

OAKSONG

CHRONICLES OF THE TITTY DRUID

Feedback? Suggestions? Feel free to send an e-mail to shabadagaming@gmail.com or drop by my Twitter @Shalendris where you will also find links to my other social media profiles.

I hope you enjoy these five chapters. There are many more on the way!

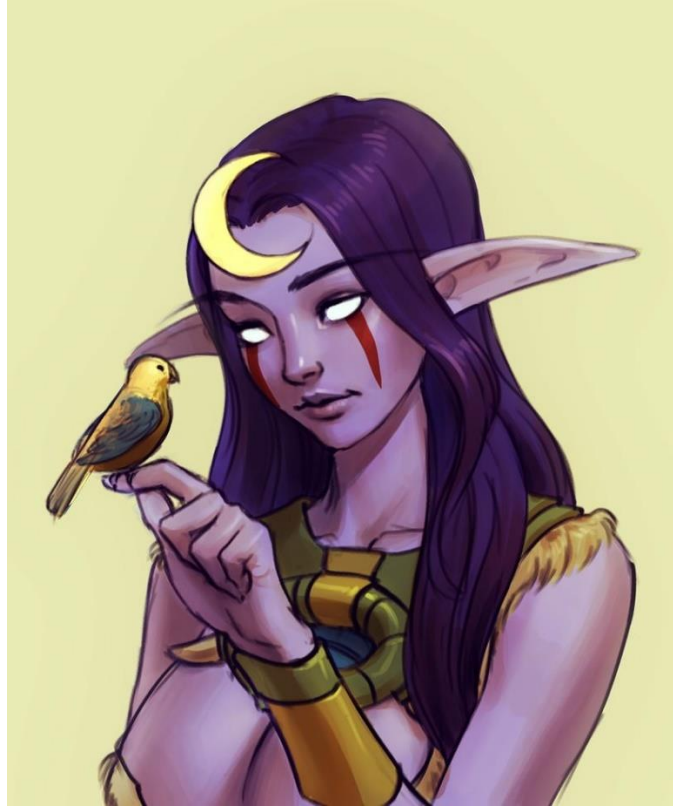
Chapter 1 – The Calm

[M/F, Night Elves, 69ing, Big Tits, Big Dicks]

The stars shone above the endless forests around Zin-Azshari, the elven city's white spires jutting out from the woodlands like a beacon of civilization. Structures of white stone adorned with graceful artistry, thrumming with powerful magic composed this grandiose city. At the center of Zin-Azshari lay the Well of Eternity, an immense fount of magical energy from which the Night Elf empire grew.

Nearest to this great sea-like well lived the Highborne, a noble caste of Queen Azshara's closest servitors. Sitting on a cliff a few miles away from the city was Shalendris, a commoner, her silver eyes looking down at the beautiful city, feet dangling at the edge. She quite enjoyed coming here, far from the hustle and bustle of the city. A place where the soft wind could caress her lavender skin freely, where she could be with her thoughts as songbirds chirped merrily all around her.

Many small Night Elven villages still surrounded the colossal capital, most containing barely a hundred souls. Shalendris wondered what the people in those villages were up to right now, as she looked down at that great forest. The peace and tranquility offered by the strength of the Kaldorei military allowed the people to flourish, to pursue the arts, to study magic and to pursue what professions they most loved.



Shalendris, like her parents, had a love of plants. From the tiniest flower to the greatest oak, the purple-haired woman felt most at home surrounded by these beings. As her fingertips combed through the grass beneath her, a soft smile came to her lips. They could not speak, she knew, but she could feel their presence, in a way.

And through them, she had felt another presence approaching.

“Knew I’d find you here,” came a voice from behind her. “When the villagers told me they saw you taking the path up the mountain...”

“Othros,” said the woman, turning her head to give the man a sideways smile.

The armored Night Elf, Shalendris’ dearest friend and lover, sat down next to her, placing his decorated helmet on the grass next to him. She had known him for over ten years now, since he’d been stationed at her old village. One of the noble Highborne, Othros quickly rose through the ranks, becoming a Captain of the military.

Quite unlike Shalendris, the soldier was serious and well-organized. He was a noble and she, a commoner. Yet they completed one another and with her, he could let his guard down and be himself. He liked that about her.

"How's the shop?" the white-haired Kaldorei asked as his hand moved over hers gently in the grass, referring to her parents' flower shop.

"Business has been good, in no small part thanks to you," the appreciative woman replied honestly.

After her village had been raided by Trolls, Othros had urged Shalendris and her family to relocate to Zin-Azshari, in his family's ancestral home. They had accepted and her parents' shop of medicinal herbs and healing salves had turned to a simple flower shop, favoured by the nobility of the city.

Sitting so near her, the soldier could not help but appreciate the woman even more. Her presence alone soothed him like so many baths and massage oils never could, especially after so many weeks spent on the road. Looking down at her, he could not help a tender smile as his silver orbs roamed across her form. She, of course, pretended not to notice, somewhat amused.

A little over seven feet tall, Shalendris was of average height for a Kaldorei, though the rest of her was far from average. With a form devoid of muscle-tone, the full-figured woman's soft, supple skin held no scars whatsoever. Her hair, a deep, rich purple, flowed down to her lower back and she would often be seen tucking loose strands of hair behind those long, delicate ears of hers.

The softness of her form and manners seemed completely opposite to the clothing she wore most days. While other Night Elves preferred soft silks or even linens, Shalendris seemed to prefer leathers and furs, things one would expect to see on woodsmen and hunters. Leaving her stomach exposed, the woman wore a leather top that seemed to overflow with her abundant chest flesh. Each nearing the size of her own head, the impressive breasts made heads turn wherever she was, jiggling within that tight prison, threatening to spill out at a moment's notice.

To cover her legs, she wore a leather kilt, decorated with furs. The garment was long enough to cover her lower calves, though kept her small feet exposed. She preferred the feel of the grass and stone beneath her feet, she had told him.

“Do tell me of the last few weeks, Othros,” asked Shalendris, shuffling over so that she could sit right next to the man, resting her head on his shoulder delicately. “I trust things are under control at the border?”

She loved to hear of his travels, of the peoples he met and of the dangers he often faced on the road. Though his duties kept him away so much, the tales he came back with made the wait worthwhile. While most other Night Elves were rather distrustful of other races and often looked down upon them, Shalendris had a great curiosity and respect towards them.

“Well, the Trolls have been quiet for a few months... We have had no reports of incursions into our territories. The Tauren have never really been an issue, as you know and the Furbolg – “

Othros' sentence was cut short as he felt Shalendris' hand slithering down his chainmail leggings, causing him to squirm a bit in anticipation. Having been gone from his lover for so long had caused that longing to grow within him and likewise her. He could have had his pick of women during his travels, but his heart belonged to Shalendris and he would remain true to her.

“Go on, dear...” came the woman's voice, a mischievous smirk upon those plush lips of hers as she started caressing his member, feeling its soft pulses against her delicate fingertips. Shalendris knew how to tease him, how to play with him. She motioned for him to move away from the edge of the cliff to give them both enough room.

With a soft groan, Othros obeyed and moved forward before leaning back, palms against the wild grass, continuing the tale of his travels.

“And then the uh... the Furbolgs... They have been having a hard time with some spirit of their long-dead Chieftain or something... He uh...”

His words were once again interrupted as the purple haired Kaldorei started pulling down on his armor to free his manhood. He lifted his ass up off the grass to give her an easier time of it and with a solid yank she managed to pull the leggings down to his knees, freeing his sizeable manhood, the veiny piece of meat smacking against his stomach, an eager drop of precum already oozing from its throbbing tip.

Oh, how it yearned for her touch. The thick purple prick was impressive by all accounts, easily able to cover the distance from the tip of her chin to the top of her forehead with a few inches to spare. His pubic hair was kept to a minimum, neatly trimmed but with a soft tuft of curly white hair just above the base of his maleness.

“The Chieftain of the clan he... Got corrupted or something... I do not know... That Shaman stuff... Never really understood mu-Nnmmff...”

He bit his lower lip as he felt her hand start stroking the base of his rod gently. Meanwhile, her pursed lips kissed the helm of his manhood, the tip of her tongue swirling agilely across that sensitive surface. Removing her mouth from his throbbing dick for a moment to look up at his pleased expression, a devious smirk spread across her lips, quite obviously enjoying his reactions.

It did not take long for her to lower her head back down towards the pulsating cock, wrapping her lips around its immensity as lewd sucking noises echoed throughout the surrounding forests, a dribble of saliva escaping the corner of her mouth to roll down the formidable shaft. Practiced motions brought him ever closer to the long-awaited release.

Leaning over sideways in such a manner, he could feel her hefty chest pressed against his muscled thigh, that softness a wonderful contrast to the armor he wore during his travels. Unable to resist, Othros reached down with one hand, slipping his fingers into her top to grope at her right breast, fingers sinking into the irresistible, overabundant flesh.

A soft purr came from her throat, causing her lips to buzz pleasantly around his cock as she slowly dragged them up and down the throbbing vastness of that beloved pillar of flesh, coating it in saliva. Though her lips formed a near-perfect seal around the huge dick's circumference, a small amount of the Night Elf's saliva managed to dribble from the corner of her mouth, slowly rolling down to the man's fist-sized balls.

Shalendris nearly squirmed as she felt her lover's eager fingers brush against her sensitive nipple, his rough groping of her plentiful titty meat.

He had stopped telling her about his travels, he now realized, though she hardly seemed to care, too busy sucking and slurping hungrily on his cock, those lewd noises becoming louder.

Schlurp, schlurp, schlurp!

He looked down at her for a moment, enjoying the view of her struggling to fit his entire cock down her hungry gullet, those delicious noises she made only bringing him closer and closer to release. The rapid bobbing of her head caused her hair to sway before her face and, for the second or third time that evening, she tucked her long hair behind her ear both to remove the annoyance and to give her lover a better view of her face.

Enjoying the attention he gave her chest, she removed her head from his cock with a loud *plop*, wiping the saliva from the corner of her mouth with a single digit.

“No wonder you came to see *me* before all others, Othros... You look like you’re about to explode,” said the busty woman with a soft chuckle as she shuffled over, getting on her knees between his legs to more comfortably gobble up his wonderful cock.

“I simply enjoy your company, my love,” he replied with a chuckle of his own, his bright silver eyes focused on the spectacle of Shalendris sucking on his dick as though her life depended on it, feeling her tongue writhing against the veiny expanse.

Gently, the soldier placed his hand beneath her chin, pulling her cock-hungry maw off his throbbing manhood to stare into her eyes lovingly. “Though it is only normal that you enjoy mine as well.”

And she understood the intent behind those words suddenly, giving his turgid rod a few more strokes before standing up before him. Shalendris’ fingers fidgeted for a few moments with the handful of straps that held her leather kilt up on her form, letting the garment fall to the ground, revealing to Othros her dribbling cunt. Like him, the woman liked to keep things tidy down there, leaving little hair but a small leaf-shaped patch of it.

"Cute," he thought, his hand reaching out to gently caress the back of her legs, a loving smile forming on his lips.

Bathed in moonlight, Shalendris was quite a sight to behold. When the woman felt strong emotions, a soft yellow crescent moon would appear near her forehead, floating yet giving off a certain light. That moon shone now, the Kaldorei woman seeming more and more like Elune herself descended from the sky. He did not have much time to contemplate that thought as she turned around, lowering that elven flower of hers onto his lips. And he kissed it tenderly, lying down on his back while she placed her elbows on either side of his hips, her face but a few inches from his cock, leaking precum as it throbbed excitedly.

Her breath caressed Othros' maleness for a few moments as she observed it before once again wrapping her fingers around it, biting her lower lip as the man's mouth started kissing and suckling at the delicate pearl atop her needy cunt. Though she did try to suppress a moan, her mouth opened to let forth a gentle, pleased sound as she felt the man inserting one thick finger into her depths slowly as his lips caressed her folds.

Closing her eyes, feeling his mouth against her soaked elven pussy, Shalendris let forth another moan, this one more powerful than the last, filled with lust and desire for the man she loved above all others. That shining moon on her forehead shone even brighter as her pleasure heightened. He inserted another finger into her dripping snatch, slowly increasing the pace.

His other hand was not idle, fondling his lover's ass, moving from one hefty cheek to the other, though his current angle didn't really let him appreciate the wonderful sight of Shalendris' large, round ass.

Returning the favour, Shalendris grabbed firmly at his cock with one hand, her other hand holding her up as she lowered her face once more upon his girthy prick, feeling it bump against the back of her throat. With her face impaled upon him in such a manner, the elven woman's quickly became muffled, but it was clear by her expressions and her squirming that she was clearly enjoying this just as much as he was.

As her stroking hand moved downwards to the base of that wondrous shaft, she guided her fingers gently, delicately to his balls, softly cupping them against her palm as she took on more and more of his length, angling herself in such a manner as to allow him to push a few inches down her throat.

Gluck. Gluck.

She managed to suppress her gag reflex as the muscles of her throat contracted around the beast's girth. "Mmmnnnggh..." moaned Shalendris as another wave of pleasure washed over her, this one stronger than the last.

Othros, meanwhile, could not endure the pleasure any longer. Suddenly, almost too quickly for any of them to react, he started bucking, thrusting his cock upwards even deeper into the surprised woman's throat. Shalendris' large silver orbs widened as torrents of hot, creamy spunk flooded her throat and stomach, nearly choking on the abundant spunk. The fingers on the man's right hand squeezed harder at her ass cheeks while his other hand remained motionless, his brain unable to continue fingering her. He tried as hard as he could to keep his lips glued to her cunt, to keep his tongue against her clit, to let the tip of that agile muscle bring her closer and closer to ecstasy. But he could not, and he threw his head back with a low groan as that powerful release nearly made him black out. Each thrust of his hips caused him to pump more and more thick semen deep into her throat.

Pulling her face from his cock, the coughing Night Elf woman was met with a few more healthy ropes of cum that shot into the air from the jizz-spewing member before her. With one eye partially closed due to a sticky string of cum hanging from her eyebrow, she raised her finger to her face to wipe it off, coughing up a couple strands of the abundant spunk.

Left satisfied by that orgasm but not quite done with his business, the white-haired soldier moved his face back up at Shalendris' cunt, his mouth meeting those sweet lips of hers once more, his tongue lapping at her juices, his breath warm against her most sensitive parts.

Looking back at him for a moment, Shalendris let loose another long moan as the waves of pleasure coursing through her became more powerful with every passing moment. Othros, fully committed to getting her off, started sucking on her clit more fervently. The tip of his tongue would move up and down rapidly as his pursed lips devoured her most delicious flower, her juices running down his chin.

Meanwhile, Shalendris returned her attention to his slowly deflating member, still coated in spit and semen. Her tongue started gently lapping up the thick spunk still covering the hefty cock, her moans intensifying with every lick and

slurp of that meaty treat. Anyone observing them at that moment would also have noted that the moon on her forehead also started giving off a stronger glow, illuminating the surrounding area with that soft golden light.

The moaning Kaldorei's eyes forced themselves shut as her muscles tensed, her lover's assault on her cunt intensifying. She felt herself being thrown at that powerful, long-awaited orgasm like a glaive shot from one of the Kaldorei's war machines. And like the glaive, she hit her target, her arms failed her as her whole form was completely overtaken by that sweet release. She could see stars as the unrelenting Kaldorei beneath her kept on sucking and licking, feeling her cunt convulsing around his pumping digits as she ground herself more forcefully onto his face.

"Ahhhhnnn... Fffuckkkk..." moaned the helplessly writhing Night Elf as her mind nearly shattered from the pleasure given by Othros' skilled hands and mouth. "Hhhaammffucking ccccuuhhhh..." She could not finish her sentence as small tremors shook her to her core, her mouth slightly agape as her fingers squeezed the man's dick almost painfully, her fat tits pressed hard against his crotch.

Her orgasm left her nearly breathless. Panting, she rolled off the man and into the grass next to him so that they lay next to one another in the long grass, staring up at the stars and moon. Shalendris' forehead moon slowly faded as the pair remained there for long minutes, just silently enjoying each other's company, their fingers intertwined lovingly.

"I wanted to tell you... I have been reassigned to the Eternal Palace. I won't be gone for weeks on end anymore," Othros half-whispered to her, turning his head sideways to look into her eyes.

"That is great news, my love. Do you know why they need more guards at the Palace? Why they need soldiers?" asked the half-naked Kaldorei, never having bothered to dress herself after those passionate moments.

Othros shrugged slightly before turning his gaze once more towards the beautiful night sky. "Might be Elune's doing," he said somewhat jokingly. Kaldorei did have a habit of pinning various things on their goddess, he knew.

No more words came from either of them as they slowly drifted into peaceful sleep, the soft wind of that cliff gently caressing their naked forms.



“Wake up, my love. Wake up!”

The soft, yet masculine voice spoke with urgency as she slowly opened her eyes, knuckling the sleep from them. Her hair was a mess and she realized that she had been covered by a blanket during the night. Othros' doing, without a doubt.

Shalendris blinked a few times as her vision's blurriness slowly faded. “Muuuhhh?”

The fighter had his bow in hand and a handful of arrows on the ground next to him. He had tied his long white hair into its usual ponytail. As she looked him over for a few moments, she wondered just how he managed to be so alert, visibly ready to take on the day at such an ungodly hour. He had his armor on and had apparently taken the time to comb his hair. He was always so... neat, with no facial hair whatsoever, keeping his jawline visible.

