

A Very Large Blessing, Part 1 (Giantess TF Preg)

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Commissioned by Jorgamund

In a fantasy world beset by war and the ruins of a long-dead starfaring race, Sabel the mercenary travels through the Outlands in hopes of atonement. She finds it in the strange blessing of a last remaining survivor of his people. As her body begins to grow and swell, becoming giant and increasingly pregnant, she grapples with what this blessing may mean for her life and future, and whether she truly wants it at all, or whether she has a choice.

Part 1: The Blessing

Across the Outland Wastes, a single figure walked. The great craggy landscape was a dust bowl, a dead land, a desolate expanse broken up only by shelves of rocky outcropping and towers of stone. Few dared venture far beyond the edge. None dared try to make it all the way across. Only the greatest of adventurers could cross such a dangerous wastescape.

The figure who walked alone was one of them.

Her name was Sabel, a hardened mercenary warrior who had walked many roads in life, and all of them fraught with peril and combat. And blood. She was only thirty years of age, and quite a beauty; lithe yet muscled, with perfect olive skin further tanned by the sun. Her hair somehow defied the dust on the wind, remaining shining black in a loose ponytail. Her eyes were a startling blue, like the sky overhead. Her Amazonian build enhanced her looks. More than a few men had admired the curve of her hips and strength of her long legs. But more than a few men had also met an early grave when they tried to take liberty of her, too. For within her appearance was also nested her warrior's past: the prominent scar that segmented through her right eyebrow, the other scars across her arms and left thigh that hinted at battle, her hardened expression, her tough leather armour. Her well-honed spear, which she carried like a soldier ready to spring forth into battle.

But it was those blue eyes, perhaps, that told the story best. There was something hollow in them. She knew it, her friends and former lovers knew it. Strangers recognised it also. They were the eyes of someone who has fought so long, seen and dealt so much death and destruction, that little meaning or purpose remains but the killing itself.

Not for nothing was Sabel known across the kingdoms and fiefs of Everhold as the *Crimson Tide*. It had started when she was sixteen, when her parents barn had been burned down by bandits, and she had taken up a simple pitchfork in her family's defence. That first bloody battle had been invigorating, and from that day she could not stay a simple farmer for

the rest of her days, wasting away in the backwater. She left, and never looked back. She had been fighting ever since. First as an idealistic adventurer, then as a determined soldier, and finally as a dejected mercenary. Scores had fallen to her blade, and others had nearly felled her in turn. She had met and made friends and rivals, and taken many lovers, but all had left her in time. Only the thrill of battle and adventure remained.

And eventually, there was not even that. The thrill ebbed away, The excitement waned. The split limbs and streams of blood began to follow her first into dreams, and then into waking nightmares. Silent, accusing faces stared at her, piles of dead from wars she had participated in, the impact of stones she had rolled downhill and never faced the consequences of. Some were goblins. Victims of the Hill Wars. Others were elven. The Woodland Skirmishes. A few were even stout dwarves, who died without meaning in the War of Helmhammer Succession. But most were human. Villagers, cityfolk, even fellow friends.

And one day, when she was called upon to fight the Barangivist Horde, who she knew was not a 'horde' but just a group of nomadic people, strange and complicated but who had patched her up more than once out of nothing but kindness, she simply walked away. She had planned to find peace in a little village, but the blood followed her still. Her contractors took a view to her breach of their agreement, and sent men after her.

She put each to the grave. For the first time, she buried the dead of those whose lives she'd take. There would be no more, she vowed. No more waking nightmares. She took her spear, that symbol of death, and left the Everhold lands entirely, setting out across the waste with water and rations. She would never make it, she knew, to see what strange adventures lay on the other side.

But then, she wasn't intending to survive either.

Sabel trudged across the land. She had been walking for over a week, and not a soul in sight. Occasionally some scaled creature of lightly furred mammal, tiny in size, scurried across the craggy environs. She stopped and took a draw of water from her waterskin, then wiped her dry lips.

"Hmm. Really thought I'd be dead by now," she said. "Still, plenty of waste for us to go through yet, isn't there? Who knows, we might even see some Veddu ruins. Or even what lies on the other side of the wastes, if we keep getting this lucky."

There was no response, but she pretended there was one. There was little else to talk to but her spear.

“Live one? Nah, they’re dead. They came from the stars, tried to find a home here, and killed themselves out of despair when they saw how the natives treated each other, I reckon.”

She scanned the horizon, examining the various Veddu ships that formed the great graveyard vista. They jutted from the broken earth like enormous rib cages, long since shredded apart by the dust storms and local critters, and the occasional brave madman who ventured out to find long lost Veddu treasures.

“Did they really come from the stars, I wonder?” she asked her spear.

It didn’t answer, but she enjoyed pretending it did. In her mind, it said ‘of course, you dull mercenary! How else could they do the things they did?’

“Please, those are just fool legends. There’s no way of knowing they could travel between stars, or fire weapons from great distances with arcs of flaming green. Or fly like birds, borne aloft on dragons of steel.”

‘What about King Garalt’s glove? It could fire lightning, and was constructed from Veddu technology worked upon by his artificers. Or the Flameheart Rebellion? You yourself saw how the rebels reworked their cannons to fire strange magics that could detonate hillsides. Those cannons were stripped from the Veddu.’

That was the spear talking.

“Fine, fine. I concede to your wisdom, or mighty stick. But answer me this. How could they be so great, if they all died? What meaning did they serve, if it was all for death?”

The spear didn’t answer. It couldn’t. The question was more for herself, anyway. She looked away from those skeleton ships, and pressed her gaze upon the dead horizon. There was a dark amusement to that description. She had wandered into this waste to either find something new, something to take her away from the dark dreams and endless fighting . . . or to plant her spear in the ground at the furthest reach she could find, and try to remember in her last moments when her life had been free of pain.

There was a rumbling in the distance. A storm was coming. She continued to move.

Sabel ran. The storm was chasing her, or at least that was what it felt like. The hardened fighter kept low, manoeuvring around the great rocky pillars that dotted this region of the Wastes. The sky was ash and thunder, blue lightning bolts streaking down and smashing at the land, crumbling boulders and sending shards of rock crashing against her armour. She vaulted over a dangerous gap with her spear, before using it again to prop a crumbling boulder up and slip past before it crushed her. It felt like the world was ending. Still, she fought.

The former mercenary dashed and dived, ran serpentine through the criss crossing chasms in search of safety.

"I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE!" she screamed in the harsh gale, "IN FACT, I WELCOME IT! BUT I WON'T GO QUIETLY. THE GODS WILL HAVE TO EARN MY DEATH!"

As if in response, a great peal of forked blue lightning lit up the sky. In that brief flash of visibility, Sabel saw the distance littered with towers of dried mud and stone. The Forgotten Pillars, they were called. If she could find just one with a deep enough crevice facing away from the wind, it might be enough to hold out against the storm. She clutched her spear, waited for a passing shower of debris to lighten, and sped with all her might to the sun-bleached pillars of stone. The sky was furious, the Gods angry against her defiance; it hurled angry bolts of lightning and screaming winds upon her. But Sabel was a survivor, battle-hardened, and she pushed through, even as pellets of debris cut ribbons through her flesh. She made it to the pillars and began searching desperately. They were vast, some over forty feet wide at the base, others perhaps even larger. The ground churned, the wind kicked up clouds of dust, and she moved as fast as she could.

For five minutes, she struggled, copping blow after blow. She sped past numerous pillars, flat-faced and offering only meagre protection, even as her limbs became increasingly exhausted, her vision compromised by blood spilling over her left eye. She smirked.

"I GUESS IT IS A GOOD DAY TO DIE!"

And once again, a response written in mighty lightning. Only this flash of blue revealed something dark against the face of a darker pillar. She ran to it, still battered, using her spear to aid her movements. It was a crevice. Sabel did not hesitate. She jammed her body in, pressing her face against rock to push even further, entering the dark space in the hopes of larger shelter.

She found it, for as she pressed deeper, she ran her fingers over an unusual series of bumps on the stone. To her shock they began to glow a bright turquoise, forming the runic language of the long lost Veddu race.

"What the-"

Something flashed. The writing turned red. And then the entire tight crevice she'd jammed herself into somehow *opened*. She felt forwards, still clutching her spear, as the ground gave way. A bright green light overwhelmed her vision as an altogether different kind of thunder sounded: the thunder of pistons and ancient mechanisms.

"~~W*W*W~~"

The alien voice flooded her mind, garbled and incomprehensible.

"~~W*W*W~~"

"JUST FUCKING HELP ME!" she screamed, her body once again exposed to the wind.

As if in response, the floor opened up, and she fell into darkness. The last thing she saw was an eerie green light racing toward her.

Sable woke in pain, and with a strange silver contraption over her face. Sje startled, reaching for the dagger at her hip. It wasn't there. Quickly, she grabbed the tentacle-like contraption with its green light and shoved it aside. She was on some sort of table, furnished with a metallic sheen. She leapt from it, batting aside the device a second time, causing it to snap at the neck. Sagging, it retreated, allowing her to view her environs. She was a Veddu ruin, but one far more preserved than she had ever seen. It was like a set of quarters on a ship, only far more advanced; sections of shining metal lined the walls, and lamps without flame gave light. The rippling structure of the ceiling and surfaces gave it a distinctly alien vibe, one that was unmistakably Veddu.

"By the Black Mountain," she gasped, rising to her feet a little painfully, "the pillar was an ancient Veddu ship, covered over by sand-blasted rock and mud." She tensed a little as she reached for her spear. It mustn't have been too long since she lost consciousness; the scratches on her body were still bleeding. Though unusually, her face felt fine. She ran a coarse hand over it, and found all injuries healed.

"The device, it was fixing me?"

She looked to the wreckage of the thing, frustrated. "And once more I do violence by nature, and ruin something beautiful."

She sighed, though not as upset as she wanted to be. After all, she was concerned the healing device might have taken away her characteristic eyebrow scar. She liked that part of herself. It reminded her of the one who gave it to her; an old friend, and sometimes lover.

"Well, better find a way out of here."

She stumbled, legs still bruised and hurting, out of the chamber. The door dilated open as she drew near. Not slid, not hinged, but *dilated* open.

"Astounding, isn't it?" she said to her spear, before walking through.

The Veddu ship was large, an ancient starfarer in remarkably preserved condition. The portraits had withered away, but runic markings on the walls depicted their likely shapes; four-armed, turquoise in colour, roughly the size of men, if the door heights were any indication. She passed into a hall of sorts, or at least it would have been were not emptied of all life. Instead, she was forced to wander solitary on sore legs past the metallic tables. The

whole place was eerily silence, with just the strange thrum of some magic power source keeping the ship . . . alive, perhaps? Sabel had no real notion of the Veddu, beyond myths and rumours. But the sculpted metallic symbols upon the walls were fascinating, and they seemed to show a progression in time as she ascended an important-looking set of steps: a great sphere exploding, a fleet of space faring ships rising through the void, a perilous journey filled with strange monsters of the sky, and finally the landing upon a new world. Sabel's world, long before she entered it.

"I wonder what went wrong," she grunted as she explored. "What I wouldn't give to be able to ask one, before I die."

The spear had no opinions, but it was certainly useful to pry open the next door. It was large, rounded, with glowing green symbols around it. She leaned her prodigious strength into the door and heaved.

"Open . . . damn you!"

~~"AAAAA"~~

It dilated open. The chamber she stepped through into was stranger than she could have imagined. The room was spherical, and small, only about fifteen feet in diameter. Large metallic cords like arteries descended from the top of the sphere, connected to a strange coffin-like device in its centre. The coffin was rounded at its edges, made of transparent material like glass. And within, dominating Sabel's focus, was a briney pool of liquid, in which floated a living creature that could be nothing other than a Veddu.

"By the Gods," she uttered, dropping her sphere.

The Veddu was breathing. Its skin was a pale blue, and it had four arms that ended in three digits each, just like the runic images displayed in their ruins. A small, useless tail, stubby and somewhat pale, extended from its backside.. Various cords were plugged into its skin in a sickening manner, but otherwise it was naked and obviously male. Its body was hairless, and wrinkled, like one's skin after too long a bath.

And this 'bath' must have lasted thousands of years.

Sabel stepped forward cautiously, heart beating. It was impossible to believe. One of the ancient Starfarers, still breathing and alive, somehow. She took another hesitant step, drawing closer and closer to the glass.

Close and closer.

And then the thing opened its eyes.

Sabel squealed in a most unwarrior-like manner, falling backwards. The room lit up, numerous ancient sigils, symbols, and runes of the long-dead species glowing a bright green. The thing - the Veddu - was staring at her, its eyes pools of pale blue. It looked almost blind, though perhaps they simply didn't have pupils the way ordinary humanoids did? She'd

heard of night elves who had the same condition, to better see in the dark. Would that help in their journeys through the dark void between stars?

The thing spoke, its language alien and strange.

“You - can you hear me?” she said.

The creature turned its neck slightly. Several icons appeared in green on the glass, as if magically incanted there. She'd never seen such magic weaved before. It appeared to breathe heavily through the viscous fluid it was submerged in, and it closed its eyes for a long time.

Long seconds passed, and Sabel rose back to her feet, clutching her spear. The creature trembled slightly, shaking as if in rage.

No. She recognised that look. She'd seen it on her own face, reflecting on mirrored surfaces and pools of dark water. It was grief. Her breast was overwhelmed with a strange companionship with this creature. She rested the spear back upon the ground once more, and placed her hand on the glass.

“Hello? You are Veddu, yes? We thought your kind was all gone. Are you alright? Are you in pain? Can you understand me?”

It was useless, she knew, but it appeared to gain the creature's attention. It opened its eyes again, and despite their lack of pupils, she sensed they were focused upon her. It cocked its head slightly, examining her.

“Are you okay? Can I help?” she repeated.

It cocked its head the other way, before placed all four hands outwards, to the sides of its strange coffin-like container. Each grabbed a hold of what looked like small, dark levers, and each arm pulled at the same time.

There was a loud hiss, a burst of steam, and then suddenly the ooze that the creature was suspended in poured from the chamber. It flooded around Sabel's feet, smelling of mud, but thankfully dripped down through slits in the floor elsewhere, like a drainage tunnel. The front of the coffin opened, and the creature collapsed forward into Sabel's arms. She caught him; he was surprisingly light, his body withered.

“Oh, damn! Got you, I got you, Can you stand?”

The creature couldn't, but gestured to the side of the sphere. She helped it over, and it used its arms to pry down a shelf that functioned as a seat, whereupon it rested upon it, breathing heavily. The cords had disconnected from its skin, leaving red, unnatural welts. Sabel checked over him, unsure what to do. She'd expected to die in the wastes, not be the first person in thousands of years to see a live Veddu!

“You're injured, aren't you? Something went wrong, and that chamber kept you alive.”

The creature couldn't understand her, but it appeared to focus once more. It held out its upper two hands to her face, while grasping her hands with its lower ones. It was gesturing for her to come closer. Her heart beat with uncertainty.

"I came out here to die, or to find something new. What the hell."

She leaned forward, and the creature placed its three-fingered hands at her temples. Instantly she felt a strange buzzing sensation, a connection of mind to mind. Brief images flicked through mind, of ships that travelled across stars, of a victorious new home, or a terrible disease that decimated.

She pulled back.

"Black Mountain, a disease killed you," she gasped.

'Yes,' the creature said, startling her. *'A most terrible plague. It affected none here but us. Our bodies were ill-prepared, and it dulled our senses. We tried to leave, but did much ruin upon our own ships as it maddened us.'*

"You - you can understand me?"

The creature gave a strange gesture that might have been its equivalent of a nod.

'Yes. You are human. I remember you. Do you still hold names?'

"My name is Sabel.'

'You cannot pronounce my name. Its closest equivalent is *'The Hope that Cleaves Through Dark Times.'*

Appropriate, given her own journey. "I know a bit about dark times myself," she said.

'I know. You came to this place to die, to atone for your many misdeeds. You have lived a life of brutal slaughter. I witnessed it all when I searched your mind for your language centres.'

It was a crushing weight to meet a myth, and find it condemning you. Sabel sagged, feeling that terrible guilt press down upon her again.

"I've butchered. I've killed. I've fought in pointless wars for the love of battle and bloodshed alone. I was addicted to the thrill of battle, but now even that has left me. There is nothing, now. I came out here, as you say, to find something to salvage within me, if there is anything at all."

The creature was silent, regarding her. *'There is.'*

"I don't understand."

'I was chosen among my people to be a light flung to the future. To survive, to remember, to pass on the ways of the Veddu so we would not die. Our last remaining science was used to preserve me, and our devices - we call them computers - worked to solve the - you would think of them as humours of the body - that allowed the disease to ravage us.'

"You - you found a solution?"

The creature gave that affirming shoulder gesture again.

'Of a kind. I can pass on a way for our culture to live on. I have been imbued with a - you might call it a blessing. The intent was for others to survive, but none of my instruments can sense another Veddu here. I am . . . that last.'

Again, that horrible look of despair that she recognised so closely.

"Then . . . perhaps I can help?" she offered. Inwardly, her thoughts were far more desperate. A desire to be able to fix something, to bring something back from destruction, to create rather than destroy, even if it was to be her last act.

Again, that silent regard. The creature was arriving at a decision, but took its time to reach it. She did not interfere.

'Yes, you can. You are . . . compatible, to receive this blessing.'

She nodded, eager, feeling almost like a little girl again. "I'll do it. I'll take the blessing. Anything to help your people, and to redeem my ways. A new purpose."

'Yes, you would be worthy. Your skills in battle . . . could defend the blessing. But it would be a great burden.'

"What would it entail? This blessing?"

Its eyes narrowed. *'Would you accept it, if you knew?'*

Something about it made her insides shudder. "I - I don't know."

'It is the key to restoring our culture. But I will tell you know more. We must make a pact, before I pass. I do not have long. These are my final moments.'

The figure wheezed, and Sabel stabilised him before he could fall. She went down her knees, imploring him. "Then yes, I accept the blessing. Please, I *need* this. If it means I can do something good for once in my life, then any burden I can shoulder, no matter what it is."

The thinnest of smiles manifested on the creature's thin lips.

'Then place your hands on my forehead.'

She did so, and he placed all four hands upon her, two at her temples, the other two resting against stomach. Once again, that strange buzzing in her mind began, but this time it extended to her whole body, causing her to groan and grunt a little in discomfort, and a strange amount of pleasure. Her loins tingled, and she felt something light and warm in her belly that caused her to shiver. The strange bliss grew and grew until she felt oddly fulfilled, like a post-coital comfort, until finally the creature pulled away from her. She gasped as he removed his hands. Her injuries, her tiredness, her likely fractured bones; all had healed. She felt like a new woman again. She raised a hand to her eyebrow, and was pleased the old scar was still there.

'Felt . . . you wanted to keep it.'

"That was - that was incredible."

'It is done. You have received the blessing. Now go, and live, and you will soon know what to do.'

She wanted to ask the alien a thousand questions. When had it arrived? Why? Where had its kind come from? Were they peaceful? What should she do?

But it was too late, the creature closed its eyes one final time, and rested against the rounded wall of the spherical chamber. It gave one last wheeze, and then it was gone, leaving Sabel alone again.

After some quiet tears were shed, she took her spear, renewed with purpose, and made her way through the ship, determined to find her way back out of the wastes.

For three days Sabel wandered back the way she had come, using her spear to hunt small game, and drawing water from what scarce sources she could. It was a rugged, hardy journey, but she was up to the task. Every time that misery descended upon her again, she remembered the Veddu, and the strange blessing it had given. Would it be knowledge? The science of their ways to teach the next generation? She knew not just yet, but trusted that it would come in time. She could only wait for it to manifest in some way, but in the meantime she had to focus on survival.

In the morning of the fourth day, she woke up feeling quite different. She had slept in a craggy recess, her pack and spare clothing for crude comfort, and she was used to waking with tired aches and pains. But this was different: she didn't feel aches and pains at all, and hadn't really since she received the health-renewing blessing from *Light that Cleaves through Darkness*. Instead, she woke up feeling utterly *nauseous*.

Sable pulled herself rapidly out of her makeshift sleeping spot, scrambling with desperate hurry away from her things. Just a few seconds later, she was bent over a wirereed bush, vomiting the contents of last night's rations into its coarse substance. She clutched her belly as she did so; it felt a little sore.

"Uhghh," she moaned as she wiped her mouth. "Surely it is not my time, yet?"

She had bled only two weeks before, though she knew stress could make her irregular. She rubbed her muscled stomach. It had bloated, slightly, in the last three days. She had assumed it was malnourishment, but she had been ravenous with her pack, even catching some large game with her spear. She had gobbled up the cooked meat rapidly. She couldn't quite shake the feeling that something different was occurring, but she shook it off just as quickly.

"Soon I'll be thinking that every second step is a symptom of the blessing," she said to her spear, chuckling. She set to breakfast, once again eating more than her usual fill. Her

hunger had certainly expanded on the trip back, something she attributed to her increasing desire to live, her renewed purpose.

Sabel gathered her things, loosened her muscles for the trip ahead, and continued back out of the wastes towards the Everhold Kingdom's lands.

Something was definitely wrong with Sabel's body. It was undeniable now. After another week of travelling, she had experienced enough strange symptoms to know that her changed body and habits were not purely a result of Veddu healing and a determined quest back to the light. No, she was changing in other ways too.

The nausea had not dissipated. On three of the last seven mornings, she had experienced it, either upon waking or immediately after what passed for breakfast. It was an awful feeling, and for a brief time she was concerned that it was a result of food poisoning from the little rat-like creatures she had hunted, but even an extra serving of dried meat rations led to no change. Besides, it was only in the morning. Was it some of the Veddu knowledge working its way through her? Or further improvements to her body, in order to pass on their legacy? But there were other symptoms that were concerning to her.

Her breasts were sensitive, and had become a little larger. Now, Sabel was a warrior, had always been one at heart, and spent much of her last twelve years engaged in battle and slaughter. But she was a woman too, and undeniably had breasts, ones she could even say she was quite proud of. Not the heavy cantaloupe-sized tits of tavern wenches, though she had occasionally enjoyed their company, such a size would be unwieldy and only become an issue in the midst of battle. But neither were they little peas upon her chest. No, if one were to use a fruit, then regular-sized apples, perhaps. Easily constrained within wrapping, but enough to form a slight cleavage that could draw another warrior's gaze, when she felt the blood run for a different kind of 'struggle.' But now, her breasts had become tender, and felt oddly uncomfortable in her tightly-fitted armour. She had taken to removing it several times a day just to massage their soreness, but even that was an odd experience, for her nipples had also swollen, and were quite sensitive. The chest wrappings had to be loosened, but still applied, lest her shirt material rub against her chest and cause her to gasp.

Her stomach remained a little bloated, just enough to make some of her impressive abs look less impressive. Sometimes it churned, like something was bubbling within it, like a gas pocket. At least, that's what it felt like. Several times she found herself poking at it idly while taking a break from trekking, but much like when she was on her period, it felt quite sensitive.

She resolved to keep walking, and hope these strange symptoms would dissipate.

Sabel was at the edge of the Everhold Kingdom. It was as if some strange and ancient god had carved a line in the ground, designating when the wastes would begin and where they would end. Warm greenery and verdant treelines one moment, then dead land and mere scrubby bushes at best on the other. Her mouth watered with the desire for fresh water, still some ways out, and her belly roiled with hunger, a hunger that had only grown twice fold from the previous week.

With the green land before her, and a small pond as well, she stopped, finding shade against the first proper tree she had seen in weeks, and retrieved the very last of her rations. Her stomach growled demanding them, and with a weary sigh she gobbled them quickly, followed by a fresh serving of lovely water. She held herself as her body worked through the sustenance far quicker than it had any right to. Such an amount should have sated her appetite, but her stomach tensed, and she groaned.

“Oooohhh . . . why do I n-need so much!” she whined. She collapsed against the rock, sliding down onto her behind, breathing heavily as she waited for her body to accept that she had given it all the food she had. At that moment, she felt less like the Crimson Tide and more like the Crimson *Tired*. The last five days of travel had become increasingly exhausting, worsened by that morning nausea, and the other follow on effects from her mysterious Blessing.

The changes she had hoped would reverse had only increased, to her dismay. Her belly had bloated out further, the skin becoming taut, and her abs pulling apart slightly. Her breasts had gone up an entire size, it felt, but their aching nature continued, signally further changes to come.

“Damn nuisance things,” she said as she unwrapped them. It was getting harder to just use a warrior’s wrappings. In fact, she was even starting to entertain the idea of finding a proper breast band to contain them, like villager women did. That way they would not feel so damned tight and compressed against her.

She shifted, uncomfortable in her armour. She reached up and adjusted a buckle.

“By all the Gods and Devils that walk the earth, that’s the *second* time I’ve had to adjust these bloody straps. What’s wrong with this infernal armour?”

She fiddled over it, feeling coarse and grumpy. It was true, the armour was increasingly tight against her body, and the reason was obvious; she was somehow getting taller. Bigger. Sabel was already an Amazonian woman, standing at six feet tall, tall for one of the ‘fairer sex.’ But while she had no means of measure, she felt as if she’d gained a

whole foot in height purely by the way she'd had to adjust her armour, even cutting some of the fittings so it would, well, fit!

"Some blessing," she bemoaned, hunching over in frustration. "I get sore tits, a swollen stomach, and grow a little. What was I thinking!? I don't even know what this blessing is!" She rested her head against the rock, groaning in annoyance. "It had all seemed so big and important at the time. A quest for redemption! Finding new meaning! And now what's happening to me? I get sick, I get bloated, my boobs are sore, and my belly is bloating up, and - and - oh fuck!"

She scrambled to her feet, giving up on the armour entirely, instead choosing to peel it from her body. She let it fall to the earth, uncaring who would see - after all, there wasn't anyone else around for miles - and took off her undershirt and wrappings as well. She removed her pants, her undergarments, stripped herself entirely naked beneath the midday sun. Her body bare, she stepped cautiously towards the pond, the grass soft and lovely beneath her feet. She didn't want to look, was afraid to look. More afraid than she'd been in many a battle, in fact. But she had to. She gazed down at the pond, and gasped at the sight before her.

Reflected perfectly in the still water was a tall, muscled, olive-skinned woman, one was obviously, undeniably with child.

"Pregnant," she stammered. "I'm fucking pregnant. Pregnant with a Veddu."

The answer was more confronting than she expected, and she knew that on some level she had known it since the early bouts of what had been morning sickness. She had simply pushed that knowledge away, kept herself in ardent denial about her 'condition' until it was impossible to deny it any longer.

"Pregnant," she said again. She lowered her hands to feel her belly. She didn't look much longer than four months along at best, perhaps only three. Just a slight yet obvious curve that was melting away her abdominal muscles, slowly inflating.

No, not slowly. Very fast indeed. It had been less than three weeks since she had received the blessing.

"That's the blessing!?" she cried. "Giving birth to a Veddu? Oh, by the Black Mountain, why did I accept that? I thought I would carry new knowledge, not new life! This was not the kind of atonement I wanted!"

Her hands rose to her breasts, squeezing them slightly. She gave a harsh intake of breath, regretting the action. They were still sensitive, a little sore. Her nipples had clearly swollen becoming darker, her areola further extended. She was getting quite the bust.

"No doubt if Destin were here, he'd appreciate this," she sighed. "He always liked these tits, he only despaired they weren't bigger."

She thought of Destin, her on-again, off-again lover whom she had shared many battles with. He had managed to leave the life before it consumed him, but the two of them had shared some passionate nights, and he had been the source of one of only two pregnancy scares she'd had in her life. Unlike the first man, who'd run off in the night when her bleeding was late, Destin had remained at her side, ready to face whatever came. It was a relief that she bore no fruit, but it cemented him as a man worthy of friendship, even further companionship, in her eyes.

"Gods, I wish I could see him," she said. "He'd know what to do."

But what was stopping her? She furrowed her brow, looking at the sight of the tall, pregnant woman in the reflection. Her situation was already crazy enough. No one would believe her that she was pregnant with a Veddu alien, and she wasn't sure it was a good idea to simply have it 'dealt with' by one of the village doctors or apothecaries. She'd known women who'd done that safely, but something instinctual told her not to do it. It was as if even thinking in that direction made her feel discomforted, sending a shiver down her spine. But she certainly couldn't birth the thing. It was one thing to make a pact with an ancient spacefaring race, but another entirely to be expecting to rebirth one into the world.

Sabel stroked her stomach idly as she mulled it over. She was still coming to terms with the fact that she was pregnant. And taller too, for some reason. It was only when she noticed an odd discoloration on the underside of her pooched belly that she halted, and examined closer.

"Hells," she said, gritting her teeth. "The skin is different."

She rubbed it, feeling only a slight rubberiness. But there was definitely a change in colour; several splotches of turquoise blue were scattered there. Her heart began to beat faster, and she checked several other locations, using the reflection of a metal vambrace to check areas she hadn't considered. Indeed, there were several other spots where her skin had turned that green-blue colour. The small of her back, the ends of her elbows, the nape of her neck; all had changed just slightly. Even her nose had a smattering of turquoise freckles upon it.

"What does that even mean?" she wondered aloud. "Gods, I wish my spear could talk back. This is maddening to go through alone."

Again, she thought of Destin, his rugged face and easy charm, his relentless optimism. She would still be wanted by nobles whose contract she'd broken, for a war likely still raging. There were many others who would want her dead or dealt with as well. But Destin would take her in, and perhaps he would know what to do about her . . . condition. She didn't want to think of it as a pregnancy yet, and certainly not *her* pregnancy.

"I'll find Destin," she said, withdrawing from the pond after taking one last worried look at her changed body. "If he doesn't know what to do, he can at least help. No way am I

ending up some expectant mother to an alien child. Not even the orcs would be so mad, and I'd never hear the end of it from my dwarven brother-sisters in arms."

She took up the spear again, feeling it was still necessary, if only for her defence, and spent some time readjusting her clothing before setting out. Her stomach growled, and she patted it.

"Settle down, you damned spacefaring thing. I'll find some food so you quit your whining. Gods, I bet Destin will have a laugh about this. He better still be in Barrentree with that piece of shit tavern of his, or there'll be hell to pay."

She set off again, trying to avoid touching her tender breasts, or thinking about her patches of turquoise skin.

Both these efforts proved harder in the coming days. Sable had re-entered the land of civilisation, and so was able to barter for food and shelter along various border villages. She had a great deal of coin, at least, from her long history of contract war, but she was beginning to feel foolish about having left much of it behind when she set off into the Outland Wastes. She was beginning to feel a lot of things lately, in fact, but most of all she felt *cumbersome*. This was because her growth had not slowed, and in fact seemed only to be speeding up.

"My, you are a tall one, aren't you?" one villager asked as she was trying to purchase some new clothing to hide her changes.

"Uh, yes, I am," she replied awkwardly. Why did people have to ask such stupid, obvious questions? In the following two days upon passing through meagre villages, she'd been able to measure her increase in height. She was no 6'2 in height, and the ache in her muscles told her that her growth wasn't done yet. "Have you got something that will fit me?"

The peasant man looked her up and down, from her tight, barely-fitting armour to the obvious swell in her belly.

"I might have some cloaks that will do you, particularly in your condition."

She winced, but said nothing as he rifled through his wares.

"Are you an elf?"

"What?"

"An elf, is that what you are?"

He was eyeing her with interest, trying to figure out what she was. She sagged a little, not feeling very comfortable being viewed in that way. Normally, she would have been utterly confident, proud of her tough yet beautiful looks. Now, she felt ridiculous.

"Um, sure," she eventually said. "Well spotted. I'm an elf."

The man nodded with satisfaction. "Thought so! Been a while since I've seen an elf in these parts, closest we get round here are some cast-off orcs. Saw a centaur once, but he was bull-headed, ha! But you're obviously no centaur, and you don't have the tusks or build of an orc, so I figure you're elven."

"Yes, that's me. An elf." She tried to avoid rubbing her belly impatiently; it was becoming an annoying habit she was falling into, a motherly gesture when she certainly didn't feel like a mother at all.

"Mind you, you don't look exactly like a half-elf, least the ones I've seen. They're tall as you certainly, and they got your pointy ears . . ."

Sabel's eyes widened, and she instantly raised a hand to feel the tip of her left ear. She tried not to look too surprised at what she felt. It was pointy, quite a bit in fact. She hadn't even realised it had grown. She suppressed a groan. Just another strange change to contend with.

". . . but I never saw an elf that had muscled like you do," he continued, examining her powerful biceps, "or one that had blue bits of skin. Aren't they mostly dark or yellow? I remember hearing that no one ever sees an expecting elf except other elves."

"Uh, well, I'm a half elf," she mustered. "Very rare. We do things differently. I was raised by my human parent."

"Ah," he said, as if it explained everything, "a half-elf, of course. What a wonderful sight. I'm surprise you're wandering about alone in your condition, though."

"Don't worry, I can handle myself."

"That I can see." He gestured to the spear at her side. "Still, I hope your husband is taking care of you."

"He is," she lied. Villagers were often quite conservative about such matters. His comment was clearly a probe. "But he's an orc, so . . ."

"Ah, I guess that would explain it."

She cringed. An orc? Her story was barely believable. Orcs hated elves, and vice versa. But the man clearly went along with it, more intrigued by her exoticism.

"Well, how far along are you?"

"Not sure exactly. Three months?"

The man whistled as he withdrew several garments. "My, my, if that's true then you have a double congratulations from me. There's no way with a hill of a belly like that, that you aren't expecting a double blessing."

She looked at him blankly.

"Twins, girl!"

She controlled her breathing. "Excuse me, I need to get some air. After that, I'll pay for most of these."

“Get it girl, you’ll need all the fresh air you can for the babes!”

She practically ran from his abode.

“Twins!?” she said, shaking her spear as if it was the cause, “I better not be carrying a pair, you hear me?”

More travels, and more changes. Sabel had at least thought ahead; the cloaks and loose-flowing garments she’d purchased from the man still fit her figure even a week’s travel afterwards. By that time she had grown another two whole feet. She was taller than most elves now, and her figure had expanded to match it. At this rate, she might well be on her way to becoming a hill giant. That thought made her shiver!

Her ears remained pointed, and the blue splotches on her skin continued to expand. Telling others she was a half-elf was a good cover for now, but she needed to be careful; she was entering territories where elven ways were more known. Easier to hide her appearance as a whole, buy what she needed, and continue her way to Barrentree in the hopes of finding Destin. The only problem was that where she might have moved stealthily before, now she stuck out due to her enlarging frame, and it was worsened by her growing hunger. She had no idea how long it took for Veddu babies to gestate, but she felt like she was growing far too rapidly; already she looked like she was over four months along, perhaps moving towards five!

“And these things haven’t stopped growing either,” she bemoaned as she adjusted her bodice once more on the road.

She was referring, of course, to her generous bust, which felt less like perfect apples and were now moving solidly towards the mango variety, though thankfully not enormous ones yet. But they certainly possessed a wobble and jiggle that was not nearly so present before, enough to put a blush to her cheeks. She’d liked the breast size, and while she could appreciate her new . . . generousness, she didn’t want them any larger. *She* didn’t want to be any larger.

Already she’d been mistaken from behind for a female orc, and even as passing centaur took her for a wandering fae folk, necessitating her to flee before she was pestered with superstition and wards. Others spoke aloud of her being a result of ‘magic gone wrong.’

They weren’t too far from the truth, and so she began to speak less, stoop as much as she could, and hide within her cloak. Travelling by night became a preference, though even that came with its problems, as a number of farmers mistook her for a foul dark-garbed monster. Her skill with a spear disarmed with tawdry pitchforks and torches, but she could only send them running after a violent confrontation.

"She's a foul succubi, pregnant with a demon, look!"

A farmer pointed at her rounded belly, accentuated by how the wind blew her loose robe against it. She clutched it in one hand without thinking, almost protectively.

"We must cut it out!"

"I am the Crimson Tide!" she bellowed, her voice a little deeper. "I have slain hordes. I have held the line at the Helfast Keep. I have battled the Beast of Montarag to a standstill. Take another step, try to slice at my belly, and you will see how your Gods up close before you ever see me bleed."

They fled, but in the aftermath she couldn't help but cry. She wiped away the tears.

"Damned pregnancy giving me swinging moods," she complained.

Several days out from Barrenhill, and Sabel's hunger was becoming unsustainable. She had been forced to return to camping along the back trails, rather than the more travelled main roads, as her increasingly strange appearance was gathering too much attention. Unfortunately, this made access to food all the more arduous. Sabel was an excellent hunter, but as her belly rounded out she could feel her abs separating, reducing her core strength. She felt more winded, and was still not used to her longer limbs. Her height had reached 6'4, but her body was not just elongating. It was as if all of her was getting larger, like when the gods construction her mould they made it a size too big.

She groaned as she wolfed down a salted steak that she had saved for that day. It was the last civilised meal she had purchased before the curiosity over her height and changing skin became too much. Her stomach growled like an angry beast, and she fed it eagerly. Her larger head meant a larger set of jaws, and she ripped it to shreds, savouring every morsel.

"NNNHhhnggnnn . . . t-too much."

She clutched her belly, lying back against her now too-small pack, clenching her eyes as she experienced that terrific tightness. She could *feel* her skin stretch, her bones gaining mass, her body sucking away every part of the meal in order to fuel her odd changes. She gripped her body, pressing her forearms over her now-large breasts. They plumpened, their aching flesh expanding visibly before her eyes.

"Ahhhh - mmhpph - ahhhh! S-so big!"

She kicked out, thrashing a little as her legs extended by nearly an inch. A tightness in her spine informed yet further growth, her arms too. Even the bones of her skull pulsed with flashes of pain, expanding fractionally.

"When will it - NGGHH! - END!?"

For the first time, the expansion of that blue colouration across her was palpable. It began as a tingle, like pinpricks across her skin, or goosebumps, only for it to then spread further. Like little waves, the turquoise pattern rippled across the insides of her thighs, the underside of her buttocks, the small of her back. The back of her neck and shoulder blades likewise were awash in that same tingling sensation, her breasts as well. She gasped, trembling as it reached her nipples.

“N-no - Oh Gods, they’re already so d-damn sensitive!”

She writhed, unable to avoid the pleasurable pulse of their change. Her previously dark brown nipples shifted to a dark blueberry colouration, the areola around them similarly blue. Sabel bit her lip, trying to maintain a warrior’s grip on the situation, to hold against the slowly expanding ecstasy.

“I’ve withheld against t-torture. I can stand against - Ooohhhh!”

The blue wave reached the parting between her thighs, her enlarged genitalia altering in pigmentation. The feeling there was even more palpable.

“Oh ffff - fuck!”

She couldn’t help herself. It was too overwhelming. Too arousing. The need to probe her depths bloomed in a way she hadn’t felt in quite some time. Sabel had always had a healthy appetite for sex, and that included the occasional bout of self-pleasure, particularly as a way to work off the edge before a coming battle. But this was the first time she’d felt the need this badly, and this helplessly. She lowered her hands, the very tips of which were just slightly turquoise now, and began to feel at her aroused clit.

