked up to the young half-elf, his voice

excited but not afraid or even worried. "It is time Shalimar! She has gone into

labor!" "How long Sebron", Shalimar asked as she quickly dismounted from

Angelsfire. The Enchantress slumped in Sebrons' arms, wincing slightly as

another contraction rolled through her body. She was breathing steady,

concentrating fully on the birth of the quintuplets as Sebron, now aided by

Shalimar, walked her to a nearby tree. Sweat rolled off her brow and it was

clear that the powerful druid had been in labor for some time, masking her pain

well. Shalimar placed her hand on the swollen taunt flesh of the womans' belly

but the Enchantress quickly grabbed it, giving her a firm yet gentle squeeze.

Her sapphire orbs locked on to the deep, soulful pools of the Enchantress' and

she smiled and nodded. They were both creatures of nature and birth was the most

natural of all things. Shalimar gently helped the Enchantress spread her sleek

legs while Sebron knelt at the druids' side, taking her hand while softly

whispering words of encouragement in her ear. The Enchantress, for as many times

she had given birth, never before felt so at ease, even as the contractions; now

only seconds apart, racked her body with pain. Shalimar had assisted Sky more

than once on many different occasions, delivering babes at Sky Home but the

Enchantress would be her first time alone. Out of nowhere Shade dropped behind

her, quickly removing his cloak and revealing a beautiful, elven face that

seemed a perfect blend of drow and snow elf. He offered the shimmering cloak to

Shalimar who merely nodded her thanks as the Enchantress cried out, her first

babe close approaching. Shalimar looked down and smiled, for she could see the

first of the young beginning to crown. Sweat now glistened off the Enchantress'

massive pregnancy, the flesh sleek and taunt, looking ready to burst with

pressure. She was breathing heavily now, the feeling of her first child pushing

through her was beautiful as much as painful, but she knew it could not last.

Sebron slid in behind the Enchantress as she arched her back painfully, her

fully swollen body writhing with pain, pushing through another contraction. It

was amazing to watch the ancient druid for she groaned and whimpered in pain,

she seemed to thrive on it, even though it was obvious she was pushing her body

to its limits. Her head whipped back against Sebrons' chest, her dark hair

soaked with sweat. Shalimar softly rubbed the fecund mass, urging the babe to

free itself from its mothers' womb. "I see the first my lady. You must push!"

Hunkering down, using Sebron as a focus of strength, the Enchantress pushed,

squeezing down on her huge belly which now bulged frightfully. Fluid and blood

gushed out as the babes head, shoulders and wings pushed through the birth

canal. Shalimar gently pulled as the newborn slipped free. Quickly she cleared

its mouth and throat and in moments the cry of a baby Neith rang out through the

forest. "It is a girl Enchantress." She offered a weak smile but the next babe

was fast approaching. Over the next three hours, Shalimar and Sebron helped

deliver the remaining four babes, each big and healthy. The Enchantress gave

birth to four boys and one girl, each wrapped in the cloaks and cloths from the

group for Avareil and Latissa had joined them shortly after the first child was

born. The Enchantress fell quickly and quietly to sleep; tired, exhausted and

truly happy. Shalimar formed a make shift basket of twigs and vines, along with

blankets to hold the five newborns and carefully strapped it to Angelsfire while

Sebron gently lifted the Enchantress onto Shadowdancer and slid into the saddle

behind her. They knew it would be best to allow all six some much needed rest

but in the forest and so close; less than a day's travel from the Emberza Wood,

safety required that they push on. Shade had disappeared some time ago but

Avareil informed them it was to gather the proper escort into the wood. Sebron

shrugged and the group began the last leg of the journey, slowly but steadily.

As they rode, Shalimar began to sing, softly but beautifully; her voice a gentle

melody that seemed to sooth and calm all near her. Sebron was quite amazed by

the gorgeous females' voice, her rhythmic sounds refreshing him as well as

keeping the Enchantress and her newborns in a peaceful sleep. After many hours

of travel, after the suns had dipped into the horizon and night was on in full

Avareil landed before Sebron, halting the troupe. "This is the spot." Sebron

looked at the huge Neith, as Latissa landed nearby. The Enchantress was rousing

from her sleep and Shalimar rode up next to the two, so she could hear the

details of Avareils' decision. "This is the spot. At least that's what Shade

told me. He said he'd meet us where the road breaks, just before the wood."

Indeed, upon looking at the well traveled trail, the road broke just before

disappearing into the depths of the wood. Shalimar as well as Sebron then

realized that they had traveled to the outskirts of the Emberza Wood but in the

darkness of night the great forest was hidden. The Enchantress leaned back into

Sebrons' strong chest, snuggling up under his chin, almost purring as if she

were a cat lounging in his lap. "Avareil is wise to stop us here. Though I am

known to the forest, the Wilders do not take kindly to those who enter the

forest at night. Mane would strike before I would have the opportunity to halt

him," and turning herself enough to look directly at Sebron, the lack of a huge

belly giving her a greater mobility, "and though I do not doubt your powers or

Shalimars', the Lord of the Wilders would have you both dead before any of us

saw it." Sebron gave her a slightly doubtful look but then he remembered that

Shadow King had told him much of his younger brother and of how Mane was the

only beast Shadow King could not track, especially within the depths of the

Emberza Wood. He gave her a nod and aided her dismount form Shadowdancer. In

only a few short hours, the Enchantress' body had returned to a slim, full

breasted and stunning shape; though her big orbs wobbled heavily with milk and

her belly still had a slight paunch to it. Shalimar slid off the back of

Angelsfire and immediately began tending to the five newborns, who were also

waking in the absence of Shalimars' melody. With the assistance of Shalimar, the

Enchantress fed the five babes until they fell fast to sleep. Shalimar watched

as the babes ate their fill, suckling from the large ripe melons of the ancient

druids' milk engorged breasts. Sebron tried not to stare and Latissa, with a

slight if not unwanted assistance from Avareil, made the camp fire. They ate

well and though she had not slept in some time, Shalimar offered to watch

through the night. Sebron was quick to disagree. "You; we, have traveled far

today and," looking back towards the Enchantress who was creating her mystic

home in the largest tree nearby, "you have done much today. Rest and we will

take shifts. There is no need to do this alone." Shalimar smiled and stepped up

close to the young magi, her own big belly pressing firmly into his side. "I

will be fine. Besides, I believe you may have more important matters to address.

Both Latissa and Avareil will be out here with me and I doubt either will sleep

too long. The Enchantress will need your help more than I tonight." He was about

to come back with a retort but the soft, gentle caress from the Enchantress

turned him, her dark eyes swallowing up his frustration with the stubborn

female. "Please join me tonight master Sebron; unless you wish me to care for

these five babes all by myself?" He could feel the urgency in her voice and knew

the subtle hint she was giving him as he offered her a low deep bow, congenially

taking her small, delicate hand. He turned back to Shalimar whose smile was

beaming. "If anything happens..." She gave him a fake, scared look, almost

innocent but dripped with sarcasm. "Yes father, if anything should happen I will

run right to you." Sebron shot her an incredulous look but it melted away in the

wake of laughter from the other three companions. With a shake of his head,

Sebron picked out the great basket holding the five newborns and followed the

Enchantress bed within the massive elm. Once settled Shalimar convinced both

Avareil and Latissa to rest, at least a few hours for the two had been flying

for nearly a day straight. Latissa conceded the point and agreed to be awaken in

no less than two hours; Avareil on the other hand was not about to fall asleep

for his confidence in Shalimar was not as great as the female berserkers. They

started a small fire, as to allow the Wilders' to know they did not intend to

enter the forest and they sat there in silence for many, many moments. Shalimar,

her skin golden in the light of the fire, her big belly looking like a radiant

moon of flesh, looked up at the huge Neith, his dark eyes reflecting back the

flickering embers of flame. "You do not trust me?" Avareil was a bit taken aback

by the females' forwardness. He turned towards her, sliding the wicked and

massive axe over his burley shoulders. Cocking his head a bit he looked over the

young female, taking in her beauty and rather alluring shape, and observing the

calm and strength he felt in her; similar to Sebrons' but a bit less controlled,

which made him smile all the more. Shalimar looked at him a bit confused as he

gave her a rather gentle grin. "I don't trust ya, not yet. But the Enchantress

does and ol' Shade thinks you're alright. I'm a bit harder ta please, even

though you handled yourself well during the fight...till ya passed out o'

course." Shalimar sighed and dipped her head a bit. She was starting to become

annoyed with her lack of control and now she hoped that the Enchantress could

help her. Surprisingly she heard him move before she saw him and Avareil was

sitting next her. Beside Shalimar the Neith was enormous; Shalimars head just

topped the lower end of his bicep. He gently put a hand on Shalimars' thigh and

whispered, as if he did not want anyone to know he had a heart. "It'll come to

ya girl, with the Enchantress' help, it'll come." With that he patted her leg

and moved back to where he was sitting. Shalimar was not quite sure how to take

the exchange but she knew she would find friends here and much, much more. They

both turned as they heard the muffled orgasmic cry from the depths of the huge

elm. Avareil chuckled as did Shalimar.

Morning came and Shalimar awoke to a very strange and awesome sight. Latissa

stood, her hands crossed about her large chest, her swords sheathed at her hips

while Avareil was talking to the always cloaked Shade. It was who Shade stood in

front of that struck Shalimar as odd for behind the lithe elf stood three

beasts, dire bears; their coats deep mahogany, each nearly fifteen feet at the

shoulder and they were still on all fours. Thick boned ridges protruded out

above their dark eyes and their claws glinted in the rising sun. Standing next

to them, only a little shorter than Avareil bit no less imposing was very

muscular creature, adorned in a thick hid armor vest and breeches. His fur was

ebon black and his face resembled that of a huge panther, a very handsome and

proud panther, though he hand a long braided beard and a mane of dreadlocks that

were tied back over his shoulders, his long tail curled about a muscular thigh.

He was thick and muscular but Shalimar could tell he was as agile as any cat if

not more. His eyes were a beautiful, iridescent purple and flashed slightly with

amusement. "You said the split in the road! This here is the damned split in the

damned road!" Shade cocked his head and Avareil just throw up his hands. Latissa

simply shook her head for it was obvious Avareil had brought them to the wrong

spot. "Okay, it doesn't matter! Ya found us so let's get goin'!" Avareil turned

to Latissa and noticed Shalimar getting up, a smile stretching across his face.

"Hey, you're up. Come here, I'd like you to meet the Panther, Krahn." Shalimar

picked up her staff and strolled over to the huge man-panther, his deep purple

eyes dropping immediately to her big round belly and then gliding up to her

sapphire orbs. He gave her a gracious nod and smiled which was strange looking

but very cute; at least to Shalimar. She returned the nod with a graceful bow.

His voice was low but very clear and nothing like Shalimar expected. "Well met

my lady. I am Krahn, Prince of these woods and son of Mane. We have come to

escort you to the Enchanted Forest." Shalimar smiled, her face beaming with

excitement. "I am Shalimar, from Sky Home. I am going to be visiting this wood

for some time I am told. You do not mind, do you?" Her politeness and innocence

was a pleasure to the huge Wilder. He offered her another broad smile. "It would

be an honor, Mistress Shalimar, from Sky Home." Krahn then looked up and passed

Shalimar as Sebron, holding a very masterfully designed basket with five

beautiful young Neith and behind him a slender, luscious Enchantress all exited

the great elm that they had stayed in. Sebron looked at the massive dire beasts

and Krahn and his mouth dropped, though the Enchantress simply rushed forward,

burying herself in the huge panthers chest. He hugged her tightly and then

looked to Sebron, giving the young mage an approving and thankful nod. "We

thought you lost but Shade somehow knew where to find you." She leaned back, her

dark eyes tracing every line of his furry features. "Lost Krahn; of course not.

You forget, this is my home too." The beast nodded and loosened his strong hold.

He looked over Shalimar, Sebron and Latissa, his face strong and commanding.

"Greetings friends of the Enchantress. The Wilders grant you passage through the

Woods of Emberza. Take heart that only those good of nature and strong soul have

been allowed to enter our home. I am Prince Krahn, son of Mane, Lord of the

Wilds. Welcome to our home." At that moment Shalimar looked up and saw a sight

that was more beautiful than she had ever seen; even more wondrous than Hunters'

Wood or the Cavern of Wintering, for these trees were enormous, towering

behemoths that seemed to touch the very clouds and the greens and browns were

like a rainbow within the leaves, touched in a halo of golden sunlight, with

soft rays of sunshine illuminating the earth below. Sebron was even marveled by

the simple splendor of the Emberza Wood, for he had grown up in Sehandir and it

had been a most wondrous place, where the trees themselves melted perfectly into

the elven formed structures so it looked as if everything within the great city

was as natural as the sky itself. Yet this place was truly natural, truly

perfect and all wild for now the sounds of the wildlife in the depths of the

forest and they poured into Shalimars' ears like a great symphony and she let

the calls and chirps and howls fill her. For the first time since she had left

Sky Home, Shalimar felt... peaceful. Sebron was the first to notice her change

in stance and even attitude as the group broke camp and made their way into the

Emberza Wood; the Enchantress with her five young riding atop of one of the

monstrous dire bears; the young light mage close by, unwilling to let her to get

too far away. Shade, Avareil and Latissa walked near the back of the group but

Shalimar was almost like a kid; rushing off here and there, smelling and

touching everything and it was all amazing to the young female. The Enchantress

was marveled at the freedom Krahn allowed the half-elven female but she was

often surprised how different the Panther was from his father. As they moved

through the dense wood, Shalimar could see them, every now and then, animals

hoping about or darting from tree to tree, watching the strange arrival of the

weary travelers. On one occasion she caught sight of Neverwinter, gliding

between the limbs as if this place where his. That brought a smile to her lush

lips. Subconsciously Shalimar had been rubbing her fecundity and Krahn quietly

slid up beside her, his huge feline face looking upon her with concern.

"Mistress Shalimar, would it not be wiser for you to travel upon one of my

companions than walk? We still have a good half days journey before Emberza

leads us to the Enchanted Wood. In your condition, "looking down at her gravid

belly, "you must be tried." Shalimar noticed then that she had been rubbing

round tummy, and her face reddened from embarrassment. With a gentle smile

Shalimar slowly took the huge Wilders' hand and laid it upon the shelf of her

fecund middle. It was warm and she giggled slightly as his fur tickled her taunt

flesh. Carefully the Panther stroked the full, spherical orb of Shalimars'

belly, his purple orbs narrowing as he searched for the lives within but he only

felt heat, he only felt the rhythmic pulse of her heart beat and yet he knew

there was more, much more held inside the swollen mass. His eyes looked deeply

into her sapphire pools and he grinned, noticing the redness of her smooth

cheeks. "My apologies my lady, my assumption has embarrassed you." She placed

her hand upon his, both resting atop her bulging belly, her smile; shy but

sincere, and ran his huge paw over the expanse of the smooth, flawless orb. For

the first time, since she had been alive, Shalimar felt the touch of a male and

he was not disgusted or disturbed by her appearance for he simply allowed her to

guide his hand as she softly rubbed her big belly. It was so nice that only a

great roar from one of the dire bears brought them from their musings. Shalimar

looked back to see the Enchantress and Sebron watching her and Krahn, a sly grin

on the Enchantress' beautiful face though Sebron had a more stern look on his

youthful face, almost brotherly. Krahn looked at the two, his face following

from one youth to another, though his hand continued trace around the monstrous

curves of her belly. Seeing the magi's expression sour the Panther eased his

hands from Shalimars' fecundity and the two joined up with the moving troupe.

What seemed like hours passed by before, without warning, gorgeous glade opened

up before them. The place was more spectacular, more wondrous, and more splendid

than Shalimar, Sebron or Latissa had ever seen. Fauna and flora of all types

grew in perfect symmetry and balance about the glade. A natural trail of rose

and lavender, tulips and some exotic flower Shalimar had never see before led to

a beautiful pool of crystal clear water that spread out and around the back of a

cozy looking cottage that the plant life seemed to grow around in perfect

harmony. The windows were naturally formed and open, roof seemed made out of

twigs, leaves and the trees themselves. A small, deliberate chimney rose from

the top of the cottage with light billows of smoke rising from it. Flowers

framed the door and shalimar suddenly felt at home, as if she was meant to come

to such a place and she promised herself that Sky Home would one day look just

as spectacular. As they approached the cottage Shalimar noticed that Krahn and

the three dire bears had stayed near the edge of the wood. She turned to see why

they did not approach and gasped softly as she saw a monstrous serpent, a cobra

like constrictor, if there were such a creature, its scales as ebon as Shadow

Kings' and its onyx like eyes showing depths of cunning and intelligence. The

creature as beautiful as it was awe inspiring and Shalimar felt Sebrons'

presence next to her, his mouth slightly open in wonderment. His voice was a

whisper as he spoke; the two watching the five wilders talk, something that was

itself strange for the bears growl and huffed while the Panther spoke common and

the serpent hissed his answers; short and quietly. "Mane...the Planet Lord of

all animals, as well as the immortal of Animals and the Wilder King; and one of

the most powerful deities in existence. I saw him once as we walked through the

wood but I lost him as quickly as I saw him. I now understand why the

Enchantress said we would not have survived his attack." Shalimar nodded her

agreement, though she was a bit upset that she was unable to focus enough to

have seen the magical creature. Yet now, so close to him, both could feel the

power that radiated off the immortal. Suddenly Mane turned and his jet eyes fell

upon the two. Time froze as he looked over them, measuring them up, deciding if

he accepted them or not. Finally he bobbed his head and with amazing speed and

grace whipped around and melted into the forest, the dire bears behind him and

lastly Krahn, a huge smile on his feline lips. The two stood and watched for a

few more moments until they noticed voices behind them. Looking over her

shoulder Shalimar saw a group of six Neith, tall, slender and beautiful. The

head of the group was muscular and strong looking, his bar chest sculpted muscle

with his long platinum hair falling loosely about his shoulders. A crown as upon

his head and a huge, duel handed sword rested about his hip. Adorned in only a

toga of gold and mithiril and leather laced sandals, he looked quite regal. That

must have been Prince Kosair the Wind. He was holding one of the young newborn

Neiths', tears rolling down his sharp jaw, his silver blue eyes twinkling with

joy. The Enchantress was smiling and crying as she talked to the handsome Neith.

Latissa bowed before the group before standing proudly behind the Enchantress,

while Avareil; who towered over them all, chuckled and walked away with Shade.

Next to him stood a rather young looking female Neith, but she was amazing. Her

face was soft and slightly rounded with deep, rich brown eyes and long, lustrous

mahogany hair that nearly touched her curvy rear. She was the smallest of the

group, only up to Prince Kosairs' shoulder but there was something about her, a

presence about her. Her body was attractive and feminine, with small perky

breasts, held firmly in a silken wrap, a flat smooth belly which she displayed

quite sexily, wide, curvaceous hips, covered in a silken toga and shapely, toned

legs. Her full lips were lightly colored in ink and she smiled proudly at the

young babe, the only female of the newborns, tears dripping freely. The other

Neiths were obviously guards, though three of them each held a newborn. The

young female spoke, though her voice was almost a hushed breath it was full of

life and love and music. "Enchantress...you have given us what I could not. My

thanks and my love goes to you. If you ever need of the Kingdom of the Wind, all

you need is ask." The Prince nodded as well. "My Lady Vanessa speaks true

Enchantress. If ever the time comes that our forces or Kingdom may serve

you...ask and we are yours." The Enchantress wrapped them both in a long, caring

hug and kissed the each, a loving tender kiss that showed how much she enjoyed

doing them such a service. Then she turned and motioned towards Avareil.

"Avareil, you and two of the great Rocs shall escort the Prince and Lady to

their kingdom. It should only take you a day or two. Make sure no harm comes to

them." The huge, towering warrior smiled and looked down at the king and then

lower to his bride. Prince Kosair looked up at the massively muscled warrior, a

bit of distaste reflected in his regal face but Lady Vanessa just offered

Avareil an affectionate smile. "Don't ye worry. Me and the boys will get ya

home." He then loosed a shrill whistle and almost immediately two monstrous

eagles, their wings spanning over two hundred yards swooped low over the glade

and then began a tight circle until the Neith and Avareil were airborne. One

turned back and came in quite low as Shade effortlessly bounded up through the

trees and landed easily on the creatures back. The Enchantress gave them one

last wave before turning to the remaining companions. "Sebron, Latissa, it would

honor me if you stayed one last night before being off to Sehandir." There was a

twinkle in her eye that was now becoming very familiar to Shalimar as she looked

upon Sebron, even as she turned to the younger female. "Shalimar...welcome

home."

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Nearly three weeks had passed since Sebron and Latissa had left the Enchanted

Forest. Shalimar was trying to get used to seeing the Enchantress not hugely

pregnant with child and was trying to get used to her surroundings, especially

the deceptive cottage which was more like a palace on the inside, nearly five

times as large as it appeared from without. Every morning she had gotten up to

do her routinely exercises and stretching. One morning she found herself being

trailed by a large, gorgeous black panther that looked vaguely familiar to her.

Her days were spent with the Enchantress, learning the ways of the druid and

becoming known to the Wilders, whom Shalimar quickly learned were even more

amazing than she had heard, or least what Sebron had told her. Though she missed

Sky Home, she knew this place was right and it felt...good. Late one afternoon

as she was tending to a small garden left in her charge by the Enchantress; a

part of her druidic practices, Shalimar got her first site of Coral, the Queen

of the Wilders. The elven like female was stunning, her skin a rich bronze, with

silken silver hair that hung down in a thick mane to touch the top of her full

round buttocks. Her face was angelic, young but wise with deep, dark eyes which

resembled pools of onyx, a slender nose and smooth, curving cheeks. She was

muscular but not grotesquely so, her stomach flat and toned with two large

breasts resting heavily upon it. With deliciously curved hips and long sleek

legs, Coral was a beauty among beauty. She was dressed in ebon dragon scales

that hardly covered her big breasts or firm rear but as Shalimar had come to

understand, the Wilders were not much for wearing clothing; as she herself wore

only a thong and soft leather top. The marvelous Wilder moved smoothly and

gracefully, with such confidence that even Shalimar felt smaller before her,

even more so since Coral also wielded a huge broad sword; nearly as tall as she,

with a blackish red blade and onyx carved handle. Crimsonsbane it was called

and, according to the Enchantress, it had one purpose and one purpose only; to

slay the red wyrm Crimson. Behind Coral, whom the Enchantress always spoke

fondly of, walked another female; just as beautiful but much more exotic than

the Wilder Queen. She was covered in a soft layer golden, copper fur, except for

a patch of white that began at the top of her forehead and streaked down over

her wondrous feline face, stretching down her neck and around a pair of massive

breasts that looked full and heavy, wobbling about with liquid as she walked;

and then over the largest belly Shalimar had ever seen. The young female looked

ready to explode with young, her monstrous swell rising out before her like a

mountain of tightly stretched fur, a tight bulging orb of life that dwarfed

Shalimars' own belly or even that of the Enchantress while she was pregnant with

the Neith babes. Stripes of black also decorated the fur coat, giving the feline

female a tiger like appearance. She had wide, sensuous hips and thick thighs

that moved with ease under the weight of her grand sphere; her copper colored

hair pulled into two tight ponytails draped over her shoulders and just tickled

the stiff nipples of her naked breasts. Her face was a splendid mix of feline

and femininity, her nose black and round like a cat, her lips full and

succulent, with big almond shaped eyes that glowed yellow and looked feline as

well. She was amazing to look upon. Shalimar watched the two as they strode

towards the Enchantresses cottage when she saw a huge black shape emerge from

the depths of the woods. It was a panther, a massive panther with deep ebon fur

and muscles rippling over its graceful form. It landed with ease a few feet from

the two females and then seemed to tumble forward and to Shalimars' amazement

Krahn stood up before them. She had witnessed the Wilders shape changing

abilities more than once but she had never seen the Panther in his natural

state. He moved quickly up to the feline beauty who now reminded Shalimar of

Krahn and he embraced her in deep, loving hug; his hand cupping the gravid

fulsome swell of her belly while the other slid supportively to the small of her

back. She moved in close to him, her face burying itself in his muscled chest,

snuggling up as close as she could. From where she knelt Shalimar could hear

them purring softly, before Krahn bent down and gave the hugely pregnant female

a deep, passionate kiss. Coral had stopped and patiently watched the two, a

smile broadening on her own angelic face. Shalimar was slightly surprised for no

one had told her Krahn had a mate, especially one so beautiful and with child,

but she was also happy for even though she did not know the female, nor even

Krahn very well, she could feel the love the two held for eachother. When they

finally broke their embrace, Krahn looked hungrily but worriedly at the lovely

mother-to-be. "Mya, my love, why are you here," though he was quick to add,

"Though your presence does please me." She smiled, placing a gentle hand upon

his cheek, for he towered above her; though not nearly as much as he did with

Shalimar. Her voice was strong but soft, and a bit feral. Shalimar knew she

could hold her own. "I go where I please my Prince but your father told your

mother and I, that the Enchantress had a visitor, one who would be staying for

some time and we felt that we should introduce ourselves." Then a soft, silken

voice rose from behind the two as Coral moved towards them. "Unfortunately we

were delayed by the Tribe of the Wolf. Greybeard has been watching the area near

Hunters Wood. There has been much activity there and for of his tribe, all

female have been abducted by raiding bands of goblin, orc and something else,

something far less natural. He wished us to stay and see if we could not assist

him but with Mya in her condition, it would be safer for her in the depths of

Emberza. Your father arrived shortly afterward with the War Wolves. They have

decided to purge the forest of all things that do not belong there." Shalimar

had a feeling that would be a very terrifying sight to see, even as Krahn nodded

his agreement and an encouraging smile grew on his lips. "I shall join them.

Should I take Avareil and Shade?" Coral shook her head as May let out a light

giggle, squeezing her love tightly. "Mane and Avareil are...at odds concerning

who is the better shot, Shade or Mya. Oddly, Mane has sided with Shade; Avareil

with Mya. The discussion has come to blows more than once. Besides...I believe

the Enchantress has duties for those two to perform. If Mane does find something

with the wolves and he cannot tell us what it is then I believe we will have to

ask the mages of the elven city or the Hunter himself." Shalimar was standing by

then and slowly walking towards the trio, listening as she did so. Her eyes

caught those of Mya who stiffened up slightly at the sight of the lovely young

half-elf. Krahn noticed and looked over to Shalimar, as did Coral. They all

froze for a brief moment before Mya stepped forward, moving amazingly well for

the sheer size of her pregnant swell. She stood a bit taller than Shalimar but

she approached slowly and with politeness as she gently raised a delicate hand

and placed it upon the shelf of Shalimars' own fecund middle. Her eyes widened

slightly. "You spoke true Krahn, she is not with child," Shalimars' eyes going

wide at the fact someone else had been talking about her, her cheeks reddening

with embarrassment. Krahn noticed and moved up to her as Mya looked and noticed

how uncomfortable she had just made Shalimar, her hand quickly moving away from

the others belly. "Oh...I am sorry. It is just that you hold the beauty of one

who is expecting and...," she looked back at her love as he slid up behind her,

his hands wrapping around her massive middle lovingly. He gave her a gently hug

and smiled at Shalimar. "Again I must apologize Mistress Shalimar of Sky Home.

You are, unlike anyone we have ever met. And even we Wilders discuss such

things." The young beauty smiled meekly, staring at her big belly, trying to

hide her own embarrassment but when she looked up she looked directly into the

ebon eyes of Coral. There was an immediate connection there, an unspoken bond

and Shalimar could feel her Circlent ring tingle on her finger. The Wilder queen

bowed slightly and then smiled, warm and generously. "Well, it is our pleasure

to finally meet you Mistress Shalimar; though our meeting should have been

sooner." Shalimar shook her beautiful head, her mane of blonde and black flowing

over her shoulders. "No. It is okay. I...I overheard what you said. It is an

honor to meet you but this is your home and to defend it and its people is far

more important than an introduction to me," Coral stunned by the humility and

caring of the beautiful stranger, "If you wish the Enchantress is inside. I can

go and let her know you are here?" Coral gently took the young females arm as

she turned to go towards the cottage. "There is no need young one," for as she

spoke, the lithe slender figure of the Enchantress emerged from the simple

house, "she was expecting us." Shalimar turned as the Enchantress ran over and

embraced Mya in a deep hug, her hands dropping to the feline females' marvelous

pregnancy. "You are getting big! Three more months to go and with a litter of

nine; Mya you look splendid." Mya purred softly, stroking her bulging waist.

