

A Major Discovery (part 1)

By 777Moonman

Present Day, Taelag City, Kingdom of Kyosen

Empress Lavinia of Kyosen strode purposefully down the halls of her imperial palace, making her way to the lower floors. A mix of moonlight and torchlight lit her path as she descended flight after flight of stairs, her long, light robes billowing about like a flag on a breezy day. Normally braided up, Lavinia's long maroon hair flowed free in her wake like a dark, lustrous stream of wine. Dark circles under her bright green eyes marred an otherwise flawless elven visage, the mark of over a fortnight of sleepless nights. Her eyes, however, were filled with the steely glint of determination.

Lavinia stopped at a door marked "Magisterium", barely pausing before yanking it open and rushing inside. Upon entry, her senses were briefly overwhelmed by an array of unfamiliar sights, sounds and smells, causing her to blink and sputter. Although she was no stranger to the haphazard piles of books, arcane apparatuses, and massive cauldrons that filled this room, the sheer volume of experiments going on never failed to stun her.

"Pentavros! I received your message! Where are you?", Lavinia shouted while stepping further into the chamber and looking around

"Back here!", a man's voice shouted from the back of the chamber, behind several bookshelves filled with research equipment.

Lavinia sighed and began picking her way through the disorganized ruckus of a laboratory, taking care to not let her robes catch on anything, since she was only wearing a simple dressing gown tied at the waist over her sheer nightgown. While Lavinia had made plenty of use of her flawless regal features, large F-cup breasts, and broad, rounded hips to help “convince” certain stubborn political opponents in the past, this was not the purpose of her visit, and she would rather not have her lace-covered rack distracting her head magister during this important conversation.

The head magister’s “office” was just as disorderly as the rest of the laboratory, although a plush velvet upholstered chair and grand mahogany desk could be seen rising out of the clutter towards the rear of the space. Seated at the desk was a wiry man in his mid-thirties, clad in the silver-trimmed black robes of Kyosen’s Magisterium, the elite scientists at the forefront of arcane research in the kingdom. He was hard at work poring over the piles scrolls and leatherbound books that littered his desk, taking notes on scraps of parchment. As the empress entered his office, the man looked up and smiled.

“Good evening, your grace! Many thanks for making it down here on such short notice. Come, sit down!”, the man excitedly said, gesturing to a plush velvet chair, the seat of which was the only horizontal surface in his office besides his own chair not covered with some sort of research or experimental material.

“Tea?”, the head magister offered while Lavinia was taking her seat, “I just brewed some. Sometimes I swear it’s the only thing that keeps me going on these weeks of endless nights.”

“No thank you, Pentavros”, the empress curtly declined while pinching the bridge of her nose, “With all due respect, it’s been over two weeks since these monsters started ravaging our kingdom, and I have yet to hear a good idea of how to deal with it. Please, just quickly get to the point.”

“Very well, your grace”, Pentavros relented with a respectful nod of his head. “As you may know, the epicenter of this monster invasion on our lands is Mount Plenim in the north reaches. Recently, our agents were able to get ahold of a rather peculiar journal.” Pentavros presented a rugged, leatherbound field journal to the empress. She reached out to take it

from him, but retracted her hand in disgust when she noticed the faint sticky splotches dotting the cover. Pentavros set the journal on the desk in front of her.

“As you can see, it looks suspicious, but that’s what intrigued me in the first place. The book appears to have belonged to Manmi, a goblin field guide and amateur researcher residing in the village of Gragglebrook, located at the foot of Mt. Plenim. It appears that Manmi witnessed the start of the invasion and recorded it here in this journal. I have several theories as to the invasion’s origin, and how we can move forward with combating the creatures based on this information, but the fate of our nation is currently in the balance, any wrong move potentially spelling doom for our society.”

“I see. So you want a peer review of your source material?”

“Precisely”, Pentavros brightly replied, opening the journal and flipping through the pages to a bookmarked section. “And who better to do it than my former teacher and our current empress?”

“You were always obsessed with efficiency, Pentavros”, Lavinia playfully chided. “Very well, I shall read this journal, and we’ll see if I draw the same conclusions you do. I’ll take that tea now; It’s going to be a long night.”

Entry 1: 5th day of Imbolc, year 128, Age of Frost

I’m so excited! It’s finally time for me to set out on my trip! My first opportunity to guide an adventuring party up Mount Plenim by myself starts tomorrow. *<Hopefully it’s not boring.>* Riding into our village on horseback, they looked so cool and professional, I can only hope to reach their level someday.

Chiefess offered her hut to the adventurers to stay the night in, and I offered to share my hut with her. Even though she probably would have been fine sleeping outside in the fresh spring weather, I admittedly had an ulterior motive: *<I wanted to suck on her full, milky titties>* I wanted to hear everything about the party I’d be guiding tomorrow. She graciously obliged *<and I plan to repay her by giving her a night she won’t soon forget>*.

I'm shaking so much in anticipation of tomorrow; I can barely keep my writing hand steady! That's probably a sign to end it here. <Finally, we can get to the good part.> Next time you hear from me, I'll be traversing the wilderness!

Present Day, Taelag City, Kingdom of Kyosen

Having reached a stopping point, Lavinia looked up from the journal at Pentavros. His spiky hair was always changing colors due to some alchemical mishap, currently a deep fuchsia. As his teacher, this was her biggest pet peeve with him, but now she found it endearing, a mark of a researcher courageous enough to risk a minor issue now and then in the name of progress.

"This tea is sweeter than any I've come across before. Where did you get it?", Lavinia asked while finishing her cup.

"It was a gift I received from a friend", Pentavros answered from behind the cover of the tome he was reading, "I will have to ask them where they got it from the next time I see them. Would you like some more?"

"Please", Lavinia tersely replied. As Pentavros set his book down and reached over to pour more tea in her cup, she asked, "What is this goblin's issue? It seems as if there are two Manmis writing in this journal, one of which is crossing out the words of the other."

"Ah, you have discovered the signature quirk of her writing style", Pentavros responded with a knowing smile. "You can see it in her later research reports as well. I have decided to call it her 'Id Voice'. My theory is that she gets so excited about her research, that she is unable to keep her baser desires in check while writing. That is when the Id Voice takes over, and her writing reflects its impulsive, hungry nature. When Manmi's base persona regains control, she has nothing left to do, but cross out the offending ink, although that is nowhere near enough to make it illegible. It's quite fascinating, in my opinion."

"Good to know", Lavinia replied, taking a sip of tea as she turned her attention back to the journal.

Entry 2: 7th day of Imbolc, year 128, Age of Frost

Now that we've been trekking up the mountain for a few days, I've finally had the opportunity to see what these professional adventurers are like for real.