She, on the other hand, seemed the complete opposite, spending most of her time wandering around the forests. Her small feet were often messy, dirty and her hands covered in dirt from her digging up various plants to bring back to her parents' shop. Othros had commented on that a few times, saying she would soon become like “that strange Stormrage fellow”. She could only laugh at that and had not taken it as an insult.

She was not meant to do great things, she knew. She was the daughter of commoners and even if she married Othros someday, she would never be truly accepted within Highborne society.

While Kaldorei society considered golden eyes to be a sign of greatness to come, hers were the silver common to most of her kind. And she did not mind. She would be content with a quiet life.

“Take it,” came her love's voice as he gave her a gentle kiss on the lips, waking her from her reverie. Slowly, the half-awake woman took a hold of the weapon, waiting for an explanation as her fingers wrapped around the short bow.

“Can I at least get dressed?” she asked, noticing the man’s smirk. Obviously, this was not as urgent as she had previously been led to believe.

She quickly donned her leather kilt and bra before returning to Othros, her eyes following where he was pointing with his finger. Then, she noticed it. A large white hare, plump and alluring.

Shalendris had no qualms about ending another living being’s life. She knew such actions were part of the natural cycle of things, yet she took no joy in the act. Oblivious to the two Kaldorei observing it, the critter kept on munching on whatever small feast he had found at the base of the tree.

Though it was most likely morning at this point, the massive trees that made up the forests of Kalimdor managed to block enough sunlight that it was rarely ever *sunny* in the Kaldorei woodlands. The Night Elves’ graceful forms allowed them to move about as stealthily as any of the great Nightsaber cats could through those vast, near unending forests.

Shalendris notched an arrow to the plain short bow, drawing the bowstring back as she raised the weapon towards the animal. The training Othros had given her would be of use here, and she knew he enjoyed seeing her in action. While she *had* received basic training in the use of a bow and arrow as a child, her interest was rather limited.

Now, however, she understood how such training could come in handy. And she enjoyed training with the man far more than she did with her rigid and demanding father.

Once she was sure of her aim, she let the arrow fly, letting it whistle between the trees towards its intended target.



“Mmmmfff... M’fo good!” managed Shalendris between a few mouthfuls of cooked hare, her teeth tearing off large chunks of the meat Othros had prepared.

“Please, chew with your mouth closed, dear.” Eshana seemed slightly annoyed at her daughter’s behaviour, cutting into the warm meal with knife and fork.

One of the two had far better integrated into Highborne society, Othros inwardly remarked, the ghost of a grin on his lips. When Shalendris’ family had moved in, she and her parents seemed completely out of their element in his ancestral home. Now, at least her parents had acclimated well to this new environment. They had already traveled to Zin-Azshari before, but mostly to sell and buy goods at the market. Never had they dreamed their family would reside there one day.

Shalendris and her mother wore the usual silken garments favoured by the Highborne, clothing so light one could easily forget they were wearing anything were it not for the gentle clinging of the abundant jewelry and metallic decorations that came with these outfits.

The younger of the two women fidgeted a little with her outfit as she ate, a little annoyed at how some of the metallic parts of the outfit dug into her flesh and how it left her feeling quite exposed. But she endured these outfits, for she knew that for her parents’ business, she had to look the part. She had to integrate into Highborne society as best she could, to be worthy of the home Othros had offered her and her family.

It was not the most prestigious home in the city and after an unknown disease had taken his own parents, Othros was glad that he had someone to share it with. He regarded Shalendris’ parents, Eshana and Denarian, as he would any member of his own family and held a great affection for them.

Now, the place had truly been remodeled to accommodate the family’s flower shop. In the past, it had been rather plain, though it held the usual graceful elven architecture as most other homes in the area, with columns of white stone and walls decorated with various carvings. While other people, other races, would probably find the design of the structure quite advanced and appealing, it remained rather plain to one who was used to seeing such things.

The house’s windows were now decorated with all manner of colourful flowers: mageroyal, starlight roses, dreamfoil and the like. Its outer walls were covered in an assortment of vines, orange, purple and green. Behind the house, a large garden had been put in place for the family to grow and tend to the various flowers and plants they sold year-round. Even during the winter, the

enchancements of the city kept the cold at bay, allowing for their business to continue despite the harsher weather outside the limits of the elven city.

Eshana and Shalendris looked very much alike, though the former was probably a hundred years older than her daughter. Both had beautiful faces with a slight pout to their lips and large silver eyes that radiated a love and wonderment for the world around them. However, Eshana eclipsed Shalendris when one compared their bodies.

Most Night Elves, men and women, had athletic, graceful forms. This was undeniably true of Shalendris and her family, and while Shalendris had extremely impressive curves, her mother beat her almost twice over in that department. Eshana had a chest unlike any Othros has witnessed on an Elf before, nearly twice the size of her own head, made even more tantalizing as they rested on the table while she ate. If she did not do this, Othros knew, they would push painfully into the marble table. Would Shalendris eventually develop like her mother did? Would she surpass her mother?

His thoughts were interrupted when a knock came upon the door and the shop's bell rang a moment later, signaling that someone had entered the shop part of the building. Shalendris started getting up, a small piece of meat on her chin. He smiled at that small reminder of her appreciation for his food.

"I'll go." Gesturing with his hand for her to remain seated, he got up to greet the guest. Though he enjoyed his military career, he just as much enjoyed helping with the family's business.

Being unable to see who had just entered the shop did not stop her from understanding that this was no customer. The tone of their voice made them out to be either a guard or soldier... This person had come to see her beloved Othros.

"Captain Othros, you are needed at the Palace." She recognized the voice as Talliar's, one of the soldiers who had served under Othros to repel the Troll raid in Shalendris' village nearly a decade before.

"My assignment was set to start next week... I thought..." His words were laced with equal parts surprise and disappointment. He knew there was no way for him to refuse such an order.

“New developments have required Varo'then to recall all current and future members of the Queen's Guard back to the palace. You shall be serving under him. Elune watch over you, Othros.”

The look on Othros' face crushed Shalendris' heart as he walked back to the table.

“I suppose the two of you heard...” he said, taking his place at the table.

Eshana placed a hand on Othros' gently. “It is a great honor to serve Queen Azshara. You will do fine.” Her reassuring smile achieved its goal, and his expression softened.

Shalendris stood up and walked over to him, giving him a gentle hug from behind, placing her hands on his chest as she leaned forward to give him a kiss on the cheek. “The Palace is less than an hour from here on foot... It's not like this is permanent, either.”

And with those words, he felt any concern, and uncertainty he might have had leave him. Serving Azshara was an honor, and, by all accounts, it was a far easier job than patrolling the empire's borders. The only downside was that he had to spend his nights and days within the confines of the Eternal Palace... On the bright side, he had heard most of the Queen's Guards had frequent breaks and vacations during which they could visit their loved ones.

He could do this, he knew. It was not as bad as it had seemed when the news had first hit him. It was a sudden shift in his plans, for sure, but not a wholly unexpected one.

The next day, he walked towards the enormous white gates of Azshara's Palace wearing the white-and-gold armor of the Queen's Guard.

As the gates of the Eternal Palace were opened and Shalendris saw Othros walk inside, a deep feeling of unease swept over her. Something was amiss, something deeply troubling hanging in the air.

Little did she know, the coming months would be the hardest she would ever face.

Chapter 2 – The Storm

[M/F/F, Night Elves, Demons, Double Titfuck, Breast Expansion, Light Incest]

Shalendris awoke the next day to the sound of chirping birds. While Night Elf society was nocturnal, she enjoyed the tranquility of the daytime hours, of the less occupied streets of Zin-Azshari. While there were not as many trees in Zin-Azshari – and none as large as the wooden giants of the surrounding forests – the powerful enchantments created by the elven sorcerers of the city managed to dim the sunlight to keep things somewhat shaded for its inhabitants.

Sliding out of bed with a long yawn, eyes nearly glued shut from nearly half a day's sleep, the purple haired Kaldorei combed her fingers through her hair to try and tame her dark locks. Her ears perked up as she heard voices coming from the street, causing her to furrow her brow. People speaking to one another in the streets was not uncommon, especially in a city as populated as this but these voices seemed *worried* and there were many of them.

Throwing on night robe of dark silk, she dragged herself to the nearest window, she had to squint as the unusually bright sunlight hit bright silver eyes. "What the..."

Pressing her palms to the windowsill, the relatively young Night Elf did not fully comprehend what was happening and what was causing such agitation at this time of day. In the streets, more than two dozen Highborne sorcerers were gathered in small groups, discussing loudly among one another.

"I... I cannot weave my spells anymore!" said one.

"My enchantments have failed! Even the Queen's magic has failed!" remarked another, pointing to the bright sky.

"Something has happened to the Queen!"

These words started to worry Shalendris as well. Usually so carefree and composed, even she was starting to feel the generalized panic infecting her, burrowing into her soul. Never really gifted in anything related to magic, Shalendris could now also feel how the magic permeating every facet of

Kaldorei society had disappeared. It had not faded over time, it had stopped entirely, like a river suddenly dammed by a boulder.

“What is happening...?” Her words were almost silent as she spoke to herself, a chill coursing over her body suddenly.

Putting on the leather top and kilt she felt most comfortable in, Shalendris turned towards her room’s door to find Eshana, her mother, entering with the same worried, panicked look as the Highborne in the street upon her beautiful face.

“Something’s happening, Shalendris. The sorcerers cannot use their magics anymore... Something terrible is happening! Go get your father, he is out delivering flowers to the Elthenil household. Make haste, dear... I...” She stared deeply into her daughter’s eyes for a moment, trying in vain to regain her composure. “I fear that the worst might happen. I have heard that the Queen has been taken hostage... Our family cannot suffer once again as we did during the Troll raid on our previous home... I don’t want to lose you as I did your brother. I don’t want to lose your father.”

A sad silence hung over the room for a long moment before Shalendris spoke again, her eyes locked onto her mother’s own. Taking a few steps forward, Shalendris hugged her mother gently, reassuringly.

“I’m sure it’s nothing... Don’t worry, I’ll go get him and we’ll be back before you know it.” Stepping back, she took Eshana’s hands into her own, giving them the slightest squeeze.

“Hurry, child.”



Many people were already moving towards the gates of the Eternal Palace, demanding to know what was happening with the Well of Eternity and with their beloved Queen Azshara. Were she at the gates with the other Night Elves, she would be asking for her own beloved, Othros, rather than the Queen.

Like most Night Elves, Shalendris still loved Azshara. The Queen had managed to grow the Kaldorei empire into the greatest civilization on Kalimdor and had afforded them hundreds of years of peace and prosperity. Something had gone wrong with the Well of Eternity, however, and perhaps that prosperity would soon be coming to an end, she thought as she moved swiftly between the crowd, keeping her eyes open so she could spot her father.

As she moved towards the Elthenil household, more and more Kaldorei had gathered upon the steps to the palace.

"Excuse me, pardon me." The crowd was getting thicker, and she was having a bit of difficulty moving through the assembled elves. Her eyes scanned the crowd, looking for her father. The sounds of the crowd were getting louder and louder.

Even among all that, she could hear the peaceful tune of a single bird. Raising her head, she spotted it. A single yellow bird looking down at... her? She could not contemplate it any further, shoved by an insistent Highborne who wanted to ascend the steps to the palace, shouting something about the sudden absence of magic causing the city's wards to fail.

Then, she heard it. Among the clamoring were screams. Then, the screams got louder. And she saw what was causing the screams. The gates of the Eternal Palace had opened and from them had come forth a mass of horrid creatures, the massive brutes armed to the teeth and just... slaughtering every Night Elf they could find.

The crowd that a few moments ago wanted nothing more than to enter Azshara's palace now wanted nothing more but to run from it and Shalendris was stuck in this wave of fleeing, panicking Kaldorei.

Then, she heard the bird again as things briefly quieted around her. Or seemed to, at least.

"You must escape. Leave the city."

Was she hearing voices? Was this a nightmare?

Then, a massive, winged form crashed down barely ten feet from her, holding a massive glaive with which it started cutting down the fleeing crowd with sadistic glee, cackling loudly. A few Night Elves managed to pick up arms to try and defend themselves from the hulking, bloodthirsty brutes but they were no match. Without their magic, without their enchanted armor and weapons, they were no match.

Nightmare or not, Shalendris knew she had to get out of there, had to escape. She could only pray to Elune that her father had managed to get to safety somehow, that he had not been crushed by the crowd or slaughtered like the hundreds who now lay dead on the steps to the Eternal Palace.

In the chaos of it all, Shalendris's eyes were drawn once more to that bright yellow bird flying towards an alleyway. An empty alleyway between two buildings. Conjuring up all the strength in her limbs, she managed to dash perpendicularly through Night Elves running away from the carnage and into the dark alley.

With eyes that could adapt to low-light conditions, Shalendris looked around in the relative quiet of that alley, breathing heavily as she tried to come up with a way out of this mess. A way back to her mother. A way to warn her of the fiendish creatures rampaging through Zin-Azshari.

Shalendris barely had the time to think that a small form stepped out from behind a crate into the open. Only a foot and a half tall, it had ashy grey skin with two long horns protruding from its forehead. Its eyes burned with fiery malice as its grin showed its sharpened, yellowed teeth. Most disturbing of all, however, was the hefty prick it held in its hand. Its clawed digits gripped it firmly as it pumped the length of the veiny thing while its lust-filled gazed stared at the Night Elf's hefty bust and overflowing cleavage. Grossly disproportionate to the fiend's size, its cock probably would have dragged on the ground had he not been holding it in his hand.

"Ey luv, 'ow 'bout ya let ol' Fuznutz 'ave a wank on 'em tits yea?" spoke the horrid little thing, still stroking his dick furiously.

Almost reflexively, and with all the disgust in her body, Shalendris's leg swept upwards in one swift motion, her heel connecting with the underside of the unknown pervert's chin. The sickening crunch she heard as her foot connected with its face let her know that she could keep running.

And with all the grace of a nightsaber cat, she leapt over its prone form. The immobile creature still held its cock in its hand as she leapt over it and the last thing it saw was the wonderful garden hidden beneath Shalendris's kilt as she jumped over him.

His hideous cock let forth a few spurts of fiendish jizz as he died, as happy as any of its kind could be.

Still running, Shalendris looked over her shoulder to make sure it had not followed her, only to see its corpse disappear in a harmless puff of smoke and green embers.

"Ew. Gross."

Running from one street to the next, her ears did their best to make out from which direction came the least amount of noise, to steer away from the massacre. The sounds of screaming Night Elves, slaughtered indiscriminately, echoed all around her but she managed to focus her hearing just enough to avoid the most chaotic places, keeping to the small alleys and avoiding the wider streets as best she could.

She could feel a ringing in her ears as she arrived at her family's home, her muscles aching as she struggled to catch her breath. Most Kaldorei were athletic. *Most.*

The building seemed intact. Taking a few moments to catch her breath, her gaze was slowly drawn to the large garden used by her family to grow the flowers and herbs for their business. The once rich green leaves of the plants were replaced by sickly brown ones, the colorful flowers wilted and drained of life. Another effect of the loss of the Well of Eternity? No, it could not be... After all, her family had never really relied on magic to grow anything.

A soft breeze caused the thick oaken door of that back entrance to slowly creak open, drawing her attention. Dread gripped her heart. Was she too late?

Slowly, Shalendris made her way into the house, her bare feet moving up the stone steps to the second floor. Her gaze scanned her surroundings constantly,

slowly, picking up nothing out of the ordinary. Her eyes saw nothing, but her ears picked up an odd sound. A rhythmic, fleshy sound.

Rounding a corner, the stealthy Kaldorei's eyes peered into the room from which the unknown sound came. She did not have to look far to find the source as she spotted a massive, hulking form squatting above the stomach of a Night Elven woman on the floor, her face obscured from Shalendris's view by a pair of absolutely mountainous breasts, jiggling and wobbling wildly with each impact of the creature's hips.

The ten-foot-tall monstrosity's muscles swelled under its crimson skin with every powerful movement, two large bat-like wings protruding from its back, twitching as it continued pounding at the other Night Elf's tits.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

Shalendris's eyes observed the scene, somewhat horrified that such a creature had made its way into her family's home, had apparently targeted her home above so many others... And though she could not get a proper look at the victim's face, she knew that was her mother there on her back. Had she ever the slightest chance?

Then came the creature's voice as it turned its face sideways towards her. "Ah, a spectator... Have you come to give yourself to me as well? Or have you come to watch?" She could now fully see the creature's face with those handsome yet twisted features and its eyes, burning with an evil green flame.

"Oh! Shalendris, you're back so soon! Othros decided to pay us a little visit!" said Eshana, reaching up with both hands to caress the fiend's muscular torso, letting her fingers drag along its rippling abdomen.

Shalendris swallowed. On the creature – for there was no way that *thing* was her beloved Othros – she could see thick veins that seemed to glow with the same green tint as his fiery green eyes.

As if it understood Shalendris's thoughts, it let its deep voice rise once again to reiterate its invitation. "See, *my love*, just how much your mother is enjoying herself! See how perfect she's become!" And with that, it lowered both of its

huge, round hands towards Eshana's massive, overgrown breasts, its clawed fingers pushing into the twin peaks' malleable flesh, its hips never stopped hammering for a single moment, its rhythm never slowing. And Shalendris noticed just how larger Eshana's chest was than it had been that very morning.

