

# Elora's Taste of Black Magic

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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*Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.*

## Chapter 1

“The blade was infused with dark magic, but we can mend her.” Yessne, the healer, leaned over Elora as she reclined on the stone floor where the soldiers had dropped her. Her rent, elvish armor glittered in the moonlight.

“Do not cry, mother.” Elora reached up her pale hand and squeezed the queen’s fingers tight. “It’s just a scratch.” Her head suddenly fell sideways, her face hidden by her muddy, blond hair.

“What happened? What happened?” Alyndra clutched at her daughter’s hand.

“She’s fainted from shock.” Yessne tried to separate them. “Please, Your Highness, let me work.”

Alyndra stepped back and fell into the arms of the king, sobbing.

But Yessne was a skilled healer and Elora made a full recovery. Or so it seemed. But they were, all of them, deceived. For a seed had been planted with that cursed blade.

Several months passed. It was a day’s passing before midsummer when the magic finally went to work.

“Are you all right, Elora?” Vanya breathed hard, two hands on her knees. She and the princess had been practicing their dance for the following night, but Elora had suddenly stopped and leaned her slender frame on the cellar wall. Their dresses sparkled in the torchlight. Their heavy breaths echoed around the empty room. “Elora?”

Elora doubled over and wretched.

“Shall I fetch the healer?” A strange vibration crept into Vanya’s senses. It felt as if she had imbibed too much blackberry firewater. But she had had none that day. The whole room spun.

“No ... no ... I am well.” But Elora did not feel anywhere near well. Her whole body reacted like it was being squeezed through a narrow tube. Her mind clouded. Something was very wrong between her legs. A heaviness grew there that she could not understand. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” She arched her back in pain, purple lights danced around the room.

“Princess!” Vanya rushed to her friend, her black hair flying behind her. Every moment felt as if from a long-forgotten dream. She turned the princess around by her shoulder and gasped. Elora’s dress was tented by some long rod between her legs. “What is this? What’s happening?”

“I feel different, Vanya,” Elora hissed. She lifted her dress to her waist, exposing the iridescent, purple penis. “I suddenly know how elvish men feel when they gaze on your ample bosom.”

“What?” Vanya squeaked. “This is black magic.”

“That’s not what worries me.” Elora let her dress drop, but it could no longer fall back to her ankles, instead it hung up on her hideous cock. She walked with serpentine grace over to the fire, picked up the poker, and gave the blaze a jab. Sparks shot about the room. She dropped the metal instrument, turned back, and walked to her friend. The penis swayed before her. Princess Elora had always moved with such formality, but now she ambled like a common human. “What worries me is how am I to fit this fat thing in your little cunt?”

“What?” Vanya could barely process the words coming at her. Her pointed ears turned crimson. No one had ever talked to her like that. Especially not royalty. “Wait.”

“I can wait no longer.” Elora stopped in front of her friend, her magical cockhead just brushing the other woman’s dress. A stain of clear liquid spread on the glittering material. She reached out and tore Vanya’s dress down the middle. The woman’s ponderous breasts fell out and wobbled on her chest. “Now I understand why the men are always chasing you, Vanya. You are clever and smart. But it is these that form your magnetic attraction.” Elora bent down a little and sucked one large nipple into her mouth. She grabbed the boob with both hands and squeezed. Her friend’s squeal was the most delightful music to her ears.

“Oh, heavens. Oh, no.” Vanya didn’t mean to, but she cradled the princess’s blond head, pressed her more firmly to her breast. They stood like that for a long while, the only sounds were Elora’s unladylike slurping and Vanya’s little shrieks.

Elora finally spit out the nipple and roughly turned her friend around. “Now then, about making this fit.” She bent Vanya forward so that she was forced to support herself with her hands on the cellar wall. Elora then lifted the young woman’s dress up above her butt. “I’ve never done this before. Do I just shove it in? Oh, I see you are ready for me.” Vanya’s wetness glistened in the firelight.

“Wait. No. Wait. I never. Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Vanya’s thin arms braced themselves against the thrusting onslaught that came from the rear. Her mind dropped like a rock into the river Yuillen. Ecstasy washed over her and she quickly had her first orgasm. Followed in quick succession by her second, third, and fourth.

Queen Alyndra hummed to herself as she descended through the castle. She carried a tray of refreshments for her daughter. The midsummer of a young elvish woman’s twentieth year was the last great gateway into society. Elora was taking her place in the festivities seriously. Alyndra looked forward to seeing how the princess had come along with her dancing. Her dress swished against the stone stairs as she descended. Her thin branching crown inclined slightly as she turned her head to listen to a bit of music coming from some celebration on a passing floor.

When she arrived at the right cellar, she had to maneuver the tray to free her hand for the door handle. She could hear the young women crying out on the other side of the door. She leaned and put her pointed ear to the oak. In the room, there was the beat of a steady rhythm. What a dance those young women must be up to. They were keeping a very fast pace. The musicians would have to work hard to keep up with her daughter on the morrow. Alyndra chuckled to herself and opened the door.

The tray dropped to the floor with a clatter and tinkle of shattering glass. The queen stood rooted on the spot, unable to comprehend what she was looking at. Her daughter had the Lady Vanya gripped from behind, and was banging her hips against the woman’s butt. Goodness, their butts were both bare. “What is going on?” She stared. What was that thick, purple thing jutting from between her daughter’s legs? She caught only brief glimpses of it as it kept disappearing with each powerful thrust Elora took. She wanted to tear them apart, but her body refused to act.

“Good evening, Mother.” Elora pulled out of Vanya, exposing the cruel cock between her legs.

Vanya stayed where she was against the wall, now pushing butt back and swaying it enticingly.

“I did unload in her.” Elora nodded to her friend. White liquid clearly leaked from Vanya’s exposed vagina and pooled on the floor below her. Elora slapped the woman’s pale ass and then walked toward her mother. “I do apologize for that. I believe it was

meant for you.” She reached down and cupped an overripe testicle with her left hand.  
“But I’ve got more.”

“This is devilry.” But she let her daughter take her hand and pull her into the room.

Elora shut the door behind them and gave her mother’s round backside a squeeze.

“Elora, please.” Queen Alyndra shuddered, wavered, and fainted in Elora’s arms.

“Well that won’t do.” Elora dragged her mother to a nearby cushioned chair and set her down. “Now, how best to wake you up ...”

## Chapter 2

The songbirds' chorus heralded the date. The creatures always sang their wildest on the warmest evenings, and it was a day's passing before Midsummer. The elven king sat in his garden sipping blackberry firewater and listening with a smile on his face. He so loved wild things.

"Do you hear them, Folwin?" King Nindrol inclined his head toward his friend and adviser.

"Who could miss them, Your Highness?" Folwin sipped his firewater. It was months since the king's armies had pushed the barbarous men out past the river Yuillen. The victory had nearly cost the loss of Princess Elora, but it had been worth it. With humans gone from their lands, the wilderness had become resplendent and revitalized.

"Although I can't remember ever hearing them as such. They do revel."

"Yes, they do." Nindrol's mind clung to the word "revel." A premonition came to him of a darkness spreading under his feet. His smile evaporated. The king dropped his firewater, the glass shattering on the flagstones.

"What is it, My King?" Folwin rose and rushed to Nindrol's side.

"Find my wife and daughter." The king's voice was but a whisper. "There is black magic at work in my castle."

Nindrol rushed off to rouse the master guardsmen. He thought he had better find the sorceress Yessne, too.

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"Wake up, Mother." Elora gently slapped her mother's backside as the queen lay face down on a cushioned chair. Alyndra was still lost in her faint. Elora paused before her next slap and sniffed the air. She turned to her friend who still lay by the cellar wall, naked and leaking sperm. "Do you feel it, Vanya?"

"Ooohhhhhhhh. All I feel ... is very full." Vanya put her hand to her stomach. How much of the cursed stuff had the princess dumped inside her?

"Get dressed. They're coming for us." Elora's hideous cock subsided and hung between her legs so that she could lower her dress again.

“What?” Vanya blinked at her friend. “Who’s coming? Our people?” She saw in Elora’s wild eyes that this was true. “That is good. You need help, Elora.”

“Get dressed, Vanya. I need help moving the queen.” Elora slapped her mother’s ass harder and heard her groan.

“Yes, my princess.” Vanya’s legs shook as she rose to her feet. She picked up her dress, but it was in tatters. Elora had ripped it from her. This thought broke her out of her daze. “Why am I helping you? You are bewitched.” Without another word, Vanya ran for the door, her boobs swinging crazily in their free state. She opened the door and quickly disappeared, leaving a trail of cum on the floor behind her.

“Am I under a spell?” Elora tried to think clearly. She had certainly not possessed a cock before that night, nor had she ever had any interest in planting her seed in a woman. But now, it seemed that was her defining trait. Elora began to find herself again, hidden as she was beyond the shrouds of dark magic.

“Elora? What happened?” Alyndra rolled to her back and sat up, her branching crown askew on her head.

