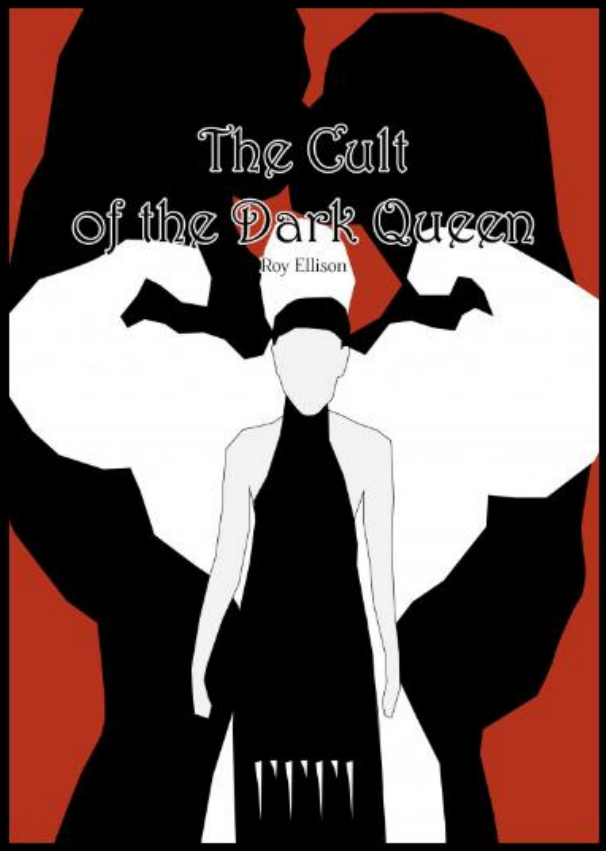
The Cult
of the Dark Queen
Roy Ellison

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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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Darius slid through the lush vegetation. He couldn't believe the wasteland had been so transformed. Large trees provided shade. A soft breeze blew, making the undergrowth rustle. He held his hunting spear in his right hand, carefully approaching the clearing. The hart was unaware of him. The wind was perfect. He lifted his spear and took aim. With a quick movement, he launched the javelin. The animal suddenly looked to him and bolted. The spear landed in the grass. Darius grinned. This was a setback, but also a nice challenge. He sprinted after the animal, picking up the spear as he ran.

It was incredible. He was feeling as if he was a young man. More than that, he was a young man in peak condition. Even when he had been this age, he had never felt so virile and powerful. He ran at full speed, the animal jumping left and right to evade him. It was exhilarating. He felt his blood pumping, his powerful muscles working in perfect rhythm. He knew what would happen next. Decades of experience as a hunter allowed him to predict the animal's movements. He jumped and threw his spear again. Just as it was about to hit, the animal was struck down.

Darius stopped, laughing.

"Oh, Serana, you can't stop yourself from showing me who the queen is ..."

She appeared above in the tree. Her pale body was powerful, loaded with strong, wiry muscles like a feral predator's. She wore a simple black hunter's garb and dropped down next to him.

"Darius, you know me well."

She kissed him.

"I couldn't resist. I was just watching you, but when I saw the beast, all those strange instincts took over."

He smiled. She took him by the hand and pulled him down into the grass. Her body was growing more powerful by the moment. She opened his jerkin and revealed his chiseled upper body. She grinned.

"The years have been good to you."

"It's all your magic."

"Oh no, not anymore. You are a marvelous pupil."

She wiggled free from her pants as he sank his fingers between her legs. It was strange. Her reincarnated lover was undoubtedly himself, but he was different too. It confused her. The ancient, long-dead Darius had been a powerful, ruthless man. He had shed his boyhood as soon as he could and had replaced it by a lust for power she had found tremendously attractive. This one was strangely different. Although he was now over seventy years old, he had kept his youthful mind and a certain, inappropriate innocence. She didn't know what to make of this.

They returned to the keep, their retinue taking care of the venison. In her chambers, she undid her garb and admired her body. She had kept

the strength she had drained well. Some of it had eventually ebbed down, but it still made her an excellent warrior, very fitting for a conqueror. Her armies had quickly crushed the opposition once she was reunited with her loved one. The Lords of the River had tried to oppose her, but they had no chance against her fanatical troops. The greyskins had howled for war and when she finally gave it to them, they had eagerly launched themselves into the fray. Darius had required a lot of training before he could lead them, so she had done that herself. With the combined force of her victims, she had danced through the Lords' ranks and hacked them to pieces. The greyskins had cheered her. This was truly a leader they could follow.

Once her opponents were destroyed, she had consolidated her hold on their lands. She was a strict, but ultimately benign ruler. She kept the greyskins in check and prevented them from stealing, raping and murdering in peacetime, so the farmers and the shepherds accepted her mastery. Lowering the taxes made them even happier.

Of course, there was still some opposition. The Order of the Wheel felt cheated when she had broken their rule on fate. Bringing back the dead, seducing their members into treason … The Wheelsmen boiled with anger. She acted swiftly and outlawed them, destroying their citadel and confiscating their books and artifacts. There would be no mercy for the fatebinders.

She flexed her arms, marveling at her power. Yes. This was the way to deal with fate. You'd seize the day and force the world to run the way you want.

She rolled her shoulders and smiled as they swelled. Serana wondered how those women had built their strength. Were there special exercises? Was it just a lifetime of fighting? This was all pretty obscure to her. She had just taken their strength from them, without wasting a thought on where it came from.

Darius knocked on the door. He was dressed again and admired her naked, muscular form.

"It's amazing. I love you."

She guided his hand between her legs and led him to the bed. As she lay under him, she gasped. His fingers were strong and restless, exploring her depths as he hardened. She undid his pants and guided him into her. Soon, he was hammering at her, grunting with pleasure as she resisted him.

When they laid on the bed afterwards, he played with her breasts and smiled. She looked at him. There was something strange, as if he were somewhere else. She wondered what he was thinking …

Later that night, she went to bed, relaxing after an afternoon of teaching him. He had a certain aptitude for magic, but he still lacked practice. It was no wonder most mages would eventually forge a pact with some demon to grant them longer life. Piercing the secrets of the sorcerous arts took more than a lifetime. As far as she knew, he was still practicing.

She thought about him and was horny again. Fine. She got back up, took her robe and ascended the stairs to the scrying chamber. She stayed quiet, sneaking up on him. She'd surprise him and make love to him under the stars.

As she reached the platform, she saw him gazing into the orb of divination. She stayed silent, wishing to surprise him. She heard him talk to himself.

"Oh … Oh yes. That's it. Amazing …"

What was going on? Serana felt anger and jealousy well up within her. Who was he scrying? With a flick of her wrist, she turned invisible. It wasn't a very powerful spell, but one that had served her well time and again. An observant guard might have discerned her silhouette as a break in reality, but Darius was clearly occupied. He wouldn't notice her.

She stepped up and approached him. He didn't even think of turning around. She peeked into the orb and saw what he was observing.

She went pale with jealousy. How could he!

There was a powerful woman from the Far Reaches. She was balancing a head-sized steel ball on her muscular shoulders. The sphere was rolling along as if stuck to her powerful body. Serana understood. This woman was a fine specimen. She had clearly devoted her life to the sculpture of her physique. She was naked, but there was a nun's gold and white garb hanging on a rack nearby. Her shaven head was decorated with the traditional geometric tattoos of the Hands of Metal.