“Mmmhmm,” she moaned, biting her full lip as she began to slowly rub. She was becoming moist, slick with vaginal juices, and in need of a powerful orgasm. She rubbed faster, amazed at how much more weak she was to her own ministrations, as if her womanly folds were far more receptive. They had grown too, her bulging sex enlarged in scale to the rest of her, but her own pleasure had grown with it. She writhed, squirming in response to her own touch, and she couldn’t help but tease her blue nipples and grope at her expanded breasts. They had grown not in scale to the rest of her, but were steadily growing larger in proportion to her body. She was afraid of looking like some blue, busty wench, but for now she relished their heightened feelings, how even through their growing pains their soft flesh yielded to her touch and sent shivers of bliss down her elongated spine.

“Oh Gods, that feels - Oooohhhh Gods!”

She was lost in pleasure. To anyone looking from the treeline, she would have appeared like an overly-large, muscled woman with strange turquoise blue skin splotches, unable to help herself. She would have looked like a being of the fae folk, a nymph of ancient myth. She rolled to her side, rubbing faster and faster, her clit throbbing with need. She was close. She was so godsdamned close.

And finally, she was there.

“Oh - Oh - AAAAAGGHHHHH!!!”

She shuddered, body writhing as if in the final throes of death. That was what the orcs called it, wasn't it? The orgasm was 'the little death.' It certainly felt like she was passing beyond the veil to something.

For a brief flash of a moment, her overwhelmed mind saw visions of ancient ruins, of Veddu technology lost, of spacefaring ships spreading across the sky.

And then she collapsed, panting heavily.

“Fuck,” she said. “That was intense.”

She checked over herself, and to her irritation realised that some of her newly purchased clothing would be a lot less baggy on her already. She stroked her belly, looking at it in awe.

“What are you doing to me?”

Barrentree, contrary to its name, was not lacking for greenery. A city of roughly seven thousand souls, it had in its centre a great tree for which the location was named: a long dead tree stripped of leaves, looming over the surrounding buildings upon its large hill. It was once worshipped by the elves, before humans killed it at the roots, but it did not stagnate further. Even today, it was a source of conflict between the woodland elves several dozen miles away, but the surrounding buildings that had sprung up compensated for the deadness with a bevy of greenery, particularly for the manor houses of the town's prominent elite.

It was into this city that Sabel entered, clutching at her dark cloak. She was 6'5 in height, and had to shuffled, stooping awkwardly at a 6' 2, still noticeably tall. She was dozens of pounds heavier in weight than she had been, and the only saving grace was the knowledge that she was becoming *fat*, just pregnant.

“Actually,” she said to herself as she shuffled along the outskirts of town in the dark of night, “that's not much compensation.”

She was still occasionally feeling the bouts of nausea, and her mood swings were becoming more frequent. The latter irritated her much more than the former; any mercenary worth their stuff had spent more than a few nights vomiting from too much grog, but to not be fully in control of one's emotions was the mark of a poor soldier. The fact that even at that moment, moving stealthily across the streets and avoiding the guards with their bright torches, she felt twisted up emotionally, was evidence of this. Just the thought of meeting Destin again had her feel that impulse to cry in joy, and the thought of him being repulsed by her bodily changes and freak pregnancy made her want to cry out of despair.

“Damned mood swings,” she repeated again. “Worse than my bloody bleeding.”

Still she rested her hand on her stomach. She most certainly looked with child, even in a loose cloak she could barely conceal it. She had yet to feel a flutter, and hoped she never would; the notion that something else was *living* inside of her was all too strange. She was a warrior, a taker of life. She knew that was no longer her path, but becoming a *mother* was an altogether different prospect.

She stepped along the stony street, avoiding another set of guards by hiding in an alley. Most residents were asleep by this point, but taverns were lively places, and she had to wait until most of the regulars had left. In the meantime, her stomach grizzled like one of the many stray cats in the city, and her feet were dreadfully cold; she’d had to ditch even her leather sandals due to how her feet had grown. It left her exposed to the elements, and with between her hunger, mood swings, various growing aches, and irritating levels of arousal, it was a miracle she had been able to wait outside for long.

She pressed against the side wall of the tavern. It was called *The Goblin’s Head*, with a large fake specimen hanging from the rafter. Destin had fought in the Brigand’s War, where raider bands had teamed up with the Yellow King and his goblin servants to raid the kingdom. She and him had pushed them back, and had enjoyed several passionate nights afterwards in the city, enjoying their well-earned golds and the comfort of warm beds once more. She remembered distinctly telling him to keep the beard he’d grown while without a razor. She found herself hoping he still had it.

“What d’you mean, yer kickin’ me out?”

She was jolted back into the present by the sound of a drunken voice. Around the corner, before the tavern lamplight, a sodden man was pushing back against a figure she couldn’t quite see in the doorway.

“I wan’ another drink, y’hear? I’m still sober!”

“Sober? You’ve drunk half my stocks, Hadder! You’ll be lucky to walk in a straight line even after a week.”

“Don’t fucking care what you fucking gots to say. I want another!”

“And like I said, Hadder, I think it’s time you went home. Bar will be open on the morrow on the tenth strike. For now, I got my own bed to be getting to.”

Sabel’s heart rose. The other voice was undeniably Destin’s. She began to creep from the shadows.

“Fer fuck’s suck, you damned stiff,” the man named Hadder said. He spat on the ground, and turned to leave.

And then, faster than Sabel would have guessed, he spun around, his hand wielding a sharp knife. He was silent, moving in slow motion to her perception, and without thinking she thundered forward, her steps heavy, her cloak pulling tight against her frame.

“NOOOO!” she cried, and in one great smack, she knocked the man aside, sending the knife flying into the wall and embedding between two bricks. Hadder smacked against an outdoor table and collapsed, wheezing into unconsciousness.

Sabel turned to see Destin already in his martial pose, his own sword at the ready, and a look of confusion upon her face. Idiot, she thought of herself, this was Destin, of course he would have been ready for such a cheap move. He was probably already expecting it. And now she was standing before him, covered over in her cloak but obviously freakishly large.

“Well, thank you, kind stranger,” Destin said, his voice still possessing that cool charm. He indeed still had the beard; a neat brown goatee that suited his rugged face. His hair was tied in a loose, short ponytail, and he wore an innkeeper’s outfit, albeit with a scabbard for his sword at his hip. Even after years running a tavern, he hadn’t softened much; he was strong, with muscled bulk, stronger than Sabel certainly, though she had the agility and flourish with a spear to best him. Certainly, she suddenly remembered in a flash, she’d won most of the sparring matches. And the more personal ‘sparring’ matches also.

“No problem,” she said. “He had a knife.”

“I can see that,” he said, and she felt a little stupid for pointing out the obvious. He always did have a razor wit.

“I just thought . . . I didn’t realise you were ready for him.”

“Oh, that’s just Hadder. He’ll spend a week in the stocks and pay a bigger bill. The man couldn’t cut the side of a salmon. He’s more likely to fillet his own finger than get the point of his knife in me. But thanks all the same.”

She noticed he hadn’t put down the sword, still holding it a little cautiously.

“Were you just around the corner then? Waiting for someone?”

“You could say that,” she said. She had positioned herself away from the lamp light, so that her face would not show. Her heart beat nervously in his presence, and she had to fight the urge to stroke her distended abdomen out of habit, to calm herself. Doing so would only make the situation even more awkward.

“Well, this is certainly mysterious,” Destin said. “You are a tall one, aren’t you? Orcish, I’m guessing? I can barely see beneath the cloak. I have no quarrel with orcs, stranger. I’ve never raised a blade against one.”

“Liar,” Sabel said. “You killed three in one slash alone at the Halfmoon Towers.”

The man paused, and confusion crept across his features. And suspicion. “Not many know that. It’s not a tale I tell willingly.” He raised the sword slightly. “For what reason do you visit me, stranger? To cross swords? To settle a blood debt. I’m but a simple tavernkeep now, but the past does haunt us. So I ask: who are you to me?”

Sabel sighed, gripped her spear. She could not hold out forever in this awkward stalemate. She stepped further into the lamplight and pulled back her head, revealing her face. Destin's eyes widened further.

"Sabel?" he stuttered.

"Does that answer your question?" she asked. "I'm an old friend."

Destin looked her up and down, his eyes filled with unbelieving. "Holy shit, Sabel. You've certainly changed."

"And you've - ugh - barely changed at all."

"No, seriously, you've *changed*. By the Gods, what in the nine hells have happened to you?"

Sabel gave a weak grin as she stepped further into the light. Her heart beat rapidly in her chest as she loomed over her old friend, fellow warrior, and lover. Destin was a tall man, 6'2 in height, and now she looked down upon him.

"That's a long, long story," she said, pulling her hood back to reveal her pointed blue ears.

Destin shook his head, silently gaping for a moment. "Well, I think you better tell me over a beer or five then."

Another sheepish grin, and the transforming woman undid her cloak slowly. She parted it, revealing her taut dome of a stomach, the colouration increasingly tinged turquoise, its size easily that of a woman in her fifth month now, at least relative to her own grown size.

"I think," she said, "I might have to skip the beer. Maybe just some milk."

Destin's jaw dropped. For once, her witty friend had nothing clever to say at all.

The tavern was closed, the doors barred and windows shut. Sabel took a few thankful breaths as she rested in a plush seat he had pulled aside for her. She was fortunate that Destin's kindness had not wavered; even as a warrior, he had granted his enemies quick death, and laid them to rest when he could. He had wavered, done many wrongs, but wore those wrongs honestly and without the deep shame she held, having come to terms with them and moved past them. In fact, she mused, he had carved a good life for him. She'd thought of the tavern as a 'piece of shit' more than once, but now, before a warm fire after weeks of hard travel and damp feet, she had to admit she'd been wrong. In fact, for the first time since her changes truly became noticeable, she actually felt comfortable. She pressed her large body against the plush leather, savouring its wonderful feel against her skin.

"Mhhmmm . . . I feel like a noble."

"But you look like an ogre, woman!"

She rolled her eyes as Destin marched down the steps, carrying a warm blanket in his arms. He pulled a wooden chair over to her, near the fire, and held out the blanket.

“Don’t even try to refuse, though I know you will,” he said.

To his surprise, she took it quickly, placing it over her form.

“Oh, I really thought you’d fight that. You’re not usually one to accept warm comforts.”

She sighed. “Let’s just say the last few weeks have been . . . discomforting. To say the least. I haven’t even felt at home in my own body, as you can see.”

Destin’s eyes wandered over her form. She still wore a loose tunic and undershorts, but had otherwise ditched the cloak and bodice and pants. They were wet besides, and she wanted to feel the warmth of a good fire in a dry tavern against her skin. Still, she felt like she was under a pirate’s spyglass; though he was obviously trying not to look, the man couldn’t help but take in her enlarged form, her splotches of blue pigmentation, her pointed ears, her swollen belly.

And, of course, two other swollen things.

“Men,” she said, rolling her eyes.

Destin laughed. “What? Can you blame a red-blooded man for noticing? You always did have a lovely pair, Sabel. You’ll recall I rather fancied holding yours. But your chest appears to have bloomed. Blue-oomed, you could say.”

She snorted. It had been a long time since she’d done that.

“Now *that* was awful. I suppose you want the full story.”

“Not until you’ve eaten,” he said. He grabbed the wooden spoon by the rack and stirred the pot hung over the fire. “Lamb and beef, with carrot and celery and some wonderful spices to give it that extra oomph.”

Her stomach gurgled. Gods, she wanted to eat. She didn’t care if it was giving power to her transformation, she needed sustenance and the damned alien thing inside her wanted it too.

“Ohhhh . . . sorry, but that sounds so good. You always did have the best cooking on the field.”

“The very best. And it sounds like you need it. I’ll get some bread as well. For someone who had ballooned up as you have, you still somehow look quite gaunt.”

“Oh shut it Destin, what a thing to say of a pregnant woman.”

“So you *are* pregnant? With what?”

She narrowed her eye. “Wait till after food, wasn’t it?”

“Ah, you are right. A lady must be treated well. But even more so should a hearty warrior.”

She rubbed her belly idly as he served out the food, not yet willing to tell him that she no longer considered herself a warrior. That she had no idea, in fact, what she wanted to be.

Or what she currently was. Instead, she ate, and Destin treated her like a queen; serving fine bread, warm milk, and even something called 'salami' from the Easlands on the side. She was ravenous, consuming every portion and then some of his, and he watched her in astonishment. At the end, she lay back in her chair for some moments, simply holding her body, clenching her eyes shut, and breathing steadily.

"Hhhhoooooo, hhhooooo, hhoooo - ah! Ngh!"

She could feel her toes lengthen, just slightly. Her spine stretch, that tiniest bit. Her shoulders widen. Her belly round out just that little bit more. Her hips too; they were getting wider, and she already had quite the rounded figure there. She'd quite liked the look of them, and it appeared that whatever she was turning into would similarly share such hips, as they were keeping pace.

Finally, the changes finished, and she opened her eyes to see Destin's own gaze full of awe.

"I know - ahh - it's a lot. A real lot."

"You grew. Just a little, but I saw it. And your skin - you turned a little more blue. Around your neck."

She felt her neck, and the skin was slightly smoother, just that little more hairless and without even the smallest trace of blemish,

"Damn. I'll be looking like a creature of the fae soon."

"I half thought you were, until I recognised you." Destin's expression became serious, and he leaned forward. "But please, my dear friend, allow us to set aside jokes for a moment. You turn up out of the blue - okay, that was the last one - and suddenly you are pregnant, monstrously tall, and changing into . . . Gods only knows what. I'm happy to see you, overjoyed. But I'm worried for my friend."

He rested a hand on her knee, and she sucked in her breath a moment. His touch was . . . calming. But it also stirred something in her loins. Damned pregnancy mood swings!

"We have eaten, and you have rested," he continued, "now I must know what's happened to you."

Sabel sat up a little, aware that her enlarged chest shifted quite visibly beneath her tight tunic. The chair groaned a little beneath her, obviously unused to such a weight, though it was still easily capable of holding her. For now.

"Destin, you're the only person I trust with this story, but you must not interrupt it until I'm through. Not even when I reach the part you will most certainly not believe."

"Colour me intrigued, and that colour is blue."

"Shut it," she said, "you didn't manage to last three seconds without a joke."

"It's my coping mechanism. Go on. I won't interrupt."

A long sigh. "Very well, I'll tell you the full tale. And if you laugh at any description I make, or use this as an excuse to look at my breasts, then I shall slap you upside the ear."

He nodded, and with another sigh, she launched into the story. She told it all, holding nothing back. It poured out of her like water from the leaking hull of a ship; at first in trickles, and only to buckle as the pressure mounted, giving way to a great pour. She told him of the years of fighting since he had left, how it had wounded and scarred her, not just in flesh but upon her soul too, worn her ragged and empty and unfeeling. She told her old friend how she wished she had his strength to walk away, but that by the time she finally had it was all too late, and the emptiness inside her was a vast gulp. She told him of her wanderings through the Outland Wastes, how she had planned to die there, but refused to give in on the merest chance she could be reborn in a new purpose. She talked of the dust storm, the lightning, the strange starfaring ship of the Veddu she had found herself inside. And she told him of the alien, the last of his kind, who she had met face to face.

Destin did not interrupt as she told him of what transpired, or the blessing that he imparted. His expression did not perk up, nor did he furrow his brow. He only listened, his opinion of her unfolding story impossible to read. She wanted to stop, to ask him what he thought, but the story continued to flood out from her, the ship now sinking. She informed him of her changes, the nausea and aching bones. The way she had taken far too long to discern that she was expecting, but the panic that overcame her when she realised. How she was afraid of what she was becoming, a giant blue monstrosity of some kind. The content of her belly frightened her just as much, and to what extent this blessing would transform her life.

The story continued, discussing how she had hid and travelled, tried and failed to disguise her growing body, her enlarging limbs and core, and how she had been gripped by ravenous hunger and the aches and strange allure of the growth - she even told him of that, though she held back on telling him of the more . . . pleasurable aspects she had partaken in. And finally, the story ended with her arrival at Barrentree, over five inches taller than she was meant to be, skin turning blue, belly swelling outwards, breasts bloody ballooning, and even her ears altering.

And by that time her eyes were uncharacteristically brimming with tears, and she was actually sniffing like a helpless maid, all the more to her embarrassment.

"I j-just didn't know wh-where to g-go," she stammered, wiping her eyes.

Destin placed his hand on her shoulder, rubbing it gently. Somehow, it only made the tears flow all the more freely.

"Damn pregnancy mood swings," she said. She took a handkerchief from him and used it to wipe her eyes. "Thanks. I'm usually not so . . . emotional."

"I remember. Drawing tears from the Crimson Tide was, ironically, like drawing blood from a stone. Or is that appropriately?"

"I don't give a shit, to be honest."

He laughed. "There's the Sabel I remember. By the Gods, I can't believe you turn up after so many years at my doorstep giant, blue, and pregnant with a Veddu baby."

"You believe me, then?"

He smiled. "Of course I believe you. Sabel doesn't tell tall tales. Gods, you practically doused my head with wine for telling them myself in years past. You're a hard woman, Sabel, and I know that if you saw a Veddu, then that's what you saw. But it still amazes me. To think, one was alive, and *you* containing its blessing. It's astonishing!"

She rubbed her belly in frustration. "Try being the one on the receiving end. It's less lovely, I assure you."

"I know, I know. It must be so crazy for you. But of course you are welcome to stay as long as you like. You can take my bed."

"Oh, I bet you would love that."

"I was going to say I'll take the smaller guestroom. Besides, it seems you are claimed by another already."

"You are *very* lucky my spear is not within reach, and that I am sapped of my energy due to this - this *thing!*"

She rubbed her belly again, this time for emphasis. Destin just focused on it, still astonished. He chuckled a little, obviously in awe.

"Do you think it is a Veddu? I mean, is that what you are becoming? Some sort of Veddu-Human hybrid? Like the half-elves?"

Sabel could only groan. "I have no idea, Destin. All I know is that it tires me greatly, and it's making me into a freak. I wanted to not be a warrior anymore, but this - this is too much! I knew it would be a burden. I was ready to lay down my life. But me, a mother!? Can you picture it?"

"I actually can."

She crossed her arms, giving him the 'you and I both know you're full of it' look. He spread his arms in response.

"What? I can! Is it so hard to imagine? You are a woman of iron, Sabel. Hells, you made it through much of the Outlands and back again on rations and meagre water and grit. You're a warrior, yes, but I always thought that if you had children of your own, you'd fight the hordes of hell for them."

"I don't know anything about mothering. I take life, I don't give it. That's what makes this so difficult. That and the fact that everything is growing. I don't know where this will end."

She gave a great yawn.

“Well, that’s a sign if any,” Destin said. He rose, and extended a hand. “Come, let’s both of us get rest. You can stay as long as you need, until the changes are done or we figure out our next move.”

“*Our* next move?”

He flashed that trademark smug grin. “Of course. You came to me for help, and I wouldn’t turn down a sister in arms, even if I’ve given that life up myself.”

She sniffed, barely holding back the brimming tears. “Thank you, Destin.”

“No thanks needed. You saved me skin more times than I saved yours. Consider it further repayment of the debt. Besides, I owe you for the fun times, too.”

She snorted. Something about his presence had always buoyed her. He extended a hand, and she took it. With a great heft, he helped lift her to her feet, though he clearly strained in the act, grunting as he aided her.

“Nghhh - damn, you’ve put on some weight, Sabel!”

“Watch it.”

“Just mind the rafters as you head up. Oh, and the roof of the sky as well.”

“You really are a pain, Destin.”

“Ah, but I’m a pain with a roof, and a warm fire, and a good stew.”

“So long as you’re okay with me eating you out of hearth and home for the next few days.”

He chuckled as he cleared his things out of his room, and gave her the space. She wanted to fight him on it, insist on the less comfortable guest room, but something instinctual in her wanted the space of a nice, wide bed. She had never craved comfort like this before, but she needed it now. Destin closed the door and she settled in, relieved that he had not driven her out as he could have done. She sighed, feeling her belly and its great heft, and trying to ignore how much heft the rest of her had now too. It would be easier if she were simply becoming tall and lanky, but instead her frame was matching her height. If it continued, she’d look like someone a wizard had used an Enlarge spell on.

“These changes better be close to an end,” she whispered to herself. “Just a couple of days with Destin, and I’ll move on.”

And then, quicker than she could have imagined, she fell into a deep sleep.

Sabel woke the next morning feeling utterly wonderful. Even in her bloated state, her belly rounding out further, the domed skin tight, the comfort of the bed had done wonders for her. She’d somehow managed to sleep in well past the sun’s rise. Her body felt languid, as if it

had already grown in the night, the aftereffects of her growth feeling almost . . . right, somehow.

“Time to inspect the damage,” she said.

Mirrors were a commodity Destin had evidently done well enough to afford, but even with one large enough for a regular humanoid, she had to step back and take her distance. As expected, her skin has become further blue. Her stomach was now largely turquoise, as were her upper arms, much of her back, all of her buttocks, and her thighs. Her neck too had altered in colour, and the freckles on her face were now merging to become a blue colouration across the bridge of her nose and to either cheek. Her change in pigmentation was accompanied and emphasised by her growth; she was becoming quite the giantess.

“If I weren’t pregnant, I would have quite the reach in battle,” she mused, admiring the length of her arms. “I could almost wield a troll’s club by now.”

To her glee, Destin had warmed her a bath. He must have ducked out early for a warming stone from the arcanery, because the water was unnaturally hot in a way that was utterly soothing. She spent much too much time in it, cleaning her changing skin of the dirt and grime and wear and tear that had been inflicted upon it in recent days of travel. Breakfast was already prepared for her when she descended the stairs. She had put on a tunic and trousers, and wore a bust-sleeve for her chest, though that was getting too small. She was so hungry and keen for food that she smacked the top of her head painfully against a low hanging rafter, altering Destin to her present, though the heavy stamp of feet might have already done that.

“Oof, that sounded like it hurt!”

She rubbed her forehead. “It bloody well did. Gods, I’m getting too tall.”

“It certainly suits you. You always were the Amazonian.”

She sniffed the air. Even her sense of smell had enhanced. “Is that . . . no, it couldn’t be.”

“Red venison, just the way you like it.”

She clambered onto a seat, and began eating straight away. As ever since her strange condition started, she had to take some time to breathe steadily once she was done, clutching her belly as it expanding, breathing in and out carefully as her body grew. It was embarrassing in front of another, and Destin watched fascinated.

“Nhhnn - ahhh - ooohh! Ah, I think that’s it f-for now.”

Destin spluttered. “And that happens every time?”

“Trust me, it’s *exhausting*. This is proving to be one very large blessing, I can tell you. If I keep this rate of growth up, I’ll be a giantess.”

“You practically are already,” he quipped.

“Then don’t make me step on you. So what’s the plan?”

He looked at her with a confused look. “The plan? You were always more of the planner, Sabel. As I said, I’m happy to house you as long as necessary, though I’m afraid I can only keep the tavern closed a few days left. Hadder will try to knife me again, particularly since I had to drag him back to his wife after you toddled off to sleep last night.”

“I’ll stay upstairs when I can,” she grumbled, not too happy about her state of affairs. “I’ll have to be a hermit until my body equalises. I can only hope it goes back to normal.”

“We could always see a wizard.”

“Please, they’re as likely to lock me up and experiment on me. But it could be a good fallback. I just - I feel like I can’t let the Veddu down. As strange as this is, as much as I want to end it, I need to *understand* it first. I made a pact without thinking, but there must be some way to pass it on to another who would want it.”

Destin considered things for a moment. “I’ll talk to some people I know. See if they can find some Veddu specialists, or word of anything magical that could help us. I still have some elven contacts too.”

“And I know some orc shamans I can get word too, if you will let me mark some runes to be sent out.”

“And then we see what we can do, I like it.”

Destin extended a hand across the table, and Sabel placed hers over his in response. Her hand enveloped his, dwarfing it, but the comfort was clear.

“We’ll get you back to normal, Sabel,” he said. “I promise.”

Over the following week, ‘normal’ did not occur. Normalisation was another story. Sabel had always prided herself on being adaptable, in battle as well as life, though the latter had proved less true than she’d thought. Nevertheless, she quickly became used to ducking her head to avoid rafters, and clambering up the stairs when an unexpected visitor arrived to see Destin. Both she and him had agreed it would be best not to stir too many questions about her appearance and changes; powerful forces would be interested in the notion of a living Veddu, and Barrenhill still had enough superstitious lots to draw significant ire if she was viewed as cursed. As such, she adapted to hiding, to staying indoors to deal with her changing body, and her increased diet. She was worried that she was imposing too much upon her old friend, until he revealed he had a sizable contingency available in case of emergency; a gold-filled chest from the Prospector’s Wars.

“Appropriate really,” he said, “since that war was when we met, and it was fought over salvaged Veddu devices.”

It was a good memory for them both, and it made her feel better about the fact that her voracious appetite now demanded over triple her usual food consumption. As the week progressed, she was eating up to four chickens alone just for breakfast, each time followed by the quite literal 'growing pains' that led to further changes.

"They m-must b-be coming to an end," she groaned. "The V-Veddu I talked to - ahh - he was only a little b-bigger than m-me."

Destin nodded, held her hand, though hers in fact enveloped his easily.

But the changes kept coming. Soon, Sabel had reached seven feet in height, and was having to duck constantly when going up and down the stairs and through doorways. She was taller than any orc, even greater in height than most of the mountain goliaths, and her difficulties were compounded by the fact that her body was still not becoming elongated so much as bigger everywhere; she had to turn her shoulders through doorways, had to use two stools for seating as her increasingly rotund backside grew, and - to her great embarrassment - even ask Destin to adjust access to the privy. And the whole time there was her belly, still growing, still rounded, increasingly dominating her torso. She appeared six months pregnant, though at least she was not exhausted.

In fact, her energy levels were lifting now that she had regular access to food. Her body craved milk in particular for some reason, as well as cabbages. She chalked it up to being pregnant with some Veddu-human *thing*, giving her unusual needs. It made being cramped in the tavern increasingly irritating, particularly since she could hear the raucous enjoyment of the people downstairs, and wished she could join them.

"Blast you," she said, curled up so she could fit on Destin's bed and stroking her rounded mound, "if it weren't for you, I could be drinking my sorrows away and singing old war songs."

She still hadn't felt any movement within her. She wasn't sure whether to be worried, or joyous, or just simply thankful that she didn't have some little whelp bumping around inside her. Still, on nights like the one she was experiencing, she couldn't help but rub her heavy belly, wondering what was in there. Her pregnant moods could still vary wildly, but there was a strange anticipation to the growth taking place inside her. She wasn't certain on how she should feel, but her instincts - Veddu or not - were telling her to be protective. Which ran in direct contrast to her desire to change back.

"I'm blaming you if I have to keep these pointy blue ears," she mused.

Sabel was not stupid. She could hear the tavern talk below her, especially since with her greater size, her hearing had also enhanced. She was able to eavesdrop on the regular patrons who knew there was something up with Destin.

“Doesn’t allow any tenants upstairs the last week and half,” one said.

“And he’s missed the last few festival gatherings. Regular part of the community and he’s completely absent.”

“Ever since that row with Hadder he’s been acting odd. Notice that he always get a little nervous around the stair?”

“It’s those loud noises upstairs. Don’t say you haven’t heard them. I’m telling you, there’s something up there. Something strange.”

Sabel’s anger grew, and not just because attention was being drawn to her weight. She wished she could go right down there at that moment and wallop them. Except that her appearance would only confirm their rumour mongering and get the mob sent on her. They’d probably think she was a big, pregnant troll or something.

“Gods, and what impression would they make of Destin from *that?*” she whispered to herself.

It put in her mind an image of him naked, still rugged, still battle-scarred and beautiful, pressed up against her. It made her suppress a moan just at the thought of it. It had been too long since she had lain with another, and especially one of his . . . skill. She could feel herself growing moist just at the thought of being entered by him.

That thought was still lingering in her mind when he knocked upon ‘her’ door after the tavern had closed early. She startled; she’d been trying to read a book, but her body was too aroused to think of much else but him. She felt like some bloated tavern wench.

“Another early night?” she said.

“It is.”

“People are beginning to talk.”

He furrowed his brow. It made him look even more handsome to her eyes. “I know. It can’t be helped. I have good news.”

She perked up, shifting up on his bed. It creaked beneath her weight, and her enlarged breasts bobbed a little. He just barely managed to avoid staring at them. For once, she actually wished he had.

“A new Veddu ruin has been found. Well, it’s an old one, but my elven contacts came through, and your orcish ones confirmed it also. It was nothing remarkable, thought to be stripped bare of any devices, but it began glowing several weeks ago. I checked the date, and it coincides perfectly to when you received your, um, blessing.”

She couldn’t help but grin. “So, “I finally have a lead. Somewhere to go.”

“We do. I’ll come with you.”

“Destin, you’ve already done so much.”

Again, he placed his hand on hers, the latter of which was now completely turquoise.

“Sabel, I want to come with you. I want to be there for you.”

He was so close, she could smell his manly scent. Her nipples stiffened, yearning for his touch, and her womanly opening between her thighs became wet with need. She breathed harder, still staring into his eyes, and she knew her face was one of yearning.

“Sabel, about us, I -”

She grabbed him with her large, powerful blue arms and pulled him against her, kissing him deeply. He yielded to her, kissing her back, her tongue invading his mouth and dancing with his own. She had always taken the lead in such matches, but usually there was a push and pull to such things, but at that moment she realised her strength was far beyond his. He caressed her, and she found her dominant patches of turquoise skin were far more sensitive than before, causing her to moan in his mouth with each caress.

“I’ve wanted this f-for some time,” she said as their lips parted.

“Me too,” he said. “Gods, you are still so beautiful Sabel.”

“Even with a big pregnant blue belly?” she jested.

Destin smirked, leaned down. He placed his hands on either side of her broad stomach, and kissed just above her bellybutton. She giggled as his goatee tickled the soft skin there, breathed heavily as he continued to kiss his way upwards to reach her breasts.

“I don’t mind it,” he said. “In fact, I think it could suit you.”

“Oh shut up, and help me get naked. I want you.”

It didn’t take long to strip herself of her tunic and pants, nor him to unbuckle his pants. His member was as impressively large as she remembered it, it was only her that had grown. As she readied for his entrance, she pressed his face against her enlarged bosom, and she whimpered as he licked and sucked and thumbed her blueberry-coloured nipples. The feeling was intense, overwhelming, and it only made her need him inside her even more.

“Get in me already,” she demanded. She lay back on the bed, causing the whole thing to creak. She parted her massive thighs, placing them over Destin’s shoulders. He weathered their weight comfortably; she was not too big yet, at least. He placed his hands over her belly, unable to quite reach her breasts.

“Ah, your size makes some of our old positions a little untenable.”

“Mmhm,” she groaned, squeezing her own breasts. There was a little tingle in the flesh beneath them, but she ignored it for now, focusing entirely on the pleasure between her and her lover. “I’m sure we can . . . improvise.”

Destin smiled. She took his member in her spare hand, amused at how much smaller it felt due to her growth. But when it hit her sensitive opening, she moaned with ecstasy all

the same. She was still tight enough to grip him wonderfully, and as he thrust, she found a pleasurable rhythm.

“Oh Gods, you still feel so f-fucking good!” he grunted, as he slid deep inside of her. Not as deep as he once would have, but deep enough.

“And y-you too, Destin! You - ooohh - too!”

The feelings were too good, overwhelming, even. It would not take long for her to climax. She fondled her big, sensitive tits, for once appreciating their largesse, and pinched her nipples as he took her. Both his hands were on her prodigious belly, and it felt like a furnace, a source of heat and light within her. She gasped, unbelieving how she had held off the need to be taken, to be *bred*, for so long.

Wait, *bred*? She blinked momentarily, wondering why she had thought that way, but with another great thrust she soon left the thought behind. She was so close, and so was he.

“Let’s come together!” she said. “I want you to come in me, Destin!”

He didn’t say a word, so focused on the act. He was hard like steel in her, and her vaginal muscles gripped him powerfully, riding out the coming climax. It rose and rose and rose until finally neither could stand it any further.

“OOohhhhhh AAAAHAHHHHH!!!”

She squirmed, the most intense orgasm she had ever felt rolling through her body as he ejaculated into her. She felt his warm seed splash within her, pouring up into her distended womb. They panted together, coming down from the high.

“I went a little wild there,” she said.

“I liked it.”

“Mmhm, you seemed to come most quickly.”

“I always liked tough women. And besides, it’s not like it can do any damage.”

She chuckled, still touching her bare breasts. “No, after all, I’m already knocked up enough to -”

She suddenly groaned. All at once the pressure came over her body. She gripped herself as muscled tensed, as bones lengthened. Destin pulled back, confused and alarmed as she suddenly writhed in combined pain, pleasure, and most of all *relief*. She expanded rapidly, her entire body enlarging far faster than she ever had. She could feel the food she had eaten, the cum she had taken into herself, all of it being absorbed into her being, fuelling further change.

“NNGGHHH!! AGGGHHH!!”

Inch by inch she grew; her legs, her spin, her arms. Her skull expanded, her hips widened, her shoulders broadened. And, of course, her breasts and belly bloated, expanding even more in relation to her body than it was already changing. With a mighty creak, the legs of the bed gave way, and it collapsed to the ground at an angle, causing her to suddenly roll

to her side. She clutched her belly protectively, and landed on top of a shocked Destin, her belly against his naked crotch, her breasts dangling on either side of his face. She'd caught herself enough to not cause him or her belly any pain.

"B-by the Black Mountain," she gasped. She felt as if she had grown a full foot of length. She must have been eight foot high now. Below her, Destin seemed even smaller. "F-fuck."

"I think," he said, looking at the ruins of the bed, "we need to leave sooner than later."

She took another heaving breath.

"Gods, when will this end?"

To Be Continued . . .

A Very Large Blessing, Part 2 (Giantess TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Jorgamund

In a fantasy world beset by war and the ruins of a long-dead starfaring race, Sabel the mercenary travels through the Outlands in hopes of atonement. She finds it in the strange blessing of a last remaining survivor of his people. As her body begins to grow and swell, becoming giant and increasingly pregnant, she grapples with what this blessing may mean for her life and future, and whether she truly wants it at all, or whether she has a choice.

Part 2: The Budding

Sabel and Destin didn't have long. After their coupling somehow accelerated her alien growth, the tavern owner began packing, gathering what was needed for a long journey. The man called in old debts, cashed in favours, opened up the chest of gold coin he'd kept from his war days, and worked to find a replacement to run his business for him while he was away. The last aroused further suspicion from the people of Barrentree, much of which Sabel heard in following days as the tavern was briefly reopened to organise meetings with Destin's old friends.

"Fleeing from justice, perhaps? The man is acting mighty spooked."

"It's that Dwarven gold rush. It's captured the heart of more than one bored city folk."

"Perhaps the man just wants to see the world and wander, it's not unheard of."

"But that wouldn't explain the strange noises from upstairs. Davy says he heard a strange woman's voice, and Coachlan claims he saw a great blue beast through the window before he got spooked."

The accounts made Sabel nervous. Already she was a stunning eight feet tall, as tall as an ogre, and with a pot belly near as big too, though at least hers wasn't from gluttonous fat. She was increasingly cramped in the tavern upstairs, hitting her head more frequently, and experiencing odd bursts of sudden energy she felt the need to expel, but was unable too. Meanwhile, her skin was turning further turquoise, her ears lengthening even beyond elven proportions, and the rest of her bloating slowly further.

The worst part was the rising sexual urges that came at morning, night, and sometimes even intermittently during the day. It was as if after finally giving in and having sex with Destin, her appetite for sex had only grown, instead of being sated. She'd been having strange dreams in which she was even more giant, and Destin pleased her not with his cock, which was too small for her by that point, but by inserting his entire forearm,

causing her to moan, and the ground to quake. It was no wonder things were now even more awkward between them. After all, it was partially his fault that her changes had escalated, and the fact that making love had seemingly caused it only made each blush further in the other's presence. And so Destin had largely avoided her, other than to bring her prodigious amounts of food, drink, books to read, and new garments that he had worked to sew for her new form. The man was certainly resourceful.

It was only five days after their 'act', but it had felt like an eternity to Sabel. She was sprawled too large over Destin's bed, reading accounts of the Prospector's War and rolling her eyes over how the writer glorified what she had known to be a bloody affair. She abandoned the book when that tingling need arose once more. Without thinking, she allowed her hand to descend, her long fingers to trace the edges of her swollen vagina.

"Mmmhmmm," she moaned, louder than she'd intended. She knew she should stop, but it felt so very good. So right. She rubbed her throbbing clitoris, savouring the pulses of pleasure that radiated through her core. She knew it might cause further change, but on some level she needed that. On some level, her new instincts told her she needed that for the *thing* growing in her belly.

"G-growwww," she groaned, ignoring what she was saying. That dream where she was so much larger floated in her mind, her body far taller, far stronger, far more pregnant. It was wrong, and yet just the thought of it ignited further passion. She continued to rub herself, her fingers wet from the increasingly arousal between her thighs. Her nipples stiffened, the large blueberries the size of thimbles now. She groped her left breast, savouring its soreness and sensitivity. Gods, she had loved her old breasts. Perfectly sized, she had thought them to be. Now she was a buxom as the most busty of tavern wenches, and she found herself wishing she had been all along, and moreover, that she could far surpass them. She rubbed at the join between breasts and pregnant belly, feeling those two itchy spots, massaging the soft spots there. She willed them to grow for reasons she couldn't quite understand, but in that moment, it didn't matter. Her rising pleasure was all that mattered. She could feel the ecstasy budding. The moment of revelation. She teased her loins faster and faster, grunting and groaning softly. Her muscles tensed, bones became taught, and she recognised the signs of another growth spurt at the moment of her coming climax.

"C-can't s-stooooop!" she cried softly. The changes were coming, what the hell was she doing? She *had* to stop! But the feelings were too good. She grabbed her other tit and squeezed, willing the climax to come. For her to cum.

Suddenly, the door burst open and Destin stormed in.

"Sabel, we can go when we want, I've found an tavernkeep to run things while we're away and -"

Sabel locked eyes with him, her position on the bed and the location of her hands making her current activity painfully obvious.

"D-Destin!"

He looked so handsome. In her mental image, her placed his arm inside her.

"Black Mountain! I'm sorry, I'll-"

But it was too late. To Sabel's enormous embarrassment, her orgasms came. They rolled through her, mitigated by her incredible humiliation in that moment, yet still causing her to squirm and moan in delight. The bed - now flat on the ground after its legs were broken - broke yet further as her bliss triggered more changes.

"I c-couldn't help m-myself! Ngggghh!"

It was true. She couldn't. At the moment the changes began, waves of ecstasy still causing her body to shake, she realised how deeply stupid she'd been. Sabel the mighty warrior, brought low by Veddu pregnancy lust. Her figure swelled. Legs lengthened. Arms extended. Her ass rounded as her hips widened. Inch by inch she grew until . . .

"Nine feet," Destin said with awe.