Leading the party is *<His Hotness>* Jarek Brightshield, a half-orc master swordsman. Apparently, the orc half only manifested in his lean, muscular physique, and that's a point of contention with him. It's probably best to not bring that up *<but I bet it makes him a pretty good ride.>* He's a strong delegator and has already shown that he knows how to best utilize everyone's strengths. *<His second-in-command does most of the work, but I for one am perfectly fine watching him sit around looking pretty.>*

Second in command is *<Queen Bitch-face>* Mydra of Severin, a human dragon sorceress. Apparently, she comes from a long line of esteemed dragon sorcerers. *<More like overblown assholes. Just because a dragon boinked one of your ancestors two thousand years ago does not make you hot shit.>* I'm excited to see her perform magic more powerful than the admittedly plain cantrips our village shaman is capable of, although I haven't really had a chance to ask her about it. *<That's probably because she would rather chop off her own tits than show basic decency towards a "greenskin" like us. She does have nice knockers, though; L-cups at least>* She and Jarek are dating and it's just the cutest thing watching them together! Their playful banter is both entertaining and heartwarming *<although I'd rather not have to hear them going at it like goatbunnies in heat every night.>*

Next is Kerri the Whirlwind, a dwarven priestess of Tylo, god of the wind and emotions. She's so waifish and shy, you wouldn't believe she's a dwarf when first meeting her. *<With those ample dwarven hips and a bodacious backside to boot, she's really only waifish from the waist up>* We're sharing a tent, and it's been so fun staying up late into the night getting to know each other! *<If by "getting to know each other" you meant exploring every surface and crevice of each other's plump, sexy bodies. Kerri is a feral beast in bed, and I'm here for it!>* With her supportive magic, Kerri has been a huge help getting up the mountain. *<She even mentioned while cuddling that she's getting some side action from Jarek behind Mydra's back, and I couldn't be happier.>*

The group is rounded out by Vail, a mysterious towering person clad in mostly heavy armor; only their upper arms, thighs, and parts of their midriff are visible, all covered in ridiculous quantities of rippling muscle. *<From the shape of their armor I can't tell if that's a guy or a girl, but those abs are stirring up something in me,>* Even their face is obscured behind a steel helmet. They're not much for conversation; when Chiefess greeted them, Vail immediately laid down in the center of her hut and began sleeping without even pausing to take off their armor! How peculiar! *<More peculiar is the fact that they only seem to speak in grunts. Only Mydra seems capable of communicating with them, and they seem to obey anything she says. What's going on there?>* I look forward to getting to know them better.

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“Of course Mydra of Severin is involved in this; why am I not surprised?”, Lavinia huffed. “Any time a world-ending threat randomly appears in our kingdom, her clan of dragon sorcerers is involved.”

Pentavros evenly responded, “I will refrain from divulging my theories on the matter until you have come to a conclusion yourself, my empress, but I will note that there is much still left to be read.”

Lavinia sighed. “That’s fair. I wish you had my perspective on the history of her clan, but I shouldn’t let my emotions get the best of me.” Feeling sleep weighing heavily on her eyelids again, she poured herself another cup of tea and continued reading once more.

Entry 3, 10th day of Imbolc, year 128, Age of Frost

We had our first sightings of the reason for this trip today: jelly slimes! These apple-sized purple-hued blobs play a huge role in the local ecosystem and can usually be found all over our village and the surrounding region, since they’re not afraid of people. They’re really important to our tribe! *<It would be nice if they stopped trying to sneak their way in when I'm taking a bath, the little pervs.>* We’re traveling to see The Melding, the once-in-a-decade event when all the jelly slimes in the region congregate at the top of Mount Plenim to exchange

memories *<and fuck, however that works for jellies. It's like a giant orgy that ends in a volcanic eruption of slime>*. Chiefess was saying the other day that a plentiful Melding is a good omen for the following decade, and a paltry Melding has often preceded years of drought and famine.

Our group was looking more haggard than usual today, so I took the opportunity to make my signature dish: goatbunny stew (a little bit of jelly slime is the secret ingredient). Everyone seemed to love it! *<although I could tell Mydra was jealous of how much Jarek enjoyed my cooking. He's definitely getting some desperate sex tonight. It doesn't hurt that jelly slime is a mild aphrodisiac.>* As I was cleaning up dinner and everyone had retired to their tents, I was surprised by Vail silently blocking my path. Before I could say a word, they effortlessly picked me up and planted a passionate, sloppy kiss on my forehead! *<Strong, masculine arms, but soft, feminine lips. What's up with them? I don't like being sexually confused!>* I let out a bewildered squeak in response, although it was oddly comforting being wrapped in their arms. Grunting in surprise, they promptly placed me back down and left to go sleep by the fire. So confusing!

It didn't end there, though. Before I could return to my tent, Jarek burst from his abode to investigate the alarmed noise I had just made. *<And he was shirtless to boot. Yum!>* Before I could explain the situation, Mydra arrived as well, an irate expression on her face. *<Her long ebony hair was disheveled, and her heaving knockers were about to fall out of her hastily thrown together robe. By the looks of things, she and Jarek were just about to get it on. Oh well.>* Instead of listening to me, they quickly spiraled into an argument that had nothing to do with anything that had just happened! With my small stature, I was easily forgotten and caught in-between the bickering couple.

<But that's when the greatest thing happened. Shortly after starting, there was a brief lull in their squabbling as they stared silently into each other's eyes. After a brief hesitation, they pressed together and began furiously making out, myself sandwiched between their writhing bodies. From above, the underside of Mydra's pendulous orbs smothered the top half of my head in a warm, creamy embrace. It was simply heavenly being covered by her watermelon-sized mounds. As a bonus, I could hear her ravenous kiss-induced moans filtering in from above, stirring my own desires. Meanwhile, my sizeable rack was repetitively prodded by the thick head of Jarek's cock poking over the top of his

trousers. I was right about him being a good lay; his member had to be at least twice the size of the average goblin male's and was almost as thick as my forearm! I couldn't see his balls but could feel the hefty weight of them slamming into my toned belly, driving me wild.

Moans of delight echoed all around me, but I knew I had to leave when I felt Mydra's hands groping down for Jarek's member. As I left, I could have sworn I heard Mydra cry out "YES YOU STUD, PUT AN ANGEL IN ME!". Is Jarek's other half celestial?> Regardless, I need to note that the effects of jelly slime are much stronger on non-goblins. I returned exhausted to my tent <to find Kerri passed out ass-up in a pool of her own juices. Her fingers were still slowly pumping in and out of her pulsating pussy despite being unconscious. The provocative scent of her sex wafting about the tent was almost enough to get me going, but> fatigue overwhelmed me, and I fell asleep.