One sight of her mother’s beauty, and Elora’s dark impulses thrust themselves back to the fore. “Come, Mother, there is black magic. We must find a place to hide.” She helped her mother up, placed her arm around her shoulders, and together they shuffled through the door Vanya had left open.

“Black magic?” Alyndra was so grateful for the princess’s strength and bravery. It was not every princess that volunteered to fight in a war. They moved down a flight of stairs, through vats of firewater stored beneath the castle and stopped in front of some barrels. The queen was amazed when Elora moved the stacked wall of firewater as if it was nothing. And indeed, it was a false front. Behind, an iron door waited for them. “I thought I saw the most horrible thing when I came to the cellar. You and Vanya were engaged in ... wicked deeds.”

“The magic plays tricks on your mind.” Elora drew a bolt and opened a door. Stale air wafted out at them. “Come quickly, before they find us.” Elora helped her mother through. Behind them she closed the false wall and the iron door. A long bridge ran ahead of them, viewable in only the dimmest light. Ahead of them, moonlight streamed into the cave through a shimmering waterfall.

“What is this place?” Alyndra’s eyes were very wide, trying to see where she was. “I had no idea this cavern existed under my castle.”

“Nor did I, until recently.” Seeing that her mother no longer needed to be supported, Elora took her by the hand and led her across the narrow bridge. “We will be safe here.” Behind the waterfall, glowing with the silver moonlight, was a bed of moss and flowers.

A faint mist hung in the air from all the falling water. They could not see clearly through the cascade. "Come, sit with me." Elora had to talk loudly to be heard over the sound of rushing water. Mother and daughter got comfortable on the moss, sitting side by side.

"Tomorrow is such a big day for you and for this to happen on the Midsummer of your twentieth year ..." The queen welcomed Elora's warm hand on her thigh. "What is this magic that has sought to do maleficence?"

"Remember that wound I suffered in the war?" Elora slowly pulled the hem of her dress up toward her waist.

"Yes."

"There was a hidden infection that Yessne did not apprehend." Elora pulled the dress past the tip of her slumbering cock. "And now I must spread my seed."

"Oh, gods. You have been changed!" The queen tried to rise but her daughter caught her by the wrist. There was the sound of tearing fabric, and a scramble. Alyndra found herself in only her underthings, and then they were gone, too. "It's growing. Oh my, what have they done to you?" She stared at the hideous, purple appendage. "You must fight this, Elora. You must ... mmmppppphhhhh." Her daughter had seized the back of her skull and thrust her penis into the queen's mouth.

The oral sex lasted only a minute before Elora pulled her off. "That will not do. Mount up, Mother." Elora meant for her mother to ride her like a horse, but the queen squirmed about. So, Elora found herself settling her mother in a reverse saddle position, facing away from her. This would do. She grabbed her mother's wide hips and sank her cock deep inside the queen.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Alyndra's cry echoed around the cave. She knew black magic was cunning, but she did not expect to feel such joy at being split in two by her daughter. She was barely given time to adjust before Elora was pulling her hips up and down. The queen had never ridden her king thusly, and she doubted it would have worked all that well with his normal penis. But on that purple monstrosity, she could lift up almost a foot before sliding back down again. She held her breasts to keep them from bouncing and screamed out the greatest climax of her life. Her crown hung sideways on her head, and her eyes rolled back.

"That's right. Open up ... ugh ... to me. Become ... mine." Elora released her mother's hips. The older woman was riding of her own accord now. She slapped one of the queen's pale globes and watched it ripple enticingly. "I can see why ... uh ... uh ... Father married you. But you are not ... a royal wife ... any longer." She slapped her mother's ass again and cherished her shriek in response. A red handprint formed on the alabaster flesh. "Or rather ... you are my ... royal wife ... now."

“Oooooohhhhhh noooooooooo ... it’s haaaaaappeennnniinnnnngggg agaaiinnnnn.”

Alyndra spasmed through a series of orgasms. She could not hear the castle’s bells through the roar of the water, but just as Midsummer midnight tolled, Elora erupted in Alyndra’s womb. Feeling the heat of that release, the queen’s hips slowed and then came to a shuddering stop. She panted on top of her daughter, still joined together by that enormous cock. “At least ... it is ... done,” Alyndra panted.

“Our night is not done, Mother.” Elora slapped her mother’s ass again. “I was built for this. Now ride.” She watched her mother’s ass shake as the queen went back to humping her daughter. Elora laughed. “You will ... ugh ... be mine. The kingdom ... ugh ... ugh ... will be mine.”

## Chapter 3

Not even in their first year of marriage did the king take Alyndra more than once a day. Always the royal couple joined under the cover of darkness in their bedroom. She was a dutiful queen and bore him two brave daughters who were fit to rule. But once procreation was accomplished, the royal joinings became even less frequent. The map of her sexual world was provincial, with well-defined borders. But on Midsummer Eve, her younger daughter rewrote Alyndra's map.

The queen rode Elora hard, both facing away from her daughter's tight smile and looking toward it. After that, she had let her sweet Elora mount her while the queen lay on her back in the moss, her toes curling in the air. Her daughter emptied herself inside Alyndra in each position, but inexplicably did not tire. And the things Elora said to her were unspeakably coarse and licentious, yet they enflamed desires deeply hidden inside the queen.

When Elora put her on her hands and knees, Alyndra shoved her butt high in the moonlight and barked joyful cries when her daughter's cock plunged deep into the queen's quagmire of a vagina.

"You sound like ... ugh ... ugh ... you belong in the ... kennels ... Mother." Elora slapped her mother's pale moon of an ass. There were several red handprints that hadn't yet faded. "Maybe I should ... ugh ... walk you about the castle ... uh ... uh ... uh ... on a leash."

"Ugh ... Elora ... I am your ... mother ... oooohhhhhh ... the queen." Alyndra's fingers dug into the moss. Her branching crown somehow still perched upon her head, but threatened to fall with each thrust she absorbed from the rear.

"Really?" Elora laughed, completely lost to the magic. "Then why do you act ... uh ... uh ... like ... my bitch?"

"Oooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Alyndra spasmed, another climax dulling the sharp edge of her mind.

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“Help ... help ...” Vanya finally found the guard. She ran up the stairs still naked, holding her tattered dress to her breasts. “The queen ... and Princess Elora are in danger ... from black magic.”

“Where are they?” The guardsman leapt toward the young woman and held her by the shoulders. “What danger do they face? Is it a dragon?” Elves hated dragons above all other creatures.

“The princess is enchanted. You must save her.” Vanya felt quite weak. She leaned into the man’s arms. “We were dancing in the cellar. Go quickly.” She was passed to someone else. The guardsmen raced down the stairs, their armor sounding a cacophony. “I feel ... unwell.” Her hand went to her stomach, where she could still feel the heat of Elora’s cum. “So much ... she left so much ... inside me.” Someone carried her through dark halls. She knew this part of the castle. They were bringing her back to her rooms.

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By the time the sun’s first glow brightened the east, Elora’s grotto had changed. The sounds of uncouth taunting and slapping skin that had vied with the crashing of the waterfall were gone. Elora and her mother lay in the moss entwined and exhausted. The princess rested her cheek on the queen’s bosom. Sweat and secretions drenched their skin. They were still panting when Elora’s penis vanished with the dawn, only leaving its deposits behind as evidence of its existence.

“Mother?”

“No more, Elora. You have turned me inside out. I am bloated with all that you put inside me.” Alyndra gazed with unfocused eyes up at the brightening ceiling.

“No, Mother. My mind is clear.” Elora sat up. “The enchantment is lifted. See?” She slowly stood and pointed between her legs. There was only a triangle of hair and her lips below.

The queen looked at her daughter’s vagina. What a welcome sight. “It is done, then. Do you feel any of the dark magic about you?” The queen sat up and looked down at herself. She was a complete mess. Relief filled her. But she was surprised that disappointment also worked in her heart. She would never again know the bliss she had felt that night. The queen shook her head. That was good. It was all a black perversion of her true love for Elora, a cruel jest played by some vengeful sorcerer.

“I feel none of the magic.” Elora slowly dressed. She helped her mother to her feet, averting her eyes from those wonderfully full breasts. The princess told herself she had no more prurient interest in her mother, and she believed it. “Did we really do those things?”

“If the magic is truly gone, we should not dwell on last night.” Alyndra let her daughter put Alyndra’s underthings back on. “If Vanya has held her tongue, we will only speak to Yessne of your change. And even then, we must tell her that you were not successful in your lust for me. Not even the sorceress must know. Do you understand? If this got out, it would undermine your father’s rule.” She raised her arms to let Elora pull Alyndra’s dress back on. “I’m sure the goal of the sorcery was to spoil the king’s standing in the eyes of the kingdom.”

“And what if Vanya has laid bare what happened?” Elora shivered in the morning cold.

“Then you still failed with your lust toward me. The queen must not be brought to the level of an animal in the eyes of the people. Do you understand?”

