

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

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Commissioned by Jorgamund

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

## Part 3: The Burden

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“SABEL! ARE YOU WITH US?”

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

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

He appeared briefly confused, then placed his hand over hers. Her lower left hand. It was so small compared to hers, but it seemed to centre her.

“Sabel, I know this is all very hard to swallow, but I *promise* you we’ll figure it out. But we need to get out of here. Gorran is with us, but the other dwarves - they’ll do their best to capture you. They’re obsessed with Veddu devices, and they’ll do everything in their power to make sure you end up like *that*.”

He pointed at the flickering image of the final stage of her changes, projected from the raised dais containing the Veddu obelisk. The figure in it was massive, perhaps over twice as big as she currently was now, and her belly dominated, her breasts the size of entire wagons as they fed a procession of future starfaring children.

It was enough of a shocking statement to burst her out of the mental bubble she’d been trapped in. The terrible knowledge that she was slowly transforming into an immense alien birthing device still stuck with her, but she was able to shove it aside, drawing upon her warrior’s experience. It wasn’t too much different from shoving aside the morality of what she was doing on the battlefield, or the bloody sights she had seen.

“Sabel?”

“I’m back. Sorry. What do we do?”

“We run like hell, mate!” Gorran said. The red-bearded dwarf gestured for her to hurry; they were still trapped in a chamber with only one exit. “Or else we’re bottlenecked and fucked sideways!”

“Can you fight?” Destin asked.

“I think - I think so,” she replied, before creasing her brow. “Of course I can Destin. I fought a lot longer than you did, and saved your life more than you saved mine.”

He gave a charismatic, characteristic smirk. “Now *there’s* the Sabel I remember. C’mon!”

They moved with speed out of the great chamber, back through the tunnel and widened doorway they had come through. For Destin and Gorran it was an easy scramble back up, but as before, Sabel had to *squeeze*. Her enlarged heart pounded as there were more dwarven shouts, and the sound of axes and weapons being taken from their storage.

She hauled herself on hands and knees out through the tight gap, her fifteen foot tall blue body barely making it. Her four pumpkin-sized breasts (big pumpkins too) jostled and wobbled in their tight wrap, and her belly was so distended now that it scraped a little on the ground. Her four arms aided her somewhat in the scramble, two of them pulling her forth while the other two protected her stomach from being too badly scraped.

“At least - Ngh! - four arms is better than - ahh, damn rocks - just two of them!”

“I wouldn’t know, mate,” Gorran called back, “but you best be prepared ta fight with ‘em, because we’ve got a big group comin’!”

Indeed, with her enhanced hearing she could make out the approach of ten, perhaps twelve dwarves. They shouted in their own language, but she knew enough Dwarvish to recognise a few words:

*“H’grak! There’s a huge lass comin’ out of the cave! She’s at least fifteen feet and blue-skinned all over!”*

*“By the Black Mountain Lair, she’s got four big tits and is pregnant as Diomedea on her wedding night.”*

*“She’s a Veddu!”*

*“Capture her! This is exactly the kind of find we’ve been waiting for!”*

She finally pulled herself entirely out of the cave, and was able to draw herself to full height. The other two were running up the ramp that led out of the ruin of the ancient starfaring ship, but with her enormous height advantage she was able to see the dwarves waiting for them at the top of the ramp on each side, ready to flank them in a pincer movement.

“They’re waiting for us!” she boomed, finally able to stride forth with ease, though actual running was out of the question. Destin and Gorran were small enough now she had to be careful not to collide with and injure them. Both drew weapons, though Gorran seemed hesitant.

“I won’t kill my own kin!” he shouted, “but I will fight if necessary to get ya to safety, lass!”

“I *will* kill to protect you,” Destin said. He drew his sword, and to her eyes it was like the warrior’s spirit had never left him. He threw her spear up to her, and she caught it in her hand easily. It was more like an overly-thin shortsword to her now, and a small one at that, but it would have to do. They moved upward, and she shouted again, this time for the dwarves’ benefit.

“GET OUT OF MY WAY!”

A dwarven spokesperson, likely their clan leader, shouted back.

“We claim ya by the rights of dwarven salvage law! As a living Veddu, you aren’t protected by any agreements with the western kingdoms of man, and so we -”

“I’LL SQUASH YOU FLAT IF YOU SO MUCH AS TOUCH ME OR MY -”

She halted. By the Gods, she’d almost reflexively said ‘my children.’ Two of her hands - upper left and lower right - were clutching her belly almost protectively. It made her stall briefly.

“So be it,” the dwarf replied in the common tongue, and then he motioned for the others to prepare to attack.

“Run!” Sabel shouted, though she herself was fairly incapable of it. Still, she strode forth as quickly as she could, her steps thundering upon the ground like a war elephant. Destin kept up with her, barely, and launched to the left flank while Gorran leapt to the right. Sabel stuck out her belly as much as she could, and extended all four arms outwards like ancient engravings of the Goddess Melita. It was an old army tactic; make yourself look as large and imposing to the enemy as possible to stall them against you. It worked; a number of the dwarves stepped back, shocked at the looming figure she presented. It was enough for her to barge through their lines. One grabbed onto her leg and she flung him nearly thirty feet into the nearby forest scrub, though not before he sunk an axe into her ankle. She gritted her teeth in pain, but she’d felt worse before.