"See how **powerful** I've become!" it bellowed as the greenish veins across its body glowed suddenly, a pulse of energy traveling along its entire form to the tip of its fingers and transferring to Eshana's breasts.

Shalendris fell onto her rear at the sight, noting how that green magic seemed to transfer to the veins in her mother's chest. The speechless Kaldorei started shuffling backwards, her mother's screams of ecstasy rising as the magic went to work altering her form. While her mother had always been gifted in that region, her breasts were now more than twice her usual size, so massive they would rest comfortably on her lap when she sat. And now, they were growing again, affected by whatever evil magics that fiend was pumping into her veins.

Arching her back, Eshana moaned and moaned as her already huge breasts reached truly unbelievable proportions. "Stay, Shalendris, stay with us... Come, enjoy yourself..." her mother said, pure bliss dripping from every word.

Shalendris could not watch the spectacle any longer and she summoned as much strength as she could in her weary legs, rising suddenly to escape the scene.

"Oh, no, no, no. Don't be so rude, *my love*," said the hulking fiend mockingly, lifting one hand towards the door towards which Shalendris was turning and conjuring up a great wall of blackened rock to block her escape, the pillar of stone knocking her backwards and back into the room, this time only a few feet from her mother and her assailant. "We haven't even had the time to enjoy ourselves! Or perhaps you really were glad to see me be called to Azshara's palace?" came the teasing words.

From this distance, Shalendris could truly see the details of the behemoth's face. Any denial of the truth of his identity could no longer hold, any doubts were washed away. This was, somehow, Othros, the man she had loved, still loved. His traits were still somehow elven yet twisted by the foul magics he seemed to wield. Perhaps this creature had stolen his form, she pondered momentarily before it reached down with its clawed hand, grabbing the back of her head firmly and lifting her to her knees.

“Observe what it means to serve the Legion! You can become so much more. I have seen the truth, and so can you! You can still be saved, Shalendris!” rumbled Othros, the movement of his hips stopping suddenly. Eshana, who’s breasts had kept on increasing in volume from Othros’s enchantments, now truly defied Shalendris’s imagination, so large were they that she doubted her mother’s hands could even reach those huge nipples, thicker than wine corks atop saucer-sized areolae.

Dropping her, Othros grinned down at Shalendris triumphantly. Had he truly betrayed her? Betrayed the people he had vowed to protect? What had happened? This was all too much, and she could not find the words to reply to his offer, could not process what was happening.

“This is a nightmare...” she whispered to herself, eyes locked onto her mother’s breasts, watching as she brought her hands to the sides of those fleshy mountains, slowly dragging them along the length of Othros’s cock. The man had always been well endowed, even by Kaldorei standards but what she now saw, sitting a few feet from the pair was probably longer than her arm, covered in pulsating green veins and thick enough that she did not know if both her hands could even fully encircle the thing.

Turning her head sideways to look at Shalendris, Eshana’s lustful voice caressed her daughter’s ears. “What did you say, dear?” she asked the one sitting next to her, her words punctuated by a few moans as she opted to use her arms to hold those massive breasts of hers, tightening the slick tunnel of titmeat that Othros had slowly started fucking again, his hips causing small ripples in the colossal knockers.

“This is wrong!” she managed to blurt out, distressed.

But that distress was soon dispelled. The abundant lust in the room seeped into Shalendris’ smind rapidly, burning away at her mental defenses like a bushfire, fogging up her thoughts. She could feel herself slowly getting aroused at what she was witnessing. This was, after all, Othros... Was it not? The man who understood her best, who had loved her for so many years, who had shared so many wonderful moments with her... He made her laugh, trained her with glaive and bow and taught her that being Highborne did not always come with disdain for the lower classes.

Perhaps he was right. Perhaps she should give in. This *Legion* was here to cleanse the world. Things would be so much simpler for her...

Before she knew it, she had her pursed lips on Eshana's fat teat, suckling on one of her mother's massive nipples, with areolae the size of her palm and nipples thicker than her thumb. Shalendris's teeth gently touched those sensitive nipples, eliciting a moan from Eshana who placed a hand behind Shalendris's head, pulling her in more forcefully against that truly oversized elven udder.

"Unfff... That's right, baby, suck on my titties... I'm so glad you decided to join us..." The woman's soothing voice said encouragingly, long fingers combing gently through her daughter's dark purple hair. "Mmm, so good..."

Shalendris closed her eyes, enjoying the feeling of that vast breast against her face as she tasted the enhanced tits presented to her. She could already feel her arousal dribbling down her leg, pleasure mounting within her core from such a simple act. She *needed*, needed oh so desperately to scratch that itch now, and her hand slithered down her soft stomach, sliding down beneath her leather kilt to probe at her gushing cunt.

Othros's grunting got louder with each thrust, and Shalendris could tell his own release was mounting. With Shalendris holding one breast on one side with her own body, Othros held the other with his mighty hand, pounding mercilessly at the titanic jugs before him, feeling his melon-sized nuts dragging along the mother's stomach. Oh, how he had ached to give those tits the fucking of a lifetime. And now, they were truly glorious, molded by the fel magics of the Burning Legion. He'd been promised that he could save the Oaksong family with this power, and he had resisted for a little while. But after getting a simple taste of it... It was overwhelming, addictive. And he wanted more. He wanted to share this power with his family.

But first, he would fuck the both of them into submission.

Snarling appreciatively, the demonic Night Elf freed his dick from the warm embrace of Eshana's fel-grown boobs, a long strand of precum connecting that fat, throbbing cockhead to the woman's chest for a moment. Tilting her head sideways to observe the titan now revealed to her, Shalendris could only gasp in astonishment beneath its shadow.

From this angle, it seemed even bigger, finger-thick veins throbbing angrily along its shaft, hot precum dribbling down the underside of the beast and, Shalendris noted, it seemed as though the cock's crown had tiny spikes along its ridge. Certain to reach all the right places, she thought, amused.

"Drink of my seed," ordered Othros, looking down at Shalendris, his cock still looming over her menacingly.

With a nod, Shalendris freed Eshana's saliva-covered nipple from her mouth with a slight plop, letting that titanic titty settle back down onto her chest, the two vast orbs half-flattened. Gravity still affected the enormous breasts, though not as much as it would have if they had been grown without the aid of magic.

Standing next to Othros, Shalendris raised one hand to that pulsating, leaking tree trunk of a dick, letting her fingers drag along the vein-riddled shaft, feeling its heat. "So... big..." she muttered under her breath. And without a second thought, the younger Kaldorei brought her mouth to the leaking tip. It was far too big for her to ever fit into her mouth without body enchantments, but she still sucked and slurped at it hungrily, using both hands now to stroke and caress the monolith.

Her wide silvery eyes stared up at Othros as she loved to do, but she found no love in those burning green pits, the colossus's arms crossed as though it waited for Shalendris to complete her duty. Tilting her head sideways, Shalendris let her lips massage that massive cockhead, her tongue sliding all over the sensitive surface.

Meanwhile, the two of them were bathed in Eshana's melodious moans, the matronly Night Elf plunging four fingers deep into her cunt repeatedly, one of her hands reaching up to grope at her gigantic breasts as though she was going insane from the pleasure. Writhing in that mind-bending pleasure, the woman repeatedly brought herself to orgasm, her muscles clenching from the unbearable ecstasy of it all.

"Good slut," encouraged Othros as Shalendris's expert motions were rapidly bringing him towards his release. But he wanted more. Now that he had the both of them serving him, he would take the opportunity.

Taking a step back, the enormous fel-infused Othros lay down on his back, holding his cock at the base. "Both of you, come," he commanded. They needed no explanation, and like the starving cockwhores he had turned them into, they obeyed.

Shalendris knelt on one side of him, gripping the tower of fuckmeat with one hand, only partially succeeding at the task. Leaning in, she started licking the pulsating length, sucking and nibbling at that overwhelming, powerful prick. "Mmmnn... So delicious..." she managed to say between two licks of the hot treat.

Eshana's mind, pleasure-ruined as it was, managed to understand what Othros wanted, and she pulled her hand from her needy fuckhole long enough to crawl over to the other two lovers, fat udders dragging along the floor, sending pleased tingles along her nerves. On all fours between Othros's legs, Eshana's gaze was locked onto the man's plump balls. Lowering her mouth to them, Eshana started slurping lewdly at the huge nutsack, noticing how tight it seemed to be. It wouldn't take long to bring him over the edge, she thought, a smirk upon those plump lips of hers.

"Thank you for giving us a chance to prove ourselves," said the eldest of the two women, her mouth slowly ascending the colossal spire before her, worshipping every inch with her mouth as her daughter brought her lips once more to that leaking cockhead, droplets of precum oozing from the tip and rolling down the slick helm.

Shalendris savored Othros's fat cock as she had so many times before, delighted in its immensity. Noticing her mother slowly moving upwards, she pulled back for a moment, tugging on the cups of her leather bra to free her fat, jiggling tits. Othros grunted in appreciation at the sight.

Her hands cupped the impressive breasts, holding them up against the cock's shaft. Though her hands were unable to fully encircle the behemoth, her tits were more than up to the task as she rubbed them up and down the top portion of the oversized slab of meat. As she did so, she brought her mouth once more to the delicious cockhead, teasing that cumslit with her agile tongue, kissing and rubbing her lips against every inch she could reach, saliva dribbling down the corner of her mouth.

As determined as her daughter to get Othros off, Eshana had finally risen far enough that she, too, could wrap her tits around the demon-elf's vast manhood. Her tits, being nearly five times the size of Shalendris's own impressive bust, the woman barely had to hold them against the cock. Their weight and size alone applied ample pressure to the throbbing monstrosity she was so desperate to please.

So heavy were those enormous, wobbling masses of titflesh that all Eshana could really do to pleasure Othros with them was move her upper body up and down as she did her best to hold them snugly around the man's girth with her arms, licking and suckling at his delicious cockmeat.

With the two women now working in unison, Othros had little hope and he knew his release was quickly approaching, but he held on nonetheless, his groans of appreciation rumbling in his chest.

Seeing her mother moving upwards in such a fashion, Shalendris decided to change spots with her, straddling Othros's chest as she moved herself to the base of his cock letting Eshana use her enhanced assets of the tip of the spear. Sitting on his chest like this let Othros get a full view of her dripping elven cunt and puckered asshole as she titfucked the root of his maleness as though her life depended on it, tits slick with precum and the shaft slick with Eshana's spit and drool.

Leaning in, the youngest of the three Night Elves let her mouth go to work yet again, tongue sliding all across the colossal demoncock, feeling its throbbing heat against that licking muscle. So focused was she on the task at hand that she gasped softly as she felt Othros's large finger pressing against her asshole, spreading the tight muscle to let him enter her ass. She moaned against his cock as he started pushing deeper into her with that single digit, almost as thick as two of her own fingers. Knuckle by knuckle he pushed deeper into her until he had his whole finger inside and then he started pulling, sliding in and out slowly, teasing her.

His other hand did not remain idle and he did the same to that eager pussy of hers, spreading her lips with one finger, teasing her clit with his thumb.

"Nnngh..." Pleasured sighs and moans escaped her lips, twitching from the rising bliss at her core while she made out like a wanton whore with his cock. They often found themselves in that very position, she pondered with a slight

smirk on her lips. How amusing. Her lips didn't hold that smirk for long as she let forth another moan, feeling the man push another finger into her ass. Fuck, how did this feel so good? She wondered as his fingers alternated in their back-and-forth motions.

Her attention was then pulled from that pleasurable feeling by the voice of her mother. "Oooh, that's it, cum for us!" encouraged Eshana as her enormous breasts rubbed along more than half that oversized, monstrous phallus. "Come on!" her eager voice urged on.

And Shalendris could feel it too, could feel his movements getting more desperate, felt that cock throbbing more eagerly than before. And then his movements stopped as a mind-rending orgasm tore through him, every muscle in his body clenching suddenly. He had pulled his fingers from Shalendris, instead groping at her two fat ass cheeks, fingers digging in almost painfully at the abundant flesh.

And then, during that single moment, as she felt the cum flowing upwards towards the top of his tower of dickmeat, Shalendris heard a birdsong once more. That same birdsong that had shown her the escape route in the alleys. This wasn't right, she thought. Sudden panic rose through her, that simple song clearing the fog in her mind like the winds pushing away the clouds.

She saw clearly. She knew that if she continued down this path, then her soul would be damned, as would Othros and Eshana's souls. And her father's if he still lived.

Standing up suddenly, she witnessed the man's orgasm in all its glory as her vision had been obscured by Eshana's titanic fuckjugs. "Oooh, wanna see the show, dear?" asked Eshana, giggling like an airheaded whore as cum finally reached the tip of Othros's prick.

Thick ropes of cum shot up from his cock suddenly, still nestled snugly within the confines of Eshana's valley of cleavage. Though she had been cleared from the fel haze that had brought her into this situation, she had to appreciate just how much of the stuff there was. With Othros's cock angled slightly towards her, Shalendris was hit by most of the volley as strands of the stuff hit her face, hair, and exposed tits, one even hanging from her forehead and onto her eyelashes, forcing her eye closed. As the hot cum hit her, it sizzled slightly against her skin, she noticed, small wisps of steam rising from the creamy stuff.

Soon enough, Eshana had her mouth on the top of the cum-spewing colossus, trying to guzzle down as much of the near-endless stream of cum as she could, cheeks bulging out from the sheer amount as her throat worked overtime to swallow as much of it as possible. It wasn't enough and soon, the abundant jizz was shooting from the woman's nostrils and from the corners of her mouth.

But Shalendris didn't want to be a part of it. Wiping the cum from her eye with a finger, she looked for an escape route. Had she still been bound by the strange demonic magic, she might have tasted that cum, have swallowed it as hungrily as her mother. She might have licked it off her mother's enormous breasts and kept on sucking and slurping at every inch of cock she could get her mouth on.

"Drink!" came Othros's voice insistingly as he noticed Shalendris seemed to have stopped participating.

She had no intention to do so.

Concentrating on a plan of escape, she could feel the presence of the vines around the house. Most of the plants had withered and died, she thought, but these ones managed to stay alive enough to call out to her in her moment of need. They were weak, she felt, desperate.

"Run, Shalendris. Escape Zin-Azshari. Your father is safe."

As another splurt of demonic cum hit her on the forehead, Shalendris noticed that the vines had started creeping towards them like snakes, unseen by Othros and Eshana. Once they'd reached their targets, the vines moved over them swiftly, sliding over Othros's arms and legs to bind him to the ground and pulling Eshana down and off Othros's prick. The woman barely noticed, too busy licking jizz off her jiggling pumpkins.

Then, vines shot forth from the window to wrap around Shalendris's waist, lifting her upwards and towards the window. She could feel how little they had left to give, and she directed them as best as she could, letting some of her life force flow to the vines that were now lifting her up. With that additional strength, they could now bind the other two Kaldorei even tighter, enabling her escape.

As Othros's orgasm subsided, Shalendris noticed his expression shifted to one of sheer fury as the realization of the woman's escape struck him, his muscles straining against the vines and roots that now bound him firmly against the ground.

"Quickly."

Shalendris's thoughts urged the plants further, feeling how the demonic magic all around them had weakened them. A few moments later, she had been pulled from the window by the plants, her eyes taking in the destruction that had so rapidly befallen Zin-Azshari, noticing the Night Elves that had been slain by the creatures that had massacred their way through the city.

Slowly deposited to the ground by the vines, Shalendris made sure to give them her thanks, caressing them gently as though she were petting the head of an adorable pet snake. Pity in her heart for the plants that had saved her, Shalendris cut a shoot of the vine, a few inches long and placed it in her pocket. Then, she pulled the bra cups up and over her breasts to cover them, stuffing the twin melons into those tight confines. That would probably make running easier.

"You will live," she said to the plant she had taken as she started running towards the city's exit.

A green haze now covered the city, stinging Shalendris's eyes. Pulling a rag from her pocket to avoid breathing in the fumes, she looked around desperately, noticing how few of the evil creatures seemed to be roaming the streets now. Like a wave of destruction, it was now moving outwards, and she was running after them, it seemed, nearly tripping on the hundreds of Kaldorei corpses that littered the streets. She had been missed by that first wave of destruction and carnage and she had no doubt that more of the evil beasts would continue pouring from the Eternal Palace to finish their foul work.

She needed a weapon, yet there were none that she found that would suit her needs. She was too inexperienced with melee weapons to be able to defend herself properly, especially considering the size of the creatures she had seen.

Rounding a street corner, she spotted a Night Elf guard pinned to a wall by a massive glaive, a few feet above the ground. His bow rested at his feet, she noticed, but there were no arrows nearby. That was when she spotted the man's

quiver still strapped to his back, seemingly full. He had not had the time to shoot a single projectile, his death too quick, too sudden.

She laughed softly at the situation. This was a trained soldier, a guard of Zin-Azshari who had been slain in a matter of moments and she, barely even trained in the use of a bow and arrow, thought she could do better. Her parents had always said she was the optimist of the family.

Making sure no other fiends were around, she crept towards the corpse, reaching for the quiver with one hand. Pulling on it a little, she quickly found that it was pinned too solidly between the corpse and the wall for her to dislodge it. Not wanting to be spotted by the murderous creatures, she took a handful of arrows from the quiver, making sure not to touch the corpse. "I am so sorry..." she whispered to it, as though it could hear her.