The nun held the spinning steel ball out on her finger tip, then launched it up and caught it with her brow. The concentration was palpable. The sphere must have weighed at least a hundred pounds and yet, it flowed over her body as if made of air.

Serana could understand the fascination. She wanted this woman. Now. She wanted to have this for herself.

She slid away discreetly, then visited the Snake at her hole. She wanted to handle this silently. Yndri was still alive after all these years. She was ancient now, her thin, dry body and wizened face spent by a lifetime of service. The Dark Queen strode in, towering over the wretched creature at her feet. Yndri looked up. Her eyes were cloudy and there was a faint shiver in all her movements. She tried to get to her feet, stumbling a little until she stood.

The Dark Queen towered above her and said:

"Yndri, my loyal servant ...

"Yes, Mistress. I live to follow your orders."

Serana spoke a simple word of power and branded the nun's image into Yndri's mind.

"Bring this woman to me secretly. Do not let Darius know of this."

"I will, but I am old and weak."

"We will see to that."

The Dark Queen concentrated her power into her hands and laid them on the Snake's head. She sighed as the strength drained from her. Yndri gasped. It had been so long that she had forgotten what true force felt like and now, it was coming back. She basked in her returning strength and watched as her muscles grew again and her ancient body straightened. She got to her feet, then stood up slowly. Her grip tightened and her entire physique seemed to recover.

Serana took a step back. She was tired now, the draining of her energy making her feel old and weak. Her face seemed lined and broken. Her servant, on the other hand, was amazed by the fluidity returning to her movements.

Yndri cast off her cloak. She was still ancient, but there was now a kind of mad power in her aged body. Her face seemed younger and tighter, despite its age. It felt good to be back in her skin. Still, she missed the amazing, godlike strength she had once wielded.

"Ah ... This is incredible. I have longed for this for ages. Mistress, thank you for allowing me to taste the power again."

She flexed her arms, making her muscles appear under her paper skin. She gave her a toothless smile and said:

"I will get my equipment and I will bring this woman to you. Again, thank you for your trust. I will not disappoint you."

She bowed and disappeared into the depths of the fortress to arm herself for this quest. Serana stayed there, resting against the cool wall. This had been quite the strain, but she knew Yndri would wander to the edge of the world and beyond to fulfill her wish. What a woman ...

Serana returned to her room and went to sleep. The transfer had tired her out. She hated giving up the power she had so cruelly acquired.

Darius was asleep, his body draped over the soft bed. She left the room and had her servants set her up another bedroom close-by. She didn't want to see him for now.

Soon, Yndri journeyed out into the world. She had stayed in her queen's fortress for decades, slowly losing her touch with the outside. Stepping back out into freedom was an amazing feeling. She stretched her aged, but now partially restored body. She had opted for a simple, light suit of armor and a spear, just as her apprentice had done so long ago. She doubted she was strong enough to even lift her ancient weapon, let alone swing it. Before she left, Serana had handed her three gifts. One was a wayfarer's talisman that would bring her back to where it had been created. With this, she would be able to return quickly once she had subdued the woman her mistress wanted. The second was a dragon's scale, a useful little thing that would offer her protection and health in the direst situation. The last was an amulet enchanted by Serana herself. It held the same spell that she had used on her so long ago, ripping her strength from her frame. With this, she would be able to provide herself with enough force to confront the nun. She would have to meet a few dupes along the way, but thankfully, the world was big enough for all of these fools.

Serana scryed for her future victim. The nun was fighting the demon beasts of the forest that had been terrorizing the peasants. A flurry of claws and hair charged at her, but she held her ground. She seemed to wind up her power and smashed her steel fist at the creature. The blow didn't even seem to connect, but the energy was so tremendous that one of the monsters was projected from her. Serana was amazed. The woman's mastery of her muscles was so perfect she could direct power even without touch. The Dark Queen smiled wickedly. She would take this strength for herself and prove to Darius that she was truly his woman. As she heard him approach, she ended the spell.

He asked:

"My love, you have been avoiding me. Is there something wrong?"

She hesitated. Over the years, she had never hidden her body. She had crafted it into a work of art and had enjoyed to just show it. Now, she wore her cloak to cover her weakness. How she longed for the Snake to return ...

"I am fine. I just sometimes feel my age. That's what a few centuries will do to you."

"I think I understand. It seems unreal sometimes."

"That's what magic will do to you."

She decided to change the subject.

"Besides, we should return to your training. There is still so much I should teach you ..."

Yndri the Snake whipped her spear around. The bandits kept their distance, but they were laughing. This crone was trying to fend them off, but her movements, although reasonably quick, were erratic. The whole scenery was absurd. The woman should just have given up and handed over what little money she had. Instead, she had decided to try and fight them. The bandit chieftain didn't know what to make of this. He didn't want to hurt her. Breaking old women's bones didn't yield much glory. On the other hand, he despised her aggression and her pride. Also, the way in which she fought suggested she carried some wealth with her. Shrugging, he decided to end this.

"Get her! Enough playing around."

And then it happened. His warriors closed in and tried to wrestle the spear from her hands. Yndri laughed and tripped the first one, then

smashed the next one's nose with a whack from the spear's shaft. The others charged her, but she threw the spear at them, making them stumble. Even while they tried to recover, she kicked up a dropped club from the floor, wincing from the sudden movement and struck one of them against his temple. The man stumbled and she stayed behind him as his friends tried to take a stab at her. They only managed to hurt each other.

"Is that all you got, you young fools?"

The bandit chieftain stared at the gloating woman that had made a fool of half his band. He let his blade jump from its scabbard and charged her. While his henchmen used clubs and spears, he actually wielded a sword taken from a knight they had surprised one day. Even as they outnumbered him twelve to one, it had taken all their strengths to kill him. And now, this ancient woman was doing the same to them. But this time, he had a sword.

He attacked her quickly, trying to cut deep and end this. The ancient woman grinned as he came at her and cackled:

"You're not even holding it right!"

He looked at his hand for a moment and that was enough for her to pounce forward, move inside his range and stab him in the eye with her club. He screamed in pain as she followed this up with a clap on the ear, then she grabbed his neck and clung to him. He whipped around, trying to recover, but she just hung to him. Suddenly, the medallion around her neck started to glow and he felt that he was weakening. He screamed as he realized what was going on. Even as he tried to stay upright, the elderly woman seemed to absorb his strength. His arms and legs deflated as she took his power. He stumbled about, her weight increasing.

Eventually, he could no longer keep it up and collapsed. She sat on top of him and marveled at her tightening body. This was a true rush of power! The poor wretch between her legs was turning into a bony husk and she was feeling youthful and strong again. She got up, gave him a kick in the head and picked up the sword. This felt better. A weapon to fight at close range. Much more personal. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the reflection of her face and couldn't help grinning. It had grown more youthful in a few seconds.

The other bandits had stared at her display of skill and strength and had run as soon as it was clear that their leader was to die.

Yndri stood up straight, the strength stretching her ancient limbs and adjusted the straps of her armor to make room for her expanded muscles. She grinned. This voyage would have its share of entertainment ...