Another dwarf tried the same tactic, and she swept down with her arms, grabbing him and flinging him easily to the side. She was rewarded with a deep cut on her upper right hand. She continued to barge forth, clearing them away, and Destin worked with a swordsman’s skill to dispatch two more while Gorran knocked one unconscious with the flat of his axe.

“Godsdammnit!” the dwarven ally yelled, “there are more comin’, lass! Better got those four big tits of yours out of here!”

Sabel frowned. She’d heard more than a few references to her ‘tits’ on the battlefield - women were a lot rarer than men on the field after all - but never one like that. Indeed, in all the fighting and swift movement, her shoulders were quite strained by the mass of all four of them trembling and jostling within the tight band of fabric.

“Agreed!” called Destin. “We need to leave! There are more coming!”

He pointed, and from Sabel’s superior height, she could see what he was referring to; a large number of dwarves were pouring out from the camp, and several others were seemingly preparing a strange siege engine. A dwarf yelled, and the something fired out from it.

“Sulfur and spit!” Gorran yelled. “Watch out lass!”

She tried to duck, but with her great belly she could only squat, and that wasn’t enough. An enormous rope net, the kind used for taking down wyverns, slammed against her form, knocking her over. She fell to the side painfully, her instincts kicking in and telling

her to protect the contents within her belly. Life squirmed within her, a panicked flurry of kicks from her young that distended her womb in odd shapes.

“NNghhn,” she moaned, in response to the pain of the net and fall, as well as the teeming life within her. “Gods, there are - Mhhmm! - definitely m-more than three! Dammit!”

Destin ran to her side, still battling away dwarven enemies.

“Sabel! Are you okay!”

“F-fine!”

She pressed against the restrictive ropes. They weighed her down - a number of anchor points had sunk to the ground, ensuring she couldn't get up.

“But I can't get out!”

“Stay still! I'll cut you free!”

He began to slice at the heavy ropes, but they had been coated in a tar or wax of some kind that made his cutting slow progress. Gorran held his back, knocking away the remaining dwarves, and Sabel had bat two away by kicking them, eliciting yelps of worry from Destin, who lost the rope he was working on. But the larger contingent of salvagers and scavengers were arriving soon, and they were much more prepared.

“I've nearly got one down!” Destin shouted.

“N-no time!” Sabel responded.

“Stay still lass, it's the only way, 'less you got some Veddu magic to even the odds fer us!”

Sabel looked again to the incoming hoard, and her heart seemed to still.

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

The mantra was more than just a statement, it was an unbreakable oath to herself. She would not be stuck as some broodmare, breeding Veddu babies for dwarves to study and use for their own purposes. She was not fit to be a mother. She had gone into the Outland Wastes to die or find some other purpose than being a warrior, but perhaps a warrior was all she was. A soldier. A fighter. She needed to stop being the victim; she was on the battlefield again, and that meant she needed to take back her warrior's mind and instincts.

She did so, and it was like slipping into an old and comfortable skin. She summoned her rage and bloodfury, drawing on greater strength than she thought she had even with her giant's body, and hauled the net off the ground, sharpened anchor points and all. Destin and Gorran stepped back, both of them amazed as she rose back to her feet like a titan of the old legends. Her blood was pumping, and the world was red. The dozens of dwarves faltered, unbelieving what they were seeing, and those still eager to fight halted as she let loose a ragged scream worthy of any great giant.

“GRRRAAAAAARRRRRGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!”

It caused entire flocks of hundreds of birds to screech and flee the distant treetops, and curdled the blood of her enemies. She flung the net, sending it soaring two hundred feet right back at her interlopers. They were too startled to move, and were soon caught beneath their own trap. Others began to fire arrows and crossbows bolts at her, another readying a far more deadly ballista. They hit her skin like pinpricks, painful but forgotten while the blood of battle was up. Her anger surged, her desire to kill the enemy, to be victorious over them, to spill their blood as was *right*. She took her little spear that had been in her lower left hand and readied a throw. The distant dwarf readied to fire the ballista.

She threw the spear as if it were a dart, far further than she could ever have imagined. If caught him in the heart, send him wheeling around, before falling to the ground, dead.

Dead.

Bloodied and dead.

Time seemed to stop. The anger dissipated. The bloody vision of battle ended. Her heart caught in her throat as she realised what she had done. The other dwarves were still moving, readying to fight, but the fight had fled her in that one awful moment. She had killed again. It was as if the bottom of the world had fallen out. Her legs swayed, and she nearly lost her balance. She gripped her head, feeling dizzy. A ballista bolt that would have killed her flew over her shoulder, scraping the flesh and causing maroon blood to spill over her back. She barely felt it.

“SABEL! WE NEED TO GO!”

She swallowed, regained some control over herself. The sight of the dead dwarf was still in her vision, the betrayal of her oath written in blood upon the ground. She turned, lowered herself as best she could, and grabbed both Gorran and Destin in her hands, pulling them against her. They were surprisingly light, and she was able to clasp them against her using both sets of hands as she strode out into the forest. She didn't care that they were pressed against her heavy breasts. She could stand Destin's jokes about it later, even Gorran's comments too. At that moment she simply needed to escape.