“But what about me?” Elora was somewhat surprised by her mother’s poise, even if she couldn’t begrudge her logic.

“Your older sister inherits the kingdom. If word got out that you had a night of lust with your friend Vanya, it would not be the end of our rule.” Alyndra could see the look of concern on her daughter’s face. “Don’t worry, I’m sure Vanya held her tongue. And even if she didn’t, you are a war hero. You helped drive men from our lands. And you were enchanted.” She straightened her crown and hugged her daughter tight, both to reassure her, and also to cast out her senses and feel for any remaining magic. She found none. “You are very brave, and I am proud of you.” She released the hug, ashamed that feeling her daughter’s breasts pressed once more against hers stirred longings inside her. The queen’s vagina dampened against her will. “When we meet others, let me do all the talking. Do you remember the way out?”

“Yes, Mother. It’s back over the bridge.” Poor Elora held back her tears. What a way to rise with the Midsummer of her twentieth year. She silently swore revenge on whomever had done this to her. In the same breath, she thanked the gods that morning had broken the spell.

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“Try to relax, dear.” Casula eased her daughter into the bath. Copious bubbles covered Vanya’s nakedness as she slipped into the warm water. “You smell like a bog, Vanya. What happened to you?”

“There was black magic, Mother. I can tell you nothing more.” Vanya still felt queasy. There was pressure in her head and in her bloated belly. She felt like something was searching for a way out of her.

“I understand you cannot talk about the princess.” Casula nodded at the sagacity of her daughter. “I have sent for the sorceress. But she is, of course, very busy at the moment.”

“Where are Father and my brothers?” Vanya looked around the steamy room. It was so familiar, but it brought her little comfort.

Casula prayed to the gods to deliver Elora and the queen to safety. There hadn’t been black magic in the kingdom for centuries, and her Vanya was caught up in the middle of it. Well, at least her unfortunate part of the story was over. “Everyone is searching for the queen and princess.” Casula smoothed her dress and sat next to the bath. “You look pale. Are you feeling unwell?”

A strange vibration crept up Vanya’s spine. It felt as if she had imbibed too much blackberry firewater. The whole room spun. “I am indeed ... unwell.” It felt to Vanya like her whole body was being squeezed through a narrow tube. Her mind clouded. A heaviness grew between her legs. “Aaaaaahhhhhhh.” She arched her back in pain, as purple lights danced around the room.

“Oh ... my ... Gods.” When her daughter arched her back, a hard, iridescent penis poked up through the bubbles. It was clearly attached between her daughter’s legs. “Vanya!” Her hand went to her mouth.

The storm inside her calmed, and Vanya knew clarity. Slowly, she turned her gaze toward her mother. “I now understand why the princess so desired my breasts.” Her eyes locked on Casula’s bust. “You are similarly built. After all, I got them from you, Mother.” Vanya licked her lips. “I scoffed at the way my brothers stared at your chest. I have empathy for their longing for the first time.”

“I will ... um ... fetch the sorceress.” But Casula did not move from her seat. Instead, she watched her daughter slowly rise from the bath, water dripping off that giant, impossible penis. “What are you going to do?”

“It is well that everyone is out searching.” Vanya smiled.

Casula finally found her courage and bolted for the door. But she was not as quick as her enchanted daughter. She felt herself seized and turned. She came face to face with an expression she had never seen on Vanya’s face before: pure malice. “Help ...” Casula squeaked.

Vanya’s hard laughter echoed around the room. “Everyone is out searching. It is only you and me. Let us make merry on Midsummer.” She ripped open her mother’s dress,

exposing her breasts. "It is time for us to revel, Mother." Vanya lived only to spread her seed, and her mother would be first in line.

## Chapter 4

It was impossible to think, impossible to feel anything but overwhelming pleasure, impossible to do anything but brace herself against her daughter's pummeling onslaught. "Oooohhhhhh ... Vanya ... how did you learn ... my ... ugh ... secrets?" She was a sweaty mess, on all fours, with the remains of her tattered dress hanging about her midriff.

"I know nothing ... uh ... uh ... uh ... of your secrets, Mother." Vanya held each of her mother's shoulders, forcing her to arch her back as Vanya slammed into her vagina with the purple staff that black magic had given her. "Whatever ... do you ... mean?" She had never been hungrier for anything than she was for her mother's shapely feminine form as it strained in front of her. Nor had she ever gorged on lust as she did at that moment. Vanya found it perfectly sublime to know the pinnacle of want and satisfaction all at once.

"My ... ugh ... secrets ... deep ... inside ... uuuggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Another powerful orgasm swept through her. Her daughter was turning the tumblers, unlocking a world Casula had only glimpsed with her husband.

"Yes ... Mother ... yes ... Mother ... give me your secrets." Vanya could feel the small muscles in her mother's shoulders flexing with ecstasy. "Give it all up ... uh ... uh ... uh ... to me. Let us be ... joined." Vanya's own climax crashed down upon her like the king's cavalry. Not even her joy when Elora had taken her hours ago could match this new bliss. She felt her very life force flowing out of her penis and flooding her mother. Her body spasmed haphazardly, and she fell on top of her mother, pressing her to the tile floor.

"Oh ... Vanya ... ooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Casula reached behind her and felt her daughter's trembling hips. "You put it inside me ... I can feel the dark magic ... in my womb." She worked to catch her breath, her cheek pressed to the cold ceramic. "Wait ... wait ... not ... again." The slender frame on top of her was working itself back into rhythm. "Oh gods ... my secrets ... my secrets."

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“You are both found.” Zadoor, the heir to the throne, raced over to her mother and younger sister. “Are you well? She caressed Alyndra’s cheek and hugged Elora. “My gods, you both reek of sweat and fermenting fruit. What happened to you?”

“Where is King Nindrol?” Alyndra sat heavily in the royal chamber, her body sore and vibrating from an exercise unlike any other in her life.

“Father is safe. When Folwin learned of the attack, he thought it best to secure the King in Uddella Tower.” Not to be deterred by her mother’s lack of information, Princess Zadoor pushed her chestnut hair behind her shoulders and turned to her sister. “What happened?”

“There was ... black magic ... and ...” Elora looked to her mother with questioning eyes. It seemed Vanya had not told anyone what had happened, or Zadoor would already know of it. That meant it was time for the complete lie. “My mother found me before any harm could come to us. She hid me under the castle until she was sure I was safe. Thus, the smell.” Elora shrugged apologetically.

“Why don’t you go to the baths, Elora?” Alyndra could see how uncomfortable her noble daughter was in fomenting a lie. Unlike her sister, she had no stomach for politics. “Take an escort from the garrison outside the door.”

“And you, Mother?” Elora bit her lip in concern. She knew her mother would want to clean herself as quickly as possible.

“I will have a few words with Zadoor, and have her fetch a basin of water. I am too weary for the baths.” Alyndra leaned heavily back into her cushioned chair. “When you return, perhaps you can help me clean.” She did not want anyone but Elora seeing the stuff that still leaked out of her.

“Off with you.” Zadoor kissed her sister on the cheek. “You smell like a bog. We were all very lucky to have dodged whatever tried to harm you.” She arched an eyebrow, letting her sister know that she could tell there was more to the story.

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“You are filled, but I am not empty.” Vanya stepped over her mother and began to dress. She looked down at Casula, as the woman that had raised her twitched on the floor, her legs splayed open. Copious amounts of dark, viscous liquid burped and coughed out of Casula’s gaping vagina. “You will be well soon enough, Mother. But I must go out. Don’t wait up for me.” With a short, cruel laugh, Vanya straightened her dress, and hung a bag

over her shoulder, placing it in such a way that one would not easily notice her turgid penis.

Outside, all was quiet. She stepped over cobblestones, unsure who should be next. Her hunger was growing, and there was nothing to sate it. She eyed the bakery across the way. Leonora ran the place with her sisters. Two of their husbands were in the guard, and the third was lazy. They would be alone. With a hop and a skip, she made her way toward warm, fresh bread.

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“You will make a fine queen someday.” Alyndra smiled as her older daughter rolled in a cart with a basin of warm water. “You are so much ... sweeter than your sister.”

“Why does your face darken at the mention of Elora?” Zadoor pushed the cart toward her mother. It was strange that her mother should ask her to do such a thing and not allow servants their normal vocation. “It is good that she has a hard edge. She fought more valiantly than I when we pushed men from our land.”

“If you see me worry, it is only because I ...” Alyndra rubbed her belly. Why was she so warm? She took a wavering step toward her daughter, and stumbled. “I ... feel strange.” A fresh sweat broke out on her rosy skin. She doubled over and retched.

Zadoor blanched. It was very likely her mother’s sudden illness had something to do with her disappearance. “What shall I do, My Queen? Is this a spreading shadow?”

“No one can know ...” The queen beckoned her princess closer. “No one can ever know ... that we are about to mate. Your future rule ... depends on it.” She retched again.