Shalimars' jaw dropped but she recovered before anyone noticed. She was amazed,

for Mya looked ready to burst already yet she still had three more months and

she would only get bigger. The Enchantress greeted Krahn and Coral, the two

exchanging a few brief words about recent events before she asked if they had

been properly introduced to Shalimar. Mya graciously slid up next to the young

half-elf and gave her a half hug, their bellies, at least her belly prevented a

full one, a smile on her beautiful lips and giggling softly. "We have met,

though I believe we are better now." The four shared a bright smile though the

Enchantress looked a bit perplexed. She shook her head and motioned for the

group to follow her into the cottage. Krahn leaned forward and offered a gentle

kiss to his love. "I must decline the offer Lady Enchantress. If my father is

hunting something unnatural near or within these woods then I must aid him." The

lovely druid nodded but was startled as Shalimar stepped forward. "My lady, I

wish to join them as well. If I am to live here then I should defend this place

as I would Sky Home." Coral, Enchantress and Krahn shared worried looks but Mya

smiled, rather happily. "I agree with young Shalimar. She does not wish to sit

by idly and watch others attack the place she calls home. Go Shalimar, but be

careful." The Enchantress gave the feline female a slightly angered look but a

nod from Coral lessened her ire as Shalimar gave a loud, shrill whistle and

Angelsfire galloped forward. With grace and agility that perplexed all for one

with such a pregnant shape should have never pulled off such a feat, Shalimar

reached back and one handedly gripped the flowing golden mane of her steed and

pulled herself upon the unicorn. Then she reached out her hand and from the side

of the cottage her staff leapt into her grasp and she looked towards Krahn. With

a bit of a chuckle eh turned and sprinted into the wood, metamorphosing into the

giant panther in mid stride. With a joyful, almost playful giggle, Shalimar

kicked Angelsfire forward and the two disappeared into the depths of Emberza.

Once gone the Enchantress looked at Mya, who simply shrugged and gently patted

her bulging pregnancy. It was quite obvious the ancient druid was not happy, not

at all. Coral just smiled.

Mane was a hunter, the hunter. He was the personification of all animals, chosen

by the All Father as their lord, their immortal, their keeper and friend. Still,

he was and would remain a killer, the most natural and perfect killer among them

all. Yet, the War Wolves, a small pack of seven massive dire wolf Wilders were

as close to perfection as one could be. The group of eight, along with six of

Greybeards' own warriors were hunting, silently stalking the outskirts of the

Emberza Wood, along the borders of the Hunters Wood, looking for the beasts that

attacked Greybeards' tribe. The War Wolves moved easily and without fear through

the dense forest, hardly making a sound, though the others, who were warriors,

both brave and strong, were not so quiet. None of them saw or heard Mane, the

great serpent traveling and hunting with such precision that even the War Wolves

were awed by it, and they were his chosen. A loud cracking and splintering of

wood echoed throughout the forest and the troupe came to a halt. The prey was

found. The six Wilders reverted to their humanoid forms; two humans, three elves

and a halfling. Quickly they sprinted through the wood, Mane leading the way as

the War Wolves split off, hoping to circle the source of the noise. It did not

take long for the hunting pack to find the cause of the racket, Mane had smelt

them long before, he had followed the scent and his rage was evident as he

slithered up along a high ridge. The Wilders moved up silently and with ease and

looking into the ravine. Below them were orcs and goblins, nearly a score total,

along with one ogre who looked like a shaman and another creature, one Mane had

never seen before but the those of Greybeards' tribe knew all to well. Huge

hulking and muscular the beast had long wild hair, large floppy ears, blood red

eyes deep with intelligence and cruelty, claws like that of a dire bear and it

seemed to be in control. Mane sniffed the air and hissed for this beast, this

creature was a desecration, a blight upon all natural things and fury and rage

filled him instantly. He coiled up silently as the Wilders flipped over their

pelts and six large grey furred wolves prepared to pounce.

"Why wez' herez' Gromp?" One of the goblins stood up next to the ogre, his

massive green scaled head lowering down to the diminutive kin. "Wez' herez' you

horse dung cause the Khur herez' sayz we ta be!" The goblin huffed and looked at

the Khur but then stopped; his eyes going wide for he saw his death.

Like lighting the Lord of the Wilders struck, his great serpentine maw opening

up impossibly wide and striking the huge beast the ogre had called a khur. Even

as Manes' fangs dug into the thick flesh of the creature he could feel one of

its' massive hands wrap around his body, while it reared back with the other to

cut him down. Yet experience was on the side of the immortal as his lower body

swept around and wrapped up the Khurs' legs, constricting and dropping them both

to the ground. The Wilders fell upon the goblins and orcs who, caught off guard,

were mostly unarmed. Unfortunately numbers were in the favor of the nasty

goblinoids, but only for a moment as the War Wolves came crashing through the

trees, massive dire wolves standing nearly seven feet at the shoulder, chomping

down on orc and goblin, crushing them down with enormous and powerful jaws. Two

of the war Wolves leapt at Gromp who had managed to get off a spell and the

first of the wolfs took the full blast of the ogre shamans' fireball, the

magical explosion blowing a hole completely through the Wilder. Yet even as she

fell, the second War wolf descended upon Gromp, his maw crunching the strong

bones of the ogres' shoulder and arm. Claws and teeth tore into the ogre who

fought desperately, using one arm to try and shield himself from the crazed

beast. Mane pumped poison after poison into the Khur as its' claws punctured his

side cleanly. The pain was excruciating but the great Wilder was unrelenting,

constricting the vile things legs, hearing bone break beneath his powerful

grasp. Claws stabbed through him again and again but Mane would not release his

hold until the Khur gripped his neck and began to squeeze. Its' strength was

beyond anything Mane had felt as his jaws were forced open. There was a sudden

jolt as one of the War Wolves joined the fray. Mane spun off the Khur and in mid

spin changed, transforming himself into a more effective creature. He growled

with unfathomable rage as the Khur grabbed the War Wolf by the neck and lower

legs, flexing once and tearing the brave warrior in two, ripping the wolf

literally in half. Before she hit the earth Mane, now in the form of a huge

wolfwere; eight feet tall, muscles upon muscles of rage and strength, ebon fur

wild and wet with blood, slammed into the Khur, his clawed fingers burying into

the things sides, his wolfen maw biting down into the already wounded shoulder.

The Wilders were doing well among the goblins and orcs, for nearly half the dark

creatures numbers were dead or dying and their one magic user was in no

condition to help for his shield arm was nearly gone, the War Wolf yanking the

limb from its socket, the pop and howl of agony sending fear into the hearts of

all the goblinoids. Suddenly globes of black began to pop up around the War

Wolves and the twang of hand crossbows filled the air. From the shadows they

emerged, the dark elves, Priestess Gunrays' best, assassins from the dark and

wicked city of Xherhe'zephena had come to the surface. The tide had turned and

drastically as Gromps' attacker was riddled with crossbow bolts. The beast

growled and then reluctantly loosened his grip before finally falling over,

unconscious. Of the remaining five War Wolves, only two were no felled by the

drow sleep poison, though all four of Greybeards' remaining Wilders were down. A

half dozen drow stepped forward, all of them reloading their small weapons with

more poison arrows. Gromp slowly got to his feet, though his arm was destroyed

and he was bleeding from many, many wounds. He drew forth a huge sword and with

a roar of hatred he slammed it down upon the sleeping War Wolf, severing his

head from his body. The two remaining War Wolves growled and barked with rage

but they had more pressing matters as the six drow took aim. As one they

released their bolts but just as they were about to strike true the earth itself

rose up like a wall and the bolts thudded into it harmlessly. For a moment they

stood there, their faces frozen pictures of shock and confusion.

Shalimar smiled wickedly as she took aim on the lead drow, his ebon arms moving

quickly to reload his hand crossbow. She, Krahn, Avareil and Shade had arrived

just in time, thanks to Shade who had been following the Wilder hunting pack, at

Corals' request. Her earth wall had given the last of the War Wolves a second

chance. She drew back on her powerful bow, which she still did not completely

understand, as a red arrow formed on the knock and she fired. The fiery red

arrow streaked across the ravine and caught the drow right in the side of the

head. For a moment he stood their, his brain still trying to understand what

happened as he finally fell dead. Then everything exploded into motion as Shade

loosed his volley, one drow taking two arrows in the chest while a thirds' head

was blasted back and a fourths neck and groin were struck, not in that order.

Gromp watched horrified as the drow were cut down, the last of them receiving a

streaking white arrow in his thigh before four more were buried into his chest.

The last of his goblins and orcs began to scatter as arrows rained death from

above. He was about to move but the rising shadows of not one but two dire

wolves froze him with fear. Shalimar paused a moment as she watched the last two

War Wolves smother the ogre shaman in fur, teeth and claws. She even winced when

a arm was thrown free. Fire balls exploded among the orcs and goblins as

Angelsfire attacked from a third angle. A great roar turned her attention away

from the fleeing goblins as she quickly began to move. Fear struck her then for

she recognized the cry. Krahn!

Mane had heard the bow strings and knew something was not right for the battle

above had silenced. He hardly had a chance to worry as four claws speared him

the gut, even as his own sliced through flesh and bone but he knew his wound was

much worse. As suddenly as all had gone quiet, sounds suddenly erupted from

above. The slight distraction cost Mane dearly as the Khur grabbed the Wilder

Lord by the neck and twisted, a loud crack echoing in the trees. Mane fell,

seemingly lifeless as a blood curdling cry rose out from behind the Khur. It

turned just in time to see a huge panther like humanoid leap from the trees

above. The Khur turned to catch the strange creature but in midair Krahn changed

and nearly a nine hundred pounds of teeth and claws crashed into him. The

panther was fast, faster than even Mane had seemed as it bit and tore into the

Khurs' flesh, ripping open its chest and neck but the Khur was not slowing, it

seemed hardly bothered by the attack as it drove its claws into Krahns' sides

and ripping forward. The Panther hurtled into a nearby tree, crushing its trunk

and sending it toppling backwards. Immediately Krahn returned to his humanoid

form. His chest was bleeding badly and his head throbbed, his breath was hardly

coming to him. Looking up he saw the strange looking creature approach, but he

just smiled. The Khur stopped when it saw the wounded beast smile and it quickly

understood why, as Mane, alive and returned to his serpent form bit down into

the Khur and lifted the thing off its feet, throwing it back and over. Before

the beast could hit the ground, a monstrous winged elf appeared above it and a

huge axe cut into its chest, cleaving it almost from sternum to groin. The Khur

slammed into the earth, bouncing once before effortlessly regaining its footing.

Avareil landed right in front of it and ducked as it swiped out over him but he

was not expecting the quickness of the creature as it brought a swift uppercut

that sent the warrior up and back, blood spurting out from four deep gashes. The

wolfwere returned as Mane slammed into the foul thing, his claws punching

through its shoulder. The Khur roared in anger and drove both hands into Mane

and with all its strength ripped outward, tearing the Wilder Lord in half, both

bloody parts flying away. The Khur reared back and howled its victory as from no

where an ironwood spear formed in his chest, impaling him with such force and

power that he knew he was stuck to the tree behind him. Angrily the Khur gripped

the staff but as soon as he touched it his hands began to burn and sizzle.

Growling past the pain, it struggled with the spear; a beautifully carved

pregnant female at its end, the Khur looked up and saw a gorgeous young half

elf, her long blond hair streaked with black, braided strands.

Shalimar watched as her staff hurtled towards the creature, the vile creation

that had just torn the Wilder King in two. Glancing to her side she saw Krahn,

his gut rent open but slowly mending itself and Avareil, his chest and neck

splayed wide but also healing slowly, as it was with half immortals. Now it was

just her and the fiend, the foul creation of the goblins or so she thought.

Maybe the drow were to blame, but it really did not matter to the young beauty;

what mattered was simple, her newly found friends were in danger and that was

unacceptable. She raised her hand and looked skyward, her eyes closing as she

drew deep from within herself, calling upon the most furious powers of nature,

willing them to obey her wish. The Circlent ring began to glow and pulse with

energy, as did her star tattoo, and the angelic tattoo, both resting upon her

fecund belly which seemed itself to bulge with power, and Shalimar could feel

the force which she called upon, and she knew the price of her request, for the

Heavens were about to answer.

She was delicious looking and pregnant; hugely pregnant, her belly bulging and

radiating power, distended from her small, shapely form, but something was

different, for she was not fat and plump like all the others it had seen, her

legs sleek and strong, as were her arms, and shoulders; only her belly was full

and gravid, and her breasts, big pendulous orbs resting upon a shelf of gravid

flesh. Watching her, its' muscular arms flexing as it tried to pull free the

impressive spear the young woman lifted her arm, as the sky began to grow dark;

clouds rolling up as if a storm were coming, thick, fat clouds, black and angry

converged above the half elven female. When she looked back at the Khur, her

eyes were ablaze, flames of sapphire energy licking out as if the magic itself

were alive. Then she pointed, directly at the Khur. As if at her beckon call,

nature itself answered and a great bolt of lighting fell from the sky, striking

the tip of the spear and feeding the raw power of nature into the Khur. The

force of the blast was so great the ground beneath the Khur blackened and

cracked, the trees became scorched, and when the thunderous boom struck, Avareil

and Krahn both were blown back as well. The Khur screamed as it felt itself cook

from the inside out, its skin boil and pop, burning away and peeling back. Again

and again bolts of lightening struck the Khur, for almost five minutes the

onslaught continued. Shalimar held the blast until the creature stopped howling,

when it and the tree she had pinned it to were burnt and cracking. For a few

moments she stood there, shivering and quiet, before finally collapsing into the

massive paws of Mane, still in his wolfwere form, again healed and ready to

fight. Avareil walked up to the husk that was once the beast and he flipped his

wondrous axe, the Souledger and with one great swipe cut into the things charred

neck. The beast and tree exploded in ash and dust as Souledger cut cleanly

through. Krahn stepped up and stood next to his father, looking down at the

lovely and powerful female he now held in his arms. He could tell that she had

nearly killed herself with that attack and he knew that she would not hesitate

to do so again. "I have never seen such power in all my life." Mane looked at

his son and nodded though he had seen such power; from one other, the

Enchantress' young lover Sebron when he and Shadow King stood against Icehammer

the Brutal. Mane held the young female closely, protectively. She was in for a

long journey.

Shalimar awoke with a start. She was cold and tired, weak and sore, her body was

soaked with sweat and her belly hurt tremendously; as if she had been punched

through the gut with a trolls' spear. Tenderly she reached up and tried to rub

her aching swell but too her unfortunate surprise even lightest touch caused a

severe degree of pain, as Shalimar yelp and winced, falling back into her bed.

Her chest heaved as she tried to regain her breath, never before feeling such a

sharp, stabbing sensation. The door to her room opened and the Enchantress

rushed in, worry on her face. Almost instantly she was at Shalimars' side,

retrieving a wet cloth that was placed next to the youths' bed and softly wiping

in over her forehead. Slowly Shalimar sank back into the comfort of her dow

feather mattress but she was burning up and everything hurt. The Enchantress

cleared a few strands of sweat soaked hair from her face, looking into the

wondrous depths of her sapphire orbs, their energy still rippling and pulsing

intensely. With concern but calm efficiency the Enchantress began mixing a blend

of herbs, roots and spices. Once done she carefully fed it to Shalimar, slowly

allowing the liquid to course down her throat. It was cold and thick, and tasted

awful but Shalimar, though in a haze of pain and confusion, swallowed every last

drop. The poor female immediately lurched forward and vomited, a greenish brown

fluid spewing from her mouth. This lasted for many, many moments before Shalimar

finally collapsed once again. The Enchantress gently opened the young females'

eyes and smiled for they had returned to normal. When she returned to the

others; Mane; now in his humanoid form, appearing as a squat yet powerfully

built halfling with ebon skin and silver hair and dressed in an entire suit of

serpent skin, along with Coral, Krahn and Mya, resting back to comfort her

hugely pregnant belly and Jyhlac Sominor the Hunter, archmage and druidic priest

of Tyriel was a tall slender human, with shoulder length dark hair slightly

dusted with grey. He was rugged and strong, uniquely handsome and dressed in

druidic robes, holding onto an oak made staff with a ruby phoenix figure

emerging from its tip. Dark grey eyes looked upon the others, especially the

beautiful Enchantress. His voice was deep and had a slight elvish accent to it.

"How fairs the youth, Enchantress; for by all accounts here, she seemed to have

saved the day and our friends." The Enchantress looked up at him then glanced

towards the rest of the group, her dark eyes sparkling with hope. "It was as I

thought; she channeled the true spirit of thunder and lightening through her

body and it left darkness, the desecrated leftovers of nature when purified,

within her. She has...expelled the darkness and should be fully recovered within

the day." A sigh of relief went about the room, but even it was no comfort as

Krahn brought up the subject that had made the Hunter magically travel two days

to the depths of Emberza. "It almost took the death of one as powerful as

Shalimar to destroy that...that Khur. It felled my father, me and Avariel, not

to mention Timbre...her voice will be missed. We must find out if it was but one

lone desecration or one of many, if it was made from the foul goblin hordes or

the drow; who have for some reason aligned with the Hollow-Tooth clan, or if it

was made by something more foul, more villainous," the Panthers' eyes dropping

solely upon the Enchantress, "something that now resides in the depths of the

Waste Land." She looked at him, a bit of anger glowing in her eyes but much more

prominent was sadness and loss. "You speak of someone who I no longer know but

if the drow and goblins are allied then he and his dark apprentice would be at

the center of such collusion. Only two as vile as they could unite such darkness

and unleash it upon our lands. Hunter, from what the Wilders have told me, they

have only seen these roaming bands take the females that they have come across,

slaughtering the males and the males only. Something is amiss and something

horrible is coming." The Hunter stood and ran his hands through his thick mane

of hair. He took a deep breath and slowly stepped toward the Enchantress. Softly

he took her in his arms, gently rubbing her slender shoulders. She was so

beautiful and yet he could feel her sadness more deeply than any of the Wilders

could know. "What do you suggest? I cannot return to Tolmort and request King

Jessup and Queen Talyveve to evacuate the kingdom without proof of an attack.

They have faith in you Enchantress," and looking to Mane, "as well as your

people of the wilds, but even that will not convince them a greater force is

coming, nor the fact that drow and goblins work together. Not even my own

rangers have been able to sway the King into caution, though Lady Talyveve has

agreed to strengthen the watch. Without significant evidence of invasion,

Tolmort shall remain as it is." A low growl emanated from behind the Hunter as

Mane stood, his diminutive form masking a power beyond words. There was rage

pulsing behind those ebon spheres as his gaze burrowed into the soft grey eyes

of the druid archmage. He knew why the Wilder King was angry and he agreed with

him but thus were the ways of men, especially kings. Mane looked at him for a

long moment before turning on his heel and in mid turn effortlessly returning to

his natural form, the massive serpent slithering from the room. Coral, a bit

more understanding of the Hunters' plight nodded to he and the Enchantress. "I

will talk to him. He knows too well the ways of man but he also knows too well

the foolishness of pride." She looked towards Krahn and then Mya, who was now

standing, her huge belly bulging with life. Reaching out her hand Mya gracefully

waddled over and took it, offering a nod to the two druids and accepting a

loving kiss from her mate before leaving with Wilder Queen. Krahn watched them

leave the room, which was in appearance as large as the cottage itself. The

Panther turned towards the two druids. "What would it take to convince the

royals of Tolmort?" The Hunter stood for a moment, rubbing the slight scruff on

his face. "Maybe if one of Light Magi from Sehandir were to speak as well as an

emissary from the Wilder tribes before the King about this matter then he would

listen. Though he respects your father, he is a man and knows not the Wilders'

way. If one of King Belandirs' city were to leave the elvish capitol and speak

up for the Wilders' it would profoundly change King Jessups' attitude." Krahn

was noticeably annoyed with the underlying racism of the race of men but the

Enchantress' gentle touch calmed him. She seemed to have suddenly become much

happier. "I think I have an idea."

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CHAPTER THREE

A Reluctant Alliance

It had been almost a month and Sebron could not get the sight or pleasures of

the Enchantress out of his head. He had absorbed himself in training, working

almost constantly with his master Boldar, head of the Light Mage council. Yet a

hunger now burned within him and Sebron found himself looking, becoming more

attune with the number of beautiful, full bellied elves who resided within the

great city Kingdom of Sehandir. Though he was once a bit shy, since his

experience with the Enchantress he found himself with a new confidence, a spring

in his step and more than one female noticed. This night found him in the

company of one of those females, a bold young elf whom he had met only a day

before with long flowing raven black hair, a seductive yet cute face; round with

soft cheeks, full lips that beamed in a smile as refreshing as the dawn and

sparkling deep brown almond shaped eyes that pulsed with life and joy; despite

the recent loss of her husband whom fell during an encounter with a roaming red

dragon on the outskirts of Sehandir and which left her pregnant, heavily so with

triplets and due within the next month. Sebron had gasped when he first saw her,

for she stood rather short for and elf, just a little over five feet, about as

tall as Shalimar, and her belly looked enormous on her tiny frame. The massive

sphere of pregnant splendor jutted from her body obscenely and was nude before

the world because no garment could cover such a tremendous swell of life. Her

belly was smooth and without a single stretch mark, the soft bronze flesh

flawless and healthy with her belly button nearly a memory on the taunt, ripe

gravidity. Atop her bulging fertility rested a pair of melon sized breasts that

pulled the simple two piece garment, a forest green top and dress was worn

tight, the poor top revealing two stiff nipples that looked ready to tear the

overly stretched fabric. Her hips were widened by her condition but this only

gave her a more womanly figure and the flowing dress bottom was nearly see

through, revealing thick though muscular legs and a full, round buttocks that

made Sebron stiffen at the mere sight of her. It was she who had approached

Sebron, just after his afternoon studies, her voice high, almost babyish but

alluring and seductive. He wore only a billowy silk shirt, leather vest and

breeches and boots that went up to his thighs. Lightbringer as always was

sheathed at his hip. Their meeting was almost comical for she had turned a

corner, carrying a large bundle she had purchased from the open market and was

unable to see Sebron as he turned the same corner. Though he expected to use his

skills for combative matters Sebrons' quick reflexes caught the young beauties

bundle before it toppled to the ground, the pregnant elf crying out in surprise.

She leaned against the wall, one hand on her chest, the other rubbing her

bulging bare belly and breathing deeply to calm herself. Looking up at Sebron

she caught the gorgeous half-elf looking at the giant swell of her belly but

what she noticed the most was the awe and...and pleasure he seemed to have by

marveling at her heavily pregnant belly. She smiled and giggled a bit which

brought Sebrons' attention towards her gorgeous face. He knew he was caught and

he just smiled, holding up the bundle. His youthful charm was overwhelming and

the young female immediately decided to do something she had never dreamt of.

"My apologies my lady, I should have paid more attention. I am Sebron Half-elven

and I am at your service?" She smiled and took his hand as he offered it,

helping her regain her balance before offering the splendid female his arm.

Looking up at him, his ruggedly handsome features and muscular frame the young

female felt herself growing warm and flushed in his presence, for there was a

power within the young man and it drew her towards him. "I am Lady Chero'ky

Evenmoon. Thank you Sir Sebron." Sebron smiled and as they walked he suddenly

realized who she was, for her late husband Mirthir had been a friend in battle

though months ago he had fallen to the red Breathingstar, a huge ancient dragon

that had awaken a year ago thanks to the Lich King, who found the beast resting

in the Waste lands. Mirthir and his company had been decimated by the beast and

only too late did Gildar and the Dragon riders of Golden Keep run off the foul

creature. As the two walked they drew more than one eye but they talked and

joked, uncaring of those around them until they reached the tree formed house of

Chero'ky. As she opened the door the luscious elf turned and looked up at Sebron

and he could feel the want, the hunger within her body, within her gaze for he

had it to, and as they walked it had blossomed into a need that was quickly over

taking his rational thought. Softly she brushed his groin and felt the thick

bulge within his breeches. Chero'ky looked around to see who was watching and

gripped his shirt pulling him close, her lips meeting his in a fury of passion

and desire. Sebron was shocked by the females' boldness but as his thickness

pressed against the taunt swell of her belly, lust consumed him. Neither of them

were certain when they had gone inside or lost their clothing for that matter.

What they knew was a night of pleasure and delight and both wanting more. So

they found themselves together again, this night in Sebrons' bed chamber within

one of the three towers that represented the Light Magi, all three in a triangle

formation and connected by three circular bridges that ring about the towers.

Sebron always looked upon the marvelous crystalline constructions but tonight he

had a more splendid sight to behold as Chero'ky slowly, teasingly removed her

gown, the silken material falling to the floor in a silvery pool of cloth.

Sebron was awed by her beauty, her face an angelic sculpture framed by vibrant,

healthy raven hair, and her smile melting his heart and her eyes gleaming with

sexual pleasures; as the material falls her massive breasts fall free, heavy

udders of milk topped by soft brown areola and thick, stiff nipples, all resting

upon a monstrous swell of delicious, distended belly flesh, ripe and gravid and

all for Sebron. Her hips sashayed to and fro as Chero'ky sauntered towards the

hal-elf who lay back on his huge oak framed bed, nude and waiting. The lovely

female had asked him to allow her this guilty pleasure and Sebron was more than

willing to oblige. Slowly, like a hugely pregnant cat, Chero'ky crawled up the

foot of the bed, her movements graceful and sensuous, her massive belly hanging

low and deep in the soft cushions of his bed. Tonight Chero'ky was the hunter

and Sebron her prey! Sebron shivered as he felt the gorgeous females hands

slowly, teasingly begin to slide up his thighs. Her hands were like silk upon

his flesh, kneading the muscles of his legs before gliding up to his groin.

Sebron leaned up against his headboard and lifted his hand, wiggling his fingers

a bit as he dropped a silence spell over his door; remembering pleasantly how

vocal Chero'ky was. His concentration was broken just as he released the spell

for the full bellied elf had begun stroking his stiff manhood, her hands

skillfully gliding up the growing length of his member. The young mage lay back

as Chero'kys' hands twisted and stroked the fullness of his girth, drawing his

seed closer to surface, the thick muscle quivering with pleasure. A delicious

smile broadened across her doll like face as she cupped the lower vessels of his

sex while her hand blurred over the tower of manhood rising before her. Sebron

gripped the sheets tightly for her skills were in their own way equal to the

Enchantress who made love in a slower, sensuous manner. Chero'ky on the other

hand was much wilder, which startled Sebron at first for she was quite

maneuverable, even in her hugely pregnant condition. He gasped when the soft

velvet lips of the gorgeous elf female wrapped tenderly about his raging

stiffness. There were no words to describe the warmth, wetness, the smoothness

of her tongue, the feeling of her mouth gliding up and down his thick member.

Sebron was in pleasurable agony for Chero'ky was exceptionally talented with her

mouth and brought Sebron repeatedly to the brink of orgasmic bliss only to halt

his eruption to prolong his and her pleasure. He groaned as her slurping and

sucking grew louder and louder, intensifying with every stroke. Finally it

became too much for the young man to bear, his impatience quite apparent as he

desperately pulled Chero'ky; giggling at her lovers desire for her, up his body,

her heavy breasts hanging full with weight, her bulging belly rubbing up the

full length of his sex until his lips met hers in a hungry, passionate embrace.

Sehandir was unlike anything Shalimar had ever seen; for it was a city, a true

elven city that was built on both the land and within the trees; trees which

comically dwarfed those of the Emberza Wood or the Hunters' Wood. She had

traveled the full weeks journey to the elven kingdom in mere moments thanks to

the Hunter who had used a magical gateway known to mages and druids as the Mage

Way; opening a dimensional portal between two places that could be hundreds if

not thousands of miles apart. It was often quite draining for those opening the

portal but it made travel, especially in matters where time was pressing, quite

easy and expedient. Though she still had a few days travel into the city proper,

she was unable to bring Angelsfire, for the Enchantress warned her that a

creature as wondrous as the golden unicorn would draw far too much attention to

her. The out skirting providences were beautiful; green and pure, healthy lands

tended to by lovers of nature yet her breath left her as she looked upon the

true sight of the elven nation. The castle of the royal family sat tall among

the towering trees, with three interlocking towers that looked as if made of

crystal that stood like sentinels before the colossal ivory carved palace, the

great keep looked as if the trees themselves formed it and then somehow turned

to ivory. Then the entire world seemed to branch out from there, all but the

three magnificent towers which would be Shalimars' destination. The young druid

had arrived at the main gates of the city proper with little questions from the

guards though she did notice more than one eye wonder her way and more so she

noticed that they were the eyes of more women than men, many looking upon her

full round belly which as always was naked for all to see. In the short time she

had spent with the Enchantress she had quickly become accustomed to being nude

for many of wilders wore little clothing and the Enchantress was usually dressed

in druidic robes or nothing at all. Shalimar had begun to wear little, very

little so her normal outfit had become little more than a leather thong and top.