She thundered into the forest, outpacing the dwarves. They reached their horse and auroch, and it was only when she put Destin on his mount and let him take the leash of hers that she allowed herself a moment of calm.

“Sabel, what was that? Are you okay?”

“I swore I wouldn't take life again,” she said.

“You had to. It was them or us.”

“How many times did we say that on the battlefield? I could have done something else.”

“What?”

"I don't know!" she shouted.

Gorran approached, the little dwarf tiny against her, even as she sat with a thud upon the ground.

"Lass, ya had no other choice. Even if ya did, he didn't give ya much wiggle room."

"I chose to do it, Gorran. I know I did. I could have moved to the side."

The dwarf considered this, then nodded. "Aye, I suppose ya could have. But what's done is done, and ya best get out of here."

"You could come with us," Destin offered, but the dwarf cut him off with a gesture.

"Nah, mate. I'd just slow you two down. I've got to go me own way, see if I can slow 'em down in what way I can."

"Thank you," Destin said.

"You've done more than you should have," Sabel replied.

Gorran looked to her with something like admiration.

"Lass, you're something special. I know you don't want to hear it, but you are. You're carrying something a humble dwarf like me never thought he'd see. It's a blessing. I know you don't believe it, but it is. A very large blessing, sure, but a blessing all the same."

He reached out a hand. "May I? Please, just for an indulgence?"

She hesitated, then nodded.

Gorran placed his hand on her belly, marvelling at the taut skin of her pregnant stomach. He rubbed it slightly, and it actually soothed Sabel a little.

"Mmhmmm," she moaned unintentionally. It was indeed relaxing. Several of her babies shifted and squirming within. She could feel a number of their bodies - they must be larger than human babies - relaxing in the aftermath, finding more comfortable positions to go back to sleep. She grunted slightly as one kicked right at Gorran's hand. The dwarf laughed.

"Ha! Powerful ones! What an amazing experience this is, lass."

"Much better when you're not the one doing all the growing with them," she bemoaned.

"Aye, true. But amazing nonetheless."

He stepped back, clearly moved by the experience.

"Well, I best be off then. I hope you find what you want at Origin, with this Signal. If you do truly desire to turn back and avoid yer fate, well lass, I wish ya the best for it. But . . . I hope ya don't. There's not enough magic in the world these days, and you have become a marvel. From a bringer of death to a bringer of life. What is more magic than that?"

Sabel didn't know what to say. All she could think about was the dead dwarf. The one she had slain. She didn't feel like a bringer of life.

"Thank you Gorran," was all she could manage.

The dwarf smiled, farewelled Destin, and went on his own way, leaving the two of them behind. Destin looked like he wanted to say something, but a call closer to the ruin alerted them both.

“We best be going,” he said.

“Yes,” Sabel said, her mind still reeling with the many revelations and contradictory thoughts floating through her mind. “Let’s be away from this place.”

Destin rode his horse, leading the auroch on by a long tether, while she simply strode forth.

It was going to be a long trip back to the Outlands.

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“Shall we stop for a brief rest?”

It was a week later, and Sabel was now seventeen feet tall. Another two feet of growth, and no signs of stopping. She could feel a slight ache in her spine and shoulder blades, the precursor to further growth to come. Part of it had been her own fault, she supposed; in the aftermath of the battle, her own sorrow at breaking her oath to no longer be a warrior, she had indulged in several further bouts of sex with Destin. She’d needed it sorely, not just because her godsdamned pregnant body had given her such an intense desire for intercourse, but also because it was a nice salve for her internal pains. Her external ones, at least, had healed up nicely; her body seemed miraculously regenerative, the tissue smoothing over without even a trace of injury, not even the faded lines of a scar. It made a sort of sense; if this ridiculous so-called ‘blessing’ truly was making her into a bloated giantess broodmother, then it only made sense that she had enhanced healing, in order to keep her alive and ‘producing’ for centuries.

The thought made her shudder. Her belly had grown too, and not just in proportion to the rest of her. As had her breasts. They barely clung managed to stay within her wrap, which was utterly scandalous by that point.

“Sabel, did you hear me?”

She looked back at Destin, still on his horse. He had developed more of a beard through their long, wending travels around the Palatan Mountains - it was one of the few routes where they could avoid attention now.

“Hmm, sorry Destin. I was deep in thought. What was it?”

“I was saying, shall we stop for a brief rest?”

She focused on her heightened hearing, and heard nothing but the creatures of the mountain forests.

“Yes, I suppose so, though I feel as though I could keep going.”



Destin chuckled. "Well, your long legs will have to wait; my own and Dapper here—"

"I hate that you named the horse that."

"Anyway, we need a break."

Sabel sighed. "Damn, I'm just so full of energy. I can't say why."

Another chuckle.

"What?"

"You're in that stage of motherhood-to-be, I'd say. I've seen it more than once. When a woman reaches a term in her pregnancy where she has all the energy in the world."

"Well, better to have it than not."

Destin got off his horse. "You're not wrong, particularly if we're to reach Origin in time."