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"Whew, that Id Voice can certainly be overpowering when it wants to be", Lavinia remarked, fanning herself with a scrap of parchment. Used to being the one in control when it came to her arousal, Lavinia was surprised at how flustered this journal was making her. A light blush could be seen shining off her cheeks, while a thin film of sweat covered her body, pooling in the cleavage of her low-cut nightgown.

"Yes, it reminds me a bit of you back in the day, Ms. Lavinia", Pentavros replied with a teasing grin, calling the empress by the name she used as his teacher thirteen years prior. "You always knew how to best present your **ahem** assets to get me to focus on what you were teaching, snapping my attention back to you every time it went astray. It was a quite effective, if a bit frustrating, way of teaching the randy 19-year-old boy I was at the time. I must admit, I had a crush on you throughout most of my university career"

"Oh I already knew all that, honey", Lavinia smirked, responding in kind with the pet name she used for Pentavros during her stint as his teacher, "You don't really believe I didn't notice your eyes go wide every time I bent over to pick up a piece of dropped parchment, or how your breathing deepened when I would lean down to assist you with a particularly difficult problem? But your reactions were just so cute, I couldn't help myself. And if it

helped you shape up from the struggling student you were into the brilliant magister you are today, then I'd call that a job well done."

With catlike grace, the empress stretched to remove the tension in her shoulders that had built up over her time sitting in the lab. As she spread her arms out, Lavinia arched her back, putting her canteloupe-sized breasts on full display. Her nightgown was pulled taut over their round forms, leaving little to the imagination as they pushed aside the dressing gown she wore as cover. Two perky nipples poked into the silk of the garment, evidence of her aroused state, while her plump orbs underneath jiggled from the sudden movement, threatening to spill out of its lacy cups.

"Looks like I still got it, honey", Lavinia remarked with a lilting laugh. "Your tactics may have evolved over the years, but you still have a ways to go if you think you can ogle my curves without me noticing", Lavinia elaborated while pointing at the mirror Pentavros was using to indirectly catch a glimpse of her cleavage. Finished stretching, the empress cupped her overflowing breasts in both hands, shooting a lascivious look at her former student while slowly massaging the hefty masses. "You know... *mmb*... I'm quite surprised you always stopped short of... *annh*... touching me. Plenty of your classmates... *nnngh*... certainly tried."

"That's because I knew I wouldn't survive the attempt, Ms. Lavinia", Pentavros shakily responded with a beet-red face, doing his best to avoid staring at the hypnotic display across his desk and failing miserably.

Satisfied with the head magister's reaction, the empress paused her groping to take a sip of tea. "Well... let's say you manage to help me find a solution to this monster invasion. Such a tremendous task surely deserves an equally tremendous reward, does it not? I could do anything you ask of me for a whole night, how does that sound?"

The sound of the head magister's fist hitting the desk reverberated around the room, briefly stunning Lavinia. With a stony visage, Pentavros gave his response, resetting the mood in the cramped office. "Your grace, although this trip down memory lane has been refreshing, I must insist you finish reading the journal, as there is quite a lot still left." Although he put

up a strong facade to return the empress' attention back to the task at hand, Pentavros was desperately praying she wouldn't notice that it wasn't his hand that hit the desk.

"You're right, Pentavros. Let us return to our texts." Satisfied for now, Lavinia backed down from teasing, refilled her cup, and returned to the journal with renewed vigor.

Entry 4, 12th day of Imbolc, year 128, Age of Frost

We finally reached the top of Mt. Plenim, and can already see the beginnings of what appears to be a bountiful Melding! Everyone is pitching in to help Mydra perform the ritual that will protect us during the event. I've been tasked with collecting inert jelly slime in bottles, which would normally be effortless, but I am making sure to only hunt the weaker slimes to make sure the strong ones make it to the Melding. I'm ecstatic to be the first ever from my village to see a Melding this close! Usually, we only observe from the foot of Mt. Plenim because the force from the final eruption is enough to potentially kill an unprotected villager, but Mydra's ritual is powerful enough that we should be safe from the blast. Not a lot else to say today; I've been so busy helping with preparations for tomorrow.

Entry 5, 13th day of Imbolc, year 128, Age of Frost

Today was not a good day. *<I'm going to kill them.>* Mydra wasn't exactly forthcoming about the effect of her ritual. *<I'm going to stab them all in the face.>* Instead of providing a barrier, the spell caused an instant mass dehydration of all jelly slimes present in the Melding, killing them instantly. *<I'm going to burn that bitch Mydra alive.>* She had intended to harness the jelly slime's powerful regeneration capabilities, but there's nothing they can do when instantly killed like this. *<Jarek can join her for lying to me about this trip's purpose.>* The jelly slimes may be extinct.

It's raining now. *<I don't know what to do.>* I think the influx of moisture into the environment is what caused it. *<I just want to be alone.>* Kerri has tried comforting me, but I feel empty. I think I would feel rage, but she's using magic to quell those emotions. *<She and Vail can die too, since they were clearly in on it the whole time.>* I should probably go to sleep,

but I can't even muster the will to even do that. *<Perhaps if I can't act on my rage now, I can plan for when I can. They won't know what hit them.>* Hopefully the next entry is from a happier me.

Entry 6, 15th day of Imbolc, year 128, Age of Frost

It hasn't stopped raining since that day. *<It won't be long now.>* Mydra spends all her time staring at the former site of the Melding, assured in herself that some sign of the slimes' resurgence would show itself. *<The preparations are almost complete.>* She has commanded Vail to stand over her with a large scrap of canvas functioning as a makeshift umbrella. *<I'm ready to enact my vengeance upon these arrogant fools.>* Kerri and Jarek occasionally stop by attempting to cheer me up, but they don't understand how devastating this is for me and my village. *<I'm sure it's mainly just Kerri pussy-whipping Jarek into joining her. They've been sneaking out for quickies a lot lately. Her kindness is noted, but it's too little, too late.>* I just don't feel like doing anything. *<Tonight, I strike.>*

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"Interesting", Lavinia observed with furrowed brow, "The Id Voice is capable of violence as well as debauchery."

"Naturally", the head magister chimed in while tinkering with a complex alchemy setup full of glass tubes, burners, and mysterious fluids, "Rage is a base desire like any other, although I do not believe she had experienced it so strongly before this point."

The empress' face softened in empathy. "I do feel sorry for the girl. In an instant, her whole world was turned upside-down, and nothing was left for her other than vengeance. I don't know if I would have acted differently if I were in her situation."

"At least she lived", intrejected Pentavros, "I can't imagine what it was like for the jelly slimes being massacred like that. How do you feel about them, my empress?"