“We are about to *what?*” Zadoor rushed to support her mother, and was perplexed when she suddenly felt hot lips pressed to hers. “Mmmmmppppphhhhhh.” She tried to pull away, but her mother embraced her to her bosom. They stumbled together and knocked the cart over. The basin spilled its warm water across the stone floor. Zadoor went limp in her mother’s arms, letting Alyndra’s playful tongue dance about her mouth. She felt suddenly submerged under a sea of pleasure. Her wits dulled. Like any princess of twenty-two years, she had little experience in sensual matters. She had kissed a few of her friends in the dark of festival nights, tentatively exploring their curving bodies with her hands. But her mother’s sudden passion was unrivaled in her experience, and her full-bosomed body was unmatched. She let the queen lead her to a sofa. They fell on the cushions together, each clutching the other.

Alyndra finally broke the kiss. As she tore at the princess's gown, buttons and beads flew, rattling about the expansive room.

"I don't understand ... what has happened? This must be the dark magic. Come back to me, Mother. Oooooohhhhhhhh ... gods." Zadoor let her dress fall from her body and made no effort to prevent her underthings from doing the same.

"My sweet heir will soon become a vessel and understand." Alyndra lifted her own gown above her waist, grasped her growing, violet cock, and placed it at Zadoor's entrance.

"What ... is that?" Zadoor looked between her legs in horror and confusion.

"You will soon know ... the need ... to spread your seed." Alyndra roughly entered the vagina that had been reserved for her future king. She thrust her hips up, creating her own rhythm when Zadoor only trembled on top of her. "Ride ... ride ... ride ... like you were upon the most wicked stallion. Because ... uh ... uh ... uh ... you are!"

"Eeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Zadoor had waited an eternity to learn what sex was about. She had often hoped her mother might tutor her. But nothing in her wildest dreams had prepared her for this. She threw her head back and screamed out her ecstasy.

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Fresh from her bath, Elora walked with her escort back to the royal chamber. She breathed in the familiar scents of burning torches, oiled armor, and the stone all around her. Exhaustion hounded her. She had been through so much. Thinking back on her night brought the darkness of guilt, but also ... a despair that she would never again know such bliss. She had always been close to her mother and Vanya, but when she was inside them, there was a savage joy and intimacy that herded her mind down a wild path. Once traveled, the path would not let her see the world in the same way. She focused on her breathing and tried to let those memories fall away. The magic had run its course. She was the subject of an evil prank and nothing more. Somnolence almost had her in its grasp. But before she slept, she would see about cleaning her mother and putting her safely to bed. Then, she would find her own rest.

## Chapter 5

“Rani, your sister, Vadi ... that loaf.” Vanya humped Leonora in a scissored position, holding the woman’s long leg between her bare breasts. “Not ... ugh ... that one, Rani. The longer ... thinner one. Yes, that one.”

Rani lay on the counter, a narrow loaf already in her vagina. She had been Vanya’s first conquest in the bakery.

Vadi lay next to her, her legs spread. Vile, viscous semen leaked from her. Her expression was completely blank. All three sisters were raven-haired and married. Leonora was the tallest, and the one giving Vanya the most trouble. She still wore a restraining rope around her arms. Her small breasts spilled out over the jute and bounced with their movements.

All four were naked and covered in flour.

“My ... uh ... uh ... husband ... is ... upstairs. He will ... murder you ... for this ... Vanya.” Leonora’s tone lacked the conviction of her words. She gritted her teeth and stared up at the conquering elf. “Do not ... ooohhhhhh ... do as she says ... Rani. And take that ... bread ... out of your ... secret cave.”

“You’re married ... to the lazy ... one. Correct?” Vanya laughed when Leonora said nothing. “Your sisters’ husbands ... uh ... uh ... are in the guard.” She nodded to Leonora’s sisters. “I might ... have cause to ... fear them.” She shook her head, instantly disagreeing with herself. “But ... fat ... lazy ... Sontar ... is sleeping his way ... through your ecstasy.”

Rani handed the loaf to Vadi, but her sister was too dazed to take it.

“It looks like ... uh ... uh ... uh ... you’ll have to put it in her ... yourself, Rani.” Vanya eyed the meek woman. “As ... I said before ...” Vanya increased the pace of her hips. “If you don’t want ... my seed to anchor itself ... in your womb, you must ... uh ... uh ... uh ... soak it up ... with your baking.” Her staccato laugh bounced off the walls. With the heat from the ovens, sweat covered her body.

“I have to, Leonora.” Rani pushed the loaf into Vadi. It slipped in with ease. Vanya’s purple cock had loosened all three sisters.

“Now ... uh ... pump.” Vanya winked at Rani.

“Ye ... ye ... yes.” Tentatively, Rani simultaneously thrust the bread in and out of her and Vadi’s vaginas. The squelching sound came up to speed and matched the slapping of skin next to them. She gasped with pleasure, both arms working hard to pump the morning’s loaves.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Rani.” Vadi roused from her stupor, new pleasure swirling through her.

“Get ... ready ... I’m almost ... spent.” Vanya’s hips went wild. She leaned her head back and screamed out her triumph as she emptied herself in the last sister.

~~

Humming to herself, Elora left her escort and entered her mother’s chambers. Her eyes were down as she crossed the room, her mind lost in thought. She heard them first: a high whining from her sister and a lower-pitched grunting from her mother, accompanied by slapping skin and soggy noises. She looked up and she froze, dumbfounded.

“I do not ... believe ... that a present queen ... has ever ... bred ... uh ... uh ... uh ... a future queen ... before.” Alyndra pounded her twenty-two-year-old daughter from behind.

“Mother ... Mother ... Mother.” Zadoor lay on her belly, her legs together. The soft carpet pulled at her breasts and belly with each impact she absorbed on her backside.

“No ... no ... Mother, you can’t!” Elora raced to them. She couldn’t call for help. The shame upon their family would be unending if anyone discovered the feral rutting. “Remove ... yourself ... Mother.” Elora was surprised when the sweet-natured queen slapped her away with the back of her hand. Elora spun and fell on her hands and knees. The position gave her an idea. Quickly, Elora undressed.

“Uh ... uh ... uh ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Zadoor could now understand why everyone fussed over sex. Her third orgasm hit her, and it was overwhelming. Her mating was such a blazing light of glory that all the rest of her life was shaded.

“Mother?” The exhaustion was deep in Elora’s bones, but she did her best to hide it. “Why not have both your daughters?” She sat near them and opened her legs wide. “But I will only offer you my secret cavern now. My offer expires at the count of ten. One ... two ...”

Alyndra turned her head and surveyed Elora’s nakedness. Two years younger than her sister and built very much the same. Greed calcified in her mind. Elora’s count was up to five. She desired both daughters. With the possibility hanging before her, she couldn’t resist. “I will ... finish in Elora first. Then ... I’ll come back for you ... Zadoor.” Alyndra pulled out of the heir to the throne, stumbled to Elora, and fell upon her. Soon, she had her massive penis deep inside her.

“Oh ... Mother ... ohhhhhh.” Elora had not expected the tidal wave of pleasure. Her body strained to accommodate her mother’s size. She tried to make eye contact with her sister to urge her to leave. But Zadoor’s face was still buried in the carpet. She needed to keep her mother’s focus on her. “Is this ... what it felt like ... to have me ... inside you?”

“I was a ... mewling ... sow.” Alyndra humped without mercy. She reveled in the lust expressed by her daughter’s tortured face. “Now ... I am ... the conquering boar. I will fuck your mind ... into oblivion.”

“Oooooohhhhhhhh.” Elora’s climax came for her. She wondered if her mother might be right. Was that why Zadoor did not escape? Did her sister still have her mind, or was it, too, fucked into oblivion? “Ohhhhhhhh ... nooooooooooooo ... my culmination ... is here ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She swung her legs high in the air, her toes curling. Ecstasy rose inside her until there was room for nothing else.

~~

When Vanya stumbled out of the bakery, morning light shone down upon her flour-covered face. Back inside all three sisters were furiously masturbating with their baking. A few windows opened in the buildings around her. Soon people would be arriving at the bakery for breakfast. Vanya could care less if the raven-haired sisters were discovered.

After all that rutting, she had expected to be spent. She reached down and cupped her testicles through her dress. The dark magic was still strong. They were heavy and full. Two blocks away, Sarya lived with her mother. Sarya was a pretty elf who danced on occasion with Vanya and Elora. Vanya quickened her pace. She couldn’t wait to teach Sarya and her mother her new dance moves.

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“Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... Mother ... oohhhhhhhhhhhh.” Elora held the queen’s ass tightly. They were both recovering from their climaxes. Elora’s womb was bathed in the heat of dark seed.

“Elora? Mother?” Zadoor stared with wide eyes at her sister and mother. “What have you two done?”

“I am ... preserving ... your rule ... sister.” Elora locked her feet behind her mother.

Zadoor was not an elf of action. She simply stared from her prone position on the floor, her jaw literally on the floor.