Sabel adjusted her four breasts with her hands, trying to keep them in her ridiculously tight top. She then placed two hands at her back and the other beneath her belly, giving support to her spine while lifting her bloated womb enough to take some of the burden off her back. Gods, she was big. Even if she was proportioned down to the size of a regular human - which was *was*, at least she was meant to be - she'd still look stupidly pregnant. She'd never thought she'd have kids, but now she was stuck with a carriage load she didn't want, even if their squirming was becoming oddly relaxing. When they didn't move, it sometimes put her in a mild panic, much to her embarrassment.

Was that what Gorran meant about her being a 'bringer of life'? He'd called it a 'very large blessing, but a blessing all the same.' It didn't feel like one, and yet some nights, as she lay on her side, awkwardly trying to figure out where to put her additional arms, she couldn't help but rub her stomach and say a few words of good night to her 'little ones', though she didn't want Destin to even know.

But still, she'd killed a man. Even if she accepted this destiny, as silly and stupid and utterly overwhelming and embarrassing and alien as it was, she'd killed a man. It wouldn't matter how many beings she birthed, she'd still carry the weight of knowing she still had the heart of a killer inside her. That even rooted to the ground and birthing thousands, she had the capacity of a soldier still, the life she so wanted to walk away from. The Crimson Tide would still be within her, threatening to spill out.

What were you so deeply in thought about?"

"Huh?" She was brought out of her pensive thoughts. She realised she'd been staring at the tree tops blankly, at least from Destin's perspective.

"I was thinking about what I'm becoming," she said. "About what Gorran said. Whether I'm going to be a bringer of life. I don't know what Origin will bring, but if it can turn me back, then I have to use it. I can't - I can't accept this life that's been thrust upon me, Destin. I mean, look at me! I'm big and blue and pregnant, can you imagine a *worse* person

to birth future generations of Veddu? I killed that dwarf as soon as the blood was up, and likely injured that other one too, and I did it so *easily*. I haven't changed, and I fear that even if I went through with this I'd only pervert it. I'm not meant for this - I'll find another way to atone. But at the same time . . ."

She hesitated, sighing heavily as she cradled her rounded mound with all four arms.

"At the same time, *someone* has to do this. It can't be me. But we have to find someone else who can take the blessing, who'll be willing to bring them back. It's only right. There must be someone out there."

Another sigh, and she turned away from Destin, scanning the sky again.

"Why, what were you thinking?"

A pause.

"I was thinking that your ass looks godsdamned amazing, actually."

She turned, flustered by his response. "You - what?"

Destin shrugged, grinning. "Sorry, my thoughts don't always run as deep as yours Sabel. I see a wonderful ass on display, I appreciate it."

She placed all four hands on her wide hips and snorted. "Excuse me, my ass is not 'on display', thank you very much!"

"I beg to differ. That skirt of yours, if it can be called that, does a mighty fine job of showing your splendid cheeks."

"You - you horny asshole!"

She laughed, astonished at how easily Destin had lightened the mood.

"Guilty, as the magistrate charged. But you can't deny it looks great."

"You won't like it as much when I *sit* on you."

She thundered forth playfully, and Destin dodged aside, still laughing.

"Don't tempt me with another sexual fantasy, Sabel! You've already got four bounteous breasts and more curves than all the women of Barrentree put together. Isn't that enough?"

"You're an absolute cad. I can't believe this."

"Please woman, we have sex almost every day now. You were literally waking up half the sleeping forest creatures last night when I ran my arm through into you."

Sabel blushed a deep maroon, thinking of the previous night. His fist wasn't enough now; his entire length of arm was necessary to fill her. When he'd entered her with it, his fingers glided over her most sensitive parts, she'd been shocked in the best possible way when he began not to lick, but actually *suck* upon her clit. It was large and swollen enough now that it fit in his mouth almost like a teat, and his stimulations had driven her to new heights of ecstasy. Literally, in fact: she'd grown at least three inches. Her climaxes as a giantess were even more impressive than when she'd been an ordinary human, and she'd

always thought herself quite the capable lover, even if she'd been the one who dominated the man during intercourse. Now, she was helpless before Destin's inventive ways of conducting sex, and in her most lurid thoughts she imagined him entering her *completely*, head and shoulders and torso and limbs all, and writhing within her great expanse, eliciting bliss beyond belief.

"Okay," she admitted, "so we do have a lot of sex. Gods, you're right, my ass is even bigger. Absolutely ridiculous. I look like a Latenian woman."

Latenian women were famed for their prominent and alluring behinds. Destin himself had once bragged about bedding one, and using her cheeks like pillows as he drifted to sleep, which he claimed was the best he'd ever had.

"You don't like looking attractive?" Destin said, grinning. Gods, he was a needler.

"Of course I don't," she said, spreading her hands out in frustration. "I was quite the looker when I was - well, human. Which I *still am*, by the way. But I wasn't some busty tavern wench with tits like a cow in calving, or a rump like a hillside. I had strength, I had muscles, I had power. And yes, I looked rather good like that, and yes, I took care of my hair, which has been driving me mad lately with how it keeps growing, but I true to myself as a warrior. I certainly never wanted to have a pair of hips that were *literally* made for child-bearing, or not just one pair of huge breasts but two! It's a little humiliating. You can't understand it as a man."

Destin considered this, looking her up and down. She couldn't help but noticed he was focused on her breasts and belly. "You're right, I can't understand. But my, you do look good anyway. I can't help but feel it."