And then she ran, slipping from shadow to shadow to try and avoid detection. She ran towards the forests, out of the city. If she was to save Othros and her mother, she had to save herself first.

Chapter 3 – The Grove

[F/Plant, Breast Expansion, Slight Cum Inflation, Tentacles, Anal, Deepthroating, Bondage]

Run.

That one word was all that filled Shalendris's mind as she sped through the thick forests of Kalimdor, running for her life. Hoping to find safety. Survival was all that mattered.

Before all this, before this so-called Burning Legion had poured out of Queen Azshara's palace, Shalendris had always felt the presence of surrounding plants and, to a lesser extent, the animals. Perhaps this was why she had always been more at ease in the wilds than in the busy city streets of Zin-Azshari. The trees and flowers comforted her, their presence a soothing gift to her mind. Perhaps it was just easier to doze off when there was no one around.

Ever since her encounter with the Legion, that ability to feel the presence of plants had somehow evolved. It was as though she could understand these plants, in a way, and they could understand her. It was a simple sort of understanding. An emotional understanding more than a logical one.

And now, she felt the trees guiding her, the plants telling her which way to turn. This Burning Legion, this fiendish army, had started burning various parts of the forests to finish what it had started that morning, to flush out survivors, to draw out anyone hiding. She could see the smoke rising against the setting sun. And the trees knew which way was safest.

Shalendris held nothing but a single arrow in her hand as she ran through the forests, one that she had found on a dead Night Elf guard in the streets. She had also taken his bow and a few more arrows... But she had been attacked on the outskirts of the city by a large, hound-like creature. It had no eyes, she had seen, and growing from its shoulders were two tentacles ending in hellish suckers.

She had not seen it before its horrid maw was clamped firmly on her right arm, its suckers trying desperately to latch onto her. Futilely trying to jerk herself free from the thing, she had instead opted to stab it repeatedly in the skull with a single arrow until its limp form fell to the ground.

Now, she looked to her arm. The silverleaf paste she had made had managed to stop her from bleeding out. In time, that wound would heal. But her family... her friends... Would the Kaldorei ever heal?

Her legs could barely hold her up now. Her muscles ached as sweat and tears rolled down her face. Just as she thought she should give up, to just hide in a hole until the Legion inevitably found her, she stumbled upon a large clearing in the forest. Or had she been guided there?

Large, fragrant flowers filled the place, poking out joyfully from the tall grass. The sun shone through to the forest's floor, here, and Shalendris welcomed its warmth with open arms before darkness took her.



“Do you think she’s going to make it?”

“She will if you do your job and purify that corruption in her wounds!”

“Stop bickering, you two. She is stirring.”

The sight that greeted her was unlike any she had seen before. Around her floated four glowing forms, the slight balls of energy each having the semblance of a Night Elf’s face upon them. All four were mostly made of soft blue and white light, but all had a slightly different tint to them.

One of the four had a slightly purple shade to it and its face held a worried look, sticking its tongue out in concentration. Small tendrils of energy worked upon her wound, sucking out some sort of greenish energy from her, the same sickly green she had seen wielded by the Burning Legion.

“Wha-who are you...?” asked the dazed Shalendris as she slowly sat up, rubbing her head. Though she still felt rather exhausted, it appeared as though the floating ball of energy’s treatment was reinvigorating her as much as it was removing the nastiness from her wounds.

“Don’t move, don’t move!” shouted one of the four glowing spirits, this one having a slight golden hue to it. It pulled her slowly back down so that she lay once more on her back in the peaceful glade.

“We are the beating heart of the forest, Shalendris,” answered the third spirit, its orange hue radiating calmness, its voice soothing any worries she may have had.

The fourth one, shining with a glacial blue tone, floated so that it remained nearly a foot from the Night Elf’s face. Shalendris shivered slightly, as though the winds of Winterspring itself had washed over her. It observed her for a moment and smiled. A sad, yet peaceful kind of smile.

Then, all the spirits spoke in unison. “We are Aessina, and we watch over the forest and all those who inhabit it. Fear not, for this grove is under my protection.”

And as the last of the corruption was sucked out of Shalendris’s wounds, the four wisps moved towards one another, spinning about wildly, merging in a twister of autumn leaves, snowflakes, flower petals and green grass. Shalendris’s jaw dropped, her eyes wide open as she stared at the magnificent display. Though she had seen all kinds of magical wonders back in Zin-Azshari, this was a spectacle unlike any she had ever witnessed.

Uncertain of what was going to happen now, Shalendris dared to speak again. “But... why me? Why not save the thousands of others who are fleeing?” she asked, seeming more outraged than she had intended. “Why save me? Are you not a goddess? Where is Elune?!” she nearly shouted as memories of the tragedy of Zin-Azshari came back to her, nearly crushing her heart with sorrow.

Then she started sobbing gently.

“Do not cry, child. I understand all you are going through.” A soft white light now bathed Shalendris, the Night Elf wiping away the tears that rolled down

her cheeks once again.

Aessina continued. "I chose you because of the love and respect you held for me, though you knew not who I was. You care deeply for the forests... for its inhabitants and you are destined to become one of nature's protectors, one who would stop those who wish to harm it as well as mend any of the woodlands' wounds." The spirit gave Shalendris a loving, caring smile, reaching out with a soft tendril of blue-white energy, wiping away the Night Elf's tears. "Though I am not a teacher, so you will have to learn what you must on your own..."

Shalendris had stopped crying, staring into the soothing eyes of the floating spirit.

"To help you in this endeavor, two gifts you will receive. From me, a protective blessing. As you are quite receptive to the various energies of the world, this will help stave off unwanted magic and help you keep any beneficial magic to help you along the way," said Aessina with a chuckle as the light of the moon shining upon them both glowed brighter for an instant. Shalendris felt herself changed somewhat, though she could not place a finger on *what* had changed precisely.

"And from my sister, Aviana, a guide. To help you along the way."

Shalendris nearly jumped as she heard a soft hoot come from a tree behind her and she beheld a beautiful, spectral bird. Nearly translucent, the animal looked down at her with an impressive intelligence before swooping down to land on her shoulder.

"This is Brightbeak," said the spirit. "Aviana has agreed to let you have him for as long as you two need each other." Brightbeak was already nuzzling against the Night Elf's cheek, causing her to bring a hand up to gently scratch at its feathers. So odd, she thought... It appeared like some sort of ghost, yet it felt completely corporeal. She had half-expected her hand to go right through the avian spirit.

"Hello, Brightbeak." Shalendris's greeting was met with a joyful hoot from the bird, causing her to chuckle softly.

"Brightbeak had been watching you for quite some time, Shalendris. It is he who guided you from Zin-Azshari and it was he who alerted me to the Night Elf who had escaped the city alone..."

Any sadness that had filled her heart before had now vanished and Shalendris did not feel so alone anymore as she looked upon her new companion. Time was of the essence, but Aessina had insisted on keeping the Night Elf here for

the time being.

“Rest, child, for the coming weeks will push you to your limits... Rest, and Brightbeak will guide you towards the next step on your journey.”

And once more, she felt darkness taking her, the sleepy Kaldorei closing her eyes and resting her head upon the soft grass of Aessina's glade.



Shalendris woke up with a gasp as she felt something slithering along her skin. Expecting to find a snake moving along her stomach, she instead found her eyes glued to thick vines that slowly wandered along her body.

“*Thank you for saving me...*” came a voice inside her head, each tender syllable caressing her mind as she tried to sit up, panicking slightly at such a sight. Such a simple action was made far more difficult by the fact that the vines were restraining her wrists and ankles, holding her to the ground.

Then, Shalendris blinked as she noticed that there seemed to be an additional weight on her chest. Inspecting herself, she quickly realized that her breasts had gained in size. Not much, and definitely not as much as she'd seen her mother's breasts grow, but it was undeniable. While her tits were nothing to scoff at beforehand, they were now only a smidge smaller than her own head.

The vines kept creeping along her form but the small amount of panic she felt dissipated as she recognized these vines. “*Let me repay you...*” One of the vines moved over her throat, squeezing ever so slightly, so deliciously. They weren't hurting her too much, she knew, and she could feel that these vines had no intention of causing her any harm as their emotions danced with one another. She understood them, and they, her.

They were of the same kind that had borne her to safety earlier when she had escaped Othros and Eshana in Zin-Azshari. Had those vines really grown so much in so little time?

Such questions remained unanswered as she felt one of the soft vines sliding along her right breast, slithering down into her bra cup, and encircling the fat orb of flesh, squeezing it for a moment before another vine pulled off her top completely, those green appendages surprising the Kaldorei woman with how much force they displayed.

Feeling the vines moving slowly over every inch of her form like so many hands caressing her skin, the woman squirmed, closing her eyes. Her lips parted to let slip a soft moan, goosebumps appearing over her skin. She felt at ease, and

she felt loved by these plants upon which she lay.

Soon, both her tits were being fondled and caressed by the soft green vines, squeezing them firmly one moment and delicately the next. Unable to move her limbs due to the restrictive plants wrapped around her wrists and ankles, she couldn't move a muscle. Not that she needed to as those probing tentacles soon started converging towards her nether regions, causing her to squirm in anticipation.

She couldn't see how many there were, probably well over a dozen of them, coiling around her tits, around her limbs. Then, some of the larger ones started tugging at her kilt, ripping it off her form and leaving her wearing nothing but her soaked black silk panties.

"Oooh... I didn't expect you to repay me in such a manner..." she half-whispered to the plants as two of them started pressing against the thin veil separating her eager cunt from the outside world, juices already coating around her genitals. Her anticipation dripped down to her ass as the vines lifted her hips up a few inches off the ground. "I... I see where this is going..."

Could these plants read her thoughts as well? Could they feel how she *needed* to find release ever since she had escaped from that encounter in Zin-Azshari where her mate and her mother had shared in the pleasures of the flesh with her?

A shiver of delight ran across her spine as a curious vine pressed against her elven pussy, almost as though it were inhaling her scent, basking in that powerful aroma. "Mmh, please, stop teasing..." she moaned and the vines at her pussy started pulling the garment aside, letting the glade's cool air wash over her cunt.

Shalendris's heart beat faster as the anticipation became nearly unbearable, the increasingly horny Kaldorei trying her best to move her nether regions against one of the vines, twisting her form uselessly against her bindings. The need, the desire, was unbearable, and she could not touch herself to try and soothe herself, to scratch that itch.

Every second of waiting was worth it as she felt a large tentacle-vine push its way into her needy Kaldorei snatch, into her wanting depths. "Ahhhhnnnn...!" came her moans as the fat plant-cock invaded her, juices gushing around its girth. And then she felt it growing inside her, pushing out against her sensitive inner walls to fill her up, to stretch her out as much as she could as it slowly backed out.

Then, it pushed back in once more and this time, she nearly saw stars as the

thick vine ploughed through her, hitting every one of her most sensitive spots, as though it had molded itself to her body, as if it knew how best to please her. She had never felt anything quite like it, and she was soon having a hard time controlling her breathing as pleased spasms washed over her form.

Barely thirty seconds had passed as the vine pumped in and out of her cunt that she was cumming, her muscles tensing suddenly, her back arching. She closed her eyes firmly, afraid that if she opened them they might simply pop out of her skull, so immeasurable was that orgasm she was feeling. If she died then and there, she would be content.

But she didn't die, and the vine picked up its pace, slamming itself deep into the moaning and crying Kaldorei, the pleasure nearly unbearable. "Fffuuuck! By Elune! FUUCCCKK!" and its variations were the only sentences she seemed to cry out in those moments, her body rocked by orgasm after orgasm, her body covered in a thin layer of sweat.

When things couldn't get any better, it seemed, the vine in her cunt started spasming rapidly. Vibrating inside her as it pumped in and out of her at a frantic pace. And then another of the vibrating vines joined in, opening up at the tip to suck on the pink pearl of her clit, vibrating gently.

The glowing crescent moon at her forehead shone bright with such intensity that it could probably replace one of the enchanted streetlights of Zin-Azshari. The surrounding trees were bathed in its golden light, spectators to the lewd spectacle at the center of that clearing.

Though she thought she might go mad from that increasing pleasure and the long streak of near-constant orgasms, the Night Elf suddenly reached new heights as another vine, this one thinner than the others, pushed against her tight ass hole. The pinky-thick plant pushed gently against her puckered star before it finally managed to breach that barrier, eliciting another moan from the pleasure-stricken she-elf.

As that vine too started vibrating, Shalendris let out another wail of delight. "I'm going to fucking diiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii" she screamed, her mouth hanging agape as another orgasm washed over her form, the two vines around her tits still massaging the fat knockers. They coiled and squeezed upon those twin peaks as though trying to milk those fleshy teats. Though there was no creamy bounty to be had, the Night Elf's moans were recompense enough.

And much like the vine attached to her clit, the two on her tits suddenly opened up, hungrily latching onto her breasts. "*Feed*" came the plant's thought as it started sucking on her nipples, tugging somewhat on those recently enhanced elf tits, the round udders becoming slightly more conical as they were pulled

upwards.

Just as she thought things couldn't get any better, the vines started lifting her upwards, working in unison so that instead of being on her back on the ground, she seemed to be sitting in the air, slightly reclined, suspended by her arms, and held by her ankles, legs spread wide as those vegetal, cock-like things kept on pumping her ass and cunt rapidly, buzzing against her insides and against her clit and sucking on her tits. It was hard to keep up, her brain nearly melting down at pleasure this vast.

A slight breeze swept over her sweaty skin, cooling her off slightly, but the redness at her cheeks did not diminish in the slightest. "Mmfuck, by Eluneeee!! I can't... stop... CUMMING!" she cried out, and one of the vines seemed to take that as an invitation. Thick and quite penile, it shot down her throat, causing the woman's eyes to bulge out at the sudden intrusion. Yet she did not complain, her moans muffled by the large invader that was making its way to her stomach, throatfucking her.

And she, in return, closed her lips tightly around it, sucking it as though she would any lover's maleness. Her plush lips dragged along the smooth surface of the vine as it moved in that quick back and forth motion.

But before she could truly get into it, the trees around her seemed to shudder, the vibrating and pumping of the vines became slightly more erratic, less controlled. And she could feel what was about to happen.

Each of the two dozen vines suddenly started spasming as they spurted thick, gooey sap right into her eager holes, the first couple blasts enough to fill her to the brim. And yet, they did not stop at that. Soon, she found her stomach full, a slight bulge visible from the sheer amounts being pumped into her, her cunt dribbling with the overflowing substance and her ass in a similar predicament. The things bulged along their length with each additional load and the two sucking at her tits soon detached, letting the two mountainous knockers settle back down somewhat.

In her current position, reclined as she was, she could more appreciate their growth, noticing how they hung down to her navel now, though not obscuring it. Had her hands been free, she would have reached up to squeeze one, to feel its weight against her palm. But she couldn't... Not yet, at least.

With the two vines that had been latched onto her breasts free from that task, they, too, started pumping liters upon liters onto the Night Elf's upper body, coating her face and chest with semi-transparent goop.

This will take care of any lingering corruption.

She recognized Aessina's voice, but Shalendris wondered why the vines had to fuck her for them to be effective at removing corruption...

Slowly, as her countless orgasms subsided, Shalendris was lowered to the soft grass, her fleshy posterior touching the ground first. The vines, exiting the overstuffed Kaldorei and letting go of her, slithered through the grass, spreading out across the glade. The growth seemed to originate a few feet next to her, she noticed.

Usually, she felt tired after such physical activity, she usually felt like she needed a nap. Now, however, she felt fine... She felt reinvigorated. Odd, she thought, slowly standing up, remembering just how nude she was.

She burped a bit as her stomach digested the plant cum, that thick goop dribbling down her inner thighs and ass before falling to the ground with a wet *plop* and she brought a hand down to her cunt to touch herself a little, as though she was already reminiscing about the vibrating plants that had nearly brought her to madness with that mind-shattering pleasure. Her gaze searched all around her, looking for the clothing that the vines had discarded and, without her needing to speak aloud, the plants had kindly brought her bra and kilt back to her, even going so far as to help her get dressed.

"I feel like I don't deserve all you've done for me..." Shalendris said to the spirits who would listen.

You have a part to play in all of this. Go, now, for you are needed elsewhere.

And with that rather unsatisfying answer, it seemed as though the light that shone into the clearing went slightly dimmer, as though to encourage her to leave.

Before she'd even taken that first step, however, she heard the rapid flapping of wings and felt talons pressing against her shoulder. Brightwing. He would accompany her, she remembered, and he would guide her.

Lifting her arm slightly, the avian spirit fluttered down to her forearm, letting Shalendris see it better and to give it a somewhat more comfortable perch.

She smiled. "Hello, Brightbeak. I feel like you and I will be good friends," she said softly, the bird answering with a happy little hoot.

With that, they were ready and they marched onwards.

There were no trails in this part of the forest, merely suggestions on the

ground by those who had walked these lands before her. She had never been here, never so far south.

The flapping of wings overhead and the happy little hoots served to guide her as Brightwing happily glided between the gigantic trees that grew in this ancient land, sometimes landing upon a branch to wait for Shalendris to catch up.