Within the city though, the Enchantress advised her to dress a little more

appropriately so she was now adorned in a leather top and breeches, thigh high

boots meant for traveling and a cloak. She wore her shadow gauntlet and used her

remarkable staff as a cane to give her the appearance of a young and heavily

pregnant half elf. She accepted the looks, some of awe and others, others seemed

more hungry, more lustful and she could feel the emotions of those, both male

and female and on one occasion while speaking to one of the many guards that

patrolled the rather peaceful city she blushed as she felt his eyes drop to her

big, fecund middle and his thoughts of taking her in the most pleasant of ways

flooded her mind. It was far more embarrassing for her than him but she gained

the needed information and continued her journey. The sights and sounds that

assaulted her were amazing and wonderful and overwhelming but she loved it for

she had never known such places to exist. Most of those she knew or lived with

lived lives of secrecy or solitude but Sehandir was open and wide and full of

experiences that she had never known before. The place seemed flawless until she

saw a shadow whip around a corner with two heavily armored elves with swords

drawn chasing close behind. Many elves moved out of the way but Shalimar felt

compelled to help and followed swiftly behind. When she turned the corner she

saw the shadow which had revealed itself as a young elven female, slender and

lithe and covered in dark leathers. Her hair was lavender and cut short about

her head, her face was beautiful and mischievous, with a piercing through her

nose. Her crystalline eyes darted form one guard to the other. The two guards

approached slowly and in a blur of motion they attacked. The female spun out of

the range of the first elven warrior, kicked off the wall and twisted into a

wondrous flip past the second. Before he could turn she kicked him in the back

of the knee toppling him and spun back with a roundhouse kick to the head,

knocking him quite unconscious. The first attacker had recovered and his blade

came in with deathly precision but the limber female ducked and dodged, sliding

in close to the warrior and gripping him by the wrist she flipped him in one

fluid motion onto his companion, knocking the wind form his lungs and rendering

out of the fight. She chuckled and turned to leave but found a young and very

pregnant half elf in her way. She had a soft voice and melodic speech which

Shalimar actually found pleasant. "Now dear, be so kind as to move for ol'

Sareena now will you?" Shalimar smiled and leaned her staff against the near

wall, then slide into a defensive stance before the lovely Sareena. The female

thief cocked her head and shrugged, moving in remarkably fast at Shalimar but

she was in for a true surprise as the young pregnant half elf went into a blur

of motion herself. Sareena punched and move to spin low in an attempt to kick

out and trip the female but Shalimar caught her fist and twisted her up and

over, causing the thief to flip over and land on her back, similar to what she

had done to the guard. Sareena hit and rolled forward, then kicked back and

caught Shalimar in her bulging belly, knocking her back a bit. Sareena stopped

and moved to see if the female and her baby were okay but Shalimar was not

pregnant and used the distraction to land two powerful punches into the taller

females own belly. Then Shalimar used a move she had learned from Avareil and

head butted the elven thief knocking her back into the wall. Sareena shook off

the dizziness and looked perplexed at the beautiful and strong and pregnant

female, or at least she looked pregnant. Suddenly two more shadows fell form the

tree like roof tops, each hidden by their cloaks and wielding long swords.

Instantly Shalimars' staff was in hand and she took up a defensive stance but

Sareena stayed the other thieves' hands. "Well played girl. We'll meet again and

maybe then ol' Sareena will get ye' name. Till then..." Sareena winked and the

trio was up in the trees and gone. Shalimar smiled and felt rather impressed

with herself and the beautiful female. She moved over to the guards and with a

single wave of her hand, a yellowish golden light emanating from her palm she

awoke the warriors. After a brief interrogation which annoyed Shalimar

considering she had tried to help the two guards they let her go, giving the

quickest route to the Towers of Light, the keep of the Light Magi, even telling

her where to find Sebron whom she learned was quite famous and infamous within

Sehandir; for his bravery, his power and his boldness in battle. Shalimar was in

for more surprises when she finally reached her long time friends chamber after

almost an hour of walking, for as she opened the door she quickly realized that

it had made no sound yet the sight before her could hardly be silent.

Chero'ky was crying out in orgasmic bliss as she ground herself upon the massive

manhood of her lover. Her head whipped back and forth, her huge breasts bouncing

heavily upon the great shelf of her hugely pregnant orb, the soft warm flesh

slapping loudly against the tone stomach of her lover, Sebron; his own face

twisted in a grimace of extreme pleasure, the pregnant beauty bucking wildly

atop him. Sebron arched as he felt his release on the verge but the lovely,

hugely swollen female was much quicker and reached beneath her gravid girth,

gripping the thick base of his steed and squeezed, holding off his impending

release. Using one hand for balance, she ground herself further upon his

manhood, forcing him deeper and deeper until she finally cried out in orgasmic

glee, her sex exploding upon, her hand, his stiffness and waist, her wondrously

fertile frame shivering with delight, bucking spastically as the last

pleasurable waves of passion pass through her. Slowly she eased herself off

Sebrons slick sex, the muscle throbbing in her grasp, the poor half-elf wincing

with the desire to release his seed. Chero'ky smiled as she skillfully wrapped

her massive orbs about the towering muscle which immediately became lost in her

abundant cleavage. Sebron hand never felt such warmth, such smoothness upon his

body and the tightness as she squeezed the bountiful breasts together was

overwhelming. Chero'ky stroked his steed rapidly and lustfully, and in moments

Sebron cried out in pleasure as he exploded in orgasm between the pillowy orbs

of flesh, his sticky seed splashing up between her tight cleavage; the gorgeous

female squealing in delight. Rubbing his gooey gift into her impressive bosom,

Chero'ky sucked the remaining man seed from Sebrons quivering sex, the young man

groaning with pleasure, tensing with the exquisite delight.

Shalimar watched the erotic scene in its entirety, her body flushed with

excitement and embarrassment and intrigue as well. As soon as the two lovers

were done, she shut the door, waited a few moments and then reopened it as if

she had just arrived. Her star tattoo flashed unknowingly and Sebron quickly

pulled the covers over himself and Chero'ky as the gorgeous druid walked in. His

lover curled up next to him, to tired to care who came in as Sebron looked up at

Shalimar sheepishly, unsure how to react but Shalimar gave him a mischievous

wink and Sebron somehow knew she had already seen enough, his own tattoo pulsing

on his palm. Chero'ky languidly turned to see who Sebron was looking at and

jumped slightly when she saw another female, a female more beautiful than she

had ever seen save for maybe the queen and who was pregnant, very pregnant. Her

platinum blonde hair was streaked with tendrils of black braided locks, her eyes

were pools of sapphire and littered with flecks of gold, with a face of an angel

and skin a lovely golden bronze, all that and a body that was slender and yet

richly fertile, her belly bulging with young and full breasts that stretched the

leather material of her top, legs that were sleek and muscular beneath her

leather breeches, the female was such a stunning picture of beauty and womanhood

that Chero'ky was breathless. Sebron looked at Chero'ky and then Shalimar and

back to Chero'ky. "My lady, this is an old friend, Shalimar...Shalimar Magik.

She hails from the Emberza Wood." Chero'ky, rubbing her big swollen belly and

still awed by Shalimars' beauty gave her a blank nod as the druid returned the

gesture. "Shalimar, this is Lady Chero'ky Evenmoon, one of Lady Ehlarras'

maidens. Ummm...you caught us at a... awkward moment." Shalimar and Chero'ky

began to laugh, their bellies jiggling slightly as Sebron just looked at them,

still not quite sure of what to do. After a few minutes, Shalimar giving Sebron

enough privacy to get dressed and leaving Chero'ky to sleep peacefully upon his

bed, the two young half-elves go to the balcony of Sebrons' chambers. Shalimar

gasps at the wondrous view before her, all of Sehandir stretching out before her

very eyes. It was breathtaking; so much so that she hardly heard Sebrons'

rebuking of her entry to his room. "Normally Shalimar, we knock before entering

someone's room." Absently she nodded; then as if the words finally reached her

she turned to him, a half smile on her lips, a teasing manner to her stance.

"Well my lord," her voice babyish and playful; much like Chero'kys', "if someone

had not enchanted the doorway to be silent, someone may have heard me knock.

Besides, I knew you liked them with big round bellies, "she pushed hers forth,

"but that poor girl is about to pop; and what of her husband?" Sebrons' eyes

fell slightly and Shalimar knew she had crossed a line. "I am sorry Sebron, I

meant no harm." He smiled at the young female, knowing that in light of the loss

the situation was quite funny. "Her husband fell sometime ago and the lady

enjoyed my company, besides; how I prefer my partners," he gave her a sly grin,

"is none of your concern." They shared a good laugh before Sebron asked the

question that was most pressing. "Shalimar, why have you come here?" She looked

at him and it was his turn to be worried. "We need your help Sebron. I need to

speak to your council. Something has come, something powerful, evil, deadly and

that Lord Mane cannot feel as natural and we think there are more." He looked at

her, his cool blue orbs glinting brightly. "What is it?" With a deep breath

Shalimar turned towards the spectacular sight of Sehandir. "It is named the

Khur."

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Lilith and Melphio watched as Bane and Solei played with a poor slave, her

torture a sweet appetizer. Solei the Unseely was exotically beautiful, lithe and

graceful, her hair a deep green, much like the woods in which she dwelled. Her

face was angelic with stark forest green eyes that pierced ones heart and shined

with evil. Her breasts were large and firm and swayed nicely as she move. Bark

like armor covered her legs to mid-thigh, her hands and sex, though it rested

splendidly between the full cheeks of her buttocks. Lilith leaned back on a

plush couch allowing her monstrous belly to jut forth amazingly sipped on a

glass of wine, her breasts resting heavily to the sides of her enormously

distended sphere while Melphio laid naked, comfortably next to her, his hand

stroking the great mass of her false pregnancy, his fingers teasing the taunt

flesh of her gravidity. Her other hand secretly stroked the necromancers

manhood, which was rigid as they watched the perverse carnage. Bane drove

himself deeper and deeper into a poor, plump human, who; thanks to Solei,

believed the Khur lord to be her true love. She rode atop his thickness, panting

and moaning with undaunted desire, her hips grinding upon the huge member of his

sex, while Solei stroked her fat little tummy and rubbed her full breasts,

squeezing them almost painfully but the entranced female just moaned in

pleasure, her head whipping to and fro, her strawberry red hair matted to her

sweaty face and body. She squealed in delight as Bane released his seed

repeatedly into her engorged womb, her belly bulging with the unbelievable

amount of which poured into her. Cruelly Bane gripped her shoulders with one

hand and pulled her back, forcing her to arch and push out her meaty belly that

was now noticeably swelling, while holding her wrists together with the other,

his hips still driving ever deeper into her growing womb. It started as a slight

heaviness that she felt but soon, almost immediately the slave knew something

was wrong for she felt it; the sudden presence of life within her belly and it

was growing. The poor girl moaned and whimpered as her waist thickened and

swelled, already looking as if she were a few months pregnant, her flesh

becoming taunt and smooth, growing with every passing second. Solei wickedly

began to rubbed the continually swelling orb, her sharp nails teasing the

overfilled mass as the poor humans belly looked as if she were fell term with

many, too many children. She was groaning now as the pressure became horribly

intense, her belly now swollen greatly before and still growing, forcing her

spread her legs to accommodate her ever expanding girth but the Unseelys' soft

whispers blurred her thoughts, the teasing claws upon her tight flesh sent waves

of pleasure and fear throughout her mind and still she could feel her lover;

thrusting deeper and deeper into her over sensitive sex; driving her into a

madden flurry of lust and panic for her belly was now an impossibly monstrous

ball of flesh on the verge of bursting; larger than many of the females in the

birthing room, swollen out so much that it nearly dwarfed her, her sex ready to

explode in climax. The distended mass spilled out between her thighs, dropping

heavily upon the cold surface of stone, looking almost as a surreal attachment

to her body, a gargantuan pulsing orb of flesh shimmering and shinny with

fullness. Still the silvery tongue of Solei echoed in her mind. It was almost

comical for she looked as hugely pregnant as Banes' own mother. Melphio was

groaning as well for Lilith had stroked his manhood to the point of climax,

holding him on the edge, waiting for the right moment. "Can you feel it my dear?

Your baby, he's growing and he's so big and healthy and," as the human winced in

pain for her tremendously torpid belly had reached its limits, the immensely

tight and taunt sphere quivering with expectancy, "he's ready, oh he's ready.

You're so big and beautiful, you're going to burst with child and you'll love it

for your baby will be strong and great, he'd make you very proud." The human

smiled and whimpered weakly as her belly pulsed and shuddered, trying to grow

just a bit more, pressing the flesh beyond its means. Solei ran her razor like

nails over the crest of the orb just as Bane released a second time. It was too

much, her belly was too tight, too full and heavy, the pressure was too intense

and her sex was burning with desire. The human female cried out in orgasmic

bliss and horrible pain as her belly ruptured and exploded open, the vicious

claws and yapping maw of another Khur tearing free from its mother. Liliths'

hand was a blur over Melphios' steed as the poor girl burst open and she felt

him tense suddenly, groaning with pleasure as his manhood erupted, his thick

sauce splattering on her hip and the side of her belly, running down her hand in

a sticky mess. He panted with appeasement as the newborn began to feast upon the

corpse of its mother. Solei gently stroked Banes' wild hair as he knelt before

her, like a pet would its master. "Enjoy the show?" Lilith, raising a sticky

hand to her lips and licking clean Melphios' seed just purred and smiled while a

naked Melphio tiredly stood up behind the mountain of Liliths' belly and hopped

over the back of the couch. He threw on his robe and came back to the gorgeous

Gravidian, leaning down to kiss her pleasantly on the lips, and then turning to

his son and the nymph. "It was very enjoyable. Bane," the Khur standing almost

immediately, "we have to go speak with Lord Cyril. Two of the raiding parties

have not returned and one had a khur among them." Bane growled and turned

swiftly towards the door, his anger boiling at the possible death of one of his

many children. The newborn followed Melphio and its father, still gnawing on the

arm of its mother. Once alone Solei turned towards Lilith and crawled sexily

towards the witch, who smiled knowingly at the Unseely. She shivered as the

perverted nymph began to taunt her exceptionally swollen belly with her sharp

claws. Smiling Solei slide between the Gravidians' thighs and buried herself in

her delicious sex.

Cries of lust and passion filled the room and just outside the thick wooden

doors of Melphios' room, Sister Dhonytae and the drow assassin, Mistress

Tal'une, both listening in on the erotic encounter. "She makes allies with too

many Sister Dhonytae. Be weary, for she already has the favor of Dark Reader."

Dhonytae, her hands draped over her own massive belly looked wickedly at the

dark elf, her deep blue eyes burning with jealousy and malevolence. "What is

done with the Dark Reader is at the whim of our Covent Mother and, drow, none of

your concern." With that she turned and began to float back towards the chambers

given to the Gravidian, now numbering six since the arrival of three more

sisters in preparation of the assault of Tolmort. Yet even as she left she heard

the words of Tal'une, soft whispers in her mind. "Be weary." The beautiful dark

elf smiled, turning once towards the bed chamber to enjoy some of the splendid

sounds and then leaving to report to her priestess. The seed had been planted.

Melphio and Bane arrived a few moments later in the main chamber of

Deathonmortuc, where the leaders of the dark alliance had made into a war room

of sorts. Lord Cyril sat in his chair, his feet kicked up on the enchanted table

as he sipped from his favorite chalice while Sister Alzr'aee and Grymyae

Hollow-Tooth were arguing heatedly over the use of the Gravidian. In the corner

stood Sir Dealan and above him, sitting in the depths of the shadows upon a well

hidden ledge was the drider, Xarglav. He was silent, even his bone like legs

hardly made a sound as he began to crawl across the walls, a roving sentinel to

the drow and now to Lord Cyril. Master Grimgnaw stood frustrated and quiet

behind the half-orc female. He knew her argument was sound but it lacked reason.

"If youz had senz som' o' ye damned crawliez out o' them fat belliez o' yourz

we'd not have ta fight!" "It is not time for our part in this alliance Grymyae.

It is your time and if you cannot...!" Melphio looked up at his master as Bane

growled low, yet loud enough for all to hear. The Covent mother turned as did

the half-orc female. Grimgnaw bowed as the Dark Reader and Bane as they passed.

Behind them, Priestess Gunray entered a sly gleam in her crimson eyes but yet

she was still not pleased at knowing six of her best, along with one of her

favorite lovers had been killed, along with the loss of one of the Khur. She

knew this alliance was a sensitive one but this small sliver could become

disastrous. Cyril nodded to her and took a draw from his chalice. Grymyae was

about to return the fight but the Lord of Deathonmortuc spoke. "Look at

us...forgive me, I should say look at you. Bickering like frightened children at

the first sign of trouble," eyeing Grymyae and then Sister Alzr'aee, "which I

must say is the furthest thing from what we face for our loss this past week

shows us much, much we can learn and even more that we can use." He stood up,

tapping the magnificent hilt of Doomcry, all the while sifting the liquid in his

chalice about as if mixing up the contents. Calmly and assuredly Cyril strolled

up the small set of stairs; the same stairs Banes' mother had traversed before

his gruesome delivery, and he smiled at the image as it filled his mind. Resting

in the same spot as her birthing chair was now a massive, elegantly carved

mirror; framed in silver which was sculpted to resemble a very powerful creature

which many assumed to be a demon of some sort. His wings flared out from the

back of the mirror while his giant claws formed the sides and his tail curled up

about the base, formed by his feet. Cyril approached the mirror, spoke a few

archaic words which Priestess Gunray recognized as abyssal; the language of the

demonic plane, and as he spoke the great head of the demon upon the mirror

opened its eyes, becoming very alive to the astonishment of all present; even

Melphio, its giant maw opening and gaping wide as if it were yawning showing

large, razor like canines. The beast lowered its gaze towards the ancient lich,

its eyes narrowing dangerously. Its voice was more of a growl than words but

they could understand it, too well. "Who awakens Glabarzatte?" Cyril bowed and

gave the creature a haughty grin. "I do old friend, or have you forgotten me

already?" The demonic mirror looks upon lich much more intently and then a

cruel, villainous smile broadens on its serpentine maw. A long, slithering

tongue rolls over its snarling faÃ§ade as a low, rumbling chuckle emanates from

deep within it. "Lord FranÃ§ois Cyril, once First Cleric of the Light Mage

council, highest of the righteous; now, chosen of our master of shadow, wielder

of Xaleil, the Fallen, the Doomcry, and High Priest of Lady Na'Raszagal, our

Lady of the Dead. Yes, I remember you. Why have you summoned me...master?" Cyril

smiled, proudly and evilly for though the possessed mirror gave much about his

past he knew that the words spoken held power over all that stood with him now.

"Glabarzatte, I need to be shown events, events from the past," with that he

drew for the ashes of the destroyed Khur, collected by one of the lich lords own

creatures, and returned to him for this very reason, "I need the events that

brought this ones end." With a flick of his wrist the ashes dusted the mirror

and as they touched they looked like specs of sand upon the clear surface of a

still lake, rippling over the reflective face like disturb water. As the ripples

passed an image began to form and it wasn't long before they saw the same images

the Khur did before its death. What they saw startled and amazed them for though

there was no sound it appeared as if the khur was in battle with some sort of

creature, part wolf, part man but the battle was short for the khur broke the

beasts' neck but then the seen lurched forward as if something hit it from

behind. They saw black, the spots of blood then a great gush of blood as a

shadow of a huge creature fell away. The image panned upward in time to catch a

massive red skinned, black winged Neith slam a huge axe into the Khurs'

shoulder, but with a tremendous upper cut the Khur splayed open the warrior.

With a jolt the scene whipped forward then back as the wolf creature had

returned and cut into the Khur, ripping and tearing before the Khur grabbed hold

and rent the beast in two. Suddenly a marvelously carved spear with a carving of

a hugely pregnant female at its end; emerged in the Khurs' chest and it was

obvious the beast was stuck as it struggled to pull the weapon free. Then she

appeared on the scene, a gorgeous half-elf, her beauty beyond anything any of

them had ever seen. Her platinum blonde hair, littered with braids of ebon hung

loosely about her shoulders, caressing the wonderful curve of her nearly bare

rear-end. Her full breasts struggled in her leather top, and her legs were sleek

and muscular, but what astonished all of them was that she appeared pregnant,

maybe in her eight month or sixth month if she were full with twins but in any

case her belly was big and round and perfectly shaped, causing even Sister

Alzr'aee a bit of jealousy. They watched in amazement as the young female raised

her hand and the sky became dark, blue, sapphire energy erupted from her eyes

and her belly, at least the tattoos on her belly began to pulse with energy and

Melphio could swear he saw her bulging sphere swell but then they all ducked and

blinked as there came a blinding flash of light, then another and another,

repeatedly for many, many minutes until finally the scene went black, when the

Khur finally died. Cyril turned with a grin, though many of them were still

blinking away the flashes of light. "As you can see, the Khur, though it

perished, took four warriors, four powerful warriors to defeat it; and from what

my collector informed me, this young female nearly died in the process of

destroying our precious Khur. If she almost died from battle with one Khur, what

then," sweeping his hand back as a long, draping curtain which hid the far wall

fell free, revealing hundreds upon hundreds of Khur, the birthing trees nearly

empty, "what shall she do against them?" Melphio smiled, for before him stood an

army of death that was beyond measure. Master Grimgnaw though had other worries

for the young woman possessed power, power which was far from appreciated

amongst his peers and one that would come back to haunt them.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

In a dark section of Deathonmortuc, in the lower regions, within the slaves'

quarters; amongst swollen bellied females chained to the walls, their bodies

writhing about as goblinoid young grew painfully and hugely within their overly

bloated wombs, two unlikely creatures met. It was hard for Marcellus to

concentrate, the ratman leader of the Stalkers Guild. He sniffed the air, taking

in the sweet aroma of human flesh; female human flesh, plump and ripe, growing

fatter and bigger with young and he was so very hungry but the creature before

him kept his attention, and his fear enough to keep his thoughts from food. The

Countess Chese A'maro, the Bloodmother, a vampyre lord among all the undead

stood before the vermin assassin, her breathtaking beauty catching him fully off

guard. Though he was an intelligent beast, he was also an animal and his

instincts told him fully who of the two was the more dangerous predator, so he

kept his furry hand respectfully close to the dagger within his cloak. One of

the females, an elf, moaned loudly as her belly surged forward, giving her body

the appearance of one pregnant with a dozen or more young and far too along, the

flesh close to bursting open from the pressure, decorated in deep reddish brown

stretch marks. It was a distraction that cost Marcellus the slight edge he had,

his rat like face glancing over in surprise but he was more shocked when he

looked back to see the Bloodmother on him fully, her big tight, blood filled

belly pressing into his gut, her full breast bulging in her dark gown, the

creamy cleavage inviting him wantonly and her deathly pale yet beautiful,

sensuous and deadly face was right in his, her full lips parted into a smile,

her vampiric fangs bared before the ratman. His yellow eyes narrowed but with

inhuman strength she gripped him by his leather armor and heaved him into the

wall, knocking the air from his lungs. Before Marcellus could even regain his

bearings, the Countess had him up in the air, slammed painfully against the

wall, his feet dangling beneath him. He could hardly breathe and his hands

clawed desperately at her wrist, cutting the flesh with no avail. "Calm yourself

vermin!" Her voice was strong, powerful and mesmerizing for Marcellus

immediately stopped fighting. The silken air of her words had the poor ratman

entranced, unable to move, only to listen. From her gown, tucked into her belt

and held tightly by her bulging sides, the ancient female pulled forth a small

mirror, a replica of Glabarzatte. She whispered a few words as an image appeared

on the face of the mirror. Marcellus looked at the image, the picture burning

into his memory as Countess A'maro spoke. "Marcellus dear, I want you and your

Stalkers too infiltrate wherever this individual may be and slay them. Our Lord

Cyril is in no mood for surprises and this represents the biggest surprise of

all. Do you understand the importance of this task?" The enthralled creature

nodded in response. "Good," as she released him, the ratman landing easily on

his feet, "now take this and go." She pulled out his hand and dropped a locket

of hair into it. With a wicked smile she turned and began to leave but not

before issuing a warning. "Oh Marcellus, I would not feed upon any of these

girls, the Hollow-Tooth clan would be very displeased." The ratman leader

watched the beautiful vampyress leave, snarling in hatred and fear as her

wondrous shape disappeared. Marcellus looked into his hand, sniffed the hair and

then turned back to the plethora of immensely pregnant beauties, ripe and

defenseless before him. With an angry growl he turned and left the room; he and

his kin had work to do.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* If

Shalimar had believed Sehandir to be wondrous, her ideas of beauty soared at the

sight of the Council of the Light Magi. Placed in top of the point tower, the

one closet to the castle proper, light of such blinding and splendid beauty;

altered in varying and shifting patterns by the crystalline walls, illuminated

the chamber, yet she could see and the radiance; though it should have destroyed

her vision, only covered her in a warm, welcoming glow. She had been giving a

lovely gown by Chero'ky at Sebrons' request, the silken green garment hugged her

natural curves, accentuating her fulsome breasts and heavily torpid belly which

stretched the material taunt for the gown was made for Chero'ky before her

pregnancy. It hung low at the shoulders, revealing a bit more cleavage than

either half-elves expected and was cut in a deep V in the back, just above her

round, firm buttocks; all of this combined with Shalimars' deep golden bronze

skin and lush ripeness and slender muscularity just made her a sight to behold,

for as she walked in; escorted by Sebron, all the members of the council stood,

each with eyes wide and deep bows to the lady. Shalimar looked at all twelve

members of the council and bowed low herself, knowing that they were all

astonished by the feet. The room itself was bare, except for the towered backed,

crystalline seats of the council and an open window behind them, allowing a

miraculous view of Castle Sehandir. In the center of the room though was a huge

crystal ball, held up by a gold carved dragon claw. The Ball was perfectly clear

yet Shalimar could not see through it. It was truly spectacular, but what were

more impressive were the council members themselves. In all there were twelve

council members, yet Shalimar noticed a thirteenth chair. Here, Sebron moved and

took his place; honored by the Council for his prowess and achievements among

the Light Magi. Sebron had told her earlier that the council was split into

four; three representatives of each school of magic; druid, mage-sorcerer,

wizard and cleric. Sebrons' seat was actually next to the center seat where an

older looking elf sat, as tall as Sebron and very noble in appearance. His eyes

were deep and grey; full of knowledge, youth and energy, with a thick mane of

silver, almost translucent hair which hung loosely about his shoulders. His

robes were deep blue, trimmed in gold and it looked as if the stars themselves

were alive within its folds. Leaning next to his seat was a long, eloquent staff

tipped in what Shalimar recognized as a star crystal, a very power focus of

magic; something she had learned from the Enchantress for the ancient druid

possessed one herself. There was power within him, old and great and Shalimar

gave him and him alone another respectful bow, causing a smile to form on his

full lips. Next to him, one seated to his left and the other to his right, next

to Sebron were two other elves, one youthful male looking just a bit older than

Sebron, with long, flowing ebony hair, thin pursed lips and blazing green eyes.

He looked stern and unhappy but also quite wise. The other was, to Shalimars'

surprise, a drow male. His skin was dark as onyx and his eyes glowed with a

purple, violet hue. Much older than the other elf but still not close to the

elder who sat in the center, he had a sense of obscurity about him but yet his

face was calm, trusting and pleasant for he seemed to be holding a perpetual

smile. His red silver hair was braided and tied tightly behind his back. Both

elves wore robes similar to the center elfs'. The three stood, as did Sebron.

The ancient elf spoke, his voice smooth and delicate, yet firm and commanding:

"I am Boldar the Eldar, First Wizard of the Light Magi. This," looking to his

right, towards the drow, "is Master Masjo Everdark, my second and this," his

gaze turning left, "is Master Elysor Stargazer. We three represent the Wizards

class." As one, the four nodded and sat. Then, to their right three other

individuals stood, all elven males and all wearing robes of silver, each with a

wand tucked into the waist belt of the robes. Shalimar immediately recognized

that they were triplets, each almost perfectly identical except for the center

one who had a white streak of hair that contrasted the rest which was a deep

mahogany. All of them had dark hair and piercing blue eyes and each was

beautiful, for that was the only way for Shalimar to describe them. Neither

young nor old the three were remarkably attractive and each wore a mischievous

grin on their faces. They spoke as one which forced Shalimar to look twice for

their mouths moved so fluidly and their voices sounded as one vice she wasn't

sure if all three of them were talking or just one. The center elf of the three,

with the patch of white hair seemed to be leading the chorus. "We three

represent mage and sorcerer. I am Master Te'lk Tearingtree, sorcerer," and he

spread his arms out to encompass his brothers, "these are my brothers, mages

both; Xanmor and Sylidor Tearingtree. We greet you." As one they bowed and then

took their seats. Then the next group of three, this group to the left of Boldar

and the wizards stood. This was the most diverse group of males for they were

formed of one middle-aged human, a half elf and a big-bellied dwarf. The

half-elf stood in the center as their spokesman. He was youthful. Maybe in his

early hundreds and had light blonde hair that was cut short save for a ponytail

that hung over one shoulder. He was slim but fit even thought each of the three

wore golden robes with intricately carved crucifixes on the breasts. His eyes

were bright and pale green but he had an age about his presence with a neatly

trimmed goatee beneath his lower lip. Yet his smile was very warm and inviting.