Serana watched her champion's progress with interest. She was fascinated by the woman's voracity. She would pick fights at random, beat up her victims and drain them into herself, growing younger, stronger, tougher and ever more dangerous in the process. The effect was astonishing. Yndri was no longer ancient. Her face seemed middle-aged at best, her cheeks regaining their plumpness and her lines disappearing, and she was constantly turning harder and more powerful. When she drained another would be fighter, reducing the screaming victim into a stumbling husk, Serana could see the lust and ecstasy wash over her henchwoman's face. She longed for this herself.

Maybe she had made a mistake. Maybe she should have gone herself and confronted the nun personally. But she just couldn't leave her post now. It was too dangerous. During Darius' absence, she had permitted herself many lovers, but now that she was reunited with him, she wanted him for herself. And she wasn't certain he'd be faithful.

In these days, an idea began to grow and ripen in her mind.

What if she had absorbed that nun's power? It would last a few years maybe. Then, she'd have to find another one. Was this the best way to

do this? She doubted it. Besides, she had to admit to herself that the act of draining a victim of all her strength and vitality was a fascinating, dreamlike experience. Restricting herself on this single occasion was not fit for a queen. She wanted to make sure she held to her strength once she had it.

Why not set up a cult, a congregation of women wishing to mold themselves into idols of strength only to surrender themselves to her as sacrifices? That would be worthwhile.

She laughed. This was a wonderful idea.

Serana immediately set out to work.

At long last, Yndri reached the shores of the Far Reaches. She had never travelled this far, but she was enjoying herself tremendously. Her encounters had helped her recover her vitality and she was truly a sight to behold. Her body had transformed: She stood proud on the deck of the ship that carried her to the islands, her weathered face youthful and taut. Her lips had grown full and sensual, her cheeks were red and there was not a line on her brow. Her long white hair was plaited into a thick braid and her shoulders had grown wide. It had kept its color, but it was strong and full now. She wasn't quite as strong as she had once been, but she felt tough and indestructible. Yndri smiled and gave her arm a flex. It was amazing to see this mass of hard flesh contract and swell. It had taken dozens of foes, maybe she should say victims, to bring it to this size, and she longed for more. She thought about the crew of this ship for a moment. Would they suspect anything? She could probably absorb the power of most of them over the next days, maybe seducing them one by one and taking their strength.

Then it occurred to her that she had no idea of how to sail such a boat. She frowned. Too bad. She would have liked that. All those sailors were tough, grizzled men. Each one offered enough strength to allow her to return to her ideal. Yndri was a little disappointed, but decided to let them live.

She reached the hermitage a few days later. It was a small bamboo hut, perched precariously on the side of a mountain. Yndri had traded her clothes for the traditional outfits of the Far Reaches, opting for a sarong and a suit of lacquered wood armor. Her recovered muscles allowed her to switch to a long, iron-studded club. The hiss of this massive weapon was enough to make most enemies flee.

Yndri approached the hut. She was careful. The nun was known to be an excellent fighter and supernaturally aware of her surroundings. The now rejuvenated amazon preferred to take her by surprise. Although she had plenty of practice on the way here, she was still painfully aware of the decades of neglect.

She reached the door and peaked inside on the side of the curtain. Nothing. She hesitated. Where was the eremite? She had seen no traces of her leaving the area, so she had to be somewhere close-by.

Suddenly, Yndri felt her head explode. It was as if she had run into a stone wall at full speed. She was thrown back and sent to the ground, her face aching. She shook her head to recover and instinctively brought up her club, ready to defend herself. The nun had dropped from the tiny space above the door and had slammed her bare feet into Yndri. The older woman rolled and got to her feet, but the nun was already on her, sending a flurry of blows at her that was impossible to parry. The shaven-headed fighter glared at her opponent and continued her onslaught.

The dragon scale shattered, releasing its magic and healing its carrier. It took Yndri a while to recover. The blows were raining down on her muscular body, and they stung badly, but in the end, she had been through worse. She had instinctively protected her vulnerable parts. Other than being bruised and getting roughed up all over, she didn't expect much damage. Ancient experience kicked in and she began to fight back.

The nun was well within her weapon's range, so she dropped it and pressed on. Her opponent hadn't expected this to happen and was caught in Yndri's grapple. However, she kept her cool and started hammering away at the Snake's face. Her fists rolled on Yndri's front, but the older fighter just lowered her chin, closed her eyes and pressed her arms together. Her muscles swelled, forming a ring of steel around the nun's midsection. It was hard, trained flesh against coiling muscles. These two women were at their peak and there would be no quarter.

The Snake was now unable to see, her eyes swelling shut and blood spurting from her pummeled head. At the same time, her arms were forcing the air out of the nun's lungs. Yndri was struggling not to loosen her grip. She knew that she could give up and the hammering would end. The pain would go away and the nun would probably let her live. But what for?

Yndri gritted her teeth, choking back the taste of blood in her mouth. The nun was growing frantic. Her reserves were being used up.

The two women stumbled about, their muscles swelling and contracting. Then, the younger woman mounted a counterattack. Without warning, she pulled up her legs and wrapped them around the older woman's. She flexed her powerful thighs and sent them both to the ground, tethering on the edge of the cliff that held her hut. Next to them, a drop of dozens of yards loomed. Using her back, she shot herself up, trying to throw off the assailant.

Yndri was surprised by the maneuver. She hadn't expected her victim to have so much energy left. The nun's blows hurt, but she was mostly trying to get out of her grab. The Snake smiled. Good. She'd use that to her advantage. She waited a little, then released her the moment the nun's blows weakened.

The other woman flopped from her hands and landed on the ground clumsily, close to the edge. Yndri got up easily. She couldn't see, but this wasn't much of a problem for her. She had spent the last decades in darkness, her eyes failing from old age. She had a clear advantage now, so she fought down her urge to throw up and prepared to tackle her victim and pin her.

The nun did a kip-up, landing haphazardly on her feet. She switched into a defensive stance, but her bruised chest made it hard for her to breathe.

The two women faced off above the drop. Yndri's strength was visible. Her arms were pumped and powerful, thick veins snaking over her muscles. Her face was a bloody ruin, but she didn't care. She almost had that woman, and then, her Mistress would reward her. The nun tried to understand what was going on. She was occasionally visited by young martial artists that wanted to challenge her, but none of them had ever attacked with such a force. They wanted to see how strong they were, not kill her. With this one, she wasn't too sure. Her statuesque body was bruised all over. She wiped the sweat out of her eyes and focused on the coming attack.

Yndri uncoiled into a strike and hit her square into her weakened leg. The nun tried to dodge, but it was too late. She stumbled and fell over the edge.

She didn't care about dying. And she didn't.

Yndri caught her by the leg, laughed painfully and shattered the talisman in her other hand. The world faded around them.

Serana watched as the magic circle in her laboratory flared into purple light. It was astonishing to see. For a moment, there were afterimages of the bamboo groves of the Far Reaches. She could even smell the salt of the sea and feel the heat of the day. Then, the two prone figures appeared.

With a quick gesture, she summoned a squad of greyskins. The pair of women slowly solidified and started to move. The nun was every bit as

impressive as the scrying had shown her. The greyskins laid her in chains. Serana approached Yndri and smiled with gratitude:

"Wonderful. You did it!"