“There have been no confirmed signs of intelligence from any slime species”, Lavinia stated coldly. “If anything, I wouldn’t be surprised if... huh?” The empress clutched at her face as tears involuntarily streamed from her eyes, clouding her vision. “I’m... crying? Why am I... oh gods, what was I thinking?” Lavinia burst into sobs, her grief-wracked frame shaking in despair. “So many innocent lives snuffed out for one person’s greed. How could anyone even contemplate such an act?”

After bawling for some time, Lavinia felt strong hands gently pull her up out of her chair and turn her so she was face-to-face with Pentavros. With a voice full of empathy, he pleaded, “Your grace, it pains me to see you like this. I know you to be a strong, beautiful woman who can tackle any problem this world throws at her. But even the strongest need a little help sometimes. Would you let me help you, Lavinia?”

Wiping the tears from her eyes, the empress gave him a watery smile. “You’re right, I need help finishing this journal. Would you stay by me as I read the last bits?”

“With pleasure, my empress.”

Clearing space on the desk for them to sit, Pentavros smiled as he saw Lavinia return to reading the journal with renewed hope. Taking a seat beside her, he took care to adjust his robes to hide the growing bulge in his crotch. Simply being this close to the empress, breathing in the fragrant aroma of her sage and rosemary perfume, and being able to look down the top of her nightgown showing off nearly all of her cleavage filled the head magister with excitement. It was taking all his willpower to keep his boner in check, and even then, he needed to place the tome he was reading on his lap to cover it up.

There was no chance Lavinia would have noticed any of this, as she became further engrossed in the journal, blind to all outside influence.

Entry 7, 16th day of Imbolc, year 128, Age of Frost

Something strange happened last night. For some reason, I felt like visiting Vail at their remote sleeping place away from the party’s tents. *<They were my first target due to their remote*

sleeping location. Any sounds of a struggle would be unlikely to be heard at that distance. Given their ability to sleep anywhere, I figured I could sneak up on them and slit their exposed femoral arteries.> I thought they were asleep, but they rose as soon as I arrived. <Unfortunately, they could sense my bloodlust well before I was upon them. Vail is deceptively agile in that armor, and it wasn't long before I was overpowered and pinned to the ground. As Vail readied to smash my skull in, I saw a final chance in a glass bottle left by her campsite within reach of my one unpinned arm. Smashing the bottle over their helmet to stun them, I finished the deed by driving the jagged remains through a gap in their armor, right into their jugular.>

Vail collapsed on top of me <her throat spurting blood. It took me a while to pull myself out from under their heavy, armor-clad body. Seeing them choking in a pool of their own blood, the realization of what I'd done fully hit me.> That's when the weirdness started. Vail started grunting and grabbing at their helmet in a hurry to get rid of it <while their fatal wound had mysteriously stopped bleeding.> Working together, we removed the piece of armor from their head to reveal a shocking sight: Vail is a girl!?

Her face having been smashed and scarred from years of battle, it was difficult to tell, but on further inspection, there was no mistaking it. Her freckled, yellow tinged skin, small tribal markings on her cheeks, sparkling green eyes, and tiny tusks poking slightly out from her purple-tinged lips are all marks of a half-ogre woman. Before my eyes, her face shifted, <becoming hotter by the second> with a deluge of wavy, forest-green hair sprouting from her formerly shaved head. Nearly all her facial features changed slightly, a scar removed here, a broken nose repaired there, until it became a beautiful mirror of its former dourness. <Despite having just fought to the death; those plush lips and bedroom eyes were causing vibrations in my nethers I couldn't ignore.>

Vail's face wasn't the only thing changing, however. Piece by piece, her armor transformed from a chunky metal suit to the flowing fabrics and fluffy furs of traditional ogre tribal garb. Underneath her garments, Vail's body was undergoing changes as well <to match her gorgeous face>. Much of her body shrank: her overall height diminished from about 7' 6" to 6' 2", and her massive quantities of muscle sank away to reveal firm but feminine toned flesh <all to a chorus of sweet moans. Even her normal grunts were transformed into sultry coos. Did her entire voice become sexier as well?> Her midriff-baring top provided full view of her waist trimming

inwards, giving her figure a more defined hourglass shape. This was further accentuated by her hips rounding out to either side, nearly the width of her shoulders. A surprised gasp from Vail heralded the last of her changes, her breasts swelled, pushing the material of her top out and away from her until it strained to hold them in. *<Her heavy breathing heaved those overflowing melons in a display of bubbling cleavage I've never seen the equal of.>* As the changes slowed, I knelt beside her to make sure she was all right *<and then proceeded to fuck her brains out.*

With her skirts hiked up from her squirming thighs, the wetness streaming from her sex was unmistakable, and I could feel waves of heat radiating from it three feet away. Her pussy must have also been affected by her recent transformation, as its thick, pulsating folds now extended a whole inch out from the rest of her, threatening to eclipse the gap at the top of her thighs. Planting kisses on the soft insides of her toned thighs, I methodically crept my way on all fours, closer and closer to her dripping love bud, her legs slowly parting like the petals of a flower. Her lusty scent filled the air, drawing me in, and I knew I had to taste it.

Vail screeched out in elation as I dove in, the eager lips of her juicy mound easily parting to accept my hungry ministrations. I have eaten my fair share of pussy, but this was on another level. My face was quickly coated in her juices, more gushing out than I could ever lap up (not that I didn't try). And the taste! Chiefess says your true love will always taste a bit sweeter than others, but this was well beyond that. She had a honeyed, fragrant taste reminiscent of freshly picked blackberries and wildflowers, and the flavor was even stronger when I explored her insides. From what little I could see of her, Vail seemed to be having a good time as well, breathily moaning in response to my actions down below and mauling her now much bigger tits. I had to wrap my arms around Vail's pliable thighs, because every time I devoted any attention to her throbbing clit, the resulting violent bucking of her hips threatened to toss me skyward.

It wasn't long before I could sense a quivering in Vail's fleshy walls; she was fast approaching orgasm. Despite having no hands free to administer to my own soaking nethers, I was also well on my way to release. I hastened my devouring of Vail's honeypot, rhythmically licking all over her syrupy insides and tending to her clit when I needed to come up for air. Her rapturous moans reaching a crescendo, I made one final push into Vail's gushing mound to put her over the edge.

Going deeper than I had ever been before, the entire front of my face was enveloped in her fragrant, squishy folds.

I braced for impact as I felt Vail's orgasm arrive, but that was not necessary as her powerful thighs immediately clamped around my head, locking me in place and pressing me even deeper into her. That's when she started cumming. It started as a slight increase in the flow of juices from her pussy, becoming a small stream of sweet-smelling fluids I couldn't help but drink up. Suddenly, her walls clamped around my face, drawing it up and inward. With Vail's nether lips wrapped around my face, and her legs keeping it from slipping out as she shuddered in ecstasy, all of her love juices were now being funneled directly into my waiting mouth. My hands, now freed, dove into my trousers to begin bringing me over the edge as well.