She looked at him, head pressed uncomfortably against the wall as she took in her body. Her breasts, just as she had foolishly wished, had grown in proportion to her once again. Her belly also, to a woman in her seventh or even eighth month.

"Holy . . . don't look at me Destin!"

The man spun.

"We can leave as soon as you are, well, ready."

Both of the former warriors tried to put the earlier embarrassment behind them as they travelled the road. Sabel had to admit, her sometimes-lover and ally had done good work. Destin had organised a pack horse for himself with four saddlebags. Dried fruit, salted meats, dried rations, as well as a bevy of fruit and animal feed were stored away, as well as tent packs, clothing, hunting equipment, and other necessary equipment. A stash of gold coins and other valuables had been hidden in several stitched insides, and some wine was also packed.

"For good times," he said with a chuckle.

"And to forget the bad ones," Sabel added, feeling more uncertain.

For her, now at a staggering nine feet tall, Destin had managed - somehow! - a feat that was almost as impressive as his war record: he'd secured an orcish auroch mount. The creature was massive, half again the size of the pack horse, and about the only beast short of an Eastern Bay elephant that could manage her. She felt utterly ridiculous, a super-sized

person. It would be easier, she thought, if she were merely gangly; that at least had an element of the possible to it, or something approaching. But the fact that had effectively become a (small) giant was somehow more bizarre. As if being as big she was and yet maintaining most of her bodily proportions was more wrong than being stretched like magic taffy.

Still, she took to the auroch, thanking Destin deeply.

“Do you want to try riding him?” Destin asked. “His saddle has already been modified to accommodate you.”

Sabel blushed a little, trying not to feel awkward. “Um, sure.”

They beyond the outskirts of Barrentree. Destin’s contacts had spoken of a significant Veddu ruin long thought picked over and emptied that now shone with the bright green glow of their technology. It was their only major lead, but Sabel was willing to latch onto anything that could turn her back, and offload whatever was growing in her distended belly onto someone else. Or back to the Veddu, if that were even possible. After all, *Light that Shines in Darkness* had been fairly adamant that he was the last of their kind.

They had snuck out early in the morning, when the guard patrols were sparse. With her nine feet of height and heavily increased weight, Sabel’s large feet seemed to boom against the wooden floor of the tavern, and were little better against the road, slapping against cobblestones and earth no matter how careful she was trying to be. It didn’t help that she was now barefoot, though at least her feet had long become callused just like her hands, evidence of a fighting warrior’s path. Still, she had felt a little overburdened, her stomach and breasts yet further rounded out from her . . . incident of self pleasure. There was little choice but to go onwards, however, and now it was well into morning, with them off the beaten track and ready to begin their journey in full.

“Well?” he said, eyeing her, “are you going to try it?”

Her shoulders sagged. “I’m just . . . trying to figure out the best way to do this.”

“Do you need help?”

She raised her scarred eyebrow. “Do you really think you could boost me up?”

They both looked over her heavy, enlarged form. Her belly looked capable of holding a three-year old child, if not larger, and it pillowed out her dark cloak. Her bare blue legs descended out from it, but her arms were further covered; Destin had done good work stitching it all together. He’d underestimated some aspects, however: her head-sized breasts jutted out, pulling the material rather tightly against them. Or perhaps he was just a little bit tempted to see their growth better displayed. He did have a perverted side himself, after all. Her hood was currently thrown back, showing her dark curls over a turquoise face that was, thankfully, still certainly her own, if not in colour. The overall impression was exactly as she looked: a literal giant who was heavily pregnant.

“Yeah, I don’t think I can lift you.”

“A far cry from the man who carried me all the way back to Saint Carran’s for the healing ritual, after my belly was sliced open by a Scrounger.”

Destin grinned. “Of course, we’re faced with an altogether different kind of belly situation now, aren’t we?”

Another roll of the eyes. “Fine, I’ll get on the damned auroch. But you better not laugh?”

“I swear it by all I hold dear.”

She breathed, trying not to notice how her breasts strained the material of her cloak, as well as trying not to notice how Destin’s eyes were once again drawn to said breasts.

“You better hold true to those words, or this woman will lift *you*, right into the air.”

‘All I hold dear’ turned out to have a very cheap meaning indeed; within seconds Destin was bursting out laughing, causing her cheeks to flush even further maroon (the new blushing colour of her turquoise cheeks, apparently). She was certainly tall, but her rounded hill of a front made it difficult to maneuver, and her bodily changes had come so fast that she was not used to lacking her impressive core muscles, resulting in her nearly tipping over like a pile of blown hay.

“It’s not funny, you knave!” she yelled, voice booming across the trees. “I’d like to see you fare becoming a big, blue pregnant giant!”

“Ah, but *I* didn’t make an impulse deal with a long dead alien species!” he declared.

He dodged backwards from her swiping hands, and nearly overbalanced again.

“Oh, damnation. To think I once struck fear into the hearts of soldiers and monsters alike, and now I can’t even get astride my mount. Very well, get over here, you *little* man.”

“Not *that* little, as you remember.”

She didn’t even want to *think* about sexual puns at that moment. Her body was still easily triggered by that. It didn’t take much for her large, thimble-sized nipples to stiffen.

“Just shut up and help me.”

After several minutes’ effort, they finally succeeded, and she was astride the auroch, which hadn’t complained one iota in the time they’d been trying. Once again, Destin had done well. Sabel sat upon it, again feeling odd. It wasn’t just her constant hunger of the odd itches and bumps that signalled potential change, but the fact that she was looking down on her part-time lover who was getting on his horse beside her. He was rent miniature beside her, nearly three full feet shorter.

“What?” he asked.

“Just thinking,” she replied. “You look rather cute.”

“Not handsome?”

“No, just little.”

“Ah, you wound me.”

“Well, just don’t get in my way, or I might step on you.”

He smirked. “There was a time the prospect of that might have excited me. Funny, how things change with time.”

“Now let’s get going, before time changes *me* any more than it already has.”

They both adjusted the reins of their mounts, and began to move: Destin on his horse, elegant and confident, and Sabel on her auroch, ponderous and awkward. But as they found a natural groove to their pace, wandering among the hidden hills and forest paths across the land, she began to feel that familiar determination creeping across her again. As much as her heavy belly weight upon her, and her large breasts jostled in their band, and her largesse was alien to her being - quite literally, in fact - she could certainly find familiarity in the age-old comfort of riding a mount on a long journey. Battles, in reality, were often quick and brutal, but the travel to and from them occupied much of a mercenary’s life. As the sun began to shift towards the horizon on that first day of travel, she was starting to feel truly like herself again: like Sabel the warrior-for-hire, off on a grand adventure.

That feeling lasted three days, until the next round of changes occurred.

“OOhhhhh . . . Nngghh!”

Sabel groaned, clutching her belly after she had wolfed down her dinner. She and Destin had been hunting together; her size made her great for herding creatures around to the path of his bow and spear, and she had adapted her spear quite easily as something that could be hurled even more powerfully. The result had been a bevy of rabbit, hare, and even some elk, the greatest portion of which went into her belly in stew form, sating her immense hunger.

As usual, the eating and drinking of a night had been born of desperate need, something that went right down to her core. She knew it was the pregnancy at work, the strange ‘blessing’ she had received, and she no longer tried to experience the post-consumption growing pangs that followed in solitude. Destin had become quite used to them, and at times when her body was incredibly full to bursting and yet desiring food, she could yell to him.

“S-so f-full! Oohhhhh . . . but n-need more! Please D-Destin! I need m-more!”

And he would oblige, somehow knowing she could take it, despite the skin of her stomach becoming practically drum tight. She would grow slowly, in inches, working her way beyond nine feet and further towards ten. It was impossible to stop; she had hoped she had reached her apex but she only grew and grew and grew, the only things outpacing her

body's growth being her womanly body parts; her belly and breasts. And each time she would spend some minutes panting, her body aching with need to be caressed and filled and *ploughed*, and she would focus on horrible memories of war and turmoil and her own terrible condition, in order to stave off yet further arousal and growth.

But this time was different.

She had known that other parts of her might change. After all, her ears had become long, tapering things, more capable of hearing and yet far longer than an elven pair. Not to mention the turquoise skin, of which few patches of pink even remained left to colour in. But she had hoped this would be the extent of it, that the dreadful itching two spots beneath her breasts were merely bug bits, or that the tired ache beneath her arms was just her body accommodating to her limb growth, or that the headache-inducing buzzing above her temples was just her frustration building over the entire situation.

But she could no longer maintain that delusion or the denial that drove it, not when she felt her body begin to change yet further.

"Oh G-Gods! It's d-different this time!"

Destin moved to her side. She was slumped on her side near the fire, as they camped in a forest clearing. Already the usual tents could barely accommodate her, and the improvised one that Destin had put together was reaching its limit. As a result, she was appreciative of the cool and comfortable grass beneath her.

"Sabel, what's happening?" Destin's expression was one of grave concern, his usual jovial eyes now narrowed in worry. "Does it hurt?"

She moved, squirming a little as the various itching parts across her body seemed to warble and shift. Her sex bulged beneath her cloak, becoming slightly damp with unwanted arousal, just as her nipples tensed. Her breasts were so tight against the fabric that it hurt; there was nothing else left to wear, and it made her miserable to squeeze into her clothing.

"A l-little. It's more - ooooh! - more uncomfortable, is all. Agh! It's - Gods, it's strange - it's like other parts are g-growing too. When will this ennnnd!!!"

Destin stroked her back as the changes rolled through her. The now-familiar sensation of muscle growth, bone growth, skin growth came over her, but it was also followed by a different kind of growth from two points on her head. To her amazement, she felt a sudden intense pressure build above her forehead, at two points above her temples. She clutches her head, groaning as the pressure built and built, becoming briefly painful. The skin stretched, and she gasped.

"N-n-noooo! NOOOO!"

Her voice, deeper and louder, echoed out across the forest. In one single moment, the flesh of her scalp gave way, and out burst *something*. Two somethings, specifically. Destin watched amazed as two tendril-like growths extended from Sabel's head, growing to

be two inches long each, and coloured a dark blue-green colour. They were soft, tube-like, like the taffy she often compared her body to. They had no joints, but appeared to rise up and down slowly, as if possessing minds of their own. They ended in little round nubs, spheres about the size of a man's eyeball in size.

Sabel gaped. The last of the growth finished, leaving her nearly ten feet tall - though lying down it made her ten feet long, she supposed. Her belly had extended again, and her hand easily rested along its side, feeling the heavy, unmoving contents. She turned to look at Destin, who was positioned at her back, rubbing the skin to keep her calm. His eyes widened at her altered appearance. A nervousness bubbled in her large stomach.

"J-just tell me what they are," she said, voice demanding. "I don't want you gaping like that while I'm in the dark."

"They're - well, they look like antennae. From an insect, I mean."

"WHAT!?"

She reached and touched them, feeling their strange sensitivity. They were small, but obvious, the thickness of a fat man's thumb at the base. Or stalk. Or whatever you might call it. But they were *there*.

"Gods, I think I'm going to be sick."

"They don't look that bad, really."

She pulled herself to her knees, still taller than him. She looked down over her friend.

"Not that bad? I'm not concerned about my *looks*, Destin, though I certainly wouldn't like to lose them. I'm worried about what I'm becoming! Even my clothes aren't fitting anymore!"

She felt over herself, not caring about Destin's reaction. The two points beneath her breasts felt a little more pronounced, small nubs having grown there. She suspected it was some sort of skin patterning, or perhaps the beginning of a more leathery kind of skin, perhaps. Her armpits had experienced further changes; a lumpy outgrowth of bone and flesh jutted out slightly below her upper arms on each side. She wasn't sure what was happening there.

No, that wasn't true. She knew *exactly* what was likely happening there, and didn't want to think about it. One set of arms was perfectly enough for her, thank you.

There were no other major changes. As usual, her tits and belly had grown further. Her cloak was further stretched, and her tits felt suffocated in their sling, her cleavage having risen further up towards her clavicle in a way that would have embarrassed even the tavern wench.

"I'm sorry," Destin said, "I was just trying to reassure you that-"

"I don't need your damn reassurance!" Sabel snapped. She clenched her fists, furious, and rose to her feet entirely, stepping away from the fire and thudding her feet against the ground.

"UGH!"

She gave a frustrated cry and kicked at a small tree. Her foot easily snapped its trunk in half, felling it to the ground in a feat no human could match. The motion caused her to stumble a little, having overbalanced with her massive belly. She only just managed to right herself, grabbing onto the trunk of a larger tree and holding the firm underside of her dome to relieve a bit of the weight. Destin said nothing, and she was thankful. She wanted to fume, not be pitied. A long moment of silence followed, the only sound being the creatures of the forest, and the crackling of the coals upon the fire. Finally, she calmed.

"I'm not supposed to do this," she said, still not facing him.

Again, Destin was silent.

"What was I thinking? Making a damned deal with the last remaining Veddu? Thinking I could give back, after a life of taking? My hands are bathed in blood and now I find myself pregnant and I can't do it. I should have died out there in the outlands."

Destin strode forth and grabbed her hand. Well, it would be more accurate to say that the whole of his hand only managed to grasp three of her fingers.

"Sabel, you're talking nonsense. That's simply not true."

"It is," she said, offering a sad smile. "Look at me, Destin. Can you imagine someone less suited to what's happening than me? It was a curse I was given, not a blessing, but the Veddu couldn't have known otherwise. Now, I'm turning into one of them - or half of them, half-human - and I have no connection to what's bubbling up in my belly. I should be using my skills to atone in some way, teaching others to defend themselves, or something like it. But this pregnancy, these changes . . . I can't do it."

She sank to the ground, holding her knees against her.

"I can't even fit in this cloak."

Another silence. Destin sat down beside her, also thinking, his hand resting on her side, as her shoulder was out of reach.

"Then don't."

"Don't . . . what?"

"Don't fit in the cloak!"

"I'm not going to parade myself around naked, Destin!"

"Well, I wouldn't complain."

She made to playfully punch his arm, but stopped when he flinched, and thought better of it. "Damn, can't even give you a ribbing any more, unless I want to crack a rib with it. You and your libido."

“Well, I’m still remembering the last time. But this isn’t about how gorgeous you still look Sabel - and believe me, it takes more than growing four feet and getting blue and pregnant to take away from your attractive looks. No, I’m talking about practicality. You’re going to keep changing, right? Now, I can’t help with that until we get to the Veddu ruin, but I can help *you* come to terms with whatever this is. And we can start by not trying to squeeze you into that cloak. I can refashion it, make it a skirt lining and . . . sling, for your chest.”

“What, and leave my big middle exposed?”

“Is it in danger? We’re in a warm season anyway, and it’s not like we can hide it. Perhaps it will make you feel less miserable.”

Sabel sighed. It was a small gesture. Futile really, in the grand scheme of her frustration and worries. But it was so classically Destin; the man would make even the smallest of changes to help a friend, and go to great lengths to see them through. Somehow, that gesture alone was worth a lot.

“That . . . that wouldn’t be so bad, I guess. I’ll probably look like a mountain goliath, one of their barbarian women with most of the skin on display.”

“Well, we both fought with mountain goliaths, including their women. And weren’t they quite tough?”

She gave a sheepish smile. “The toughest. Fine, work away, my tailor. Let’s get me a new outfit, and hope these things don’t get any longer.”

She flicked one of her short antennae, wincing at its delicateness.

The antennae did get longer, and Sabel’s changes did continue. Her clothing troubles, however, were solved for the meantime. At first, the warrior woman was a little nervous about having her identity-hiding cloak cut in two to fit to her new form as a two-piece outfit. It was a silly stereotype that came from shallow city folk and starry-eyed storyteller bards that female warriors and heroes were always scantily clad. In truth, only a few such women ever lasted long on the battlefield. There was a difference between a good breast plate and a showy ‘boobplate’, as Sabel considered them, and that difference was between a sword bouncing off your armour or sinking deep through your tit directly into your heart. As such, she’d always favoured practical protection; tough boiled leather armour for travel, and good plate for heavy fighting. Chain mail could serve, or scale, particularly if enchanted, and she had once had the chance to wear Elven mithril, which was one of the most joyous days of her life. But each armour had one thing in common; it covered skin, and it kept her alive.

Now, however, she was dressing exactly like those ridiculous bards and horny artists made female warriors out to be. A barbarian’s battle skirt was looped around her widened

hips, covering her rounded behind and reaching down to her knees. It was surprisingly comfortable, and afforded her a freedom of movement, but left her blue belly completely on display. Her breasts, thankfully, were contained within the other half of the cloak's material, containing them like bags of sand, its fabric tied around her back. It left her shoulders completely bare, and certainly revealed the enormous size and heft of her bosom, but it did a good job of stopping them from jostling *too* much, though at their size it couldn't be entirely prevented. The rest of her was bare, her taut dome jutting outwards, a great turquoise hillside that she rubbed increasingly often. It was as if baring it to the world made her more cognisant of it, and less ashamed to caress it like an expectant mother would.

"Well, how do I look?" she said to Destin, when she first allowed him to turn around. She was surprised at how nervous she was when he turned and took her in, his look one of amazement. "I look ridiculous, don't I? Gods, I probably look like some ugly hill giant with a belly full of meat and -"

"You look beautiful."

She frowned. "You're joking."

Destin simply shrugged. "It's true. You still look beautiful, Sabel. And you still look quintessentially *you*."

She couldn't help but smile. Just a little. Destin had that effect on people. That damned unrelenting optimism of his could move mountains, if he complimented them enough. Sabel rubbed her pregnant mound reflexively, looking away as she blushed maroon on her cheeks.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. It's going to take some time getting used to it, prancing about mostly naked. Don't think this is some excuse to ogle me, either. I'll sit on you otherwise."

"You know, there was once a time I would have -"

"Yes, yes, you would have enjoyed that. I know. Come on. Let's get moving."

She thundered away, mounting her auroch, which could thankfully still take her weight. As she did so, she scratched at the bumps beneath her armpits, and also below her breasts. Two dark spots had formed there, like a weird alien rash, and it was becoming harder to avoid kneading the flesh, which set off further sensitivity in her breasts. She stopped herself. She didn't want to fall into yet another fit of arousal. That only made certain . . . thoughts about Destin come to the forefront of her mind.

Still, despite having a little more confidence in her enormous step, those bumps made her nervous. It was enough to make her annoying new antennae straighten on her head.

It was approaching dusk, and the two were about to move off the track to set up camp, when she heard it.

“Privies and shit!” Sabel exclaimed, “a carriage is coming!”

Destin looked up at her from his horse. “Are you sure? I can’t see or hear anything?”

Sabel pointed to her extended ears. “Better hearing, remember?”

The two moved, shifting their animals off the side of the road and hiding in the treeline. It was difficult, however; they were no longer in a forest, but simply a series of low lying fields of bushes, on either side of which were long flatlands.

“By the Black Mountain, I’m too big to hide effectively!” Sabel said. She could see it now; the carriage was coming, and at a steady pace. It was a merchant’s wagon, and merchants were nothing if not curious. Neither of them wanted word to spread, but they weren’t about to hurt an innocent.

That was something Sabel was certain she would never, ever do again.

“What can we do?” Destin said.

“Damn, maybe I can just scare them away?”

“Or we could run.”

“That would just make us an even more curious sight!”

She felt at the spear strapped to her thigh. It felt more like a shortsword without a crossguard these days, but it gave her some reassurance. Most merchant wagons and carriages had paid guards, particularly through territory such as this, to avoid being vulnerable to bandits and brigands. She’d just have to hope that she could scare them off. She readied herself to jump out and snarl, but as the carriage drew closer, Destin suddenly withdrew from his hiding place and into plain sight.

“What? What are you doing?”

“Just trust me! Stand up and don’t say a word. And go along with what I say!”

She gave him an exasperated expression. Hijinks were *not* her strong suit, nor was deception. But she trusted Destin; he had a skill for such things that she lacked. And so she stood up, nearly eleven feet in height and easily looming over the much smaller man. The carriage pulled to a halt, and several guards stepped out from its rear, along with a concerned merchant. The guards had bows, and while Sabel didn’t doubt her ability to take care of such greenhorns, she didn’t want to underestimate her strength and accidentally hurt them.

“Be calm! Be calm!” shouted Destin, waving his hands in a placating gesture. “Just wayfarers, moving on to Jarlfeathe.”

The red-coated merchant and the guards looked up at the eleven-foot monstrosity that Sabel had become, her belly large and obviously pregnant, her womanly body adorned in a simple two piece that left much of her skin uncovered.

“Wayfarers? *Wayfarers*? I half-expected an ambush, from a creature such as this! What manner of beast is she? She’s certainly no goliath!”

Destin shrugged. “She’s my trained troll, of course.”

Sabel nearly erupted in indignation. That con artist of a man! She could see the brilliance in it - some trolls were indeed blue, and she certainly had the size of one, though she doubted she was nearly so ugly. But to have to pretend to be one! Destin cast a look her way, and gave a stirring grin and a near-imperceptible nod for her to play along. Sabel sighed.

“Ughh . . . graarggh.”

It was perhaps the least enthusiastic troll performance put on this side of the Pettyann Players. Destin shot her a look that practically said ‘*Can you not try just a little harder than that?*’

She rolled her eyes, and growled, this time more fiercely, but still with the low energy of a domestic servant, or troll equivalent.

“I’ve - I’ve never heard of such a thing before,” the merchant said, stroking his beard. “She - she is remarkably . . . well, she is quite beautiful, for a troll.”

She felt his eyes crawl over her naked skin, staring at her still-handsome face and her prodigious breasts, which now showed a hefty amount of cleavage.

“That’s because she’s a southern troll,” Destin said. “Far southern. They look much more human down there.”

“Is she pregnant?”

“Nah, that’s just fat.”

Sabel glared. She wanted to launch at him. She may have the toughness of a warrior, but she was still a woman, and no woman took kindly to being called fat.

“Well, well, that *is* fascinating. I simply have to ask, is she for sale?”

“Oh, Ilgrun here? Sorry, but no. She helps keep the brigands off my back. Tough as a battleaxe, this one.”

“Yes, I can see that,” the merchant said. He was obviously curious about her, and could ask a dozen questions, but was also in a rush. “Well, if you ever wish to pass her on, I’ll offer a fine price! A trained troll, my word!”

He gave his information, including several cities he commonly stayed at, and the routes he usually took. Destin made several amusing remarks, inventing wholesale a story of how he’d rescued her and helped train her to be a remarkable servant. But soon the

merchant had to go, and the carriage took off. When they were fully out of sight and hearing, Destin burst out laughing at Sabel's expression.

"Sorry! Sorry! I couldn't resist!"

"I am going to clobber you, I swear. Call me a troll one more time, and I'll use you as a toothpick if I grow any bigger!"

Despite her anger, she couldn't help but laugh with him. Somehow, his bizarre story had worked. She placed her hands on her hips, leveraging her back a little to compensate for her large belly.

It was then that she felt it. It was a small squirm. A faint shifting. A little jostle. But it was within her. Something that moved, alive within her expanded womb. Her eyes went wide and she nearly fell over. The shock of it was so great she had to lower herself down to her bottom and cross her legs, taking up much of the empty wagon road.

"What is it? Are you okay?" Destin asked.

A powerful mood swing came over her, and she felt tears begin to brim in her eyes. She rubbed her belly in awe, large blue hands caressing a far larger hillside of a stomach.

"Wait, just wait."

"Was it something I s-"

"Just wait! Don't say a word. Let me concentrate."

They both waited, Destin unsure what was happening, and Sabel uncaring about his plight. Her entire concentration was on her massive womb. She placed her hands on either side of it, as if hoping to get the widest coverage, and continued to wait, trying to sense the life within her.

And as if it were sensing back, it stirred again, this time even more pronounced.

"By the Gods!" she exclaimed. She didn't know what to feel, only that she felt it! The tears brimmed further.

Destin finally seemed to realise. His body language shifted, became less rigid, and he approached the woman that was now twice his own size. He extended a hand, then lowered it. "Is it?"

She nodded, fighting and failing the urge to smile.

"It's the baby."

Another shift, one that was more accurately described as a *lurch*. She grunted this time, shocked that the baby had managed to push so heavily against her insides. It was an entirely alien feeling, somehow even more alien than being turned into a blue giantess with little antenna on her head.

"Oh Gods, that was a big one!"

"I could see it!"

The two marvelled at her belly. It was large enough now that it could almost contain a full-sized man curled up inside it. Another lurch, and the skin actually dented *outwards*, just briefly, the result of a powerful kick. It was astonishing, and she gave a gasp, Destin also.

“Okay, you are most certainly pregnant,” he exclaimed.

“I am,” she said, the fact sinking in for the first time. “I am. It - it must be a Veddu, right?”

“Did you not already think so?” he said, looking up into her large face.

She gave a large shrug, caressing her belly as if she were massaging it with fine oils following a battle victory. “I did. I know I did. But, I hadn’t really realised, do you know? To be pregnant with a Veddu . . . to have one grow inside me. It’s - it’s madness!”

“It’s beautiful,” he said.

Another shift, and she bit her lip. This time, the baby kicked back at her spine, causing her to grimace. “Gods above, no movement and now it won’t stop! This is far faster than a normal pregnancy.”

“Perhaps they grew faster, the Veddu? Did the one you meet give you any wisdom?”

She scoffed. “Wisdom? He didn’t even have the courtesy to tell me he was knocking me up! By the Western Reach, it’s a little warrior alright.”

“The Veddu were apparently quite peaceful.”

“Yes? Well, this one’s *mother* is not.”

She paused for a moment, realising what she’d said. It was true, she was a mother now. It didn’t stop her from wanting to magically undo this. Or to find a way to stop changing at the very least. Still, it was another revelation upon her.

“Can I feel?” Destin asked.

Sabel looked up. Well, still down, really. He truly was short against her.

“Feel . . . oh.”

“Only if you’re comfortable.”

“Um, of course. Put your hand here.”

She indicated the spot where much of the strange sensation of kicking continued, and he did so. His hand was tiny against her prodigious belly. Nine hells, she was certain just one of her tits now would overflow *both* of his hands. As such, when the next ripple of movement came, causing her to gasp a little, he practically yelped in shock. They laughed together.

“My word, Sabel, you have a big one in there!”

“Perhaps that’s why *I’m* so big now.”

“Perhaps so. Maybe the Veddu had really big babies.”

“Or the females were bigger; the Veddu I met was only a little bigger than the average man.”

“So smaller than me then.”

She sighed at his silly jest, but then the two fell into silence. Destin’s eyes went wide, and his smile was even wider, as her belly squirmed with life. She moaned several times under her breath, even panting a little; her skin was truly drum-tight, and the movement within her womb only made her fullness more apparent. She rubbed the side of her belly, willing the child to stop. Finally, it did, much to Destin’s disappointment and her joy; she was practically bursting now that the baby was pushing against her!

“Well, let’s set up camp,” she said. She pushed the sensation of her baby shifting within her aside. It was not, after all, *her* baby. It had been foisted upon her, and she would find a way to get her transformation reversed, and the blessing transferred to another. After all, it was magic that placed her in this situation, and magic that could undo it.

She went to sleep that night under the open stars, thankful it was not yet raining. The grass was cool and comfortable, and her child kicked within it, more often and in more places than she would have expected. She stroked her stomach, gently telling it to calm and to sleep. Destin checked on her numerous times before she went to sleep.

She managed to resist telling him how much she wanted him.

She dreamed wonderful thoughts of him anyway, and when she woke, she was unable to resist a little self-pleasure, even if it made her grow past eleven feet.

The ‘troll act’, as they began calling it, worked for the next week, allowing them to restock at several taverns before leaving on the backroads. Other villagers mistook Sabel’s Veddu-like form as being one of the mysterious fae, a fact that both helped them, and required them to flee from superstitious folk where necessary. Sabel was not a fan of being reduced to a sub-intellectual threat, but her size was truly intimidating, and it meant that if things went south, she could always help scare off any attacks.

During that time, Sabel’s height continued to grow, her entire body in fact. Her baby did not settle down, and the incredibly marvellous sensation of life stirring within her soon gave way to occasional annoyance as it kicked while she tried to sleep. Her energy was not sapped, but it did flag at times, and was forced to take more rests than usual, much to her frustration.

“I have participated in soldier marches across hundreds of miles, and now I can barely make it a dozen!”

The prospect of giving birth loomed in her mind; when would it happen, given how rapid her gestation had already been? Would she revert right afterward?

"No, I won't," she mused while bathing in a lake one morning, gaining some brief privacy away from Destin's wandering eyes. She cleaned the underside of her breasts, of which there was a much larger surface area now. "Because I have *these*, and I wouldn't be growing such a large pair if I was going to have to feed you, little one."

That was indeed a thought. Her breasts, already heavy and soft to the touch, had been aching more recently in the past few days of travel. She had the sneaking suspicion that her milk would be coming in soon, a prospect that worried her, as she had not thought to gather material enough to soak up and 'produce' she might accidentally leak.

The problem was worse than she knew. She tensed, scratching at the sensitive points beneath her breasts. The skin was loose there now, little pooches of round flesh having formed. Fat deposits? She hoped not. Bad enough she was nearly as big as a hill giant, she didn't want to become round as one too, though her pregnant belly was certainly making the effort. It wasn't the only concerning place either: those bumps of bony flesh had extended beneath her arms further, and the skin of her back had become tougher. Hardened, almost like boiled leather.

"That's why I have to reverse this," she said, holding her heavy belly in the water, "because I'm changing too much. Even these damned antennae are as long as an elven forearm now, and I don't even know what they are supposed to do."

The answer to that question came that night. They had successfully hunted wild boar; even pregnant, Sabel's greater step and reach had allowed to skewer the beasts. As usual, the growing giantess had a voracious appetite, and swallowed the meaty cooked portions nearly whole. She rubbed her naked belly, feeling her baby getting comfortable as her skin tightened, her limbs extended, her body enlarged yet further.

"I bet that's twelve feet," Destin remarked as she lay back on the arms, allowing her body to further stretch her remaining fabrics.

"I think - Ngghh! - I think you're r-right!" Sabel replied. "Ohhhh!"

Again, another few inches of growth. She was officially double her ally's height, and well over double his weight. Thankfully, her limbs remained muscular and capable of keeping her aloft. She panted for a few minutes, catching her breath. Destin tried to avoid staring, but she could feel his gaze upon her

Her antennae perked up. They were like large sausages now, soft pliable blue flesh with spherical ends that rotated slowly without her consent. But now, something had changed in them.

"Sabel, your antennae. The little, uh, 'balls' on the end. They're glowing bright green!"

She could feel it, but more than their slight warmth, she could feel *him*, and *his* warmth. She wasn't even looking at him, and she could sense his presence, his musk, his hidden arousal, in a way that went far beyond a warrior's situational awareness or womanly

intuition. She felt the need, burning within him, pairing with her own. Her antenna pulsed, the little glowing spheres on their ends activating something not only in her body, but also in his.

Destin grunted. "Ohhh . . . oh, okay. That was weird. Sabel, I uh . . . did you just do something?"

She breathed more heavily, her massive mammaries rising and falling with each inhale and exhale. Her nipples throbbed, tensing and untensing, and her loins tingled, growing damp. She found it hard to speak, she was so suddenly aroused, and that arousal was further increased by her new ability to sense and even inflate Destin's arousal as well.

"I - I think it's the antennae. Mhmmm . . . they're doing something. Ohhhh this is ridiculous . . . they're making me quite aroused."

"Me too," Destin grunted. His pants were obviously tented by an impressive erection, and he had to adjust himself out of sheer discomfort. "I think you, well, I was already thinking about you."

"I know! I can feel it!" she gasped. She pulled herself up, so that she was sitting facing him, her legs to the side as a large blue arm stopped her from falling to the side. She hadn't even intended it, but she'd adopted the classically sexy 'woman showing off her form atop a waiting bed' look, as if just waiting for a man to pull her into her arms. If any man was big enough.

Various parts of her body itched and ached, areas of change waiting to happen. She didn't care. She needed this.

"Mmmhmmm . . . Ahhhh . . . this is ridiculous! I haven't felt this needy since I was twenty, when I entered the Baths of Pleasure in Leise. No, this is - ngh! - worse! Gods, what's happening?"

Destin moved closer, his eyes entranced by her giantess form. He rubbed her stomach, attempting to soothe her. His eyes were locked on her humongous breasts as he spoke.

"Is - is there anything I can do?"

She gave a weak nod, whimpering, biting her lip to hold back the tsunami of passion within her. With one hand, she expertly untied the knot at her back, allowing the fabric to slide off her huge boobs and down her belly to the ground. She smiled, her boulders free of restriction, and a strange pride came over her as she saw Destin's horny gaze upon them.

"Yes Destin," she breathed, her voice far more sultry, "there is."

And with that, she reached her enormous blue arms and grabbed her lover, pulling him against her naked chest. Destin gave a muffled cry of shock, but it quickly turned to an enthusiastic groan as his face was wedged in the crevasse of her breasts, his hands upon her large nipples, her dish plate-sized areola stiffening at his touch.

"I neeeeed you," she stammered, rubbing his face over her pendulous right breast. Her lover groped her incredible boob, his fingers and hands sinking into the soft, pillowy flesh. She whimpered, unbelieving how sensitive they had become.

"By the Gods, you're gorgeous!" he exclaimed, coming up for air briefly.

"Less talking, more sex," the giantess said. She grabbed his head, gently but firmly, and placed it against her nipple. It was visibly throbbing, aching in need of release. "I need you to suck on it."

"Yes, my lady," Destin said, clearly more than enthusiastic to do so. He sat astride her belly, able to balance upon it as he suckled at her nipple, taking it in his mouth and drawing in deep.

Sabel shivered in delight at the sensation, especially once he began lapping at it with his tongue. It was large in his mouth, the size of a stubby carrot, only soft and wonderfully tasty. She knew it, because her antennae sensed his pleasure, somehow informing her of the sweetness he felt as he licked and sucked her tit.

"Oohhh," she groaned, "d-don't s-stop!"

He was half her size, and for the first time it turned her on to know how much bigger she was. She had always enjoyed being a tough, tall woman, so what was wrong with being tougher? With being taller? She pressed his entire body against her incredible bust, savouring the pleasure that came from having his body against her naked curves. But even that wasn't enough.

"T-take off your clothes! I want all of you!"

Destin needed no permission. He pulled his mouth from her distended nipple, rubbing her other one roughly in a way that drove her wild. He practically ripped his shirt off, and followed by unbuckling his pants. His member was, as always, impressive, but both of them knew it was now too small for her. Her vagina was literally twice the size it had been, and she was only getting bigger. For now, she pulled him further up her belly, so that his legs were spread over it, and his cock pressed between her titanic tits.

"Gods, how are you so beautiful?" he said. "There's so much more of you? So much more . . ."

His voice trailed off in wonder as he massaged her chest. She pulled him up further, lifting him with ease. Their lips touched, and hers dwarfed his, taking them into her mouth. It was a kiss nonetheless, deep and fulfilling. And loving. They groaned together, her larger tongue overpowering his. His arms pulled around her sensitive neck, touching the hardened skin that began at its nape and descended down her back. It caused her to shiver again. A change was coming there, she could feel it.

"I f-feel so f-fertile," she said. "So d-damn big!"

“You are!” he marvelled, as he slid back down to grope her breasts, which were the size of full pumpkins. Her nipples were erect, and each touch, every press of his form against them sent coils of bliss down to her core, moistening her womanhood further.

“You’re so beautiful, Sabel. I missed you greatly, while you were gone. I was always afraid - and then you came back. Different. But you are still beautiful. Even more so, somehow!”

She blushed, from a sheepish embarrassment as well as increased arousal. The protuberances on her head registered her lover’s heat, his arousal. She saw how he looked at her, and sensed that he was telling the truth; she really was even more sexually attractive to him now that she was a blue giantess. Even her pregnant belly, a feature she was certain would be a barrier to his attraction, was instead a central feature. He rubbed it, feeling its tightness, and even that made her squirm a little. It was a wonderful feeling.

“You - you like this? The belly?”

He paused, his entire palm squeezing a nipple, the other stroking her cheek.

“I do. I really do, Sabel. I’m sorry, but you look so godsdamned glorious with it. I can’t even say why. You just do. Like a woman reborn.”

Rebirth. The thing she’d been looking for. And the result was so different. In that moment, Sabel let go of the last of her inhibitions. She kissed Destin once more, before sliding him down her body, allowing him to press his face right into her enormous bustline. But then she slid him down further, over her rounded mound of a stomach, and then between her thighs. She lay back, slowly and carefully, spreading her legs. Her skirt was rudimentary, and a mere adjustment allowed it to slide free, revealing her bulging sex for him to see.

Destin grunted approval, his breathing coming quick.

“I want you *inside* me,” she said. She couldn’t see him; even lying down her breasts were a barrier, and her sloping belly and even larger one. But she could sense his heat signature, and moments later his hands were on her impressively thick thighs as he drew near. She whimpered at his hot breath against her sensitive folds.

“P-please,” she stuttered. “I’m so fucking horny, Destin. I feel like a tavern wench. A big blue pregnant tavern wench *who needs you to fuck my brains out.*”

Destin groaned, and she could tell her words and tone had made him almost orgasm just from their oozing sensuality.

“I don’t - I don’t think I’ll be of the right size, Sabel. You’ve gotten bigger, um, all over.”

She adjusted upwards, raising her scarred eyebrow in mocking disappointment. It was a difficult position to hold, giving her big belly and lack of core muscles, but it gave him a magnificent look at how she was fondling her breast with her right hand.

“Then get *creative*, lover. I didn’t say which *part* I wanted inside me, did I?”

Destin smiled. "Well, you've gotten a lot more experimental since our last time. And back then, we even performed the Ureesi Position."

She lay carefully back down, stroking her roundness. "This'll be better. I still want you to finish inside me. But make me cum first."

"I have my orders then," he said with a hint of cheekiness.

For a moment, Sabel wondered if she should give him instructions, and then she cried out as the former mercenary companion thrust his pointed hand slowly inside of her. Her clit throbbed, brushing against his wrist as he passed it in. It was wonderful. Erotic beyond belief. She was not yet big enough to encompass his whole arm, but as her passage hugged his wrist, she imagined being even bigger so that she could receive his limb entire. She grinned just at the thought of it, and began stroking her belly in one hand even as she teased her nipples with the other.

His hand thrust deeper, and he began to swivel it, circling around her folds in order to extract as much pleasure from her as possible. Her nerves fired like bolts of lightning, causing her entire body to tremble. At her current size, it was a mighty tremble indeed; her breasts wobbled from side to side, and for a moment she almost thought she could detect a faint sloshing that indicated the beginnings of milk production within. Her belly tightened, cusping on the verge of further growth. It alarmed her, but even more alarming was how much she wanted it to grow, how much her instincts desired to become bigger and bigger, beyond even her current massive size. She salivated at the notion of outgrowing her clothing altogether, and with each rub against her thimble-sized clit, the increasing bliss made the prospect all the more enticing.

"I'm close! I'm so - oh Gods! I'm so f-fucking close Destin! Don't stop, harder, but don't stop!"