"I am Brother Kelso Seeing the Heart, and my associates are," nodding to the

human, who was quite handsome with dark brown hair spotted with grey and soulful

brown eyes, "Brother Jacob the White and," smiling at the diminutive and rather

ample bellied dwarf who wore a huge grin beneath his fiery red beard and his

eyes were as blue and clear as the crystal towers, his head of hair a wild mop

which made his smile all the more adorable, "Brother Tugor Bumblebush. We

represent the clerics and spiritual need of the Light Magi." They bowed

gracefully and then took their seats once again. The last group, the furthest

from the wizards was all dressed in robes that seemed to be made of leaves and

immediately Shalimar knew they were the druids. Two were elves, one an old elf

with streaks of grey in his sandy colored hair and pale, almost white eyes; the

other was younger with deep bronze skin, cool and steely green eyes and he was

bald, shave clean with tattoos covering his head. A long, beautifully carve bow

rested next to his seat, as did a similar one next to the other elf. At their

center stood a dwarf as wide as he was tall and he was old, ancient far beyond

his years. His skin was dark and leathery and one eye was covered in a patch

woven together by leaves. His beard was as silver as mithiril and braided with

strands of leaves and vines, the braid of silver hung long and draped along the

crystalline floor and his hair was shaved on each side except for a long braid

that streaked down the back of his almost to the floor. Next to him rested a

huge axe, almost twice his size but by the size of his arms the gorgeous

half-elf knew he could wield the weapon with ease. Shalimar felt such power and

strength from him and his one good eye seemed to hold wisdom of ages within it.

Even his voice was ancient. "We be tha' druids o' the Light Magi. Me name's

Master Brunoer Silverbeard an' dis' one here," pointing up to the tall bald elf,

"dis' one is Maliki tha' Woodtouched, and he is at that!" Shalimar giggled as

the bald elf raised a respectful eyebrow to the surely dwarf. "An dis' one, dis'

one is ol' Arodor Windchaser. Been here for some bit o' time he has." Arodor

bowed as did Maliki and then Brunoer. They then sat down as Boldar stood once

more, smiling and bowing. "We are the Council of the Light Magi. It is our

pleasure to meet you, Shalimar of Sky Home, druidic apprentice of the

Enchantress of the Emberza Wood." Shalimar blushed slightly, unaccustomed to the

formalities of the city and bowed before the twelve man council. As if on queue

the crystal floor begin to rise beneath Shalimar and from the growth emerged a

beautiful crystalline chair with a high sweeping back and a comfortable lean as

to allow for the fecundity of her protruding belly. Boldar swept out his hand.

"Please Mistress Shalimar, be seated," which the lovely and astonished female

did and the old wizard chuckled as her eyes widened in surprise, for the crystal

chair was more comfortable than she could have imagined. Once he was sure she

was comfortable Boldar took his seat once more. "Master Staffless has informed

us that you bring word and warning of something quite deadly, which has made its

presence known in Hunters Wood. The Khur; is that what Lord Mane has called it?"

Shalimar nodded. She wanted to speak but even she knew it wise to allow someone

as ancient as the Eldar to finish before she explained herself. "We have not

heard nor felt such a power as you described though," giving her a strange and

inquisitive look, "we have felt power, power only displayed by our own Master

Staffless, at least once; two weeks ago and hailing from the Hunters Wood." She

looked about the council who all seemed to be staring at her and she was

beginning to grow quite uncomfortable, shifting slightly in her seat and

glancing towards Sebron for some sort of support but he was enthralled by his

mentor and current master, Boldar; his previous master, Master Valimar, had been

killed during a dragon raid, and his place on the council had been taken by

Master Elysor Stargazer. "Yet, if what you say is true and this beast was

created by the wicked of the drow or even worse, emerged from the depths of the

Waste Land, then they would be beyond our sight. Still, they presence of such a

creature would take tremendous power to hide form us, and it would take one who

knew our ways to block our sight." Master Boldar seemed to stop as he spoke the

words, his eyes darting to the surely dwarf who tapped his great battle axe with

one hand while stroking his beard with the other. Then Master Silverbeard spoke

up. "Only one who havn' tha powr' ta stop us frm' seen' him and tha' be tha'

blasted, foul wretch ye' know as FranÃ§ois, Boldar and ye know'd he be one ta

start somethin' like tis!" The other council members looked towards one another,

as if Master Silverbeard had spoke some unknown language that they could not

understand and even as Sebron was about to ask, the Eldar raised his hand to

quiet his peers. "Master Silverbeard speaks of one beyond all of your time but

he also speaks of one who may know how to defend himself from our sight. You see

Mistress Shalimar," the ancient elf looking back to the big bellied beauty, "the

Council of the Light Magi watch the realm for magics, both light and dark by use

of a magical nexus which can be opened only by the most powerful of the four

forms of magic. To do so we must be stronger than the power we seek, yet there

are places and forces in which we cannot look. The Emberza Wood is one such

place, as well as the Waste Land and the Underdark. What this means, is that if

the drow have created this creature, the Khur, then their power and life force

would be masked by our sight because the Underdark itself is older than any of

us. The Lich Lord," and Shalimar noticed the old elf pause as he thought about

that creature, "Lord Cyril, is older than our council yet his bound to an

immortal grants him even greater power; that is how he created the Wasteland and

how he blinds us from it. Now, we cannot raise up an army nor a force, not from

the Light Magi, or Sehandir itself to assist you for our alliance to Lord

Khlendros and the Dragon council takes most of our time and from what I have

heard, King Belandir has made an alliance with Astaroth Keep and Clan

Tumblestone, which means our forces will be thinned to say the least. The Light

Magi keep the peace and protect the magics of light and the children of the All

Father, but we are no army and though the Hunter was once one of us, Jyhlac

Sominor is now a druidic priest of Tyriel, which means his own order may take

offense to him coming to us rather than to the Priesthood of Tyriel. Even in

light of danger, politics makes most alliances troublesome and almost not worth

the effort...almost." Shalimar was clearly frustrated and she wanted to scream

out against the foolishness of politics and such but she bit her tongue,

literally as a trickle of blood split fro her lips and she quickly wiped it

clean. Sebron looked at her, startled by the sudden feeling of fury he felt, his

palm burning slightly. "Yet, we can lend you some assistance, if Master

Staffless is willing to visit the Emberza Wood once again?" Sebron was almost

startled by the blatant statement for he knew Master Boldar knew of his

experience with the Enchantress. With a slight nod, Sebron smiled and looked to

Shalimar, who still looked unhappy but somewhat appeased. She stood and spoke,

now not really caring for politeness and she just caught a smile from the

druid's, especially Master Silverbeard. "Master Boldar, I have heard and

witnessed the powers of Master Staffless, and he has proven beyond capable as a

warrior and magi but this, this Khur nearly cost me my life in destroying it.

Alone, it stood against three of the most powerful of the Wilders," and she

could see the triplets chuckle at the statement as well as Master Jacob the

White and Master Kelso Seeing the Heart, but she ignored them, "Lord Mane being

one of them. At that, all snickers ceased. She looked them over, her eyes, now

burning and seething with power and Sebrons' own eyes began to pulse with

energy. "Some of you mock the Wilders', those who are wise do not. I came to ask

assistance and thought Master Sebron is not only greatly appreciated and needed,

he is but one," and her eyes softened and yet the pools seemed no less powerful,

but Sebron kept his power up for he knew now how she was feeling and he was

angry, "can you not send more?" Master Boldar rubbed his chin and then smiled,

which seemed to brighten Shalimars' spirit. "Though it may not be much, I

already know Mistress Latissa the Blackwinged shall go but I will send three

other Light Magi," and before Shalimar could show her frustration Boldar

explained his problem, " and though I wish I could send more I must give most of

our numbers to relieve the dwarves of Astaroth Keep for the undead of the

Wasteland have dwindled their lines beyond words. They need us Mistress

Shalimar, you can understand that." She was young but she was wise and with a

gracious bow she accepted the aid of the Light Magi. "Thank you Master Boldar;

and thank you members of the council." She then turned to the druids and gave

them another bow, one of respect as well as another to Master Boldar and then

she turned and left the chamber, heading with purpose to Sebrons' chambers to

retrieve her gear, and prepare to depart. Master Everdark was awestruck by the

ease of her movements for she seemed so far from pregnant yet by her appearance,

how could she not be. "That is one impatient young woman," Kelso Seeing the

Heart said once Shalimar had left the chamber. Sebron looked over to the

half-elf, though older was by no means in the right. The young Staffless

immediately spoke up, which brought a broad smile to Boldars' face. "She is a

Wilder and they are people of action not words. Do you think she wanted to come

and ask for aid or that she made up the threat of the Khur. I have traveled with

that one and have seen her do some very amazing things, the likes I have not

seen from anyone and I have also known her to speak the truth and only the

truth. If it almost took her life to destroy this Khur and if she and Lord Mane

and the Enchantress believe that there are more then it is our duty to

investigate and if found true, aid; our have we become to complacent or I dare

say high and mighty not to assist the likes of the Wilders?" Master Boldar and

the druids all nodded. The triplets dropped their heads and then looked towards

Sebron. "We apologize, though we know our apology should fall to Mistress

Shalimar. Investigate this phenomenon, look into the alliance of drow and

goblin, and if there is truth behind either, then we three and our sorcerers

shall come and bring with the nine hells." Sebron nodded and knew well the

triplets Tearingtree would keep their word, especially about bringing hell with

them. Jacob the White stood. "We too apologize but we cannot aid the Wilders for

the bulk of our number head to Astaroth Keep. Still, if what you say is true,

call and we will do as we can." "Ye all w'll do wha' ye' can cause tha' bein'

our way! The druids'll be at yer call Sebron and tell tha lass when she decides

ta take up her mantle of Circlent then come an' find us," the burley dwarf

looking to both Maliki and Arodor, "we three been waitn' o'while for tha right

one ta come along and I'm thinkn' we found our lass!" Boldar grinned and looked

to Sebron. "I send with you Tyr A'Salvatore, a half-elven druid, Arym

Moondancer, an elven cleric and your friend Catasph Hopping Leaf. Will that be

enough?" Sebron arched his handsome brow. "That depends; who gets to watch over

Catasph and who has to tell Shalimar that we cannot leave until morning? Boldar

simply shrugged his shoulders as Sebron shook his head, already knowing the

answers to both.

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The Hunter walked along the halls of Castle Tolmort as both Avareil and Shade

followed closely behind, each dressed in their battle armor for word had come

that more Khur and raiding parties had been seen within the Hunters Wood since

Shalimar left to get help. The Enchantress had decided to send the two warriors

since Mane was gathering up the Wilders in force, preparing to march on the

Kingdom of Tolmort and face the Khur, drow and goblins in the only way the

Wilders knew how, pure fury. Jyhlac was not too sure that the Enchantress' two

body guards would help him convince King Jessup to begin arming his troops but

he could possibly catch the ear and the worry of Queen Talyveve, which would be

a start. Two guards stood before the doors of the royal greeting chamber clad in

full plate, long purple cloaks fell from their shoulder plates hiding the

impressive armor, their faces hidden behind wondrously carved helms topped by

what looked like a horses tail and each wielded a massive halberd, a long sword

sheathed at the hip represented their secondary weapon. They both nodded at the

approach of the Hunter but their eyes went high as they saw Avariel, his huge

axe, Souledger, draped over his crimson shoulders. His biceps were about the

size their heads and he flexed slightly as he drew closer. Neither of them

noticed Shade who had fell into the shadows and had virtually disappeared. "We

wish to speak to the king and queen." The first guard was still staring up at

Avariel but the second kept his calm and nodded, pushing open the door, the

first following suite absently. The antechamber was marvelous and showed that

though Tolmort was small it was very, very wealthy; sporting a dwarven mine

which was mined by both humans and dwarves and kept the kingdom; not just the

king, very wealthy. Wonderfully carved statues and braziers decorated the hall,

along with many portraits and paintings, draperies and other signs of wealth;

something that Jyhlac had always found appalling and Avariel quickly and openly

agreed, scowling at the gawdy display. Some of the statues were mere busts of

family and esteemed members of the military or city, others were full body

poses; a few nudes, a few warriors, even a fantastical creature that resembled a

dragon but none were as perfect or noticeable as that of the Queen Talyveve,

placed in a large fountain which was the rooms center; carved from a large,

maybe the largest pearl in all creation. Jyhlac remembered when King Jessup had

offered it to the Queen, who was only a young house maiden at the time and of no

known royal line but she was a classic beauty, even then and had grown up

splendidly in four years, with long silken brown hair, the light color of the

desert, which cascaded down her muscled back with high cheek bones and smooth,

slim face. Her hazel eyes were bright and vibrant and glowed with intelligence.

Slender and lithe, Queen Talyveve was very feminine, though her figure was not

as endowed as some, there was a sleekness to her shape, firm yet soft, her legs

long and smooth, her rear...at least as far as the statue went was round and

shapely, with her stomach flat and breasts that filled a good sized hand. Her

pose was simple, lying down upon a reef or rock with a drapery covering her more

intimate areas; still the sculpture was quite provocative. They could see

numerous guards standing at attention in the corners of the room, with two more

flanking the throne; all dressed similar to the door guards. As the Hunter and

Avareil approached, the huge Neith gasped for he saw the Queen in person and her

statue did her no justice, though her shape had changed a bit due to her current

condition. Queen Talyveve sat upon a well cushioned marble throne, her dress

that of regal gold and purple with a gold, jewel studded crown atop her mane of

sandy brown hair. Unlike the statue, the Queen was a bit plumper now, her body

adorned in much needed baby fat for she was pregnant with her first child. At

five months pregnant, the young Queen did not fully look the part for her belly,

though swollen, was not the huge bulging mass of taunt flesh that it would soon

become. Still, the rest of her body seemed to beginning its preparation for her

slender cheeks had become rounder, softer and even seated the Neith could tell

her hips were wider, bulking up for the heavy load they would soon support. Her

thighs had thickened but most noticeably, her breasts had ballooned, nearly

three times the size they had appeared in her statue and they bulged in the

tight confines of her dress, the low v-cut revealing an ample amount of milky

white cleavage that tugged at his primal instincts. Adorned in just a few layers

of baby fat, the Queen was no less beautiful, though was now a much more

voluptuous version of her previous self. Sitting next to her was an older man, a

half-elf, with an heir about him that exuded wealth and power, dressed in kingly

robes and accented by an equally kingly crown. Even as a half-elf, it was clear

King Jessup Tolmort was old, probably in his late hundreds, but there was life

burning in his clear grey eyes. He was handsome, with salt and pepper hair which

he wore long and braided, in the manner of elves, though his face was rugged and

yet dignified, amplified by his neatly trimmed beard. Jessup wore a perpetual

smile on his slender face, his long nose pierced with a septum ring, much like

the wilder dwarves. With a build a bit broader than most half-elves, the King

was quite imposing, standing a good six foot or more but even he gasped as the

Hunter and the massively muscled and armed Neith strode forward. Then to his

amazement a slender figure, cloaked in shadow emerged from behind Jyhlac, a

marvelously carve bow sheathed upon his back. He was not the only one awestruck

for the royal court was already occupied with guests; three very amazing guests.

The three men were stunned at first for the sheer fertile beauty displayed

before them was unbelievable. Three women stood before the King and Queen, each

striking pictures of womanhood and each hugely pregnant, one of them, an exotic

female with raven hair was impossibly so. Obviously the leader of the three, her

belly bulged forth so tremendously that the Hunter was sure she would topple

forward, her center of gravity completely off balance. The monstrous swell of

her waist was covered in tight, flawless flesh; stretched so taunt the pale skin

had a shine to it, and yet not one stretch mark or crease of her taunt, overly

tight skin. It was smooth and round and so utterly full that the poor girl

looked as if she would burst open from the pressure for she clearly held eight

or more young which was unheard of, except those under the worship of Lady

Trinity, the Lady of Fertility and Childbirth. Decorating the gargantuan globe

in a T-design was an archaic script of some sort, which also ran down a silken

smooth thigh. Once recovered from the immensity of her belly, the three men

could look upon the angelic beauty of the woman, her exotic almond shaped eyes,

dark and mysterious, her softly rounded face framed by hair as dark as the night

itself and full, succulent lips that broke into a soul melting smile. Her gown

of shimmering silver clung tightly to her massive and milk swollen breasts, so

much so that her plump areola were nearly visible. The garment was cut in a

fashion to allow her remarkable belly to be free though it was apparent that no

form of clothing could have possibly hid such a bundle of life. Though she was

not nearly as plump as Queen Talyveve, she was filled out in all the necessary

spots, muscled thighs which were hidden slightly by knee high boots and a

flowing gown, her breasts and of course that belly, which was so round that it

hid her sex from view. She gave the three males a nod and they, well the Hunter

bowed low, while Avareil and Shade only gave a nod. Shade looked at her

awkwardly for a moment then dismissed the thought for discussion at a later

time. The other two females, both twin blondes with sun-kissed skin, burning

green eyes, full ripe breasts and bellies which each looked to hold quintuplets

also bowed, their dress similar to the lead females' though it folded up just

below the under carriage of their massive gravidities. Avariel felt a sudden

ache beneath his kilt. King Jessup stood, sweeping his arm out in a welcoming

gesture. "Ah, Hunter, my old friend; greetings, and," looking at the two strange

and fearsome looking warriors, yet he spoke with calm and grace, "to your

guests, welcome to our kingdom. May I first introduce you to our esteemed guests

from the Embezarian tribes; Lady Lilith Summertree, and her Maidens in Waiting,

the Ladies Briana and Lisaria Moonedge. They seek refuge within our walls."

Liliths' lips curled up in an approving smile, the trap was set.

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The monstrous troll mage, Grimgnaw smiled as he waved away the power of the

scrying pool. Once the scene of Lilith and her sisters meeting face to face with

the Hunter the bowl was now filled with its crimson liquid, the blood of a

halfling, whose body still laid at the trolls' feet. With him were Sister

Alzr'aee, her hands draped over the behemoth sphere of her belly and Priestess

Gunray, her own magics hiding the true size of the three Gravidian witches

bellies; allowing them to pose as Embezarian priestesses themselves, the

archenemies of the Gravidian Covent. The troll turned towards the two females,

his huge head shrouded by the shadow of his cowl, only his long pointed nose and

chin, along with his thin lipped mouth, thick tusks jutting forth could be seen.

A wicked smile broadened on his face. "She does well Sister Alzr'aee; her story

was quite believable. Yet the arrival of the Wilders does trouble me." The

beautiful witch rubbed the bloated side of her belly, feeling the false warmth

of undead young jostling within, hungry for release. A grin grew on her full

lips, her silver blue eyes gleaming with pride. "It will be interesting to see

what my young protÃ©gÃ© will do with this opportunity. In one week's time, our

forces march on Tolmort; and Lilith and our twins shall unleash a brood of

undead within its very walls. Yet, in that time how will she cripple its forces

to make our victory that much more complete?" The question was as much to her

peers as it was to herself. Grimgnaw dipped a finger in the bowl of blood and

tasted the still warm liquid, savoring its salty sweetness. The drow crossed her

arms above her small but adequate breasts, her eyes closed in thought. A light

nudge from the troll brought her from her musings. Crimson orbs looked into the

depths of his cowl, her infrared sight allowing her to see the disfigured and

scared face of Grimgnaw and she understood why he hid it from others. "My Lady,

when shall you send your scouts?" My drow will be ready by morning," she said

walking towards the Gravidian, the one who would soon possess the title which

she already demanded to be addressed by, "but will Lilith allow them to their

part, or shall she take a greater initiative?" The gorgeous females locked eyes

for many moments as the powerful troll mage took a seat in a very plush chair of

cow hide. "She shall do her job and that is all, Priestess. The drow smiled and

turned towards the door, but before she left and without even offering the

Gravidian the courtesy of a glance she spoke. "See to it, or this little

experiment will fail, and the nail of failure shall strike through you first."

The door shut quietly but Sister Alzr'aee was fuming with anger. She knew not to

look at the troll for he was more than likely smiling at the foolish bravado

displayed by the females; something usually more akin to males. Floating there

in silence for a few moments the witch slowly, angrily levitated out of the

chamber, leaving Grimgnaw to his fit of laughter. Sister Alzr'aee felt better

hours later when she forced the birth of three spirits in an elven slave, the

poor girls belly hugely, frightfully in diameter, groaned with painful pressure

before exploding in a bloody pop, the winter wights then submerging into the

Gravidians womb, adding to her undead brood. She fell asleep peacefully as her

belly swelled with the additions.

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Shalimar had nearly punched Sebron when he told her they would have to wait till

morning to depart for Castle Tolmort. He knew she was angry and frustrated but

he wanted to wait for the others and he knew it would take them till morning to

reach the three towers. Shalimar left him, deciding to spend her night in the

fresh air of Sehandir, the walls of the Light Mage towers had become too cramped

for and wisely, Sebron let her go. Latissa arrived a little while later, her

attire far less casual than it had been when they had last seen one another;

fine mithiril chain mess which tightly covered her breasts, stomach and legs,

though her back and wings were left open for maneuverability and flight. She

wore thigh high boots of soft leather and her twin obsidian blades were sheathed

at her hips. She had been Sebrons' guardian since he was young and she knew when

he was upset. "Let me guess, Shalimar?" He gave her a nod and slumped on his

bed, his muscles flexing fore her was nude from the waist up. His light blue

eyes caught hers and he chuckled as she gave him a reassuring smile. "She lives

with the Wilders, a group not known for their patience remember." "But she

trains with the Enchantress." "Yes, but she is only one woman, amongst hundreds

if not thousands of Wilders, including Mane, and that annoying Avareil." Sebron

cocked an eyebrow. She had not mentioned the burly, winged warrior since they

had left Emberza, yet he was one of the first names she brought. "Catch your eye

did he? Or is it a more prideful memory of Avareil?" Latissas' eyes narrowed.

"Get packed Staffless." Sebron could not help but laugh.

Elsewhere, on the branch formed streets of Sehandir, the sun was beginning to

set and more than one elf stood looking east to watch the marvelous globe

descend while the twin moons rose. It was there, watching the setting sun

Shalimar came across Sareena once again. The thief stood alone, leaning next to

a thick trunk, so thick someone had made a weapons store out of it, patrons

coming in and out as Shalimar walked up next to the gorgeous elf. Sareena

brushed a strand of lavender hair from her face and looked at the half-elf, a

smug grin growing on her volumous lips. "So, our heroine returns. You're not

wanting another go with ol' Sareena are ya?" Shalimar turned and looked over the

female and realized just how attractive she was; with deceptively big full

breasts held tightly in a leather body suit, her waist slender with shapely hips

and thighs, and light knee high boots. Unlike before, she wore a slender rapier

at her hip. With an outstretched hand Sareena formally introduced herself.

"Sareena the Rogue of Willowdale, at your service, and you are?" This time

Shalimar decided not to be so rude. "Shalimar Magik, it is a pleasure." The two

shook hands firmly, the warrior way, at the forearms and then Sareena through

the half-elf for a loop. "Would ya like to share a drink with a thief? I know I

want one and it looks like you could use one." Shalimar gave the other a long

look, and then agreed; though she was unaccustomed to drinking with a thief. The

two walked away, traveling down to the base of one huge tree on which the city

was built, Sareena doing most of the talking as they traveled while Shalimar

reveled in the sights and sounds of the elven city. After awhile, Shalimar found

herself in one of the seedier sections of Sehandir, if such a place existed in

the miraculous capitol. There was tavern, cut into the root of one of the

immense trees, a carving of a lion being defeated by a great griffon had been

done over the door and below it the name Griffons Keep was etched into the wood.

It was unlike any place Shalimar could have imagined. The tavern was dimly lit,

candles softly burning in the corners but upon closer inspection Shalimar could

tell they were magical flames, emanating no heat whatsoever, just a dim,

purplish light that gave the whole room a sensuous, romantic feel. The main bar

of the establishment was twisted in a half moon along the circular wall, while

across it was a stage, on which two elven musicians; females, played a sultry

tune on the lire, causing Shalimar to give her companion a long, questioning

look. Sareena just cocked a smile and strolled in. Accompanying the music was an

eloquent female dancer, a snow elf by the radiant pale blue of her skin. She was

uniquely shaped, with small yet nice sized breasts held aloft in a bikini like

top, her belly had just a paunch to it though her waist was slim but her hips

were wide and womanly giving her a large round and abundant backside which

rolled and bucked as she moved, her thick thighs flexing with her every graceful

and sexual motion. The lovely half-elf could not help but stare for a moment for

she had never seen anyone move in such a way but a firm but gentle tug on her

arm got her moving towards the bar. As Shalimar continued through the unique

place she began to notice that there were hardly any males within, save for the

two huge and very out of place minotuars, placed at either side of the bar. When

she passed by them she immediately realized that they were not living creatures

but gollums, much like Threehorn used to be. That meant not one male was present

and as she glanced over the crowd it became quite clear that is exactly how

these females wanted it. The bar keep, a beautiful high elf with high cheek

bones, radiant golden eyes, long silver hair speckled in gold and bronze smiled

as the two approached. She wore a silk blouse shirt that was unbuttoned nearly

to her naval and revealed a generous amount of her large, healthy breasts, the

creamy flesh glistened in the magical light. The shirt was fastened at the waist

with a belt and hung lightly about her slender hips which were caressed in tight

leather breeches. As if expecting them she had two glasses pulled and filled

with a florescent green colored liquor, though upon noticing the great bulge of

Shalimars' belly she started to pull one of the glasses back. Sareena raised her

hand the bar keep kept the glass where it was. "Well met Thari." The elfs' voice

was smooth an graceful, unfitting for a bar keep. "As well Sareena; who is your

young friend?" Shalimar stepped up, reaching out a hand and Thari, who had to

lean over the bar because Shalimar could only get so close, returned the

gesture. Shalimar grasped the elf in the warrior's fashion, which seemed to

catch Thari a bit by surprise. "Shalimar. Well met." Thari grinned and pushed

the glass closer, making it easier for Shalimar reach. "Your same spot tonight?"

Sareena smiled and took up her glass and the bottle which Thari casually handed

her and then motioned for her new young friend to follow. Shalimar, her staff in

one hand and her glass in the other was still rather cautious for only a night

before the two women had fought and neither had come out on top. They moved

towards a back section of the tavern, obviously a private booth which Sareena

frequented. Only a drapery hid the occupants but Shalimar noticed two other

booths similar to this placed on the opposite side of the room. Inside was a

large, semi-circular couch, heavily pillowed and small round table with a

magically lit candle, illuminating the small booth a bit more since the space

was much more confined. Sareenas' silver colored eyes sparkled in the booth as

she gave Shalimar a quick once over and then downed her glowing drink. Shalimar

was not so daring and sipped the liquid. It was delicious, a mix of cinnamon and

herbs with a spicy mixture to it. The liquid warmed her body as it coursed

through her veins, loosing up her muscles and she began to feel a tingle within

her sex, a tickle that made her squirm a bit. Sareena chuckled as she poured

herself another drink, casually loosening the ties of her leather, and the

holster to her belt, placing the rapier away from her but still within easy

reach if needed. Shalimar did the same with her staff, though it unnoticingily

rolled a bit closer. It took a little while for Shalimar to finish her first

glass but by the time she did so, her head was buzzing and her body ached to be

touched, her sex no longer tickled but was on fire and she could not help but

look hungrily at Sareena who became more delicious looking by the moment.

Sareena, who had drained half the bottle herself was feeling the full effects of

the aphrodisiac, but she was more adapted to it than her new friend. "It's

called Ecstasy love. You like it?" Shalimar could only nod as she took a deep

draw from her second glass. She jumped a bit when she felt Sareenas' hand gently

slide up her inner thigh, squeezing her flesh which was a wave of senses, all

pleasurable. "I figured," as the thief's' face drew dangerously close to the

intoxicated Shalimar, "we never got to finish our little tussle...out on the

streets," and instinctively Shalimars' hand moved towards her staff even though

her mind was a blur of lustful raging hunger, unknowing fear and confusion but

Sareena gripped her hand just as quickly, her hands interlocking with the

half-elfs', their fingers entwining tightly, "I thought ...we could finish...it

here," her breath was hot and sweet on Shalimars' lips and the temptation was

becoming uncontrollable, the young woman feeling lost in a tidal wave of desire,

unlike anything she had ever felt before, "with a...bit more...pleasing

outcome." Their lips met in an explosion of passion and hunger, Shalimar

squeezing Sareenas' hand tightly, cutting off circulation in both, while her

free hand cupped the others buttocks tightly, pressing her firmly into her body,

Shalimars' bulging belly pushing up into Sareenas' flat stomach. The elven thief

rubbed and caressed Shalimars rounded waist, feeling the taunt ripeness of her

burgeoning sphere and the wealth of power contained inside. She yelped from the

suddenness of it but she could not relinquish her kiss, she would not for this

was something that they both needed now, thanks to her delicious green drink.