"You are impossible"

She sat down, still chuckling a little, grasping her belly and using her two left hands to bring herself down.

"Gods, I am pregnant."

"That you are."

She rubbed over her stomach, which jutted over her folded legs.

"Huge. Seriously huge! I pity any other Veddu or individual who had this happen to them on other worlds. I look like I'm about to drop a set of twins - well, twins proportionate to my size, anyway."

Destin gave an awkward cough. She looked down at him, raised her scarred eyebrow, the one that had been that way before the change and had thankfully not healed over.

"I'm sorry, you wish to say something, old friend?"

Destin took a sip of water. "No, no, nothing at all!"

The wonderful thing about having two sets of arms is that you can look doubly imposing when folding both of them together.

“Spit it out.”

He sighed. “Well, it’s just, no offence Sabel, but you are *well* beyond twin territory, at least for my view. In fact, I think *triplets* would still be too small to describe you. Frankly put, even if you were shrunk down to my size and I’d never felt all the kicking going on within you, I would say more than triplets.”

“Oh Gods,” she said, “quads, right? I knew it. You can say it. No? Oh Gods. Fine. Say you’ve never seen me before and you gave your first impressions. How pregnant would I be?”

“Sextuplets.”

“*Six? SIX!?* I am *not that big!*”

He gave his charismatic smile, the one that melted her heart more and more lately. No matter how much he stirred her up, it didn’t affect her negatively. It was playful banter between two lovers. At times, it even felt like something more than that.

“I call them like I see them, Sabel. I’d say sextuplets.”

At that very moment there was a ripple of movement in her stomach, causing her to groan.

“Gods, you may well be right! And if we don’t get to Origin, it’ll be much more than that! Wait until you see how big my ass is them, why don’t you?”

“You’ll make the Latenian women all jealous. You’re already making tavern wenches across the kingdoms jealous of your bust, though they don’t know it.”

“Oh stop. They’re so sore recently! A man like you can’t understand it. They’re quite heavy, you know. Like sandbags!”

“I don’t hear you complaining when I suck on them.”

That got her to chuckle. “No, there’s at least that. Fine, sextuplets is the assumption. And Gods, do I feel like it, particularly since these babies need a lot more food than we currently have.”

She gave her sweetest smile, uncharacteristic of her.

“So why don’t you go hunt down a couple of elks for me?”

“For your big blue ass, anything.”

He just managed to dodge the two hands that reached out to grab him as he bolted into the forest to hunt game. Sabel sat back, rubbing her generous womb, sighing.

“Gods, so damn pregnant,” she repeated. She turned, as much as she could given her size and bloated front, and ignored the way her breasts strained at her top. She grabbed her ass with three hands, using the remaining one to keep herself steady.

“He’s not wrong, that is a mighty big ass,” she said. She whistled a little. “Utterly ridiculous.

She winced at a sore spot above it, at the end of her tailbone.

She hoped it was a general soreness, and not indicative of yet more changes to come.

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More changes had come. They occurred slowly, over the following week of travel across the Hajati Highlands. It was an irritatingly circuitous route, particularly given that with each change Sabel was more and more concerned with her ultimate fate, but necessary to avoid attention such as those of dwarven scavengers. As they travelled, her back carapace showed no further development; a good thing too, as she was worried she would end up looking like a giant pregnant crab! In fact, the final imagery of her destined broodmother form from the obelisk actually seemed almost octopus-like, with soft, stretchy skin to accommodate her large size and rounded pregnancy. She had begun to suspect her carapace was simply a temporary feature, there to protect her from the rains when it came. Certainly, not every stopping point had caves or cliff-faces to shelter her, and her carapace had a habit of ‘growing’ to cover her neck and head and ass when she rested against the wet. She even found that her sensitive antennae could retract a little, when that happened, hiding in her hair.

But that was not a change that concerned her. In fact, of all the changes, it was the one that at least seemed damned practical. What did concern her was the fact that her eyes were changes. She remembered *Light That Pierces the Darkness*, and how his own eyes had a green tinge to them, lacking a direct pupil. At the time, she had assumed it was simply a result of a half-blindness or extreme age in his chamber, but it was when Destin pointed it out to her and she saw herself in the tranquil reflection of a nearby lake that she realised it must be a general feature of the Veddu. Her pupils disappeared entirely, eyes becoming a softly glowing green that accompanied her blue-turquoise skin. Sabel was, more than she expected, quite saddened and frustrated by this; she’d always been proud of her piercing gaze that could make an enemy cower and the occasional lover submissive, but now Destin couldn’t even tell when she was looking his way, or when she was peering elsewhere, since there was no pupil to draw an inference from! The only upside was it did allow her, in those arousing moments when her antennae sampled Destin’s wonderful scent, to stare at his ass and muscles and cute, smaller figure without him noticing.

“You’re going to take absolute advantage of that,” Destin remarked at one point.

“How could you ever know?” she japed.