The old woman was still confused. She shook her head to clear her mind, then fell to her knees.

"It happened as you decided, my Mistress!"

Serana admired her servant's body. The former crone now had recovered a good part of her former glory, although she was badly wounded. Her youth was just as amazing. She turned to one of the greyskins.

"Fetch the healers."

The creature nodded and disappeared. With care and gentleness, Serana led her retainer to a bench and let her rest.

"Relax. I thank you for your work. You'll soon be restored."

Even as she said these words, she felt the desire to touch the ancient woman and tear the power from her. The taste of strength lured her.

She had to force herself not to suck her victim dry immediately.

That evening, Darius was worried. His scrying session had yielded no result. The woman he craved had just disappeared. He wondered what had happened, but none of his spells seemed to be powerful enough to locate her. He was worried. Was he in love with her? He couldn't say.

Brooding, he returned to their chambers, half expecting Serana already asleep. Instead, he was greeted by her lying on the bed, with a big chest standing in front of the bed. Where had that come from?

Serana smiled and asked:

"What have you been up to?"

"Oh, not much. Just practicing my scrying ..."

"And did it work?"

He hesitated. Maybe he had already said too much.

"Not as I wanted. I was unable to pierce the wards."

"Wards such as these?"

Serana crawled forward on the sumptuous bed and pointed at the sigils carved into the chest's wood.

"I don't know ... Maybe?"

"Oh, Darius. You keep confusing me. Usually, you are you, but then again, you are this strange, inexperienced little boy I took from the Wheelsmen so long ago. Your first self would never have allowed me to doubt his power."

She opened the chest, revealing the still unconscious nun. He gasped:

"Is she ..."

"Of course not. There would be no point to that. She is asleep, and firmly so. And she will never be the same again."

With these words, she wove the draining spell and laid her hands on the shoulders of her victim. It was a surge as she hadn't felt for a long time. It was incredible. After all these years, her body once again overflowed with strength. She gasped as the energy ran through her body. The nun's body seemed to dwindle and shrink as she took in more and more of her power. Serana felt the woman's vigor enter her body, turning it into a perfectly trained sculpture of elegance and strength. Her muscles, which had so long remained at their reduced state suddenly surged outward, shaping and sculpting themselves under her skin. The nun seemed to disappear in her hands, her body growing frail and old as Serana grew ever stronger and more beautiful. Her arms were soon covered with

steel cables, striated and defined like works of art. Her biceps swelled from her arms, stretching her skin. She gasped and sighed as the flow of power intensified. The situation was incredible. She had completely forgotten just how ecstatic it felt to lap up the last bit of strength a body concealed.

As her physique tightened and grew, she looked at Darius and was amazed by his complete loss of control. He was longing to submit to her, completely oblivious to the charms of his former idol. The nun was forgotten as her strength passed to Serana.

She finally left her, a sad husk, dry and broken.

“Now, how do you like those muscles? Don’t you feel they are now in the right place?”

He barely managed a nod, so fascinated was he by her cobblestone abs and the tightness of her figure.

“It is amazing. I missed this so much.” She slid her fingers over her six-pack. “The strength is incredible. I love this power.”

She embraced him, his cock was already hard.

“Oh Darius, you yield easily!”

She threw him on the bed and mounted him. He didn’t dare to resist. As she slid him inside her, she began to explore her new body. She shook her head. This woman had lived a life of meditation and chastity, but had created the perfect body for this. What a waste! And now, she was a crone in a chest. Serana contracted her inner muscles and felt his member bulge. This control was incredible. Her lover was losing his mind as she brought him over the edge without a touch.

Later, he lay there, sated and calm. Serana was happy. Her lover was glowing, completely happy. The Dark Queen was satisfied too, but there was still some unresolved little thing left. She got up. Slipping on her robe, she left the room and walked downstairs to the warrior quarters. There was a lot of noise. A crash was followed by a loud thump and a series of heavy smacks. Serana peered inside.

Yndri was just fighting one of the greyskin champions. The two competitors were rapidly destroying the furniture, letting rip at each other at full force. The ancient warrior woman was keeping up easily with the younger, more vigorous male. The greyskin wasn’t too happy about the situation. His peers cheered for his opponent now and he was looking more and more frustrated by his inability to hurt the old woman. Yndri now had him cornered. The champion laughed:

“Ha! Now I have my back against the wall, I can destroy …”

He didn’t finish. Yndri’s fist punched right threw his block, shattering his forearm in the process.

Suddenly, one of the greyskins shouted:

“The Queen!”

They immediately prostrated themselves, leaving Yndri and her victim standing in confusion. The old woman turned to her mistress and bowed.

“Milady …”

Serana smiled. She liked what she saw. Total submission. She walked over to Yndri and said:

“Come with me. I have a thing in mind.”

“Of course, my queen!”

Yndri found herself in Serana’s study. It was a rather cramped place with a divan in a corner. The Dark Queen used this place to work on her

magic and research. It is here she had bred the greyskin mothers that were now house in the depths of the fortress, producing a continuing stream of warriors for her army.

Serana examined the sweaty, steaming warrior and smiled. Despite all the scars and wrinkles, Yndri was still a prime example of a fighter, the perfect servant for someone like her. Her long look however seemed to make her uncomfortable.

"My queen, is there anything I can do?"

"Just stand there quietly." Serana walked around her and asked: "You built yourself back up taking strength from all those foes you defeated?"

"I did, my queen. They were worthless."

"I know. It seems to fit you well."

"Thank you, my queen."

"Still, I remember I gave you a part of my strength to get you ... started."

"You did. I will gladly return it."

Serana approached her and laid her hand on Yndri's exposed shoulder. The flesh was hard and taut. She slid her fingers through the crevices of her muscles. Yndri couldn't help grinning. Serana came even closer. Their muscular bodies touched. The queen undid the clasps of her servant's jerkin. Then came the pants. Yndri stepped out of them and kissed her queen's breast. The monarch smiled. It was strangely comforting to find a woman such as Yndri next to her. Darius was much simpler in his desires. He longed to look, to watch and to touch her. Yndri wanted to serve. She wanted to feel her strength melt into her mistress'. Serana dropped her robe. The tattoos that covered her sides danced and shifted as her muscles moved. She embraced her victim and gently kissed her on the lips. Their tongues touched, slipped in and out and snaked around each other. Yndri's eyes rolled back as her mistress began draining her power. It was incredible to just loose herself in the Dark Queen's embrace.

She felt lighter, softer, weaker in her mighty arms. Serana's embrace grew firmer as Yndri slowly returned to her ancient state. She was becoming childlike and submissive in her queen's hands.

Serana sighed with pleasure. Her muscles were swelling as the power flowed back into her. It was amazing to watch all the fibers covering her powerful limbs expand and tighten. She was a goddess and she enjoyed taking back the power she had given. Such was the way of higher beings. Gently, with a soft touch, she began sending back the pleasure this was giving her. Yndri had to close her eyes. She was now experience both the submission and the reception. She could feel herself in Serana's mind, the queen's power increasing as she herself turned weaker and weaker.

The queen closed the ring and both women began to writhe and gasp as the flow of power increased. The older woman was falling apart, but her mind was being flooded by pleasure. She was losing herself completely, freely giving what her goddess had assigned her. Serana seemed to tower above her, growing stronger, bigger and more sensual by the minute as her own body failed.