Her friend and lover rotated his wrist, maintaining a steady pumping rhythm at the same time. "Sabel, you're tight on me! I can feel you about to climax. Are you sure you want to do this? What if you grow?"

She noticed he didn't stop.

"I d-don't c-care Destin! I want to grow! Gods, I can't help it, it's f-fucking instinct now! I need to grow! P-please, I'll be in agony if you don't make me cum soon!"

"Very well then. I hope you're ready."

She thought she was. But she wasn't. With a thrust of his hand, Destin explored her wet depths, stimulating every nerve as he did so. With his other hand, he stroked her labial folds. For a moment, she opened her mouth to beg him to return to her clit. And then she felt it: his wonderful tongue licking over its sensitive nub. It sent her over the edge.

"Yes! Yes, right th-there! Yes! YES! YES OH GODS YES YES YESSSSSS!"

Her body trembled, her thighs closed around Destin, and she had to be careful not to injure him. He was gripped, helpless between his legs as she screamed in ecstasy. But still there was further need.

“CUM IN ME DESTIN! I NEED YOUR SEED IN ME NOW!”

Her antennae picked up his arousal, his body so close to a climax of his own. She reached hand to stroke his backside, and she shifted her hips even as a second orgasm overlapped with the first. She parted her legs, despite them feeling as if they were reduced to jelly. Destin grunted, masturbating at the sight of her gorgeous blue skin and her throes of pleasure. She sensed him line the tip of his cock against her folds, inserted it loosely. It caused another shiver of pleasure, even despite its comparative smallness now.

“Oh Gods, Sabel! Oh Gods!”

His heat signature bloomed in her alien antennae-like vision, as great jets of his virile seed shot from his manhood and into her depths. At the very moment of contact, something in her body buzzed with excitement, as if she had needed his issue more than food all along. She quaked again in pleasure, causing the ground to tremble.

Sabel grasped her belly, taking in its heft. The child was asleep within, but her heart pounded heavily in her chest. She had a purpose, she knew. To bring this child into the world. An act of pure creation. She never thought she could ever be a mother. Motherhood was a noble calling, she had never doubted that, but she had never truly considered bringing a child into the world, even with Destin. But now, in this moment of purest joy, she felt complete.

Pure.

As if, despite all the strangeness, she had truly found a path of atonement, and even fulfilment.

“That . . . that was *wonderful*,” she said. Her voice was faraway, dreamlike.

“It was,” Destin said. He stepped over her leg and over to her face, where her hair was in tresses all over the grass..

She adjusted, shifted to her side, causing her large boobs to wobbled heavily. Destin grinned at the sight, and she winked in return. It was something she’d heard about pregnant women; they couldn’t sleep on their back due to the weight of their belly. She knew now what they were talking about, and in spades.

“Worth it?” he said.

“Mhmm,” she replied, eyes still half-lidded in pleasure. “Worth it. I think - I think maybe I can manage this, if it’s what I’m meant to do. And if the pleasure remains that nice.”

“I shall do my best to ensure it,” he said.

“Mhmm, good. Then I think, perhaps, the Veddu was right. I can stomach this. Ha, stomach.”

Their reverie was cut short as the changes started. It began as the usual sensations of tightening flesh and expanding bone, of increased mass and growing flesh. Sabel's face tightened also, her eyes clenching shut in response to the sudden discomfort.

"Is it starting?" Destin asked.

She nodded, unable to say much. "Mm-hmm. Yeah."

"I'm right here with you, Sabel," he said. He lay against her, placing his hand over her breasts, holding her form tightly. He was only half her size, but it still brought her utter comfort to know he was with her. Her body stretched, growing inch by inch. Her belly, tight as a drum, was the source of the greatest discomfort. She rubbed it, her child kicking within, almost thrashing as it expanded, causing her enormous mound to shift and distend in odd places.

"MMhhh - NGNGHHH! S-so m-much!"

And then her eyes opened. There was something else this time. Several somethings, in fact. The flesh below her breasts, the two little bumps of flesh hidden beneath her tremendous bosom, began to *expand*. She clutched them, shocked, as fat and tissue rapidly poured forth.

"No - N-no way!" she exclaimed.

Destin clutched to her, holding tight, but she could feel his surprised eyes staring at her form. "Sabel, are they-"

"NNNGNGGGGHHHHH!!!"

They rose like bread dough, pushing her jutting breasts up like a shelf to her collar bone. Below them, rising and gaining increasingly round heaviness, were two additional breasts. An entirely new row of tits. She couldn't believe it.

Even as that occurred, her back skin hardened, coarse plating developing over the skin. She scratched at the insane itching, which subsided only as each piece of carapace came into being. Her muscled back, scarred yet soft, was covered over completely, and the soft sensation of the grass dissipated entirely.

"AGGGHHHHH . . . GRRGGGHHH!!!"

More changes, more growth. Her antennae grew two inches longer, impossible to fold beneath her wild hair. Her hair also expanded, descending further down her back. Her hips widened further, taking on the aspect of a fertility idol, a set of child-birthing hips that any village mother would be jealous of. Her boobs - all four of them now - blew up in size yet again, her lower pair not yet close to matching the size of those above them, but prominent all the same.

"Draegar's wings," Destin said, in awe. He stepped back from her form, his expression clearly one of concern. It wasn't entirely invalid a thought; her body was

expanding and convulsing, and a sweeping arm had already nearly knocked him off his feet. And that was before the growth below her arms began to extend.

“W-watch out!” she called, “s-something else is ha-ha-happenningggggggg!”

She extended her arms on instinct, reaching into the sky, as if the stars were racing towards her. There was a powerful rending of flesh, and suddenly an entirely new set of arms pushed out from her. They were small and feeble, less than the size of regular arms, and almost a little comical for it, but they were real all the same.

“Holy heavens!” she proclaimed. She took in the change with something approaching wonder and horror. For a brief moment, it was like her new pair of arms had their own mind, flailing randomly, blue fingers twirling without pattern. And then, suddenly, they must have synched with her mind, because she had immediate control over them.

The rest of her changes mellowed out, leaving her a little over twelve feet, her bosoms immense, her belly like a gigantic blue pumpkin sticking out and resting upon the ground. So many astonishing alterations. She felt at her back with both pairs of arms, and was alarmed to find that she had what felt like flat armour upon her back.

“Are you okay?” Destin said, still taking her in. “You’ve got extra arms, and extra, well, tits.”

“I am *very well aware*, thank you,” she said, blushing heavily maroon on her cheeks. “They’re heavy.”

“Not as big as the top pair, at least.”

“Oh, you would notice that, wouldn’t you? Get behind me and tell me what you see. It feels like I’ve grown some sort of shell back there.

She hadn’t. The closest approximation was that of a beetle’s carapace; a hard exoskeletal structure that offered heavy protection, but was segmented enough to afford her the ability to bend and twist her form. Not that she could do much of that anyway; her stomach was the size of a laden wagon almost, erupting out from her body in ludicrous fashion.

“Gods, there’s so much - so much everything!”

She raised all four arms and dropped them in frustration. That only set off all four breasts wobbling, and it took some time for the heavy fruit to settle down. She winced a little; the heavier upper ones were squishing down upon her lower breasts. A small part of her was actually irritated that they weren’t equal in size, as at least that would reduce her discomfort.

“I’m sorry,” Destin said, placing a hand on her broad shoulder, “I should have done what I did. I should have resisted. You had this bodily need as a result of your blessing, and I should have been stronger when-”

"It's not your fault," she said. "The fault, if any, is mine. And these damned antennae. They can go to the nine layers of Carceri, thanking you. It was like they could sense your arousal, and inflamed it in me as well."

Destin creased his brow. He looked very handsome, meditative as he was, and she had to bat the thought away, lest she felt the need to have a second round.

"Is it going to be a problem going forward?"

"No doubt. Unless, with these changes, and my looks . . ."

Her voice dimmed away. She was embarrassed to even voice it. She needn't have worried; Destin stroked her fertile belly, admiring it.

"Your looks are as beautiful as they have ever been, my dear."

He always knew how to draw an earnest smile from even the most frustrated souls. She placed her hand over his, engulfing it.

"Thank you."

A sudden lurch in her stomach, and the two of them gasped as one in response to the shifting movements within her womb, wilder and heavier than ever. A flurry of kicks distended her roundness, followed by another on the other side, and again awkwardly against her spine. Her eyes widened, shocked. That was too many kicks. No infant could shift that quickly on their own. Which meant . . .

"Oh Gods, that village man was right. Twins!"

They continued to feel. She placed all four arms on her belly, her lower pair just able to reach it. Destin spread his arms wide, feeling the kicking.

"Oof! That was a big one!"

"I - I don't think this is twins," Destin said. "I think you're carrying more than that."

Her heart stopped a beat. "You don't mean . . . triplets?"

Destin gulped. "Or quadruplets. There's a lot of movement even I can feel. I can't imagine what it feels like to you."

"Nghh! It feel like a party going on in my belly. By the Black Mountain, I think you're right. There's at least - ahhh! - th-three! This is g-getting too much."

"You've said that a few times, Sabel."

"Well I mean it double this time! Or triply! Or quadruply, depending on how many little babes are in there! Gods, no wonder I've got four tits now, if I'm carrying that many. All those knaves and brigands I scared the wits out of these past twelve years would laugh themselves to death if they could see me now. Big, blue, breasts and full of babies."

She pulled herself up to her feet, the last of the pleasure that had coursed through her being finally dissipating. She nearly fell over, her centre of gravity altered yet further.

"Where are you going?" Destin asked, staring up at her towering figure.

"To go take a drink," she muttered, placing both hands around her belly, and her lower pair holding her lower breasts from wobbling. "I saw a lake that way. I think I'm going to drain it and then go to sleep. Then we find this Veddu artefact and figure out what we do about all of this."

She stepped away, fully naked and uncaring beneath the starry night. Thanks to the light of her moon, her rounded ass bounced visibly behind her. Her antennae felt Destin's gaze upon it.

"Oh go on, keep looking," she sighed.

"Your permission is noted!" he joked.

But she heard the concern in his voice as she stomped away, her every step causing a thunderous quake upon the ground.

"A second pair of tits."

"I know."

"A damned second pair of tits."

"Absolutely tragic, I know."

"A damned big pair too, and they're still growing!"

"It's an offence to my eyes, Sabel. I cannot even bear to look."

The giantess halted, turned, and rolled her eyes down at Destin upon his horse. She was on foot; her auroch was too small to be anything but a pack animal now. Which meant that every step she took made her enlarged and increased chest wobble heavily atop her pregnant mound. It had that very effect as she crossed two pairs of arms over her chests.

"Can you actually pretend to be even the slightest bit annoyed about this?"

She used her smaller arms to gesture to her lower, smaller pair of boobs, and then up to her larger pair. They wobbled on her chest, barely contained by the fabric, which made their outlines very clearly visible. In the same fashion, her skirt was now refashioned as a crude loincloth, simply to accommodate her enlarged hips. It was not a look Destin complained about either, as it gave him a much better look at her generous thighs.

"I'm sorry Sabel, but you might remember that during the Caliban Crisis when we were hired by the Bronze Prince, you called me, and I quote, a 'horny-minded fucker who'd spend his seed in anything that moved.'"

"Because you couldn't stop visiting the brothels!"

"The Swan Baths, yes. But you weren't wanting companionship, and I was. And you might remember I had a very open mind to women, be they cute little gnomish lasses or buff, tough orcish women. I've never been entirely picky."

She sighed. “So I’m learning. And you did always love a busty tavern wench, didn’t you?”

She gestured to her large breasts.

“That I did. And do.”

“Gods, there better not be another pair on the horizon. There isn’t room! I’ll be made of mounds if it continues any further.”

Destin chuckled. “We’re almost there. Another couple of days of travel. I have a dwarvish friend there who can meet us. He’ll give us access to the site; it’s apparently contested ground between them and the woodland elves. He actually asked if we could defend them.”

Sabel’s shoulders sagged. She adjusted her breast band with her little arms while cupping the underside of her belly to ease the weight off her hardened carapaced back. “No, I can’t help there. I’m done with that life, Destin. I meant it when I went into the Outlands, and while all this oddity isn’t what I was looking for, and still not what I want, I’m not going back to a life of blood and loss.”

He nodded. “I told him as much. I left the life first, remember? I couldn’t take any more of the violence. I didn’t recognise myself, or the boy I once was. Tavern-keeping is so much nicer, and places you in a community.”

For the first time, it hit her how much he’d given up for her. “I’m sorry,” she said. “It must’ve been hard, walking away, all for me with some crazy Veddu story, dragging you back on some adventure.”

He gave a slightly sad look, but quickly recovered, blowing off her apology with a nonchalant gesture. “Oh, it’s no real problem. The call of adventure still comes; I’m only thirty-five, after all, hardly an old man yet. And besides, anything for you Sabel. We’ll find a community yet. One that can accept both of us - you most of all - regardless of how this ends for you.”

“How it ends for me. Hopefully, back as human, once these little suckers are born.”

They continued on their journey, her poking her belly in accusation.

Over the next four days, Sabel slowly grew accustomed to her new ‘additions.’ Her carapace was heavy, but in a way this was a good thing, as it helped counterbalance her increasingly front-heavy body. Her hunger had not shrunk, and in fact had grown, and while her movements remained cumbersome, she was able to continue to hunt with Destin, providing necessary meats and even foraged plants for her great appetite.

The extra set of arms took some getting used to. At first, she mainly used them in conjunction with her upper, more developed ones, sometimes even accidentally. If she went to scratch her pointy ear with her regular arm, its lower and smaller equivalent would also raise itself uselessly. But with repeated practice, she was able to mentally separate her pairs, and soon began to find even additional use in them, particularly once they began to grow. Even just being able to cup all four of her breasts at once to halt their endless bouncing was a godsend, and being able to eat at the same time as she stripped the next boar or turned a roast over the flames gave a greater ease to her life.

Those four days even brought greater parity between her body parts; her arms continued to develop and lengthen, and her lower breasts increased in weight and height, resting upon her swollen stomach and pushing up the normal pair. It had the effect of creating double cleavage, and making bathing and washing herself even more tiresome. They too had throbbing, sometimes even *stinging* nipples, and an underlying ache that spoke to their ultimate function: Sabel had a sneaking suspicion that it would not be long until she found all four of her mammoth mammaries lactating. And if the rest of her changes were anything to go by, she was worried she'd be producing a *lot* of milk.

"No, no, not even thinking about that," she mused to herself.

"Hmm, what was that?" Destin asked.

She grumbled under her breath. She kept forgetting that with her larger lungs, her voice was also much louder.

"Nothing," she said. "Ngh!"

"Kicking?"

"Mm-hmm. They just woke up, I think. Gods, I'm not up to being a mother."

"We'll work it out. We're nearly there."

"Good, because - Ohhh! They're getting really active. That damned Veddu impregnated me with triplets at the least!"

She pointed four fingers at him, glaring with a half-joking, half-serious expression.

"Unless being half-Veddu, that means somehow *you've* managed to get a child on me as well. It wouldn't be for lack of trying."

It wasn't an exaggeration either. Sabel was nearly fifteen feet in height, having expanded three full feet in just one more than that in days. It was an eventuality that her transformation was always heading to, but there was no doubt in either of their minds that it was accelerated by their nighttime 'activities.' Her body had simply become too passionate, her antennae too receptive, to avoid it. And moreover, despite their increasing size difference, she only found herself even further attractive to Destin and his expert ministrations, just as he was obviously addicted to her blue, curvaceous form. Together, they continued to experiment, particularly now that Sabel had been cursed and blessed with

additional arms to caress and hold him, and additional breasts for him to grope and suck upon, and stick his face and body against in a full body massage of pleasure. Her breasts were even more sensitive now, or perhaps it was simply that there was now 'double the fun' as Destin liked to put it. Regardless, it caused orgasm after orgasm to roll through her, especially as her womanhood was finally large enough for him to press his arm into. The first night he'd managed it had brought her to absolute delirium.

"Oohhhh f-fuck! Y-yesss, by the Gods, Destin, yes! YES! YESSSSS!"

His arm had felt like an immense, girthy manhood, thrusting deep into her. Only it was even better, because this huge cock was able to bend and shift and massage her most tender inner areas, bringing her to a much greater climax than she'd ever felt. As he ploughed her with his limbs, she imagined even larger penetrations were she to keep growing; a full leg pressing right inside of her, and even a man entire, Destin pressing through her depths like a dungeon dweller crawling through a tight, moist passage.

"Mmhhmm . . . b-bigger," she would moan, the need to grow overcoming her, despite the already bulging monstrosity that was her situation.

And 'bulging' was the right word. With each massage, each suckle, each roaring orgasm, her lower pair of breasts grew yet larger, catching up to her first pair. It made her double-bosom undeniable, and soon she could barely fit her former cloak around them, making their shape even more obvious, and her apple-sized nipples to dent against the material. It gave her entire torso a heavy wobble with each thunderous step, but at least it meant her lower pair were not so sorely pressed down upon by her upper pair, and there was a "lovely symmetry" to them now, as Destin put it. She couldn't lie, the comment did leave her feeling a little better about her situation.

The growth of her wench-like double pair of breasts was matched by the double pairing of her arms. As the days passed on their journey through the wilderness, keeping away from well or even less travelled roads, she soon had four arms or equal length to contend with. She no longer could claim to be a troll, or any creature known on the earth, and no fae had ever been described like her either. Only the ancient descriptions of the Veddu were closest to describing her, and neither wanted any powerful force from finding that out, lest she become a collection in some nobleman's castle, or worse, hunted down as a monster.

It simply meant the two had to soldier on, adopting a forced march that both were well used to, though for Sabel it was more arduous thanks to her belly bulging with life. That was the biggest bulge of all, and one she hoped to soon fix. For despite finding some peace in her delicate condition, in the clear aftermath of wild passion, it came crashing down upon her how weighty parenthood truly would be, and that was enough to push her forward, onto the Veddu ruins.

When she finally found them, she was anxious for answers.

"What am I becoming?" she whispered to herself. "What does the blessing mean?"

The Veddu ruin was vast, sprawling, and utterly picked clean. It was in the midst of the Hinterland Forest, the sprawling trees providing some of the only camouflage that Sabel found able to hide within, though her turquoise colouring made even that difficult. It had rained the previous day, and it was good fortune that the forest provided good coverage, and that her carapace back of dark blue shell meant that the rain effectively slid off of her. Still, the conditions had been miserable enough that she was glad to finally reach the ruins.

It had clearly been some sort of dock, albeit not one for sea vessels, but vessels from the distant stars and the ocean of void between them. Long rows of ancient stone and steel walkways abounded, with large pits and grooves that could no doubt serve as dry dock. It was a magnificent sight, but its flatness - and the white spines of former ships - spoke to it being almost entirely scavenged apart. Numerous dwarven tents were located across its basins.

"I'm going to find Gorran," Destin said. "We can trust him. I'm not certain about how other dwarves will see you. He can take us to the chamber."

She sighed. "And to think I used to be the stealthy one. Go on then, find him. I'll stay in the treeline, being all blue."

He gave her a kiss before leaving, and for the next three hours she waited impatiently, rubbing her belly and trying to soothe her shifting children. The need came upon her as she adjusted her strained chest covering, and she was forced to retreat further to ply her pleasure, gasping and grunting as she grew to fully fifteen feet, if not a couple of inches further. She spent the rest of her time in worried anticipation, eating the remainder of their meat.

Finally, at dusk, Destin returned, a shaggy digger dwarf with flaming red hair at his side. He wore rudimentary armour, but was unarmed.

"Streuth mate, you weren't kidding about this Sheila alright. What a match for the Veddu, only a lot bigger, and four great teats."

"Nice to meet you too," she grumbled down at him, feeling a little on display with her sparse clothing.

"Name's Gorran," he said with a smile, extending a hand.

"Sabel."

"So I've heard, lass! The Crimson Tide is looking like a Crimson Ocean these days, ha! Don't worry though, I'm not like them dwarves that would hoard you in some mountain somewhere. Nothin' ta fear from me."

"Gorran is a preserver," Destin explained. "He wants to understand Veddu history, not plunder their technology."

"Aye mate. And this old chamber that started glowing, well, I've kept it under enough wraps that I can sneak you in by night, and see if it does anything in reaction to ya."

Sabel gave a heavy nod. "I guess it's our best chance. Thank you Gorran."

The dwarf marvelled up at her, and actually brushed away an unexpected tear. "Anything for a woman touched by the starfarers."

Sneaking wasn't easy with her powerful steps, but she managed. The dwarves were big on ale drinking in the evening by their very nature, affording the small party some time to find a moment where they could sneak in. Various fires lit up in tunnels and mines shafts at the edges of the ruin, and songs of gold and battle resounded. It made Sabel a little nostalgic for the old times, though not for the bloodletting that usually followed; her experiences with dwarvish battle songs were often before the actual battle.

Gorran helped clear away the remaining dwarves; it was clear he had some authority on the site, but was not near the top of the hierarchy. But as a secret preservist, he revealed that he'd done his best to protect Veddu technology and even smuggle it where necessary to other preservists, in order to understand it, not just use it.

"No point taking somethin' if ya don' even respect what it does, right?"

Destin gave a slightly amused, slightly pained look at Sabel, particularly her four large breasts and much larger pregnant dome.

"Right," she muttered, crawling on all fours as quietly as she could. "I've learned my lesson when it comes to that sort of thing."

The chamber indeed was vast, a huge ramp leading down to an incredible opening. Still, while the doorway was huge - dilating open in the Veddu fashion to greet them - it still took a little squeezing for Sabel to make her way through.

"Damned doors made for Veddu but won't even accommodate their so-called Great Blessing!"

"You're certainly not like any depiction of Veddu I've bin seeing," Gorran said. He indicated the images on the walls, the ancient runes and drawings. "Oh sure, ya got the four arms and the blue skin, even the ears, but where here do you see four teats, huh? Or big

bellies like yours? Everything I learned says they ain't greatly taller than a man, besides. And the antennae are sometimes there, sometimes ain't."

Her own bobbed a little, reminding her of her strange existence.

"Where is this artefact you spoke of?"

He gestured to a raised dais, upon which sat an ancient obelisk, like a pillar of stone that ended halfway to the chamber ceiling over forty feet above. It was covered in dull runic inscriptions, but the second she approached it, it began to light up. Sabel's heart pounded, uncertain, fearful of going forward.

"It's never done that before," Gorran said.

"We can take a moment, if you need it," Destin said behind her.

"No," she replied, drawing on her warrior's strength. She may be stuck as some pregnant Veddu alien thing, but she still knew what it was like to conquer fear when on the cusp of achieving something. She stepped forward, and lowered herself before the obelisk.

It grew bright green, and its voice warbled in that same strange alien tongue of the Veddu. For a moment, she was worried the effort had been fruitless, but then a strange green light bathed over her, and the lights changed their configuration, speaking in the Common tongue with only a slight warbling tone.

'You bear the Great Blessing, the Sign of the Last Hope.'

Sabel and Destin exchanged glances. Gorran also seemed taken aback.

"It's never done that before either!" the dwarven digger said.

Sabel bit her lip, inching forward on her giant legs and holding her belly protectively. Within her strained womb, her babies squirmed and shifted, causing her to grunt.

"I do, I - ahh! - I was given it by one called *Light that Cleaves through Darkness*. I seek to find out what the blessing is. Can you tell me?"

The obelisk whirred, its green signals flickering as her question was processed.

'You were human, a species native to this world.'

"I *am* human," she corrected. Her antennae rotated slightly, reminding her of just how 'human' she looked.

'Not any longer. Humans are compatible with the Blessing. You are becoming a Veddu.'

"Hang on," Gorran broke in, "there ain't no Veddu big as this damn sheila, I can tell ya. Even yer big ships would'a struggled ta fit 'er."

'She is not regular Veddu. She is the Blessing.'

Destin shrugged. Sabel spread out her hands in frustration. All four of them.

"But what does that *mean*?"

Another flicker of green lights. *'You will rebirth our species.'*

Gods, it was like talking to her bloody spear! Destin snorted a little.

"What?"

Gorran joined in.

"What is it?"

"Well, it's just, the rebirth part is obvious, isn't it?" he said, a little sheepishly

Sabel blushed maroon, rubbing her stomach with her left hands before addressing the obelisk. Her children continued to move around within her.

"How do I rebirth your species? When do I turn back?"

A longer flicker. *'Question is flawed. The Blessing is permanent.'*

You could have heard a pin drop. Instead, Sabel's heart audibly slipped a beat.

"What do you mean permanent? What's this godsdamned blessing entail? What is it for?"

Suddenly, a series of green images made of light appears before the obelisk. A series of ships landing upon a round world that must have been theirs.

'The Blessing/Last Hope was engineered to ensure the survival of the Veddu should the worst come to pass.'

The image shifted, showing four-armed Veddu fleeing various cataclysm, reducing to bone, their starfaring ships breaking down.

'Should our numbers be reduced beyond salvageable hope, the Veddu could engineer a broodmother to rebirth their population. This is a natural function of our species.'

Sabel's eyes widened at a tall rounded figure even larger than herself, sat upon the ground and tensing as she birthed a Veddu into the world. She had no visible legs, but that was likely just an error, a result of the age of the projection.

'However, were this impossible, and no Veddu was capable of transforming into their broodmother form, then another native species could be altered to become the Veddu broodmother, with only minimal native characteristics remaining. Such an individual would be ideally immune to the conditions that wiped out the majority of the planet's Veddu.'

"Which I am," she marvelled. "I'm immune to the disease that killed them. We all are."

The image shifted again, to that of an elf, a dwarf, an orc, a gnome, a human. Each grew pregnant, then gained in height just as she had. The image went further, however, their forms becoming gargantuan besides their regular peers, perhaps forty feet tall in total. Their bellies were staggeringly huge, and to Sabel's horror they grew long, pale tails from the backside, which dove into the ground, rooting them to the spot, and leaving their legs to wither. From there, each figure squirmed in discomfort, pushing Veddu adult after adult, child after child from their incredibly large loins, far more than Sabel could have imagined. Destin and Gorran looked in shock too.

"Uhh, that's a lotta babies, lass," the dwarf gaped.

Destin said silent, but his worried expression said everything.

"By the Gods," Sabel said, as the image showed the ballooning giant birth legions into being. A city was constructed around her, the broodmother at its centre. With each birth, the mother reached with overly long limbs to retrieve their newest infant, and place them at one of her tremendous breasts.

'The broodmother will reconstitute our race from the ashes. She will swell with children, drawing water and energy from the soil to gestate them in the thousands.'

"Did it just say thousands?" Destin asked.

'The broodmother will serve as the centrepiece of the new Veddu civilisation for potentially three to four hundred years, allowing the population to stabilise. She will choose a consort to serve as her continual mate, allowing for her womb to be perpetually re-seeded for further impregnation.'

An image of a small blue Veddu approaching the giantess' immense opening. Destin coughed, and her antennae picked up a growing fear for his own self. It wasn't a mystery to either of them who she had accidentally picked to be this 'consort.'

'That is the role of the Veddu Broodmother. It is a great honour, the highest of sacrifices, and the largest of blessings.'

"I'll be saying large all right!" cried the dwarf.

Sabel rubbed her womb. Large indeed. She was apparently not even halfway there. She didn't want to become a monster, or some immobile alien birthing machine! Every kick within her was now a warning.

"What if I don't want the Blessing? How do I . . . terminate it?"

There was a long, frightening pause.

'It is a great honour to be selected.'

"That wasn't what I asked! How do I undo it?"

Another pause.

"HOW!?"

She was about to smack the damn thing when it finally responded.

'Origin. It is the source of Veddu advanced technology, the flagship of our fleet. It alone can undo this.'

"Where is it?"

A map appeared, with a green mark indicating its location.

"Damnation," Destin spat.

Origin was back the other way, seemingly on the other side of the Outland Wastes.

'I would caution against it. You are our last, best hope for a future.'

"Quiet," she snapped. "I wanted to atone, not become this - this *monster*. I'm undoing this. I'm sorry, but I can't go through with it."

'Then our people are truly gone.'

The device stopped glowing, its magics and technological brilliance dying away, leaving them in darkness. Sabel's heart beat in her chest, loud enough to create a tense rhythm in the immense chamber. She coughed, trying to process what she'd just heard and seen, the notion of what she was becoming and the full extent of what she was pregnant with still being processed in her mind.

"Are you alright?" Destin asked. He placed a hand on her calf, but she pulled her away.

"Give her some time, mate, give her some time."

"A broodmother? I'm turning into some kind of godsdamned *broodmare*?"

She cradled her belly with all four arms, looking at it no longer with a sense of wonder, but simply abject horror.

"We've got to stop this. I'm not ending up like that," she said. "We're going back to the Wastes. We're going to reach the Signal."

Suddenly, there was a commotion outside, and a series of shouts.

"Someone's here! There are drag marks! They're trying to take the salvage!"

The dwarves were coming.

To Be Continued . . .

A Very Large Blessing, Part 3 (Giantess TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Jorgamund

In a fantasy world beset by war and the ruins of a long-dead starfaring race, Sabel the mercenary travels through the Outlands in hopes of atonement. She finds it in the strange blessing of a last remaining survivor of his people. As her body begins to grow and swell, becoming giant and increasingly pregnant, she grapples with what this blessing may mean for her life and future, and whether she truly wants it at all, or whether she has a choice.

Part 3: The Burden

A broodmother. *A broodmother.* An alien broodmother destined to birth and birth endlessly for hundreds of years in order to bring back the Veddu race from extinction. It was horrifying to even think of, and yet it was Sabel's destiny, as revealed by the Veddu artefact that responded to her presence. She had found the last remaining Veddu, the four-armed, blue-skinned alien race that sailed across the stars to land upon her world thousands of years ago, and mysteriously died off to a strange disease. She had made a vague pact with this last remaining Veddu, hoping to atone for her own life of bloodshed and violence. But she could never have predicted that her promise to help the Veddu would lead to becoming a godsdamned immobile broodmare!

Already, she was fifteen feet in height; how much taller would she get? Her belly had grown rapidly, dominating her midsection utterly, but other changes had been just as unwieldy and ridiculous. A second set of arms. A second set of breasts, with all four being ridiculously large. Long elven ears. Turquoise-coloured skin. And a sexual appetite that was beyond libidinous.

And now it all made sense. The changes were so extreme because she wasn't merely giving birth to one or two or even three new Veddu to carry on their ancestor's legacy. No, she was going to be pregnant with godsdamned *legions*. Forever. Babies writhing and shifting and squirming and - and this was the worst part - *pushing* their way out of her body, a whole civilisation springing forth from her gigantic, overly-fertile body.

"This isn't the blessing I wanted," she whispered to herself. "This isn't atonement. This is sickening. We've got to reach Origin. Find the Signal. Change me back."

Others were shouting, but she wasn't listening. She held her rounded dome of a belly in her hands - all four of them - and repeated that mantra obsessively.

"Reach Origin. Find the Signal. Change me back."

It was only when Destin gripped her leg and shouted at the top of his lungs that she was brought back to reality.

“SABEL! ARE YOU WITH US?”

She looked down at him. By the Black Mountain, he was so small. Nearly a third of her own size. Actually, probably smaller than that, given her belly. He held her spear outwards to her, and a delirious part of her fragmented mind giggled at the prospect of how useless it was to her now. If she grew much taller it would practically be a toothpick!

“Reach Origin. Find the Signal. Change me back.”

He appeared briefly confused, then placed his hand over hers. Her lower left hand. It was so small compared to hers, but it seemed to centre her.

“Sabel, I know this is all very hard to swallow, but I *promise* you we’ll figure it out. But we need to get out of here. Gorran is with us, but the other dwarves - they’ll do their best to capture you. They’re obsessed with Veddu devices, and they’ll do everything in their power to make sure you end up like *that*.”

He pointed at the flickering image of the final stage of her changes, projected from the raised dais containing the Veddu obelisk. The figure in it was massive, perhaps over twice as big as she currently was now, and her belly dominated, her breasts the size of entire wagons as they fed a procession of future starfaring children.

It was enough of a shocking statement to burst her out of the mental bubble she’d been trapped in. The terrible knowledge that she was slowly transforming into an immense alien birthing device still stuck with her, but she was able to shove it aside, drawing upon her warrior’s experience. It wasn’t too much different from shoving aside the morality of what she was doing on the battlefield, or the bloody sights she had seen.

“Sabel?”

“I’m back. Sorry. What do we do?”

“We run like hell, mate!” Gorran said. The red-bearded dwarf gestured for her to hurry; they were still trapped in a chamber with only one exit. “Or else we’re bottlenecked and fucked sideways!”

“Can you fight?” Destin asked.

“I think - I think so,” she replied, before creasing her brow. “Of course I can Destin. I fought a lot longer than you did, and saved your life more than you saved mine.”

He gave a charismatic, characteristic smirk. “Now *there’s* the Sabel I remember. C’mon!”

They moved with speed out of the great chamber, back through the tunnel and widened doorway they had come through. For Destin and Gorran it was an easy scramble back up, but as before, Sabel had to *squeeze*. Her enlarged heart pounded as there were more dwarven shouts, and the sound of axes and weapons being taken from their storage.

She hauled herself on hands and knees out through the tight gap, her fifteen foot tall blue body barely making it. Her four pumpkin-sized breasts (big pumpkins too) jostled and wobbled in their tight wrap, and her belly was so distended now that it scraped a little on the ground. Her four arms aided her somewhat in the scramble, two of them pulling her forth while the other two protected her stomach from being too badly scraped.

“At least - Ngh! - four arms is better than - ahh, damn rocks - just two of them!”

“I wouldn’t know, mate,” Gorran called back, “but you best be prepared ta fight with ‘em, because we’ve got a big group comin’!”

Indeed, with her enhanced hearing she could make out the approach of ten, perhaps twelve dwarves. They shouted in their own language, but she knew enough Dwarvish to recognise a few words:

“H’grak! There’s a huge lass comin’ out of the cave! She’s at least fifteen feet and blue-skinned all over!”

“By the Black Mountain Lair, she’s got four big tits and is pregnant as Diomedea on her wedding night.”

“She’s a Veddu!”

“Capture her! This is exactly the kind of find we’ve been waiting for!”

She finally pulled herself entirely out of the cave, and was able to draw herself to full height. The other two were running up the ramp that led out of the ruin of the ancient starfaring ship, but with her enormous height advantage she was able to see the dwarves waiting for them at the top of the ramp on each side, ready to flank them in a pincer movement.

“They’re waiting for us!” she boomed, finally able to stride forth with ease, though actual running was out of the question. Destin and Gorran were small enough now she had to be careful not to collide with and injure them. Both drew weapons, though Gorran seemed hesitant.

“I won’t kill my own kin!” he shouted, “but I will fight if necessary to get ya to safety, lass!”

“I *will* kill to protect you,” Destin said. He drew his sword, and to her eyes it was like the warrior’s spirit had never left him. He threw her spear up to her, and she caught it in her hand easily. It was more like an overly-thin shortsword to her now, and a small one at that, but it would have to do. They moved upward, and she shouted again, this time for the dwarves’ benefit.

“GET OUT OF MY WAY!”

A dwarven spokesperson, likely their clan leader, shouted back.

“We claim ya by the rights of dwarven salvage law! As a living Veddu, you aren’t protected by any agreements with the western kingdoms of man, and so we -”

“I’LL SQUASH YOU FLAT IF YOU SO MUCH AS TOUCH ME OR MY -”

She halted. By the Gods, she’d almost reflexively said ‘my children.’ Two of her hands - upper left and lower right - were clutching her belly almost protectively. It made her stall briefly.

“So be it,” the dwarf replied in the common tongue, and then he motioned for the others to prepare to attack.

“Run!” Sabel shouted, though she herself was fairly incapable of it. Still, she strode forth as quickly as she could, her steps thundering upon the ground like a war elephant. Destin kept up with her, barely, and launched to the left flank while Gorran leapt to the right. Sabel stuck out her belly as much as she could, and extended all four arms outwards like ancient engravings of the Goddess Melita. It was an old army tactic; make yourself look as large and imposing to the enemy as possible to stall them against you. It worked; a number of the dwarves stepped back, shocked at the looming figure she presented. It was enough for her to barge through their lines. One grabbed onto her leg and she flung him nearly thirty feet into the nearby forest scrub, though not before he sunk an axe into her ankle. She gritted her teeth in pain, but she’d felt worse before.

Another dwarf tried the same tactic, and she swept down with her arms, grabbing him and flinging him easily to the side. She was rewarded with a deep cut on her upper right hand. She continued to barge forth, clearing them away, and Destin worked with a swordsman’s skill to dispatch two more while Gorran knocked one unconscious with the flat of his axe.

“Godsdammnit!” the dwarven ally yelled, “there are more comin’, lass! Better got those four big tits of yours out of here!”

Sabel frowned. She’d heard more than a few references to her ‘tits’ on the battlefield - women were a lot rarer than men on the field after all - but never one like that. Indeed, in all the fighting and swift movement, her shoulders were quite strained by the mass of all four of them trembling and jostling within the tight band of fabric.

“Agreed!” called Destin. “We need to leave! There are more coming!”

He pointed, and from Sabel’s superior height, she could see what he was referring to; a large number of dwarves were pouring out from the camp, and several others were seemingly preparing a strange siege engine. A dwarf yelled, and the something fired out from it.

“Sulfur and spit!” Gorran yelled. “Watch out lass!”

She tried to duck, but with her great belly she could only squat, and that wasn’t enough. An enormous rope net, the kind used for taking down wyverns, slammed against her form, knocking her over. She fell to the side painfully, her instincts kicking in and telling

her to protect the contents within her belly. Life squirmed within her, a panicked flurry of kicks from her young that distended her womb in odd shapes.

“NNghhn,” she moaned, in response to the pain of the net and fall, as well as the teeming life within her. “Gods, there are - Mhhmm! - definitely m-more than three! Dammit!”

Destin ran to her side, still battling away dwarven enemies.

“Sabel! Are you okay!”

“F-fine!”

She pressed against the restrictive ropes. They weighed her down - a number of anchor points had sunk to the ground, ensuring she couldn't get up.

“But I can't get out!”

“Stay still! I'll cut you free!”

He began to slice at the heavy ropes, but they had been coated in a tar or wax of some kind that made his cutting slow progress. Gorran held his back, knocking away the remaining dwarves, and Sabel had bat two away by kicking them, eliciting yelps of worry from Destin, who lost the rope he was working on. But the larger contingent of salvagers and scavengers were arriving soon, and they were much more prepared.

“I've nearly got one down!” Destin shouted.

“N-no time!” Sabel responded.

“Stay still lass, it's the only way, 'less you got some Veddu magic to even the odds fer us!”

Sabel looked again to the incoming hoard, and her heart seemed to still.

“Reach Origin. Find the Signal. Change me back.”

The mantra was more than just a statement, it was an unbreakable oath to herself. She would not be stuck as some broodmare, breeding Veddu babies for dwarves to study and use for their own purposes. She was not fit to be a mother. She had gone into the Outland Wastes to die or find some other purpose than being a warrior, but perhaps a warrior was all she was. A soldier. A fighter. She needed to stop being the victim; she was on the battlefield again, and that meant she needed to take back her warrior's mind and instincts.