“I bred you ... well ... Elora.” Alyndra tried to pull out of her daughter, but Elora held tightly with her hands and legs. “It is time for your sister ... let me go ... Elora.”

“Fill me ... again ... Mother.” Elora pulled at her mother with rhythm. It worked, the queen’s hips matched Elora’s tempo. “There will be time ... for Zadoor ... later.” Elora locked eyes with her sister and nodded to the door. Elora’s eyelids fluttered as pleasure welled inside her. She watched her sister, the heir to the kingdom, sit and rub her vagina rather than flee. “Run,” Elora whispered. “Run ... run ... run ...”

“You want me to run ... you through ... uh ... uh ... uh ... with my cock, is that it?” Alyndra’s laugh was short and cruel. “I’ll mate every female in the castle ... ugh ... before the day is through.”

“Focus ... on me ... Mother. Feel how much ... my vagina ... delights in your ... tool. Fill me ... again ... and again ... and eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Another orgasm was upon her. If Zadoor wouldn’t run, Elora had no idea how she would save her sister’s womb. But at least as long as their mother was humping Elora, she wouldn’t be humping Princess Zadoor.

## Chapter 6

“Your ass is so dainty ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... contrasted with your mother’s ... Sarya.” Vanya could make the comparison easily, because she had Sarya’s mother, Elta, placed on her hands and knees, and Sarya was stacked right on top of Elta. At the moment, Vanya was plumbing the depths of Elta’s vagina, but she had been moving back and forth between the two for a while now.

“It’s dainty ... and in need of more attention.” Sarya was desperate for Vanya’s magical cock. It had an evil look about it, but she didn’t care anymore. She needed the pleasure it brought her. “Fill me ... again.” She held tightly to her mother’s back, feeling Vanya’s belly slap against her butt again and again.

“I would think ... uh ... uh ... that you would learn to share ... living with your mother.” Vanya could feel her orgasm approaching. Despite Sarya’s request, there would be no more back and forth. She would seed Elta and leave them. Out in the palace, there were many more elf wombs to overflow.

“Oh ... my ... oh ... gods ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Elta climaxed again with that strange penis inside her, and her daughter grinding on her butt.

“Accept it ... accept it ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Vanya unloaded in Elta, her seed rushing to its target. Despite her earlier plans, when she finally pulled out of Elta, she slipped right into Sarya. “Maybe ... just one more ... for the road.” Soon, her hips caught their rhythm. She erupted in each she-elf twice more before leaving their home.

By the time Vanya stepped back out into the street, the sun was high. She scanned the street, looking for the next fair creature to plunder.

“That’s her!” A voice echoed off the buildings around her, followed by the clank of armor. “Stop!”

Vanya turned to see three elves of the king’s guard bearing down upon her. Before she could react, they had seized her.

One of the guard roughly grabbed her between the legs and quickly withdrew his hand. “It’s the witch all right. To the dungeons with you.”

Vanya said nothing.

“Not the dungeons.” Another elf with a lieutenant’s sash across his shining breastplate strode toward them. “She is a friend of Princess Elora. Or was, before a demon corrupted her. Keep her under guard somewhere private. This must be well-hidden until we can tell the king of this.”

“Yes, sir!” The guard’s grip tightened on Vanya’s arm. He leaned in and whispered in her ear, “I am Tellorian, and if you try anything untoward, I will run you through. Do we understand each other, she-demon?”

“Yes.” Vanya let herself be carried away, the darkness in her mind already planning her next steps.

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“What’s ... happening to me?” Elora rode her mother’s magical, purple cock with bounding lunges. She had both hands on her expanding belly. A secret song erupted from her mouth and spun lazily around them. Her joy reached new levels as her growing breasts repeatedly knocked together like noontide bells. Her nipples and areolae darkened before her eyes.

“My ... ugh ... ugh ... second daughter ... is a trollop ... is what’s happening.” The queen hadn’t yet noticed Elora’s accelerated pregnancy. She was too busy sating her lust. “How much spunk ... uh ... uh ... can that quim of yours drink?”

“Oh no ... sister ... you’re ...” Zadoor finally removed her fingers from her clitoris. The sight of Elora’s transformation sobered her. “... you’re ... somehow ... with child.” It was unmistakable. She grew and grew as if months were passing in minutes. Her fear and woe transformed to awe, wonder, and ... envy as she watched Elora’s body shake. Her sister looked beautiful in her gravid state.

Elora’s song lasted a long while and encompassed several climaxes. When it was over, she regained her voice. “Mother ... Mother ... look at what ... you’ve done to me.” Elora’s ride had become ungainly, as she was not used to moving such a ripe body. Even so, her desire was such that she didn’t end their coitus.

“Eh?” Alyndra focused on the bouncing form before her. “You are ... bred. You are ... my breeding bitch ... uh ... uh ... is that why you wanted me ... all to yourself? To carry my ... pups?”

Elora shook her head. She was going to climax again, and she could tell it might be of such gravity to sunder her mind completely. Before it took, she desperately tried to understand. *Why had this not happened to Vanya or her mother? What had happened to Vanya? They should dispatch a guard to her house immediately and bring her back to the palace. They should ...* “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!” All salient thought left her as she spasmed on her mother’s long cock.

Zadoor's sobriety lasted but a moment. Seeing her mother and pregnant sister in the throes of passion drove the heiress's hand back between her legs. She began working herself to her next orgasm.

"Prepare ... ugh ... ugh ... for the flood ... my breeding bitch." Alyndra, the once kind and gentle monarch, screamed, arched her back, and thrust up her pelvis in the most ungentle way. She filled her daughter's vagina yet again.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh." Elora's new body nearly burst with ecstasy. Pulsing white stars shone before her eyes, and her body trembled like a solitary leaf in a thousand-year tempest. She fell to the floor, capable of nothing more than a stark impression of a fish out of water. When her vision cleared, her mother was stalking toward Zadoor, her cock stiff and ready for more mating. "Run ... Zadoor ... run ..." Elora croaked. But her sister did nothing more than spread her legs for her mother.

"Do you think I will swell like Elora, Mother?" Zadoor lifted her feet high in the air and pointed her toes.

"I don't know." Alyndra roughly entered her elder daughter, and moved her hips without giving the princess time to adjust. "But I mean to try. I will put so much ... ah ... ah ... ah ... seed in you ... you will be my reservoir of spunk. A hidden lake of cum. You will ... ughhhhhh ... gods, you're tighter than your sister."

"Wait ..." Elora was too tired to move. She had expended all her energy trying to divert her mother, and now she had nothing left to give. It was all the more difficult to move with her new parturient body. She lay on her side and watched the coupling. When she heard her sister's sacred song, she knew it was over. The ethereal, sonorous melody wove its way around the room. The guards stationed outside their door should have heard it. But they did not intrude. Perhaps they did not recognize Zadoor's song as the melody she was saving for her prince? Perhaps they had never given their wives such pleasure as to compel them to sing? It didn't matter. Black magic would soon be inside Zadoor's womb, and Elora could not prevent it.

"Your sister ... the mighty Elora ... thought she could drain ... my fount." Alyndra laughed maniacally. Her hair billowed around her head. Her eyes were wide and crazed. "But there is no ... bottom. I will never run dry ... not until ... I till all the fields in this palace ... and plant my seed."

Zadoor clutched her mother's breasts for dear life. She wanted to put words to the sight of her demented mother surging between her legs, but all that came out of her was her resplendent, treble tune.

"Did you know ... that last night ... your sister planted her seed in me?" Alyndra grinned. "I begged her for it ... but I did not sing for her. I am not nearly the ... ugh ... ugh ... the trollop that my daughters ... are." She cast a derisive glance at Elora's sweaty,

pregnant body. “Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” The queen slammed down her hips a few more times and held herself there.

Elora watched her mother’s ripe, white butt tremble as she befouled poor Zadoor. Her sister’s hands moved to the small of the queen’s back, frantically trying to pull the penis in deeper. It was the midsummer of Elora’s twentieth year. It was supposed to be a time of joy and celebration. It had turned into a bacchanal of ecstasy and woe.

A loud boom came from the door. A deep muffled voice barely carried through the heavy timber. “The king sends word for you, Your Majesty.”

To her great shame, Elora did not call for help. Instead, she maneuvered her rotund body onto her back and reached for her vagina. It was a sticky mess. Slowly, she began to attend to her needs while her sister and mother slowly began their undulating motions again.

“Your Majesty?” The voice had the edge of urgency.

“I am ... ugh ... ugh ... busy ... with my daughters.” Alyndra called to the door. “The king’s message ... uuugghhhhhh ... must wait.” She projected her voice loudly. Zadoor was no longer singing, but the queen had to speak over her daughter’s grunts. “I will be out ... to attend to the message ... soon. Now ... give ... us ... privacy.” She punctuated the last four words with particularly savage thrusts of her hips.

“Yes, Your Majesty.” The voice said no more.