The warrior whispered, her voice cracking:

"I love you so, my mistress. I wish I could give you more ..."

Serana smiled. The elderly woman in her hands was now little more than a wizened crone, her bones dry and covered by ancient, parched skin. Her new-found youth had disappeared. Serana, on the other hand, was glowing with beauty and power. She carried her to the divan. Yndri was light as a feather. Serana towered above her servant. Her muscles were bigger than any greyskin champion's, her frame was broad and heavy, while retaining the suppleness of the nun's years of training. She twisted her arms, forcing the muscles to swell and expand to unnatural sizes. Her body united the strength of dozens, unbreakable and undefeatable. She touched her hard, alabaster skin, cupped her heavy, rounded breasts and squeezed them hard, the pain making her shiver in delight. She was tempted for a second to lower herself on the old woman, but she was afraid she would kill her.

And she still had her uses.

"Yndri, I do have a task for you. One you might love ..."

Ajnun was standing in front of the temple's gates. She was intimidated by the structure's bulk and massiveness. Thick walls framed the buildings, the tall roof of the main hall towering even over the gate wall. The doors were shut, the alcoves on the side filled with sacrificial offerings. People knew they were supposed to give to the temple even in times of peace. The Blades of the Moon kept the greyskins at bay and protected the countryside. You could see the warrior women in their white robes and bronze helmets patrol the roads, their glaives at their sides. There were few of them, but they were outstanding fighters, easily able to defeat a dozen enemies on their own.

And she would be one of them. She didn't want to be a mother like hers, she didn't want to be a weaver, she didn't want to herd the family's herd or work in the flax fields. She wanted adventure. She knew the training was hard. There were rumors that the warrior women were subjected to torture and magical experiments to transform them. Maybe this was why they weren't allowed to show their faces ...

She took a deep breath and hit the rattle hanging by the door.

Hol ran through the undergrowth as fast as she could. The stones whistled through the leaves, breaking branches and sending bursts of splinters down on her. She jumped and dodged as good as she could. Above her, the solot riders bore down on her. Their four-legged beasts jumped from branch to branch, their strangely calm faces in complete opposition to the snarling masks of their riders.

Suddenly, she emerged from the forest. Above her, the golden sky was shining. Below her, there was a monstrous chasm. It felt as if this was the end of the world. If this was a valley, then its depths were hidden by the swirling mists.

The young woman turned to her hunters. She was stuck here, she would have to face them. She could hear the pridelings laugh behind their wooden masks. Her body tensed. Her people had served as tenders to the wandering trees for generations. When the pridelings came, they had thought they would be ignored as others had before. How wrong they had been ...

The leader of the hunters emerged from the woods, his snaring rope in hand. He contemplated her body. Hol was short as all tree tenders, but her body was strong and tough. Her proportions seemed off, with her short legs and tremendously powerful arms. He said to his followers:

"This one will make a fine offering to the Bark Weavers."

The others laughed.

"At least she knows how to run!"

Hol had heard of the cult. They took tenders and trained them to be killers. She hesitated. Should she give in? Maybe she would get a chance for revenge? No. Never.

She turned around and jumped.

As she fell, she heard the hiss of the snare.

The sea of roofs under Xorish was flashing by. She was soaring and flying above the narrow streets of the old town and loving it. She tumbled, jumped up again and did a perfect somersault. The loose, colorful clothes caught the wind and she rose again, gliding through the air. The wind chimes rang, the gusts of hot air from the fire currents below gave

her another boost and she spiraled upwards, enjoying the freedom. The House of the Broken had proven its ingenuity with her. She had been left there by whoever had born her, broken and mangled. The mistresses had taken her in and mended her. Years of hard, dedicated work had carefully rearranged her legs and arms, given her eyes and ears and finally handed her her freedom. She was still rather short, but her body was ramrod-straight, covered in smooth, perfect muscles. Xorish was the proof of the best work the House had ever managed and she was their candidate for the great tournament that was to come. The Dark Queen Serana had called for fighters willing to combat for honor and glory. She also offered a single wish and she was known to grant them. She had but one condition: The contestants had to be women.

There were many rumors why this was so. People talked of her champion bodyguard, a giant woman in black scale, wielding the most enormous axe imaginable.

Xorish wondered what this would be like. She was a splendid fighter, fast and supple, but she was no soldier. Also, she was in for the challenge. There was really no reason to get killed, but she wanted to see just how good she was. As she landed gently on the House's roof, she was trembling with excitement.

The steps of the palanquin bearers were almost imperceptible. Tetilva was impressed. They managed to keep their paces up even in this rough terrain. True bearers were trained in groups of eight from a young age to march out of step, making no noise, while also cancelling out any swings and shocks. Her mother had given her this team for her voyage to the arena. She smiled. This would be a great chance to show the world the power and glory of the noble clan Cirontej. Like her seven sisters, she had been birthed by a surrogate mother using ancient alchemy to transfer her mother's eggs and her many fathers' amalgamated seed. They had all been born on the same day, had walked on the same day and spoken on the same day. And yet, Tetliva was better than them. Faster, stronger, more beautiful.

She caressed her pure black breast, her starsilver nipple rings cold against her skin. Despite her bulk, Tetliva was amazingly flexible and quick, and since she received the moon tattoos on her belly and breast, she was also very sensitive.

She would wipe out the competition and prove her worth. And then, she'd ask the unthinkable. She'd demand the queen to bow to her. It was outrageous, but then, the Cirontej were not known for their restraint. She clapped her hands together with glee. What a great day this would be!

Serana stared out of the window. A hundred years had passed since her decision. Now, everything would come to fruition. Her servants had constructed the mighty arena, they had set up quarters for the combatants and the spectators.

Yndri had been wonderful. She had wandered the world, setting up small temples and cults and shaping them subtly to form those warriors that would duel now. The old woman, now well past her normal lifespan, had settled in nicely into immortality. She appeared to be surprisingly resourceful now. Serana had let her work on her own. She wanted to be surprised and to surprise Darius. It was her gift to him. Her gift that would finally bind him to her. She would be all the powerful women and he would be fascinated forever by her. He would no longer stray from her.

He thought she didn't notice. He believed she couldn't read all those little tells. He was still a strange, almost unreal copy of her deceased lover. Had she felt like this before his death? Was she afraid to lose him in more ways than one? She couldn't tell. Despite centuries of experience, she was finding it hard to understand herself. All this

ambition, all this power, and she'd still turn weak and angry the moment she felt that he was thinking of someone else.

Well, enough was enough. This would be her final step and he would never dare not to be hers again.

She gave the approaching column of champions one last look, then returned to her chambers. Her body was still strong, her physique divine, but she was already longing for a new infusion of power.

Yndri the Snake was smiling. Seeing the fighters enter the arena made her shiver all over. Three, four generations of hard work had bred these women, each one a masterful warrior and mistress of the martial arts. She saw a lot of herself in them. When she had been young, two lifetimes ago, she had also seen herself as a mistress of war. Now, she knew better.

There was a blast of trumpets announcing the arrival of Serana. The Dark Queen arrived in the shape of a mighty black dragon. The fighters were shocked. They might have heard of this power, but to behold it in real life was something else. She assumed her human shape and sat down next to her lover. Darius was staring at the fighters below. They were amazing. Serana could feel his lust.