She did so, and it was like slipping into an old and comfortable skin. She summoned her rage and bloodfury, drawing on greater strength than she thought she had even with her giant's body, and hauled the net off the ground, sharpened anchor points and all. Destin and Gorran stepped back, both of them amazed as she rose back to her feet like a titan of the old legends. Her blood was pumping, and the world was red. The dozens of dwarves faltered, unbelieving what they were seeing, and those still eager to fight halted as she let loose a ragged scream worthy of any great giant.

“GRRRAAAAAARRRRRGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!”

It caused entire flocks of hundreds of birds to screech and flee the distant treetops, and curdled the blood of her enemies. She flung the net, sending it soaring two hundred feet right back at her interlopers. They were too startled to move, and were soon caught beneath their own trap. Others began to fire arrows and crossbows bolts at her, another readying a far more deadly ballista. They hit her skin like pinpricks, painful but forgotten while the blood of battle was up. Her anger surged, her desire to kill the enemy, to be victorious over them, to spill their blood as was *right*. She took her little spear that had been in her lower left hand and readied a throw. The distant dwarf readied to fire the ballista.

She threw the spear as if it were a dart, far further than she could ever have imagined. If caught him in the heart, send him wheeling around, before falling to the ground, dead.

Dead.

Bloodied and dead.

Time seemed to stop. The anger dissipated. The bloody vision of battle ended. Her heart caught in her throat as she realised what she had done. The other dwarves were still moving, readying to fight, but the fight had fled her in that one awful moment. She had killed again. It was as if the bottom of the world had fallen out. Her legs swayed, and she nearly lost her balance. She gripped her head, feeling dizzy. A ballista bolt that would have killed her flew over her shoulder, scraping the flesh and causing maroon blood to spill over her back. She barely felt it.

“SABEL! WE NEED TO GO!”

She swallowed, regained some control over herself. The sight of the dead dwarf was still in her vision, the betrayal of her oath written in blood upon the ground. She turned, lowered herself as best she could, and grabbed both Gorran and Destin in her hands, pulling them against her. They were surprisingly light, and she was able to clasp them against her using both sets of hands as she strode out into the forest. She didn't care that they were pressed against her heavy breasts. She could stand Destin's jokes about it later, even Gorran's comments too. At that moment she simply needed to escape.

She thundered into the forest, outpacing the dwarves. They reached their horse and auroch, and it was only when she put Destin on his mount and let him take the leash of hers that she allowed herself a moment of calm.

“Sabel, what was that? Are you okay?”

“I swore I wouldn't take life again,” she said.

“You had to. It was them or us.”

“How many times did we say that on the battlefield? I could have done something else.”

“What?”

"I don't know!" she shouted.

Gorran approached, the little dwarf tiny against her, even as she sat with a thud upon the ground.

"Lass, ya had no other choice. Even if ya did, he didn't give ya much wiggle room."

"I chose to do it, Gorran. I know I did. I could have moved to the side."

The dwarf considered this, then nodded. "Aye, I suppose ya could have. But what's done is done, and ya best get out of here."

"You could come with us," Destin offered, but the dwarf cut him off with a gesture.

"Nah, mate. I'd just slow you two down. I've got to go me own way, see if I can slow 'em down in what way I can."

"Thank you," Destin said.

"You've done more than you should have," Sabel replied.

Gorran looked to her with something like admiration.

"Lass, you're something special. I know you don't want to hear it, but you are. You're carrying something a humble dwarf like me never thought he'd see. It's a blessing. I know you don't believe it, but it is. A very large blessing, sure, but a blessing all the same."

He reached out a hand. "May I? Please, just for an indulgence?"

She hesitated, then nodded.

Gorran placed his hand on her belly, marvelling at the taut skin of her pregnant stomach. He rubbed it slightly, and it actually soothed Sabel a little.

"Mmhmmm," she moaned unintentionally. It was indeed relaxing. Several of her babies shifted and squirming within. She could feel a number of their bodies - they must be larger than human babies - relaxing in the aftermath, finding more comfortable positions to go back to sleep. She grunted slightly as one kicked right at Gorran's hand. The dwarf laughed.

"Ha! Powerful ones! What an amazing experience this is, lass."

"Much better when you're not the one doing all the growing with them," she bemoaned.

"Aye, true. But amazing nonetheless."

He stepped back, clearly moved by the experience.

"Well, I best be off then. I hope you find what you want at Origin, with this Signal. If you do truly desire to turn back and avoid yer fate, well lass, I wish ya the best for it. But . . . I hope ya don't. There's not enough magic in the world these days, and you have become a marvel. From a bringer of death to a bringer of life. What is more magic than that?"

Sabel didn't know what to say. All she could think about was the dead dwarf. The one she had slain. She didn't feel like a bringer of life.

"Thank you Gorran," was all she could manage.

The dwarf smiled, farewelled Destin, and went on his own way, leaving the two of them behind. Destin looked like he wanted to say something, but a call closer to the ruin alerted them both.

“We best be going,” he said.

“Yes,” Sabel said, her mind still reeling with the many revelations and contradictory thoughts floating through her mind. “Let’s be away from this place.”

Destin rode his horse, leading the auroch on by a long tether, while she simply strode forth.

It was going to be a long trip back to the Outlands.

“Shall we stop for a brief rest?”

It was a week later, and Sabel was now seventeen feet tall. Another two feet of growth, and no signs of stopping. She could feel a slight ache in her spine and shoulder blades, the precursor to further growth to come. Part of it had been her own fault, she supposed; in the aftermath of the battle, her own sorrow at breaking her oath to no longer be a warrior, she had indulged in several further bouts of sex with Destin. She’d needed it sorely, not just because her godsdamned pregnant body had given her such an intense desire for intercourse, but also because it was a nice salve for her internal pains. Her external ones, at least, had healed up nicely; her body seemed miraculously regenerative, the tissue smoothing over without even a trace of injury, not even the faded lines of a scar. It made a sort of sense; if this ridiculous so-called ‘blessing’ truly was making her into a bloated giantess broodmother, then it only made sense that she had enhanced healing, in order to keep her alive and ‘producing’ for centuries.

The thought made her shudder. Her belly had grown too, and not just in proportion to the rest of her. As had her breasts. They barely clung managed to stay within her wrap, which was utterly scandalous by that point.

“Sabel, did you hear me?”

She looked back at Destin, still on his horse. He had developed more of a beard through their long, wending travels around the Palatan Mountains - it was one of the few routes where they could avoid attention now.

“Hmm, sorry Destin. I was deep in thought. What was it?”

“I was saying, shall we stop for a brief rest?”

She focused on her heightened hearing, and heard nothing but the creatures of the mountain forests.

“Yes, I suppose so, though I feel as though I could keep going.”

Destin chuckled. "Well, your long legs will have to wait; my own and Dapper here—"

"I hate that you named the horse that."

"Anyway, we need a break."

Sabel sighed. "Damn, I'm just so full of energy. I can't say why."

Another chuckle.

"What?"

"You're in that stage of motherhood-to-be, I'd say. I've seen it more than once. When a woman reaches a term in her pregnancy where she has all the energy in the world."

"Well, better to have it than not."

Destin got off his horse. "You're not wrong, particularly if we're to reach Origin in time."

Sabel adjusted her four breasts with her hands, trying to keep them in her ridiculously tight top. She then placed two hands at her back and the other beneath her belly, giving support to her spine while lifting her bloated womb enough to take some of the burden off her back. Gods, she was big. Even if she was proportioned down to the size of a regular human - which was *was*, at least she was meant to be - she'd still look stupidly pregnant. She'd never thought she'd have kids, but now she was stuck with a carriage load she didn't want, even if their squirming was becoming oddly relaxing. When they didn't move, it sometimes put her in a mild panic, much to her embarrassment.

Was that what Gorran meant about her being a 'bringer of life'? He'd called it a 'very large blessing, but a blessing all the same.' It didn't feel like one, and yet some nights, as she lay on her side, awkwardly trying to figure out where to put her additional arms, she couldn't help but rub her stomach and say a few words of good night to her 'little ones', though she didn't want Destin to even know.

But still, she'd killed a man. Even if she accepted this destiny, as silly and stupid and utterly overwhelming and embarrassing and alien as it was, she'd killed a man. It wouldn't matter how many beings she birthed, she'd still carry the weight of knowing she still had the heart of a killer inside her. That even rooted to the ground and birthing thousands, she had the capacity of a soldier still, the life she so wanted to walk away from. The Crimson Tide would still be within her, threatening to spill out.

What were you so deeply in thought about?"

"Huh?" She was brought out of her pensive thoughts. She realised she'd been staring at the tree tops blankly, at least from Destin's perspective.

"I was thinking about what I'm becoming," she said. "About what Gorran said. Whether I'm going to be a bringer of life. I don't know what Origin will bring, but if it can turn me back, then I have to use it. I can't - I can't accept this life that's been thrust upon me, Destin. I mean, look at me! I'm big and blue and pregnant, can you imagine a *worse* person

to birth future generations of Veddu? I killed that dwarf as soon as the blood was up, and likely injured that other one too, and I did it so *easily*. I haven't changed, and I fear that even if I went through with this I'd only pervert it. I'm not meant for this - I'll find another way to atone. But at the same time . . ."

She hesitated, sighing heavily as she cradled her rounded mound with all four arms.

"At the same time, *someone* has to do this. It can't be me. But we have to find someone else who can take the blessing, who'll be willing to bring them back. It's only right. There must be someone out there."

Another sigh, and she turned away from Destin, scanning the sky again.

"Why, what were you thinking?"

A pause.

"I was thinking that your ass looks godsdamned amazing, actually."

She turned, flustered by his response. "You - what?"

Destin shrugged, grinning. "Sorry, my thoughts don't always run as deep as yours Sabel. I see a wonderful ass on display, I appreciate it."

She placed all four hands on her wide hips and snorted. "Excuse me, my ass is not 'on display', thank you very much!"

"I beg to differ. That skirt of yours, if it can be called that, does a mighty fine job of showing your splendid cheeks."

"You - you horny asshole!"

She laughed, astonished at how easily Destin had lightened the mood.

"Guilty, as the magistrate charged. But you can't deny it looks great."

"You won't like it as much when I *sit* on you."

She thundered forth playfully, and Destin dodged aside, still laughing.

"Don't tempt me with another sexual fantasy, Sabel! You've already got four bounteous breasts and more curves than all the women of Barrentree put together. Isn't that enough?"

"You're an absolute cad. I can't believe this."

"Please woman, we have sex almost every day now. You were literally waking up half the sleeping forest creatures last night when I ran my arm through into you."

Sabel blushed a deep maroon, thinking of the previous night. His fist wasn't enough now; his entire length of arm was necessary to fill her. When he'd entered her with it, his fingers glided over her most sensitive parts, she'd been shocked in the best possible way when he began not to lick, but actually *suck* upon her clit. It was large and swollen enough now that it fit in his mouth almost like a teat, and his stimulations had driven her to new heights of ecstasy. Literally, in fact: she'd grown at least three inches. Her climaxes as a giantess were even more impressive than when she'd been an ordinary human, and she'd

always thought herself quite the capable lover, even if she'd been the one who dominated the man during intercourse. Now, she was helpless before Destin's inventive ways of conducting sex, and in her most lurid thoughts she imagined him entering her *completely*, head and shoulders and torso and limbs all, and writhing within her great expanse, eliciting bliss beyond belief.

"Okay," she admitted, "so we do have a lot of sex. Gods, you're right, my ass is even bigger. Absolutely ridiculous. I look like a Latenian woman."

Latenian women were famed for their prominent and alluring behinds. Destin himself had once bragged about bedding one, and using her cheeks like pillows as he drifted to sleep, which he claimed was the best he'd ever had.

"You don't like looking attractive?" Destin said, grinning. Gods, he was a needler.

"Of course I don't," she said, spreading her hands out in frustration. "I was quite the looker when I was - well, human. Which I *still am*, by the way. But I wasn't some busty tavern wench with tits like a cow in calving, or a rump like a hillside. I had strength, I had muscles, I had power. And yes, I looked rather good like that, and yes, I took care of my hair, which has been driving me mad lately with how it keeps growing, but I true to myself as a warrior. I certainly never wanted to have a pair of hips that were *literally* made for child-bearing, or not just one pair of huge breasts but two! It's a little humiliating. You can't understand it as a man."

Destin considered this, looking her up and down. She couldn't help but noticed he was focused on her breasts and belly. "You're right, I can't understand. But my, you do look good anyway. I can't help but feel it."

"You are impossible"

She sat down, still chuckling a little, grasping her belly and using her two left hands to bring herself down.

"Gods, I am pregnant."

"That you are."

She rubbed over her stomach, which jutted over her folded legs.

"Huge. Seriously huge! I pity any other Veddu or individual who had this happen to them on other worlds. I look like I'm about to drop a set of twins - well, twins proportionate to my size, anyway."

Destin gave an awkward cough. She looked down at him, raised her scarred eyebrow, the one that had been that way before the change and had thankfully not healed over.

"I'm sorry, you wish to say something, old friend?"

Destin took a sip of water. "No, no, nothing at all!"

The wonderful thing about having two sets of arms is that you can look doubly imposing when folding both of them together.

“Spit it out.”

He sighed. “Well, it’s just, no offence Sabel, but you are *well* beyond twin territory, at least for my view. In fact, I think *triplets* would still be too small to describe you. Frankly put, even if you were shrunk down to my size and I’d never felt all the kicking going on within you, I would say more than triplets.”

“Oh Gods,” she said, “quads, right? I knew it. You can say it. No? Oh Gods. Fine. Say you’ve never seen me before and you gave your first impressions. How pregnant would I be?”

“Sextuplets.”

“*Six? SIX!?* I am *not that big!*”

He gave his charismatic smile, the one that melted her heart more and more lately. No matter how much he stirred her up, it didn’t affect her negatively. It was playful banter between two lovers. At times, it even felt like something more than that.

“I call them like I see them, Sabel. I’d say sextuplets.”

At that very moment there was a ripple of movement in her stomach, causing her to groan.

“Gods, you may well be right! And if we don’t get to Origin, it’ll be much more than that! Wait until you see how big my ass is them, why don’t you?”

“You’ll make the Latenian women all jealous. You’re already making tavern wenches across the kingdoms jealous of your bust, though they don’t know it.”

“Oh stop. They’re so sore recently! A man like you can’t understand it. They’re quite heavy, you know. Like sandbags!”

“I don’t hear you complaining when I suck on them.”

That got her to chuckle. “No, there’s at least that. Fine, sextuplets is the assumption. And Gods, do I feel like it, particularly since these babies need a lot more food than we currently have.”

She gave her sweetest smile, uncharacteristic of her.

“So why don’t you go hunt down a couple of elks for me?”

“For your big blue ass, anything.”

He just managed to dodge the two hands that reached out to grab him as he bolted into the forest to hunt game. Sabel sat back, rubbing her generous womb, sighing.

“Gods, so damn pregnant,” she repeated. She turned, as much as she could given her size and bloated front, and ignored the way her breasts strained at her top. She grabbed her ass with three hands, using the remaining one to keep herself steady.

“He’s not wrong, that is a mighty big ass,” she said. She whistled a little. “Utterly ridiculous.

She winced at a sore spot above it, at the end of her tailbone.

She hoped it was a general soreness, and not indicative of yet more changes to come.

More changes had come. They occurred slowly, over the following week of travel across the Hajati Highlands. It was an irritatingly circuitous route, particularly given that with each change Sabel was more and more concerned with her ultimate fate, but necessary to avoid attention such as those of dwarven scavengers. As they travelled, her back carapace showed no further development; a good thing too, as she was worried she would end up looking like a giant pregnant crab! In fact, the final imagery of her destined broodmother form from the obelisk actually seemed almost octopus-like, with soft, stretchy skin to accommodate her large size and rounded pregnancy. She had begun to suspect her carapace was simply a temporary feature, there to protect her from the rains when it came. Certainly, not every stopping point had caves or cliff-faces to shelter her, and her carapace had a habit of ‘growing’ to cover her neck and head and ass when she rested against the wet. She even found that her sensitive antennae could retract a little, when that happened, hiding in her hair.

But that was not a change that concerned her. In fact, of all the changes, it was the one that at least seemed damned practical. What did concern her was the fact that her eyes were changes. She remembered *Light That Pierces the Darkness*, and how his own eyes had a green tinge to them, lacking a direct pupil. At the time, she had assumed it was simply a result of a half-blindness or extreme age in his chamber, but it was when Destin pointed it out to her and she saw herself in the tranquil reflection of a nearby lake that she realised it must be a general feature of the Veddu. Her pupils disappeared entirely, eyes becoming a softly glowing green that accompanied her blue-turquoise skin. Sabel was, more than she expected, quite saddened and frustrated by this; she’d always been proud of her piercing gaze that could make an enemy cower and the occasional lover submissive, but now Destin couldn’t even tell when she was looking his way, or when she was peering elsewhere, since there was no pupil to draw an inference from! The only upside was it did allow her, in those arousing moments when her antennae sampled Destin’s wonderful scent, to stare at his ass and muscles and cute, smaller figure without him noticing.

“You’re going to take absolute advantage of that,” Destin remarked at one point.

“How could you ever know?” she japed.

But as significant as that change had been, it paled in significance to the nub that had developed above her rear. Destin had noticed it first; she had assumed it was part of her carapace, a mere achey annoyance as it extended. As they travelled, her steps thunderous, him leading the mounts, she felt the occasional prickle of sensation above her rear, though nothing terrible. Just a slight tenderness. Her hunger was the far greater distraction; as her belly swelled in leaps and bounds, and her large chests as well, she needed more and more sustenance to drive her changes. Poor Destin was hunting nearly nonstop in order to keep her sated. It had reached the point where the bones of a spit-roasted boar mattered little to her anymore; in fact, they gave quite the lovely crunch. Each devouring brought a jostle of movement in her heaving belly, during one lovemaking session even literally bouncing Destin off of it and sending him tumbling to the ground. That same jostling also distracted from the development at the end of her tailbone; she assumed it was just the result of excessive kicking from her young.

Still she went hungry, to the point where she would rather embarrassingly moan and groan and clutch her taut belly in agony, squirming and writhing on the ground and knocking aside smaller trees, not just from stimulated growth or the act of sex but from the sheer desire to be filled with more food. And, on some instinctive level, more babies as well.

“M-moore!” she gasped, “n-need, m-more! P-please!”

Fortunately and unfortunately, the solution came when the auroch broke its leg. When a bank gave way unexpectedly one afternoon across the Highlands, Sabel managed to grab the horse, Destin, and right herself, but the auroch could not be saved. Destin put it out of its misery, and as its packs were redistributed among them, it at least solved the meat problem, allowing Sabel to devour great cooked chunks ravenously, feasting like a madwoman who hadn't properly eaten in days. This was much to her babies' joy, judging from the way they kicked. It was also the catalyst of how her developing tail was finally discovered.

“Wakey, wakey, Sabel. I've got a present for you,” Destin said that morning, two weeks after they had set out from the obelisk ruin site.

Sabel groaned, waking slowly. Her belly was heavy, and it took a moment for her to raise herself even with her four arms. She winced as her sore breasts wobbled tremendously. She would soon have to give up on her wrap; now at twenty feet of height it barely contained her, and caused frequent soreness in the afternoon. She had taken to sleeping without it on usually, but foolishly had left it on at night.

“Wh-what is it? Gods, I feel well-rested after that auroch.”

She noticed it was almost midday, and sprang up further, causing the ground to shudder. She looked down at Destin, the man now a fourth of her own size, if not less given her mounds.

“Gods, Destin! What have you done!? You let me sleep in late? We have to keep moving, we said so!”

“Ah, but today is a very special day, Sabel, since I’ve been keeping track.”

Her antennae shifted, the little spheres on their ends tensing almost sensually. They seemed to detect something almost like . . . care. Romance, perhaps, emanating from him. The damned things had a lot of uses she wasn’t used to yet.

“What, uh, what is it? With all the changes and housing an alien race in my womb, I’ve lost track of it all, to be honest.”

“That’s okay,” he said with a grin. “But I think it was pretty important. It’s an anniversary of the end of the Prospector’s War, plus three days.”

She raised her scarred eyebrow. “That’s not a special day.”

“It was . . . for us.”

She went to say something, then realised what he was referring to. She blushed a deep maroon, remembering the wonderful nights they’d shared. The things they’d done. The drinks, the dances, the sex. Oh Gods, the sex. The ends of her antennae seemed to *bulge* with arousal.

“Ah, that is a good anniversary to remember, Destin.”

“It is, isn’t it? And because I already gave you a good auroch dish last night, I had to think of something to get you to celebrate it today. But fear not -”

“Destin, you don’t have to-”

“-For orcish auroch mounts have a tough pelt. I’ve been collecting the stag skins as well. And using them I can finally present you with . . . new clothes!”

Her eyes sparkled. “You didn’t!?”

“I can’t claim to be the fasionmaster of Hightown, but I think you won’t complain. It took some time, but the auroch made it considerably faster. Tanning hide is one of a soldier’s skills.”

She paused. “Wait, so you-”

“I did piss on them, yes. That is part of tanning. But I also took some useful potions with us from my inn when we left, and bartered some as we travelled since I foresaw this problem coming. Though I didn’t expect you to get so . . .”

She crossed all four arms.

“So?”

“So magnificent, of course.”

“Nice save.”

“I thought so. The point is, they’re clean, they’re leather, and the process was wonderfully sped up. Here, try them on.”

He lifted the spare tent tarp to reveal a two piece outfit. Sable was a tiny part disappointed; after all, she had hoped that she could have a fur-leather pelt outfit to cover her whole form again, but she realised instantly what a ridiculous ask that would be. They'd need to poach every piece of game in Lord Halberry's forest to do that, and she'd outgrow it all in a week anyway. But what Destin had done was fashion, both practically and with a little magic, a sort of fur-skin two-piece; a skirt that went down to her upper thighs, and a top that could be affixed with toughened animal bones around her back. It contained her breasts wonderfully, giving them their much-needed support but not compressing them to the point of absolute discomfort as her previous fabric had done.

She let out an immense sigh as she gingerly adjusted her four mammoth melons within the stitched-together furskin top. It was even warmer, which she appreciated, though at least her body seemed to run at a much higher temperature these days, avoiding any dangers of exposure.

"Destin, this feels wonderful. Gods, I could kiss if I wouldn't accidentally swallow your head. Though I could purse my lips and you could simply kiss them. This may be the best present I have ever received short of my lucky spear, and I lost that years ago. I'm not joking, my 'girls' were getting so cramps I was worried they were going to explode from the sheer pressure! I know I'm getting very, very big, but count yourself a lucky man tonight, because somehow, someway I am finding a way to make you have the time of your life with me. It'll be like that night in the Pleasure Baths all over again, except instead of me on you, It'll be-

"Um, Sabel."

"Hmm?"

She turned. Destin had wandered around behind her, and seemed alarmed by something. His gaze was on a point at her rear.

"Are you seriously looking at my ass again? Don't tell me you stitched it so that it'll 'emphasise' my rear like some street wench."

It was a joke, but the man wasn't laughing. Her heart beat a little faster, as she grew concerned.

"What? What is it?"

"Sabel," he said, keeping his voice level, "I don't know how to say this, but I noticed it while you were dressing. You've - you've grown a small tail."

A pause.

"If this is some kind of joke."

"Feel it."

"You - you feel it."

"I can't jump that high, Sabel. You're twenty feet tall now. I'd need a good ladder at this point."

She blushed a little maroon, and reached her lower arms to touch above her rear. Sure enough, sticking out over the top of her new skirt, was a nub of flesh. It was sensitive to the touch, and to her astonishment it actually wiggled when she grasped it.

"Black Mountain! Godsdamned Veddu changes! I thought it was just more carapace."

"So did I," Destin said, "but I noticed while you were changing that it sort of . . . well, it sort of moved."

Sabel cringed, utterly embarrassed. "So, I'm growing a tail."

"Or something."

"Or something."

She sighed, frustrated and embarrassed but in many ways just utterly tired. She grabbed a nearby tree trunk and used it to lower herself to the ground, her ass thudding upon the earth heavily. Her breasts bobbed in her top, but were thankfully much less bouncy than they had been before, and less constricted. Her belly rested on her curled legs, squirming with activity. She grimaced as the activity continued, distracting her. They were always quick to squirm and shift when she grew agitated. Like they could sense their mother's annoyance.

"So the changes aren't just me getting bigger," she said.

"It would appear not."

She lay back, resting her large head against a nearby boulder, and rubbing her hands along her stomach. She left one to caress the strange nub. Yes, she could feel that same push to grow, that slight underlying pressure to expand. How had she not noticed it before? Had she just been busy with the other growth, and the endless hunger? Perhaps part of it had simply been denial.

"It never ends," she finally said.

"I'm sorry, Sabel."

She gazed at him, not that he could really tell any more given her opaque glowing green eyes. Another change she wasn't used to.

"It's not your fault, Destin. Gods, it's just all so much. You give me this wonderful present, take care of me, only to see me turn ever more into this giant, pregnant, alien *freak*."

Destin stepped closer. "Hey, boost me up."

With a sigh, she used two hands to bring him up so that he could stand on her belly. It was an odd sensation, even a little ticklish, but she rather liked it. He placed his hands on her breasts for support - another quite wonderful feeling - and stared up at her for a few

seconds, taking him in. She didn't know what he was going to say, but her antennae 'tasted' his aura, and could tell that once more he was exuding a loving, caring grace.

"You're not a freak," he said, each word carefully said. "You're a marvel."

A few tears brimmed in her eyes, and she wiped them away.

"Damned pregnancy mood swings," she said. "Thank you, Destin. Again."

He stared for a few more seconds, seeming to weigh something in his mind.

"You know I love you, right?"

The air seemed to go still around them. Her large heart skipped a beat. Both had made professions of love lately, but only during sex, close to or during orgasm, easy to dismiss or ignore or otherwise say nothing about. This was something else. And what's more, it was utterly genuine. Her antennae could sense it.

"I - Destin, you say that, and I know you mean it, but -"

He gave a placating gesture up at the giantess. "I know Sabel, this is all very strange and confusing and mad and wonderful. I know so much is going on, particularly for you, but I can only say that I'm so glad you came back into my life. I wouldn't change that for the world. I do love you, and I don't expect you to be ready to say it back. I just mean that"

"I love you," she replied. She lowered a hand, nearly as wide as his torso, and lifted him up to her eye level. "I do. It's just . . . I'm not good at admitting these things, Destin. I've never been the most . . . emotionally open person. But it's true. I do love you."

He grinned. "Well, that settles that. I do believe you offered a kiss, earlier?"

She giggled like she was a girl again, not a former hardened warrior. Her heart felt like it had little butterflies in it. Well, big ones, actually. Cliche as it was, it was how she felt. Some cliches existed for a reason. She pursed her lips and, steadying him with her other hands, pulled him against her much larger face, which was almost as large as his torso. Her kissed her large lips, and despite how small her was now, a little electric shock of togetherness passed between them.

Her antenna suddenly flickered, their points expanding briefly, swelling and glowing in her vision. Her vision shifted, and somehow she was able to see the essence of her lover as they kissed. Something changed within him, a brief flicker of energy, a tinge of turquoise blue that slipped in.

The kiss ended, and so did the vision, and she wasn't sure what to make of it. What she did know was that she was immediately filled with a sudden lust, one that needed addressing as soon as possible.

"Oh - oh f-fuck, Destin! I think you just d-did something t-to me."

He looked briefly alarmed. Still standing on the platform of her hands, he pressed a hand against her chest for stability, looking at her. Gods, he was handsome. Somehow, him

being so small relative to her only made him more attractive. Was it a Veddu instinct? Or just something innate to the new her? It was impossible to tell, but she needed to address it fast.

“What is it, Sabel? Are you okay?”

She bit her lip and groaned. Her four nipples hardened, throbbing and tensing with want, even as her large vagina moistened, dampened with need.

“Oh, I see. It’s *that* kind of problem.”

“I didn’t m-mean for this - nnggh - to go from romantic to l-lusty so quickly,” she managed.

“I don’t mind. Do you need me . . . down there?”

She shook her head. She withdrew one hand, allowing her lower set of arms to undo her new furskin wrap.

“Mhm, there are benefits to having extra arms, it seems,” he said.

She smirked in response, but even that expression was overtaken by a general lust as she pressed him against her newly revealed breasts. He squeezed and groped and pinched her tender flesh, sucking upon her enormous nipples that practically filled his mouth entire. He suckled at her, bringing ripples of pleasure to her form. Her belly wobbled a little with the movement of her squirming young, but they calmed as her own bliss heightened. They must have sensed that whatever was happening, it wasn’t stressful to their mother.

The wonderful sensations increased, and it wasn’t until she had made Destin play with each of her large, wagon-wheel sized breasts that she placed him to the ground. She lay back, parting her enormous thighs over him.

“N-now!” she demanded.

Again her antenna stirred, seeming to sense something different about Destin. That blue tinge that marked him as - as something like her mate. Officially now, she supposed. She didn’t have time to consider it further, however, as he thrust both arms into her womanhood, teasing at the edges of her vaginal walls, and rubbing over her gigantic clit. It throbbed, aching for further touch, and he gave it just that, eliciting a long series of gasps and moans and cries of delirium from her.

“Mmmhmm . . . ohhhhhh . . . k-keep g-going! I love it! I love you! Oh Gods!”

“I love you too, Sabel,” he replied, pressing his arms even further in, parting her wider. Gods, it felt so wonderful, her sensitive turquoise skin overcome by his touch. She had to be careful not to crush him to death with her thighs, so she used her lower pair of arms to keep them separated, like a woman in labour. Appropriate, given her immense gravity. She used her second pair of arms to stroke and rub her buoyant breasts. She felt a need for them to grow further, and despite herself, she chose not to fight it. She willed them to grow, to begin to *produce*, some strange instinct in her desiring them to begin to lactate,

ready to nurture her young. She knew it wasn't right, but by the Black Mountain and its dark shadow she couldn't fight it, and in her throes of pleasure she didn't want to.

The same feeling extended to the stubby tail at the base of her spine. She rolled, just slightly, shifting her hips and causing Destin to briefly yelp as he was pulled over the ground, still half-wedged within her. It gave her space to rub and massage her tail, stimulating further growth. The pressure rose, resulting in another long groan from the transforming woman. Her breasts bloated upwards, and she felt a stinging in her nipples.

"F-fuck! Oh God, they f-feel so r-right!"

She groped them, and the stinging gave way to a wonderful feeling of release; green milk leaked from her nipples, running in long rivulets over her mounds and onto her fertile belly, before parting into two streams on either side of it that dripped to the ground.

Her tail also extended, and it was one of the more alien sensations yet. Like a large tendril, or root, it pushed and extended out of her, waving from side to side and growing articulated joints.

"S-so w-weird!" she exclaimed, but not so weird that she wanted it to end. It flickered around, extending out perhaps five full feet in length. It flicked around, and Destin was briefly distracted by it before resuming his work. Sabel tried to control its movements, but she seemed to only have partial control: she shifted it left and right, up and down, but its minute articulation was beyond her, and it seemed almost like it was an independent organism, 'sniffing' the ground for something.

"W-what -"

She barely managed to say another word as it seemed to sense what it was looking for. Her antennae informed her at once, and while she was not a native Veddu, the transformation had given her enough processing information to tell her; it was water.

"AHHHHHHH!"

It was a pleasurable moan, but equally one of utter surprise, as the root-like tale - which was pale-white in colouration - dove into the ground, burying into the soil. It instantly began to absorb and suck at the water trapped within the ground, and she found herself literally rooted to the spot as Destin continued to part and play with her privates.

"Destin, I - OHHHHHH GODSSSS!!!"

She shuddered in orgasm, and as was increasingly their pattern, Destin masturbated into her depths, rubbing his large (though not comparatively to her opening) member against her inner wall, grunting. She loved this part, something about it made the post-coital aftermath utterly luxurious. Mere moments later her antennae 'tasted' the scent of his seed expelling into her. Yet once again, she felt something was different this time. That blue tinge in his essence remained, but it also expelled it part of out of him and into her.

She had no idea what that meant, but her body took in his seed hungrily, greedily almost. She lay back, still rooted to the ground, gasping for breath in the aftermath of their intercourse.

“Oh Gods, a lot just happened,” she said.

Yes, there would be a lot of explaining to do. It wasn't exactly how she imagined the scenario of a love confession going down. But at least within the context of her transformation, it had felt somewhat right.

“Should - should we talk about all of this?” Destin asked.

Sabel just shook her head, accidentally ripping up sections of the grass with the shift of her large head.

“No, not now. First, I need you to pull my tail out of the ground.”

“Sure, sure, I guess I'll just - I'm sorry, did you say out of the ground?”

She flashed him a sheepish grin, and gestured to her backside.

“As soon as its done drinking.”

“By the Gods, you're lucky I love you.”

The food problem had been solved, though not in a way that either of them could have seen coming. At twenty feet tall, and pregnant with what appeared to be now octuplets, if not more, Sabel's hunger was so ravenous that it was literally impossible to keep up with just between the two of them. Even if another auroch were to fall from the sky, she doubted it would stave off her ravenous appetite for too long. But now, as a solution to her ever expanding need, she had her tail.

It had developed in the following days. Its base had grown, and its width expanded, until it was a long, thick, white tail that ended in little miniature tails of a sort. Like clusters of veins, or the branching roots of a tree - perhaps the best analogy, given its purpose - they spread outward and moved of their own volition. The tail was largely under her own control, but it moved and shifted at its own accord when it sensed water sourced nearby, and while it was an irritating action at times, given that the tail now fell to calves, it was exceedingly useful. When Sabel's many young squirmed and kicked and punched, desiring more food to fuel their development, or her own body required further growth, she simply had to lower herself to the ground, and her tail would plunge into it, the many tendrils at its tip spread outwards through the cool, pleasant soil. From there, she experienced the unexplainably strange yet pleasant sensation of her tail 'drinking' up the water, soaking into her being. It made her turquoise skin go brighter as well, and she found the best combination was in

soaking up the sun's rays while she 'drank.' She felt nymph-like in those moments, though Destin pointed out the more obvious connection.

"You're becoming part-plant," he said.

She looked to him, broken out of her meditative state of drinking from the verdant soil. "What do you mean by that? Don't tell me my hair is growing vines as well!"

Destin shook his head. He was astride his horse Dapper, the name of which Sabel refused to utter on account of how ridiculous it was to her.

"Nothing that obvious, but think about it Sabel my love. You absorb water through your root-like tail, and you find yourself increasingly bathing in the sun lately."

"It feels good on my belly," she said, a little defensively. "And besides, I recall you rather liked the warmth of sun upon your skin in the Sandlands."

"Yes, but never so much as you! Your skin literally glows a little! I don't think I'm wrong about this Sabel; you don't need to eat nearly so much anymore, because another change has been occurring. You need energy for a body that large-

"Careful."

"For a body that splendid," he corrected, though she heard him whisper, "and pregnant," as well. "And now the sun and sources of water are doing it for you."

She prodded her large belly. "I have been feeling a lot less hungry lately."

"Exactly! And it explains your arms!"

"My arms!?"

Destin's face went blank. "Oh, I'm sorry my love. I'd . . . I'd assumed you'd notice. They've gotten a little . . . longer."

She rolled her eyes, only to realise he could no longer tell when she did that, so she followed up by shrugging with all arms. "All of me is longer, in case you haven't noticed."

"But your arms have grown longer in proportion, dear."

She decided to hold off on telling him that while it was all good and wonderful that they had realised they were in love, that she hated being called 'dear.' Instead, she stretched out her arms. He was right, she hadn't noticed: they really were a little longer. Long and lithe. She groaned in annoyance and yet another change, but again this one made sense. The image from the obelisk had shown the same; longer, more flexible arms, almost partly octopus-like, in order to grasp her newly-born babies and bring them up to her breasts.

"Gods," she uttered. "No, I'm not even dealing with this right now, Destin."

"Fair enough."

"I need much more alcohol than I can currently have. Oh Gods, that's another thing; if I end up stuck as a broodmother I can say goodbye to a good mead for the rest of my life."

Destin laughed. "Well, for that reason alone, we must change you back. Shall we get onward?"

“Yes, I’ve had enough sun and water to, uh, ‘fill me’, I suppose. Let’s be getting out of here.”

She pulled herself up from the ground, but found resistance from the root.

“What in the Nine Hells?”

“Everything alright?”

She gritted her teeth, and her antennae spasmed a little, as if delivering a warning to her. She ignored them.

“Shut it!”

“Well, I’m sorry!”

“Not you, these damned antennae. They want me rooted to the ground. To stay here. They’re trying to tell me I’m ‘ready.’”

The notion chilled her to her rotund core. She grasped the ground with all four arms, and heaved herself upright. She strained, pushing with all her might and trying to lift her pelvis. Her tail dug in further, desiring to drink more, to settle her here. A brief numbness overcame her legs, as if they were ‘turned off’ in order to make her stay.

“Nggggn-not now!” she shouted, and heaved one last time.

Her tail sprung free, pulled right out of the ground, and she coiled it up over her shoulder, grabbing and stepping away from the source of water until it was out of range. Then she released it.

“Close call,” she said. She tapped the base of her large spine. “I won’t give you nearly so long in the future. There’s no way I’m getting stuck in the fucking Highlands as a broodmother, that’s for sure.”

They continued onward, re-approaching the border of the Outland Wastes, roughly fifty or so miles south of where she had exited them after meeting the Veddu and making her pact. She was becoming quietly confident; the Wastes were now visible on the horizon, and despite her increasing immobility, she was close. She frowned a little as she adjusted her furskin wrap; her breasts were leaking again. They did that more often as of late, and while Destin enjoyed drinking from her, and she from him, it was a continual nuisance.

“We’re close,” she said.

“And then the real struggle begins,” Destin mused, his face serious.

“We can do it. I refuse not to. Reach Origin. Find the Signal. Change me back.”

The mantra comforted her, and she stepped forward, shaking the earth and scattering the trees of wildlife. Destin followed. Sabel cradled her stomach, rubbing at it a little lovingly, and lifting it as much as she could to reduce its weight upon her back. It felt noticeably bigger than it had been mere days ago, and she’d only grown about two feet since; she suspected she was about twenty two feet or so now. But it was definitely heavier,

yes, certainly bigger. Ever since Destin had come inside her during that strange, wonderful sex they'd had.

Her antennae throbbed, sensing that trace of blue essence within her. Two babies. They had some of the same essence she noticed in Destin now.

“Oh,” she said, figuring it out. “Oh. Oh, shit.”

The Outland Wastes stretched out once again before Sabel. From her twenty three feet of height, she viewed it a little differently, but a hundred feet of height would not have dramatically changed the orange, craggy landscape that reached endlessly beyond the horizon, as she well knew. It was morning, but already the heat of the sun was rising, as if recognising the scorched, inhospitable nature of this place. It had only been a little over a couple of months, perhaps, since she had first left this place. Back then she had growing in inches, her armour uncomfortable, her belly a tad bloated with what she had assumed was merely her monthly time. Tiny turquoise-blue splotches had only dotted her skin, in places that were easy to hide. Even her ears had yet to elongate. It had seemed a lifetime ago. A lifetime, two arms, two breasts, a set of antennae, a prodigious belly, and a root-like tail ago.