But as significant as that change had been, it paled in significance to the nub that had developed above her rear. Destin had noticed it first; she had assumed it was part of her carapace, a mere achey annoyance as it extended. As they travelled, her steps thunderous, him leading the mounts, she felt the occasional prickle of sensation above her rear, though nothing terrible. Just a slight tenderness. Her hunger was the far greater distraction; as her belly swelled in leaps and bounds, and her large chests as well, she needed more and more sustenance to drive her changes. Poor Destin was hunting nearly nonstop in order to keep her sated. It had reached the point where the bones of a spit-roasted boar mattered little to her anymore; in fact, they gave quite the lovely crunch. Each devouring brought a jostle of movement in her heaving belly, during one lovemaking session even literally bouncing Destin off of it and sending him tumbling to the ground. That same jostling also distracted from the development at the end of her tailbone; she assumed it was just the result of excessive kicking from her young.

Still she went hungry, to the point where she would rather embarrassingly moan and groan and clutch her taut belly in agony, squirming and writhing on the ground and knocking aside smaller trees, not just from stimulated growth or the act of sex but from the sheer desire to be filled with more food. And, on some instinctive level, more babies as well.

“M-moore!” she gasped, “n-need, m-more! P-please!”

Fortunately and unfortunately, the solution came when the auroch broke its leg. When a bank gave way unexpectedly one afternoon across the Highlands, Sabel managed to grab the horse, Destin, and right herself, but the auroch could not be saved. Destin put it out of its misery, and as its packs were redistributed among them, it at least solved the meat problem, allowing Sabel to devour great cooked chunks ravenously, feasting like a madwoman who hadn't properly eaten in days. This was much to her babies' joy, judging from the way they kicked. It was also the catalyst of how her developing tail was finally discovered.

“Wakey, wakey, Sabel. I've got a present for you,” Destin said that morning, two weeks after they had set out from the obelisk ruin site.

Sabel groaned, waking slowly. Her belly was heavy, and it took a moment for her to raise herself even with her four arms. She winced as her sore breasts wobbled tremendously. She would soon have to give up on her wrap; now at twenty feet of height it barely contained her, and caused frequent soreness in the afternoon. She had taken to sleeping without it on usually, but foolishly had left it on at night.

“Wh-what is it? Gods, I feel well-rested after that auroch.”

She noticed it was almost midday, and sprang up further, causing the ground to shudder. She looked down at Destin, the man now a fourth of her own size, if not less given her mounds.

“Gods, Destin! What have you done!? You let me sleep in late? We have to keep moving, we said so!”

“Ah, but today is a very special day, Sabel, since I’ve been keeping track.”

Her antennae shifted, the little spheres on their ends tensing almost sensually. They seemed to detect something almost like . . . care. Romance, perhaps, emanating from him. The damned things had a lot of uses she wasn’t used to yet.

“What, uh, what is it? With all the changes and housing an alien race in my womb, I’ve lost track of it all, to be honest.”

“That’s okay,” he said with a grin. “But I think it was pretty important. It’s an anniversary of the end of the Prospector’s War, plus three days.”

She raised her scarred eyebrow. “That’s not a special day.”

“It was . . . for us.”

She went to say something, then realised what he was referring to. She blushed a deep maroon, remembering the wonderful nights they’d shared. The things they’d done. The drinks, the dances, the sex. Oh Gods, the sex. The ends of her antennae seemed to *bulge* with arousal.

“Ah, that is a good anniversary to remember, Destin.”

“It is, isn’t it? And because I already gave you a good auroch dish last night, I had to think of something to get you to celebrate it today. But fear not -”

“Destin, you don’t have to-”

“-For orcish auroch mounts have a tough pelt. I’ve been collecting the stag skins as well. And using them I can finally present you with . . . new clothes!”

Her eyes sparkled. “You didn’t!?”

“I can’t claim to be the fasionmaster of Hightown, but I think you won’t complain. It took some time, but the auroch made it considerably faster. Tanning hide is one of a soldier’s skills.”

She paused. “Wait, so you-”

“I did piss on them, yes. That is part of tanning. But I also took some useful potions with us from my inn when we left, and bartered some as we travelled since I foresaw this problem coming. Though I didn’t expect you to get so . . .”

She crossed all four arms.

“So?”

“So magnificent, of course.”

“Nice save.”

“I thought so. The point is, they’re clean, they’re leather, and the process was wonderfully sped up. Here, try them on.”

He lifted the spare tent tarp to reveal a two piece outfit. Sable was a tiny part disappointed; after all, she had hoped that she could have a fur-leather pelt outfit to cover her whole form again, but she realised instantly what a ridiculous ask that would be. They'd need to poach every piece of game in Lord Halberry's forest to do that, and she'd outgrow it all in a week anyway. But what Destin had done was fashion, both practically and with a little magic, a sort of fur-skin two-piece; a skirt that went down to her upper thighs, and a top that could be affixed with toughened animal bones around her back. It contained her breasts wonderfully, giving them their much-needed support but not compressing them to the point of absolute discomfort as her previous fabric had done.

She let out an immense sigh as she gingerly adjusted her four mammoth melons within the stitched-together furskin top. It was even warmer, which she appreciated, though at least her body seemed to run at a much higher temperature these days, avoiding any dangers of exposure.

"Destin, this feels wonderful. Gods, I could kiss if I wouldn't accidentally swallow your head. Though I could purse my lips and you could simply kiss them. This may be the best present I have ever received short of my lucky spear, and I lost that years ago. I'm not joking, my 'girls' were getting so cramps I was worried they were going to explode from the sheer pressure! I know I'm getting very, very big, but count yourself a lucky man tonight, because somehow, someway I am finding a way to make you have the time of your life with me. It'll be like that night in the Pleasure Baths all over again, except instead of me on you, It'll be-

"Um, Sabel."