"Do they please you?"

"Oh yes. Thank you ..."

"They are not yet yours for the taking."

He gave her a longing stare. Serana gave Yndri a signal. The towering woman in her black armor stepped forward and shouted, her youthful face a contrast to her ancient eyes:

"You have come to fight for the pleasure and entertainment of the Dark Queen and her consort! Prove yourself worthy and she shall grant you a wish. She is Serana, Mistress of the World and Ebon Dragon. Her word is law, her wish is truth! Hail!"

There was a burst of applause and the games began.

Tetliva was laughing. Her opponent was clumsy. She anticipated her attacks even before the weakling thought of them. She danced around her victim, her twin maces hissing through the air. The woman in the red lacquer armor tried to strike at her with her saber, but Tetliva just flipped backwards, switching her maces to her feet and using the momentum to hit her plaything in the weak spot of her armor. She stood back on her feet as the red woman stumbled about. The daughter of Cirontej felt the lust well up within her. Maybe she would ask for something else ... The Dark Queen was surprisingly attractive. She decided to show her affection.

While her stunned opponent was trying to recover, she walked towards the queen's box, swinging her wide hips. Her muscles were swelling with every step, her huge breasts swayed. She shot the tall, pale figure above her a seductive look, brushing the blue tresses from her face.

Just as the monarch seemed to catch her eye, she suddenly did a cartwheel, kicking the woman in red in the chin. As her opponent collapsed to the ground, she grinned:

"Oh poor girl. Did you really think you could sneak up on someone like me? I was counting the moments until you could attack me." She picked her up, lifting the armored warrior above her head with ease. "You never stood a chance!"

She threw her easily to the ground, shattering the armor and breaking her. Tetliva lifted her muscular, heavy arms and received the acclamations of the masses.

Greyskins appeared and carried the defeated away into the depths of the arena.

Serana was intrigued. Of all the fighting styles, this woman's was certainly the most original. It wasn't as much fighting as rather a kind of rapid, permanent escape. Xorish never stood still for even a moment. Her opponent, a lightning-sworn war maiden from the Southern Towers stabbed at her with her halberd. She tried to keep an eye on her and hit her, but Xorish was running circles around her. Every time she swung her pole, the tiny, incredibly wiry woman jumped over it, ducked below or simply balanced on it, picking up the speed to run on the woman's plate armor. Her colorful, diaphanous suit was flashing. She jumped up, glided through the air and rolled between the war maiden's legs.

The armored fighter screamed:

"Stop this travesty! Fight me!"

"I am. Look behind you!"

The steel warrior did, and found her face covered by a flash of brightly colored fabrics. Xorish joked even while running:

"Give up. I'm stealing your thunder. I could even steal your armor from you and you wouldn't be any wiser."

"I'll just have to tire you out!"

"You couldn't tire me out if you fought me for a hundred years. I had to train so hard to even run, I'm never going to stop!"

With these words, she quickly dodged under the halberd again and opened the clasp of the other's breastplate. Suddenly thrown off-balance, the war maiden stumbled. Xorish was under her in a blur of motion and threw her to the ground. The lightning-sworn wanted to get up, but the greyskins took her as she screamed obscenities at Xorish. The garish young woman bowed and ran to the exit.

Hol was freed. She grinned as her minders carefully removed her shackles. Her mountainous body was set in motion. Her arms, covered in scars and marks, sported melon-sized biceps. She was able to tear out a daya tree with her bare arms and crush it into splinters. Her wide chest rose and fell as she grinned wickedly at the minders. The burly men shrank back as she hissed:

"You afraid? I broke last of you."

She took one of the stones that littered the corridors of the arena. Taking it with both hands, she contracted her muscles and squeezed. The minders took a step back. Her muscles swelled into masses of veins and lines. With a crack, the stone broke apart, dust everywhere.

Then, leaving them shivering in their armor, she bounded out into the arena. She stretched and looked for her enemy. When she spotted her, she couldn't help laughing. The archer in her felt coat took aim and sent a flesh-cutting arrow at her. Hol charged. The arrow hit her. It tore into her flesh. She registered the pain and didn't care. Another one. And another. She continued her charge. The archer shot at her again and again. This was impossible! How could this beast continue its attack?

Hol jumped. The shafts of the arrows stuck out of her chest and shoulders. It burnt, she didn't care. The archer realized she should have run. She should probably have stayed on her steppes. Far away from here.

With a crash, the savage warrior landed on her victim. The weight of her enormously powerful body broke the bow. The mass of her fist broke the archer's head. Hol screamed in delight as she destroyed her opponent. She lifted the broken body in triumph and screamed.

The greyskins had to wrestle her victim from her.

Ajnun adjusted her helmet. It hid her featureless face and made her appear even taller than her seven feet. She put on the white robes, covering her gigantically muscular body. The hard training and the regime of bizarre potions and medical techniques had turned her into a colossus of power. She was the strongest and most skilled member of the Blades of the Moon, having defeated countless enemies and proven her worth time and again. The temple had sent her here to arrange the final respect of the borders of the Flaxlands. The greyskins had continued to encroach upon their fields and villages and now this opportunity had presented itself.

She had risen to the challenge.

Saying her prayers, she entered the arena. If she could still smile, she would have. Her opponent was one of the seafolk, a stocky, sunskinned fighter armed with the hookblades her kin favored. She was at an advantage here. The range of her glaive would allow her to control her foe, and should she dare venture closer, she would easily crush her in her powerful arms.

The mariner stared at the huge woman in panic. She was feared on the seas and had proven herself time and again, but this golden-headed monster was unexpected. She had heard rumors of the Blades of the Moon and their fighting skills and now, she had to fight one.

Ajnun approached her carefully, letting her glaive dance to provoke her into an attack. Then, suddenly, she smelled the other fighter's fear. This changed everything. She charged, the openings of her helmet producing an ululating scream.

As the enormous fighter bore down on her like a banshee, the sea fighter broke and ran. Ajnun shrugged her broad shoulders.

This was too easy.

Night came. Deep under the arena, the greyskin shamans worked on their mistress' command. Spells glistened in the air, strange words were uttered. Yndri entered the hall. She found the greyskin's leader and asked:

"Is everything proceeding as planned?"

"It is, mistress. We are binding their essences as they fall. They will be ready for the queen."

"Wonderful. Don't forget my part."

"I never would, o Snake."

She laid her hand on the block of obsidian. She longed for this more and more every day. Soon she would accomplish it. And then ...

The next day, Ajnun stepped into the light, ready to fight whatever opponent the Dark Queen had chosen for her. Her glaive flashed in the sun, her helmet glinted. The other gate opened, revealing a broad mass of flesh. Who might that be?

Tetliva walked nonchalantly into the arena. So this was her opponent? Some tall armored fighter with a stick? This would be easy. The jet-black woman bowed to the Dark Queen. She had tressed her blue hair to form the monarch's crest, a dedication to show her trust and admiration. Did Serana note it? She hoped it. Then, she turned to face the Blade.

Ajnun chose her stance and awaited the attack. Her weapon was ready. Tetliva, on the other hand, seemed calm and almost uninterested. She held her maces easily in her hands, her muscles prepared, but still calm.