The taller elf began to grind her hips into the young half-elfs, pushing the

fabric of her breeches against Shalimars' overly sensitive sex, causing the

young female to moan, even as their tongues wrestled about in their continual

kiss. This was unlike anything Shalimar had ever felt, had ever known, raw

primal lust that was unyielding unless fed and she was going to feed it its'

hearts content. Even as Sareena sunk between Shalimars' thighs, behind the great

mound of her gravid swell, neither noticed as her star tattoo pulsed with

energy. What happened was a drunken blur of passion and lust, carnal pleasure

that took Shalimar to the depths of animalistic lust. She was lost in her

passions, her caution defeated by Ecstasy, orgasm after mindless orgasm ripping

through her luscious form. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced and

it terrified her, even as Sareena tongued her sex to one of many erotic

explosions of immeasurable desire. They were covered in sweat as they released

to the beasts within; the primal urges that all fought to control daily were now

let loose and the indulged, reveled in it, to a point where it almost seemed

perverse to do so.

CHAPTER FOUR

A JOURNEY BEGINS

Shalimar had no idea what time it was when she emerged from the booth, but most

of the patrons were gone, though a few were still tussled about in one of the

other booths. No noise came from the area and Shalimar realized all the private

spots had been enchanted with spells of silence, much like Sebrons' room had

been. The place was rather clean, though she could smell the many different

scents of sex within the air and suddenly she felt nauseous. On wobbly legs

Shalimar stumbled towards the door, using her staff as her only means of

balance, she noticed Thari behind the bar; through the buzzing and fogginess

within her head, cleaning off a mountain of glasses and yielding the young

half-elf a humored smirk. She could hardly see the throbbing pain her head was

blinding. Just as she reached the exit her stomach lurched and churned and with

great speed Shalimar rushed into the fresh night air of Sehandir. Hungrily she

gulped it down but her stomach refused to be ignored and clutching her distended

belly with one hand, the other used to balance herself against the monstrous

root that housed Griffons Keep, her mystical staff falling to the ground,

Shalimar vomited all that she had drank hours before. Glowing green liquid

spewed from her mouth as her body, a creature of nature, purged the Ecstasy from

its' system. She coughed up the last bit of the liquor, her abdomen sore from

the force in which she ejected the poison but immediately Shalimar felt better.

Everything grew clearer, more focused and wiping clean the last droplets of

vomit and carefully composing herself she made her way back to the Towers of the

Light Magi. The sun was just breaking over the horizon as Shalimar knocked on

Sebrons' door, this time making sure to do so before she entered. Her head still

rang a bit and the earth was still unsteady but the young druid was much better

than she had been half an hour before. When no one answered she knocked again.

Suddenly she heard him, as loudly as if he were yelling at her face to face.

"Where have you been?" The sudden intrusion into her thoughts was not helping

her budding headache. Gently she rubbed her temple, and quietly answered her

unhappy host. "I was out, cooling off as you put it." She could almost feel him

glaring at her through the door. "Can we please have this conversation inside? I

feel foolish standing out here." There was a snort in Shalimars' head and it was

obvious Sebron wanted it this way. "A bit too much drink last night? And with

Sareena, the Rouge of Willowdale, the most notorious leader of the three thieves

guilds of this city; she could have killed you!" How could he have known,

Shalimar though but suddenly remembered how he knew she had seen his tryst with

Chero'ky. Damn Andromedas' gift! "Yet she did not." "I know." Shalimars' eyes

widened. "How much do you know...Sebron?" There was silence for a moment, a very

long moment. "Let us just say...we both have secrets." With that she heard the

door release. Solemnly she pushed it open and immediately she locked eyes with

Sebron, who was reclining on a chair near a small table of books. He was not

smiling but it was obvious no one knew of their conversation, save maybe the

berserker who held a wry smile. Opposite him sat Latissa, her long black wings

folded back around another chair. Voices from the balcony caught Shalimars'

attention as two young males emerged from the outer room. The first, the taller

and more rugged of the two was clearly a ranger; a beautiful crafted composite

bow of mithiril was slung over one shoulder, a full quiver of golden leafed

arrows over the other. The ivory hilts of twin elven half blades arose from

behind his back. His hair was long and thick, black with traces of green, almost

like streams of emerald running through it. A very attractive half-elf with a

slender face and angular features that it was hard to tell he was half but his

size, a good few inches taller than Sebron, with broad and strong shoulders

hidden within deep brown and black leather, leaf patterns blending into the

material almost naturally. His skin was dark, a rich brown, tinged in forest yet

his eyes contrasted his entire body, bright brown with tinges of grey, clearly

part wild elf. They were stern and well traveled eyes but his smile showed the

love of life this ranger had. The other was smaller, thinner and very elven;

almost feminine in his looked he was so beautiful. His hair was pitch but his

eyes were golden and glinted with joy. With a warmth of a smile he was clearly a

holy creature, his faith overwhelming and it made Shalimar crack a bit of a

smile. Adorned in robes of white and blue, it was quite apparent that he was

clergy, a member of the clerical sect of the Light Magi. Shalimar noticed his

eyes widen as he looked over, lingering a longer than she hoped at her distended

belly. Wielding a long staff the elf looked odd for it made him seem older than

he was, at least to Shalimar. He spoke first, his voice as soft and serene as

his face. "Ah, at last, we meet our guest. I am Arym Moondancer. My companion is

Tyr A' Salvator. It is an honor Lady Shalimar." They both bowed even as Shalimar

waved them not to, for she was becoming quite tired of the formalities of city

elves, but she conceded to their politeness, offering them both a bow in return.

Modestly she pulled her cloak about her a bit more, covering her bountiful

breasts and as much of gravid waist as possible. Tyr smirked but she did not

notice, looking up only when talked, a graveled sound that seemed fitting for

the woods. "So, all we wait for is Catasph?" As if waiting for his queue, the

door burst open and slender drow slid into the room. Shalimar giggled as the elf

immediately closed the door behind and ducked down as if someone could see

through it. Sebron stood up, pulling his cloak over leather armor and adjusting

Lightbringer in its sheath. The drow remained crouched, seeming to wait for one

of them to question his reasoning. With a resound sigh, the half elven mage

obliged his friend. "Catasph, why are you hiding?" The drow turned, a

mischievous smile broadening on his ebony face, a glint of laughter in his

yellow eyes. A midnight blue cloak hid most of his body from view. "Well old

friend, remember that young lass I met two nights hence," and Sebrons' eyes

narrowed as he nodded his head, "well it seems her father is Chancellor

Highblade, and he was completely unaware that his daughter was no longer an

untouched flower. His guards have been following me for the last day since he

was so unfortunate...or quite fortunate to stumble upon the three of us."

Shalimars' sapphire orbs widened, as Sebron looked at Catasph, the confusion

apparent on his face. Latissa just crossed her arms, quite familiar with the

drows' sexual exploits around Sehandir. Standing up to his full five foot five

height he swaggered over towards Shalimar and leaned on her as if he had known

her for years. "Oh, did I not mention her sister?" Sebron just looked at him,

partly amazed and mostly annoyed. Then he looked to Shalimar who stood there,

unsure of what to make of the haughty drow until he turned to look at her.

"Hello. Catasph Hopping Leaf, a pleasure I am sure."

The company of five; now horsed, all but Shalimar who joined Sebron upon the

broad back of Shadowdancer, and Latissa who had no need for horses, moved

towards a mystical gateway formed by the three Tearingtree sorcerers that would

place them on the outskirts of the Emberza Wood. A gorgeous snow owl swooped in

low and landed casually upon Shalimars' shoulder as the group stepped through

the portal. Shalimar hardly noticed the journey as they cleared the gate and the

energy dispersed. Neverwinter launched from his perch and began to soar in the

slightly chilled air. Fall was approaching. Shalimar drew a deep breath and

smiled, the freedom of the forest soothing her completely. A neigh off to the

side caught her attention and she was thrilled as Angelsfire galloped forward,

followed closely by two great dire wolves. Tyr started to draw his bow and

Catasph reached into the folds of his cloak but both stopped as Shalimar leapt

off Shadowdancer and ran towards her steed and friend. They had all seen

wondrous sights before but a golden unicorn traveling with what appeared to be

dire wolves was simply unheard of. "Quite agile for...her size", the dark elf

wizard said, a bit louder than he meant for Sebron noticed Shalimar flinch just

a bit as she caressed the soft golden mane of the unicorn. The dire wolves both

sat at attention, waiting for the half-elfs' command. With grace and ease, even

with her big belly which she intentionally thrust out towards Catasph who

suddenly realized she had heard him, she mounted Angelsfire. "Garou, Lobo, take

us to the Enchantress." The two wolves stood and obediently looped into the

forest, followed by Shalimar and the Light Magi, Latissa keeping a close eye on

them from above, as she took note of two huge eagles, rocs as they were known,

kept their eyes on her.

It took only a couple of hours to reach the glade, the Enchantress mystically

speeding their way for she was quite excited to see her young friend and

exceptional lover, Sebron the Staffless. She stood just inside the entry of her

cottage, caressing her newly acquired belly which bulged triumphantly from her

slender, curvy figure. In the time Shalimar was gone the Enchantress had been

visited by one of the Wilder chiefs', Braum of the Ghost Bear tribe. His mate

was sterile due to a battle with another tribe but they wished for young and the

Enchantress lovingly agreed to be a surrogate mother once again. She was now

heavily pregnant with sextuplets; six very big boys grew within her womb.

Knowingly she had told Shalimar to bring whoever Sehandir sent to see her first,

the Enchantress had mystically progressed her pregnancy and was now five months

along, yet by the size of her greatly sloping sphere she looked ready to burst,

and fully in her ninth month if she were pregnant with one babe. She purred as

Lobo and Garou broke the forest line, which caught the attention of her two

companions, Krahn and his younger brother Cyro. A huge feline wilder, like his

brother; yet unlike his brother Cyro took after the lion, which made him much

larger, physically than Krahn. He stood nearly eight feet, with muscles rippling

over his golden bronze furred body. A lion mane of stark whit hair framed his

catlike features, spiking out wildly at the top and then cascading down his

muscled back giving him what seemed a second tail. He wore no shirt revealing a

thick, broad chest with a tuft of fur tracing down his sleek abdomen, only a

kilt similar to Avareils' but formed of lions' fur and longer, hiding his pawed

feet and silt up either side to mid-thigh, allowing him full and complete

mobility. He crossed his trunk like arms over his chest, his voice deep and

feral as he looked at brother even as Angelsfire and Shalimar broke through the

brush. "Are you sure of this?" The Panther smiled at the sight of the half-elven

beauty, her big belly bulging as she sat bareback on the golden unicorn. He knew

Cyro had not yet met, nor seen Shalimar of Sky Home and was amused as he

imagined his little brothers reaction. The Enchantress noticed the sly grin and

giggled herself, just as the massive black head of Shadowdancer came into view.

"Cyro, it was our fathers' request, not just mine. We begin the trials tonight

and, when the time comes, we complete them. Mane wishes her to join the wilds

and as bearer of the Circlent Ring, she must become one of us. Now be nice and

say hello." Cyro turned just as Catasph Hopping Leaf was trotting his horse free

from the tree line and Latissa was landing. His eyes darted about the group,

stopping on Sebron for a long moment, feeling and recognizing the arcane power

within him, as well as a great amount of spiritual strength. Then his gaze fell

upon Shalimar and his eyes widened. She, like Sebron was powerful, but her

energy was nearly all spiritual, which was the way of creatures of nature. He

was awestruck by her beauty and even more so when she turned, allowing him full

view of her fecundity; the slope of her belly giving her the appearance of one

six months, possibly with twins and yet she carried herself with the grace and

ease of one who was no more pregnant than he. She looked up at him, catching the

lost, almost dazed look in his feline eyes and immediately drew up her cloak,

hiding as much of her belly as possible. Neither noticed the marveled looks the

Cyro and Krahn were receiving from the three Light Magi. Even Tyr, who was

nearing one hundred and fifteen years of age had never left the woods

surrounding Sehandir and had never had the privilege to truly meet a Wilder, let

alone two true Wilders. Not only that, but between the two massive creatures was

a naked vision of womanhood, a female of such beauty that they found it hard to

breath and for a moment, even Aryms' faith was tested. She stood nearly five

foot seven, with skin touched and caressed by the sun by was vibrant and rich

and as soft as the pedal of a flower. Long silken black hair cascaded down her

sleek back to her round naked buttocks. Her eyes were dark, soulful and rich,

with a slender nose and full lips that seemed to exude pleasure. Resting upon

her chest, heavily so, were the largest breasts any of them had ever laid their

eyes upon. Full round orbs of flesh, swollen to near bursting with rich milk, a

wealth of cleavage spread between them and topped but deep brown areola tipped

with stiff, thick nipples. Holding her up where a pair of long, sleek legs,

smooth and toned, leading up to wide, sensuous and inviting hips that seemed

created to bear offspring and they were currently hard at work for the woman was

pregnant, hugely so; her belly protruding forth like a mountain of taunt, tight

flesh, filled to bursting with life and yet there was a fertile nature, a serene

splendor and sexuality to it that made this woman a goddess among women. Though

her gravid dome hid her sex, the sweet musk of it filled the air. They were all

dumbstruck, all but Sebron. Though when he had last left her she had just given

birth, he knew who she was, at least a little bit to who she was for Master

Boldar spoke of her quite often and he knew there was a flood history between

them. Their eyes met and a devilish sparkle when over the Enchantress' eyes as

Sebron dismounted and confidently strode up to the hugely pregnant immortal,

gently taking her into his arms; one hand caressing the small of her shapely

back the other around the full swell of her pregnancy. There was a cleverness

and want in her eyes as the two stared at one another for many, many moments

before embracing in a long, deep and loving hug. Though they had been apart for

only two weeks, the bond they shared made it feel like an eternity. "I have

missed you Milady." Her smiled beamed with joy as she gave him another gentle

squeeze, her massive belly pressing into him. "And I you Master Sebron," pushing

away slightly to allow herself a full view of the young and handsome half-elf,

as she whispered so only Sebron could hear, "all of you." She gave him a sly

wink and he smiled even greater, hugging her once again. After the two

reacquainted themselves, the Enchantress introduced herself to the three

enthralled young men and to the brothers, though Cyro was not much for

politeness, Krahn offered each a strong hand shake, and graced both Shalimar and

Sebron with a bow. Sebron introduced them to his companions, "and this is

Brother Arym Moondancer. We have come per your request Enchantress and I hope

our presence can assist in these matters." Catasph, always the most outspoken of

Sebrons' friends stepped forward, bowing deeply to the lovely druid. "Milady

Enchantress, though young Staffless is more than hopeful, I must admit, many of

the council do not feel that the Khur are that much of a threat. Their abilities

to see such dangers have not given them any insight to the Khur though they do

express concern over the alliance of drow and goblin. That is the true problem

we have come to investigate." The Enchantress gave Sebron a long, questioning

look but his reluctance to look her in the eye told her truth to the drows'

words. Absently she stroked the fecund mass of her pregnant waist, finding the

gentle strokes relaxing and when she looked up she found herself looking into

the deep sapphire pools of Shalimar. The subtle glance seemed to revive the

ancient beauty and her smile once again grew upon her enchanting face. "Then

investigate what you must, and in doing so may you find truth to all the dangers

that seem to trouble this land. Now, tonight you stay here. The Hunter will have

a portal prepared by morning and he will bring you to Castle Tolmort to meet

with King Jessup. The concern the Light Magi show for the conspiring between

dark elf and goblin may cause him to increase his defenses before something

greater befalls his kingdom. Till then, I wish you to dine with me and relax.

Enjoy the splendors of my glade but I ask you not to travel beyond that for the

Wilders do not yet know you as ally and have been known to rid themselves of

strangers...before asking if they are friend or foe." It was a direct and

blatant warning that the three, including Sebron, took to heart. Latissa stood

silent, looking about the wood and began to notice the many different sets of

eyes glowing in the shadows surrounding the Enchantress glade. She had not

noticed them before and when she blinked they were gone, every last one. It

brought a smile to her face to know that she still had much to learn as a

warrior. The others, at the Enchantresses biding began to move into the cottage

and Shalimar could hear the gasps of surprise as they entered but when she

approached the door Krahn stepped before her, blocking her path. She looked up

at him, worry and a bit of annoyance flashing in her luminescent eyes, the pools

bleeding together for she was in no mood to be toyed with. "Krahn, please move."

He shook his head as Cyro stepped up behind the gorgeous female, even as the

door shut behind the Panther. "Krahn?" "I must apologize Mistress Shalimar, but

tonight you will not dine with the others." Anger and confusion began to well up

in the youthful young woman but she kept her calm for something in the ebon

furred Wilders' eyes told her what was about to happen was very, very important.

"Tonight you stay with our family for tonight Shalimar of Sky Home you begin the

journey of the Circlent." All the air she had left her lungs at that point, even

as she heard the deep dwarven chuckle erupt in her head, the spirit within the

ring overjoyed by the announcement. The huge pawed hand of Cyro fell upon

Shalimars' shoulder and she was grateful for he seemed to steady her suddenly

weak legs. Behind them one of the dire wolves had changed into a more hospitable

form; that of a slender elf adorned in a wolf pelt. He carefully and quietly

ushered the horses to a place they could feed and rest. "My brother Krahn and I,

at the wish of our father...Lord Mane, are to take you to begin your path

towards becoming a one of us, a Wilder. It is an honor none have ever been

granted, not even the Enchantress. Yet, you selflessly acted to protect my

father, his son and his people without worry to your well being. That...that was

unlike anything anyone has ever done for any of our kind. For that, Mistress

Shalimar, I thank you but the journey is long and it may slip into that part of

your mind that forgets. Do not forget, for we will come for you and we shall

finish what is begun tonight." With that he gently yet firmly began to pull her

backward as Krahn calmly opened her palm as her beloved staff fell to the earth.

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Sebron turned as the door shut behind him, his hand squeezing the Enchantress'

when he realized that Shalimar was no longer with them. Her deep eyes, so full

of color they looked almost black, smiled warmly and reassuringly. "She will be

fine Sebron. There are some things that she will have to do alone in the future,

many things we will never understand...as you may have to someday. When those

times we must trust one another and believe that they will be okay. Tonight the

Wilders request her presence, so this means you will have to aid her tomorrow

for she will be very tired and extremely weak." His eyes narrowed as his brow

furrowed in concern. "What is she doing Enchantress?" There was a long pause and

deep sigh, even as the two walked into the main foyer, Catasph immediately

rushing over to an armoire with a glass covered face, allowing the many items

within to be viewed but never touched. Arym was enthralled by a particular

painting, one that showed the Enchantress standing between to young men; the

first a cleric, one face he remembered but whose name was forbidden to speak,

and the other a wizard whom looked strikingly like a much, much younger Master

Boldar. At their side was a surely dwarf that reminded the elf of Master

Silverbeard and opposite them was an older elf, one whom Arym recognized

immediately as Lord Tearingtree, the great, great grandfather of the triplets

Tearingtree. The young cleric gasped when he realized that they all stood before

the Light Mage towers, though at the time this painting was done there stood

only one. How old was this marvelous female he thought? Tyr on the other hand

just looked about the cottage, awestruck at how nature had manipulated itself to

create such a wondrous home for a druid who was greater than his Master

Silverbeard, one of the first members of the Light Magi. The Enchantress offered

Sebron a caring and humble kiss on the cheek, gently rubbing the smooth skin of

his chin and Sebron closed his eyes at the warmth of her touch but he stubbornly

reiterated his question. "Enchantress, please, what is she doing?" "Something

neither you nor I can help her with." He looked at her deeply and then his eyes

widened, fear and respect seen clearly within them. "She goes to join with

them!" He spoke louder than he meant too because his drow companion, still

trying to find a way into the opened case, turned and blurted out an obviously

absurd question. "How can she join with anyone...she is already pregnant?"

Sebron almost leapt upon his friend but he calmed himself, remembering he had

not had the opportunity to inform his companions of Shalimars particular

condition. The Enchantress, regal and polite as always answered the question,

though she too felt a bit of a sting from the dark elfs' words. "Shalimar does

not go to become a mother; she goes to become a Wilder, something that only

Master Tyr could understand at best. As for her being pregnant," and the

Enchantress thought long and hard about how to answer that particular subject,

"that is something that you should ask Shalimar personally. Though I offer a bit

of advice Master Catasph; looks can and often are deceiving. Now, lunch is ready

and I know you are all hungry after your travel. Tonight, Master Sebron and I

have and event that we must attend; but," clapping her hands as two doors opened

wide and a marvelous room designed to house numerous guest for banquets and

other gatherings such as this was revealed to them and two gorgeous females, one

with lustrous red flowing hair and the other with hair as pitch as coal stood

placing the last remnants a feast that was meant for kings upon a long oaken

table obviously formed from the roots of the very tree the cottage sat against.

Both females wore lithe, translucent gowns that seemed to flow in a breeze that

was not there. Now all of them, Sebron included were shocked for these females

were Embezarian; mystical females whose bodies, at puberty, change filling out

to beautiful and voluptuous forms, their breast and bellies the parts most

altered by the magical coming of age for at puberty an Embezarian will appear to

be hugely pregnant with child, their bellies only increasing in size as they

grow older. The oldest of their ilk was the Queen Crysteena the Canyon, Queen of

Dragon Horde Keep and wife to Lord Khlendros, the Platinum Wyrm. The red haired

beauty, with icy blue eyes and fully formed lips, breasts big and round like

melons, creamy vanilla skin and a belly which jutted out so far she looked

pregnant with triplets if not more and ready to burst at any moment was the

bigger of the two. She offered them a smile and slight bow. "I am Sasha. My

sister is Aubrey. The Enchantress asked us to keep you company this evening."

Her smile was warm, sensuous and blatant, as Catasph coughed trying to hide his

smile. Aubrey was not as sensuously attractive as her sister but she was cute,

with bright brown eyes, a long slender nose, gently tanned skin, heavy fulsome

breasts topped with rigged nipples that pushed against the fabric of her robe

and a belly that made her look ready to deliver a very large baby. She softly

caressed the gravid orb; waddling, sauntering up them and standing before Tyr

who was speechless. With satin like hands Aubrey took the half-wild elfs' hand.

"Please, come and eat. We do not want you traveling on empty stomachs." As the

two moved forward, followed by Arym and Catasph, the Enchantress pulled Sebron

in close, close enough for him to hear her words and only him, "Do not eat too

much my young master; I do not want you falling asleep before I can enjoy you."

Then with a playful tug, she pulled the excited half-elf into the dining room.

Shalimar followed the two brothers through forest, into an area she had never

been before, though her time so far in the Emberza Wood had been brief, only a

month. Most of that time she had spent in the areas near the Enchantress' glade,

studying the flora about it and meeting with some of the more approachable

Wilders, though Lobo and Garou had been placed as her personal guardians

whenever she delved deeper into the Wilder lands. This area of the forest was

denser, darker and she could faintly see some of the great Wilders moving about,

catching sight of a great wolf traveling over a hill, his pack following closely

behind. At one point Shalimar stopped dead in her tracks as a monstrous

creature, unlike anything she had ever seen emerged before her, covered in thick

blackish gray skin, looking almost like armor, with tree trunk sized legs and a

massive horn longer than Cyro was tall. The huge beast snorted once at her

presence, sniffing her scent and then trudged onward, crushing the brush and

foliage in its path. Wide eyed Shalimar looked to the brothers, Cyro staring off

angrily at creature while Krahn smiled, gently taking the young females' hand

and urging her onward. After what seemed like hours, Shalimars stomach turning

and growling in hunger, they reached their destination. It was a beautiful

waterfall with lush trees and bushes surrounding the area, vines as thick as a

humans' leg or as thin as a strand of hair cascading down around the ever

flowing water that massed in a beautiful pond. Two things struck Shalimar as odd

as she looked upon the splendid sight; the first was that the water seemed to

empty endlessly into the pool without any escape and no sign of overflow, the

second was the water was golden and steaming as if it were boiling beneath the

surface. They stood at the edge of the pool for many moments, the brothers

allowing Shalimar to gaze about the naturalistic splendor before beginning her

journey. "This is Destiny's Falls. Your journey begins here." Shalimar felt the

movement before she saw it as Mya emerged, her belly somehow larger than it was

a mere two weeks ago, bulging heavily with her litter. Beside her were tow more

figures; the first a seven foot tall wolf, or man, Shalimar was unsure for the

creatures face and head was that of a wolf, old and strong with a long silver

grey beard braided and hanging from his maw, and a black leather patch wrapped

over one eye though his body was big and burly, larger than Cyros' though less

defined in muscle. His lower waist was draped in a type of shamans' wrap, runes

written about the garment and he held a large crocked and twisted staff with

feathers and bones strewn about its tip. His fur was white, peppered in black

and grey and a long ponytail hung over his shoulders. The other was a female,

beautiful in such a way Shalimar could not describe. She was completely naked

save for a burning red feathered cloak that seemed attached to her arms and hung

down over her curvaceous behind. Long tendrils of fiery hair snaked down her

back and her eyes seemed to burn with the same intensity. She was lithe and

slender, her breasts not exceptionally large, rather small compared to Mya or

Shalimar but still very womanly, a flat trim stomach, with a slim waist and

smooth, sensuous hips that were more athletic in appearance, long sleek and

muscled legs and dainty, delicate feet. The three emerged behind the brothers

and Shalimar, the two strangers bowing to the Panther and Cyro and then to

Shalimars' astonishment, bowed to her. Mya smiled and looked as if she wanted to

give the half-elf a hug but Krahn shook his head before she could move forward.

"Welcome Greybeard, my uncle. Welcome Reign the Rising Phoenix, my aunt. Welcome

Mya, my Princess and mate. Are you ready?" The three nodded and Shalimar watched

as Greybeard and Reign strode passed her and into the pool. The brothers

silently followed them as Mya stepped up to Shalimar and with a serene smile she

slowly pulled Shalimars' leather top over her swollen breast which flopped

heavily upon her naked belly and then removed the piece completely. A shiver of

cold and sudden embarrassment washed over Shalimar but she could not bring

herself to cover up. Mya took a deep breath and then squatted down before the

young female, her massive belly bulging with pressure and tightness but the

Wilder ignored the mild discomfort and continued with her task, stripping

Shalimar until she was completely nude. With a huff she rose to her feet, the

soft fur of her belly tickling the bare flesh of Shalimars' own tight swelling

belly and the two locked eyes. Something passed between them; reassurance,

friendship, companionship, Shalimar was unsure but she felt stronger and more

confident, though she had no idea what was about to happen. Turning slowly she

stepped into the water. As she thought, the pool was warm, much hotter than she

expected and it seemed to sooth her muscles which still ached from the night

with Sareena but all of that left her as she entered the water. Only then did

Shalimar realize how small she was for she broke the pools surface at chest

level while the others were clear up to their waists or mid sections. The four

watched and waited patiently as Shalimar waded between them. Shalimar could feel

the power between the four, it buzzed over her flesh and it caused her to shiver

slightly but she stood and waited. As one the four began to chant, old and

ancient words that seemed faintly familiar to Shalimar but she could not

understand their meaning. As they chanted she stood their, quietly, patiently

and slightly scared and her stomach continued to churn. Suddenly she felt a

sharp pain in her belly, almost like a contraction and she gripped her

fecundity. Again it hit her and again and again and she began to realize that as

she hurt more the chanting crescendo increased. The pain was becoming

excruciating, her belly felt as if it were trying to split open, but it was not

growing or swelling, it just hurt and taking in a deep long breath Shalimar

straightened, standing as tall as she could against the pain, her vision

becoming blurry and her head spinning. She would not fail this test.

After the meal the Enchantress led all of them into a wondrous room with a few

chairs, a couch, a fire place and all the necessities of comfort and relaxation.

Arym quickly fell asleep before the great fire place, the warmth of the hearth

and his stomach full beyond measure he would be sleeping till morning. Sasha and

Catasph had made their way to the couch and began talking, each sharing stories

and thoughts, even some spells, though it was obvious there was an attraction

between the two, the lovely Embezarian softly stroking the drows hand, the

suggestion blatant and excepted. Tyr and Aubrey had gone off to explore a

different section of the glade; a beautiful pool just beyond the cottage. They

spent the remainder of the day and night there, talking beneath the stars and

simply enjoying one another's company, sharing only a single kiss through out

the evening. The Enchantress led Sebron back to her own room which resembled the

room the mage had seen long before when the two first met, though bigger and

lusher with forest life, the bed larger and more accepting to the Enchantress'

current condition. Even before the door shut Sebron had the Enchantress wrapped

up in his strong arms, his hands stroking and loving the great dome of her

pregnancy, her large milk-swollen breasts pressing up against his leather clad

body. A smile washes over Sebrons' handsome faÃ§ade as he drinks in the sweet

floral scent of the Enchantress. "Milady, you ask as if you have not seen me in

years when it as been a mere few weeks." She gave him an awkward look, her brow

furrowing playfully. "Well, it has been some time since I had a lover," her hand

softly stroking the growing bulge within his breeches, "as admirable as you."