That's when Vail's final change became apparent. A primal orgasmic roar from Vail filled my ears as she began cumming in earnest. Thick, viscous globs of girlcum spouted from her snatch, sending wave after wave of delicious, sweet goo rocketing down my throat. More and more sweet nectar gushed from Vail, drowning my senses in gooey pleasure until it was all I could do to simply stop swallowing and let Vail pump the syrupy fluid into me.

A dwindling part of my now cum-addled brain noticed that so much of it had been pushed into me that my stomach had started to round out, but failed to find an issue with this turn of events. My desperate fingers were in a race with my swelling tummy, the former working away at my throbbing clit and needy pussy, while the latter's burgeoning bulk threatened to push my hands out of reach. As Vail filled me with more of her delectable ambrosia, my swollen belly continued to round out until I could feel its lower curves touch the ground. This abundance set me over the edge, and I lost track of time as I rode wave after wave of powerful orgasm.

I awoke to a drawn-out squelching sound as Vail extracted my head from her sticky crotch and lifted my post-orgasmic body further up on top of hers.> She pulled me into a gentle embrace against her pillowy chest while planting another of her wet kisses on my forehead. In my exhausted state, I could barely register anything, but I could have sworn I heard Vail whisper "Thank you" before blacking out. She can talk now too??

I awoke today to find myself back alone in my tent, my midsection swollen such that it looked as if I was carrying quadruplets! I stifled my shriek of surprise to avoid attracting the other's attention, but Kerri must have still heard the resulting squeak, since she came rushing in not long after. She questioned me for quite a while about what happened last night; it seems as if Vail has gone missing and I'm the primary suspect. While I did my best to answer as truthfully as possible, I was constantly distracted by the gravid mass that my abdomen had become. I couldn't help studying it, since I had never experienced a phenomenon like this before. It didn't help that running my hands along its swollen curves felt simply sublime, somehow calming and exciting at the same time.

Eventually, Kerri gave up her questioning, leaving me to my research. My belly bulges out far enough while sitting, that its tip almost reaches my knees, and its width surpasses my hips by about 2" on each side. Standing and walking with it is less difficult than I thought it would be, but the whole process is taxing on my stamina. Speaking of standing and walking, the occasional sloshing noises I can hear while moving about make me believe I've been filled with some kind of liquid, but I can't empirically confirm that. My breasts appear to have grown as well, now the human equivalent of F-cups, up from C-cups, and have grown rather tender. It's almost like I'm actually pregnant, haha!

It's late now, and this has already been a long entry, so I'll stop for now. Looking forward to more discoveries tomorrow!

Present Day, Taelag City, Kingdom of Kyosen

A half-yawn, half-moan and another deliciously long stretch of Lavinia's torso broke the silence between the two readers as she finished reading the next section.

"Ooooooh, I think I drank too much tea", the empress woozily stated, clutching her head. "It's like I'm experiencing everything through a haze, I'm being overwhelmed by heat, and my head hurts." At some point, she had undone the simple waist tie on her dressing gown, opening it up to expose her long, slender legs and the lower portions of her thighs to the

open air to cool them off. This was still not enough to keep her cool, as evidenced by her flushed face and breasts, and the sheen of sweat covering her body.

“Perhaps the lack of sleep is finally catching up to you, your grace”, offered Pentavros. “I know you’re an elf, but you cannot neglect yourself, even at a time such as this. How about you take a quick nap, and we’ll continue when you wake?”

“I really shouldn’t...”, Lavinia trailed off as her eyes fluttered lazily, and she half-leaned, half-fell onto Pentavros’ side. To his credit, the head magister quickly adapted to the situation, grabbing and pulling her into a much more comfortable position on his lap. This had the unfortunate side affect of reigniting his suppressed boner. Slightly stirring from her haze, the empress took a deep, calming breath, and nuzzled her head into his chest. “You smell nice, you know that?”

“My thanks, Lavinia, but you should really get some rest”, the head magister placated, once again praying she wouldn’t notice the firmness building underneath her.

“Nnno”, the empress firmly denied, struggling to clear her head. “I want to... I want...” As she tried to break herself out of the fog surrounding her mind, visions of her possible desires rapidly flashed in her head, causing her to shut her eyes to better focus herself. As more and more images dashed through her mind, Lavinia began to notice a pattern of increasing lewdness. At first, only a few scenes of her kissing Pentavros flew by, but soon those were commonplace, and even lewder apparitions started to creep in. Him undressing her, her giving him head, him fingering her, her riding atop him; increasingly salacious visions poured into her. Although many drastically different scenes ran through her mind, there was one that reappeared over and over. Perhaps because she had never experienced anything like it, or perhaps because of its intensity, this vision titillated the empress like no other

In the vision, she was once again in her academic robes, giving one-on-one lessons to her student, Pentavros. For each question he answered correctly, she would teasingly remove a piece of her outfit. Soon she was naked and dripping wet in front of him. With a confident smirk, the student stood up from his desk to reveal his raging erection, perfectly sized and ready for her hungry snatch. No longer able to tease the man, Lavinia bent over her desk,

spreading herself for easier access to her dripping sex. Pentavros wasted no time in penetrating her. They fucked like beasts, primal groans of pleasure echoing around the room as their bodies slapped together with a lewd squelching sound. The empress came so many times she lost count, drenching their lower halves in her nectar. With a guttural roar, the magister finally came, pumping her full of his seed... and fuller... and fuller...

The magister in her vision did not stop pumping Lavinia full of cum until her belly was so swollen with his seed, it resembled Manmi's description of her own belly in the journal. Now unable to lay over her desk and was forced into a standing position by her gravid midsection churning with warm, delicious cum. Her heavy, milk-laden breasts had followed suit, each now rivaling the size of her bloated belly. Before she would have a chance to inspect her newly expanded form, she would be launched into another deluge of visions, only to return to this vision once more.

From the head magister's point of view, Lavinia was stuck in a loop, repeating "I want..." over and over. Suddenly, she began tearing off her clothes as if possessed by some sort of exhibitionist demon.

"Your grace!", Pentavros shouted, struggling to stop her from removing all decency. "This isn't like you, please snap out of it!" Although the head magister managed to pin the empress against himself, it wasn't before she was able to fully remove her dressing gown. Now clad in only her short, lacy nightie, the full force of Lavinia's sensuality was on display. Rising to full mast, the head magister's eight-inch erection poked through his robes and up against the soft globes of empress' ass. He could feel the humid heat of her sex on his cock, and the only thing stopping him from cumming right that second was the fact that she was pinned and unable to move.