She approached her opponent with swaying hips, then planted herself on the sand. She twirled the heavy weapons and declared:

"If you surrender now, I promise I won't hurt you too much."

"A Blade of the Moon never surrenders."

"Well, what are you waiting for then? Are you expecting me to take you seriously from just standing around like a statue? What a poser!"

Ajnun could feel the anger grow within her. She knew of the rage. It was one of the side-effects of the magics that had given her this body. The Blades were trained to withstand provocation as a result, but this woman was just too cocky. She switched stance.

Tetliva was happy. This was working perfectly. Just a little more and that giantess would just charge her blindly.

"It's alright by me. You don't need to endanger yourself. It would be a waste to spoil such a vanity project such as you. All that hard work ..."

The helmet resonated with Ajnun's scream as she stormed at the curvy warrior. Tetliva grinned, dodged the first strike, evaded the backswing and struck at the base of the giant warrior's helmet. There was a cymbal-like crash as the blow dented the gorget, squeezing a tiny part of it against Ajnun's spine. The sudden pressure seemed to shift something within her and she collapsed into a heap. Tetliva raised her arms and laughed in triumph.

The crowd cheered as Ajnun was carried off, breathing heavily.

Hol came out of the darkness, grinning with anticipation. Her muscles seemed even bigger and harder now, with even more power making them quiver. When she saw Xorish, she couldn't help laughing. This was just too funny.

"You so small!"

Xorish stared at the distorted monstrosity in front of her. It took her a moment to regain her composure. The feral creature seemed to exude raw, deadly power. She steeled herself and prepared to fight.

The savage monster ran at her at full speed. Xorish jumped, ran over the creature's back, rolled, landed, did a cartwheel and jumped back up again. Hol looked left and right, confused by her target's sudden disappearance. She shook her head, trying to clear her mind. Then, a fine scent hit her nose and she instantly rolled on her back.

Xorish was descending quickly on her opponent's back. A few moments into their fight, she had understood that Hol was just as quick as her, if not faster. Her dodging wouldn't be of much use, so she'd have to finish this quickly. A sudden stab to the back and ...

In the last moment, the monstrous fighter was on her back and pushed herself up, her heavy arms racing to welcome the tiny woman. Xorish tried to twist out of the way, but it was already too late. The mighty arms locked around her squeezing her life out of her.

She screamed for mercy as the Dark Queen ordered her greyskins to free her and bring her to the depths of the arena.

The next day would bring the final confrontation. The Dark Queen's fortress was abuzz with debates on who would win. Hol had shown her superior brutality, Tetliva seemed to be more about style than about actual substance.

Yndri didn't care. Tomorrow, her wish would be fulfilled. She would get what she longed for. Whoever would win, she would be her mistress' most trusted servant. Forever.

Deep below the keep, strange alchemical machines were activated, the

thick walls muting the screams of the prisoners.

The next day showed a strange sight. While Hol trotted out, her bizarrely twisted face still beaming with pride at yesterday's victory, Tetliva seemed almost demure. Her hair was wrapped in a thick scarf and her body was as devoid of adornments as possible. She had her maces with her, but she also held a kind of thick burlap sack in her hand. The spectators wondered what was going on.

Hol grinned and charged. Confident in her strength, she thundered at the thick woman, saliva spraying from her mouth. The obsidian warrior waited for her, then suddenly threw the sack at her face as she evaded the attack. Hol growled, but she didn't much care. Didn't that idiot know that she navigated by smell mostly? She didn't need to see to kill. She just had to smell ...

How?

The other warrior wasn't there, at least that's what it seemed to be. Where was she?

The savage beast screamed in rage.

"Where are you?"

Tetliva laughed and lit the censers in her maces. Thick smoke poured from them. Carefully mixed perfumes concealed her scent from her foe, and this fog would disorient her completely.

Hol was raging against invisible enemies, the smells all around her confusing her and making her ever more angry. She managed to pull down the sack, but all it yielded her was another attack by her unseen opponent. Tetliva hit the creature again and again, eventually subduing her.

As Hol went down, she howled a final curse on her captors. The ebon woman nodded to herself and stood in front of the queen.

"I offer you this victory and think you'll find me worthy!"

Serana looked down on her and said:

"State your wish!"

Tetliva measured her words:

"Bow to me!"

There was a shocked pause. Serana broke the silence with a laugh:

"I like your spirit. We shall see. We will have a feast and then, I will see you in my private quarters."

She turned and left.

Night came. Tetliva was nervous. She wasn't used to this, but the Dark Queen had stayed friendly all through the banquet, had toasted to her prowess and entertained her guests delightfully. Now, the keep was silent. She could only hear some noise coming from the kitchen, probably servants putting away the remaining dishes. She sighed. The Masters of Cirontej were proud of the discipline of their servants and insisted on perfect silence. Maybe it was for the best for her to be in charge eventually. She had put on her most revealing clothes, some sheer blue fabric held by starsilver clasps matching her hair.

She was certain she could move the queen to agree.

The servant leading her bowed and opened the door of the private courtyard. She walked in, surprised by the bright moonlight and the rustle of black ivy. This was a fairytale. She was feeling rather intimidated now. Then, out of nowhere, the massive form of Yndri the Snake appeared. The woman was huge, her bulging muscles covering

her physique and giving her a shape that would have made an ogre blush. She wore a simple robe made of some translucent material that showed off every bit of her force. Yndri's face was young, even younger than hers, but her eyes seemed centuries old.

The woman spoke:

"Follow me. The queen is waiting. Her order has congregated."

Tetliva nodded, concealing her ignorance of the order. There was no reason to show weakness.

She stepped inside a huge round hall, crowned by a cupola. The whole place was decorated in frescoes showing amazonian women participating in contests of strength, fighting and loving. A dragon motif adorned the entire construction. There was a crowd of people in similar robes. They looked at her as she walked in. Tetliva scanned their faces and was surprised to find the leader of Cirontej's alchemists, a tall, wiry woman with fiery hair among them.

What was going on here?

As one, the cultists started to chant. She didn't understand everything, but it was clear that they were addressing the Dark Queen herself, thanking her for her guidance and blessing. And then she appeared. A gigantic black dragon, with leathery wings and eyes of death. She radiated power, almost sending Tetliva to her knees. The monster transformed into the youthful, strong woman that ruled this land, but the eyes remained the same.

She said:

"My daughters! The Order of the Black Dragon has done admirably. We were entertained by the tournament and a champion has emerged. Your pupils performed excellently and will continue to serve me forever."

There were cheers. Tetliva looked at the queen. Was this all some kind of trick?

The pale mistress addressed her directly:

"Tetliva of Cirontej, you won the tournament and proved your worth. You wanted me to bow to you, I will. But first, come to me ..."

The Dark Queen beckoned at her and the warrior followed suit, coming closer warily. Then, they stood face to face. Serana was tall and powerful. Her muscles were strong and hard, she was straight and hard, her naked body a work of art. Her breasts were supple and inviting, her face was both youthful and strangely experienced. The queen held out her hand and laid it on Tetliva's shoulder. And then, the young warrior felt strange. It was as if there was something growing in her. A tremendous, powerful feeling. A sense of ecstasy, filling her mind. She gasped as Serana began draining her. She felt her strength leave her as her muscles deflated. She looked at them and asked:

"What is going on? What are you doing to me? Why does this ... feel so good?"