"Ah. It could not have been so long ,"as he gently ran his hands over the full

slope of her massive belly, burgeoning forth with life. She cooed softly at his

touch, his fingers remembering all the spots that she found tender. "You look

beautiful Enchantress but I must ask, did you do this just for me?" With huff

she pushed off of him a bit but he was quicker, clasping her wrist gently but

firmly and pulling her back in close, her belly pressing against his sex as it

thickened, aching for her touch. "If you did Milady...then I must thank you

properly." There was strength within the young half-elf, a self assuredness that

caused the Enchantress to swoon slightly, her body growing flush with

anticipation. For the first time ever her voice was shaky in his presence.

"And...what does the young master have in mind?" "Do you merely wish to hear it

from my lips, or," looking over her marvelous, fertile beauty, "would you prefer

I show you?" She could hardly speak. This was not the young student who left her

only weeks before but a lover who seemed more attuned with his body, his

abilities and as she noticed the greenish glow of magic in his eyes, more

attuned with her as well. Her voice was hardly a whisper as she spoke. "Show

me." Their eyes met and he leaned in a kissed her, hungrily, savagely but with

such tenderness it was breathtaking. The ancient beauty seemed to melt into

Sebrons' arms. For a long moment the two stayed their, in the embrace of love

and friendship but passion was building and demanded satisfaction. Still kissing

Sebron and the Enchantress began to move towards her bed, Sebrons armor falling

in their wake until they finally stumbled upon the edge of the naturally formed

frame. The powerful, luscious druid eased herself down, her lips still

ravenously working and pressing against her young lovers. Cooley Sebron detached

form the passionate kiss and softly, slowly made his way down her fertile

splendor, just running his lips over the fine hairs of her flesh. She cooed as

he touched her with out touching her, teasing the most sensitive areas of her

body, paying heavenly attention to her massive gravid orb while his hands

absently stroked her exceptionally strong legs, running a shiver of pleasure

throughout her body. She cried out in wondrous pleasure. Her head whipping to

and fro, as Sebrons' fingers finally slid into her molten sex, her body arching

amazingly, making her belly seem thrice as large as it was. That night the two

made love many times, bringing eachother to the absolute heights of pleasure,

each orgasm greater and more powerful than the other. As the Enchantress ground

and bucked her ripe pregnant body upon the young half-elfs' sex, their bodies

drenched and glistening with sweat and passion she clawed his chest, drawing

deep lines of blood as he pushed her into a part of her mind that was all woman

and animal, pure raw sexual energy and she screamed out with erotic fury, the

waves of passion rippling over the magical essence of the forest, the two lovers

exploding in orgasmic bliss within one another. The Enchantress waited many,

many moments, her body quivering and spasming in the last residuals of their

climax; Sebron lying beneath her swollen form, his body shivering with joy and

exhaustion. After what seemed and eternity the powerful female slid from

Sebrons' drained sex and happily, contently curled up next to her exceptional

lover. He protectively wrapped her in his arms and softly stroked her swollen

sides. She wanted to speak but her words would not come forth, she was far too

tired to put up the effort. She was unsure how long they had slept before she

heard it, faintly but she heard it, the slight hiss from the corner. Immediately

she knew who it was and understood why he had come. With well practiced

movements, the Enchantress turned over and rubbed Sebron, his eyes opening

weakly but she could see the blue pools and smiled. "I know you are tired but

Shalimar awaits us. Mane has made an allowance that you and you alone may

witness what no other ever has. Do you understand the depths of this my young

Sebron?" Fully awake now and even a bit frightened Sebron nodded. After a few

moments the two were dressed and leaving the cottage, both smiling as they

passed Catasphs' room, the blissful cries of passion stirring their own hunger.

With a light squeeze of his hand, Sebron knew he would not be disappointed.

Unlike the Wilders, the Enchantress was in no condition to take the several hour

walk to Destiny's Falls. She placed a hand gently on one of the larger trees

near her glade and after a moment she smiled. Hand and hand the two stepped into

the tree and emerged on the edge of a wondrous waterfall, its golden waters

steaming as they cascaded from the cliff above. This place was lusher and

fertile in appearance and feeling than even the Enchantress' own glade. Mya

stood nearby and seemed unsurprised by their emergence. Sebron had never seen a

Wilder female, especially a true Wilder female and his eyes grew, even more so

seeing the taunt wealth of her belly, swollen massively before her fit yet

healthy figure. Gorgeous was all he could think but she offered him a warm smile

and he blinked, understanding that he had been staring the entire time. Only

then did her hear the chanting and he looked into the main body of the pool.

There he could see Krahn and Cyro, along with a creature that resembled a

werewolf; at least form his studies with the Light Magi, and a lovely red haired

female, all of whom surrounded Shalimar who stood bust level in the pool. Her

eyes shut as if she was in intense pain, sweat ran down her soft and beautiful

features, her hair was soaked and spider webbed her face. The four had their

hands raised above their heads and mystical energy crackled through out their

fingertips, as a ghostly image seemed to be forming above their heads but it was

fighting them, but as Sebron studied the image and the ritual, and Shalimar, he

could tell it was not fighting the for but fighting Shalimar and it seemed to be

winning. Instinctively he began to reach out but a sharp tip of a blade halted

his actions. Looking sidelong the bronze skinned female looked up at his, her

eyes as pitch as Manes', her long silver hair flowing as bountiful as the

waterfall itself and in her hand a gorgeous weapon that rivaled Lightbringers'

beauty, the blade forged of some blackish red material that Sebron could

identify as brimstone. She was beautiful and commanding but the young half-elf

knew as long as he did not try and interfere she would not commit to her cut.

Sebron realized how far out of his element he truly was for he never even had a

chance to reach for Lightbringer. "This she must do alone." She had whispered

the words but Sebron heard them as loudly as if she had yelled them in his head.

He relaxed and made no effort to help or hinder what was happening, even though

it pained his to hear the young female whom he had come to cherish as a friend

and respect as a warrior moan in agony as she fought against the unseen foe. A

slight ripple in the water altered him to the presence of another creature in

the water and with a suddenness that caused all bystanders, even Sebron to gasp,

Mane's huge serpentine head erupted from the waters surface and bit down on

Shalimars' neck.

Shalimar had been struggling against the pain in her belly, the power within her

had seemed to turn and fight against her, trying to rest control of her body.

The battle had rage for what seemed like days and she felt as if she were ready

to die, her body weakening beneath the power within her. She was on fire, inside

and out and she ached to cry out, to give up but she refused; that would not

happen , it could not happen. Images of animals raced through her head, people

and faces; past present and future and all of them seemed to be running from

something, someone and she forced her mind to push pass the pain, the fear, the

torment she felt and when she arrived at the source she cried out. Before her

two images of herself fought one another, one slim and sleek, the mystically

filled belly gone and she looked wonderful, like everything Shalimar had ever

wished yet she seemed angry, hateful; evil and the other was adorned in a pelt

of a great white tiger, her armor forged of all the animals skin, twin sheaths

sat upon her back with bone hilts emerging from them and she seemed peaceful,

happy with herself and she possessed Shalimars' belly, round and taunt, though a

bit smaller Shalimar knew that the power within was greater than what she felt

now. There was a sudden sting in her neck and she could feel the gush of blood

pure down her physical body but she could not worry about that now for that was

not her choice, this was. Then slithering between the combatants a huge eighty

foot long constrictor emerged his scales a black as night, tight muscles

propelling him forward. The serpent curled up before her and as it opened its

mouth a handsome face formed as the body contorted and changed. The face was

that of a halfling, slender and wise, yet youthful and full of life, his ebon

face framed by the constrictors maw, his muscled body covered in the pitch

scales of the dire snake. Ebon pools looked up at Shalimar and a fanged smile

formed on his handsome lips. In a voice deeper than what she imagined the Wilder

King spoke. "Your choice is before you; one choice may be what you think you

want while the other is what you truly long to become." Shalimar looked at the

two fighting figures and her mind whirled and twisted and she found it hard to

focus but a glint of metal caught her eye and she saw the version of herself

adorned in the animal pelt wearing the circlent ring while the other, no matter

how many angels the images twisted and turned did not have the symbolic

artifact. Shalimar looked at Mane and smiled. Rushing forward she leapt into the

form that she longed to be and she felt the tiger pelt wrap about her body, the

spirit of the dire tiger surging within her, and no longer did she feel pain,

her whole body seemed to come back together as she spun the hollow image of

herself around and with a quick twist snapped its neck. The dark Shalimar pooled

beneath her feet and vanished as Shalimar, the true Shalimar roared with such

power that it shook all around her. Mane smiled and vanished.

Sebron was speechless as Mane plunged his teeth into Shalimars' throat, blood

gushing forth and he held it for sometime, as the sun began to rise over the

falls edge. Suddenly Mane released his grip and slipped into the pool as the

image twisted and expanded and seemed ready to disperse but Shalimar threw back

her head, her eyes popping open and showering the entire glade with a sapphire

blue light as energy, sapphire and gold swirling together erupted from her mouth

and blasted into the image. The scream, the roar, shook the land and everyone on

it as the image slowly, almost wantingly solidified and the face of a massive

tiger roared its approval and then fell over Shalimars' body. The blood that had

drained from Shalimars' wound seemed to move of its own accord and as Shalimar

rose from the water; still screaming, arms spread wide, the blood forged itself

into the image of the dire tiger and in a flash the blood tattoo was upon

Shalimars' back. Once done Shalimar stopped screaming and her body went limp,

falling heavily into the water with a great splash. With that the four Wilders

ceased their chanting and Krahn quickly scoped up the young womans motionless

and suddenly very frail body. Sebron was in the water before he knew it, rushing

up to the Panther and the unconscious female, both Mya and the Enchantress

moving close to one another, taking eachothers hands, for support and comfort,

their faces masks of excitement and worry. Coral stood behind them, her own

beautiful face showing a bit of concern but as the others moved from the pool,

Krahn placing Shalimar gently onto the beach, Sebron, almost like an over

protective brother immediately moving towards the punctures in her neck, but he

stopped and watched as the great gaping holes began to seal themselves, albeit

slowly but far faster than any natural healing. Krahn looked up and smiled as

did Cyro, the biggest of the skeptics. "Damn, she did it. She passed the damned

test!" "As I said she would", piped in Mya, slowly dropping to her knees and

moving Shalimars' head into her lap, but mostly it rested upon the massive curve

of the Wilders' pregnancy. Sebron turned as did the others a split second later

as a monstrous dragon head erupted from the golden pool, its great horned maw

roaring in triumph, his scales jet with a glittering of gold. Huge wings

expanding from his back, huge fore legs slamming down on the surface. The

dragons' body encompassed half the pool and it looked down at those below, a

smile broadening across its maw as it reared back and spewed forth a great flame

as the whole of Emberza erupted in howls and roars, calls and cries of every

animal Sebron could imagine, Krahn loosing a roar along with his mate and

brother, Greybeard howling as well as Reign, screeching like a massive bird,

even Coral loosed a great dragon-like roar. Sebron looked about and could not

help but smile, the Enchantress giggling even as tears rolled down her cheeks.

Sebron took Shalimars hand, holding it as if it were the most brittle glass and

kissed it. Softly he whispered, even amongst the Wilders call. "Well done, well

done."

Catasph slowly sipped his tea, every now and then eyeing Sasha as she walked by,

placing trays of food on the table. Arym, yawned, rubbing his eyes wearily as

Tyr strode into the large area, Aubrey offering him a pleasant smile as he sat.

"What in the nine hells was all the commotion about last night?" Arym looked

over to the drow wizard, a slight scowl on his face as Catasph shrugged

apologetically. "Sorry, why were all the Wilders howling last night?" Aubrey

looked up at them, placing a jug of milk onto the table. Tyr could not help but

admire the wealth of cleavage she showed as she lent forward. Her voice was soft

and harmonic when she spoke. "From what the Enchantress told us, a very

important ritual was to be performed, that may have been it. That can only be

answered by the Enchantress." Cupping her burgeoning belly, the ebon haired

beauty smiled and left to retrieve the last bit of the meal. Sasha sat easily

next to Catasph, stroking her own fecund middle as she playfully fed him a strip

of bacon. The door opened suddenly as Sebron strode in, only in his leather

pants and loose fitting shirt, its collar open and revealing the tops of his

muscled chest. He looked tired, awed and just a bit proud; as if someone he knew

had done something worthy of praise. Slowly he slumped into a chair, pouring

himself a large glass of milk and drinking it deeply. The cleric looked up at

his companion and pulled forth a long and marvelously carved pipe of redwood and

a greenish brown herb which he stuffed inside. With a slight whisper and

twinkling of his fingers Arym lit the pipe and amongst the wonderful smells of

food a thick earth spice fragrance joined in. He took a few deep puffs while

everyone sat and looked at the powerful half-elf. Catasph absently rubbed

Sashas' thigh, her fingers twirling about in his hair. After a long moment and

another glass of milk and then a third of water Sebron spoke. "We will leave for

Tolmort within the hour. Mistress Shalimar has...will...," he seemed unsure of

what to tell them which made Catasph all the more curious, "has asked that we

let her rest on the journey. Much has happened in one days time and she will

need her sleep. Eat light and be ready. My ladies Sasha and Aubrey thank you. It

was an honor to meet you." He stood and with a deep bow exited the room. Catasph

shrugged and then pulled Sasha in close, kissing her rather obscenely but it

caused her sister to blush and Arym to just shake his head. When finished he

looked at the red haired beauty, a slight twinkle in his eye. "I shall see you

soon." She chuckled and whispered back. "That my young friend is not your way,"

and gave him another tender, more substantial kiss and then let him go to

prepare for his journey. Arym offered his gratitude with a bow and blessing

while Tyr simply kissed Aubrey's hand, smiled and left.

Shalimar was tired, weak and sore, but she never felt more alive and content

with herself than she had now. She had awoken an hour after the test but had not

opened her eyes for it hurt too much to do so; yet she heard and could feel

everything. The Enchantress and Latissa had tended to her and had wrapped her in

a great fur blanket to keep her warm. Her things had been packed in preparation

for their journey to Tolmort and now she was in Sebrons' arms, curled up in the

warm soft blanket and moving towards the outside. Though her face was most

shrouded by her coverings, the wind felt soothing on what parts of her face it

could reach. Only as a slight breeze slid up her thigh did Shalimar remember she

was still naked, which only brought a smile to her face for the thought no

longer bothered her. After a few moments she knew she was resting on Sebrons'

lap as he sat upon his great steed Shadowdancer. Angelsfire was near but had not

entered her thoughts for the unicorn knew she was still too weak to concentrate.

It struck Shalimar funny how everyone was trying to speak so quietly around her

but she heard every word clearly and with surprising ease. "Enchantress, I shall

send Neverwinter back to inform you of our arrival. If you should need anything

send him to me." The Enchantress smiled and gave Sebron a soft kiss on his cheek

and then tapped Shalimar. "You have made me very proud young lady," and Shalimar

smiled even though she knew no one would see it. "All of you, be careful and

return soon. May you solve the mysteries at hand and possibly save a kingdom."

Catasphs' voice bellowed out as the made their way through the mystical portal

known as the Mages' Way, "We are Light Magi Milady; that is what we do."

Shalimar felt the change and she, her body shivering as it the magic passed over

her and then she heard completely new sounds and smells of people, well perfumed

people assaulted her senses. A low yet smooth voice rang out above the clatter,

"Welcome to Castle Tolmort, Light Magi of Sehandir." Then another, rougher and

to Shalimar, relaxing voice rang out. "Took you long enough, and where the nine

hells is Shalimar?"

CHAPTER FIVE

A DARKNESS RISES

Far off, in the desolate waste lands the hordes emerged; goblins, orcs, trolls,

ogres hobgoblins and ettins, five thousand strong and led by Grymyae Hollow

Tooth, riding upon a monstrous worg and howling in blood crazed glee. Behind her

army came the Khur, running easily next to the goblin army, close to two

thousand of the diabolical beasts; Bane running the fastest and hardest of them

all. Beneath the surface, in the dark deadly tunnels of the Underdark, upon

lizard steeds an army of five hundred drow assassins and warriors head by

Mistress Tal'une and followed closely by Xarglav and a dozen of his kin who

clacked along the ceiling as easily as any spider. The combined armies had begun

their march on Tolmort and within four days they would emerge and destroy the

small kingdom to the north. Miles away Marcellus and his Stalkers watched the

dark swarm pour form Deathonmortuc, and he smiled. Death was coming in all

directions and it was time for he and his kin to do their part. Turning the five

stalkers bodies shifted and changed as the scurried into the Hunters wood, five

massive dire rats on a mission of assassination.

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They had arrived early in the morning in a beautiful villa which they later

learned had been named Hunters Square, for in its center was a huge ivory tower

that spiraled up into the sky at least seven stories. Behind it stood great

golden forged gates that led to the palace Tolmort and before it was the city

proper. Avareil and the Hunter, along with a small contingent of soldiers clad

in silver chain-plate armor and a beautiful young woman, a half-elf by the looks

of it with long reddish brown hair with tendrils of blonde pouring through it

and bright, simmering green eyes stood with them. She wore a purple colored

draping top that was clasped high about the neck and fell tightly about her very

large and very swollen breasts. Long leather gloves of gold covered her arms and

she wore a studded grieve on her left hand. A tight fitting dress covered her

thick shapely legs but was open in the front to reveal that she wore thigh high

boots. A tattoo of a golden dragon was on her left shoulder and shown brightly

against her sun bronzed skin. A long sword was sheathed on her wide, womanly

hips and she held a staff with a figure similar to that of Shalimars' own staff

which designated her as an acolyte of Lady Trinity, the Immortal of Fertility

and Birth. What made them gasp just a little, as she waddled forward was that

she was pregnant, hugely so, apparently with triplets which she informed them

later. Her great, full belly sloped massively before her, a distended mass of

smooth taunt flesh with a tattoo of a male angel on its lower slope. Sebron

recognized the art and figured that the same artist had done Shalimars' as well.

"I am Lady Minsk, High Advocate of the Ministry of Defense in the Kingdom of

Tolmort. I welcome you to our lands." They took a brief moment for

introductions, Sebron making up a reasonable excuse for Shalimar and requesting

that they place her someplace comfortable and quiet so she could rest. He hinted

that she would be joining them later that evening for dinner. Avareil was not

happy about Shalimars' condition but let Sebron pass with the lie. The group

settled quickly, still under the watchful eye of Lady Minsk as the Hunter made

room in his wondrous keep. Sebron eased Shalimar into a large bed and covered

her snuggly in the blanket, but as he reached for the door he heard her whisper,

softly and appreciatively. "Thank you Sebron." "You are more than welcome

Shalimar," and he shut the door behind him.

The rest of the entourage was led by their escort to the main castle where they

had never seen a more feverless display of wealth in all their lives, though

they had to admit the statue of Queen Talyveve was most impressive. They entered

the marvelous and extravagant throne room with the announcement of the royal

page. "My Lord Jessup and Queen Talyveve may I present the representatives of

Sehandir, Master Tyr A' Salvatore, Master Catasph Hopping Leaf, Brother Arym

Moondancer, Master Sebron the Staffless and the Lady Latissa." With a sweeping

bow he welcomed the visitors. As was the custom the five strode forward and

offered both Queen, then King low honoring bows. There were a few more people

present as the Light Magi looked about and realized that most of the kingdoms

leaders had come to meet such honored guests as the group from Sehandir. Avareil

moved off to the side as from the depths of the shadows Shade slid up next to

him, quiet and watchful. The king stood up, his robes regal and flowing; his

crown glittering in the brilliant light beaming in through the multicolored

windows that adorned the outer walls. "Welcome honored guests of Sehandir. It

has been some time since we have had such visitors as that from the Elven

Capitol and even greater still members of the Light Magi. May I introduce

myself, King Jessup Tolmort, Seventh Lord of Castle Tolmort. This is my wife and

Queen, her Queen Jocelyn Talyveve." The queen, whom Sebron could tell was

entering the later stages of pregnancy, was remarkably beautiful and in a long,

lithe gown that flowed with her increasing curves stood as she offered them all

a bow and then sat back down, a pleasant smile on her face. It was obvious the

king was older than his bride but such was the way of many kingdoms. The king

then looked to his right where Lady Minsk had taken a seat, next to a very

handsome human with vibrant blond hair that he wore short. His eyes were deep

hazel and he had a sharpness about his face that indicated he was a warrior of

some king. Clad in crisp and well kept leathers it was abundantly clear he was a

master. Next to him sat an elf, his skin pale, nearly white and his hair was red

streaked with blue near its ends. Bright pale white eyes sparkled and jumped

from one guest to another, sizing them up but always falling back to Avareil in

the corner. His armor resembled that of the humans save for a green sash about

his arm. Next to him sat three gorgeous females and by the grand bulges that

rose beneath heavily swollen breasts, they all were unbelievably pregnant. Each,

Catasph noticed wore an amber symbol of Lady Trinity as a broach to hold

together their diaphorous gowns. The first two were mirror images of one

another, long blonde hair and emerald orbs that glinted brightly with life and

joy at the arrival of such handsome guests. The third was almost an exact

opposite and yet she was more beautiful, at least to Sebron than anyone else in

the room. Her long raven hair had a health and shin to it that made it almost

glow against her pale, creamy flesh. Dark almond shaped eyes, soulful, strong

and sad almost, locked onto Sebrons' and immediately there was something,

something more than lust, more than desire; pure cosmic attraction and it was so

strong that it seemed to pain the young half-elf to take his eyes off of her,

fearing she were only an illusion. Opposite the queen a broad shouldered and

bulky dwarf with a dark, almost grayish skin, and his long beard braided dozens

of times with two long braids wrapped about the back of his head and tied in a

ponytail. Mithiril armor, studded in small spikes covered his barrel sized

chest. Beside him sat a lovely, slender halfling female with short cut hair of

soft brown. She was small and lithe, with a nothing overly noticeably about her

save for a ruby pickaxe that replaced her left hand. Attractive as she was, she

was in no comparison to the company she was in, though offering smiles abound

and a twinkle in her green eyes. The king continued his introductions. "You have

already met Lady Delilah Minsk, High Advocate of the Ministry of Defense. Beside

her sits her husband, Sir Roban Minsk, Master of the Watch, the royal guard and

beside him, Sir Sylvan Eveningstar, Weapons Master of Tolmort. The three lovely

young women are quests such as you though they came under much more unpleasant

circumstances. They are Lady Lilith Summertree, and her Maidens in Waiting, the

Ladies Briana and Lisaria Moonedge." The Light Magi noticed how none of those

mentioned stood as the way in Sehandir but Sebron figured they did not want to

seem completely giddy in the presence of Light Magi. King Jessup turned to his

right,. "From the mines I would like to introduce Master Malcolm Hammerhammer

and Mistress Kora Rubyfinder. Without them all the splendor before you would not

exist." The two stood and honorable bowed to Light Magi, whom returned the

gratitude. "I understand that we have much to discuss concerning fears that an

army comes to take out kingdom but it is something we will discuss in the

morning, with the Ministry of Defense. Today, rest and relax for tonight we

feast and enjoy and welcome our honored guests properly." With that the entire

group, save Lilith and her hand maidens, stood and bowed. The Light Magi,

Latissa, Avareil and Shade, escorted by the Hunter and the same small armed

force were led on a brief tour of the main castle and then returned to Hunters'

Tower.

Once alone a heated discussion began concerning Tolmort's fate. "What in hell do

you mean the khur aren't a threat. You never fought the damned thing!" Avareil

and Catasph were arguing over the possible danger the khur presented. "It was

one loan beast, one single entity. Do you expect us to believe that it was truly

as powerful as you say? I mean, Shalimar killed it by herself, how dangerous

could it be?" The smugness of the drow almost sent the huge Neith over the edge

but Shade was there, standing between the two, though he faced Catasph, not

Avareil. Cold, venomous eyes bore into the drow and the over confident look, the

superiority of wizard melted away immediately. Sebron looked over the two and

grinned for Shade had done what many had dreamt of doing for decades. "Catasph,

you have prejudged Shalimar since you have met her and that is unwise. Of all

the magic users I have met, she is my equal...my only equal; I can feel it. So

if it took her to the brink of death to destroy these beasts then be wary,

especially if Tolmort is their target. As for singularities of this occurrence

the Hunter has informed me that more khur have been seen, in greater number with

bands of goblinoids; most of them near this kingdom and within Hunters' Wood.

Though our mission was to discover the nature of the drow-Hollow Tooth alliance,

it may also come to assisting this kingdom, in defense or retreat." Arym puffed

on his pipe thoughtfully. "We assume the dark forces may be preparing to attack

Tolmort, is there no other viable target? Why not the Emberza Wood?" Avareil

chuckled. Even the Hunter smiled. "The Emberza Wood is a maze, enchanted and

protected by the chosen of Brachen Gendahr, the Immortal of the Wood and Forest.

The Trents rule the ancient trees who move daily altering the maze. Along with

Wilders whose numbers are vast to say the least and with Lord Mane himself, it

would take months if not longer to breech the forest a mile if you were

unwanted. Only a few beasts, those who are animal in some way can traverse the

maze but the Wilders would descend upon the unwanted and tear them apart." He

sighed a moment the continued. "Tolmort has wealth, a mine and keep set up for

the taking. One would be hard pressed once they reached the castle but the city

is open for the taking. Our army and my rangers have fended off more than one

attack, but if it is the Khur that come, may the All Father be with us." Arym

nodded as Tyr dropped his head into his hands. "The king is too proud to believe

the Wilders," Avareil cocking an eyebrow, "but will he listen if tell him to at

least prepare for an evacuation. Or maybe for a possible siege." "That is the

question Tyr, what will or how will his Ministry of Defense take our

suggestions?" "I wish I knew Latissa but it will take more than just us." Shade

suddenly seemed to smile and looked up at his huge friend. Avareil began to

laugh, drawing glances from the frustrated group. "Great damn idea! Hey, you,

ummmm...Tyr; my friend here has a plan but only you two can go!" The Hunter

seemed to perk up at the this. Sebron as well and Catasph could not wait to hear

the Wilders strategy. He, like most felt the Wilders were uncivilized and

barbaric but that was to those who had never met one. "You two go into the

forest and catch a damned goblin. Bring it here and then we figure this stuff

out. You in?" Catasph was dumbfounded...the idea was perfect.

The rest of the day was spent resting, until the Royal Page came to collect

them. As he entered the room he struggled not to stare for he was among the

handsomest group of individuals he had ever laid eyes upon, all dressed in the

regal attire of their positions, even Latissa whore a gown, more a toga to

accommodate her wings which flexed in the tight spaces. Avareil still wore his

crystalline chain mail vest and kilt, though Shade wore more appropriate dress

leathers and kept his cloak off. Revealed to them all he was very attractive and

smooth, roguish but genuine which was hard to conceive. He brought each of them

a small trinket, a sash that they could wear as a symbol that they were guests

of the royal family. The sashes were purple, laced in pure gold with diamond

studs edging them. Catasph just shook his head at the gawdy garment. He only

brought five, which meant the both Shade and Avareil were left without. Sebron

frowned at such predictable ignorance but Avareil just chuckled. "Don't worry

about it Sebron, me and Shade here are guests of the Hunter so we get to go

anywhere we please, we just don't get the fancy frills." It hardly made Sebron

feel better but to honor the king he wrapped the sash about the waist of his

ebon cassock, twisting it into his belt. Checking the sheath of Lightbringer he

smiled, feeling it almost comical that he brought the wondrous weapon wherever

he went but it had come in useful on more than one occasion. The page got a bit

more than he expected when he knocked on Shalimars' door. "Come in," he heard

her call, expecting the female to be fully dressed but that was not the case,

not the case at all. His mouth dropped open as he looked upon the stunning

female, Shalimars' back turned to him; tying her long suede skirt about her hip,

yet still low enough to reveal the top of her marvelously, shaped rear and

leather thong. She wore knee high soft boots, showing off her strong shapely

thighs, a blue dragon scribed on her left leg moving reflexively with her

movements and her long platinum blonde hair with braided tendrils of black hung

off to the side revealing a very naked, smoothly muscular back decorated with a

beautiful, virtually perfect rendition of a monstrous white tiger crawling up

her spine, its claws about her shoulders and its tail disappearing between her

ample buttocks, slitting the thong. Yet his breath almost stopped as she turned,

revealing a face of an angel, sparkling sapphire orbs, glittered with gold, a

delicate and slender nose perched over full succulent lips painted in deep blue,

like her eyes. Her skin was, obviously loved by the sun and her smile was

utterly breath taking. The page dropped his box with the sash inside, his mouth

agape as he marveled still at Shalimar, nude from the waist up, her large

fulsome breasts wobbling slightly as she turned, her soft brown areole topped by

tender, thick nipples; all which rested upon a massive protruding shelf of

swollen, perfectly rounded pregnancy. The smooth slope of her belly was

flawless, even with the runic star tattooed over her popped out navel and the

masterfully drawn angel on the lower slope. She was shorter than he was,

standing maybe five feet but he felt small before her and stuttering he

attempted to speak. Uncharacteristically Shalimar strode forward, making no

attempts to cover her body for it was natural and beautiful and she understood

that now, and knelt down, recovered the box and opened it. Her eyes flashed in

surprise at the sash and she looked up at the still awestruck page, his lower

lip quivering and beads of sweat rolling down his brow. He was praying she had

not noticed the growing bulge in his breeches but it appeared as if she had not.