“Oh ... Mother ... what have you done? What are you ... doing?” Elora watched her mother’s ass flex with her movements. They were lost. They were all lost. Elora found her clitoris and lost herself in the moment, too.

## Chapter 7

“I am no warden, Tellorian. Our home is not a jail.” Meriel stood with her hands on her hips in the kitchen. She had been busy with chores when her husband came home unexpectedly. She wore an apron over her dress, and a kerchief held back her hair. “If she broke the king’s law, send her to the dungeons.” Meriel’s eyes narrowed as she looked the criminal up and down. The woman didn’t look dangerous. She looked sweet and amicable, despite having her hands bound behind her back. “Or let her go free. She seems friendly.”

“You have always had too soft a heart, my love.” Tellorian smiled at his wife. “She will stay here. She must. This is Vanya, friend of Princess Elora. And she has been corrupted by some foul spirit.” Tellorian roughly sat his prisoner on a kitchen chair and leaned against the wall. “You need not be a jailer. I will guard her.” He removed his helm and carelessly tossed it on the floor. “Are you hungry, Vanya? If you behave, my wife will extend the full hospitality of our home.”

Vanya’s smile was bright and warm as she gazed at Meriel. “My hunger is deep ... and lamentable. Some sustenance ... please.”

“You must be the most polite criminal in the kingdom.” Meriel rubbed her chin. It was hard to imagine the she-elf before her committing any evil. “Are you sure you have the right elf, Tellorian? She looks harmless.”

“She’s a witch.” Tellorian sat heavily on a chair next to Vanya, his arms and armor clanking.

“You said she is close with the younger princess.” Meriel busied herself preparing food for the three of them.

“She is bewitched.” Tellorian rolled his eyes.

“The princess?” Meriel cut slices of day-old bread. The bakery had been closed that morning.

“The prisoner.” Tellorian laughed. He was so busy watching his wife’s inviting rump, that he paid no heed to Vanya.

Vanya couldn’t believe they’d tied her with rope. What luck. Perhaps they’d thought her delicate feminine wrists could not abide the touch of steel. She had not sought to dissuade her captors. No one in the kitchen paid her the least attention as she slipped the knots that bound her.

“Vanya was your name?” Meriel brought kindling to her oven and built a fire. When her husband’s captive didn’t answer, Meriel didn’t bother to look behind her. She didn’t

begrudge the woman her laconic speech. She had probably been wrongfully accused and bound by the King's Guard. That couldn't be easy. "Well, I hope you're hungry for some rabbit stew. I ..." There was a loud thump behind her. Meriel wheeled about, the crackling fire in the oven forgotten. "Oh ... my ... Tellorian!" Her husband lay face first on the floor. She dropped to her knees and was grateful to feel his pulse. "What happened? Did you see what happened, Vanya?"

Vanya stood, shaking out her wrists. "Your husband seems to have had an accident."

Meriel looked up at the prisoner, for the first time registering that she was unbound. The smile on Vanya's face was no longer pleasant. The she-elf looked feral and predatory. Meriel's blood ran cold, her face blanched, and her eyes went wide. She protectively covered her husband with her arms.

"Never fear, Lady Meriel. I will not hurt him ... any further." Vanya danced across the kitchen and fed the fire from the woodpile. Sparks shot out of the oven and danced about the room as well. "You asked me if I cared for rabbit stew? I do not. But I have another feast in mind."

"Oh?" Meriel looked about. She put her hand on her husband's sword. Hopefully she could talk her way out of the situation, but if not, she would stab the creature that had assaulted her beloved husband. "I'm happy to make you something else. I will need to go to the store and purchase ingredients."

"You have what I need here." Vanya turned abruptly and moved toward Meriel. "I would snack on your pussy."

"You would ... what?" Meriel's ears turned crimson with embarrassment and anger. No one had ever talked to her that way. She pulled the sword and stood. But before she could take the stance her husband had shown her, Vanya was upon her. The sword was twisted from her grasp. It clattered to the floor. Meriel was lifted off her feet, her back pressed against the wall. Vanya was quickly under her skirts. Meriel pushed at the prisoner's head through her skirt. "Oh ... no ... you really mean to ... but you ... ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Meriel arched her back against the wall, her legs now dangling over Vanya's shoulders. She didn't mean to, but her hands changed from pushing to caressing Vanya's head tenderly through the skirt. Pleasure swirled inside her like the sparks swirled in her kitchen. "My vagina ... your tongue ... nobody has ever ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Her eyes rolled back and her climax crested over her.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhh." Vanya worked hard with her tongue and lips. This was the first time she had done such a thing with another she-elf. Vanya pushed the poor wife to greater and greater heights. Meriel groaned, cried, and shrieked, but she did not sing. Vanya considered that a challenge. She would bring forth Meriel's sacred song. After

four orgasms, Vanya lowered the sweaty, shaking wife down to her feet. She removed her own clothes and Meriel's.

"You ... have ... you ... have ... a ..." Meriel pointed at the monstrous, purple penis springing from between Vanya's legs.

"A penis?" Vanya smiled, her expression sweet and amicable again. "Do you like it?" She spun around slowly. "They're terribly fashionable right now. I think all the she-elves in the palace will have one before long."

"What?" Meriel melted in the strange creature's arms. She shrieked when she was lifted off her feet again, but not so high as last time. Her legs wrapped around Vanya, just above her hips. "You mean to put it inside me?" She looked over Vanya's shoulder at her unconscious husband. She prayed he would not wake. Not for a while at least.

"How else would I seed your tilth?" Vanya kissed her deeply, supporting her with hands on both of Meriel's ass cheeks. "You are now my garden. I will tend your womb and see that something grows."

Meriel shuddered. "I ... uuuuuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhh." Her body convulsed when the brutish cock entered her. A great spreading sensation moved through her, followed by a new understanding of the depths of her secret garden. Ecstatic lightning followed. She pointed her toes, clutched Vanya's neck, and sang her sacred song for her new partner.

"Or maybe ... uh ... uh ... uh ... not a garden. You sound ... like a pig. That's it ... you're my ... sow ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." Vanya slammed into her at a fevered pace. Having almost been caught and then turning the tables on her guard stoked the fires inside her. The pretty wife's sacred song pushed Vanya's longing even further. "That's it ... sing, my pretty piggy ... oink ... oink ... for me. You're my ... sow ... now ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh."

Sparks continued to twirling around the room. Meriel did not see them. She was lost in the starry expanse of her own pleasure. She could not grunt like a pig, although she longed to please her mate. She could only sing her joy. Waves of bliss crashed over her in quick succession. She felt a fool for brandishing her husband's sword. If she had known what Vanya offered, she would have greeted her with open arms and legs. She bounced against Vanya for a long time. Eventually her song came to its conclusion. But her joy did not. She grunted in the air, feeling those pummeling hips fall out of rhythm. She was indeed going to take Vanya's seed in her tilth. She could sense it would take root. "Yes ... Vanya ... please."

"Get ... ready ... piggy ..." Vanya slammed their hips together and held herself all the way inside. Her sweaty, glistening body quaked as she unloaded in Meriel's depths. Her hands pressed so tightly in Meriel's ass that her fingers almost disappeared. When

Vanya finished erupting, she pulled Meriel off her long cock and placed her on her feet again.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... gods.” Meriel wobbled and nearly fell to the floor. But Vanya caught her. Meriel looked up at her in a daze. “I can ... feel it ... the heat of your stuff ... inside me.”

“Of course you can.” Vanya pulled Meriel by the elbow over to the table. Vanya turned her around, and bent her over her husband. Vanya could see the red handprints she’d made in that lovely, round ass.

“Again?” Meriel craned her head, looking back over her shoulder with unfocused eyes. “You can go ... again? I ... uuuuuggghhhhhhhhhh.” She lost her ability to string her thoughts together when Vanya entered her from behind. Gripping the table, Meriel braced against the carnal onslaught. Her toes pushed up against the side of her husband’s shiny breast plate. She looked down past her swinging breasts and saw his prone, unmoving form. “Forgive me ... Tellorian ... it’s too good ... too good.” To her horror she saw that froth sprayed from her vagina and landed on her husband’s back, marring his perfectly polished armor. Despite this, she did not try to move away.

“Are you ... mine ... piggy?” Vanya playfully slapped Meriel’s rippling ass. “Are you ... my sow? Do you ... open yourself ... to the dark seed?”

“Yes ... yes ... yes ... yes ... yes ...” Meriel chanted. She lost herself in the moment. Her whole experience winnowed down to the ecstasy of accommodating Vanya’s massive penis. She forgot about the man lying at her feet. A scream swirled out of her as another orgasm sundered her mind. That was followed closely by a second rendition of her sacred song.

## Chapter 8

The queen stood, her eldest daughter, Zadoor, lay covered in cum and exhausted at her feet. The heir to the throne was nothing but a trembling receptacle for her mother's seed. Alyndra turned her attention from Zadoor to Elora. Her twenty-year-old, youngest daughter lay on the floor with belly and breasts swollen. She looked well past due, even though the pregnancy had only started hours ago. "I have no more need of your holes, Elora. Or your sister's." Alyndra stroked her purple penis while she spoke, unashamed by her nakedness or the magical appendage. "I must now spread my seed to my subjects."