It had been nearly two days since her encounter with Aessina, the Heart of the Forest, yet Shalendris felt no hunger, no thirst. Was this the blessing she had spoken of? For a moment, she had thought that the blessing had simply been her increased bust size and she thought the notion ridiculous. Why would an ancient forest spirit bless someone with bigger tits? She chuckled a little, causing her immense jugs to bounce and wobble about pleasantly within her bra. It had been readjusted, she noticed. Or enchanted? It seemed to fit her well enough, though it was still visibly quite tight judging from the flesh that seemed to overflow constantly from the cups.

As the days went on and she moved through the forests, guided by her faithful Brightbeak, Shalendris noticed that her hunger started creeping in and her chest had regressed in size, smaller even than it had been the week before. Her companion would not let her starve, however, and it quickly guided her to small bushes where she could eat juicy wild berries and drink from the streams.



Where was she going? She thought to herself as she climbed up a small pile of rocks. She had not seen anyone in all these days, so why was she here? She needed to find other Kaldorei if there were any still alive. She needed to warn others of the demons that had destroyed Zin-Azshari. She needed to...

There, before her were a handful of tents, the scent of cooked meat drifting over to her nostrils and causing her to salivate profusely. She could see Night Elves like her wandering about the camp, armored guards patrolling its perimeter.

"Survivors..." she spoke under her breath, countless emotions battling within her as she observed them for a long moment. Should she be delighted that there were some who had survived? Disappointed at the small number of them? No matter what she felt at that precise moment, she had to go forth and help in any way she could.

With Brightbeak perched upon her forearm, Shalendris made her way down to that camp, slowly walking down the forested hill and towards the two dozen tents.

The Kaldorei would prevail. They had to.

Chapter 4 – The Resistance

[F/F, Breast Expansion, Titty Sucking, Huge Boobs, Female Masturbation, Sleepwalking]

Two hundred or so survivors living in a few dozen tents, led by both Captain Faella Shadewhisper and Allendril, a Highborne sorcerer. These were the only other Night Elves that Shalendris had encountered since her escape from Zin-Azshari, a little over a week ago. Many of them were from villages surrounding the great city, and most of them had witnessed the destruction caused by the demonic Burning Legion. Few were those who could say they had not lost anyone to the invading fiends, and many were those with injuries that required aid.

The captain was a stern woman, rarely seen without her decorative armor and helmet, hand never too far from her longsword. Shalendris didn't have much of an opinion on the woman, given how she spent most of the time planning future excursions with her soldiers and Allendril.

Contrasting sharply with Captain Shadewhisper, Allendril was a colorful man. The bald Night Elf's curly pink mustache seemed to match quite well with the lavender-and-white robes he wore most days. Not a speck of dirt could be seen

on those robes, various enchantments undoubtedly woven into the very fabric of the garment.

Enchantments such as those were commonplace among the Highborne, but Allendril was no novice in the arcane arts, and he had managed to carve protective runes into the trees that surrounded the small encampment. These runes allowed them protection from the gaze of the Burning Legion, though it did not stop wandering demons from sometimes wandering into the encampment to be swiftly dispatched by Captain Shadewhisper's fighters.

Given her knowledge of healing salves and herbs, Shalendris had been assigned to a tent with a priestess of Elune. Talena was but a few years older than Shalendris, her dark green hair tied in a short ponytail that reached the nape of her neck. Her face sported elegant features and a slightly aquiline nose. The priestess seemed to constantly be brushing the bangs from her eyes as she pored over various religious texts, preferring the company of books to that of other elves.

The pair of them worked well together, Shalendris's salves and Talena's divine magic helping to ease pain and repair damaged bodies. Many scouts had been sent out to nearby villages to try and find more survivors. While they had been successful at first, each new expedition brought with it increasing disaster. From a dwindling number of rescued Kaldorei to an ever-increasing number of wounded or deceased soldiers, things were becoming dire.

But this did not discourage Shalendris and Talena, their optimism assuaging the fears held by many in the camp. As the days passed, friendship grew between the two healers, and they often found themselves chatting for many hours before falling asleep. Talena had been raised in a tiny village a stone's throw away from Suramar, Shalendris learned, and had been sent there as a child to learn the ways of Elune. Once her training was complete, she had opted to return to her village to aid the people there.

Now, the two of them lay in their separate beds, staring up at the tent's roof, listening to the gentle pitter-patter of falling rain.

"Blessed by Elune, yet you never chose to become a priestess. Why?"

Talena's voice broke the silence first, and Shalendris turned her head towards her friend slowly.

"The crescent moon that shines on your head. She watches over you, does she not? Should you not join the Sisterhood?" continued the priestess. Indeed, many Night Elves received Elune's blessing when they came of age, but few of them retained visible traces of these blessings. Those who did

eventually ended up serving the Sisterhood of Elune or working in the temples dedicated to the Mother Moon.

"I never really... It never appealed to me all that much. All those rituals... It just seemed too complicated," replied Shalendris. "And I don't know what it means, really. I love Elune, as most of us do, I am certain... But I would not think to dedicate my life to her."

Talena frowned for a moment, a contemplative look on her delicate features. "I have given my life to serving the goddess, yet I can never truly seem to grasp what it is she intends for any of us. This calamity befalling our people, where is Elune now? The Sisterhood of Elune's powers remain... Yet..." The woman sighed; eyes still fixated upon the tent's roof. "Yet it seems like with each passing day, hope is a little harder to come by."

Shalendris understood the feeling. She, too, was finding her optimism waning with every wounded soldier coming back to camp, with every demon found closer and closer to them. The Legion's grip was tightening all around them and soon, they would need to evacuate. But where? They were already quite near the southern limits of the Kaldorei Empire's territory and to the South was the Zandalari Empire. She doubted that the trolls living there would welcome night elves with open arms...

Things were bad enough that Faella Shadewhisper had ordered the training of any able-bodied civilians in the camp. That included Shalendris, who had been training with the bow for a few days now and had even been given her own set of armor. She wasn't making much progress, truth be told. She wasn't as good as Othros had led her to believe.

"I know, Talena. I know it can be hard. Let's take things one day at a time..." The purple-haired elf clearly struggled to cheer up her friend, and she saw a single tear roll down her cheek.

Talena brought a hand up to wipe the tear from her own face. "My family, they all died, Shalendris. Why would Elune not save them? What did we do wrong?" asked the priestess. "Was all that time spent praying for nothing? All that sacrifice? Did it mean nothing?"

"I... I don't know." Shalendris had a hard time thinking of an appropriate response. The Goddess, of course, still allowed her priestesses to wield magic in her name. She still allowed them to use that power to battle the Burning Legion. "Get some rest, my friend... Tomorrow is a new day and we have much work to do."

That was true, and a somber reminder of the most recent patrol that had come

back from an expedition to a small, nameless village only a few miles east. Of the five scouts sent out to observe the village, only two had returned and one of them had not woken up since the ordeal. The other detailed all the horrible demons they had encountered, of all the horrors they had witnessed in the forests. Most troubling of all, however, was that they still had not found any other groups of survivors and that a large host of Demons was rapidly closing in on them.

Despite the stress of the situation, sleep found Shalendris that night, unlike her friend in the tent's other bed.

Thunder shook the ground and flashes of lightning pulled Shalendris from her slumber. It was then that she realized that Talena had crawled into bed with her, the green haired Kaldorei's head resting on her chest. The woman's head sunk into Shalendris's hefty bust, bringing a warm smile to the purple-haired Night Elf's lips.

Shalendris brought a hand to her friend's head to gently comb her fingers through her hair, a soothing gesture to the one who still had not woken up from the intense thunderstorm.

While she was the youngest of the two, Shalendris often felt like an older sister to Talena, her fondness ever-increasing in these difficult times. As a token of that fondness, she then lowered her head somewhat to plant a gentle kiss on the top of her friend's head.

"Mnnneee... Moobry Joosss..." suddenly mumbled Talena, catching Shalendris somewhat off guard, causing her to freeze for a moment.

Moonberry juice? Was she talking in her sleep?

With her eyes closed, Talena then reached up with one hand to tug at Shalendris's night clothes, pulling the silken garment down to reveal one of the woman's fat tits, pink nipple hardening in the cool air. Shalendris's thoughts raced. She didn't want to embarrass the poor girl, yet she felt like letting her continue would somehow be taking advantage of her... On the other hand, she hadn't felt another's touch in so long. It was like the first rains seeping into parched soil after the drought.

It felt like ages ago that she had last felt any physical closeness with another living, breathing being. And now, Talena's lips pressed themselves to Shalendris's chest, gently dragging along that soft surface while her hand slowly made its way to cup the purple-haired woman's other breast through her clothing, letting her fingers dig into that abundant flesh. A whisper of

contentment slipped through Shalendris's full lips as she looked down at the still-sleeping Kaldorei playing with her chest.

Shalendris had never shared her bed with another woman before, though she had found herself staring a bit more than she should have at some of the other women who shared the public baths with her, gaze traveling over their soft skin covered in a myriad of scented oils and perfumes. Her thoughts would drift for a moment before she was once again brought back to the present as Talena's lips found her diamond-hard nipple, lips attaching gently around the finger-thick nub.

Biting her lower lip, Shalendris's hand pressed a little harder against the back of Talena's head, encouraging her sleeping friend in those delightful movements. She closed her own eyes, not to sleep, but to better savor the feeling of those hands roaming across her chest and that mouth suckling so gently at her impressive bosom.

While her right breast remained hidden beneath the thin night clothes she wore, the other remained exposed, covered in Talena's sleepy saliva. Shalendris's rock hard nipple pressed against the delicate fabric, against the palm of Talena's needy hand. Wanting more, Shalendris pulled the shoulder straps of her garment aside to let the second honeydew melon-sized breast fall free, settling neatly upon her chest to be gripped firmly by the tit-hungry elf below her.

Talena's hands held the twin orbs now, as her mouth continued to suckle on Shalendris's fat teat, causing the purple haired Kaldorei to squirm in pleasure, rubbing her thighs together beneath the blankets. "Mff..." she managed to stifle a moan, brought on by how those fat, jiggling knockers were being played with. It felt so good to be touched, even if the person doing the touching didn't even seem to be aware of what was going on.

With her eyes still closed, Shalendris noticed how light seemed to bleed through her eyelids. Was the sun rising already? It couldn't be. It was a soft white light, quite like that of the moon, that caught her attention. As the light increased in intensity, Shalendris was forced to open her eyes, looking down at her friend whose hands were now glowing against her tits, light bleeding through her digits and filling the tent. That energy, Shalendris recognized, was akin to the blessings that Talena often gave the soldiers before they headed out on their scouting missions.

Yet, the eldest night elf did not wake, casting that divine magic in her sleep. "Nyehhh... Elllunee... Melllons... To feed..." The priestess' words were quite clear, though her sentence was lacking in structure. However, Shalendris understood quite clearly what kind of prayer she was making in her sleep: she

was asking Elune to bless the harvest, to strengthen the growing plants and ripen the fruit.

With luminosity reaching a crescendo, Shalendris felt the weight of her friend pressing down on her a bit more. How could that be so when her friend was barely moving at all? Looking down, Shalendris's eyes widened, noticing how her chest had grown once more as it seemingly absorbed Talena's holy spell. A few moments ago, they had been the size of honeydew melons and now they were as large as Talena's head whose mouth was still latched firmly onto the fat nub.

Her breasts were expanding, and it was far from painful, the tightness and weight she felt overshadowed by the comforting energies of the divine spell being channeled into her huge tits. Those twin mountains of lavender flesh slowly started growing and pushing against Talena, her magic slowly fading, losing in power. The healing light in her palms faded slowly until the only light that remained was that of the moon shining down on the camp and into the tent.

That minuscule amount of light was more than enough for Shalendris's night vision to function, now faced with two breasts that seemed more like moon harvest pumpkins rather than the honeydew melons she'd become familiar with over the last few days. It seemed that her chest had absorbed Talena's blessing wholly and was not done integrating the last few sparks as it grew just half an inch more over the next few seconds.

Already quite close to the side of the bed, Talena lost her balance, and the sleeping night elf was pushed off the edge, mouth detaching from Shalendris's fat purple teat with a plop and a yelp. The green-haired priestess woke up with her ass on the ground, looking around. "Wuuuhhh? What's going on?"

Shalendris had quickly pulled the covers up over her now enormous tits, looking down at her friend. "Uh, you were sleepwalking and tripped," she answered. A half-truth, but she didn't want to embarrass her friend more than she already was and she didn't want to show her what had happened to her now-enormous breasts. Not now, at least. Perhaps they would shrink back down like they had after she received Aessina's blessing. That had taken weeks, though, and Shalendris couldn't stay inside this tent for weeks...

"Oh dear, I must have been quite the sight!" said the priestess, standing up slowly with a soft laugh. She wore nothing but a plain white night shirt and baggy pants, unlike Shalendris who had been given night clothes befitting of a Highborne woman. They really didn't have much say in what they would wear and had been given what was available.

Shalendris, still quite aroused by what had just occurred, couldn't help but observe Talena's body, taking note of how her humble chest pushed out against the night shirt, nipples causing soft indentations in the thick fabric.

Still in bed, with covers pulled up to her collarbone, Shalendris smiled at her. "Indeed, you were," came her calm voice, a blush creeping over her face at the thought of what had been happening but a few moments ago. "Come on, now. Back to bed, Tally. And try not to bump into mine again if you decide to sleepwalk!" added Shalendris with a wink, her eyes wandering down momentarily over Talena's form once again. Her priestly robes typically did a fine job of hiding her form and Shalendris noticed how modest a form Talena's was. Quite feminine, she sported a modest chest and wide enough hips, but nothing that would make the male soldiers gawk like they did with Shalendris.

Though, as Talena nodded and turned, crawling back into her bed, Shalendris noticed that the woman had a posterior that was not unpleasant to look at. Shaking the thoughts from her mind, the potion-maker turned to the side, away from Talena. She had never had such thoughts about her friend... Yet... "Good night, Tally."

"Good night, Shal. May She bless your slumber."

She brought one hand up to her expansive tits, letting her finger trail along the outer edge of her areola, suppressing a soft moan as best she could. The buxom she-elf didn't want to get carried away, especially with her friend right beside her, but she had become so sensitive since her breasts had grown to such incredible proportions and she was so incredibly horny. Her loins were on fire, and she could not find sleep until she'd quenched it. She needed something, someone, anything inside her. She wanted to feel her cunt being *filled*, being *stretched*.

Oh, how she needed it. Her other hand moved downwards, trailing down her stomach to gently caress her clit, one finger and then two sliding deep into her gushing cunt. Meanwhile, her other hand was far from idle, pinching at her hyper-sensitive nipples, tugging on them gently. The fact that she could get caught by her friend at any moment, her friend who was already snoring less than five feet away from her, only seemed to add to the excitement of the whole thing.

She could feel her heart beating in her chest as she started gently pumping her fingers in and out of her needy cunt, spreading its overflowing juices over her clit to play with the eager little nub. Two fingers slid across that pink pearl as she pressed her other hand's fingers harder into the overabundant tittlesh she now sported. She didn't care about how she would even function with such massive breasts, didn't care about their weight or how they would fit inside her

clothes. All she cared about now was how good it felt to play with those massive tits of hers, to feel her hand moving from one mountainous mammary to the other, giving each the attention it so craved.

Talena's tiny, adorable snores gave Shalendris the OK to start pleasuring herself a little more intensely. While it felt good to masturbate, she would never reach climax at this pace. As her overabundant girlcum coated her left hand's fingers, Shalendris lifted her right breast up to her mouth, suckling on it fiercely, taking the entire areola into her hungry maw.

Closing her eyes, Shalendris let her mind roam through a thousand different fantasies. She imagined all the times Othros had fucked her in the gardens of Zin-Azshari when they thought no one was around.

Then, the scene suddenly changed, and she was surrounded by innumerable demons taking part in a hellish orgy. A sea of fiendish forms surrounded her, yet she was at the center of it all. Her breasts had grown so large that she had been pinned down to the ground with demons sucking her leaking teats, taking turns draining the endless sea of elf milk.

Behind her, demons took turns ravaging her holes with their oversized dicks, the veiny rods plunging repeatedly into all her needy holes, filling them with their thick demonic seed.

And just as another demon, far larger than the rest started approaching her, the scene once more shifted.

This time, she was chained to a post, nude. All around her, green-skinned humanoids spoke in a language she did not comprehend as they went about their work. Most of them wore very little, their rippling musculature shimmering slightly beneath the sun, coated in a thin layer of sweat. They seemed to be getting ready for war as blacksmiths hammered metal and warriors trained in some sort of fighting pit. As structures started being built, one of the large green men approached her.