"Thank you." Her voice was soft, yet it held a bit of the Wilders' accent to it

and another accent that he did not quite know but it was musical and full of

life and laughter. Shalimar pulled the sash from the box and tied it about her

feminine hips, her big belly hiding it somewhat though. The page on pure

instinct stepped back, bowed and quickly shut the door. As soon as he was gone

Shalimar exploded in laughter, and finished preparing for the evening.

Less than an hour later Sebron knocked on the Shalimars' door; when it opened he

gasped because he had never seen her look so good, so natural. She wore a black

suede top that had a single strap over her shoulder, the material stretched

tightly about her big breast and leaving a rather abundant amount of cleavage to

bear and yet it was not in the least obscene. Her belly jutted out but it gave

her such sensuousness that it was hard not to gulp at the sight of her. A long

black suede skirt hung about her waist, the sides slit open almost to the top,

allowing her muscular legs full mobility, and knee high leather boots covered

her feet. The kings sash was tied over her skirt and she held her mystical

staff, Sebron smiling as he looked over the present he had given her nearly two

months ago. She wore both her lip and nose piercings and her belly button was

also pierced with a silver hoop. About her neck was suede chocker, black and

clasped by an onyx stone and she wore a single onyx colored glove that seemed to

live about her arm; Shadow Kings' gift. She looked up at Sebron and granted him

a beaming smile, which he returned ten fold. "You...you look wonderful Shalimar,

absolutely stunning." "I am feeling much better." She stepped out and could not

help but smirk as the three Light Magi gasped in awed surprise. Latissas' jaw

dropped slightly but she quickly regained her composer. It was Avareil who

caused her to erupt in laughter, and abruptly ended the initial awe. "Now that's

a sight for sore eyes! Been worrin' about you girl; feelin' better?" Without a

word she rushed up and wrapped her arms around the huge warriors' waist, her big

belly pressing into his thigh and groin. Embarrassed but very happy to see her

he returned the hug. Shalimar looked up at him and smiled, her face, her aura

happier than he had seen since he knew her. "Missed you too big guy," backing

away just bit though she was still holding onto his belt, almost for support

rather than anything else. Sebron could tell she was better, stronger than she

had been before but he could feel she was a bit nervous about tonight; still, he

had no worries. Catasph clapped his hands, "Do we have a party to go to or not?"

The sounds and smells that assaulted them as they entered the great banquet hall

was overwhelming, Shalimar, Avareil and Tyr rocking back from it for a moment.

The room was a glow by thousands of candles; some placed on walls, others in

huge crystalline chandeliers, and others floated with no support at, mystically

held for show. Guards in suits of mithiril, fully helmed and draped in cloaks of

deep purple, embroidered in gold lined the walls as King Jessup and Queen

Talyveve stood for the quests of honor. They sat at the far end of the banquet

hall, with the entourage that the Light Magi had met before at a table just in

front and below them and at an angle that allowed the King and Queen to look at

them but forced the other turn a bit to view the rulers. All were present with a

few additions; a human female who looked as if she were a mage or sorcerer,

another halfling with deep dark skin and bald head and grey skinned gnome. All

of them stood and bowed, along with the King and Queen as the Light Magi, the

Hunter at their head were announced. Shalimar was announced last and she noticed

more than a few eyes fall upon her and she stood proudly before them, almost

showing off the mass of her fecundity. Almost accidentally Shalimar had been

positioned in the center of the group; the Hunter and Latissa at the forefront

with Sebron behind them, Catasph on the left, Tyr on the right and Arym behind

her; Avareil and Shade taking up the rear. They all looked in upon a room full

of people and royalty and wealth. A second table at the same angle was placed

opposite from the royal court for the Light Magi and the Wilders. The Hunter was

given a seat with them since they were in part his guests. A great feast of food

and drink of all kinds and smells, from exotic to local and all looking and

smelling beyond delicious was set before each table. Shalimar quickly caught the

eye of the three Emberzarian and her gaze locked with Liliths' for a moment. The

two stared, one in recognition, the other in question but then the moment passed

for Liliths' eyes fell upon Sebrons' and their gazes remained transfixed until

they were seated. Other tables were set along the sides of the room for the

generals and aristocrats, business men and ambassadors but none were held with

such high regard as the Light Magi. The King stood and spoke. "I welcome you all

tonight to feast with our family. We have been honored this night by the

representatives of Sehandir, the Light Magi. Tonight we feast and celebrate this

momentous occasion, tonight we forget the worries that we will face in the light

of day. Eat, drink and enjoy our hospitality." He clapped and the room became

flooded with music and sensuous belly dancers, jugglers, jesters and the lot,

providing amusement and glee to the attendants. It was unlike anything Shalimar

had ever seen, including her own birthday celebration; though Sebrons' was much

the same though he had wished the King not to through such a lavish party on his

behalf. They ate and talked, sharing stories and adventures and learning about

different customs and ideas, though Avareil and Sir Sylvans' words often grew

heated for the elf knowing berated the Wilders as crude and barbaric, though

amusing. Shalimars often retorted with a surprising assuredness and quickness

that made Sebron almost bust out in laughter as she asked the smug elf a rather

delicate question. "You claim to be quite sophisticated and well versed, in both

words and by sword; yet your only opponents have been goblins and orcs of this

region. May I ask have you ever faced a wilder, or a berserker for that matter?"

He looked at the seemingly pregnant female with wide eyes. For a moment he was

speechless. "No milady." "Then please, until you have sparred with Lord Mane

himself; like my friend Avareil has done often, do not speak of things you may

know nothing about." For a moment all were silent until the Queen erupted in

laughter, for no one had ever thrown the haughty elf his words back into his

face. The party continued and many shared drink and food, though Queen Talyveve

and Lady Minsk drank only honey nectar or water. Shalimar did the same, though

not for the safety of her child but more out of caution, since her ordeal with

Ecstasy. Since she had yet to tell anyone of her condition, many assumed she was

quite pregnant and ready to drop at any time. The Embezarians' drank in full and

Sebron informed Shalimar that though they looked pregnant, much like her own,

their bellies were actually pockets of mystical energy in which items, or even

people for that matter, and so they could actually do as they wished, and it

explained why Shalimar felt no young within their immense bellies. The young

druid noticed how Sebron continually eyed the exotic looking Lilith and she

always returned the intense gaze. The party continued for another hour or so and

as desert was being placed on the tables before them the Queen looked over to

Light Magi. "Light Magi of Sehandir, I have heard that amongst the warriors of

the elven capitol, the Light Magi are beyond par. I have also heard rumor that

one among you here, has been said to be a swordsman among swordsman. Master

Staffless, will you do me the honor of showing such skill?" Sebron had bee

looking down the entire time. He, unlike Catasph was not a braggart, nor did he

enjoy showing off; though sometimes it happened. With a tentative look he turned

towards the Queen. "Your Majesty, I thank you for your compliments but...," "Now

Master Staffless, you would not deny our Queen a show from the Light Magi, would

you?" Sebron looked over to Master Roban, the man who had cut him off in mid

sentence. There was a flash of anger from Sebron, as well from the other Light

Magi who were growing tired of the weapons masters' rudeness. Latissa slid her

hand to the hilt of her blade as Shalimars' eyes began to pool into pure gold.

Yet Sebron calmed and smiled. "Of course not, Master Minsk, as long as you offer

me a sparing contest once I am done, to give your queen and king a true show."

Every seemed to tense up a bit as the human smiled and nodded. Sebron stood and

eased off his cassock, revealing a tight and very muscular chest, his stomach a

sculpture of muscle with toned and nearly perfectly developed biceps. More than

one female gasped or purred, including Queen Talyveve, the King shooting her a

questioning but understanding glance for even he was impressed. Sebron slowing

strode from behind the long table and stepped out into the area where the

dancers had once filled. He bowed to the King and Queen, and then bowed to

Latissa, his most honored friend and sparing partner and finally he drew

Lightbringer. The smoothness and ease in which he drew the weapon caused many to

jump for the blade seemed to leap into his grasp. By far it was the most

beautiful weapon that any had ever seen, the subtle curve of the glowing edge,

the balance that was quite apparent as Sebron looked at the enchanted and

personally forged weapon. Without a word the half elf began his kata. His

motions were elegant, smooth, and almost languid as he thrust and cut, spun and

flipped; the blade dancing around him cutting into targets that were unseen but

were felt. Light crackles of energy shot off the mystical blade as Sebrons dance

grew faster, and soon he looked almost like a blur of movement and he and the

sword appeared not as weapon and master but as one entity, one subject, and one

power, until finally he stopped with a great down cut, the tip of Lightbringer

pointing directly at Roban. The display had been perfect, and the human was

quite impressed, more so than he wanted to admit but then he glanced over to his

teacher and longtime friend. Even through the eruption of awing and clapping

there it was, a challenge, sent clear as day and Sylvan looked over to his

student, nodding once and then both masters moved; standing and leaping over the

tables, twisting the air and landing with ease before the and on either side of

the Light Mage. Latissa began to move but Arym caught her arm as Shalimar and

Shade held Avareil at bay. Each threw off their regal coats of arms, Sir Minsk a

bit broader and bulkier than the lithe Sylvan but both toned and muscular;

giving the women a show of body that many had never seen. Sebron seemed quite

undaunted by the duel show of power yet as he reached out with his mystic powers

he could see the both warriors wore enchantments and held enchanted items. Roban

wore bracers that would increase his speed and he wielded a scimitar that

glinted blue and radiated cold while his pickaxe held a keen, severing edge.

Sylvan on the other hand held twin short swords with smoldering black edges and

a necklace that granted him strength which explained his haughtiness towards

Avareil ten fold. Sebron stepped back just a bit, keeping the two masters from

surrounding him completely. "Now Master Staffless, we are honorable warriors;

yet I could not just spar you and leave my good friend out of the fun. So I ask,

pick one to join you and we will give you a display unlike you have ever seen.

To first blood." Sebron looked at them each, both wearing smug and over

confident grins from ear to ear. The half-elf looked over his shoulder and then

turned towards his friends, contemplating who he would ask to join him. The

obvious choice was Latissa but he knew her style and though they fought together

often they did not fight side by side; her aerial movements requiring more space

than could be allowed here. He thought the same for Avareil though he also

believed he would kill the masters more than spare them. Shade was an archer and

he truly did not understand that one and as for his group; Catasph was the best

swordsmen among the three and yet he was no fighter, not to this caliber. Then

he looked at Shalimar and he knew almost instantly he had found his partner. Her

eyes were molten gold and she stood even before he spoke, her star tattoo still

glowing faintly. With ease and grace she moved around the table, her staff in

hand and ignoring the gasps and oh's from the crowd. Even King Jessups' eyes

went wide as the hugely pregnant half-elf strode forward and stepped up towards

the Light Magi. Avareil and Shade both eased back in their seats, grinning

broadly as the Light Magi looked at one another in confusion. Latissa put her

chin in her hands in anticipation. "I shall not put a mother and child danger!"

Many had seen the lovely female when she had entered the hall with the Light

Magi and the Wilders but none had truly taken into account how beautiful she was

when alone. She moved with grace and poise, unlike the ponderous waddle that

would be accustomed to one her size, especially since she was so short and her

belly so big; yet she seemed to move so natural, as if she had lived her belly

that large all her life and many men leaned forward to the dismay of wives and

girlfriends to see her rather breathtaking beauty, Shalimars' belly jutting out

from her otherwise slim and toned body. Her muscular legs danced within the

folds of her dress as her heavy and full breasts wobbled gently in the confines

of her halter top. "This is foolish Sebron. To put her in such danger is simply

foolish!" Shalimar looked at the taller elf, a wicked grin on her angelic face.

"I knowingly endanger myself Sir Eveningstar, and if you wish not to participate

then so be it. That would leave Sir Minsk and Master Staffless as it should be."

He snorted and then looked at Sebron. "Are you sure of this Light Mage?" "Beyond

any doubt." He turned to Shalimar and smiled, holding out his hand to the lovely

young female. In her head she could hear him. "Thank you...I was unsure if you

were feeling well enough to do this." "No worries Sebron. Heel to heel okay."

The Light Mage nodded and turned, placing his back towards Shalimar and facing

off with Roban. Shalimar one handed began to twist her staff, as if the simple

motion was as easy as breathing air. "As one we shall stand." "As one we shall

breath." "As one we will strike." "As one we shall defend." In unison the two

half-elves spoke and as they did so, power quaked within the room, sending a

shudder through all present. "As one." Sylvan shook off the shiver of power and

twisted his twin blades in his hands, black smoke smoldering off the ebon

blades. Roban took a deep, soothing breath, flipping the pickaxe in his right

hand and then suddenly thrusting forward with his scimitar. The attack was

simple to defend but it was a feint as he spun to bring the pickaxe around but

he was caught off guard as Shalimars' staff met and blocked the weapon aside.

Sylvan had waited till his companion moved before heading in, bringing both

short swords in a down thrust and full expected to meet with Shalimars' back for

she had suddenly and foolishly turned on the elf but to his dismay he only met

the blocking cut of Lightbringer as Sebron came around and then followed the

block with a powerful left hook. The elf was spun around and dazed but not at

all daunted. Following the spin of his punch, Sylvan twisted on his forward foot

and came up in a cut; high-low, with both blades but his attack was stopped in

the masterful spin of Shalimars' staff, spinning the blades over and nearly out

of the elfs' hands. Roban had spun off the females' block and cut low with his

pickaxe but hit only stone. He thrust upward with his secondary weapon towards

the retreating woman but Sebron cut down with Lightbringer, dropping human off

balance and susceptible to Shalimars' clubbing swing as she came around to

connect with Robans' chin, knocking him backwards onto his rump. Sylvan had

retreated from the spinning staff by bringing his blades outward and then had

meant to cut back in but was met in full by a diminishing roundhouse kick by the

Light Mage and blasted head over feet. To the audience it was a sight to behold

as the Light Mage and the very pregnant young half elf began to spin, always

keeping some form of physical contact. They literally moved as one, Shalimar

starting a move while Sebron finished it and vice versa. The two moved with

inhuman grace, their movements easy and complex all in one, spinning and

throwing off the two masters of Tolmort who believed themselves the favorite. It

was quiet as everyone sat and watched in awe, which only grew as Shalimar began

to sing; a soft yet vigorous melody that carried over the bystanders, igniting

excitement and splendor while Sebron similarly started to spin his blade, the

lights dizzying and dazing their opponents. Many, not even the masters had seen

such a fighting style though the Light Magi had seen the Bladesingers of Lord

Gildar create such battle walls before, walls that had never been broken.

Latissa was in shock for she had tried to teach Sebron the fighting tactic but

something had always seemed to get in the way and now he performed it perfectly.

She had never been so proud. Roban rubbed his chin, scooped up his scimitar and

began to move but was assaulted by a blinding, flickering display of light. He

squinted and found an opening; he cut down with the pickaxe and sliced in with

his blade. Shalimar caught the pick but left her belly exposed to Robans' blade

yet Sebron spun in low, under Shalimars' reaching staff, blocking the blade

outwards and then continuing the spin to meet both of Sylvans' stabbing swords.

Roban was completely off guard as Shalimar brought the staff downward, striking

the human about the neck and then flipping the weapon and clipping his knee,

tripping him and sending him up into the air. Before he even hit the ground she

twisted around Sebron as he knocked Sylvans' blades outward and his eyes went

wide, the female half-elf coming around, her hand holding the edge of the staff

and swinging in, the crack of the elfs' jaw resounding loudly, even over her

melodic voice. He fell hard to the floor, unconscious and blood running from his

mouth. They both heard Roban roar in defiance and rush towards them. Shalimar

never turned as Sebron swung Lightbringer over his back catching both weapons in

an unbelievable parry, spun himself around while leaving his blade locked in

Robans' and then cut upward between them. They both stood still for a moment,

quiet and calm. Then, an almost unseen a thin line of blood formed on the edge

of Robans' nose. He touched it, the look of shock clear on his face, not wanting

to believe two youngsters had just bested him and his companion. "Thank you

Master Roban." Sebron smiled and bowed, low, much lower than necessary, leaving

himself completely open for attack. Roban growled in blind fury, lifting up both

weapons to strike Sebron down, dead if possible but Shalimars' staff came across

and sent the Master of the Watch spinning backwards and crashing into a table

food. Sebron stood and turned, his eyes shimmering emerald pools. "Thank you

Mistress Shalimar." "No, thank you Master Sebron." There was silence for many,

many moments while Shalimar and Sebron moved towards the two fallen and

unconscious masters. A few seconds later both Roban and Sylvan were covered in

mystic energy, one of gold, the other a pale green; their minor wounds healing

swiftly, thought their pride would take much more time. The elf looked down at

Shalimar, the anger and disgust in his eyes, as white as snow, blazed with

hatred towards the young female but he somehow swallowed his wealth f pride and

bowed low. "Well done...Mistress Shalimar." Smiling herself, but not in a

haughty nor arrogant way the lovely half-elf bowed to the master. "Thank you

Master Sylvan Eveningstar. I am most honored." Sylvan looked at the beautiful

female for a moment and shook his head, a sly grin on his face. Her genuineness

touched the old elf and more humble he bowed once again. The same was done with

Roban and Sebron, though Roban was much more polite and embarrassed, especially

growing so enraged at the honorable Light Magi that he attempted to murder the

youth. "My apologies Master Staffless; you honored me with skill and bested me

with honor. Please, forgive me." "No need Master Roban Minsk; it was an honor to

spar with you." The four met in the center and bowed low and deep to an uproar

of applause and cheers, women propositioning themselves to all four

participants, men as well and the party continued on well into the night. As

people began to depart, the higher members of Royal Court also began to take

their leave. Master Hammerhammer and Mistress Rubyfinder both left together,

leaving no doubts that they were a couple. Catasph, whom had been talking quite

candidly to the twin Emberzarian somehow managed to escort both ladies from the

banquet hall. Apparently Avareil and Latissa had seemed to come to an

understanding but when he made mention of her joining him in his bedchamber she

punched across the jaw and winked. "Maybe if you beat me in fight...I'll

consider it." The huge Neith smiled and tapped the hilt of his huge axe. "Say

when!" She smiled and walked away. Shade looked at him, then at her and back to

him. "It's a berserker thing, you wouldn't understand." The strange elf shrugged

and got up, bowing to everyone. Then he just seemed to melt into the darkness.

Avareil left soon after, followed by Arym and Tyr. The Queen and King gave their

blessings to their guests and then retired for the evening, the Queen quite full

and very, very sleepy. Lord and Lady Minsk also left, though not before giving

both Shalimar and Sebron one last bow. The dark skinned halfling, Master Athos

the Hand left with a lovely dancer with bronze hair and cinnamon skin, her big

breast wobbling heavily with every step. The gnome, Sir Bodak Gemsplitter later

retired for the night. The human female, Lady Quewndylene Everest stood. She was

very, very beautiful, with long, deep ruby colored hair and sparkling green

eyes. She was slender and tail with pale, creamy skin, smooth womanly hips and a

large but not obscene bosom held high in her scarlet gown. Her movements were

fluid and sensuous as she strode towards Jyhlac. The Hunter looked up at her,

his eyes catching on the fulsome orbs of her breasts and deep cleavage her gown

provided before rising to her eyes. "I believe you owe me a tour of your tower,

Sir Hunter. As per our arrangement; or am I wrong?" He smiled and stood.

Offering him her hand, the Hunter took it courteously and led her towards the

door. Shalimar looked over to Sebron to ask what the arrangement may have been

but he was in deep conversation with Lilith, one of the Emberzarian who had

approached him soon after their sparring display. The half elf soon realized

that she was quite alone, though some of the aristocrats; mostly those who were

single were talking to some of the young female dancers for extra services after

the party. Shaking her head she removed herself from the propositioners before

one of them in their intoxicated state attempted to request her for the evening.

She slipped form the doors and into the main hall where four guards stood

silently at attention. It seemed much darker than it had when she arrived but

her vision suddenly, without warning shifted and the world changed to black and

white though it was as clear as day to her. The rear guards stepped back a bit,

for the gorgeous females eyes had changed, from the lovely sapphire pools to

deep golden and feline. Shalimar could not see the change but she felt it and

smiled as she moved off into the night, to explore what other gifts she now had.

Sebron had been completely lost in conversation with Lilith. He had never met

anyone as interesting as her for she had stories of things much darker and

deeper than he had access to by at Sehandir. She spoke of battles with the

Gravidian Witch Covents and dealings with dragons; though she was caught

speechless when he told her about riding on the back of Shadow King.

Occasionally Lilith asked questions about Shalimar, for she had heard that the

female was from Sky Home. Sebron told her of their meeting and brief travels

though Lilith hid the growing rage towards her replacement in Vhyms' life. She

would never forgive the old creature for his betrayal when in truth, she

betrayed him. As fascinated with Lilith as Sebron was, she was more fascinated

with powerful and humble half elf. Within moments of seeing one another the two

had felt a connection, a primal urge that they fought to control as they talked

lightly until they both realized that they were finally and actually alone. The

two looked about the banquet hall, quiet and completely empty; even the drunken

aristocrats and their private dancers were gone, only Lilith and Sebron

remained, finding themselves awkwardly alone. "Hmm...well it appears to be just

you and I Master Sebron." “As I said before, please, just cal me Sebron, and yes,

we are quite alone. Strange," looking into the dark pool of Liliths' eyes, "this

place never seemed more beautiful this night until this moment." She smirked,

draping her hand over the massive sphere of her belly, the light shimmering off

the archaic tattoos inscribed upon it. Absently she stroked the taunt smooth

flesh, almost admiring the swollen orb, reveling in the flawless sensitive mass

that was her belly. So caught up in her own thoughts she hardly noticed Sebron

watching her and she jumped a bit when she looked up at him. His smile was

strong and confident and she felt power within him, more than she had felt in

any creature she had met so far, even Lord Cyril. She had felt the same thing

from Shalimar and that infuriated her more than she was willing to admit. Yet

Sebron was unlike any man she had ever met, he had feeling, strength and yet

humility that gave him a sense of purpose that was not fueled by hate or revenge

or honor or duty, he was who he was and he loved it. Lilith could also tell how

attracted he was to her, his eyes rarely leaving hers throughout their

conversation, his body was warm and he shifted every now and then when she

brought a more personal subject. Sebron likewise was enthralled by the young

female, her strength, her attitude, they way she was open about her body, her

ideals and her sexuality. "Do you have someone my lady?" Lilith looked down for

a moment then back to the handsome mage. There was a sparkle in her ebon eyes

that had transfixed him since the moment they met. "I have had few lovers my

lord for few," as she caressed that burgeoning swell of her belly, feeling the

tightness of her silken flesh, "find me attractive like this. Most believe me to

be with child and completely avoid me; others tell me I am beautiful but they

seldom act upon it. The truth my lord is that I have not had a...I have not been

with someone in quite some time." Sebron stepped up towards her, his hands

sliding up her smooth swollen sides causing the young woman to shiver with

excitement, drinking in his touch; his scent for he touched her unlike any had

done before. "My lady, I do think you are far more than merely beautiful. I find

you intoxicating. To me there is no more stunning a sight than women full and

heavy with child. They are our mothers, our wives, our loves and to not enjoy

the splendor of creation how can we as men call ourselves men, fathers or

lovers." Lilith looked at him blankly. Though she was speechless, her body was

not; her skin blushing at his words, her full lips trembling slightly, her

breath was shortening. This man found her not only beautiful but sexy and she

knew he would want her no other way. Gulping deeply and recomposing herself she

took a long steadying breath. "I have never heard such words before my lord?" "I

have never spoken them...until now, until you." He was too good to be true.

Lilith was growing quite hot and her body was aching for him to touch, her heart

pounded as she fantasized of how she could please him and he her. She looked

away, too embarrassed or to attracted to Sebron to look upon him directly. "So

Master Sebron...I mean Sebron; dare I ask how many women have been fortunate

enough to share your bed? I mean, in truth, I thought you were talking to me to

keep from being approached by the more slender females within the room; or to at

least keep yourself faithful to your love back in Sehandir. Or, does Sebron lay

with many, keeping none for himself and leaving himself for none to keep?"

Sebron cocked his head, running his hand over his mouth as he considered her

words carefully. He truly did not want her to shy away because he wanted her; it

was something that he would not deny, even if he were foolish enough to try.

"Well, if you truly must know; I have bed only two women in my lifetime. Both of

whom are quite beautiful and wondrous women and whom have taught me much, about

women, about love making and about myself in particular. There is no hidden love

at home and I have found none there that I would give my heart to...not saying

that I have not found someone worth trying." "Shalimar?" At that the young

half-elf erupted in laughter, nearly falling out of his seat next to the exotic

beauty. Lilith looked at him, half curious and half amused, as Sebron

desperately tried to compose himself. "Did I say something amusing Sebron?" "No,

no...Shalimar does not suit me or I should say I do not suit her. Besides, she

is to me more like a sister than she would ever be a lover. Lilith leaned in

close to the half-elf, who had just stopped giggling at the absurd thought of he

and Shalimar and was struck dumb as the Emberzarian kissed him, her lips soft

and gentle, full and lush and enrapturing him completely. For a long moment they

kissed, passionately but gently, tenderly testing their boundaries. Slowly

Lilith pulled away from the kiss, her eyes locked on fully with the sky blue

pools of Sebron. "You suit me just fine." "As I said; someone worth trying."

They kissed again but this one was much hungrier, with more need, more want than

the first and neither of them could recall leaving or returning to Sebrons' bed

room. There they allowed all their inhibitions to fall free.

Elsewhere in her room Shalimar was having a rather strange dream, but it would

turnout to be more than just a fabrication of her subconscious. She was soaked

in sweat, her body writhing like an animal; her head tossing to and fro as if

she were in the mists of such passion that in was near painful. In a way she was

but it was by no means sexual; it was primal, wild and hungry and she was

changing. Her big round belly thrust upward, her back arching like a great cat

purring as her nails began to lengthen, her teeth sharpening to razor like

edges, her canines becoming long feline fangs. Fur started to cover her body;

soft white with thick black stripes. It coursed down her back, over her round

shapely buttocks, wrapping about her slender, sleek thighs, then up her neck and

around her full, heavy breast and then caressing the massive dome of her belly,

stretching tightly upon the fecund gravidity as it also grew, swelling up to

make her look hugely pregnant with triplets, ready to literally burst with

young. Her body continued to change, her eyes shut closed with exertion, sweat

dampening the thickening fur coat. Suddenly her eyes popped open, shimmering

blue spheres with thin golden stripes making them look feline and wild.

Shalimars' nose darkened and shortened, her face grew wider as her limbs changed

and melded into the form of the animal spirit which now consumed her. There was

a great, terrifying roar from her room as the spirit of the tiger leapt from her

balcony.

Sebron cupped and kneaded the full, heavy orbs of Liliths' breasts, feeling the

soft flesh squeeze in his fingers, like fresh dough in his hands. She cooed and

sighed with hunger as he hungrily wrapped his mouth around a thick, stiff

nipple; her hands caressing and rubbing the swelling bulge beneath his trousers.

Lilith was nearly naked and Sebron only wore his boots and breeches, neither

remembering undressing but it was a small matter to them. Her fingers groped and

searched until they wrapped around the thickening bulge in is pants, squeezing

the hardening shaft tightly. Sebron shuddered with pleasure, his tongue

caressing a taunt nipple as he hungrily sucked on her full mammary. With

measured movements Sebron kissed down Liliths' body, caressing her smooth,

creamy flesh with his lips, spending long moments upon the hugely distended mass

of her belly, his hands stroking and loving her swollen sides with gently

circles that made the lovely female arch deliciously , pushing herself upward,

trying to give more of her body to her new lover. Slowly, deliberately the

half-elven mage drew his tongue down the long lower slope of her impossible

gravidity, Lilith squealing with wondrous pleasure. The scent of her sex, sweet

and musky filled Sebrons' nostrils and he paused for a moment to savor the aroma

before plunging into her molten depths. His face was lost in the soft, ebon

curls that hid the treasure of her womanhood, his mouth kissing and loving her

nether lips, his tongue finding every spot to please her, Sebron squeezing

Liliths' hips as he buried himself between her thighs. Lilith arched and bucked,

her head thrashing about in wild bliss; moans and cries of pleasure filled the

air as she felt her first, powerful orgasm hit her like a hammer, her sex

exploding in Sebrons' mouth. Relentlessly he continued; his face wet with her

juices. Her hands searched for something to hold onto; gripping the sweat

covered sheets tightly or running up her body to cup and knead her fulsome

breast to run through her wet hair or caress her slick, dripping bulging belly.