"I want, I want, I want..." Lavinia's dreamlike pleas increased in desperation and frequency as she struggled to break free while Pentavros held on for dear life. Now, even her breathy moans of desire whispered into his ear threatened to set him off, and it took all of his remaining self-restraint not to cum on the spot.

“I want... To cum, Cum, CUM, CUMMINNNNG!!” Lavinia’s eye’s briefly shot open as she was overwhelmed by her lustful vision, sending her into an orgasm that would last nearly a whole minute. Despite managing to restrain the empress and stay at the precipice for so long, Pentavros’ dick lost control when exposed to the empress’ quivering, squirting pussy, erupting all over his black robes.

They laid in a blissful, messy heap for a while, dealing with the aftershocks of their orgasms. The head magister recovered first, and upon seeing his messy state, scrambled to clean the cum off his robes. As he inspected the empress for overt signs of their encounter (there were none), a deep gurgling noise emitted from his crotch. “Not now”, he chastised the offending organ, “You’re too early. Wait until she reads more of the journal.” Before this strange conversation could continue, it was interrupted by the empress yawning as she stirred awake.

“You were right, Pentavros, I **Yawn** really needed that nap.”

“My empress, do you not remember anything?”, the head magister inquired.

“Oh, you mean about my dreams?” Lavinia blushed deeply at the indistinct, yet salacious acts she had imagined performing with her former student. “I don’t remember anything in particular, but they were... pleasant. You were involved in many of them for some reason.” She then shook her head to clear herself of those thoughts.

“Odd indeed”, the head magister remarked, hiding a smug smirk. “What do you want to do now, Lavinia?”

With renewed determination, Lavinia turned to look Pentavros dead in the eye. “I’m going to finish reading this journal, and then we are going to have a long conversation about your and my position, and how they should relate to each other. Am I clear?”

“Crystal, my empress.”

“Very good, let us continue.” Although the empress’ statement was stern, her deepened breathing, the telltale stains of milk dotting the front of her nightgown, and the not-so-subtle grinding of her hips betrayed her real feelings: she was really feeling the heat, and it

wouldn't be long until she succumbed to the inferno of arousal burning at the back of her mind.

Entry 8, 17th day of Imbolc, year 128, Age of Frost

Waking up this morning was just as difficult as the last, but I quickly realized that something was off. *<I've never been so horny.>* The heaving, sloshing bulge weighing down my front was no longer my belly, it had instead been converted into two massive mammaries! Currently sticking out about 11" from my chest, my breasts must be as large as Mydra's now, although given how much shorter I am, mine are proportionately much larger. *<I NEED to fuck; I've been trapped in this tent all day with barely any company. My fingers can only do so much.>* I need to constantly prevent my arms from brushing into them when performing most activities, since their bulk dominates the space in front of me. My nipples and areolae have also grown along with my breasts, now sticking out a full inch when fully erect (which is admittedly most of the time, since their sensitivity has also ramped up to match their new size) *<Fuck, they're so big and juicy. I just wanna wrap my lips around a nipple and go to town again.>* They sit high up on my chest, jiggling around inside the makeshift top I've fashioned from one of my old cloaks, making all but the gentlest of movements a gamble on whether or not I'll spill my titanic tits everywhere. While the sloshing noise from yesterday is present, it's only noticeable during more strenuous movements, like standing up or spinning around *<or when I tripped and fell on top of Kerri, sothering her entire torso in cleavage. I'm getting wet just remembering the free boob massage I got as she squirmed and pressed her way out from under my jugs.>* I'm having trouble remaining objective about my boobs; they just feel so amazing!

I'd be having much more difficulty dealing with all of this if it weren't for Kerri's help. *<That's the understatement of the century. She has been a pillar of support the entire trip, has a booty that just won't quit, and she's given us night after night of rockin' sex. She deserves more recognition for her works. Perhaps I can give that to her tonight?>* Although both of us freaked out upon discovering my "new developments" as I've been calling them, she quickly regained her composure while I spiraled into panic. That's when Kerri stunned me by wrapping me up in the most calming hug I've ever received in my life.

Slipping into my now extensive cleavage was easy for Kerri with her slender torso, my prodigious orbs effortlessly squished around her until she was deep enough that they were effectively hugging her back. Gently whispering words of affirmation into my ear, Kerri pressed herself against me in a tender embrace. Warm feelings of peace and affection poured into me, and I could feel the tension evaporate from my body. Finally no longer stunned, my arms moved to hug Kerri back. Embosomed as she was, there was only one place on her I could reach: her corpulent posterior. I could hear Kerri's breath catch when my hands first sank into the thick, luxurious flesh, but something about kneading it was so soothing, there was no way I could stop. Even through the fabric of her nightgown, Kerri's rapacious rump kept my hands glued to its surface.

Feeling Kerri's own heart beating frantically beside mine, I realized that she was there for me, and I could overcome any problem with her help. As I looked into the pools of her deep brown eyes, I could tell she felt the same. I couldn't help myself, and quickly darted in to plant a kiss on her freckled cheek. Giving me a confused look, Kerri asked "What was that for?", and I felt my heart sink through the floor. Then with a smirk, she continued: "**This** is how you kiss someone."

With deliberate grace, Kerri maneuvered us on top of her bedroll, its fluffy furs making me feel as if I was floating on air, surrounded by her scent. Biting her lip, Kerri pressed herself on top of me once again as she brought her blushing face closer to mine. My hands once again found her ample hips as they gently swayed while our legs intertwined. After a brief caress to my face, we connected. The stunningly sweet taste of honey and lavender flooded my mouth as Kerri's dexterous tongue sought out mine. Not one to back down, I quickly responded with my own attack on her mouth, squeezing out cute moans from her soft lips. Greedily, my hands squashed and spread Kerri's exquisite derriere, while hers teasingly pulled at my chunky nipples and tickled my puffy areolae, driving me mad with pleasure. *<Gods, it felt good to write all that. I'm glad we're finally embracing our horny side.>*

We were just starting to really go at it when Mydra *<that bitch>* interrupted our steamy petting/makeout session with demands for Kerri to "get your fat ass up and start making breakfast already!" Begrudgingly extracting herself from our sweaty embrace with a wet SCHLOP! sound, Kerri scurried about the tent in a rush to make herself look presentable

before going outside. She made me promise not to leave the tent, claiming that Mydra would not take seeing me in my current state well. I agreed at the time, but that was a mistake. Now a constant insidious pressure pulsing through my body, the heat in my loins has yet to disappear. The pressure is worse in my breasts, which have swollen even further from this morning, now the size of prize pumpkins. On top of that, I can feel fluids building up in them, much like how my belly was filled yesterday. I would like to properly research these new developments <*pun intended*>, but this overwhelming heat in my loins is making that impossible. What is happening to me?