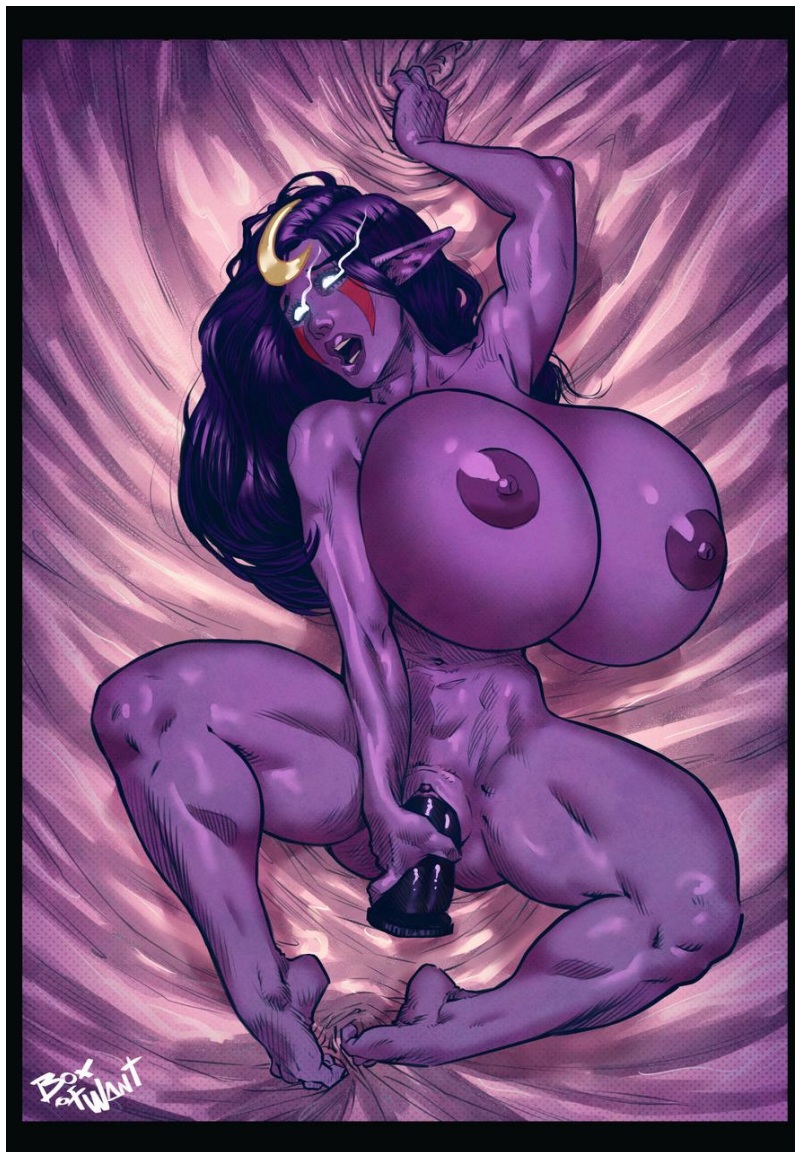
Shalendris's eyes widened, and her arousal started peaking as the burly creature stopped but a foot or so before her. From such a distance, the Kaldorei could clearly see the outline of an enormous bulge, slowly growing in the creature's leather pants. Already near its knee, it gained in volume and he gestured to Shalendris and then to his pants.

"Mog bu."

She didn't understand the words, but the insistence behind them was unmistakable. Shuffling over on her knees, Shalendris started unbuckling his

belt, looking up into his eyes. Her fingers then tugged at the garment, slowly but surely revealing inch after inch of the thick green manhood, veins crisscrossing across the throbbing surface.

Shalendris couldn't tear her eyes away from the colossal piece of meat and as she pulled his pants down to his knees, the gigantic, tree trunk-like prick sprung out, smacking her in the face with such force that she was torn from the fantasy, her consciousness precipitated back to her bed, hurtling through her own mind, back to the present where she was hammering her needy cunt with a huge dildo, her other hand rubbing at her moist clit with rapid circular motions.



Then, time almost seemed to stop as she reached that peak, as her pleasure

reached new heights. Pleasure rocketed through her entire body, from her curled toes to the top of her head. Her eyes seemed to glow with increased vigor, the moon on her forehead bathing the entire tent in its golden light.

She had to bite her lower lip to avoid screaming in pleasure, as she was certain she would wake Talena along with the whole camp. Her entire body shook with that pleasure, her cunt spasming and gripping the wrist-thick dildo so hard she had a hard time moving it at all.

As the pleasure became unbearable, she brought both hands to her tits, squeezing them with enough force that it nearly started to hurt, flesh overflowing between her digits as she arched her back. The orgasm seemed to go on and on, though its intensity decreasing slowly with every moment, the Night Elf bucking her hips, grinding against a nonexistent partner as her gushing cunt splattered girlcum all over the sheets. The spasming muscles in her pleasure-wracked pussy suddenly caused the dildo to be ejected onto the wet sheets with a soft splat.

For a while, Shalendris simply lay there, catching her breath and staring up at the tent's roof, her hands still holding onto the two gigantic breasts, sweat covering her form, giving her curvaceous form a mild sheen.

Then, a sudden spike of panic shot through her as she recalled the dildo that had suddenly appeared in her hand while she was pleasuring herself. She had never brought any sex toys into the camp – could it be...? She turned aside and noticed that the bag next to Talena's bed was open.

Her heart beat hard in her chest, so hard that she could barely hear anything else. A thousand possibilities raced through her mind in that moment, none of them particularly appealing. Slowly, silently rising from her bed, juices still coating her inner thighs, Shalendris made her way over to Talena's bag, dildo still in hand, tits swinging and jiggling with every step. How heavy they felt, she thought.

Her eyes looked at the dildo briefly. It was larger than anything she'd ever owned. Easily over eleven inches in length and thick as her wrist, it somehow felt perfect inside her. And it was still coated in her juices. Frowning, she turned back to her bed and wiped off the goopy mess from it before dropping it gently into Talena's bag and pushing it under her bed.

"I do hope you enjoyed it..." came a sleepy voice.

Shalendris didn't answer. What could one say in such a situation? Hoping that her friend had still been sleeping, had not known or seen anything, she turned around and crawled back into bed, noticing how, on her knees like this, her

breasts brushed against the bed's fabric, sending a pleasurable tingle up her spine.

As she lay down on her side on her side once more, her mind raced. The reality of it all hit her. Her breasts were absolutely massive now, far larger than any she'd seen on a Night Elf before. Not only that, but their size would make it impossible for her to fit in any of her old clothes. And Talena... did she know anything? About what either of them had done? Not to mention the affection Shalendris had for the woman was slowly starting to grow into something else...

She sighed softly, looking down at her chest. Tomorrow was a new day, and what happened to her chest and with Talena was far from the worst things she'd experienced or would experience, she knew.

Talena and Shalendris were woken up by a woman's voice inside their tent.

"You two. Get dressed. I've a mission."

Between the two beds stood Faella Shadewhisper, leader of that small camp, her stern gaze piercing into both healers. On her shoulder was perched Brightbeak, the winged companion soon flying back to Shalendris's bed with the happy little hoots she knew him for.

"Thank you for letting us borrow your bird, Shalendris. Brightbeak has been invaluable in locating what appears to be a patrol from another group of survivors aligned with Kur'talos Ravencrest."

Shalendris knew the name Ravencrest. They were not of Highborne blood but had managed to rise high in Kaldorei society but didn't know much else about them. She cared little for politics.

"You two will be going with Allendril to Black Rook Hold to establish contact with them. The forests are too dangerous, and we risk too much by having the entire camp head there now. Perhaps they can spare forces to allow us to pass through to their fortress -"

"But what about the protective runes? Allendril is the one who makes sure they function properly. If he is gone, then..." Talena interrupted suddenly, though the Captain seemed unbothered by it.

"One as skilled in the arcane arts as Allendril typically has no issue teaching others. While you were training with physical weapons, he taught others to care for the runes in his absence. I know little about magic and care for it even less. If you are curious, I am certain he will answer your questions." There was

no warmth to the woman's voice, only raw determination. Captain Shadewhisper knew what had to be done and knew the risks of letting her most talented sorcerer leave with two of her best healers. But she needed every weapon-wielding Kaldorei in the encampment and needed everyone else to help build defenses.

Allendril would keep the two of them safe, she knew.

"Now, both of you, get dressed. We have fresh Nightsabers for you. I'll be meeting you at the west entrance in thirty minutes."

"But Captain, there's a slight issue. I'm not sure I can go right now," Shalendris said, her voice visibly unsure.

"You don't have a choice, Shalendris." And with that, the Captain exited the tent, turning with a flourish of her fancy green cloak.

Shalendris blinked for a moment before turning her head sideways towards Talena who, like her, was simply sitting in bed.

"I guess we're going on a trip," came the priestess's words. "But what's the issue you wanted to tell Captain Shadewhisper?" she asked, quite visibly concerned for her friend.

Shalendris looked at the tent's entrance, making sure no one was there other than Brightbeak, still perched on the bedpost. With a groan, the Kaldorei, hair still a mess, stood up before her friend, dragging the covers to cover herself from the neck down.

"Do you remember anything from last night?" asked the youngest Kaldorei, noticing how Talena's eyes seemed to be glued to the twin mountains on Shalendris's chest, their shape and size making it extremely hard to hide what they were.

Talena's mouth hung open for a moment. "Shal... I knew you were gifted up top but... Whaaaaa...?"

With a last look towards the tent's entrance, Shalendris dropped the sheets, letting her green-haired friend get a good look at those immense lavender boobs, nipples thicker than her thumbs crowned with plate-sized areolae. They had a hint of sag to them, yet remained full and round, retaining perkiness that should be nearly impossible with a chest like this.

"You did this, Talena... I think... I'm not sure. Last night, you cast a blessing on me and my chest seemed to absorb it, in a way."

Talena was shocked. She would never do this to her friend! And now, the two cups on Shalendris's night clothes that would normally hold her chest seemed completely inadequate, and Talena wasn't even sure if they'd be enough to cover the woman's areolae.

"I know it seems improbable... But do you remember last night when you woke up on the ground? Well, you weren't just sleepwalking..." Shalendris stopped there, uncertain how much she should be telling Talena right now.

"I believe you... I do... I'm just, I don't understand. But if you tell me that's what happened, then I must trust you. You're the only friend I have right now."

Talena's words hit Shalendris. Indeed, the two were close friends now and they had to trust in one another.

"Well, I'm not sure I have anything to wear right now..." said Shalendris with a lighthearted laugh, cupping her colossal boobs.

"I've got an idea!" exclaimed the priestess as she stood up, grabbing the covers off the ground. "It won't be perfect but..."



Eyes were on both as they made their way to the camp's west entrance. Talena had wrapped Shalendris's chest in the blankets and had stuffed a few fruits and vegetables between the woman's flesh and the cloth.

"What are you looking at?" asked Talena. "She's carrying supplies, can't you see?" she said as she grabbed a carrot poking out from the "supply bag" Shalendris was carrying, biting down on it aggressively.

Talena was normally quite shy and quiet but had taken an oddly protective stance towards Shalendris since that morning. Shalendris was a little amused at this, doing her best to play along with her friend's ruse.

"But... wouldn't it be better to put them in a bag rather than a..." came a voice from one of the other survivors, a man neither of them knew too well.

"You would challenge Mother Moon's will?!" retorted Talena immediately, causing Shalendris to giggle softly.

And with that, the two of them embarked on their Nightsabers, joined soon after by Allendril, departing westward.

Chapter 5 – Dread

[F/F, Breast Expansion, Titty Sucking, Huge Boobs, Female Masturbation, Sleepwalking]

Three riders rode atop enormous black-and-silver nightsaber panthers, the humanoid forms covered in deep green cloaks to better camouflage them. Their long elven ears were visible as they poked out through slits in the hoods of their cloaks, mounts carrying them through the ancient woodlands.

Though they were well camouflaged, Shalendris, Talena and Allendril hardly felt safe. All around them, traces of the Burning Legion were visible. Claw marks could be seen in the trees' bark, glowing a sickly green. Green embers and tiny flickering flames littered the ground here and there, sign that demons had visited this place before.

Everything was quiet, save for the frequent flapping of Brightbeak, Shalendris's avian companion. The beast's ethereal form moved through the dense foliage as though it were no obstacle, surveying the surrounding areas. If he spotted a threat, Shalendris knew they would be warned. Yet, even with such a watchful companion at their side, there was unease growing.

It had been three days since they had left the camp and the other two hundred survivors, and they were only halfway to their destination. They'd been sent to Black Rook Hold to meet up with other night elves like them, to ask for assistance in evacuating the camp safely. They were, however, separated by territory controlled by the demons of the Burning Legion.

And even after three days, Shalendris hardly felt the need to sleep. There was some weariness in her muscles, to be sure, but nothing like what her two companions seemed to be experiencing. Shalendris had tried to stay awake the second night, just to see if she was truly imagining things or if she truly didn't need to sleep. And she had managed to keep her eyes open the whole time while the other two next to her slept peacefully.

Her breasts, while still massive by anyone's standards, seemed to have diminished somewhat after that experiment. She still felt hunger and the need for nourishment, unlike the days following the blessing she'd received from Aessina. She suspected it had something to do with the type of magic that her chest had absorbed, but it was too soon for her to confirm anything at this point.

Suddenly, Brightbeak landed on Shalendris's forearm, giving a few soft hoots. The woman had, over the last month, developed a deeper bond with the feathered being and grown to understand him better.

"Enemies spotted, north of here," came Shalendris as she rode up next to Allendril.

The pink-mustachioed night elf nodded in her direction, his gaze rapidly scanning the surroundings. "Then let us ride south and over the Mistwater Rapids. The foliage is dense there, and most fiends will have difficulty following us, even the winged ones."

Unlike his colorful appearance, Allendril was a calm and composed individual and Shalendris saw much of herself in his kind nature. Though he had decades if not centuries more experience than her, he did not shy away from teaching her basic magic and enchantments. She wondered what kind of enchantment kept his gaze from her chest, amused. Even before her current enhancement, men had often found their eyes drawn to her breasts. Large by Kaldorei standards, they were now absolutely enormous, nearly resting upon her lap as she rode her mount. Oh, how glad was she that her days were spent sitting and not walking! Though the great beast upon which she rode moved with unmatched grace, bouncing very little in the process, that small amount of bouncing was still more than enough to send her tits jiggling and wobbling about.

She would often find her hands pressed to the huge things, trying to lessen their constant jiggling and bouncing. But it was hopeless. They were far too large, and she needed both hands on the reins to travel long distances. She was not yet an expert rider like other soldiers seemed to be. She was quick to note, however, that what should have been quite the painful experience for her chest only caused her the mildest of discomforts.

Shadows seemed to grow all around them as they walked the trailless wilds, almost no light managing to reach the ground. The wind blew softly through the leaves, carrying with it a warning for Shalendris.

Danger.

Not a word, but a sense, a feeling. The trees themselves confirmed the trio's suspicions, and Shalendris was quick to alert Allendris again, to confirm what Brightbeak had seen. The bird took off from Shalendris's arm to perch itself upon a nearby tree, scanning its surroundings with its piercing white gaze.

"The day's travels have been difficult," he declared. "Let us rest for the night. I will cast the protective runes around our camp while you two keep watch."

Once they had found a suitable spot, they slid off their mounts and went to work. Shalendris set up the camp, Talena cast a few minor lighting spells to

dispel the encroaching darkness and Allendril started casting runes into the trees to protect the small camp.

Three trees were more than enough, and he was done with the protective spell in less than a minute.

The sorcerer had cast a similar spell back at the refugee camp, yet this one had taken a hundredth of the time and had only required three trees upon which to cast the runes.

"There," the night elf declared, observing his work. "These should last about half a day, by my estimates!" he then added, proudly, his pink curly mustache rising with the wide grin forming on his lips.

Sitting down on a thick woolen blanket, Allendril then turned his gaze to the two women accompanying him, his golden eyes radiating kindness and warmth. "Now, I know this seems like quite the dire situation! But I want both of you to rest, this night. We are only half a day's ride from the crossing, and I am certain many eyes are already upon us. We will not stop; we will not rest until we are out of harm's way." With that said, he traced his fingers in the air for a moment in a rectangular motion, a small feast materializing slowly before them.

All three Kaldorei stomachs growled at the sight before them. All manner of fruits, cooked meats, soft bread, and vegetables now sat upon a small levitating platter, waiting for hungry mouths.

The mounts were fed first, to show gratitude and respect for their service. Nightsaber mounts were far more intelligent than smaller felines, and the bond between one of the great cats and its rider was unmatched, or so it was said. The large animals lay down nearby after they'd eaten, closing their eyes to rest.

As Talena gently ran her fingers through her nightsaber companion's fur, she spoke up. "When did you first learn the arcane arts?" she asked Allendris, who was busy biting into a juicy peach.

"Curious one, aren't you?" the night elf replied, pulling out a thin cloth with which to wipe his lips. "I have been learning for about three hundred years now, I would say. Though I still consider myself a novice in comparison to some of the other Highborne!" His laughter lightened the mood somewhat. Shalendris and Talena allowed themselves a smile.

"And you, Talena? Why dedicate your life to Elune? Why not learn magic as well? I have seen the great mastery with which you cast your spells. I am certain you would have made a fine mage. Ley lines aren't as fickle as

goddesses!" he said in a friendly manner, a playful grin on his face. He didn't wait for her answer before taking another bite of his peach.

"Elune isn't fickle!" declared the priestess suddenly, more than a little offended at the man's words. "Elune watches over us and protects us!" she continued, catching the bald man by surprise.

"Then where is she?" retorted the sorcerer with all the seriousness in the world, no hint of mockery in his voice. "One would think a protector such as her would aid us more in these dark days."

"You are quite apt at criticizing Elune when your own spells don't work half the time! Where are your precious ley lines now?!" retorted the priestess angrily. "Could you not cast a spell to grant us invisibility? To allow us to fly to Black Rook Hold? To teleport us there?"

Allendril knew she was right, of course. While divine magic had not suffered any difficulties and still worked as it always had, arcane magic had weakened since they'd been cut off from the Well of Eternity. He still had access to most of his magical repertoire, but it took considerably more effort to draw upon the energies of the Well of Eternity and he often had to supplement his spells with other sources... which was why he was so often forced to cast his protective runes upon trees, drawing from the life essence they would give.