"No, Mother." Elora shook her head. She clutched her belly. For the last few minutes, she'd been cramping at regular intervals. "You must resist the magic. It means to topple our kingdom."

"I would gladly see your fool of a father deposed before denying my thirst." Alyndra's smile was cruel and ravenous. She eyed the door to their chamber. It was guarded by elves that would surely try and stop her from quenching her thirst.

"You ... aaaahhhhhh ... don't know ... what you're saying ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Elora could see something moving in her belly. With horrific clarity, she realized the child her mother had put inside her was ready to meet the world.

"You're a fighter, Elora. Clear me a path out that door." Alyndra pointed at the door with an imperious finger.

"Aaaaahhhhhh ... Mother ... you must ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Elora threw her head back and spread her legs wide. A glowing, cerulean creature crawled out of the pregnant elf. It used its twisted limbs to gain purchase on the floor and heaved a long, sinuous body into the world. The birth took no more than a minute. Elora felt nothing maternal for the nightmare as it howled, rose, and bounded on four legs into the doors, crashing them open. The guards went flying in different directions. The spectral thing howled again, and the guards were quickly on their feet, giving chase away from the chamber.

"Excellent." The queen stalked toward the unguarded door. She didn't bother to cover herself.

"Oh, Zadoor, what have we done?" Elora crawled to her sister, who was still trembling in post-orgasmic bliss. "We have unleashed something in the castle." Elora watched her mother's round bottom shake and roll as the woman strode out of the chamber with purpose. "Can you hear me, Zadoor?" Elora covered her sister with a torn gown.

"Nnnnnnnngggggg," Zadoor said.

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Vanya woke in Meriel's sticky arms. They were both naked and covered in the products of their unbridled mating. The guard's wife was still asleep, breathing slow and even. Vanya gently pulled their breasts apart and sat up. Her guard, Tellorian, still lay on the floor where he'd fallen. A rush of guilt and shame hit Vanya. She had humped her way through so many elves. What had she done? She looked down between her legs and found that her own vagina had returned. The purple penis that had so twisted her mind was gone. She breathed a sigh of relief, stood, and checked on Tellorian. Thankfully, he was still breathing.

As quickly as she could, Vanya dressed and sneaked out of their house. She found chaos in the streets outside. Alarm bells rang in the towers. Elves ran about the cobblestones in panic. As she looked around, she saw an armored guard placing civilians in irons. One of the restrained she-elves had a purple penis peeking out from under her skirt. *How widespread is the infestation?* Vanya hurried out of sight down an alleyway. She heard the sound of two elves rutting and stopped at an open door. She peeked inside. One she-elf had mounted another from behind. *Oh, gods. It's Rani from the bakery. What have I done?*

Rani humped the mewling she-elf vigorously. When she saw Vanya, she laughed. "Look ... look ... Vanya ... at what I've become." She slapped the elf she was mating on the ass for emphasis. "Tell her ... tell her ... Unissen ... tell her ... you're mine."

Vanya put a hand to her mouth. Poor Unissen said nothing. She only looked up at Vanya with a face twisted by ecstasy.

"You must stop, Rani. You've been corrupted," Vanya hissed.

"Yes ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I have." Rani humped Unissen with abandon, gyrating her whole body to create maximum leverage for slamming into Unissen's ample backside. "Isn't it ... glorious?" Rani laughed again. "I now understand ... ah ... ah ... why you did those things ... in my bakery."

"No ... no." Vanya found she wasn't brave enough to help the unlucky Unissen. Instead, Vanya left them and continued down the alley. Behind her, she could hear the beauty of Unissen's sacred song rise and fill the closed space between buildings. Vanya ran faster. She needed to warn the king. After that, she would find her mother. She prayed her mother would forgive her for the animalistic mating that had happened after her bath.

Vanya ran several blocks, staying off the main streets. She was halfway down a narrow alley when a blonde she-elf stepped out in front of her. Vanya could see the tent in the

elf's dress. She had been corrupted. Vanya turned to run the other way but found herself confronted by another she-elf. This one was brunette and naked, with a long purple cock and heavy, swaying breasts.

Without any words, they approached Vanya from either side. Vanya tried to run past the clothed one, but she was caught. They lifted her into the air and carried her into a nearby building.

"Wait ... don't ... you're corrupted. We can't ..." Vanya could see nothing but hunger in their eyes. After a brief struggle, they undressed her. The heavy-breasted elf latched her lips onto Vanya's breast, pushing her onto a bed. Vanya fell with the she-elf on top of her. The other elf moved between Vanya's legs. "Oh ... gods ... I can't face that bliss again." Vanya remembered the splendor of Elora's cock inside her. She wondered if this would feel the same. "Uggghhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." The blond elf was soon humping between Vanya's legs. There was her answer. It was ecstasy again. "Ohhhh ... must warn ... the king ... it's spreading ... it's ... uuuggghhhhhh ... spreading." Vanya opened her legs wider.

The brunette elf unlatched from Vanya's breast and turned to her friend. "Don't take so long this time, Roshia. I want a turn."

"I'm ... uuuggghhh ... uggghhh ... uuuggghhh ... going as fast ... as I can." Roshia's hips were a blur. "Take her mouth ... ah ... ah ... ah ... while you wait, Aerith."

"My ... mouth?" Vanya stared at Aerith as she straddled Vanya's breasts and lined her cock up with Vanya's mouth. "Wait ... wait ..." To her surprise, Aerith did wait. Vanya licked her lips looking at the cruel phallus mere inches away. "Never ... uuuuuggghhhh ... mind ... I'll suck you ... I'll ... mmmmmppppphhhhhhhh." Vanya had never considered taking cocks at both ends before. But she supposed black magic made things possible that would otherwise have remained impossible. She held onto Roshia's hips and pleased the heavy-breasted elf with her mouth. Vanya's feet pointed up in the air, her toes flexing with pleasure.

"Does she ... uggghhh ... please you ... Aerith?" Roshia gripped the back of Vanya's thighs and spread them further. She leaned forward and kissed and licked the sweat dripping down Aerith's delicate, arching back.

"She does ... ooohhhhhh ... she does ... she's swirling her tongue ... around the head." Aerith took hold of Vanya's hair to help guide her cock farther down Vanya's throat. Vanya gagged but bobbed her head with determination. She was lost in a sea of bliss. "She's ... a natural. Maybe she works ... uuuggghhhh ... at a brothel."

Vanya's cheeks reddened at that. Even amidst all the ecstasy, Vanya couldn't help but feel shame at being mistaken for a harlot. She was a lady, as well as friend and confidant to a princess of the kingdom. Not just any princess, but Elora, who had helped drive

men back across the river. Vanya had been subject to the finest education. She had ...  
“Mmmmmpppphhhhhhhhhhhh.” Vanya’s eyes rolled back as salty, viscous sperm shot into her mouth. Even as she gulped it down, her own orgasm arrived. Roshia finished in Vanya’s pussy not long after that. The cocks were removed, and Vanya lay gasping on the bed, cum leaking from both sets of lips at once.

“Finally ... it’s ... my turn.” Aerith flipped Vanya onto her hands and knees and mounted her from behind.

Still recovering, Roshia sat on the bouncing bed and watched for a few minutes. She relished the sounds of slapping skin, grunting, and mewling. She stroked her cock for a while and then got on her knees in front of Vanya’s ecstatic face. “Let’s see about this mouth I’ve heard so much about.”

“Mmmmmpppphhhhhhhhhh.” Vanya licked the cock and sucked it into her mouth. She lovingly rolled the head with her tongue. She was taking it from both ends again by two magically-cocked she-elves. It was sacrilege, a travesty, and one of the most blissful moments of her life. All thoughts of warning the king evaporated like a puddle in the Sea of Sands.

## Chapter 9

“I’ve never heard that bird song before.” King Nindrol walked out into the gardens. His loyal friend and adviser by his side. The king cocked his head and listened. “It seems the whole palace is awash in that lovely music. It’s ... beautiful. It sounds almost elvish.”

“Um ... My King ...” Folwin had heard that song before. His wife sang her sacred song whenever they had their marital joining. “Those aren’t birds. It sounds elvish because it is. Those are she-elves singing their sacred song: some in the distance and one quite close. I cannot fathom elves mating at your residence.” He peered around the garden, expecting to see a couple amongst the flowers and trees, but found nothing.

“Oh, of course, I know the sound. The queen sings for me nightly.” Nindrol frowned.

“Of course, My King.” Folwin bowed. “I wonder if –”

“What a lie!” The queen’s shrill voice dropped down into the garden from the tower above. “I never sang ... ugh ... ugh ... my sacred song until Elora’s cock ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... was lodged in my cunny.”