Among other changes.

She lowered herself to the ground, still clad in her furskin two-piece, courtesy of Destin. It had needed a little more extension around the bust ever since she'd started lactating, much to her embarrassment, but it held now, though it did jostle heavily from the motion of her breasts. She cradled the massive orb that was her belly. It was immense, the skin a little strained, taut from strain of containing so much life. She hadn't told Destin just yet, but her antennae could sense that he had indeed added young to her.

He had, impossibly, managed to make her further pregnant with his seed.

And more than once, too.

Whatever had happened that morning, the day of their confession of love to each other, had clearly made her new body recognise something in her lover. A potential. A mate. The thought made her body shudder each time she noticed the connection, and it wasn't always a shudder of discomfort. Her Veddu instincts were overjoyed, her antennae telling her that another step in her transformation had been completed.

She now had, at her best estimate, twelve young shifting around inside of her, her newest 'batch' smaller, at a much earlier stage of development. So small, in fact, that she could only detect them with her antennae. But they were there, and they were Destin's she was sure of it.

She didn't know how to tell him, and so she simply soaked in the rays of the hot sun, allowing her turquoise-blue skin to become a little greener as it took in the light and converted it into energy and mass. Her tail-like root, which was now long enough to reach the bottom of her ankles, dived down into the ground, burrowing in order to drink up what water was present before the journey became much, much more difficult. She allowed it, knowing she'd have to pull the damn thing out before it tried to stick her to the spot like a tree. She looked at the horizon, pensive, as Destin walked up beside her. He'd sold Dapper at a village a day ago, having left Sabel briefly to do so. It had made her instincts go wild with frustration, bothered by the notion that her 'mate' had left her side. It made her more romantic, human side worried too, and she held him for some time when he returned. He'd really liked that horse.

"Anything the matter, my love?" the man asked.

She reached out a long arm - they were indeed a bit longer lately - and gently nudged him closer, so that he leaned lovingly against her hip. She was silent a moment, and he took the opportunity to reach out and caress part of her belly, the part that he could reach. He smiled as a series of little kicks dented the skin there, a little uncomfortably for her. He had no idea that in the last week, he had become father to several of the lives growing within her.

"Nothing," she said. "Just thinking."

How could she even tell him? She felt like a freak enough already, and he had stuck by her. How would he react? It terrified her, and yet thanks to her pheromones or antennae or simply love for the man, she couldn't resist making love to him, even as their size disparity grew. After each act, she begged for his seed within her.

And now it had borne fruit.

She rubbed her stomach again, feeling its great heft and weight.

"We should get moving," she finally said.

"Agreed. This will be a long and hard journey, Sabel. Are you sure you want to do this?"

She looked at him, a little astonished. "What do you mean?" She gestured to herself. "What choice do I have?"

The bearded man, a little more shabby than the innkeeper he had been, but still ruggedly handsome, nodded in understanding. "I just - I just don't want to lose you," he said, his voice a little ragged. "The Wastes are cruel."

"I survived them once."

"I know, I know, and that in itself is astounding. But . . . you are a lot more overladen, now."

She flicked her tail so its pale length and series of tendrils at its tip were visible.

“Yes, but I also have this. If there’s water, then this will find it. And I can carry enough water for you.”

She indicated the series of water skins that were slung over her upper left arm, as well as the salted meats. Together, they were more than an overladen auroch could carry, not that such a creature was capable of travelling across the cracked landscape.

“Besides, though I need more rest lately, and I *definitely* can’t manage more than a slow walk with these ridiculous breasts and huge belly, my stride is big enough that we’ll make double-time anyway. Provide you let me carry you.”

Destin sighed, accepting what she had to say. “Very well, Sabel. Let’s be going. I’m with you all the way. I love you.”

“I love you too. Now get in my hands.”

The Outland Wastes were as wild and difficult as she remembered, though difficult in new ways thanks to her bloated, giantess form. Sabel had been right; even with the heft of her belly bordering on the unmanageable, she still travelled overland much easier, much as she had around the mountain scapes. There was no need to struggle and scramble up over craggy cliff edges and rough cut landscape. She could simply . . . step over it. Similarly, the craggy surface of the wastes, with its many chasms and crisscrossing veins of cracks upon the ground - easy territory for snapping one’s ankle unexpectedly if one set a foot wrong - was far less of a challenge. With just a few exceptions, her large feet, which were now over four feet long and two feet wide, could simply stand straight upon them with little issue.

But the Outland Wastes’ dangers were never static, and often changing. She was far more vulnerable to the harsh winds and dust storms, and with her size, there was practically no true protection. When a particularly terrible dust storm came through, crackling lightning that shattered the ground, she simply had to brave through it. She clutched Destin in all four hands, covering him in a cocoon-like hold that protected her lover from all the elements, with only the occasional spare taken away to clutch her belly in that same protective hold, or to help right herself as she scrambled. Her size was against her in that scenario, and she had barely managed to avoid a lightning strike that shattered a boulder nearby, causing an explosion of debris against her side that left her hip and arm bleeding green. She had almost cried in fear that her babies were injured, and it was not entirely an instinctual reaction; she had spent enough time with them that she did truly care deeply for them. Thankfully, they were safe, and her body was able to heal afterwards, though her skin was scraped by the flying dust, reddened and sore for several days afterwards.

Attrition, of course, was the greatest danger. As much as they had taken to prepare themselves, the fact was the Wastes were called such for a reason. Only a few scant critters could survive here, eating upon the hard weeds and shrubbery that were inedible to humanoids. Not even orcs could survive in such inhospitable conditions for too long, and certainly not in significant numbers. The land simply did not provide enough. It made Sabel's travel difficult; she knew where she had to go, but frequently she needed to rest due to the sheer heft of her belly. Destin was patient - they had enough food and drink for him for a long time - but she was another matter. Her babies needed water and sun for development, and they were only getting the latter consistently. Frequently, the pair had to alter their path in response to her tail 'sniffing' the air and finding not nearly enough condensation to continue. It would writhe wildly, irritating her, desiring a new direction where some trace of liquidity could be found.

"Ugh, another new direction," she moaned, rubbing her belly. "I can't go much longer with all this godsdamned weight on my stomach. I feel like a kickball, I'm so round."

Destin patted her cheek affectionately as he rode upon her shoulder. "It'll be alright, love. We can do this. You can do this."

His words were enough to spur her on. Perhaps it was also the fact that, even if he didn't know it, she felt a large responsibility towards his babies that were growing larger each day in her belly.

Water was scarce in the Outlands. Very scarce. Her root-like tail had to drive deep into the ground, and even that action could exhaust her, due to the harshness of the craggy, dried ground. But the sustenance did exist, and in enough quantity to survive, though sometimes she became a little delirious with need, her antennae constantly blasting frustration at her for not feeding enough.

"N-not my f-fault," she winced, ignoring their instinctive warnings, and continuing onwards. "Maybe if this body didn't f-fucking leak m-milk."

She winced at her fullness. Destin had taken to drinking from her more often just to release the aching pressure. Some days it made her so overcome with a need to pump herself dry that she actually wished she could go into labor already, just so she could carry around four little feeders to keep her drained. As it was, it meant her body was using more energy just to expel milk uselessly.

Well, not entirely uselessly: Destin saved on water by drinking from her, and it gave them a wonderful connection in this vast, barren place. This was particularly since it was a place where sex was difficult, even though both bodies desired it. Her antennae could sense his need, but she managed to hold off despite her own arousal; she didn't want any more of his babies in her, or she really would have to tell him of what had changed between them.

More than once, her enormous tonnage of weight collapsed an area of ground into a series of underground caverns, or caused a rockslide that she barely managed to deflect from killing Destin using her armoured carapace. It had been by far their closest call, and put terror into the heart of the former warrior. She had endured much, risked much, but she could not lose Destin. He was her tether, and her antennae recognised that.

It was in the aftermath of that particular episode that the truth finally came out. The rockslide had been up a dry hillside, craggy and mountainous even by the Outland Wastes' standards, and requiring a climb even for her enlarged form. Her belly nearly dragged against the ground at points, and she had to release Destin just to protect it.

"I'll pick you back up in just a m-moment," she said, containing the movement of the litter inside her. "J-just need to get over this rock here -"

And that was when it went wrong. She pulled at the rock, assuming it to be as hard set and secure as the others. Instead, it heaved easily from the ground, pulling a number of other rocks with it. They were small against her, but comparatively large and deadly to Destin, and they rolled in a great crashing storm straight toward him. Her heart froze, a chill running through her veins. Time seemed to slow down as she saw numerous boulders careen towards her lover, his body so small and fragile against them. Gods, he was going to be crushed!

Instantly her soldier's instincts kicked in. Sabel slammed to the side, rolling over the landscape and using her additional arms to prevent her belly from squishing against the ground. Even in the act of saving her lover, she worked protectively to save her children. She flung forth a long arm to stem the flow of boulders towards Destin, who was already shielding his face instinctively, having nowhere to go quick enough. With a practised swipe of her hand, she lifted him up, pulling him against her taut dome of a belly, nestling him there safely. The larger boulders came, plunging from miniature cliff sides above with enough force to damage her. She turned, using her tail to root herself to the spot. It dug deep, entrenching her, preventing her enormous body from sliding down the collapsing hillside. So it was useful for more than just drinking water.

"Destin, I've got you!" she called, though she could barely hear his response among the crashing of rocks, even with her enhanced hearing.

A number of boulders careened down, a great slide of rocks pelting dangerously against her skin. She turned, placing her carapace against the flood, and it expanded protectively over the back of her head. She huddled as best she could, grasping her belly and Destin both.

“YOU WON’T TAKE THEM!” she screamed to the sky, to the Wastes, and the gods above.

Rocks pelted, but simply dinged off her back, unable to put even a chink in her strange organic armour. After some time, the rockslide ended, and the ground that remained was far more secure. Wordlessly, she untethered her tail - easily, since it had no water to gain sustenance from - and marched her way up the mountainside, carrying Destin, her other hands rubbing her belly protectively, in a nurturing, motherly fashion. That had been too close, and in the moments where she thought the worst would come to pass, it shocked her to realise she was just as afraid for the lives of her children as she was for her lover.

“Reach Origin. Find the Signal. Change me back.”

But the mantra rang a little more hollow, now. She had to change back, of course, but at what cost? As she reached the summit of the great hillside, she couldn’t help but smile at the jostling in her womb, the competitive pushing of her babies as they struggled to find a more comfortable resting spot. Her antennae flickered, allowing her to sense the four babies that were steadily growing within, in addition to the eight or so others. The four that belonged to Destin, the ones that made him a father without knowing.

What would happen if she couldn’t turn back without losing those little lives? Losing all of them, the Veddu’s and Destin’s both? As they teemed within her, she sat down, releasing Destin and rubbing her stomach with all four hands.

“There, there,” she said, “there, there.”

After a time, they calmed.

“Mama’s here,” she said, and this time she did not shy away with it. She once had thought she could never be a mother, but having felt the danger to their little lives, she realised that it was entirely possible; her warrior instincts were not at odds with her pregnancy, but rather a core aspect of them. She was a mama bear protecting her cubs, and it felt right.

“Thanks,” Destin said, breaking her epiphany, “for saving my life.” His gaze fell to her belly, and he obviously noticed her calm smile. Her peace. “All our lives.”

“You’re welcome,” she said. “That was a close one.”

“You were like a mother dragon there.”

“I was thinking mother bear myself, but mother dragon I like even better.”

“Well, you *do* have a long tail.”

She chuckled, feeling the rush in her body begin to calm.

“I’m glad you’re safe, Destin. I - I was terrified, for a moment. I don’t know what I’d do without you, my love.”

He nestled against her leg, gazing at her lovingly. “Hey, we’re all here and safe. You, me, and the kids. Ha! Like a regular family, of sorts.”

She took a heavy breath. Her breasts ached a little, clearly desiring release. She could take him right then and there. Press him inside her, allow him to stimulate her most sensitive places. She wanted that, just as they had often enjoyed one another's presence in the aftermath of battle and near-death. Life celebrated, instead of danger remembered.

But she had a duty, and she could no longer ignore it.

"More family than you know, Destin," she said. She held her belly, gesturing to its immense gravidity, practically the size of a carriage itself. "Some of these babies are yours."

Destin's jaw fell. For the first time in a while he was genuinely flabbergasted, with not a word he could manage to say. He stepped back, clearly trying to figure out how he felt about this, and Sabel focused on her breathing, despite her nervousness.

"Wow," he said. "Me, a father. Ain't that a thing?"

"It is," she said, putting on a brave face.

"I just - woah, that is a *lot*. I thought it was all, you know, Veddu in there."

"I'm only *half*-Veddu, remember? And only since that stupid, ridiculous vague agreement I made for this 'blessing.' But it seems you, um, well you put more children in me, Destin."

"H-how?"

She smirked, lowered herself down to her side so she could see him face-to-face.

"The usual way, I suspect."

"I guess a little bit of my seed goes a long way," he joked, but it was clear he was not in a laughing mood, more a nervous one. "By the Gods, so one of them is mine?"

"Four of them."

Another gasp of breath. His skin looked a little pale.

"Four? Gods above and Black Mountain below. I thought about settling down and having a few little runners when I was a bit older, but four at once." A slight grin. "Still virile, then?"

"I suspect it's more a matter of me being so fertile, actually. When we . . . made love, I wanted you to finish in me, more than anything. I could feel it, despite you being so small-

"Small?"

"Comparatively speaking. But my body needed it. And since then, my antennae sensed a change in you. Like you had become my consort. My *mate*. I can't explain it, it's so godsdamned ridiculous Destin, but it's true. It's how my body sees you. I think - I know this is hard to hear, but I think it wants to keep making babies with you."

"Okay. Okay. I need a moment to process this."

She bit her lip. "Of course."

Her antennae bobbed up and down a little, their spherical ends throbbing. For the merest moment, that odd blue aura around his person flickered, and then it seemingly locked

in, becoming turquoise-blue and far more 'right' than before. Like the final step had been taken. Even before he spoke she knew things were going to be okay.

"Okay," he said, "I'm good."

"Are you sure?"

He gave that classic charismatic Destin grin. "I'm sure. It's just a lot to be sprung on a man. But - and please don't take offence, my love - I think it actually excites me. A lot, actually. Maybe it's the fact of nearly dying a few moments ago, or that for a while the inn was my only legacy, but I do love you Sabel, and when we manage to change you back, we'll have a crop of little kids together. Yours and mine. I - I can't imagine anyone else I'd want to do this with. It makes sense."

Tears brimmed in his eyes, and large droplets in her own. Very delicately, she brushed his cheek with her finger.

"Thank you."

"No, thank you for telling me. Can I feel them?"

"Of course."

She pressed him closer against her belly, and he marvelled at the rippling of young within her.

"That's one of yours, right there," she said with a girlish grin, as a flurry of kicks pressed against his hand and side.

"Amazing," he said. "And I suppose it explains a few other things I was worried about."

She looked at him. "Oh, yes?"

"Mhm, a little secret of my own I've been hiding from you. One that I should come clean on as well, given the moment. Sabel, my skin has been turning blue as well."

And with that, he lifted the back of his shirt, where a series of turquoise-coloured spots had begun to bloom.

The following days of hard travel confirmed it: Destin was indeed turning blue. The splotches of turquoise on his lower back expanded slowly but surely, joining together to form a single blob, and other splotches grew as well; on his buttocks, his elbows, and his inner thighs. It was a similar set of changes to her own. Destin took it in stride, laughing and joking about being a 'matching pair' now, but it was clear that he was internally worried; she knew him too well, and her antennae could sense his moods somewhat.

"Are you sure you're okay?" she asked.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

“Because you’re acting like a drunk orc at an elvish coming of age ceremony! At least when I was changing, I was practically trying to leap out of my skin and all kinds of awkward.”

“But you put on a tough, obstinate front as ever, Sabel.”

“I did. And you put up a joking, irreverent one.”

“Guilty by the magistrate’s charge,” he responded, before becoming more serious. “What am I supposed to do, Sabel? Not joke? Not laugh? I might be turning into a godsdamned blue giant, and yes, that does scare me. But the truth of the matter is at least I’m not the first; you’ve gone through this before me, and so I know sort of what to expect, and at least you won’t be alone anymore. You’ll have your consort. Your mate. Your . . . whatever you want to call me.”

“My love,” she responded easily, picking up and holding him before her face like he was a small child. “That is what I want to call you.”

“And besides,” he continued, sitting in her hand, “at least I can’t get pregnant!”

She rolled her eyes, before remembering once more that he still couldn’t tell. “Oh Gods, lucky you. I feel practically bursting with babies right now. Me! The Crimson Tide! You can’t tell, but I’m rolling my eyes right now.”

“I had suspected you were trying to do that.”

“You know me too well. Just - just tell me if there are any more changes, okay? I don’t want you being all stubborn like I was on the Fields of Harteides.”

“That was the *most* stubborn you’ve ever been. Except, perhaps, for this relentless quest to become human again.”

“Can you blame me? I’d like my figure back. Besides, while I’m getting attached to these little ones, I can’t say the idea of birthing them for several hundred years is the most appealing thing. Labour is not especially nice, you know.”

Destin nodded. “A good point.”

They continued to travel, and the harsh landscape extended endlessly ahead of them. Wells of water and soil for the weedgrass could be found, but increasingly became sparse as the land levelled out, its dangers now becoming that of attrition. Sabel’s size finally worked for them across those great plains, as she was able to stride across them with ease, whereas walking at a regular size would be insufferable. Her large bare feet managed the high heat of the sands well, much more insulated against it than even if she’d worn protective boots as a human. Destin rode on her shoulder, laughing and chatting in her ear, sometimes even feeding her meat rations like a lover on a close date. At other times she carries him, letting him view the sights in all their desolate beauty. And at other, more exploratory times, he was happy to sit in her cleavage, comfortably nestled among the bobbing and jostling of her breasts, as if in the world’s most elaborate and erotic waterbed.

He even managed to fall asleep sometimes, though when she had a surprise leak he was woken quickly.

His skin continued to change, and as the days passed, he was practically all-blue, much like her. His ears had extended, just a little, looking almost elven, but nothing else. There were no other changes; no growth, no bulging of muscle or belly, no increase in height or formation of extra nipples. He had simply become a mere shade of Veddu, rather than her full bloom. It allayed their fears somewhat, and she could tell his own anxiety had lessened, but there was also a slight malaise to the air as well. While Destin hadn't truly wanted to become a blue giant as she was, he was clearly a little sorry at now sharing her fate. It would've made sex easier, despite their current enjoyment of the act, and it felt like he had 'cheated' the system, while she had fallen prey to it. She offered her best assurance that it was okay.

That assurance took many forms, and did lead to some fun times. Sex was far more rare now that her body needed every bit of sustenance it could to survive; the expenditure of energy from coming together was a risk. But still, when the shade of night came on, and there were no violent dust storms, they found time to express their love for each other with their asymmetric bodies. Sabel continued to moan and groan in agonising bliss as he played with the lips of her vagina, and she even took to using a carved tree trunk as a 'toy' to fill herself with while he coaxed pleasure from her four breasts. She felt the need to grow even further, despite her quest, in those moments, to expand her womanhood so that it was even larger, and capable of bearing bigger and bigger young. Those were thoughts born of instinct, but they pleased her mind anyway, and after each literal earth-quaking orgasm, she begged and pleaded for her mate to cum inside her.

After some internal debate, and some reassurance from her that it was alright to do so, he did exactly that. As a result, by the time another couple of weeks of hard, increasingly rugged travel had passed, her belly had rendered her almost immobile, leading to shorter and shorter journeys. She now had nine additional babies courtesy of her mate, and each one felt tender and special.

A blessing.

They were also incredibly heavy.

"Ooohhhh, s-so damn h-heavy," she grunted, lumbering with short, hastened breaths.

"I told you I didn't have to spend my seed in you!" Destin protested.

She flashed him a glare. Even her breasts had grown, full of ever more milk to feed her prodigious amount of young. Gods, it felt like she could go into labour at any second.

"You wanted to, you cad!" she spat back. "This is your fault!"

"I'm not the one who made a mysterious bargain with an ancient, long-dead race!"

“But you still knocked me up further!”

“Well, you liked it!”

“I did!”

She settled, realising the argument made no sense. Destin scratched his head awkwardly.

“We both did. It was the strangest thing, Sabel, but I too felt a draw to you. An instinct, as you describe it, to spend my seed inside you. I think some of the changes I have experienced have been in the mind, like yours. I could have disobeyed it, but at the time, I didn’t want to.”

Sabel grunted understanding. “It seems our changes *want* us to keep reproducing. Too bad - eurgh! - I have to be the sole bearer of it all!”

They had crossed further than any other. Past shattered pillars of ancient Veddu starfaring vessels half-encased in rock and vine and mud, past whirlpools of quicksand, past the scorching deserts. The ruin lands of the Wastes were intractable to all, it was known, but not to the unknown quantity of a blue giantess able to sense and suck up life-giving water hidden beneath the earth.

Still, supplies began running low, and sources of water lower still. Sabel was continually getting more and more pregnant with Destin’s young, and ever further along in her current pregnancies. Her bloated belly was huge, sagging down over her thighs. It would be too large for her to place her arms around, were it not for her elongated limbs that stretched further like an ape’s arms, able to encompass her enormous dome. But the journey was ever harder, and while neither of them voiced it, the fear remained that Origin was buried, or gone, and that they were on a fool’s errand, destined to die.

That was, until Destin spotted it.

Sabel was too preoccupied with the contents of her belly, rubbing and soothing her children, of which she suspected there was close to two dozen now. But something gleamed on the horizon, and her lover was the first to notice it.

“There! Do you see that!”

She looked up, and it took her a moment. Something gleaming. Something that stuck out from the desert lands. Something that was surrounded by a strip of *green*. She stepped closer, uncaring of what she looked like, or even the burden on her shoulders and carapaced back. She thundered forward, and with each step, the sight was clearer; a city. Not a huge one, but with mighty walls, strips of arable land for agriculture, and teeming gardens within. And movement. Life! Already she could see people moving on the ramparts, scattering and

grouping and staring at the terrifying blue giantess that approached them with her enormously distended stomach.

“We’ve made it,” she said, gazing at the stone towers and evidence of verdant gardens within. “We’ve reached Origin.”

Her antennae sensed something powerful, and her gaze fell down to the foundations of the distant city, where something seemed to reach out to her. A connection. Something Veddu.

“And I’ve found the Signal,” she said. “Beneath the city.”

To be Concluded . . .

A Very Large Blessing, Part 3 (Giantess TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Jorgamund

In a fantasy world beset by war and the ruins of a long-dead starfaring race, Sabel the mercenary travels through the Outlands in hopes of atonement. She finds it in the strange blessing of a last remaining survivor of his people. As her body begins to grow and swell, becoming giant and increasingly pregnant, she grapples with what this blessing may mean for her life and future, and whether she truly wants it at all, or whether she has a choice.

Part 4: The Broodmother

The two of them looked over the great expanse of the Wastes. The city on the horizon was immense, glorious. Even from a distance, it was easy to tell its Veddu influence: it was as if a city had naturally sprung up around the remains of one of their starfaring ships. At twenty five feet tall, Sabel was able to see the movement of citizens and life within the city, as well as the fertile gardens that stood as a stark contrast against the Outland Wastes.

"I can't believe," Dastin said, lifted upon her shoulder to see better. "We've actually made it. We've found Origin."

"And the Signal beneath it," she added.

As if they could sense their mother's excitement, her numerous children shifted and squirmed within her frighteningly large belly. Her dome of a stomach trembled as a flurry of kicks began all over.

"Ohh, c-calm down little ones," she managed, trying to rub as much of her expansive belly as she could reach. Even with her elongated arms, she couldn't get to it all.

"They're just excited," Destin said, grinning. "Besides, some of them may have my eager personality, right?"

Another series of kicks. "Ngggh, at least - ahhh - nine of them, my antennae tell me. And they're leading the charge."

"I know it must be a little uncomfortable, but can a father be a tiny bit proud?"

She gave him a smirk, allowing him to brush her large cheek.

"Okay, they're settling. Whatever this place is, it's where we need to go. Let's get going, before I give birth right here in the desert."

"That would be quite a sight!" Destin chuckled in her ear.

She rolled her eyes, uncaring that he couldn't see now that they were a single purple colour.

“I wouldn’t be too ecstatic to see me start giving birth, you know.”

“And why is that, my love?”

She began to waddle forwards, clutching her belly and adjusting her four large breasts in her top as she did so.

“Because, my love, *you* would have to be the one playing midwife for me.”

There was a moment of humorous silence.

“Oh.”

“Oh indeed.”

They were both clearly imagining the sheer effort and length of time it would take to expel what could well be over two dozen children from her womb. Gods, she hoped if it came to that before changing back that she would not be in too much agony. Motherhood had never held a great appeal to her, and one of the reasons was being as beset with a heavy womb as she currently was. The other, naturally, was the pain of ruining a perfectly good vagina as an entire human being was pushed out of it.

“Yeah, let’s get you moving then.”

“A good idea,” she replied with a smile.

“Still, if I do have to play midwife, maybe I only deliver the ones I’m responsible for?”

“That’s still nine, my love. And if I know you, which I do, you’ll probably be responsible for more unless I change back too.”

“Hmmm, nine is a lot. Yes, let’s get moving. Big steps, Sabel!”

She grunted as she made her way over a small hillside, her tail whipping about behind her in search of water.

“I’m t-trying, love. But in case you haven’t noticed, I’m devastatingly pregnant r-right now.”

He rubbed the nape of her neck soothingly as she stepped forward.

Something was wrong as they drew closer to the city. Sabel knew she’d attract a lot of attention; she was a twenty-five foot tall blue giant with four milk-filled boobs, four long arms, a set of shifting antennae, and a long root-like tail. And, of course, she was perhaps the most pregnant person in the entire world, with a belly that hung so low and wide that it disguised her previous figure entirely, and even covered over much of her own makeshift skirt. So obviously people were going to pay attention to her.

What she didn’t expect was cries of worship.

“What are they saying that’s got you so shocked?” Destin asked. He’d been lowered to the ground; the notion was that the city would be less afraid of an ordinary human than a

strange creature like her, and he could parley an agreement to let her into the city and down to the Signal. But he'd stopped when he clearly so her go rigid.

"Sabel? What is it?"

She placed a hand on her belly, feeling the kicking inside.

"They're - they're *worshipping me*, Destin."

"What?"

It was true. With her enhanced hearing courtesy of her elongated, elf-like ears, she could hear the organised prayer of a crowd gathering among the crenellations and ramparts of the city.

"The great ones have returned! The mother comes to us! We give thanks for the prophecy! Mother, hear our prayers, bring back the starfarers and save us from the barbarians. Let your light guide us forward and grant us peace. May your turquoise skin shine brilliantly with fertile lustre. May your fertile belly be fruitful for a thousand years, so that you may birth legions of your kind back upon the word. This we pray, Mother! This we pray!"

She relayed this to Destin in a monotone voice, utterly confused. The gates were opening to receive them already, but now she was not sure she wanted to go in at all.

"By the Black Mountain, this is bizarre," her lover said, brushing his hand through his handsome beard. It hadn't changed colour, despite the rest of him turning that turquoise blue as well. She was thankful he hadn't changed more. Her antennae seemed to indicate his changes were 'done', whatever that meant.

"It's because of the Signal," Sabel said, figuring it out. "Their civilisation must be built around it. Look at the statues."

Now that they were closer, the Veddu construction increasingly looked like Veddu *veneration*. Numerous carved obelisks, towers, bas reliefs, even painted murals depicted the ancient species, but in far more detail than Sabel had seen them in any other civilisation.

"Astounding," Destin said. "We could use this."

"What are you talking about? This is a disaster. Oh Gods, they're sending out a procession and everything. Is that their king? Wait, is that a woman?"

It was indeed. A woman in a resplendent purple robe was being escorted out of the city, riding upon a white horse. A royal guard escorted her, along with numerous merchants. A large crowd gathered on the ramparts to bear witness.

"I think it is," Destin said. "But look, this *isn't* a disaster if we take advantage of it. They think you're a god-

"Goddess."

"Whatever. My point is we can use this to get access to the Signal and change you back!"

Sabel looked down at the warrior-turned-inkeep-turned-half alien. “By the Gods, you are endlessly crafty. But it doesn’t feel right.”

“We’ve used guile before to win battles.”

“I know, it’s just . . . let’s meet them first, at least.”

He nodded, and they proceeded forward. She had to take small, mincing steps just to allow him to keep up with her, but still each one thundered. Her babies continued to shift, and Sabel was increasingly getting the vibe that if she remained in this form and was unable to change back, the constant movement of her litter within her would become a never-ceasing reality. After all, she now was pregnant with enough babies that it was practically impossible for them to be all sleeping at the same time; some would remain awake. Just the realisation that she was now thinking of them as a ‘litter’ was worrying.

She pulled her thoughts from that diversion, trying to lift her belly a little to ease her shoulders, and tried to look vaguely dignified as she approached the delegation. They were gazing at her in awe, clearly trying to project the same dignity, but their lines occasionally fell apart as knights and guards broke ranks to fall to their knees and give shouted words of admiration, each of which only served to make her blush purple across her cheeks, neck and shoulders, in her new Veddu way.

“You are a most glorious sight, Mother!”

“Will you save us from the barbarians?”

“Your fertility knows no boundaries! You are even more full with child than the prophecies could have imagined!”

“I am more blessed than my entire lineage put together to know I shall live to see the first birthing!”

“Will you bless my wife, Mother! We wish to conceive a child together, and legend has it you very touch can-”

“My daughters are fruitful, they are devotees of your faith, and send their-

“We have fine vestments for you, Mother, and can provide much more as you ascend to your throne!”

She looked in shock at Destin, who was able to hear some of it.

“Throne? Throne? What do they take me for?”

“Perhaps they take you for exactly how *I* see you: a goddess.”

She gave the most nervous of smirks. “Cute, you hopeless and hapless romantic. But I’m not Goddess.”

“You do look a bit like one. An Outland goddess, certainly, but one all the same. I mean, the four arms, the blue skin, the tail, the full belly. There’d be a fertility goddess somewhere to match your description.”

She sighed heavily, her four great breasts heaving in her tight shift. Her nipples tensed, aching to release some milk.

“Great, a fertility goddess, just like I always wanted. After all, who wants to be Frejana, the Goddess of Wind and Speed and Sword?”

“Who indeed?”

They hushed up as the delegation came into hearing range. Sabel did her best to look imperious and dignified, but in truth she had no real experience in that realm; she was a taker of orders, not a giver of them. Besides, she had a womb full of children who were squirming, occasionally causing her to gasp. She grit her teeth a little when she realised her four ‘udders’ were leaking again; a small set of trails of milk were gliding over her belly. To her frustration, that only seemed to rile them up even more.

Thankfully, they were silenced by the raising of their queen’s hand.

“Great Mother,” the woman called. She looked to be in her mid-forties. “I am Queen Alitraya of the great city of Vedrayu. We have waited long for your arrival. The prophecies were vague, and difficult to interpret, and it has been a great deal of time since our omen-readers were able to access them in your Sacred Vaults. Do you come to take up your residence in the Celestial Temple?”

If Sabel could still go pale white, she would have. Her long, root-like tail continued to ‘sniff’ the air for water behind her, and it only added to her list of distractions. Destin looked up at her, motioning for her to say something.

“Great Mother, can you understand my language?”

“I, uh, I can!” Sabel said, voice booming across the gathered congregation. Gods, this was awkward, she thought. “It is good to meet you, Queen Alitraya. My name is Sabel.”

Another loud murmur rose from the assembled crowd. Her giant’s voice was clearly loud enough to carry to the city walls two hundred feet away, because they began to talk excitedly.

“She has a name! I think it was Satel!”

“It was Sabel, you twit!”

“A most fortunate name! My daughter will be named such when I give birth!”

“Mine as well!”

“And mine!”

“You don’t even know if you’re having daughters!”

“Then I shall name a son Satel. It can be the male equivalent.”

Again, that deep purple flush came over Sabel. Already omen readers were trying to interpret what it could mean. None of them even considered that it was simple embarrassment.

"It is the greatest honour of my life to meet you, Great Mother Sabel," Queen Alitraya called out. "You have come at a most fortunate time. It is prophesied that the Great Mother would arrive in our direst hour."

"Oh, uh, okay," she said, trying to ignore how much her four giant boobs were leaking milk over her belly, or the way her tail was excited by the sheer amount of wells and water sources in the city. "It's actually just Sabel. Not Great Mother. Just Sabel."

A long pause began as the queen conferred with her counsellors.

"Very well, Sabel, we shall call you as such. You have my apologies, the prophecies were sometimes . . . vague. We didn't foresee you would have your own name, or that you would prefer not title."

"I'm just," she looked to Destin, who seemed a little panicked.

"The prophecies *did* speak of another, however! The Great Mother's Consort. Is this he? The one that shall flower new life within your belly?"

This time both of them went purple with embarrassment. Destin gave a sheepish grin.

"Yes, great Queen, that is I. The Grea - I mean, Sabel has chosen me for her consort, and as you can see, her belly is already full to the brim with the blessing she has given me."

Sabel tried to avoid glaring at him. Gods, her lover could be utterly infuriating!

"We can see this!" the Queen said. "No doubt many men in the city will be disappointed; many train their whole lives in the hopes of becoming the Consort, should the Great Moth - should *Sabel* arrive."

"Oh, well, they can stop that now," Sabel said.

Things were going awkwardly, and everyone could tell. She was clearly not the wise, gloriously godly being of fertility they expected. The fact that she was half-caked in sand and dirt probably didn't help, nor her ragged clothing which was fraying apart, even after all of Destin's hard work.

"We - we shall give the orders at once. Do you wish to enter our great city and make a grand proclamation?"

It was all too much. She just needed to reach the Signal. Destin wanted her to play along, but that was his particular brand of cunning, not hers. Besides, she was too overladen with babies, transformations, growth, and damned *milk* to have the energy for deceit.

"Queen Alitraya, I must speak honestly. My name is Sabel, but my history may be different from the prophecies - NGHH!"

For a moment, she was terrified the clench in her stomach was the first pangs of childbirth. She grabbed her stomach with all four arms, holding it as much as she could, as if it were a giant kickball and she a player desperate not to lose her advantage. But then the

loudest stomach growl she'd ever felt let loose, and her long tail with its root-like dendrites whipped about behind her in an agitated fashion.

"Oohhhhhh," she groaned, "n-need sustenance."

The crowd instantly called for action, numerous among them worried for her. The Queen rallied them.

"Quick, come into the city, Great, um, Sabel! We have prepared for this moment for hundreds of years since your Sacred Vaults were found. We will feed and wash you, clothe and attend to you. Please, let us take you into our city of Vedrayu and show you how we have prepared for your arrival!"

She clapped her hands, and the gates were opened wider. The congregation parted to allow her through, while the Queen and her councillors, along with a number of important guards, motioned for her to follow in their wake.

"Make way for Sabel, blessed mother of the starfarers! Blessed goddess that shall bring the return of the Veddu! Make clean the birthing chamber, ready the Celestial Temple! Gather the servants of the Blue Quarter that they may attend to her Grace!"

Sabel gave one last pained look at Destin, but her lover too was clearly shocked at all of this. They had expected potential violence, difficult negotiation, perhaps even the need to dig somehow to the Signal while escaping the city's notice. Neither had expected worship and acceptance.

It was creepy and wrong. And the worst part was her antennae were loving it; they bobbed and throbbed upon her head, instinctively pushing her to find a place to settle her tail root down.

"Settle down," she said to it, annoyed at its continual writhing. Somehow, it had gotten even bigger, now as long as she was tall. "You're going to give me and the little ones a drink, but you're not 'rooting' me to the spot, you hear?"

The tail failed to acknowledge her, but she hoped she'd told her own body off successfully. With a sigh, she took a great giantess step ahead, following the procession into the great stone and brick city. With two hands, she carefully lifted her warrior lover onto her shoulder, allowing him to sit there. She was as tall as some of the ramparts, and her eyes drew even with the crowds as she passed. Many of them were crying, others singing praises. One particularly pregnant woman called out to her. The young thing couldn't be older than twenty, and she looked ripe with twins.

"Sabel! Great Sabel! Will you please bless my babies! I wish for an easier birth, and worry as my mother passed in childbearing."

Sabel gave her a sympathetic look. She turned, her belly scraping a little against the walls, but her rubbery skin absorbing it easily. Her antennae throbbed, focusing in on the woman's womb. She was indeed carrying children.

“A pair of daughters,” she murmured out loud accidentally, and the woman gasped.

“You can tell!”

“I - I guess I can.”

But her antennae continued to throb, trying to tell her something. She could sense a small distress in the womb, a danger to come with childbirth. Somehow, she was able to tell that the danger the woman feared had a great likelihood of coming to pass.

“Sabel, are we moving?” Destin asked, but his voice might as well have been a thousand miles away: she was transfixed by the odd new sense she had developed.

Slowly, without quite knowing what it was she was doing, she raised her upper left hand. The crowd parted, giving the pregnant woman space.

“What’s your name?” Sabel.

“Sirillia,” she responded, looking nervous. She appeared to be a poor woman: Sabel had seen her type before. Falling pregnant accidentally, and the father now nowhere to be found. Or worse, condemning her.

“Lift your shirt so I can touch your belly Sirillia, and hold still. I’ve never done this before.”

The crowd murmured, and the nervous woman did as asked. A couple of months ago and Sabel would have found the sight of her enormously distended belly a bit comically unwieldy. Now, it actually seemed quite small given her own hypergravity. Her large fingers brushed over the woman's womb, and something - a pulse of strange arcanery - passed between them. The woman must have felt it, because she gasped and shivered. Sabel's antennae immediately sensed that the danger was corrected. To the woman's astonishment, the alterations did not stop there: she grunted a little as her narrow hips visibly expanded, and her bosom as well.

“Oh, ohhhh!!”

The crowd gasped, and so did Sabel.

“Oh Gods, I didn't meant to do that, I'm sorry!”

“Don't be!” Sirillia said, checking over her body without shame, though she did cover her belly again. “You have blessed me!”

“She has been given wider hips for birthing!” one woman proclaimed.

“And I was worried I would not be able to feed them as well,” Sirillia said, referring to her large bust, which was now quite prominent - though not to the same ridiculous degree as Sabel's chest. “Thank you, Great Sabel! Thank you!”

“Blessed is Sirillia! The first to be blessed!”

“She truly is the Goddess! She will bring enough for all, and the time of raids against our city will end!”

“Yes, uh, take care of her!” Sabel called, before continuing to move into the city proper. She looked to Destin, who was astonished as he rode on her shoulder.

“I didn’t know you could do that!” he exclaimed.

“Me either! It just sort of . . . happens.”

“Useful for us though.”