"You say you manipulate ley lines and that your abilities come from great practice and study, yet the minute the Well of Eternity weakens, your spells become useless!"

Allendril smiled, bowing his head somewhat. "You are right, young Talena. I meant no disrespect to Elune. I am as devout a follower as any other among us."

Meanwhile, Shalendris simply stared at the pair of them, not really understanding why they would argue and not understanding anything of divine or arcane magic. She barely had any control over her own magical abilities, relying mostly on when living beings (usually plants) wanted to communicate with her. Her bow was far more reliable, though it was still quite difficult to fire the weapon with breasts that were as large as they were now.

She brought a hand upwards to absent-mindedly caress the cumbersome things, still wrapped within the bedsheets Talena had used.

"And what about you, young Shalendris? You also seem quite gifted in the arts. I don't think I've heard of many Kaldorei who can speak with plants or who can change their form as quickly as you," he said, his eyes moving

downwards to indicate her colossal chest.

The purple-haired night elf hesitated for a moment, thinking of how to best describe what had happened to her and what she knew of her abilities. "Before I found the refugee camp, I stumbled upon a glade where a nature spirit gave me her blessing... That's what my chest grew," she said, cupping her gargantuan melons as though to emphasize the point.

"Well, I should say that's when it grew the first time," she continued. "The size they were when I arrived at the camp was but a fraction of what they were after I'd received the blessing... And I think that has to do with them being used to store magical energy, in a way."

She then laughed a soft, pleasant chuckle. "I know it sounds stupid, but I have a theory... I think that different magical energies have different properties when absorbed by my breasts. They're like magical sponges, in a way..." She tucked a loose strand of hair behind an ear before her eyes looked over Talena and Allendril, still listening intently to her, visibly quite interested in what she had to say.

It was Talena who spoke up first. "Well, that makes sense, in a way. Did you notice how earth that has been touched by fel energies seems to get corrupted, how the land that does not die gets distorted? Mutates? I think that, like the land itself, your chest may have the capacity to absorb magic..." The young priestess then looked to Allendril, rubbing his chin, and nodding in response to her words.

"Mmm... Yes. That is quite the interesting theory! You have quite the perceptive mind! Such a shame you are not interested by the arcane arts!" he added, chuckling, and winking in her direction. "I suspect something similar, though we would have to attempt a test or two, if that is ok with you, Shalendris? I am the only one among us who can use arcane energy, and I would want to test your abilities. They may prove quite invaluable to us."

The man seemed to hold no ulterior motives other than sheer curiosity and, as Shalendris nodded her approval, he moved forward, sitting cross-legged before her.

"If I tell you to stop, you stop," warned Shalendris dryly, staring at the man.

"Of course, of course! You may feel a bit of a sting. This is an offensive spell of pure arcane energy. Though, with my powers in their current state, it would probably not be enough to slay even a squirrel!" continued the mage, his dexterous fingers already weaving glowing runes of white and purple energy in the air before him.

The spell itself took only a few seconds to cast before Allendril pushed the rune forwards at Shalendris.

The woman winced, closing her eyes as she braced for the worst. Though, when the spell hit her, it stung very little, her flesh only going numb for a brief moment. Looking down at her chest for any changes, she was both relieved and disappointed to see that no additional growth had happened.

“Are you sure the spell hit me properly?” asked Shalendris, looking up at the mage who seemed as perplexed as she was.

“I am certain that it did. I will attempt a second time and, if any arcane energies still linger upon you, this spell will build upon that energy to increase its potency. The effects might be greater than with a single blast of the spell...” he said, hands preparing the same rune yet again. He held it there for a moment, waiting for the woman’s approval before hitting her with the energy again.

When she’d nodded, he let the spell fly, blasting her yet again with the purple-white energy.

This time, she didn’t wince, eyes locked down on her chest, waiting for any possible effect. There seemed to be little pain, perhaps a side effect of her absorbing holy energy previously combined with the absorption power.

That thought went no further as suddenly, her tits ballooned outwards, like two enormous waterskins being filled with water they grew and grew. Their growth was quite impressive at this point, causing her bedsheet-top to detach itself and letting her chest grow unimpeded. The mountainous teats swelled at a constant pace, Shalendris holding her hands to them to feel her fingers being pushed apart, her hands unable to reach her nipples now.

As her form absorbed the powerful arcane spell, she felt a sudden clarity of thought. It was an odd feeling, but she almost understood the very nature of the magic around her, the magic he had cast. The arcane spell within her tits simmered there for a few moments as her chest’s growth slowed, lingering within her flesh.

She didn’t think it was possible, but her chest was now nearly a quarter bigger than it had been that morning, so large that her full and heavy teats most likely hung down to her hips if she stood up, settled firmly upon her lap.

The Kaldorei groaned as she massaged the colossal mountains of titflesh. “Ugh... I knew this was a bad idea. I doubt my Nightsaber will want to carry me now. And that’s *if* he can carry me.” A sigh escaped her parted lips as her

hands wandered across the exposed flesh.

“Truly, truly marvelous!” exclaimed Allendril, visibly excited at the prospects of Shalendris’s powers and not at all worried about any difficulties she might experience due to her absurd new size. “I wonder what a third blast would-“

“NO!” shouted Shalendris and Talena in unison to protest the sorcerer’s apparent desire to push the woman’s powers to her limits.

“Fine, fine! Though if this is what such a small amount of arcane energy can do...” Allendril said with a laugh, obviously not as distressed as the other two women. A glare from the two women told him he should probably stop talking and he shut himself up by grabbing a fruit from the floating mage-table to stuff into his mouth.

Talena huddled close to Shalendris, placing a comforting hand on her friend’s shoulder.

Shalendris turned her head sideways towards the priestess, offering her a slight smile, a hint of sadness visible in her eyes. “I didn’t mind this blessing at first but it’s quickly starting to seem like a curse,” complained Shalendris, giving her breasts a squeeze as though that would somehow allow her to empty the energy stored within.

Talena also squeezed her fingers a bit harder into Shalendris’s shoulder and suddenly, the two night elves felt a connection form between the two. Not regarding their relationship to one another, but the feeling of each other’s energy, in a way. Shalendris could feel the priestess’s body, could understand its dimensions and construction.

It was then that Shalendris felt the energy simmering in her chest, the power stored within seeking an outlet that it had found in the priestess.

“Talena,” an amazed Shalendris said. “Do you feel it? Do you trust me?”

Talena, eyes wide open, for she had never felt such a thing, simply nodded.

And then, Shalendris directed the arcane energy within her breasts, letting it move upwards to her shoulder and through Talena’s fingertips. The green-haired elf felt a small tingling at the tips of her digits that rapidly moved first to her spine, settling there for a few moments. It wanted to be directed, it wanted to be told where to go.

Her eyes glanced over to Shalendris’s chest, and she knew what she wanted. She wanted to help her friend most of all, but she had always been a bit jealous

of the more endowed women in her life.

Like innumerable, unseen needles prickling her skin, the energies moved across her ribs and towards her chest. Talena knew that it was her own will that was now directing the energy, guided somewhat by Shalendris's thoughts. They were doing this together, she knew.

A delicate moan slipped from Talena's lips, and she leaned forward somewhat, surprised at the feeling of pressure at her chest. It wasn't a painful sort of pressure, though it wasn't anything particularly pleasurable compared to the arcane current itself. She had never been too blessed in that region but now the two tiny bumps in her robes started pushing outwards, her nipples rapidly hardening, causing slight indentations in the fabric of her garments.

With her right hand upon Shalendris's shoulder, Talena lifted her left hand up to her chest to feel that slow growth, to feel the flesh beneath expand, pressing against her palm. It was an odd feeling, to see oneself changing physically at such a rate and for a moment she forgot all about the Legion, about the burning woodlands and the enemies all around them.

For a moment, she felt at peace (and more than a little turned on, to be honest).

The two previously flat breasts grew outwards still, and Talena noticed how that growth was accompanied by an equivalent reduction in Shalendris's own chest. It was working.

Talena squeezed her breasts as if to confirm that they were indeed hers, two sensitive tits attached to *her* body. They had soon surpassed the size of apples and the priestess felt that her robes were far less spacious in that area than they had been mere moments ago. Using her free hand, she hurriedly undid a few buttons at the front to grant her expanding twins the room they needed.

Allendril, meanwhile, seemed completely amazed at the situation. Of course, he did enjoy the sight of the two half-naked women before him, but he was far more intrigued by the odd "titty transfer" going on. Oh, how he wished he had brought his notebooks (or anything else to take notes on, really). He would simply have to write it all down once they arrived at Black Rook Hold.

Like two glaciers melting, Shalendris could feel her chest sliding backwards, dragging slightly against her thighs as it shrank, portions of it being transferred over to her friend who now sported breasts that resembled large grapefruit in size.

It wasn't enough. Shalendris could feel how this transfer of energy was taking its toll on her mentally, her concentration becoming harder and harder to

maintain.

With one last great push, the purple haired Kaldorei “shoved” a great portion of arcane energy through to her friend, causing Talena’s eyes to open wide in shock as her breasts doubled in size in the span of a second, the sudden increase in weight nearly causing her to lose her balance and fall flat on her face.

Her tits now surpassed her head in size by a few inches, though they were still dwarfed by Shalendris’s immense bust.

Catching her breath momentarily, Talena gave her friend a warm smile. “Not quite sure what happened there, but whatever you did, it worked!” she exclaimed, moving in to give Shalendris a warm hug, causing their enlarged bosoms to press against one another firmly. The pleasant sensation of their chests mashed together caused them both to let that contact linger for a few more seconds than would have been strictly necessary. It also showed just how enormous Shalendris’s chest was in comparison to Talena’s, though it was now far less likely to hinder her movements (while still being larger than it had been that morning).

Allendril, meanwhile, remained sitting on the ground a few feet away, watching the spectacle without a word, his palm full of nuts, tossing one or two into his mouth every few seconds.

“Hrm,” Talena cleared her throat as Shalendris’s hands started moving downwards to the small of the priestess’s back.

Realizing what she was doing, the lavender-skinned Night Elf pulled her hands away. “Sorry,” she said.

“It’s... not that I don’t want,” whispered Talena. “It’s that I don’t want us to lose focus...” she continued with a soft smile, pulling back from Shalendris.

The green-haired Kaldorei reached up to pull her robes closed, but soon understood that closing the garments would be quite difficult given the new size of her endowments. With a groan, she pulled the garment closed and looked up at Shalendris to ask her friend to help close the thing.

Shalendris was unsure of how long it would hold, given how strained each button seemed to be, struggling to hold back the mass of jiggling titflesh.

“By Elune... I’ll have to get this thing adjusted,” concluded Talena as she tried to limit her breathing to avoid causing any wardrobe malfunctions. “If not, then I guess bed sheets will do!” she added with a wink in Shalendris’s direction.

The two shared a friendly laugh before looking over to Allendril who'd fallen asleep.



They were on their mounts before finishing breakfast, nightsabers dashing through the woodlands, through desecrated lands and around the remains of burned down villages. As they advanced, they stumbled upon more and more dead Kaldorei, elves like them who had not been so fortunate.

Their trajectory sent them southwards to the Mistwater Rapids that their mounts could easily traverse. Other beings would have a much harder time traversing the currents, and any winged demons would find themselves quickly entangled in the dense foliage that hung above the water there.

They needed no map, only a general understanding of where they were to go. All three of them knew that Elune guided the powerful beasts, each one nearly six hundred pounds of sleek, corded muscle. Their claws dug into the earth below with each graceful leap, fur of grey and silver making them appear more as ghosts than actual living beasts.

Shalendris and Talena, accompanied by the sorcerer Allendril, all hung on for dear life. They weren't trained riders and it showed as their fingers gripped the reins as hard as possible, smacked in the face every now and then by a tree branch or two.

Spitting out a mouthful of leaves, Talena shouted to Allendril as her tits bounced furiously within the overtight confines of her priestly vestments. "How long until we arrive?"

"We are but a few miles from our destination!" replied the sorcerer, bald head reflecting what little moonlight managed to reach them beneath the ancient forests of Kalimdor. The pink mustachioed man's determined face a reassuring sight to the two women who rode alongside him.

It took them less than an hour to reach the rapids but when they arrived, they were greeted by the sight of elven corpses littering the ground. Soldiers, mostly, but also a handful of civilians. Mist hung in the air around them from the wild rapids thirty or so yards from them.

"Well, it seems we've fallen into their trap. Let us not waste any time!" shouted

Allendril to his two companions, spurring his mount on towards the jagged rocks of the rapids.

Speed was essential to such a crossing, but it was still possible for those who knew which rocks to set foot upon. The great cats had no issue with this and could clear the wide rapids with nothing but a few well-placed leaps.

Allendril stopped his mount but a few inches from the edge of the river, motioning for the two women to go ahead of him. "Go, I will watch our backs," shouted the sorcerer over the incredibly noisy water flowing behind him.

Then, a booming voice, unrecognized by any of them, suddenly emerged from the thick mists. "You three will not be going anywhere," came the powerful voice.

Materializing on a rock in the middle of the rapids, as though emerging from the mists now stood an enormous creature, nearly ten feet tall. Its blue-gray skin shimmered slightly from the moisture around it, great batlike wings stretching out behind it, so vast they could probably envelop the three night elves effortlessly. Great curved horns adorned its head, along with the wicked grin upon its lips that revealed sharp, yellowed teeth. The creature, however, still held a certain elegance, a certain refinement that other demons seemed to lack. If that face had been on a night elf, Shalendris would probably have called it handsome.

Talena and Shalendris could only stare with horror as the creature's clawed hand reached forward to grab at Allendril's head and the mage started focusing upon an offensive spell to blast the fiend away. Like a candle being snuffed out, the spell sputtered and Allendril was lifted from his mount like a doll.

"You will let these two go, fiend! You and the demons you serve will leave this world and free Queen Azshara!" shouted the mage as the monstrosity's claws dug into the skin of his scalp slightly.

Allendril's nightsaber did not sit idly by as its master suffered, launching itself at the great demon with intense ferocity. Its assault was short-lived as another clawed hand slapped it with such force as to launch it straight into the powerful currents raging around them.

"I will do no such thing," replied the creature. "You see, I am Tarraxis, and you three will serve me... in death."

And with that, it raised its clawed hand as Allendril kicked desperately but ineffectually at his captor to try and free himself from that powerful grasp. Tarraxis's hand glowed with a deep, black light for a moment before pointing towards Shalendris and Talena.

The dark energy, however, did not go for the Night Elves. Instead, those onyx tendrils slithered into the corpses littering the ground, slowly animating them like morbid puppets. The walking corpses were soon upon Shalendris's and Talena's mounts, holding them down while the two women were thrown off the beasts.

"We know of Black Rook Hold already, but you three are the first to come from the east... I am certain that when you are turned, you will not hesitate to tell me where the other refugees are hidden," came the creature's voice as it stepped onto dry land, tossing Allendril towards one of the trees like a simple ragdoll, the mage grunting in pain and then slumping forward as he slipped into unconsciousness.

The two nightsabers were not pinned to the ground for long as they thrashed about violently, throwing the mindless undead all around them.

Noticing this with a sideways glance, Tarraxis sent a wave of dark energy their way, forcing the two great cats into an enchanted sleep.

Only a few steps from Talena and Shalendris, the powerful demon now loomed over them menacingly. Tarraxis's form was now entirely visible to them, his spiked metal armor giving him the appearance of some sort of vampiric gargoyle, a creature of elegant savagery.

Before the winged demon could do anything, however, a small poof of emerald smoke on his shoulder caused him to turn his head.

Another creature, with skin like that of Tarraxis now stood on his shoulder. A foot and a half tall, it held onto its master's horn to keep its balance and its own horned head appeared to have a great indentation on the side, giving his skull the appearance of severe malformation.

"Master Tarraxis! This one is the one I told you of!" said the horrid little creature as it pointed its wicked finger at Shalendris. "She's the one Lord Othros spoke of! He wants her in the pleasure house!"

Shalendris chuckled inwardly. 'Lord' Othros. They were giving him titles now.

"And *she's* the one who murdered me in cold blood!" it then added dramatically, referencing the initial attack on Zin-Azshari when Shalendris had kicked its face hard enough to kill it. Or so she thought.

Tarraxis's piercing yellow eyes scanned Shalendris and Talena for a moment. "Yes, I definitely see why he would want her there. And why not toss the other one in too, for good measure," he purred. "Once the mage's mind has been turned, he will divulge the location of the other survivors with no resistance."

Shalendris shrank back from the fiend while Talena attempted an offensive spell. The radiant energy that streaked out from her fingertips only sizzled briefly against the fiend's flesh, prompting a chuckle from the colossus.

Tarraxis bent down slightly to get a closer look at Shalendris, lifting her chin up with clawed fingers with a gentleness that belied sadistic intent. "Perhaps I should have a test run with this one... Before letting Othros have his fun," came the gargoyle-like demon's words, making obvious his disdain for Othros.

"You were replaced by Othros," observed the purple-haired Shalendris, an amused smirk on her face.

A flash of anger on Tarraxis's face let Shalendris know she had struck the fiend's pride. A powerful slap sent her spinning to the ground, coughing up some blood as her breasts escaped the bedsheets that held them up.