Nindrol was shocked beyond words. He looked up into the garden tower and saw his naked queen standing on a balcony, with another she-elf bent forward in front of her. The other elf was gripping the railing and singing her heart out. “Is that ...?”

“Yes ... that is my wife in front of the queen.” Folwin’s words were barely above a whisper. He could see his sweet, Bellwin’s white hair and dancing ponderous breasts from where he stood. Her calm and serene face was twisted with ecstasy. “What is the queen using to ... um ... well ...” How could he say that the queen was humping his wife? But she clearly was. “Stop ... stop at once. Bellwin ... break free. Bellwin ... do you hear me?” His voice was almost as shrill as the queen’s.

The queen’s laughter echoed around the garden walls, blending with the wordless melodies of ecstasy that were drowning out the songs of birds. “She will not ... answer to you ... anymore ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... spinless Fowlwind. She belongs ... to me now.” Queen Alyndra slapped Bellwin’s ass for emphasis. “Do you ... want my seed ... Lady Bellwin?”

Bellwin’s song paused. “Yes ... yes ... please ... fill me agaaaiiiiiinnnnnnn.” Her song started up again.

“Guards, seize the tower.” King Nindrol could not bear to witness any more of this desecration. The guards did not act, there was a ruckus behind him. Guards were screaming and cursing in the solarium. Several of them closed the door to the garden

and barricaded it with marble statues. “What is the meaning of this? You must assault the tower.”

“There is a blue, glowing beast behind us. It is ... a terror. We must guard the door,” the nearest guard said.

“How ... how did this magic get behind our defenses?” The king gazed up into the tower, watching his villainous queen claim his poor friend’s wife. “I am sorry, Folwin.”

“I am, too.” Folwin couldn’t bear to watch his sweet Bellwin. It was bad enough he had to listen to her. Instead, he walked to the edge of the garden wall, overlooking the palace city. He saw immediately where all the other ecstatic songs were coming from. She-elves were humping she-elves on the roofs and streets and no doubt in the buildings all around them. Male elves were fighting the beasts the guard spoke of. Terrible cerulean creatures. Others were running for their lives. It was mad chaos. He took it all in as the queen cursed and shrieked out her orgasm, and Bellwin’s song soared to new heights above them.

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Elora stood, flexing her fingers. “Sword. I need a sword.” She looked around the chamber. She was still naked, but couldn’t find the time to address that matter. Her vagina was sore from birthing the creature, but not as much as she would have feared. Her body was fatigued, but she could fight. She had pushed herself leading the battles that swept Man across the river. She could push herself here.

“What will you do with a sword?” Zadoor pulled on a dress. She was still trembling from the pleasure her mother had given her. Seed continued to dribble down the insides of her thighs.

“I will vanquish my progeny. Save our father. Save our mother. Restore peace.” Elora went to the open door and retrieved one of the guard’s swords. The poor fellow wouldn’t be needing it anymore. “I wish I had my armor.” Elora looked around the room. “I can’t fight in a dress. But ...” She slashed the drapes with her sword and wrapped a strip of fabric around her chest to bind her breasts. “This will have to do.” She walked over to her sister.

“You can’t leave me,” Zadoor said.

“You will inherit the throne someday. You can’t be seen fornicating.” Elora put her hand on her older sister’s shoulder and looked her in the eye. “If I am correct, you have been infected with black magic by our mother. I am sorry to say that I infected her. You will

grow a beastly penis in a short time. And your mind will decompose. You will only seek to spread your seed. You cannot do that. Lock yourself away somewhere. The infection passes in less than a day. Can you hide yourself away?"

"I ... oh ... gods, Elora. You humped Mother, and she humped me. If it can break your mind and hers, how can I resist?" Zadoor trembled from fear.

"Lock yourself somewhere secure. You might try massaging the penis when it arrives. Anything to avoid spreading the poison further." Elora nodded. "Now, I must go. Secure yourself well, Princess Zadoor." Elora turned and ran from the room.

"Thrive in battle, Princess Elora." Zadoor watched her sister's pale, round butt bounce as the warrior left the room. She was confident in what Elora could do with a sword. She didn't know how she would handle holding her own spear when it arrived.

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There was no way out for Vanya but to let the she-elves tire themselves. They humped and humped, doing things Vanya had never thought possible. At one point, her two lovers took her in the butt and vagina at the same time. Vanya had screamed with surprise and then wailed with pleasure. But finally, they were done. Vanya crawled from her sleeping conquerors and threw on one of their dresses. It was ill-fitting, but hers had been shredded.

Vanya slipped away. She could hear the city around her alive with sex and violence. Smoke filled the air. The king would need no warning from her. That ship had sailed while she was busy being bred. It was obvious to anyone that they were under attack. Vanya decided to focus on the second part of her initial plan. She would find her mother and make sure she was safe.

Slipping from alley to alley, Vanya made her way home. She worked hard to avoid notice from the guards or any corrupted elves. To her surprise, her belly began to swell as she moved. She could feel life growing inside her. Whatever was happening to her, she was certain it wasn't good.

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Elora ran over stones in her bare feet. A gaggle of she-elves gave chase, some twenty strides behind her. They clearly had recognized her, and each wanted the prize of

mating one of the princesses. If this were a battle like the ones she was used to, she would cut them down. But those that hounded her were corrupted innocents. She couldn't kill them. But she couldn't let them catch her either. Elora looked over her shoulder and shuddered.

There were more than a dozen of them, all in different states of undress. She saw at least half-a-dozen erect, purple penises bouncing at their loins. She could see jostling bulges under the dresses of the others that told her that those she-elves carried similar. Once caught, she would lose herself in pleasure again. And she might have to birth another of those horrible creatures.

*No, they will not catch this princess.* Elora turned down a dead-end alley. She could hear the screaming of anticipation from behind as the feral pack thought they had cornered her. But Elora sprinted for the corner of the dead-end, used her momentum to bounce between the two walls, and sprung herself upward. In a matter of seconds, she was over the wall into someone's private garden. She could hear the wailing of loss from the other side of the wall. "Relieve yourselves with your hands. It will soon pass," she called back to them. But she had been in their shoes. She doubted that would work.

She crept away through brilliant, blooming trees. She would have to be more clandestine as she traversed the palace to find her father and mother. She had no doubt they would be at the residence. Her father would seek security there. And in her mother's nefarious state, the queen would seek out the king there. Elora would have to hurry.

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It took Vanya a long time to cross the city due to her stealth and her rapidly ripening belly. By the time she was home, the day was late and so was her term. "Mother? Father?" No candles were lit. It didn't seem that her brothers and father had returned home. Nor did it appear that her mother was there. She cursed under her breath. How was she to search for her family in a city gone mad while dealing with a magical pregnancy? Sometimes, it didn't pay to be friends with a princess. This had all happened because Elora was poisoned. She sighed and leaned against the wall near their hearth.

There was a strange, wet sound coming from somewhere. Was it inside or out? She could faintly hear sacred songs outside their closed windows.

"I've been waiting for your return, Vanya." Casula's voice rose from the shadows.

"Mother!" Vanya jumped at the noise. "Why are you sitting in the dark?"

“I was waiting for you. Didn’t you hear what I said?” Casula’s voice had a sneering lilt that didn’t match her obsequiousness. “You pillaged my secrets earlier. I wanted to return the favor.”

“Mother ... I’m sorry. I was corrupted by a spell. That wasn’t me, I ...” Vanya searched in the dark for a match by the fireplace. Her fingers trembled when she registered her mother’s words. It couldn’t be. *Not my sweet mother! I did not corrupt her, did I?* She found the match, lit it, and set the kindling. Then she turned to her mother. The affable, sweet woman who had raised Vanya sat in an armchair. Vanya understood the wet sounds now. The neighbor’s young wife, Renevin, was naked with her knees on the floor. Her butt was presented toward Vanya, and there was sperm leaking from her vagina. Casula held Renevin tightly by the hair, but she didn’t need to. Vanya couldn’t see the penis from her angle, but clearly, Renevin was eagerly pleasuring a mighty member with her mouth.

“There is no better aphrodisiac than seeing your daughter’s startled, hungry eyes when she finds that you’ve mated the neighbor.” Casula laughed.

“I ... am not hungry. You are ... a perversion of yourself.” Vanya took a step toward her mother. The breasts that had once fed her were gloriously on display.

“Then run! Go fetch your brave princess and defeat me before I ...” Casula blinked, taking in her daughter’s belly. “You wretch! You harlot! You’ve let someone else inside your cavern before me? And it seems you’re ready to burst. Well, I guess I’ll just have to take second place.”

“You’ll be my fourth, actually,” Vanya whispered. Her body vibrated with expected bliss. Her mother was possessed and wanted her. “Elora was the first. Then, there were two ladies who absconded with me while I was on my way to warn the king. And ... you will be my fourth.”

“Very well.” Casula shrugged. “I’ll take my place in line, I suppose. Come.” She smiled when her daughter did as she asked.