“Yes, it is, I suppose.” She looked back at the woman, who was being hugged and praised by the crowd, each individual amazed at her changes, and Sabel herself. “Useful for her too,” she said, perhaps a little wistfully.

If nothing else, in helping that poor girl, she’d done some good with her new body.

She continued into the city proper.

Vedrayu was magnificent. The city was larger than she’d thought it was, though not as large as the great cities in the now-distant east. But surrounded by desert on all sides as it was, it was a jewel within the coal. Greenery was everywhere, covering the buildings like tangled vines, and numerous fountains and wells and even pools and interior lakes could be seen. The sandstone buildings were well-organised, and it took some time for her to realise that the numerous surrounding towers had clearly been constructed around the great pillars of the Veddu starship. She had seen the pattern before, but this was larger still by a degree of tenfold. Was this perhaps where the flagship or ‘mothership’ of the Veddu fleet had landed before the disease wiped them all out? If so, it had been repurposed well: numerous housings, taverns, buildings, and community centres had been constructed in the various inlets and crevasses of where its mighty engines had once been.

All the water was making her tail go mad with lust, and her belly growled for sustenance. Even her children sensed the hunger, practically doing flips in her belly as she tried to keep a vaguely stoic face. That, at least, was something she could do. She was good at being stoic; a warrior’s history had given her a great deal of practice.

Queen Alitraya rattled off numerous names of suburbs, great temples - each of them dedicated in honour to the ‘starfarers’ - and various towers and important fountains. The gardens were the big thing; this was evidently one of the few places where fertile land existed in the Outland Wastes, and so greenery was encouraged to grow everywhere, spreading the fertility of the land as far as it could stretch.

Sadly, it only stretched to the city limits, and there were still numerous neighbourhoods and several slums that were stuck in drybeds and distant from wells, requiring long walks to reach them. The city, to its credit, was certainly more equal than most

Sabel had seen, but it still had the good order of hierarchy that led to rich nobles and poor peasants, as was the case everywhere.

“It is a beautiful city,” Sabel remarked, speaking honestly. “And I appreciate that the roads are so . . . wide.”

The Queen, to her surprise, gave a chuckle, grinning from ear to ear in pride.

“I’m so glad you noticed, Great - sorry, Sabel. Very happy. Ever since we viewed the grand prophecies foretelling of your coming, we knew we had to alter the kingdom as best we could to accommodate you. This is the result.”

She gestured to the widened streets, lined with stone and carefully made as flat as possible, to prevent even the smallest irritation of her giant feet. She still had trouble controlling her tail - it scraped against a couple of buildings - as well as her belly - which ‘adjusted’ a veranda as she turned - but the local denizens seemed only to rejoice at this. As if she had somehow *blessed* them purely through the act of accidental property damage. Destin couldn’t stop giggling, but at least the infuriating man was himself starting to become the centre of attention: numerous men were asking for the “blessing of virility” and “advice on how to become the Mother’s second Consort,” all of which finally made him shut up a little. If she was still anywhere approaching his height, she would have playfully punched him on the arm.

“Well, it is grand. And your city is so beautiful - Nnhggh - but do you have a p-place I could rest? The journey has been long, and - ahhh - I’m deeply hungry. My little baby Veddu are hungry too. And my tail needs water.”

It wasn’t a series of sentences she had never expected to say, and somehow saying it outright was even weirder. Like she was starting to accept the nature of her hyperpregnant body.

The Queen looked a little startled. She dismounted from her horse and began to shout up at Sabel. The blue giantess didn’t have the heart to tell the queen that she could no longer see her, since she was standing to close directly beneath her burgeoning belly.

“My sincerest apologies, Sabel. You are the mother of the return of the Veddu, the great starfarers. We will accommodate you. Please, follow our procession and we will treat you as the goddess you are.”

“I don’t - urggh - feel like a g-goddess.”

“Ah, but the gods have many tribulations themselves!” the Queen shouted after conferring with her councillors. “You have born, and continue to bear them well.”

“I feel like the b-bearing has just begun,” Sabel stammered, as her womb quivered with an earthquake of movement. Numerous members of the gathered crowds kept their distance to avoid her thunderous footfalls, but they discussed with excitement the movement of the litter within her belly.

“That is true. What a blessing!” Queen Alitraya declared. She waved the procession forth. “And what a blessing for your Consort!”

“I go by Destin!” the man shouted. “Your Highness.”

“Destin. Sabel and Destin, the Goddess and her mortal mate, just as prophesied!”

The giantess and blue man exchanged a glance - or at least as much of a glance as could be exchanged when one was riding on the other’s shoulder.

“We would like to see these prophecies you speak of!” Destin shouted, “if that were possible. They are beneath the city, yes?”

“Indeed, the Sacred Archives. We will talk of them, as we will talk of many things, including your ascent, dear Goddess, to the Celestial Throne. But first, we must bathe you, feed you, allow you both to relax after your long awaited journey.”

Sabel groaned, stomach growling.

“I guess I c-could wait a little longer.”

“Are you saying you’d prefer to be pampered than get to the bottom of this?” Destin asked, chuckling.

“Oh shut up. I may have always been a rough-and-tumble sort, but I’m still a woman. I can appreciate the importance of good hygiene and some self care.”

She cradled her bump with her long arms, and tried to ignore the pressure in her breasts.

“Gods, I might even ask them to take care of *these* too, if they get any more full.”

Sabel sighed as she leaned back, unbelieving the level of comfort she was experiencing. She was utterly naked, and for once she felt totally relaxed even in her astonishingly fertile body. Neither she or Destin could have believed that when the Queen and the city leaders had told her they’d ‘prepared for her arrival for hundreds of years’ just how much they meant it. Entire chambers had been erected, built around the remains of the starfaring ship still above the desert surface, all of which easily contained her. The sun filtered in, with enormous sheets of connected cloth crisscrossing above to give a wonderful light shade. The first true shade she’d had in some time that wasn’t a tree canopy or a dark cave. But that wasn’t what truly amazed her.

They’d created a leisure spa, intended purely for her.

It was large, entirely artificial, with a heating system drawn from Veddu technology to warm it to the wonderfully hot temperatures she adored, even with the productive furnace that was her overstretched womb. She had lowered into it, and found that they had even prepared enormous pillows and clothes to give her back comfort. Her carapace softened,

and to her astonishment some pieces of it began to fall off, collected by the various individuals administering the baths: some for personal glory, others to take to the arcanists and city officials for reports.

“I - ah! - didn’t expect to lose my sh-shell!”

“We were told it could happen, by the images in the prophecy,” an official explained.

In fact, much of her skin itched, and soon she was flexing all four arms to slowly tear away at the carapace. It had done well to protect her for so long, and yet her antennae were telling her that now she had found a good body of water - one that her tail was lapping at hungrily and necessitating further refills from the city pipe network - that it was time to shed it. Several teams of strongmen even worked to pull away at her shell, though they were blindfolded at times to preserve her modesty.

She wasn’t sure how modest she should be, given how difficult it was to hide all her fertile, motherly curves, but she still appreciated the effort. Soon she was on her actual back again - her smooth skinned back and bottom, which she was embarrassed to realise had swollen up even more than she thought it had. The feeling, nevertheless, was one of absolute bliss. Steam rose over her fertile form, and the water was wonderfully deep, with just her head, breasts, belly and knees sticking out. The rest was submerged, and she lay there in perfect harmony, arms outstretched. Her tail continued to drink, and her body became a little more on the green side of turquoise as patches of sunlight filtered through and absorbed into her skin.

“Mmmhmm,” she moaned, extending her four arms outwards, and letting the hot water flow through them. “This is amazzzzzing.”

“Then you will love what comes next, Goddess,” one of the attendants said, a moon elf to just from her complexion and ears.

Sabel barely had time to register what the woman could be referring to when the lady clapped, and several doors opened. A procession of women filtered through - most of them human, but several of them moon elves also. They were each clad in white outfits with simple yet aesthetically appealing designs.

“Your body is no doubt tired from your long travels,” the moon elf said. “I am Janira, and if you wish it, great Sabel, we can use our ancient techniques of massage and healing to restore you to full strength, while our other attendants feed you and treat your hair.”

She had never been one for total pampering. In fact, to her current guilt, she’d always looked down at women who felt the need to chase beauty standards through excessive makeup and health treatments. Perhaps it was that she had a natural, raw beauty. Or perhaps the blood of the battlefield had a different, grittier appeal. Regardless, *now* she understood the appeal of those rich and powerful enough to pursue such comforts, or those women who saved up for spa treatments in cities like Bavaron.

“Oh, I think I do wish. Very much so, in fact.”

The moon elf's team quickly got to work. The team involved more than thirty people, but Sabel didn't even care by that point; the service and treatment was like being totally restored after her hard travel. Destin was elsewhere - this was the 'Goddess' Chamber' apparently. She hoped he was being as well treated as her, but she deeply suspected that however much he was being massaged, her own sheer surface area meant that the greater attention was being placed on her. The masseuses got to work manipulating, massaging, kneading, and placing pressure on all the right parts of her body. Several warm stones were placed along her belly, and it caused her to giggle in a very un-Sabel fashion as they were displaced a little by the furious kicking within. Others fed her enormous piles of grapes from numerous dishes, as well as meats, stews, and other kinds of fruits as well. Each was delicious, perfectly prepared, and made all the better when her babies began to settle, clearly sated by the influx of food. Afterwards, several attendants washed her long hair, soaking it in oils so that it was wonderfully scented and incredibly fresh. Servants carried entire buckets of the dirty water where her mud-caked hair had been freed of the clumps.

“Ohhhhhh, this is good. This is wonderful.”

“You deserve it, Sabel, Goddess Mother of the Veddu. We have waited long for you to join us.”

“Mhmmm, I almost wish I'd done it sooner.”

“Was your journey long? From what lands did you travel?”

She turned her face to the moon elf Janira.

“I came from beyond the Wastes, from the far east.”

There was a series of murmurs at her word. Sabel rolled her eyes, knowing now that no one could see them, thanks to their uniform colour. Apparently every word she said from now on would change entire interpretations of their so-called holy scripture.

“We had wondered if such lands existed, but none have ever successfully crossed them.”

Sabel chuckled, her enormous body shaking the water a little. “It helps when you have a tail that can sense where all the wells are.”

She raised her tail out of the air dramatically, able to control it a little. This predictably caused another wave of discussion, clearly centred around this marvellous talent.

“And now you are here, to set down your root, and join us.”

Sabel was incredibly relaxed up until that moment. She had been trying not to think of that prospect. In many ways, despite being so close to the Signal - the very energy or magic source that her antennae continually reminded her of below - she was also aware she was now in the very place she was meant to supposedly give birth.

Give birth forever, in fact.

She shuddered a little at that prospect. The notion that she would effectively become rooted to the spot, just a living womb with a head, four arms, and two pairs of tits, was terrifyingly confronting. Even worse, her antennae and tail continually betrayed her, giving her new body an instinct to follow that her human mind did not wish to submit to. It was maddening. She may have given up the life of a warrior, she may have even become incredibly attached to the many babies that were stuffing out her stomach, but to become pregnant with them over and over, and be constantly birthing them for hundreds of years?

No way. No way in all the Nine Hells.

Maybe just a quick series of births to get rid of the ones she had. That, as strange as it would be to suddenly be a mother to over two dozen children, was at least something she could learn to cope with. This 'blessing' she'd been given instead desired her to go on to be a mother to several *thousand*, if not *tens of thousands*. It would mean giving up everything to just generate young. To have them kicking and shifting within her endlessly, to be birthing even as new babies formed inside her, and to be impregnated again and again even when her form was more pregnant stomach than not.

It was, essentially, taking on the role of the ultimate broodmare. The only real compensation would be being worshipped as a goddess for the rest of her life. That, and she knew Destin would always remain at her side. Her antennae told her as much, scanning his mind thoroughly in past weeks. But she didn't need them to tell her that. She knew Destin better than any transformed new body part could ever know him.

She took a heaving breath as several servants massaging her belly parted from it to swim through the water to her arms.

"Excuse me, Great One."

"Please, just Sabel. I'm no Great One, or anything."

The moon elf attendant bowed. "Please, you see, very engorged. Would you like us to express your milk for you?"

Sabel blushed incredibly purple, and the woman clearly understood her reaction. "Please Mistress, we are prepared for this, and it would be no shame or embarrassment. The prophecies claim your milk contains something known as 'nutrients' and 'formula' that can bring strength, longer life, virility, fertility, and can even heal minor sicknesses. With your blessings, we would bottle it, allowing it to go to the most worthy in society."

"Okay, setting aside that this is a pretty strange topic for me, who would you consider worthy?"

Sabel had a sneaking suspicion of *exactly* who the woman considered worthy.

"The great nobles of the court, of course, and the Queen and her family most of all."

Sabel smirked. Of course. Even here, the nobles were above the rest. She was about to turn the woman away when a tremor passed through her two left breasts. Both of them

were leaking, and the other two weren't far behind. All four of her large, blue nipples were slowly distending, practically *dilating* with need to express their milk. Her boobs felt even warmer than the hot waters within which she was resting.

"F-fine," she said, "you can . . . express me. But the first, uhh, 'batches' of milk do not go to the nobles, except for some for the queen and her family. The rest goes to the poorest quarter in the city, do you understand?"

The elf was wide-eyed. "To the Shadowed Recess?"

"If that's the poorest quarter, then yes. Consider it a gift from the . . . Great Mother."

The woman nodded, concerned and surprised, but clearly viewing this as a quest of great importance. She gave the order.

"Begin the milking at once."

Sabel raised an eyebrow. "Milking? Really? I'm now a cow-ooohhhhhh!!!"

The attendants began to playfully manipulate her teats, attached to small cups with hoses that led to buckets carried by their partners. Sabel groaned as milk was immediately extracted from her body, entire gallons of it pouring into buckets. Soon orders were given for more buckets, as they were being overwhelmed by the sheer amount of lactation that was occurring. Sabel fought the urge to writhe and squeal in pleasure, she was practically becoming orgasmic. She held her belly, stroking it and savouring the sensitivity of the skin, and keeping as straight a face as possible as more and more of the buckets were filled again and again.

It took nearly half an hour to empty her, and her breasts had deflated a little, though they were still utterly gigantic, even in proportion to the rest of her.

"That - that was good."

"They shall go to the poor quarter immediately."

"Good, make sure that - NNGHH!! Oh, Gods and the Nine Hells and the shadow of the Black Mountain, what now!?"

But she realised pretty much immediately what it was. She had been fed. She had taken in a *lot* of water. She had been massaged and pleased into near-orgasm.

And now her body was taking that as a sign to grow further still.

"Oh, f-fuck! You all need to get off of me! Now! NOWWWW!!!"

The masseuses and caretakers and attendants heeded her word, launching from her body and swimming across the hot water to the sides. Sabel clutched her form, breathing heavily as the familiar pressure rose and rose.

"G-growing a-again!" she gasped.

"She's growing!" someone yelled. "We are blessed to witness it!"

"Truly *she* is blessed to experience it! I'm so jealous!"

Sabel glared as her body began to expand. “Y-you’re w-welcome to experience it instead, you know! It’s not easy always getting so godsdamned b-biiiiig!”

Her body pulsed with pleasure, orgasms coiling through her form. Her tail drank excitedly of the water, increasing her growth. Her spine lengthened, her belly expanded. Her entire form swelled, her arms extending, which developed even more flexibility to them, to almost octopine levels. She gasped and trembled as her breasts grew further still, even larger in proportion to her body. Each one looked as if it were nearly double the size of her own head, and she felt utterly overwhelmed. To her astonishment, her legs did not grow but instead *receded* slightly.

Her tail whipped about, excited. Her antennae throbbed, their spherical ends bloating a little in excitement. Something was telling her to stay put. To remain where she was and allow her tail to do what came naturally. She screamed a little as her tail pivoted into the air before spiralling back down. It smashed against the floor of the pool, and some of the porcelain broke apart. It raised itself again, and she realised what it was trying to do; it was attempting to do exactly what Janira said she hoped for Sabel, to become rooted to the spot.

It was attempting to dig into the soil and keep her there, ready to birth.

“It’s happening! It’s really happening!” one attendant yelled.

“We will be the ones to witness it! I will tell my children of this moment!”

“N-N-NOOOO!!!!” she screamed. Her legs continued to recede, little by little, but she had still had strength in them enough to lift herself up, and her four arms to pull herself free of the pool. She grabbed her tail and ripped it upwards, and it writhed in her hands. “DON’T YOU FUCKING DARE!!”

She hauled herself out of the pool and forced her tail to wrap itself around a nearby pillar. The women of the chamber stared at her in astonishment. Destin came running - naked - from a nearby barrier, clearly having heard the commotion. Several attendants ran after him.

“Sabel, what’s wrong, are you - oh!”

“Oh indeed!” she replied, looking over herself. She had easily grown another five feet. She was now at least thirty feet tall, and her belly even more prodigious. Worst of all, however, was her legs: they were now smaller in relation to the rest of her, and she could feel her body’s weight upon them much more heavily now, as if they could no longer fully cope with the strain.

“We need - eeurgh - we need to see the Queen, now. We need to find out how to reach this blasted signal, and what their so-called prophecies spoke of.”

Destin nodded, and the attendants relayed the supposed ‘Great Mother’s’ orders. After what they had just seen, even the queen herself would command less respect and aww. As they rallied to get her vestments to wear, ones that had apparently long been

prepared for her, Sabel reached out a hand and carried her lover up against her upper breasts.

“Are you okay?” Destin said.

“F-fine,” she stammered. “Just . . . bigger. And heavier. And my body is trying to settle down. Permanently.”

“You still look stunning.”

“Not the time, Destin.”

“Well, it’s true.” He drew more serious. “We’ll find a way to reverse this, Sabel, I know we will.”

“We better,” she said, as her stomach gurgled from the numerous kicks within. “Or else I’m going to be the ‘Great Mother’ whether I want it or not.”

Despite herself, she caressed her belly lovingly with several of her more flexible arms. It wasn’t just instinct, there was a genuine love for the contents of her belly.

It was making it much harder to do what needed to be done.

Queen Alitraya was astonished, and confused. Her chamber was impressive, but Sabel could not fit inside it, instead seated outside the building looking in. She finally had some clothing that fit, even if her ridiculous belly was left bare and bulging, the squirming contents of her young open for all to see. But at least she had a white dress - even if she wasn’t a dress person - in two pieces, one that even contoured to both pairs of breasts. She adjusted it a little, appreciating its comfort, as the leader of the city stood upon her balcony and tried to understand the situation.

“But I don’t understand, Sabel. You were laying down your root! The prophecies all said that when the Great Mother came, matching your description exactly - that she would be gravid with dozens of young - as you are - and with a white tail - which you have!”

“Well, it got those right, at least,” Sabel mused. She tried to be patient before nobility. It was a hierarchy thing, something she had always respected as a matter of professionalism as a soldier, but had little personal patience for. They preferred decorum and tradition above all else; it was soldiers that did the dirty work.

Or, in her case, the birthing work.

“But if you were in the right location to set your roots down, then why did you not?”

“Because I did not want to!”

Destin had advocated using deception, but she was tired of hiding her feelings. She was basically impossible to hide physically, why not emotionally too? After all, she had a much larger face to read.

The queen's reaction was one of shock. She was silent, as were her team of advisors.

"I - I do not understand, Sabel. You were meant to arrive, and to settle down for the final stage of your broodmother state. You would then begin birthing your legions, with your consort providing you with more young continually."

At that, Destin gave a sheepish grin at Sabel.

"-and from there we would serve you and your needs, just as you would serve this city by allowing it to flourish. Your roots would draw water from the ground, and spread fertility throughout the land so that Vedrayu was no longer a bastion of green in an island of desert sand, but instead the centre of an expanding, blooming land of natural wonder and resource."

Sabel went a little purple. She had no idea if that future could be true, but to see the Outland Wastes bloom? Surely, even her new Veddu powers didn't extend that far? And yet, they travelled all the way from the stars . . .

"Look, Queen Alitraya," she said. "I have to be honest with you. I am not a Veddu. Well, I am, but not as you think. Godsdamn, this is hard to explain. I was once an ordinary human woman, as you are."

She began to explain her situation, from the very beginning. The story was long in the telling, and she did not give every detail, particularly the more private ones. The Queen listened, attentive, her face giving away nothing. A number of the councillors discussed with one another, some appearing a little paler or frustrated than they had before the story started. At certain points Destin pitched in, fleshing out their shared history with a little more detail, but both of them kept the more . . . personal parts of their relationship fairly private. No need to share everything, after all. Or indeed, that nine of the children squirming inside her gravid orb belonged to him. Though maybe they already suspected. Importantly, they repeatedly emphasised the fact that they were both human - or had been, anyway. Sabel was very clear on this point, constantly talking about the changes to her body, and how unfamiliar and awkward she was. That she was simply a former soldier who was unlucky and took a stupid 'blessing' as a way to atone, and was now paying for it (though she did still rub her stomach lovingly, with affection for the babies within her).

"And that's everything," Sabel finished, a little awkwardly. A master storyteller she was not. "It's the truth, all of it. I'm not some great deity; whatever obelisk or device that the Veddu left behind for you must have been damaged - you said it yourself, that it no longer works, and gave just flickering omens, right?"

The Queen was pensive, but nodded. Several of her advisors were conferring among themselves awkwardly.

"It's . . . true. The information was difficult to interpret at times. Yet so much of what they prophesied came true."

"It was not a prophecy, at least in the traditional sense," Destin said. "It was simply explaining a sort of . . . back up plan."

"Which turned out to be what I stumbled into," Sabel explained. She was trying not to boom her voice too loudly. Even by the palace, away from the quarters of the city, she was worried her voice would carry. What would a city act like when they returned goddess denied being such? She half-expected the religious fanatics would view it as a test. Queen Alitraya, on the other hand, seemed to have a level head on her shoulders. She considered Sabel and Destin's words, absorbing them slowly.

"This - this will take some time to process," the Queen said. "But, is the prophecy not right in some way? Are you not destined to lay down your root and bring prosperity anyway, divine being or not? Have you not achieved some level of divinity purely by taking this blessing?"

Sabel gave an awkward smile. Her belly was even bigger now, utterly dominating her form, and it hurt to walk on her legs too often in their partly atrophied state. She felt like a walking womb in some ways. And this was not to mention her breasts, all four of which were even larger, more prodigious in their incessant milk production.

"I don't - ahhh - exactly feel very d-divine, your majesty."

The Queen gave her a sympathetic look. Clearly, she was beginning to appreciate just how odd it would be to find yourself transforming into a perpetually pregnant blue giantess - or goddess, in her mind. Sabel smirked as her hand fell to her own belly; she could see the woman *was imagining* her incredible load, and being daunted by it.

"I understand it would be a mighty burden, but would you not consider it? Is this not what your future should hold? The servants saw you swell in size, your fertility enhancing! Surely this is where you are meant to be?"

"I believe there is a way to change back. Maybe even transfer this blessing to someone else. Yourself, perhaps?"

The Queen paled, and Destin gave Sabel a look that said *please don't push it*.

"I believe there would be others more suited, potentially," the Queen said in a diplomatic fashion. "If even such a thing is possible."

"We believe it is," explained Destin. "It would be a way for us both to have what we want. Maybe even keep within your prophecy."

"Would it take long for this . . . new individual to change?"

"A bit over two months, perhaps," Sabel said, gesturing to herself with her four arms.

The Queen looked down for a moment, as did a number of the councillors and advisors. None of them spoke, but they remained bowed in a solemn fashion for an awkward

length of time. Sabel and Destin exchanged a look: there was something else going on here, and both of them could tell.

When the Queen raised her head again, there were tears running down her face. The others looked equally morose, and several of them had tears brimming as well.

“We’re missing something,” Sabel said bluntly, “aren’t we?”

The Queen nodded. She stepped forward to the railing, and gestured not just to Sabel and Destin but to the city entirely. From their vantage point; upon the highest hill within the city walls, they could see beyond the ramparts to the desert wasteland beyond.

“When I was a girl, the green covered nearly to the horizon,” she said. “Our blessed land has slowly been drying up, despite our best efforts. One by one, the devices within the heart of the Sacred Vaults have been failing. It’s been going on for generations. Our population struggles, despite the beauty of our city; you had your milk delivered to the poorest quarter in the city. It was not once known as such. But soon we shall not have enough resources to survive, particularly if our water sources dry up. It was prophesied that your coming would save us.”

“But two months wouldn’t be enough to worry about, surely?” Destin asked.

The Queen shook her head. “Ordinarily it wouldn’t be . . . except that there are other communities in the wastes who have resented our plentiful nature. They were . . . once part of Vedrayu. The outlying villages. We could not support them as the barrenness extended, and so . . .”

“So you left them,” Sabel said coldly.

“We did. They have become raiders, attacking our city at its weakest points, and they have grown stronger since. That was part of why your coming was so fortuitous and dearly celebrated: they have amassed a force that includes the orcland crag tribes, and our scouts believe they are moving to the city as we speak. They will be here within a week, perhaps less. We thought . . . you were a divine sign, here to grant us all enough plenty to live upon, and end the need for war.”

“Trust me,” Sabel said, “war happens even when there is plenty. Still, that sounds fucking dire, excuse my language, your majesty.”

“Which is why we do not have two months,” the Queen said. “In truth, we may not even have two days. We thought you had come to save us from our darkest hour.”

Destin and Sabel exchanged another glance. And this time, they actually *grinned*, Destin even more than her.

“Now I am missing something,” the Queen said.

“We used to be warriors,” Sabel said. “Good ones.”

“But you are just two individuals,” an advisor said.

“We were *very* good ones,” Destin added. “Sabel here was known as the ‘Crimson Tide.’ Between us, we’ve taken more than our fair share of lives, and in doing so saved many more.”

Sabel didn’t add, *at least that’s what we like to believe.*

“We can aid our strength to the field once Sabel is changed back, and another Veddu broodmother is selected. We’ve fought in such deserts before, and there’s knowledge we can bring from the outside world that you do not have here.”

The Queen appeared to consider this while Sabel shifted. Her legs were becoming tired, feeling stubby compared to the rest of her. Her prodigious belly hung nearly to her knees, but was still terrifically rounded out. Her tail ‘sniffed’ the area, but found no great place to find purchase in the ground. Still, she was getting hungry for sustenance, and the day was getting on.

“We shall consider it,” the Queen said. “It is getting late. Please, let us get you to your quarters. We can discuss plans tomorrow, and see you to the Sacred Vaults to determine if what you say is even a possibility.”

Sabel nodded, and her action nearly caused her upper bosom to wobble out of her dress top. Evidently, even the Vedrayu people had not considered just how ridiculously large her milk-filled bosom would become. Even their most exaggerated estimates had fallen short.

“Thank you, your majesty,” Sabel said.

They were led away from the palace, to the area of the Celestial Temple. It was indeed impressive; the only part of the city taller than the palace; it directly overlooked it, in fact. It was positioned on the same high hill as the palace too, but instead of being a traditional building, it was more akin to a great stadium, complete with numerous shade cloths in a myriad of gold and yellow patterns, mingled with her own turquoise blue as well. The entrance was wide, with a resplendent red carpet that led the way to the centre, and it had quarters and amenities for what must have been dozens upon dozens of servants, nearly a hundred potentially! Similar to the great baths, there was a mechanism to lower the floor and allow it to be flooded, presumably for when the inevitable Veddu broodmother paused between birthings to be washed and cleaned and pampered.

And pampered was the word. The green grass of the stadium was soft and earthy, and its center had a raised dais for seating a giantess, one that was lined with fine ermine of some desert creature. Numerous oils and herbs caused the air to become fragrant and

sweet, and there were even several books that had been comically transcribed onto large reeds.

“By the Black Mountain, this is all too much,” Sabel complained as they were led in.

“Oh, then we’ll just go to that *other* giant-holding stadium with the far less plush arrangements,” Destin jibed.

“Oh, by the Nine Hells, you know what I mean, love.”

What she meant was that it was too fine *for her*. Still, the central area did look quite comfortable, and more than ever she needed to rest. Not only was she ludicrously pregnant, but she could certainly sense that her time of birthing was near. Getting some comfort in before she addressed that particular problem would not be undesirable.

Her babies shifted, over two dozen of them, and she groaned loudly. They must have been the size of a toddler each. How big were Veddu babies meant to be? She suspected the answer was not one she wanted to find out.

“Fine, fine,” she said, “let’s get me seated. It’s been a long, very strange day.”

She stumbled up to the dais and rested upon it, finding it even more comfortable than she had expected. Destin smirked in amusement as she adjusted herself; her enormous belly sat upon her lap, so big it practically overflowed it. Her pendulous breasts *heaved*, large blue nipples showing through the thin white fabric. She brushed her flowing hair back, and made another adjustment for her large tail. Delighted, it dove into the soft earth just behind her, its dendrite roots extending to collect as much water from the soil as possible. She could feel herself filling up with it, satisfying her need to take in sustenance.

“Ahhhhhhhh,” she murmured happily.

“Oh, so I guess it *isn’t* too much, then?”

She gave Destin a playful smirk as she rubbed her belly with all four hands.

“Fine, I’m allowed to change my opinions. I’m getting mood swings like crazy, and I feel like I should have popped a month ago. Look at me!”

He did, and as always, it was a look of adoration and admiration. It melted her heart. She patted her belly.

“Come, feel. Some of your babies are kicking.”

He moved forward. She eclipsed him now, but with her reduced legs and seated position, it was easier for him to reach the spot she indicated. Her belly was firm and rounded, but the skin could be pushed in a little, directing the fluid of the womb elsewhere. But Destin placed his hand upon something hard, and his eyes lit up in astonishment as it shuddered and shifted.

“Is that - one of mine?”

She grinned. “One of nine. Can you believe it?”

“Hardly, just as I can barely believe my skin is now blue. Or that you’re half-Veddu.”

“But all yours, love.”

Destin laughed. “Oh, but that was corny.”

“I’m simply imitating you.”

He kissed her on the belly, and it was a sensitive, wonderful sensation.

“Too bad we have to wait until you change back before we can . . .”

He let the implication dangle in the air. Her antennae weren’t having any of it. She could ‘see’ his arousal, his desire to mate with her. Evidently, their new instincts went both ways.

“Really, Destin? Don’t pretend you don’t want me now, and I won’t pretend I don’t feel the same way.”

His face was hopeful, but then fell. “I don’t want to get you any more pregnant.”

But her lust was rising, her four breasts becoming flushed with heat, her four nipples tensing and untensing with desire to be touched and to feed. She felt her enormous tunnel become wet with desire, and an image flashed in her mind of it becoming so big that he could literally *walk into her* and spurt his seed directly into the entrance to her womb.

It was alien and bizarre, and it turned her on terribly.

“Ahhh . . . what’s one m-more time, huh?”

“Are you sure?”

His arousal grew, she could sense it. Hers was like a furnace within her core.

“I’m s-sure. I n-need you. I need you to give me more b-babies.”

“Only if that’s what you want.”

She began squeezing all four of her person-sized breasts before him.

“Destin, your goddess orders you to fuck her pregnant.”

“Yes, my goddess,” he said, beaming once more.

And he did exactly that ten minutes later. She groaned and gasped as he spent his sent in her, his body half encased within her tunnel and all the more sensitive from it. She orgasmed wildly, her breasts jostling and leaking milk, her belly quivering, her teeth upon her lip as she struggling to control herself. He’d just given her three babies.

They made another four before they were done for the night.

Sabel dreamed.

In the dream, she was rooted to the spot, her tail far longer now, branching through the earth and drawing moisture into her body. Her legs were gone, no longer needed. Her underside was flatter, allowing her to sit upon the earth, her enormous dome of a belly practically dominating her torso, which had extended to accommodate it. Her four breasts,

each the size of a wagon, leaked gallons of milk endlessly, and her octopus-like limbs caressed her overripe womb peacefully. She was the very image of a broodmare, pregnant with dozens upon dozens of babies. Even her most private parts had changed, altering to extend slightly outwards from her at ground level, like an entrance tunnel.

No, an *exit* tunnel.

A crowd of worshippers bowed down in supplication before her, and she moaned and quivered in pleasure as the first of her contracts began. Her babies, large and ready to be birthed, were about to arrive.

They would be the first of many, and it made her pleased.

Sabel awoke feeling herself, caressing her body in response to the oddly erotic dream. Somehow, being rooted to the spot had felt good. It embarrassed her, but the notion of birthing these babies, of feeding them at her breasts, still held a little appeal.

"Whatever happens, I *do* love you," she whispered to her children.

Destin was still asleep across the chamber, and she smiled at him, remembering the fun they had experienced the previous night. Who could have known how blissful the experimentation between a pregnant giantess and a regularly-sized man could be? Sometimes she had half a mind during the act to allow him to enter her fully, but something in her body - perhaps her instinct-driven antennae - told her it was not quite time for that yet. Still, she caressed her swollen orb, already even larger than last night.

"Hello, new ones," she said. She couldn't help but grin, despite her mild embarrassment of it. As usual, she hadn't been able to help herself, and now she had another seven babies to add to Destin's already existing nine. It was so difficult to count them all, but she would not be surprised to learn she had over thirty in there.

A tear rose in her eye, and she brushed it away with a spare arm, still not letting go of her distended womb with the others. Damned mood swings were making her maternal, it seemed. Yet she could not blame them entirely; she was starting to hope that even if she were able to turn back, that she could perhaps . . . birth them.

Just these ones. They were hers, after all. Hers and Destin's, even if some weren't *technically* his. The elves often raised children that were not theirs by blood, why should it be different for them? They had survived the Week of Darkness when the vampires had blotted the sun. If they had managed that, what were three dozen or so kids? The Veddu who had changed her had been right about casting a light into the darkness; just the act of creating life was indeed its own atonement. A way of correcting the scales, and bringing something back.

For the first time, feeling over her wondrous body, she truly did feel blessed.

It was almost a shame when the Queen's guard arrived to escort them to the sacred vaults.

"We have to be quick," their captain said. "An army has been spotted on the horizon. They are demanding the resources of the city, or they shall attack on the following day."

The mood was dire as Sabel and Destin were led down beneath the city into the Sacred Vaults. Sabel was concerned that, given she had grown a couple of extra feet during her and Destin's 'congregation' the previous night, she would find it difficult to fit. Thankfully, the Veddu had anticipated such an issue, and their messages were kept by the appropriately named Vedrayu people. A canyon extended on the other side of the city, carefully guarded but possessing only large gates as a defence. The way was kept clear for a long descending ramp that wound down into the bowels of the earth.

Sabel wore her dignified costume of white, and was shocked that she was even given enormous golden jewellery to wear, including a necklace and braces. She rejected the latter, but was overjoyed that there were older iron equivalents. To the shock of the Queen and the crowd, she donned these original casts - intended only as proof of concept - instead.

"I was a warrior. I'm no longer a woman of iron, but they keep me grounded," she explained. "Gold and jewels were only good for me to access the richer parts of town and as payment for my mercenary work."

Her word was accepted, and the crowd rejoiced at her apparent 'humility' as she walked down the wide streets, led by Queen Alitraya and her entourage. To Sabel's astonishment, Sirillia - the pregnant young woman with twins from the day before - was present, now also garbed in white and gold, and clearly adored by the crowd. She beamed, waving to Sabel, who waved back.

"Thank you, Great Mother! Thank you Sabel!" she yelled.

"Um, no problem," Sabel said awkwardly, feeling a little guilty that the crowd who were currently heaping praises upon her had no idea she was marching down to change back.

Other pregnant women gathered in hopes of blessing. Some didn't need it, but Sabel touched them with her enormous fingertips anyway, feeling that strange buzz of energy pass from her to them. Evidently, the Veddu broodmother plan involved the power - magic or simply innate - to inspire fertility in others, and moreover to correct any illnesses or issues in the womb. It was, Sabel felt, quite a remarkable power. The opposite of taking life, and in that sense she was surprised when her lover had to remind her of their mission.

“Sorry, I got carried away. Thank you everyone, I must go now.”

“We will see you within the temple!” a man called out.

She didn't reply, and again that guilt returned. She was no goddess, and had no desire to be, but in the brief time she'd been in the city she had already changed the lives of so many, and inspired such hope. Already members of the crowd were excitedly pointing out that her belly was even more ridiculously rounded, her tail beginning to branch like tree roots, and her legs smaller: “In preparation for when she begins her great birthing of the starfarers!”

“I think I can do without the loss of movement,” she complained to herself, trying not to boom her voice.

They descended down the ramp, but she couldn't help but look back at the crowd and nod her head to them. She couldn't exactly bow; her belly was making her waddly awkwardly enough, and eliciting a series of groans and grunts with every third it stepped. But a small acknowledgement was enough.

They cheered.

More waddling, more breaks to catch her breath. More squirming and writhing and kicking. More damned steps and tension in her belly. The descent down into the so-called ‘Sacred Vaults’ was infuriatingly long, even despite Sabel's extra-large steps. The great hallways were made of some material that the kingdom had no notion of, nor how to replicate it, but it had remained sturdy for thousands of years. Images of Veddu broodmothers lined the walls, their bloated forms rooted to the spot, their bellies vast and orb-like. There were even some scandalous depictions of their feminine passages, extended out slightly and level with the ground. One depicted a broodmother in pangs of what could have been birth pains or even birth pleasures, as a long procession of Veddu children, each four-arms, paraded out from her tunnel and into the world. Another showed a lone figure wandering *into* her depths, like an explorer venturing into a cave. The figure was blue-skinned and male, and a depiction of his seed implanting a floating egg told her all she needed to know about what was expected of Destin in the future. She looked down at him, but with her immense height of thirty-two feet, it was impossible to tell his expression. Whatever it was, it was serious.

The procession was quiet, with only a few questions and exchanges. The Queen sometimes gave updates to the situation outside the gates, but there was no expectation of response.

“They have a force perhaps three thousand strong, plus another two thousand orcs. They are demanding the city: they are claiming the last of their waterlands are drying up, and we have been greedy in hoarding it.”

“Have you?” Sabel asked, grunting a little as she had to duck. Her legs were even stubbier today, and she could feel her tail doing its usual ‘scenting’ of the air to find a good spot to settle her. Permanently, this time. Her antennae were practically demanding it. She got the very clear sense that she was probably overdue.

The Queen was a little aghast, though she did pause for a moment.

“Perhaps. It was a matter of survival, abandoning the outer settlements. We could only take so many in.”

“And now they come for you,” Destin said. “But their number isn’t immense.”

“We have fifteen thousand souls in this city, and few are soldiers. We have no other kingdoms as enemies; legends tell us our people fled from hostile lands long ago. But they have Veddu weapons. Enough to bring down the walls of the city, though the battle would be bloody on both sides. We have some of our own.”

Destin nodded. “Well, perhaps once Sabel is turned back, we can do something. We have committed assassinations before. Dirty business, but a decapitation strike could do the trick, if they’re rallying behind a number of charismatic leaders. We could also sabotage the weapons. They wouldn’t see us coming.”

The Queen appeared to consider this.