"Hmm?"

She turned. Destin had wandered around behind her, and seemed alarmed by something. His gaze was on a point at her rear.

"Are you seriously looking at my ass again? Don't tell me you stitched it so that it'll 'emphasise' my rear like some street wench."

It was a joke, but the man wasn't laughing. Her heart beat a little faster, as she grew concerned.

"What? What is it?"

"Sabel," he said, keeping his voice level, "I don't know how to say this, but I noticed it while you were dressing. You've - you've grown a small tail."

A pause.

"If this is some kind of joke."

"Feel it."

"You - you feel it."



"I can't jump that high, Sabel. You're twenty feet tall now. I'd need a good ladder at this point."

She blushed a little maroon, and reached her lower arms to touch above her rear. Sure enough, sticking out over the top of her new skirt, was a nub of flesh. It was sensitive to the touch, and to her astonishment it actually wiggled when she grasped it.

"Black Mountain! Godsdamned Veddu changes! I thought it was just more carapace."

"So did I," Destin said, "but I noticed while you were changing that it sort of . . . well, it sort of moved."

Sabel cringed, utterly embarrassed. "So, I'm growing a tail."

"Or something."

"Or something."

She sighed, frustrated and embarrassed but in many ways just utterly tired. She grabbed a nearby tree trunk and used it to lower herself to the ground, her ass thudding upon the earth heavily. Her breasts bobbed in her top, but were thankfully much less bouncy than they had been before, and less constricted. Her belly rested on her curled legs, squirming with activity. She grimaced as the activity continued, distracting her. They were always quick to squirm and shift when she grew agitated. Like they could sense their mother's annoyance.

"So the changes aren't just me getting bigger," she said.

"It would appear not."

She lay back, resting her large head against a nearby boulder, and rubbing her hands along her stomach. She left one to caress the strange nub. Yes, she could feel that same push to grow, that slight underlying pressure to expand. How had she not noticed it before? Had she just been busy with the other growth, and the endless hunger? Perhaps part of it had simply been denial.

"It never ends," she finally said.

"I'm sorry, Sabel."

She gazed at him, not that he could really tell any more given her opaque glowing green eyes. Another change she wasn't used to.

"It's not your fault, Destin. Gods, it's just all so much. You give me this wonderful present, take care of me, only to see me turn ever more into this giant, pregnant, alien *freak*."

Destin stepped closer. "Hey, boost me up."

With a sigh, she used two hands to bring him up so that he could stand on her belly. It was an odd sensation, even a little ticklish, but she rather liked it. He placed his hands on her breasts for support - another quite wonderful feeling - and stared up at her for a few

seconds, taking him in. She didn't know what he was going to say, but her antennae 'tasted' his aura, and could tell that once more he was exuding a loving, caring grace.

"You're not a freak," he said, each word carefully said. "You're a marvel."

A few tears brimmed in her eyes, and she wiped them away.

"Damned pregnancy mood swings," she said. "Thank you, Destin. Again."

He stared for a few more seconds, seeming to weigh something in his mind.

"You know I love you, right?"

The air seemed to go still around them. Her large heart skipped a beat. Both had made professions of love lately, but only during sex, close to or during orgasm, easy to dismiss or ignore or otherwise say nothing about. This was something else. And what's more, it was utterly genuine. Her antennae could sense it.

"I - Destin, you say that, and I know you mean it, but -"

He gave a placating gesture up at the giantess. "I know Sabel, this is all very strange and confusing and mad and wonderful. I know so much is going on, particularly for you, but I can only say that I'm so glad you came back into my life. I wouldn't change that for the world. I do love you, and I don't expect you to be ready to say it back. I just mean that"

"I love you," she replied. She lowered a hand, nearly as wide as his torso, and lifted him up to her eye level. "I do. It's just . . . I'm not good at admitting these things, Destin. I've never been the most . . . emotionally open person. But it's true. I do love you."

He grinned. "Well, that settles that. I do believe you offered a kiss, earlier?"

She giggled like she was a girl again, not a former hardened warrior. Her heart felt like it had little butterflies in it. Well, big ones, actually. Cliche as it was, it was how she felt. Some cliches existed for a reason. She pursed her lips and, steadying him with her other hands, pulled him against her much larger face, which was almost as large as his torso. Her kissed her large lips, and despite how small her was now, a little electric shock of togetherness passed between them.

Her antenna suddenly flickered, their points expanding briefly, swelling and glowing in her vision. Her vision shifted, and somehow she was able to see the essence of her lover as they kissed. Something changed within him, a brief flicker of energy, a tinge of turquoise blue that slipped in.

The kiss ended, and so did the vision, and she wasn't sure what to make of it. What she did know was that she was immediately filled with a sudden lust, one that needed addressing as soon as possible.

"Oh - oh f-fuck, Destin! I think you just d-did something t-to me."

He looked briefly alarmed. Still standing on the platform of her hands, he pressed a hand against her chest for stability, looking at her. Gods, he was handsome. Somehow, him

being so small relative to her only made him more attractive. Was it a Veddu instinct? Or just something innate to the new her? It was impossible to tell, but she needed to address it fast.