Serana smiled, placed her second hand on her and intensified her magic. The power flowed inside her, making her muscles swell and her breasts tighten and grow. This youth, this strength ... It was wonderful, the sweetest honey, the most alluring taste. She gasped as wave after wave of power flooded her.

Tetliva stumbled, her legs no longer strong enough to support her. Her breasts had deflated, her arms had become thin, her face was lined. She might have panicked were it not for the soothing feeling that this growing weakness gave her. She completely gave up on herself for her queen, for the mighty, eternal Serana.

The Dark Queen's body had transformed now. She now sported a true hourglass figure, her muscles pulsating masses of veined energy. Her face was soft and plump, but also of an almost otherworldly beauty. She was more than an amazon, more than a queen, she was a goddess.

Tetliva sunk to the ground, weak, old, defeated, but still lustful. She could barely stay on her knees. Serana smiled wickedly at the confused

ancient and bowed with a mocking grin.

"So your wish is granted."

The humbled, tired woman collapsed, the sweetness of giving her strength leaving her. It was as if the world had left her and she was now alone forever.

"Thank you, my queen, thank you ..."

Serana looked at the crowd and said:

"I thank you. You have sated me. Return to your cults and I will call upon you again."

She left, eager to see her lover.

Serana entered the new room. Yndri had done well. As the lights brightened, they revealed Darius, chained to the bed. He looked at her with a certain curiosity. He was no stranger to games, but seeing his woman glowing with health, he couldn't help immediately hardening. Then, his eyes fell on the strange statues. Each one showed a mighty champion, dressed only in the scantiest of outfits. He asked:

"What is all this?"

"A very good question, my love."

She walked to the statue that showed the mighty Ajnun, her fingers running through the valleys of her mighty muscles.

"Aren't they beauties? Each one crafted by generations of mistresses, powered by the desire to please."

"How? The statues?"

"Each one holds the essence of one of the warriors that faced off on the sand of the arena."

She passed the statue of the red swordswoman. Her body was a tight sculpture of muscle, showing all the quickness and perfection of the single mighty blow.

"They are wonderful."

"I know. And they will all be mine. Oh, Darius, I was disappointed in you. I thought you couldn't keep your eyes off them. I thought you were weak. But now I understand. You were trying to tell me something."

"I was? Oh, yes, I was ..."

He managed to hide his surprise.

"You wanted me to become every one of these. I would be perfect for you. Many shaped, masterful. Well, I did as you desired."

He swallowed. The situation was getting difficult for him to handle. He was chained down, she was easily the mightiest being in the world and he was thinking she was losing her mind. He pulled at his chains. She just laughed.

"Oh no, my love. These will hold you down. They are the strongest bonds my smiths could forge. I wouldn't want you to spend yourself too early."

She reached Hol's statue and touched the creature's mighty shoulders.

"Imagine the power this beast held ... Imagine."

And then, her body seemed to shift. Her shoulders expanded, her arms became stronger, harder and bigger.

"Oh ... This is ... incredible. You couldn't believe how this feels, all this savage strength."

Darius was slowly getting afraid of his lover. The monarch approached another statue. The woman's legs were as tree trunks. Immediately, the Dark Queen's thighs swelled, lifting her up and giving her an even mightier silhouette.

And then, all hell broke loose.

The queen danced amidst her creations, her muscles swelling, stretching, growing, tightening and transforming. From one moment to the next, her breasts were gigantic and motherly, then tight and perky like a willing virgins, then they disappeared completely into her mighty pectorals before returning in triumph as proud spheres. Her entire body seemed to be in a flow as she grew and shrank, young, old, ageless, her waist tightening, her buttocks swelling. She was radiant, her body light as a feather and massive like a mountain.

As Darius stared, the statues awoke to life and started to kiss and caress their counterparts and their mistress. The room was starting to spin, he was struggling hard against his bonds as the Dark Queen flowed from one shape into the other, motherly giantess, trim acrobat, murderous amazon, enormous beast, idealized demigoddesses, she was everything at once.

The statues walked to her, begging her to take their gift. She pushed them back, taking what she wanted.

Darius was shivering with lust as she came closer, her body solidifying into an incredibly muscular, hulking shape. She lowered herself on him, crushing the links of his chains with her bare hands. She took his manhood and sank it inside her, holding him tight with her all-powerful muscle. Her face seemed small amidst the colossal musculature.

"I am a goddess. You can't imagine how it feels to have all this power in my grasp!"

Her lover was growing more and more excited. His mistress was truly enormous, finally triggering the ambition she had missed for so long. His arousal knew no bounds. He would be a master of his fate and a true lord. She began riding him, the bed shaking and splintering. She gasped and grunted as she increased her speed and intensity. He was on the verge of discharge, his lust ever increasing. He sank deep into her muscles, losing his mind as he tried to comprehend her absolute domination.

He came again and again, his body strained to its limit and beyond. Whenever it hit her, she transformed further, her body challenging, seducing him again and again.

At last, he was spent. The Dark Queen sighed. Her body was glowing, the energy was still pulsing through her veins. The statues lay together, equally exhausted by their strange lovemaking. Serana rose, her mind at ease.

This man was bound to her for all eternity. There would be no other. She was his queen forever.

She shifted again, settling for her slim, yet powerful frame. She caressed her firm breasts, examined her youthful look in her mirror and went to clean herself while Darius dozed. She stepped outside on the balcony. That's when she noticed that Yndri was there.

The hulking woman stood close-by, massive, yet silent.

"What brings you here, my servant?"

"My queen, I come with a plea."

"Well, you did perfectly, so I don't see why not. What is it you want?"

The huge warrior blushed. It was strange to see her youthful face turn red, when it hid the ancient soul that inhabited it.

"I … I want … I cannot …"

"Out with it. This is tiring."

"I need to be part of you. Please, mistress, take everything. Take me fully. I can't bear this anymore. Please, I beg you!"

The Dark Queen smiled and kissed her deeply. The fighter was all surprised. She hadn't expected her mistress to accept this. Then she

noticed the flow running from her. She was shrinking, aging, collapsing on herself. Her proud breasts started to dissolve into her body, her face grew lined, her muscles disappeared as her queen grew ever more superior. She looked up to her, her eyesight growing dim. The pale monarch licked her lips, their tongues locked. Yndri stumbled and fell to her knees. The queen lowered herself down as her muscles expanded at an alarming rate. She whispered:

"I will take all you are. You are my loyal servant. You deserve nothing less. Your strength will feed me and sustain me."

"Yes, please. Oh thank you. This is so good. I ... This is all I ever wanted!"

The queen took her fading servant into her arms. Her body was now frail and tiny, her bones brittle, her breasts empty. Serana was godlike. Her body was gigantic, engorged by all the vitality and strength she had gorged herself on this day. It was as if she radiated pure life-force.

As she absorbed the Snake's essence, the servant disappeared into motes of dust.

The Dark Queen was elated. Her magic seemed to explode from her body. She could do anything now. She was brimming with the power of life.

What could even hope to sate her now?

She looked up to the stars and thought of the gods above.

She wondered what divinity would taste like ...

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Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at El_Roy_1999@gmx.de. Rates upon request.