“Whatever path either of you take, your coming was still ordained. We will place our fates in your hands.” She paused, appearing saddened as she looked to Sabel’s belly. Sabel winced as a particularly harsh flurry of kicks distended her belly. Gods, she felt huge. But to Alitraya, it was clear that her enormous stomach represented more than just alien children; it was hope for her people, a hope that was being squandered.

“Come, the Sacred Vaults are before us now.”

They entered a vast chamber, far larger than anything Sabel had ever seen before. Numerous great Veddu devices littered the area, several of them effectively towers, while others had the tell-tale green glow. Several great walls shimmered with that familiar energy.

“That is the Wall of Prophecy,” the Queen said, indicating a huge black wall in the centre of the area. It was perfectly sleek, with not a single evidence of segmentation in it.

“It no longer works, but it once told us great things, and showed us your future coming.”

Sabel admired it, and something in her antennae buzzed, throbbing a little. Her children squirmed in excitement. She had the distinct sense that it was possible to interact with this wall, perhaps even get it working again. It was technology of the Veddu, after all, and she was more Veddu than not now. She stepped forward slowly, gasping a little at her

tremendous belly and its weight. Her legs were getting quite tired. Someone stepped forward to warn her to stop but Destin motioned for him to stop, and the Queen followed through, making the order official.

“I - I think I can get it working again,” Sabel stammered. Her belly growled, wanting further water, and she clutched its underside with her lengthened arms, panting a little.

“J-just give me some t-time, little ones.”

She managed to rest herself upon the cold, almost metallic ground, surrounded by the vast constructions of the chamber. It felt to her like this was some sort of place of control, like a captain’s deck of a ship, only interior and far, far, far larger. She could imagine numerous Veddu at various stations as they took this mighty ship through the stars, preparing to visit and explore and perhaps even settle another world.

She reached out with her hands - all four of them, and traced them over the flat surface of the mighty obelisk. She recognised the strange patterns on it - she had seen the same on the much smaller obelisk pillar that had first revealed her fate. That had seemed like a lifetime ago, now.

Suddenly the wall lit up. The congregation of Veddayuns and even Destin gasped as a bright green haze glowed, illuminating the wall. Numerous letters and scripts beyond Sabel’s comprehension spiralled out over the wall, serving as a kind of moving map. It was astonishing; she’d never heard of anything like it, even among Veddu scholars and gnomish tinkerers.

“What is it doing?” the Queen asked.

“I think - I think it’s waiting to confirm who I am,” Sabel said. She removed her hands and placed them back on her mighty giantess womb. She shuffled forward a little, and let the expanse of her belly pressed lightly against the wall.

“Let’s see if this - nnggh - works!”

It did. The wall glowed even brighter, and suddenly the voice of the Veddu echoed across the chamber, a second reverberation translating it into the common tongue.

‘Broodmother detected. The program has worked.’

“By the Starfarers, it works!” someone declared behind the Queen, half-bowing. Sabel could only grunt. She certainly *felt* like a broodmother, the way her belly was still inching forward.

“I am Sabel. I accepted a . . . blessing from a surviving Veddu. He was the last of his kind, and I wished to atone for a life of violence. I didn’t realise what I would become.”

The green energy lanced across the wall, forming new images and Veddu words. Several of them clearly applied to her; they displayed her in profile.

“By the Gods, do I really look like that from a distance?” she said, aghast. “I look ridiculous! All womb!”

'Leg atrophy has begun. You are a Veddu broodmother, blessed to return our race. Your body is ready for birthing once a suitable location has been found for calling down roots. The Veddu will finally be reborn.'

Sabel frowned. "Yes, I already know all that. I want to find a way to turn back - to take this 'blessing' and give it to someone else."

'You are the broodmother. Expected lifespan: five hundred to six hundred years. Expected brood number: estimated four hundred and seventy five thousand or more in total year span.'

Sabel's jaw dropped. So did everyone else's. Her antennae sensed Destin's own shock behind her.

"I'm - that's - ahhhh - that's a lot. That's a very damned big number. Ngh!"

'Contractions have begun. Birth will be held off until your root has been laid down. For the safety of the infants, you must find a suitable location.'

"By the Black Mountain, no wonder I've - euurghh - been feeling extra tense. I'm having c-contractions!"

"Damn," Destin said. "I'm sorry Sabel, I didn't realise. I thought you were just . . . overladen."

"So did I!" she exclaimed. "Uugnhh, oh this explains so much! Why I keep feeling this d-damned pressure. Why my breasts are dripping all the fucking time. And why my - my . . ."

She trailed off. While the pulling sensation in her vagina may be of interest to Destin, who did his best to explore and tease and expel his seed inside it the previous night, she didn't exactly feel like sharing that information with strangers, especially ones that worshipped her strange and bloated body.

'Birthing without taking root will exhaust your body's supply of energy. Eaten sustenance will not be enough, and your body will give out, dooming the Veddu race.'

A light flashed over her, causing her several dozen babies to squirm uncomfortably within her. She grunted, caressing her belly to soothe them.

'Impregnation by Consort is successful. His lifespan will be approximately equivalent to your own. His seed will be vital for further impregnation. The process is successful.'

Another flash of light, this time yellow, before returning to green.

'Root site detected above. Juncture 3.45 by 7.75 on surface level. Your inherent biological capabilities will rejuvenate the soil and heal the surrounding environment. This healing process shall continue and expand until it is self-sustaining over your lifetime. You must ascend to take your role. The Veddu race depend upon you as the Great Mother of our race. You will be esteemed most highly for all time for your actions.'

Sabel grit her teeth, trying to figure out what to say. It was odd, to consider, the notion of living so long and producing so much life. Forever rooted to one spot, and yet being able

to spread fertility and life beyond the horizon. To think that the lifeless expanse of the Outland Wastes could once more bring life and hope, and connection. In so many ways, it was the kind of atonement she had wished for all along and never imagined would come true. But she had also never imagined that she would become some enormous birthing machine, a perpetually pregnant broodmother nearly thirty-five feet in height, belly constantly squirming with children, her antennae demanding she become somehow impregnated with *even more*.

“Nnggh,” she groaned, as another contraction rolled through her. “Is there a way to change back?” she repeated. “I have chosen to reject the gift. I do not wish to become this broodmother. Someone else must be chosen!”

The green wall crackled red, as if it were surging with anger and shock.

‘Repeat statement. Meaning unclear.’

Sabel rallied herself, and to her own surprise, she found the words difficult to say.

“I - I have chosen to reject the blessing. Give the role of broodmother to someone else. Someone here in the city.”

Another crackling of red, this time darker.

‘You are the broodmother. Are you sure you wish to reject this hallowed position?’

The question hit her in the chest like a boulder launched from a siege weapon. She wasn’t sure. Somehow, impossibly, she wasn’t sure.

“Is it - is it possible to do so? I’m not answering that question until I know it is possible to become human again.”

The wall shifted, showing her current ridiculously pregnant form in profile, slowly receding to become human again. At several stage, babies were expelled from her body.

‘Possible. Reversal of transformation is permanent. Gift can be bestowed with fifty-five percent success rate a second time. However, failure will end the line of Veddu forever.’

She looked to Destin, who gave her a sympathetic look.

“We’ve beaten worse odds,” he said, though his voice sounded unsure about their current prospects.

‘Repeat. Do you wish to reject this hallowed position?’

Sabel was silent for an awkwardly long amount of time. She rubbed her belly, all four arms now familiar to her as she calmed the movement of the life within. Her antennae informed her of her contents; they were all healthy, and of their immense number roughly a third belonged to her dear life. She could still birth them and revert, still become a mother, even if she wasn’t a *broodmother*. She could just walk away - literally, given that walking would not be an option for her entire life once her tail dug in for good.

And yet . . . something railed against answering in the affirmative. She was overly full, far too large, and her breasts were endlessly producing much too much milk, not to mention she was currently experiencing the discomfort of contractions. It would be a process neverending, and she would have to get used to birthing for literal hundreds of years and constantly being re-impregnated by Destin, a role which so different from her past as a life-taking soldier that it was an alien to her as the Veddu themselves. All these qualities should have made her choice obvious, simply really.

But she still couldn't decide. The truth was, the life within her - as much of a struggle as it was - also soothed her. Gave her a new purpose. Made her feel atoned already. Or at least in the process of atonement. And as ridiculous as it even felt to admit it, she felt a power and pleasure in becoming this overly ripe giantess, this blue pregnant goddess whose domain was in spreading life.

She realised totally and for the first time that she actually enjoyed her body and its pleasures, and far more its higher calling, than she had ever truly realised.

"Sabel," Destin said, his voice barely a whisper yet carrying across her silence. "Are you going to answer?"

She turned to him, not knowing what to say. "I - Destin, I -"

They were both interrupted by a figure running through the entrance.

"My Queen! My Queen! The barbarians are moving! The raid has come!"

Alitraya spun on the spot, issuing orders and demanding further information.

"One of our ramparts had an accident as we were preparing a Veddu weapon for defence. It crashed over the wall and crumbled at its foot. The raiders took this to be a sign of aggression and - I'm afraid to say - incompetence as well. Their leader issued the order to line up. It looks like they are going to siege the walls, which are now even less defended than before."

"Damn it to the Nine Hells," the Queen said.

The messenger bowed to Sabel, who simply nodded back, unsure exactly what her role was in this.

"We must return to the surface as fast as we can," the Queen said. "I thought we had more time. Sabel, I implore you to make the right decision here, but I cannot force you. You are not my subject, and your position is higher than my own as a blessed mother of the Starfarers. I had hoped that you could ascend to the Celestial Throne and usher in our prosperous future, but if we must fight and let that future fall to the mantle of another woman, then we will make it so. I will take the mantle myself if I am compatible."

Several advisors began to speak hurriedly, but she silenced them with a single raised hand.

“I will take on the blessing. I am older, but this should be no concern for the magic and technology of the ancient ones. I will take the blessing of birthing the Veddu to come, and do my best to lead my subjects. But please, if this is to happen, I beg that in rejecting the gift, you join the fight for our survival. See us above when you have made your decision, and when I am needed to do what must be done.”

‘Proposed subject is compatible,’ the Veddu wall spoke. *‘Provided transfer of blessing is successful, proposed subject may take on the role of broodmother in reduced capacity.’*

“Reduced capacity,” Sabel whispered, holding her immense mound. It sounded like a second-rate replacement, a faulty consolation to the real thing.

“Farewell Sabel,” Alitraya said, shedding a tear in dignified fashion. “I wish you the best. We shall see the Crimson Tide on the battlefield, I hope.”

The procession left, moving with haste back up the ramps and to the surface, leaving Destin and Sabel alone.

The two lovers remained in silence, even as Sabel’s own belly audibly gurgled, demanding water to sate her growth. Her tail shifted slowly; evidently it had determined there was no great source of water here, and so it simply shifted with a kind of instinctual impatience. After a few moments, Destin walked to her side, climbing over her blue leg and placing a hand on her stomach. He gave a grim smile.

“It’s okay, Sabel,” he said, “I know you love them.”

She gave a sad chuckle. “I do. I truly do, Destin. Last night . . . I wanted you to get me more pregnant. It wasn’t just instinct; I truly do love having your babies. It’s astonishing to admit, but I do.”

“But you have to change back.”

“I - yes, I do.”

He nodded. “It’s the right thing to do. There’s a solid chance it’ll work - not the best chance, but as I said, we’ve faced worse odds and won. And we can win on the battlefield today. I know it’s not what you want, but -”

“Assassination,” she scoffed. She tensed a little as her breasts shuddered, and her top became soaked in streams of milk. Another contraction rolled through her, and she had to ride it out until she could speak again. “That’s what you suggested.”

“It would work, wouldn’t it?”

“P-potentially. But you had given up that life, Destin. We both had. You for your inn, and me for . . . this. Even if I didn’t quite realise it. Damn the Gods, I didn’t mean for things to play out this way. We both walked away from violence, but the path calls us back again. I feel like I’m c-coming full - oh, God, so full - circle. I wanted to atone, to bring life, and now I’m choosing to walk away from it - s-so to speak - and embrace violence again.”

“To save others,” Destin said in a soothing tone.

Sabel shook her head. "We both know that's so m-much cowshit, my love. Ohhhh! These 'raiders' are just th-those who - ahhhrrgh - those who suffered first. They're d-desperate. They j-just want to live. But not enough of them c-can - Mmhmp!"

Destin looked worried. She loved that look on his face.

"We need to undo this, before your contractions destroy you. You're looking pale."

She nodded. She did indeed need to make a choice.

'Warning. Conflict evident on surface above. Broodmother in danger. You must evacuate.'

She raised her scarred eyebrow. "Evacuate how?"

The wall turned a vibrant blue. *'The surface is hostile. You must find a place of nutrients and water.'*

"Useless m-machine - oohh!"

She felt her vagina stretch, pulling outwards a little. Her legs receded just that little more. Her belly tightened, even as her opening dilated further.

"Ahhhh, that was a l-lot. We need to get to the s-surface."

'Warning. Surface dangerous.'

"I don't care. We need to g-get there fast. But I can't w-walk there. I need to s-see the battlefield first. Machine, can you help us?"

There was another warbling.

'Lift activated.'

Metal groaned and screeched, and Destin shouted in surprise as the entire platform lifted.

"What are you doing Sabel?" he said in astonishment as she clutched her fertile mound, willing the contraction to hold off just a little longer.

"As I said, my love. I need to see it. I need to confront my past before I decide my future."

The bells rang as they ascended. Crowds gasped as Sabel's enormous form and Destin's regularly-sized one rose into place in the upper tier of the city. The ground had opened, and numerous rocks fallen; Sabel had been forced to shield Destin - clearly the city officials didn't know of this function. One poor figure even fell, but she caught him with practised ease, and he praised the 'Great Mother' for her actions. With a *THUNK*, the lift came level to the surface, in time for Sabel to see the invading force upon the horizon, over the city's distant ramparts. Their force indeed was nearly five thousand strong, perhaps more. Not by far the largest army she had seen, but with a good number of Veddu devices that looked quite

dangerous. One fired, and a piece of the city walls obliterated to pieces. Several siege weapons returned fire, but this was the prelude. The initial strikes to bring down the walls before an invasion can commence.

“By the Gods, I’ve never seen so many Veddu weapons in one place before,” Destin marvelled, his voice shaking a little.

Sabel looked out across the battlefield with a surprising calmness. In it, she saw a hundred others, all different, all the same. Blood and death and sorrow and loss. The horrid price of war. The true Crimson Tide, far greater than she could ever be as a warrior. Violence begetting violence.

She lowered all four hands, holding her belly like a great goddess of ancient myth.

She knew what she would have to do.

The choice that needed to be made.

“Come, my love,” she said, turning without another word. The crowd around begged for her aid, for her to rescue them.

“Great Mother, please save us from the barbarians!”

“Are there any powers you can use to vanquish them?”

“Run Great Mother! We will give our lives for the future you bring to our children!”

She didn’t acknowledge any one of them specifically, as much as wanted to. Instead she simply looked over the crowd, tiny like mice to her current stature. In that moment, oddly, she kind of did feel like a goddess.

“Don’t be afraid,” she said as imperiously as she could, proudly presenting her fertile belly and full bosoms. “I will keep you safe. Get to your dwellings, and keep out of danger.”

They seemed to take her word as gospel, and so she continued on. Destin ran to her side, and with great awkwardness she was able to lean down enough to scoop him up to her shoulder.

“Sabel, my love, what are you doing?”

“I’m going to the Celestial Temple,” she said, lumbering forward up the streets.

Numerous citizens cried out in praise and for salvation as she passed. “I’m going to - oh Gods, I can’t believe I’m saying this - I’m going to be the broodmother.”

Destin paled. “Are you - are you serious? Sabel, my love, there’s a way to turn back!”

“I know. It’s more tempting than - ahhhh, damn contraction! - it’s more tempting than the finest fruit. But this is the blessing I accepted, even if I didn’t realise it. This is my atonement. This is how I can end this bloodshed before it begins, instead of spilling blood myself.”

Destin regarded her as if she belonged to one of the monastery asylums.

"This is so unlike you Sabel. No, that's not true at all. I've seen the way you regard those babies. The motherly way you have begun to act. But are you sure? This is five hundred years you're committing to - for both of us!"

This time she did look at him. The Celestial Temple was close, but he drew her full attention now.

"I didn't say I would force you," she said. She bit her lip nervously. "Though I had hoped you would join me. Destin, this is my destiny, not yours."

"It is mine," he said. "It's only one extra letter from Destin to destiny, after all."

"Oh, that was - NneurrUGGH! Oh Gods, that was terrible to bring the greatest contraction yet."

He laughed nervously. "That's part of my charm, my love. But still - wow! We're actually doing this. We could just fight them, you know."

"It's precisely because I could just fight that I want to f-find another way. I th-think I know what to d-do."

She waddled past several surprised guards, staggered into the temple where she and Destin had already spent a wonderful night. It's immensity struck her; how many attendants would she need when her role truly began? Would she ever get bored? What would it be like to remain here for five hundred years, constantly birthing and being re-impregnated? It was as alien to her as the last two months, far more so.

But it was the right thing to do.

And more than that, she *wanted* to do it. Gods help her, she wanted to bring life into the world. Her, Sabel the Crimson Tide! Somehow the woman who had never wanted children, who had only craved a life of violence, now wanted to birth thousands of babies into the world.

"I'm crazy for doing this, aren't I?" she said, as yet another contraction, even closer to the last, rolled through her.

"Well, you always were a little unsound of mind," Destin joked.

She cracked a smile, stepping on her aching legs to the centre of the stadium. Her tail hungered for water, and it flipped about excitedly, desiring the rich soil that covered the ground. Carefully, and with a great lumbering effort, she managed to sit upon her dais. It was wide and slightly scooped to accommodate her buttocks, and she rested in it easily. She gave her tail permission, and it dove down into the ground eagerly. In moments it was sucking up moisture, causing her to groan in satisfaction.

"F-f-fuuuck, that f-feels good. By the Gods, I needed that."

The feelings of exhaustion were wiped away by the hydration, but the tenseness in her belly had not ended. Her antennae throbbed, causing her to exhale in an oddly sensitive

fashion. They were reading Destin, requiring his presence for something. Somehow, she understood.

“D-Destin, my love. I need you.”

“What can I do? Are you ready? Um, should I get a midwife? A team of them?”

There was a great *CRACK* of thunderous firepower in the distance. A wall section audibly crumbled, and people screamed. The rain would soon begin. The war and suffering for the remaining finite resources left. Sabel refocused on the here and now.

“N-no. I have one m-more change to go. The final one. I n-need you to come inside me one l-last time. For now, I mean.”

She added the last sentence at his obvious disappointment. It nearly made her laugh. Even in the midst of battle, his love about to permanently become an alien broodmother, Destin was still fearful that he wouldn't get to experience the joys of sex again.

“Oh,” he said. “Oh!”

“Don't be gentle,” she replied. “I need you to stretch me. I need - ooohh! - to be ready!”

She laid back as much as she could, resting on her large arms even as her spare pair removed her milk-sodden top. Her breasts were freed, milk dripping freely like fountains, and she savoured their release, already desiring her many babies to suckle upon them. Destin approached her greatly distended passage, and she quickly lost sight of him, lost beneath the expanse of her trembling pregnant form. But soon she felt the pleasure. His hands parted her soft, wet lips, and she trembled in response to his motions. He had obviously removed his clothing; she could feel his entire body against her vagina: his mouth upon her throbbing clit, his bare legs stretching her passage wide. She groaned in ecstasy as she became more and more moist, her pleasure mixing with the intensity of her contractions.

“Y-yesssss, d-deeper!” she begged. “Enter your Goddess, my love! Give me m-more babies! I demand it!”

He shouted something in return, something corny and sexual and no doubt aroused as well. She couldn't quite hear it, lost in the agonies of birth, of brewing orgasm, and trying to ignore the horrors of what would soon come to the city if they failed. Her antennae pulsed, her instinctive need for him to enter her fully building ever more. She was on the cusp of something amazing, something she'd never imagined would be possible but now seemed downright sensual; the act of having her lover walk into her most inner parts and impregnate her from within.

“Mmmhhhm - g-get in me!” she begged, and then she shuddered as he did. Her lips dilated, partly in response to contractions, but also as he himself pressed through the crevice of her opening. She lifted two hands, undoing her open skirt and allowing herself to shift just

slightly to become entirely naked. She wanted to be free; the image of true motherhood as he completed her transformation. She lifted her hands and began to grope and squeeze at her breasts. She lifted her upper left tit even as she squeezed the nipple of her lower right, and began to suckle at her own produce. It was surprisingly sweet, and the flow of its produce felt utterly right.

“MMmhhhmhmm - Oohhhhhhhh - AAHHHHhhhh!!!”

Destin pressed through her passage, her Consort stepped within her womanhood and pressing through it. Her vagina extended, her venus mound becoming a little further pronounced so that birthing would be easier; it was level with the end of the dais now, where no doubt hundreds of attendants would serve to aid the arrival of her children for the next few hundred years. The prospect, now that she had accepted it, was beginning to openly entice her.

“Ohhh - Nnggh! Oh that’s v-very s-strange!”

She was not speaking of Destin within her - he continued to stroke her innermost parts, setting off fireworks of pleasure. Rather, she was referring to her new bout of changes, triggered by his actions. Her torso extended just as it had in the dream, allowing her belly to grow even more gargantuan while giving her breasts and head and shoulders space. It was followed by an overall softening of her rear, which became much smoother. She felt her rear fuse, cheeks becoming simply a rounded part of her womb, subsumed into it. She winced a little at that; she had always been proud of her ass, but she supposed her new body had no need of expelling waste.

“I’m a-almost th-there!” she stammered, her voice rising higher and higher.

Destin was almost there as well - she could feel him inside her. Somehow, he instinctively knew which parts to stroke, to grope, to grab and squeeze and massage and lick and rub, to bring her to her greatest fruition. Her quivering body trembled, almost overwhelmed by the pleasure he was bringing. She lowered one hand, still caressing her sensitive nipples with the other, and her original pair keeping her up as she laid back, and began to ply at her pussy. She pulled and stretched it, stroking its new expanse, and teasing further growth. It seemed right, somehow, to prepare it for future birth. To make her tunnel grow further.

And then she stopped, her body rigid and still.

Destin was at the edge of her passage, his body pressed against the final entrance to her womb itself.

“F-fuck!” she squealed, uncharacteristically girlish. His hands glided over this last wall, and both of them knew that her babies were locked behind it, ready to enter the world, but for one final act.

Suddenly Destin's motions changed. He was holding onto some inner part of her, but his body rocked. She smiled to herself, her new broodmother instincts pleased that he was readying to expel his seed. She imagined him in there, highly aroused by providing his Broodmother the ultimate pleasure, and stroking his hard, long cock.

"D-do it! Cum in me!" she exclaimed to herself. She knew he could not hear her, but he would do it all the same.

Something changed.

She felt a warmth, a trickle. A spurt of her Consort's seed. The greatest pleasure she had ever felt overwhelmed her, beginning in her core and then rising to her breasts, her limbs, her tail. Somehow, she could *sense* Destin's seed, his precious cum being spent inside her. She felt her body collected it, drawing it into her womb to fertilise her. To make her yet more full. She shuddered in a delayed orgasm, arching back further as her breasts began to spurt milk in large streams across the stadium.

"OOHHHHHHHHH YES! YESSSS MY LOVE! MAKE ME PREGNANT! YESSS YESS!!!"

The last of her changes finished; her legs withdrew entirely, withering back into her body. Her tail expanded, becoming much thicker at the base, tree-like in fact, its roots extending far further underground. They activated something in the soil, arcane powers of the Veddu cultivating the land deep beneath. A bed of flowers burst into being nearby and spread across the stadium, bright and pink and purple in colouring, with occasional dashes of yellow.

"D-Destin! It's - ooohhhh - w-working!"

Her body trembled, and she felt the last of the barriers to birth give way. Destin seemed to sense her body's urgency, as he quickly moved back along her passage towards her exit. She exhaled as he exited.

"That - that was something!" he declared, still covered in her feminine juices. He looked up at her. "Good Gods Sabel, you've changed again!"

"Mmhmm," she moaned, breathing heavily as her opening dilated once more. She could feel it; the coming of her children. Finally.

"The last change," she said. "Oh, love. I can feel them c-coming. I'm g-giving birth. Go g-get someone! Many s-someones! Ooohhh!!"

He rubbed her belly in awe. "I love you, Sabel."

"I I-love you too! Now g-go!"

He ran, and she relaxed, rubbing her orb and relaxing. The lack of legs was less bothersome than she thought it would be; she still had her roots, digging far underground and revitalising the soil. She could feel their influence spreading outwards, cascading across the city. Out the vast entrance of the Celestial Temple she could see the chaos of the raiding

army advancing, then stalling. Small patches of green were developing, just barely visible. She gasped and groaned, feeling the magic and strange innate abilities of her body rejuvenating the land, drawing up water from the deepest wells to renew the surface. It would take time, she knew, but already the city was abuzz with activity, the conflict failing to advance as the lines of prepared battle disintegrating into marvel and confusion.

“The land! It’s returning!” someone shouted, and she could hear their astonishment with her elven-like ears.

“Has the Great Mother taken her seat at the Celestial Temple!”

“She must have! We must go see!”

She relaxed a little more, breathing carefully as her womanhood parted. She felt the urge to push, and after all this time she did not fight it but *welcomed* it. Further patches of green bloomed, and she willed as best she could for the fertility to be directed to the land between the army and the city walls. She did not know if it works, but further cheers erupted. Her tail sapped more water, and somehow she knew it was simultaneously seeding the land as well, taking only what was needed and giving back so much more. She was more than just a broodmother of the Veddu, she was also the mother of their future lands. The nurturer of their fields. She gasped, grinning at the prospects.

And then her waters broke.

They came like a flood out of her being, washing between her legs - well, between where her legs would have been, had she still had them. Instead, she was all belly, all womb now, re-instantiated as a mother of the returning Veddu.

“Oohhhhhhhh,” she groaned, as the last of her womb waters left her. She did not know the full processes of her new role or body, but she suspected what had leaked out was only a small portion of the fluid inside her. After all, her belly was still distended to bursting point, and many other babies were developing behind the ones ready to leave. Was there some secondary chamber where those ready to birth shifted to?

Another urge to push broke her from that mindset. She bore down, trying to spread her legs before chuckling at the realisation that she couldn’t. Hence, of course, why her feminine parts were now further outwards.

“UUrrgghhh!!” she groaned, pushing. To her surprise, the sensation was not painful. A little discomforting, in an odd way, but also strangely satisfying. She felt her womb shift, and several of her children - her first born - descend towards her canal.

“Aahhh - there w-we are! NNggh!!”

Her tunnel squeezed tight. It was already cavernous, but now hugged each child as they descended, ushering them forward through her tunnel. She gasped, groaned, grunted, whimpered and cried, the last a little in ecstasy, as what felt like five or six or perhaps - no, *definitely more* - were pushed towards her opening. They were bigger than she expected.

They felt like the six of four or five year olds, and it was enough that it gave her the pleasure of another shivering orgasm.

“OOhhhh, if - if only I knew it was going to f-feel so goooood!”

She could get used to this. In fact, she knew she was going to. She didn't have much of a choice now - she had, after all, finally chosen this life.

The life of a broodmother.

“Sabel! We're back!”

She looked over to Destin, who was running with over a dozen midwives and attendants, with more flocking to her side. They looked at her with astonishment and pride, and somehow her nakedness made her feel all the more godly in their presence. Not that she had any intention of indulging in that particular delusion.

“Destin!” she cried, clenching her eyes shut for a moment, “they're - they're coming! OOhhhh! B-be ready!”

Destin ran to her side and held a finger - it was all he could really hold of her now. He was cleaned up a little, having clearly doused himself with a bucket on the way back, and for that she was thankful.

“You look good,” she joked, as she bore down again and pushed. Her breasts heaved, spilling more milk over her belly. Gods, her tits were full. She was actually looking forward to having an endless line of babies on them. It would keep them from constantly leaking for a few hundred years.

“You look good too,” Destin said. She was about to make a joke, until she realised that he truly meant it. On some level, along the way, he truly had become her Consort. She blushed purple, overwhelmed with love.

“OOhhhhh,” she moaned, the need to push coming over her again. She was close, she was so close. The pressure and the pleasure were combining and escalating, and it was almost time.

“Destin!” she called, as various attendants moved to her opening to receive the first of her young. “I love you!”

“I love you too, Sabel!”

She groaned louder, the chamber filling with her voice as she pushed again.

And then the first of her babies entered the world. She gasped as it exited her, a cool rush of bliss occurring at the moment of exit. Her attendants murmured amongst themselves.

“I wish - I wish to see,” Sabel declared, unable to witness the child beyond her heavy belly.

They stepped out to what she could see: indeed, two physicians were holding between them a Veddu infant. It was much larger than a human infant, roughly the size of a four year old or even a five year old, but it had the chubby fat and stunted limbs of a baby

nonetheless. Its eyes were closed, and it was obviously male. It reached with four arms, grasping for something, and her breasts seemed to trickle even more milk just at the sight of it. It gurgled, making a somewhat alien cry for attention, and then the milk gushed even more freely in response.

“He’s beautiful,” she said, tensing even as yet another contraction rolled through her.

She reached down with her large, elongated limbs.

“Please, he needed me.”

There was no cord in need of cutting, evidently her children swam and squirming freely in her womb, absorbing what they needed from the fluid of her sac. Gingerly, she took the tiny child - much tinier from her perspective, and raised him up to her chest.

“So beautiful,” she repeated.

The child gave several meek cries, and she hummed softly as she placed him at her upper right breast. He latched instantly, and began greedily sucking at her prodigious milk, drinking deep of her nourishing substance. It made her moan contentedly. It was one of the most blissful experiences she’d ever had. A good thing too, because more were coming in need of such tending.

“D-Destin,” she stammered. “You decide on a n-name. I’m just going to be b-birthing a while, my love. A long while, actually. Five hundred years, give or take. Is that - oohhh - okay with you?”

“Absolutely fine, Sabel, so long as you can stand having me at your side.”

She closed her eyes, relishing the feelings of her incredibly gravid body as she held her first child at her breast. She groaned, and another exited, followed by another. Each was placed at her breast, until all four positions were taken, and she was having to rotate them. Still she birthed, pushing forth each child with a strange mix of discomfort and ecstasy, as if the very act of birthing was what she was made for.

In a sense, she supposed, it was.

More and more people poured into the Celestial Temple, many of them attendants and officials, others simply ordinary people. They looked at Sabel with awe, and some fell down in worship. Sabel certainly wasn’t comfortable with *that*, but decided against saying anything for now. Far easier to get used to giving birth in front of everyone and being celebrated for it, than trying to rebuild their religion from scratch on day one. After all, she had five hundred years to do it.

She looked beyond the crowd pouring in and instead to the plains outside the city. Hostilities had yet to begin; in fact, it looked like the two sides were coming together in peace. The fields outside the city were already flowing, and water was being driven up to form small ponds and lakes. It was not immense yet, but it was a start. Sabel smirked; she

had the distinct impression that rather than assassinating the leaders of the raiders, she was going to be receiving gifts of thanks from them within the week.

But the political situation could wait. For now, the bloodshed had been prevented, and a fragile peace was being fostered. She had confronted her past, and beaten it, and in doing so brought life into being.

Another contraction, another grunt, and series of stirrings in her womb. She smiled at Destin, more happy than she could have imagined as more and more people of the city poured in to see her.

“I can f-feel another one coming,” she said, bearing down to push.

It was going to become a *very* familiar sensation.

She pushed once again, preparing to bring more and more Veddu life back into the world, again and again and again.

It was decades later, and Vedrayyu was flourishing. The conflict had indeed successfully ended between the city and its intended raiders, though it was the careful work of long negotiation between Queen Alitraya and the warband's leaders. Sabel's ascendance to broodmother status forged peace between them: there was little need to fight over resources when the outlying communities the raiders had descended from were starting to flourish once more. Slowly, as the weeks and months and eventual years passed, the land rejuvenated, flourishing with water, greenery, and eventually even animal life. Sabel's roots ran deep underground, her Veddu body somehow cultivating the land in ways even she could not fully understand. Soon the city was able to expand, neighbourhoods and new quarters expanding outside the city walls, so that it effectively had another layer. The poorest sections began to fill with more life, and Queen Alitraya's reign became known as the start of a Golden Age for the city, one that would eventually bring it into contact with other kingdoms across the slowly flowering wastes.

Of course, as this was all happening, Sabel had other duties. After that day of decision, the moment she had crossed the threshold and could not step back even if she wanted to, she had grown to become a full Veddu broodmother. At forty feet tall, she loomed above the denizens of the city, even the full-blooded orcs and tallest of the moon elves paled in comparison to her immense size, easily six times their height with feet to spare. She birthed every day, sometimes for hours at a time, though her cycles were mostly predictable, allowing holy festivals and celebrations to take place at her temple, and delegations to visit, as well as the friends she made to come visit her - including the Queen herself.

It also allowed for Destin's role as a consort to play out. Her lover could sense when the time was right, as could she, when it was time for her to be 're-seeded' with his issue, and made pregnant with more of their Veddu children. She greatly enjoyed those times, becoming more and more familiar with the process of having her lover enter her deepest and most private parts, and the bliss that came from knowing he was blessing her with more children.

Which is not to say it didn't take some getting used to. After her initial pride in making the brave decision to remain a Veddu broodmother, Sabel did quickly slip into frustration just a week later. Her body was built to deal with endless pregnancies and labours - otherwise she would go mad! - but it did nothing to curb her impatience. She was used to movement, to being able to go where she pleased, and see much of the world and its wonders, even if those wonders often involved the presence of bloodshed and fighting. Now, however, she was quite literally rooted to the spot, and would be until the rest of her life. She could twist her body somewhat, relax back or to the sides, even turn to see what was behind her for the most part (though there was an incredibly irritating blindspot that Destin liked to play tricks on her from), but these were very small when weighed against the freedoms she had willfully given up.

"What I wouldn't - eurggh - wouldn't do to just regrow my legs and go for a walk," she moaned one day, as contractions rolled through her body for the third time. "J-just one little walk. Even around the t-temple."

Destin was nestled lovingly in her enormous upper shelf of cleavage, resting against her turquoise skin.

"I'm sorry, my love, I wish that for you too. But perhaps we can bring the world to you, in some ways?"

"Oohhhh . . . this baby is ahhh, a big one! What do you mean?"

Her gorgeous blue man smiled up at her, even as she fed four of her babies at her breasts he was easily able to fit between them and with feet of space to spare.

"I mean we could send scholars, explorers, philosophers out into the world we're reconnecting to, and get them to help you decorate *this* space. Paint up some of the walls, bring find paintings. Bring the world to you."

She beamed at the prospect, suddenly excited. It would be an imitation, yes, but better than any other idea."

"That sounds amazing," she said earnestly, before bearing down. "Now if you'll excuse m-me, there's another one c-coming. NNGHH!!"

Her attendants below prepared to receive and care for her latest young, and she pushed it into the world.

Destin did not forget his word: her people - at least she was starting to think of them as her people - began to do their best to let her become used to her immobile condition. They brought books, scholars, philosophers, scribes, artists, and other figures. Sometimes she felt like she was a Queen being entertained by her subjects, though at least it was a useful time for dissuading them of her godhood. That would be a task that took many years of careful work. As it was, while birthing and breastfeeding and even raising her young, she learned much of Vedrayu, its history and culture. It gave her the notion of fulfilling her new role in full: she asked the Queen to form a group of scholars to teach her all they knew of the Veddu, and to even bring their working and non-working technology and devices to her, that she could try to fix them or interact with them. She absorbed every piece of knowledge and understanding of her new species as she could, intent on passing it to the children. After all, it was not just important that the Veddu were reborn, but their culture renewed as well.

And so, even as she pushed child after child from her expanded loins, and was re-impregnated by her enthusiastic lover, she learned the language of the Veddu, and their writing. She gained understanding of their starfaring culture, their ways of greeting, their notion of manners, and most importantly of all; how they raised their young. Of course, keeping track of all her babies was an impossible task, but schools were erected to teach them, and she could teach the teachers. Her initial batch of babies, however, she taught herself. They were, in many ways, the special ones. Those she first carried when she ascended to the temple and decided her fate. She ensured they were well cared for, raised in her temple from their infant stage all the way to adulthood, which was about two-thirds the time it took for humans to reach maturity. Motherhood was a challenging task, but something about her nature, and perhaps her instincts, managed to steer her right. Certainly, she never lost her often harsh and zealous personality, but she slowly pushed past her natural impatience to be the best mother she could be.

And so she birthed and birthed and birthed and birthed, her every day involving the process. For decades it continued, her body forever dominated by her enormously gravid womb, which continually churned with new life. Destin was always by her side, never straying too far, always ready to enjoy their private lovemaking. Some wished to see it, but Sabel was absolutely clear that even if she had to continually birth and breastfeed her endless litters in front of everyone, including foreign dignitaries (easily the worst part of her new position, even worse than her immobility in her eyes), she was never going to complete 'the re-seeding' as some creepily called it in front of others. Not by all the powers of the Black Mountain and its dark shadow. Having Destin inside of her, teasing pleasure within her, stroking her most fertile inside, that was a private pleasure between just the two of them. And while she may have resented the fact that he could move about the city, even travel further if he liked, she enjoyed his stories and tales, and the many gifts he brought her. Just

as she enjoyed seeing the city grow over time, and the fields beyond it reclaiming their fertility against the sands of the wastes. Construction workers had even opened up the stadium so that she had a full view of the city down the hill, allowing her area to be open, though easily shut when the weather was less friendly to her labours.

And that was how life continued. She loved her children, each and every one, and thanks to her antennae and natural instincts, she could somehow always detect which were which. They were slowly raised until they became full citizens of the city, with their own Veddu culture but with a distinctly Vedrayun twist. It made Sabel extremely proud to see them flourish, but also saddened for them to grow up and take their own places in society, even if they never forgot their mother, and maintained a common unity. Still, it was that unique mother's pain, and one at least partly consoled by the fact that she was always producing more beautiful babies to raise.

She'd never admit it out loud, especially to Destin, but she had become quite the fussy mother, who constantly fretted and worried over her babies. It seemed all along that Sabel had a hidden motherly instinct waiting to come out.

She had gone from soldier to outcast to atoner to broodmother, and though she had her occasional embarrassments - be it leaking entirely too much milk or making some faux pas during an important function - she nevertheless had found peace. She was endlessly amazed by the life-giving properties of her body, finding pleasure and satisfaction in becoming impregnated over and over, and always birthing new life into the world.

Her young promised her that one day, perhaps, they would be starfarers again. The thought made her joyful, even if she might not see the stars themselves.

For now, and for her hundreds of years to come, she was simply happy to give birth to the future.

In fact, she was feeling a contraction coming on right now.

"OOhhh - Destin! This one's coming a little early!"

"Hmm, are we finally having a boy again? I really hope it's a boy."

"Don't even make that joke, my love. It didn't get a laugh from me a decade ago and it won't - oohhh - get a laugh from me now!"

Her lover chuckled, shrugged, and comforted her, as she pushed her next litter into the world.

The End