Present Day, Taelag City, Kingdom of Kyosen

“Hmm... it looks like the Id Voice is fading away”, Lavinia mused.

“And why do you think that is?”, Pentavros inquired.

“Perhaps it does not have much to say during this part?”

“You did read the passage, right? Surely the Id Voice would jump at the opportunity to write about what Manmi and Kerri did.”

“That’s true”, the empress conceded. She squirmed in her seat, her meaty thighs rubbing together as a pang of desire shot through her body. She cursed herself at being unable to suppress these urges, but this time, it gave her an idea. “Could it be that Manmi was losing herself to lust, thus giving free rein to the Id Voice to do as it pleased?”

The head magister smiled. “If that was the case, she would have crossed out much more of the text after regaining control. You’re on the right path, but you need to go further. What is Manmi doing in this section?”

Lavinia threw her hands up in frustration. “I don’t know, growing huge boobs? Making out with her teammate? Masturbating for the better part of a day?”

“That’s just her surface level actions. What do they mean for her?”

“Ugh, I really don’t know, let’s just move on.”

Sensing her frustration, Pentavros relented. “Very well, but first let’s try something you used on me back in the day whenever I was deeply stuck on a problem. We can come back to this any time you think you have the answer, and if you are correct, I will have a reward prepared for you.”

“Using my own techniques against me, huh?”, the empress remarked with a grin. “I’ll have to pay you back for that cheekiness later. But for now, let’s continue reading.”

“As you wish, my empress”

Entry 9, 18th day of Imbolc, year 128, Age of Frost

It’s been an eventful 24 hours, to say the least. Kerri returned to our tent yesterday after a long day of fulfilling Mydra’s demands in lieu of Vail. She found me a mewling, sopping writhing on the floor, trapped in a paroxysm of lust. Sensing a cure for my unending arousal, I pounced on Kerri like a boartiger in heat, my heaving, creamy boulders sloshing about as I charged at her. In what can only be described as a boob tackle, I pinned Kerri to the floor in my cleavage, as I set about disrobing her. Kerri let out a surprised squeal as she went down, but giggled once she realized what was going on. While I was still working on slipping her panties down her luscious thighs, I felt Kerri’s dainty arms wrap around me, pulling my lower half into contact with her face. That’s when her eager tongue entered my dripping muff.

It was as if the entire days' worth of unachievable orgasms hit all at once. I couldn’t even scream out in pleasure; it drowned my brain in electrifying light. From what I heard of the event from Kerri the next day, I was cumming for at least fifteen minutes on and off, bucking, gasping, and squirting love juices all over the floor of our tent before passing out in a pool of my own fluids that covered the floor of the tent. My initial spasms forced Kerri to swallow quite a bit of my cum, as her head was trapped between my clenched thighs, a fact that still makes me blush proudly (something about her having something of me inside her has awakened a desire in me I didn’t know I had). Now the place constantly smells of sex (not that either of us mind), and the floor has been stained pink from my nectar.

That's right, my juices have all been tinged a shade of pink. I found that out early this morning when I awoke to a naked Kerri kissing my face and neck (her libido is also growing now, I need to research this further). After a few minutes of making out, she began kissing down my body, taking extra time to cover the surface of my groaningly full breasts. At this point, my swollen melons were so stuffed with fluids, they no longer followed the laws of gravity, their spherical masses jutting high into the air, even in my supine position. Saving the best for last, she latched onto my right nipple with a cute "Ahmm" sound.

Stars filled my vision as a blast of extasy rocketed through my body. Never before have I been brought to orgasm so swiftly or deeply. And it didn't stop. Every flick of her tongue, every cheeky nibble, and every greedy suck from her mouth added layer upon delicious layer of mini-orgasms until I was drowning in a honeyed ocean of bliss. Bright pink cum stained my dripping panties, and more oozed out in time with Kerri's rhythmic assault on my engorged jugs. I could tell she loved the taste of me, as evidenced by her own dripping pussy grinding against me.

Kerri only increased her speed as she grew more and more obsessed with her worship of my tremendous teat, causing the mini-orgasms to steadily grow in intensity and frequency. Through the blissful haze, I could feel something approaching, that each peak of pleasure was drawing me closer and closer to the biggest explosion of euphoria I had ever experienced. While a small part of my mind was scared at the sheer enormity of what was building up inside me, the rest of me knew there was no turning back. Suddenly, Kerri sucked the entirety of my chunky nipple and squishy areola into her mouth as she came, squirting all over my thigh. In her orgasmic shuddering, her other hand that was teasing my nipple yanked hard on it, sending me crashing over the edge.

For a brief second, time and space had no meaning. The entirety of my being had been eclipsed by the sensations coming from my massive milkers. It was as if something unlocked inside them, opening my mind up to pleasures I had never even dreamed of. With a gurgling roar, pink milk blasted from my quivering tit into Kerri. Yes, milk, and yes, it is pink. I now produce about a quart of dairy every day, although my overstuffed knockers each probably held over a gallon at the time. With her mouth plugged, Kerri was forced to drink all my creamy goodness as it was pumped into her, but given her renewed squirting and eyes rolled

back in pleasure, I don't think she minded too much. As the deluge of dairy died down, I pulled Kerri off my spent boob with a pop, gently setting her down on her bedroll while she processed the aftershocks of her own orgasms. I cuddled up to her to provide support, lovingly stroking her long, brunette hair and gently caressing her tummy full of my milk. Kerri's belly had also swelled like mine did two days prior to accommodate all my creamy goodness, although only to about half the size mine was then. Milk dribbled temptingly from my unsucked teat, and I hazily wondered what would happen to me if I drank from my own supply. I wouldn't get the chance to answer that question just yet, as suddenly, Jarek burst in, sword drawn!

While in the midst of my "unlocking" I was apparently screaming loud enough to be heard in my village, which still fills me with pride despite how embarrassing it is. However, that alerted Mydra and Jarek, the former of whom ordered the latter to investigate. His surprised look soon turned to confusion as his mind struggled to comprehend what was going on. *<He has always been a better looker than a thinker, but that's just part of his charm.>* Not that I blame him for being confused, the pair of us must have been quite the sight. Between Kerri's bulbous belly, my gigantic jugs, and our general state of undress, there was a lot to take in. Since I was unarmed and nowhere near as skilled with a blade as him, I needed a way to calm him down so I could explain the situation. Seeing the growing bulge in his trousers, I sauntered over to him, giving him my most compelling bedroom eyes. "I know you're confused right now", I demurely purred, drawing his face down so I could whisper in his ear, "but I really need your help. My heaving knockers are just *soooooo* full of rich, delectable milk, but I have nobody to feed it to. Can't you be the hero I need?"