After countless orgasms Lilith pulled herself from Sebrons' tireless mouth and

stood up. Sebron looked at her worriedly for a moment until she sauntered

towards him, pushing him backwards on the bed. Turning to allow her belly not to

get in the way Lilith yanked off Sebrons' boots and breeches in a single motion,

his manhood standing tall before her. She gasped at its size for it was larger

than Melphios' and thicker to. A wicked grin grew upon her exotic face and she

hungrily wrapped her lips over the massive steed. Whorishly, vampishly she

sucked and slurped the huge member, loud slobbering sounds filling the air as

Sebron shudder and arched, trying to contain himself for she was more skillful

orally than even the Enchantress. Within moments he thought he would explode in

her mouth but she cupped and squeezed him at all the right moments, keeping on

the edge of absolute pleasure, his sex hardening till it ached painfully and he

was nearly begging for release. When Lilith knew he could no longer take it she

slid up his body, her massive belly pressing wonderfully upon his thick manhood

and she rubbed it upon the hard shaft for a few moments, relishing the sexual

torture before she crawled up entirely onto him, straddling her lover. She could

hardly see his face over the great distention of her belly but she knew what she

wanted. Lilith had not told Sebron that she was still a virgin, though she was

his elder by nearly fifty years the Gravidian had never had the full love of a

man, most of her lovers being female and the man who would have been her first

was killed by Vhym. With excitement and trepidation she eased Sebrons' thickness

into the hot, molten slickness of her sex and the both cried out in pleasure as

he filled her completely. The tightness nearly made Sebron swoon and he looked

up at her with wide and concerned eyes, gentle tears rolling down her smooth

cheeks; a truly joyful smile was on her face. She looked at him, their bodies

adjusting to one another as he continued to fill her. "Why did you not tell me?"

She giggled, her hips slowly beginning to rock forward as she grew more

comfortable with his size. "Would you not have taken me?" He smiled with such

tenderness that she wanted to wrap him up in her arms and love him forever. The

thought sent ripples of excitement and fear through her so great that she almost

got up and ran from the room but she could not, not now. "I would have made it

more special my lady, for us both." "Sebron, it is special...and so much more."

With that she started to buck and grind with greater confidence, reveling in her

lovers tender thrusts as Sebron match her rhythm, squeezing and caressing her

monstrous belly, her huge breast bouncing upon her grand swell like huge

pendulums. The two made love for what seemed forever, thrusting and bucking and

grinding as two lovers who had known eachother for years; their movements

perfect and wonderful and they both knew they would reach climax soon. This was

romantic, primal, loving and Sebron was falling, he had fallen when he first met

her but this was so intense, so wonderful that he could hardly breath, he could

hardly think. They were reaching their limits and Sebron so wanted to release

within her but he knew he could not, he should not. Lilith looked at him and

shook her head, smiling wantonly, as if she knew what he was worried about but

then neither of them could think for Sebron gave one last great thrust and

erupted within her womb as she climaxed, her hands twisted into the wet tendrils

of her hair, her cry of joy drowning out all sounds, fears and thoughts. After

what seemed hours the two lovers collapsed next to one another, Sebron

protectively draping his arm over Liliths' massive waist, his dreams filled of

thoughts of fatherhood. Yet as her slumbering lover slept and dreamt of the

children he believed she would have for him Lilith quietly cried, for she knew

she was not with child, she could not be as a Gravidian, as a chosen of Lady

Na'Raszagal and it hurt so badly that she wanted to die for she wanted to be

pregnant, pregnant with the children of Sebron the Staffless; to be his wife,

the mother of his children and his lover until she died but that would not

happen, it could not for she was a Sister of Darkbirth and in three days an army

would come through Tolmort and kill every living thing in it, including Sebron.

Silently she sobbed and cried herself to sleep, Sebron instinctively squeezing

her, hoping to bring her into his dreams and protect her, though he did not know

why.

CHAPTER SIX

DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES

Shalimar awoke tired and sore, as if she had been running all night. Her belly

was sore, not like before when her powers surged uncontrollably but more akin to

eating too much, way too much. Her eyes still closed she absently rubbed the

swollen orb of her belly and stopped suddenly. Wetness covered her gravidity,

and she also could feel that her waist had grown, her belly was larger, not but

much but noticeably enough. With great trepidation she pulled herself up in her

bed but almost screamed when she felt that they too were soaked. Something had

happened last night and she began to shiver as memories, like a dream began to

flash into her head. There were animals, cattle and deer, prey and there was

blood, lots of blood, more than she could have imagined. The soreness in her

belly became more apparent then, the aching grew as more memories of the night

filled her mind and she remembered the change, the hunting and the feeding but

it had all been a dream, a terrible and wondrous dream...it had to be. Slowly

Shalimar opened her eyes and sighed with relief, though her bed and body were

literally dripping with sweat she was simply joyous to know that it was not

blood, as she had feared beforehand. On tired and aching arms Shalimar pulled

herself up towards the headboard, the damp sheets clinging to her golden bronzed

flesh the young. Shivering the young druid looked over towards the window and

froze, her stomach lurching with fear, excitement and pain. The window was wind

open, thrown that way from the inside with tremendous force for the glass panes

within the wood were cracked, nearly shattered. Yet that was not what terrorized

Shalimar, but the great clawed gouges in the stone window sill struck her to the

very core with fear. For many, many moments she sat there, shivering and shaking

uncontrollably in her bed, her stomach twisting and turning as she desperately

tried to sort out her dream, her memories, and her nightmare of the previous

evening. Soon the pressure, the worry overcame her and Shalimar lurched forward,

squeezing her full, round belly and vomited on the sheets. Gagging and coughing

caused her to do it again and she continued until her stomach felt empty. Her

eyes were blurry and she had a horrible taste in her mouth. Refusing to look at

the contents of her sickness Shalimar calmly, rolled up the sheets and placed

the ball of cloth on the floor. She looked at the bundle, her eyes still damp

and puffy from getting sick and her body still shivered but Shalimar could not

take her mind off the possibilities of her dream, about what may have happened,

of what she may have done. The troubled young womans' eyes pooled into deep,

radiant sapphires and with a simple wave of her hand ice began to crawl up about

the cache of clothing and in moments the wad of sheets was an icy sculpture at

her feet. Shalimar had frozen it to its core, making even the cloth itself ice.

Still staring, with fear and now anger, she opened her palm and the ironwood

staff flung into her grasp. She gripped the wood like a vice, her knuckles

growing white and with a silent cry of rage she shattered the ice, sending

chunks and dust everywhere. Then she slumped to the ground, her mind still a

blur, and sobbed, on the near verge of crying. That is when she heard him, old

and gruff and yet powerful, beyond even the Enchantress. "Ye fearin' ye might o'

killed a innocent aren't ye lass?" Immediately Shalimar looked up and yet to her

surprise there was no one, no one at all. For a moment she believed herself mad.

"Ye be forgetin' me already!!" The voice was loud and clear and in her head only

and Shalimar tentatively looked down at the earthen and stone forged ring. The

greenish light flashed within it once again. "Good, ye ain't forgot me yet! Now,

I'm seen' yer a bit worried o' last night aren't ye?" Her voice was weak, hardly

a whisper; part shame, part fear and part confusion. "I don not remember. I do

not know what happened last night. It troubles me that yes I may have

unknowingly killed someone and yet I do not know how, or why. It was a dream; it

had to have been a dream!" For a moment there was only silence, a disheartening

silence. "It t'was no dream lass, an' te' rest ye mind o' bit no one got hurt.

But ye got ta' understand girl, ye changing; a bit o' you is wilder now! That

means til' ye find ta' beast yer link te, ye'll be feedin' an' huntin' and ye'll

have ta' learn ta' control it." Shalimars' mouth dropped open; as if she was not

ready for what the Circlent had told her, which she was not. Naked and

shivering, her breath coming in long deep draws, she gentle fingered the

miraculous ring. "How do I control it? What is it?" "Ye don't know lass?"

Silently she answered the spirit, shaking her head in reply. Her large breast

and big round belly glistened with sweat as she closed her jeweled colored eyes,

deep n thought of the profound words of the spirit. "How can I control

something, a power such as this when I do not even understand it?" She could

almost feel the dwarven ghost smile though she obviously could not see him. "In

time lass ye will, ye will. Now get dressed, ye got te convince tis' damned king

o' the danger coming his way." Again she looked at the ring in astonishment,

marveled by the sheer power it possessed. "Ah girl, I AM a damned circlent! Now

go!"

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The Ministry of Defense was comprised of Lady Minsk, Sir Roban Minsk, Sir Sylvan

Eveningstar, Sir Bodak Gemsplitter, Master Athos the Hand, Jyhlac the Hunter and

Lady Quewndylene Everest with the addition of Sir Morand Tolmort, the Kings'

half brother and heir to the throne and the Lady Tylene Farbow, a half-elven

ranger, the head of the Hunters' rangers. The Ministry sat at a large crescent

moon shaped table, Sir Morand at the center, the Hunter, Sir Sylvan, Lady Tylene

and Master Athos on his left and Lady Delilah Minsk, Sir Roban, Lady Quewndylene

and Sir Bodak to his right. The room they were seated in was large and

foreboding. A dozen guards encircled the room which was lit dimly by candles

that floated mystically in the air, much like the diner hall. It boasted a dome

shaped ceiling that held sound very well and was two stories high with a large

audience of city elders and leaders, soldiers and mages who held sway within

Tolmort. King Jessup usually sat amongst those ranks but Queen Talyveve had not

felt well that morning so the King was absent, leaving his half brother to speak

for him. The Light Magi had not been happy with the turn of events, though

Sebron found it hard to keep his mind on business, knowing that Lilith awaited

him in his chambers. Shalimar also found it difficult to keep her mind on the

business at hand, though for the moment she had not be asked her interpretation

of what must be done. She stared blankly at one of the guards for a long time

until he moved, causing her to realize what she was doing. Both Avareil and

Latissa stood behind their respective speakers though noticeably absent were Tyr

and Shade, proceeding with the Wilder Neiths' plan in hopes to gain insight of

the coming attack. The lovely druid gently rubbed her now slightly larger belly,

feeling the tautness of her exposed swollen waist and then she looked at the

Circlent ring. Suddenly her mind was completely on the task before her.

Attentively she listened as Catasph and Sir Roban debated their issues. "My good

sir, I do not doubt the skill or training of your soldiers but what I do doubt

is your experience with my people. You have dealt with the tactics of goblins

and trolls; rushing their opponents and overwhelming them with numbers. But now

consider this; from reports of your rangers, the hill giants of the Stompboot

Tribe have now teamed up with the Hollow-Tooth clan which means the tactics

change. Your city will be bombarded with stone and rock until your walls

crumple. As this happens the goblins will send wave after wave to weaken your

numbers and this they will do at night where you can not see their numbers or

positions until it is too late. Now enter the drow. Even the light hearted and

good willed of my kind are dangerous foes; the males skilled rogues, mages and

fighters, and the females' strong warriors, powerful priestesses and deadly

assassins. They will slip in through the shadows, find the kinks in your

defense," and the very capable young drow held his words to allow them to sink

in his audiences heads, "and then they will strike at your hearts and wills,

killing you from within while the combined tribes destroy from without." Murmurs

and whispers spread over the attentive crowd. In truth, none save Master Athos

and Sir Sylvan had ever faced the drow in combat and both were nodding to the

truth of Catasphs' words. Still, Roban, his pride still wounded from his earlier

beating refused to be denied. "Yet Master Catasph, we have no proof that they

plan to attack here. No show of real force; just collected bands and raiding

parties that have been dispatched with relative ease. And what of these khur,

none of our troops have yet to face one, the beasts retreating with their

masters under our might." Shalimar nearly leapt at the haughty, ignorant fool

but a strong hand on her shoulder stayed her movement and she looked up at

Avareil, his own dark eyes blazing with anger. Then they received help from a

most unlikely ally. "Sir Roban, though your words compliment us greatly I must

tell you truth; we have seen the Khur and the only reason that we have not faced

them in battle is because they have been drug away by trolls, giants or both,

and these beasts have killed with ease more than one of their unwilling escorts.

Though we have not faced them let us not judge them too hastily." The young

druid smiled at the very lovely half-elven ranger, her long ebon hair glistening

next to her dusty colored skin. Lady Tylene offered a nod of her head and the

debate continued.

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Tyr and Shade had been gone for hours. They had left the castle proper just

before dawn and the main city at mornings light. Tyr was an experienced ranger,

one of the highest amongst the Light Magi but even he had to admit that Shade

was by far out classed many of his own teachers. The odd elf dipped in and out

of shadows and tree branches, leaping here and there silently and moving as if

the forest itself propelled him. Tyr did well keeping pace with the Wilder and

was just about to leap across a small ravine when Shade gripped his collar,

staying him from his jump. Tyr was speechless for he had just watched the elf

cross the same ravine moments before. Shade pointed downward and the Light Magi

followed the direction until his eyes fell upon two gnolls, wolf-headed beasts

that hunted in packs like the dogs they represented but were quite cunning and

very dangerous. Most gnolls followed a pack leader or hired out as mercenaries

and trackers or scouts and these two seemed to be the latter. One wielded a

wicked and cruel looking composite bow while the other fashioned a large two

handed scimitar. They stood roughly seven feet in height and were broad and

imposing but they were nothing compared to the three that followed. The first

two were massive dark skinned mountain giants, standing almost fifteen feet

tall. One was male and the other female; the male wore breeches and held a bag

of boulders slung over his shoulder. The female wore only a hide formed skirt,

her large floppy breast wobbled heavily upon her chest and for a mountain giant

she was not as ugly as most but that hardly made her attractive, stringy brown

hair dangled over her shoulders. Wielding a huge axe, she looked much more

dangerous than Tyr had first thought. Between them, at nine feet tall and nearly

five feet wide as a hairy, animalistic like beast with muscles rippling from

every part of his body. Long, razor like claws emanated from his huge meaty

hands and rows of teeth decorated his flat face, red eyes like embers burned in

their sockets. Tyr glanced back as Shades' nod confirmed his fear, it was a

Khur. About twelve goblins and kobolds emerged from the forest behind them and

then a massive ogre-mage, his hood hiding most of his features. Tyr shook his

head, silently telling Shade this group was more than they could handle and

Shade smiled, then melted into the darkness and Tyr almost gasped out in

amazement. The two rangers watched silently for nearly fifteen minutes as the

group passed, the giants at nearly eye level. Once the troupe moved on Shade

motioned for Tyr and the two hurriedly made their way back to Tolmort; for a

party of this size and so close to the Kingdom was a very dangerous sign.

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The debate had continued for nearly half the day and now evening was fast

approaching. No one had yet eaten and it was starting to show in the

irritability of the debaters. Even usually calm Arym was becoming impatient with

the Ministries reluctance to accept that they were in possibly grave, if not

horrible danger. Only the Hunter and Lady Tylene seemed to be truly on the Light

Magi's side. Master Athos seemed to be swaying that way as well as the beautiful

Lady Quewndylene, but the others, especially Lord Morand were not about to

change heart, not until the doors burst open and two guards rushed in holding

the body of a beaten and half dead ranger. Lady Tylene was moving before anyone

else could assess the situation and Shalimar was right behind her, Sebron and

Arym close on her heels and the Hunter running over as well. The guards laid the

poor and wounded elf to the ground, his face was caked in blood, his jaw torn

open as well as his chest and his left arm was completely destroyed, crushed

beyond recognition. The head of the rangers looked at her comrade and friend,

taking his head gently into her lap, stroking his blood wet hair and calming him

as best she could. Shalimar and Arym were both attending to the beaten young

male, the Light Magi's cleric praying as he cast his spell, drawing upon the All

Father and sending his healing magics into the wounds upon the arm and face

while Shalimar placed her hands on the elfs' chest and drew form her own powers

and began to mend the internal injuries of the ranger. He coughed and shook as

his body was repaired but he somehow remained conscious. Sebron gently fed him

water and they spent nearly an hour in the middle of the Defense room healing

the youth. Lady Tylene asked the elf nothing until she was sure he was rested

enough to speak and even then she did not lift his head form her lap and he did

not look like he really wanted to move. "Rylad, what happened? Where are the

rest of your men?" By now all the members of the Ministry were standing around

them, Lady Minsk holding her hugely swollen belly protectively, Roban wrapping

his strong arms around her as well. Rylad looked up at them, tears welling in

his soft green eyes, and he locked eyes with Sylvan and the Weapons Masters'

eyes narrowed, pained and angered even though the elf had said nothing. His

voice trembled as he spoke, as if he was still living the horrible moment. "We

had been making our last sweep about five miles out from the eastern gate when

we stumbled across a sleeping giant, at least we thought her to be asleep.

Twenty plus goblin kin then ambushed us as the giant and two of her also joined

the fray. I ordered an immediate retreat but then the world grew black and we

could see nothing but I heard many of my men fall about me. I, Kingston and

Brylandis made a break form the dark and had thought ourselves

clear...when...wh..." He broke down in tears, the memories of his friend's death

flooding his mind. Tylene softly, lovingly squeezed him and silently urged him

to continue. Sebron looked to Catasph whose eyes were ablaze with anger for he

knew of the tactic used against the rangers. Gulping down tears Rylad continued.

"I had never seen such a creature before. It was nearly the size of a giant but

it was all teeth and claws and power. Kingston never had a chance to run for the

beast grabbed him and tore him in two. Brylandis and I had a chance to run but

she leapt at it and begged for me to return, to warn you and to get more men. I

tried to argue but the thing had already gutted her and was...," and he looked

up at Sylvan, "feeding on her. I broke to run and fought through goblins and

gnolls and other damned fiends till I reached the safety of are walls." He

looked at them all and then turned to look directly at Tylene. "Twenty

rangers...dead in less than five minutes my lady. We had no chance and only by

the sacrifice of Brylandis am I here to tell you. How could they have come so

close without our knowledge? " Lady Tylene shook her head and then turned and

looked over her shoulder, rage in her eyes as she glared and Morand, "How

indeed?"

Over the next few hours many more patrols returned; though two had been

decimated by attacking hordes, each confirming a conjunction of drow and goblin

and giant and khur. Catasph and Sebron spoke pointedly to Lord Morand as

Shalimar and Arym healed the wounded or aided the dying in passing. It was

nightfall before Shade and Tyr returned, confirming the worst. "Tolmort has been

surrounded. The outlying groups are numerous but I fear they are only the

scouting parties to a much larger force. What is coming I do not think this

kingdom is ready for." King Jessup had joined the Ministry of Defense at dusk

when the last of the ranger patrols had returned. He looked over his men and

women and Sebron was impressed that he knew each by name and rank. The king was

knelt down next to one female ranger; her arm was nearly torn form its socket

but Shalimar was restlessly mending the wound though Arym had expended his

healing spells far earlier. Other clerics, mostly dwarven and elven with a

spattering of human had arrived and were also tending the wounded. King Tolmort

looked at the Light Magi ranger, his eyes dark and angry but there was

understanding in them and intelligence. "What do you suggest master Light Magi?"

Both Roban and Sylvan stepped up almost shocked that their King did not talk to

them first but he held his hand and waited. It was Shalimar who spoke first, to

everyone's' surprise, even Sebrons'. "Lord Tolmort, I have been silent through

most of these proceedings because no one has asked the people of the wilds their

thoughts. No has considered us but we have faced the Khur before and as you can

see," looking down at the wounded young woman, "they are fierce and relentless

and foul. If they have come in force, all your magic and all your weapons will

eventually fall and many will die. Open the mage way to the Wilder lands; send

your people there. At least send those who are not warriors, those who cannot

fight. The rest of us can defend from the castle, make them come to us." Sebron

smiled for Shalimars' idea was exactly what he was thinking, evacuate the city

and its' people and let the warriors and mages and others to defend the city.

Morand had a frustrated look on his face and Avareil almost punched through it

when he spoke, though Latissa held his hand fast, as did Shade. "Brother, you do

not think this female correct. To send our people to the wild lands

is...unfathomable!" King Jessup stood and his eyes locked onto his

half-brothers' anger and rage fueling the grey embers. "You damned haughty FOOL!

My kingdom is under siege and you worry about sending my people to the lands of

the Wilder King who has done nothing but tried to warn us of this threat," the

half elfs' head dropped in embarrassment, "We in our foolishness and pride

ignored the noble people of the Emberza wood and now we will pay for it with our

home and some our lives. I was ignorant not to listen to you Master Avareil and

Master Shade, but that veil of ignorance has been lifted but at a horrible

price. Lady Minsk, prepare to evacuate the city, Master Athos, Master

Gemsplitter, inform Master Hammerhammer of what is happening and advise him to

been preparations to evacuate all noncombatants in the mines and to mobilize the

dwarven forces. Lady Quewndylene, prepare all the magic users; I want the portal

ready by nightfall. Hunter, gather the rest of the rangers and begin watch

around the city proper. Tell them not to engage, we'll need them soon enough.

Master Roban and Master Sylvan; gather your troops and begin evacuation of the

castle and city. Lady Tylene, please assist Jyhlac and Morand, you will

accompany me to begin preparations for battle. Master Roban join me at your

earliest opportunity," as he spoke the individuals broke off to their

assignments, no one questioning the kings orders, "Light Magi, representatives

of the Wild lands, what do you wish to do? You have done more than could or

should have been asked but I fear you may be trapped here with us." Sebron

smiled and whistled and moments Neverwinter who had arrived late into the night

flew in through the open doors. The young magi whispered something to the

splendid snow owl and then it flew over to Shalimar, landing lightly on her

outstretched arm. "Inform the Enchantress guest are coming, many, many guest.

Have her inform Mane, Krahn and Cyro that we are in need and to make haste. Now

go my friend, swiftly!" The owl hooted once and then flew off, Sebron chanting a

soft incantation and the birds speed increased ten fold. He turned and looked

towards his companions, each looking to him knowingly and then he turned towards

the king. "Where are we needed my Lord?" The King sighed and he seemed truly

touched as the huge hand of Avareil clasped down on his shoulder. "We Wilders

don't run from fights, though we do cause them every no and then." There was a

genuine laughter shared as the Kingdom of Tolmort prepared for battle.

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Deep below the city, in the depths of the Underdark, far beyond the mined

caverns of Malcolm Hammerhammer, nearly four hundred drow and fifty or so

driders marched towards Tolmort. Led by Mistress Tal'une and Xarglav, the troupe

of assassins and warrior priestesses moved through the darkness like a vile,

unyielding wave of death. Above they had nearly a hundred or so brethren who

worked with the thralls of the Hollow-Tooth clan and giants of the Stompboot

tribe. Brumby Stompboot had just recently joined Lord Cyrils' list of minions

and that did not sit easily with the untrusting drow female. Still, with her

contingent of four hundred and nearly three hundred half breed orcs, goblins,

hobgoblins and bugbears traveling with her they would emerge beneath the city of

Tolmort and decimate and murder all before them. Tapping the hilts of her twin

rapiers impatiently, she looked back near the end of the line where another

group ponderously marched on; females so swollen and gravid with young that

Tal'une was amazed they could walk. Under the control of Lord Cyrils' protage

Melphio, the hugely pregnant females, almost fifty in number and of all mixed

races, though the few halflings among them were too large to walk, their

monstrous bellies bloated so greatly that they looked almost like balls of flesh

with plump little stumps for arms and legs. These poor few were dragged along in

a cart, one hulking hill giant trudging along with the poor females in tow. The

dark elf assassin knew that this would break the hearts of the Tolmort soldiers

for upon a command word given to her by Melphio; she would instigate the

instantaneous births of nearly two hundred more thralls, right before the

soldiers eyes; births that the Dark Reader insured would be horrifying.

The driders silently scuttled over the ceiling, Xarglav signaling his mostly

male patrol in the intricate hand language of the drow. "Be ready, our Mistress

Gunray demands Tal'unes' life before our work is done. If any oppose her wishes,

kill them. We wait until our mistresses' signal" The signal passed over the

driders and each of them marked the beautiful and unfortunate dark elf. She was

Mistress Gunrays' illegitimate daughter and as such was to be sacrificed to Lady

Malice, the Lady of Chaos and Darkness for Mistress Gunray to receive aid for

the upcoming battle. During the fray, one of the half-spiders would murder the

young female and the offering would be made, though Xarglav hardly cared who

performed the task. Once he was sure all his drider knew their orders they moved

silently and followed their doomed leader.

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Back in the depths of the black walls of Deathonmortuc, Priestess Gunray was

preparing for her ritual. The drider, the chosen on Lady Malice was unlike any

she had seen, even Xarglav. The beast was huge, almost fifteen feet tall and had

a strange yet beautiful web tattooed all over his ebon body. He was beautiful, a

true compliment to drow males, even with large horns that jutted from his

forehead, twisted around and came curling back under his chin. He was muscular,

at least hi upper elven torso was and he was hers. She had prayed for aid in the

up coming battle with Tolmort and upon her request the demidemon drider arrived

as a mass of spiders that cumulated into his present form. Gunray had been told

that upon the dawn of the second day before the attack she was to begin mating

with the demidemon without stop and on the day of the attack her wish would be

granted. Today she allowed her skilled masseuses, the two undead mid-wives of

Banes' mother to loosen her up for the upcoming ritual and looking upon the

beasts' manhood, she would need it. They concentrated on the soft flesh just

below and around her belly, stretching the skin to allow her to accommodate the

brood she would be required to carry. Unfortunately her bastard daughter Tal'une

would not get such treatment. For hours they rubbed and soothed her body while

the handsome beast watched her naked form glistening oil writhe in pleasure. He

stood quietly, his thick manhood rising as the appointed hour grew near. Though

shaped like a drider the demidemon was quiet different in the fact that just

above his arachnid fangs was the sex of a male, allowing him to reproduce though

he quite endowed for any specimen. Gunray could feel the desire welling up with

her as the mystical desire to copulate with the demidemon filled her loins. She

had not known the creatures name but as soon as the hour struck, her body

already wet and slick with sweat, her skin alive and burning with insatiable

need, her mind a literal blur of desire and lust, he spoke it.

"ï‰ï€ ï¡ï­ï€ ï™ï¯ï²ï§ï¯ï²ï¯ï´ï¨ï€ ï¡ï®ï¤ï€ ï¹ï¯ïµï€ ï¡ï²ï¥ï€ ï­ï©ï®ï¥ï€®" She was not going to deny it, she could not

as she rushed up upon the massive beast, her hands clawing and gripping the

stiff thickness of his bestial sex, her fingers groping and stroking the full

heavy sacks of his seed. The demidemon groaned in delight as Gunray hungrily

swallowed up the tip of his thickness, the ebon head nearly breaking her jaw as

she worked her mouth over and down the bloated shaft. His arachnid hind quarters

shuddered as he lowered his bulbous body, making it much easier for the drow

female to please him. Yorgoroth smiled wickedly.

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The third day had come and the mystical gateways from Tolmort to the Emberza

Wood had been opened, and hundreds of citizens; humans, elves, half-elves,

gnomes, halflings and dwarves hurried through and still hundreds more needed to

go through. On the other side the Enchantress, her massive belly swollen tight

and heavy with young and Myra, her belly looking full to bursting, along with

Sasha and Aubrey and nearly forty or so Wilders ushered in the refugees as

quickly as possible. Lady Minsk, who had been one of the first through, along

with Queen Talyveve was surprised by the organization of the Wilders as Coral,

her sword drawn watched in readiness, though she was not watching the evacuation

or any of the peoples of Tolmort, she was watching the outlying woods, along

with two huge bears that stood nearly twelve feet at the shoulder, great bone

ridges across their brows. Shamans of the Wilders were present, tending to the

wounded rangers and Greybeards' clan stood guard over the people. Lady Minsk

stood next to the Enchantress who also seemed to be watching the outer tree

line, as if expecting someone or something to pop out in surprise. Her dark eyes

narrowed a bit as the lady of Tolmort turned to see if her eyes could assist in

some way. Suddenly Coral moved, a golden flash disappearing into the depths of

the woods. The twin dire bears roared as commanded and the Enchantress moved,

snatching up her mystical staff and wrapping her furred cloak about her

shoulders. Lady Minsk looked at her in confusion, not noticing Greybeard in his

true form, the dire wolf standing almost ten feet at the shoulder, towering over

the full bellied woman. "There are intruders in the forest. Somehow they masked

their scent and transversed the depths of our wood but Coral has found them and

we plan to ride ourselves of them at once. Take care of things here; Lobo and

his brother will protect you. " Lady Minsk was about to speak but was struck

silent as the Enchantress floated upward and landed easily upon Greybeards' back

while the twin dire bears stalked forward to loom over the lady of Tolmort. In

an instant both dire wolf and rider were gone.

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by fj0065

Apr 08, 2007 - 147 pages

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