"I will NOT be replaced by some disgusting mortal upstart! I am Dreadlord! A Nathrezim! You Kaldorei are insects who will learn to serve!" thundered Tarraxis as he reached down for his plated armor, undoing the handful of clasps holding it up. As the armor fell to the ground with a loud thud, Shalendris and Talena gasped in amazed horror at the sight before them. The fiend sported a massive dick, easily reaching his knee,

Trying to shuffle away from the furious creature, Shalendris soon found her exit blocked by one of the elven undead that had formed a ring around them.

"You know... if you two please me, I just might let you escape. If you do an *exceptionally* good job, I'll even allow you to leave with your mage," purred Tarraxis, reaching out with one hand to telepathically pull Talena to him, the priestess being dragged along the ground and bumping slightly into her friend.

“What’s in it for you?” asked Talena, frowning as she looked at the half-rotten undead all around them. “Why should we even trust you?”

“You see, my dear,” said the Dreadlord as it reached up to its shoulder with one hand to crush the imp’s skull, the tiny devil vanishing in another flash of green smoke. “I do not care about a simple refugee camp. These forests, this world, will burn either way. However, I do wish to enjoy some uncorrupted elven flesh before you two are turned to ash...”

The two women shrank back as the monstrous, winged fiend crouched before them to look into their eyes. “What is your answer?”

Shalendris and Talena looked into each other’s eyes for a moment, to see what the other thought and then, in unison, looked down at the colossal prick hanging from the thing’s crotch, pulsating slowly as blood pumped into the veined length like a menacing grey snake.

It was Shalendris who gave her answer first, fingers reaching tentatively towards the hardening beast, surprising the woman with how little heat it seemed to give off.

An approving grin slowly spread across Tarraxis’s thin lips as he watched Shalendris kneel before him warily as she wrapped her fingers around the veiny thing. Before she could do much with it, the demon stood up before her, his colossal cock casting an ominous shadow above her. Though it seemed quite nearly entirely erect, the fat, juicy demonic cock seemed to be pulled down by its own impossible weight, hanging at a forty-five degree angle from Tarraxis’s crotch, leaking sizzling precum already, the substance splattering across Shalendris’s absolutely ridiculous titties.

Both Shalendris’s hands reached up to gently cradle that monstrous felcock, guiding it towards her cock-hungry maw. She would never admit how turned on she felt in that moment, how the Dreadlord’s dominating presence caused her cunt to gush with anticipation and her cheeks to redden slightly. Could she ever truly take a cock that big? She wondered. And that thought caused the tingling in her loins to intensify.

“Do not waste time, you two. If you two have not been painted with my seed by the time the mage wakes, I shall toss your lifeless forms into the rapids myself,” threatened the Dreadlord as Shalendris slowly pushed her full lips against the demon’s bulbous crown. She could feel her mouth opening wider

than it should, lips stretching further and further as she forced inch after throbbing inch into her mouth. Her tongue had little space to move in her stuffed mouth, wriggling pleasantly against the beast's underbelly while it moved down her throat.

Talena could clearly see a bulge forming at Shalendris's throat as she gobbled up more dick than should be possible and she felt a tinge of anticipation wash over her. She had not been with a man in so long, ever since she'd completed her training for the Sisterhood... Though she had slept with many of her "sisters" over the years, a few blessed by Elune with cocks of their own.

The green-haired priestess cringed as she saw Tarraxis's hand reach down for Shalendris's head, remembering just how easily it had crushed the diminutive imp. But that enormous hand did not crush Shalendris's skull. Large enough to completely hold the gagging elf's head in its palm, the clawed fingers only gently pushed Shalendris's head further down that incredible length, saliva dribbling from the corners of her mouth.

Talena bit her lower lip as she observed the scene and crawled over to the pair, determined to assist her friend. A half-truth, she knew, deep down. She wanted to lick and suck at the demon's cock just as much as Shalendris seemed to enjoy it.

Was this the Legion working its magic on her mind? Her thoughts wandered to the Kaldorei she'd spoken to who told her how enticing the demons' magic was to them, how it invaded their minds like a drug. But that notion was entirely dispelled by Talena. She knew that if this was happening in this moment, with a Night Elf male and no Legion, she would be acting the same way.

Kneeling behind the Dreadlord, Talena found herself leaning in to press her lips against the demon's hanging nutsack. Those fat, orange-sized balls called to her and she wanted to please Tarraxis. If not to save her own life, then simply because she enjoyed the feeling of the plump, cum-laden nuts against her mouth.

Though she could not fully fit even one of the two hefty demon nuts into her mouth, the priestess's licking and suckling at them caused their owner to groan in appreciation. His fingers gripped Shalendris's head a bit tighter as he was pleased on both sides by the two busty she-elves, mouths eagerly moving across his flesh, struggling with the vastness of his demonic prick and overfull cumtanks.

Shalendris now had well over half the demon's immense cock down her throat, both her hands only barely able to fully encircle the oversized pillar of fuckmeat. With fingers gripping the enormous, veiny shaft, Shalendris started pumping them back and forth, her throat unable to accommodate more of the titanic, fleshy beast and she started moving her head back and forth upon it.

Shalendris's wet lips dragged along Tarraxis's gargantuan dick as her throat muscles massaged it with skill she never knew she possessed.

Only a foot or so away from her, Talena was sucking fiercely at Tarraxis's balls, kissing and sucking and licking them with lewd slurping sounds that resonated all around them. *Schlurp. Schlurp.* The priestess's fingers had quickly found her cunt and the moaning night elf was soon rubbing herself through her panties with ever-increasing ferocity, her mouth and field of view full of demon ballsack. The fiend's skin tasted like nothing she had ever tasted before, but if she had to describe it... earthy would probably be closest. It wasn't an unpleasant taste, though it was an odd one to be sure.

It took Talena less than a minute to reach her climax as she rubbed her eager elven snatch through the thin fabric of her silken panties, moaning wantonly against Tarraxis's huge, swinging nutsack. The smaller Night Elf trembled, muscles clenching as her climax tore through her, causing her to lose her balance and fall on the ground, cunt nearly gushing through her panties. As she rode out the orgasm, the priestess's fingers kept on rubbing at her sensitive clit, eliciting moans of pure bliss.

"You elves truly know how to suck dick, don't you?" declared the demon, prompting a nod from Shalendris and a weak moan from the still-spasming Talena.

With a meager six inches of demoncock lodged in her mouth, Shalendris found that she could more easily move her tongue against the enormous prick, hands pumping furiously at the rest of the behemoth. The moment was short-lived as she heard the demon's voice one more.

"Though you are skilled, I require something more of you," continued the grey-skinned Tarraxis, the hand holding the back of Shalendris's head grasping her hair firmly before tossing her to the ground, mountainous boobs wobbling about lewdly and nearly hitting the woman in the face.

Talena, on her back as well, found that she was nearly approaching a second climax, one hand massaging one of her fat tits out of sheer need. Her pleasure-filled mind no longer cared who or what was around her and she had pulled her panties aside, opened her vestments to let her great melons wobble out into freedom.

With fingers pinching and tugging at her hardened nipples, the priestess was a gushing mess on the ground, hips bucking against the air as she kept on rubbing her hungry cunt, alternating between playing with her clit and plunging her digits deep into her cunt.

A few feet from there, Tarraxis had his eyes set on Shalendris, legs spread wide to accept the demon's massive cock. The pulsating pussy wrecker of a dick leaked precum onto the ground as Tarraxis knelt down between the woman's legs, grabbing her thighs firmly.

Shalendris reached down to lower the fiend's cock towards her dripping snatch, feeling the bulbous head rubbing against her sensitive folds. She let slip a soft moan, looking up at the winged man's eyes, glowing with a sickly yellow light. Inch after inch, he pushed deeper and deeper into her, stretching her cunt out to limits unknown to her. It seemed as though her cunt molded itself around Tarraxis's cock as her belly bulged from the sheer size of his prick.

She could feel his veiny manhood rubbing against her insides as he managed to fit more than half of it, the bulge of his cock disappearing somewhere between her enormous boobs, the fleshy masses covering most of her torso as she attempted to hold them down.

With one clawed hand holding her thigh, Tarraxis reached out to grope the elf's tits with the other. Even his enormous hand was insufficient to fully grasp Shalendris's oversized mounds and two hands would probably be cutting it close. The grunting demon didn't seem to mind, however, as he started pumping his colossal prick in and out of the moaning elf beneath him, clawed digits squeezing her breast hard.

Shalendris arched her back in pleased pain as he started fucking her slowly at first, but each thrust or two caused him to accelerate slightly. Before long, his entire cock was inside her, rearranging her insides as he pummeled her cunt ruthlessly. Lewd smacking noises echoed all around them as his nuts collided with her abundant assflesh.

While her friend was getting fucked mercilessly, Talena was stuck in a world of self-inflicted pleasure, bringing herself to orgasm after mind-shattering orgasm when, out of nowhere, she felt an odd weight upon each breast. Looking up at her tits, her eyes were greeted by a vision of the same Imp Tarraxis had destroyed earlier, standing with one foot planted on each one of her fat melons.

“Wu-what?” came the panting priestess’s voice as she noticed the creature’s hardened prick and his caved-in skull. His cock, while quite enormous by anyone’s standards, was still dwarfed by his Dreadlord master’s and it looked positively ridiculous on the tiny humanoid form. Probably a foot or so long, it matched the creature’s height. One had to wonder how he even kept his balance.

“Ay, need some ‘elp wit’ ‘dat?” replied the imp, reaching down with both hands to tug at Talena’s nipples, causing her to squirm and moan as the sensitive nubs got abused by the diminutive devil.

Talena only looked on in confused horror as the tiny creature hopped off her jugs and onto her stomach, cradling each tit with open arms, as though giving them a great big hug. His intention, however, was to hold the woman’s tits tight as he slipped his fat rod right between them.

The twin peaks created a perfect tunnel of flesh for the evil little fiend to fuck and pump, his maleness peaking out from between the valley of elven titty meat with every forward movement, filling it with his abundant precum. That abundant precum now dribbled down from her cleavage and onto her neckbone as she kept on pleasuring her twitching cunt with agile fingers.

“Betta get t’suckin’, slut!” shouted the tiny imp as he sawed between her tits at an increasing pace, making sure to push his dick as far down that jiggling passageway as he could to give her a good look at his precum-dribbling cockhead.

Repulsed at the sight of the imp’s slimy prick, Talena nevertheless lifted her head up to suckle and kiss at the thing whenever it popped out. “Fuck my tits,” she urged him on, knowing full well how she would rid herself of the thing, a plan coming together in her mind.

Her hands left her cunt, reaching her tits so that she could press her palms against the sides of her wobbling chestmeat, nearly quadrupling the pressure that the tiny titfucker felt against his veiny rod.

“Nyiiuuuggghhhh...” babbled the imp as he held on for dear life, Talena sucking his cock on one end and his nuts smacking against the underside of her udders on the other. Her tits bounced and jiggled against her palms and against the minuscule creature. “I ain’t le’in’ dese tits go now!” shouted the imp with his nigh-unintelligible accent.

As Talena got titfucked, Shalendris was getting impaled by Tarraxis’s monstrous meat pole, the woman’s eyes rolling to the back of her skull as each thrust sent nearly two feet of cock sliding into her cunt over and over again. Most women would have been dead by now, yet the Night Elf’s pussy seemed to adjust to fully accommodate the Dreadlord’s prick, cunt muscles tightening and massaging the enormous pole constantly.

Each backwards movement made visible the thick bulge running along her abdomen and disappearing between her tits. A long string of orgasms melting her mind as she locked her legs behind the Dreadlord’s ass, her moans getting louder and louder.

The demon held onto both those massive mammaries firmly, leaning in to suckle and bite at the woman’s hardened nipples. As his dick reached her deepest regions, the woman was sent bouncing backwards slightly, causing her tits to jiggle inside Tarraxis’s grasp. He had never fucked a mortal who seemed to enjoy his ruthless pounding as much as this slutty Night Elf did, and he wasn’t complaining. Perhaps, he pondered, she would make a fine addition to his own pleasure house.

Leaning over her, he placed one hand next to the Night Elf’s head as she climaxed upon his relentlessly pounding shaft, tightly muscled ass flexing with every movement of his hips. Her fingers were now busy rubbing against that moist pink pearl to bring herself to heightened levels of pleasure. Her moans became louder and louder, reaching heights that even caused Talena and the tittyfucking imp to look over.

But those moans were soon silenced by a powerful kiss by Tarraxis who pushed his tongue deep into Shalendris’s mouth. Their tongues would soon dance against each other, entwined and twirling, moans muffled by the man’s mouth.

Tarraxis enjoyed breaking mortals like this. Enjoyed fucking them into submission. But this one, he realized, was different. So deep was her desire for cock that her mind still hadn’t shattered. She was holding on, somehow. She

had kept her mind.

This only aroused the demon more as he stretched his wings out behind him, rapidly nearing his climax as he broke the kiss, engulfing Shalendris's left nipple with his maw, tongue's tip lapping at the overly sensitive nub. His cock was slick and shiny with the Night Elf's juices, a Night Elf who was handling him quite well, all things considered.

Straightening his back, Tarraxis then grabbed Shalendris by the waist, lifting her up, the moaning woman still impaled on his enormous prick. As he held her like this, he started lowering and raising her rapidly, using her as some sort of toy to get himself off. His grunts were becoming more frequent, more intense as he pounded the lavender-skinned elf with enough force to cause his balls to swing upwards and smack against her ass repeatedly, each impact sending ripples through the abundant flesh.

As Shalendris bounced on the demon's cock, so too did her gigantic melons bounce against his chest. And near the pair, Talena was still on her back getting tittified by an imp who was trying as hard as he could to resist the jiggling flesh he was pounding into, to resist blowing his load too soon.

But Talena had other plans, and she pressed her tits even harder against the throbbing imp-dick, throwing the tiny demon straight into the orgasm of his life. His cock twitched and he hilted himself into the priestess's tits, dick firing rope after goopy rope of thick nutmuck, the first few sailing right past the woman's face to splatter uselessly onto the ground. His other blasts were far better aimed, it seemed, for Talena was hit right in the nose, jizz coating her nostrils and cheeks now.

It felt so good, the Imp wanted to dive into those enormous tits and die right there there. Talena would grant him his wish, and he found his orgasm-dazed self flipped onto his back with the Night Elf's tits on him, pinning him down.

Not understanding what she had in store, the woman then placed both heavy knockers onto the tiny fiend's face, pressing down hard, blocking any air from reaching his lings. "If you like them so much, I suppose you'll want them to be the last thing you see!" panted Talena as she put her body weight down on top of the small assailant.

Uselessly slapping at the melons suffocating him, the imp's form soon became limp and once more, he dissipated into a puff of smoke.

Talena, seeing no other way out, started crawling over to Allendril who was still unconscious on the ground, a dozen or so feet away. She looked around desperately for a weak spot, as they were still surrounded by a ring of undead night elves, their shambling forms still wearing the armor they did in life. She could probably take one or two out, she thought, but the others would quickly overpower her... and she couldn't leave her friend Shalendris in the hands of such a powerful demon.

"I'll come back for you, I promise," whispered the priestess as she tried to wake the sorcerer, to little effect.

A screech sent her gaze looking upwards at the trees when a glowing green form, so familiar to her, dove down towards Tarraxis, its talons going straight for those malice-filled eyes.

Trying to swat the pesky bird away, Tarraxis inadvertently dropped Shalendris to the ground, the woman spasming from so many orgasms, her breaths coming in ragged bursts.

The ground beneath Talena started shaking slightly. Barely perceptible at first, that rumbling increased until a sickening crunch from behind her caused her to turn her head towards the source of the noise. Her gaze first spotted the corpse of one of the undead monstrosities falling to the floor before a massive wooden log slammed into the side of the head of another of the undead, sending its head flying into the nearby rapids.

"FOR THE EARTHMOTHER!" came the battle-cry as a dozen bovine humanoids – Tauren, Talena realized - poured out from everywhere around them, sending the reanimated corpses flying. Many of the massive warriors wielded gigantic totems with which they crushed their foes but many others could be seen throwing spears or wielding massive hammers.

Soon, Tarraxis found himself surrounded and found that Shalendris had been pulled away from him by a female Tauren.

"Surrender, Demon, and we may yet spare you the humiliation of defeat!" cried one of the Tauren, a black-furred colossus holding his totem on his shoulder.

The Dreadlord growled, eyes scanning every one of the enormous Tauren around him. He was surrounded and though he could probably put a few of them to sleep or annihilate a handful with his carrion swarm, he would be crushed before he could make another move. "You win this time, mortals,"

spat the creature before disintegrating into a swarm of bats, flying away into the forests.

Healers were quick to inspect the three Night Elves and their mounts. Once their health fully assessed, they were lifted up by the muscular horned saviors and carried through the woods. Talena and Shalendris were both carried by a single large male, the same who had asked Tarraxis to surrender. Allendril, still asleep, was carried by a large female whose bust could probably rival even Shalendris's immense chest.

"Come, we leave for Tana'Kulak. These woods are unsafe," said a brown-furred male. This one wielded a spear and seemed a bit smaller than the others, though still nearly ten feet tall.

Shalendris and Talena smiled at each other, glad that they had managed to survive the encounter. The bustier of the two reached over to wipe some cum from Talena's face, causing both to laugh a little as they were carried out of the woods...