One look at my right breast practically bursting with thick, velvety milk was enough to seal the deal, and Jarek's blade hit the ground as he knelt down to properly grasp it in his rough hands. He began by licking up the milk that was languidly leaking down the underside of my boob, spreading tingles throughout my chest and down to my crotch, reigniting my desire. Cooing words of encouragement, I arched my back into Jarek to motivate him to move further up towards the source of the delicious milk. Unlike Kerri, who would delicately tease and prod my nipple before sucking it, Jarek went straight for the prize, taking the whole nipple into his mouth from the beginning and drawing my milk out with

fierce determination. My teat responded in kind, sending bolt after bolt of creamy dairy gushing down his throat. Seeing a mighty warrior like Jarek drinking from my tit sparked something in me, and I felt the need to coddle him even more. I pulled him further into my bosom, covering his face in its plump softness, while affectionately tousling his straw-colored hair.

We settled into a rhythm, the spurts from my creamy jugs matched by Jarek's hungry resolve to drink all that I had to give. And there was quite a lot to give! Without the pressure of hundreds of orgasms all at once, the process of squeezing out my milk was a more drawn-out kind of pleasure, simultaneously calming to feel someone so connected and dependent on me, while also arousing from the constant stimulation on my nipple. That all changed when I pressed far enough into Jarek to feel his throbbing cock pressing into my plush thighs. How could I have been so neglectful? While he was giving me his all in service of my flowing teat, I had done nothing to take care of his poor, ignored member pulsing with needy desire.

My translucent, cum-soaked panties were superfluous at this point, so I ripped them off. Pushing Jarek forward so he was laying on the ground, I backed the curves of my round ass up to envelop his rigid rod. It fit nicely between my supple cheeks as I readied myself to give him the ride of a lifetime. Jarek moaned something into my boob, but there was no way I could tell what he intended to say with a mouth full of tit and cream. I began by grinding my soaking pussy along the length of his dick, coating it in pink juices. With it fully lubricated, I squeezed his cock's thick length between my soft thighs and began pumping my hips, drawing it in and out of my thighs' meaty embrace with more and more vigor. At the apex of each stroke, his thick head would brush along the folds of my nether lips, pushing both of us closer and closer to release.

Jarek came first, thrusting his member all the way through and spurting rope after rope of hot cum along my butt, back, and thighs. The feeling of his hot seed splattering all over me was enough to set me off, and I shuddered on top of him, squirting out the last of my milk all at once. Overcome with the sudden influx of creamy dairy and unable to keep up, Jarek released my nipple, causing the remaining milk to spray all over his face and chest, coating him in sweet pink succulence. Finally drained, I collapsed panting atop Jarek's broad chest, exhausted but content.

Sadly, this moment did not last long, as Jarek needed to report back to Mydra, and Kerri, now awake, volunteered to help keep Mydra in the dark as to what occurred in our tent. Given Jarek's dazed state, that was probably a good idea. They have convinced Mydra that I'm sick with some painful disease that Kerri is using her magic and Jarek's half-celestial blood to treat, which is keeping her off our scent for now. However, that means I still can't leave the tent. *<But fuck that,>* I'm going to find out the cause of all of this myself. I just need to do some snooping around Vail's old campsite and hopefully find some clues as to what actually happened the night I visited her. I will leave tonight, but in the meantime, I have a lab to set up.

Present Day, Taelag City, Kingdom of Kyosen

"Tell me, Pentavros. How would you feel if I grew larger breasts?", Lavinia suddenly asked.

Caught off-guard, it was all Pentavros could do to awkwardly stammer "W-what?"

"You heard me. What if these perfect, round orbs", Lavinia grabbed her tits for emphasis, "grew into great. Big. Bulging. Massive. Milky. Heaving. Sloshing. Creamy. BOOBS!" With each word, the empress brought her arms further and further out from her chest, as if to simulate how big they would get. By the time she finished, her imaginary knockers were too large for her arms to contain, and she plopped them down in her lap with an exaggerated motion.

The head magister's mouth went dry as he scrambled for something to say that didn't make him sound like an absolute goon. "Well... how would you feel if that happened? They're your breasts after all."

With another of her melodious laughs, the empress leaned closer to the nervous Pentavros, purposefully dragging her plump boobs and stiff nipples across his arm, sending shivers up his spine. "I used to think something like that would be abhorrent, only the realm of vain sorceresses and petty nobles." Lavinia pushed even closer to the head magister, enveloping his arm in her cleavage, causing more than just his arm to stiffen up. "But now, I'm not so

sure. Manmi seems to be reveling in her newfound abundance, despite never having asked for it in the first place. I can't deny, there's an appeal to being so... full"

Lavinia pulled away from Pentavros with a knowing smile. "And you thought you could get away without answering my original question, you rascal. But I can forgive it this once; I have all the answer I need... right here!" The empress whispered those final words straight into Pentavros' ear, setting every one of his hairs on end as the electrifying sensation of her voice spread across his body. Simultaneously, Lavinia grabbed her "answer" through the head magister's robes, running her hand along its turgid length. "My, my, what a fine answer it is—oh!?" Pentavros' thick member suddenly twitched upward sharply accompanied by a loud, groaning gurgle sound.

"My apologies, Lavinia", the head magister explained while clutching his abdomen, "I've been experiencing quite a few stomachaches recently; I think it may have something to do with the food we are served down here."

Effortlessly switching gears from teasing to concern, Lavinia rushed to cradle Pentavros' head in her arms. "You poor thing! I will have to speak with the quartermaster about the quality of food we're giving our brightest minds. This cannot stand!" Another short gurgle emitted from the head magister, causing the empress to hug him even tighter, pulling him into her cleavage so that the entirety of the right side of his face was covered by her plump orbs.

"I'll be fine as long as we find a way to deal with this monster problem", Pentavros uttered into Lavinia's cleavage, spreading shivers of pleasure all over her like wildfire. "We should really get back to the journal."

The empress bolted upright. "The journal! Right, the solution to the crisis facing our nation, what could be more important?", she said with a nervous laugh while moving back to her reading spot beside Pentavros. "It doesn't look like there's much further to go, let's do this!"

Lavinia dived back into the journal with gusto while Pentavros spread his legs to release some pressure from his lower half. The bulge in his crotch, once the size of an apple, was now the size of a cantaloupe, and only growing larger. *It seems Lavinia bought my stomachache*

story. Now I just need to hold on until she finishes this next section, he thought to himself, but how long will that be?

TO BE CONTINUED