“What is it, Sabel? Are you okay?”

She bit her lip and groaned. Her four nipples hardened, throbbing and tensing with want, even as her large vagina moistened, dampened with need.

“Oh, I see. It’s *that* kind of problem.”

“I didn’t m-mean for this - nnggh - to go from romantic to l-lusty so quickly,” she managed.

“I don’t mind. Do you need me . . . down there?”

She shook her head. She withdrew one hand, allowing her lower set of arms to undo her new furskin wrap.

“Mhm, there are benefits to having extra arms, it seems,” he said.

She smirked in response, but even that expression was overtaken by a general lust as she pressed him against her newly revealed breasts. He squeezed and groped and pinched her tender flesh, sucking upon her enormous nipples that practically filled his mouth entire. He suckled at her, bringing ripples of pleasure to her form. Her belly wobbled a little with the movement of her squirming young, but they calmed as her own bliss heightened. They must have sensed that whatever was happening, it wasn’t stressful to their mother.

The wonderful sensations increased, and it wasn’t until she had made Destin play with each of her large, wagon-wheel sized breasts that she placed him to the ground. She lay back, parting her enormous thighs over him.

“N-now!” she demanded.

Again her antenna stirred, seeming to sense something different about Destin. That blue tinge that marked him as - as something like her mate. Officially now, she supposed. She didn’t have time to consider it further, however, as he thrust both arms into her womanhood, teasing at the edges of her vaginal walls, and rubbing over her gigantic clit. It throbbed, aching for further touch, and he gave it just that, eliciting a long series of gasps and moans and cries of delirium from her.

“Mmmhmm . . . ohhhhhh . . . k-keep g-going! I love it! I love you! Oh Gods!”

“I love you too, Sabel,” he replied, pressing his arms even further in, parting her wider. Gods, it felt so wonderful, her sensitive turquoise skin overcome by his touch. She had to be careful not to crush him to death with her thighs, so she used her lower pair of arms to keep them separated, like a woman in labour. Appropriate, given her immense gravity. She used her second pair of arms to stroke and rub her buoyant breasts. She felt a need for them to grow further, and despite herself, she chose not to fight it. She willed them to grow, to begin to *produce*, some strange instinct in her desiring them to begin to lactate,

ready to nurture her young. She knew it wasn't right, but by the Black Mountain and its dark shadow she couldn't fight it, and in her throes of pleasure she didn't want to.

The same feeling extended to the stubby tail at the base of her spine. She rolled, just slightly, shifting her hips and causing Destin to briefly yelp as he was pulled over the ground, still half-wedged within her. It gave her space to rub and massage her tail, stimulating further growth. The pressure rose, resulting in another long groan from the transforming woman. Her breasts bloated upwards, and she felt a stinging in her nipples.

"F-fuck! Oh God, they f-feel so r-right!"

She groped them, and the stinging gave way to a wonderful feeling of release; green milk leaked from her nipples, running in long rivulets over her mounds and onto her fertile belly, before parting into two streams on either side of it that dripped to the ground.

Her tail also extended, and it was one of the more alien sensations yet. Like a large tendril, or root, it pushed and extended out of her, waving from side to side and growing articulated joints.

"S-so w-weird!" she exclaimed, but not so weird that she wanted it to end. It flickered around, extending out perhaps five full feet in length. It flicked around, and Destin was briefly distracted by it before resuming his work. Sabel tried to control its movements, but she seemed to only have partial control: she shifted it left and right, up and down, but its minute articulation was beyond her, and it seemed almost like it was an independent organism, 'sniffing' the ground for something.

"W-what -"

She barely managed to say another word as it seemed to sense what it was looking for. Her antennae informed her at once, and while she was not a native Veddu, the transformation had given her enough processing information to tell her; it was water.

"AHHHHHHH!"

It was a pleasurable moan, but equally one of utter surprise, as the root-like tale - which was pale-white in colouration - dove into the ground, burying into the soil. It instantly began to absorb and suck at the water trapped within the ground, and she found herself literally rooted to the spot as Destin continued to part and play with her privates.

"Destin, I - OHHHHHH GODSSSS!!!"

She shuddered in orgasm, and as was increasingly their pattern, Destin masturbated into her depths, rubbing his large (though not comparatively to her opening) member against her inner wall, grunting. She loved this part, something about it made the post-coital aftermath utterly luxurious. Mere moments later her antennae 'tasted' the scent of his seed expelling into her. Yet once again, she felt something was different this time. That blue tinge in his essence remained, but it also expelled it part of out of him and into her.

She had no idea what that meant, but her body took in his seed hungrily, greedily almost. She lay back, still rooted to the ground, gasping for breath in the aftermath of their intercourse.

“Oh Gods, a lot just happened,” she said.

Yes, there would be a lot of explaining to do. It wasn't exactly how she imagined the scenario of a love confession going down. But at least within the context of her transformation, it had felt somewhat right.

“Should - should we talk about all of this?” Destin asked.

Sabel just shook her head, accidentally ripping up sections of the grass with the shift of her large head.

“No, not now. First, I need you to pull my tail out of the ground.”

“Sure, sure, I guess I'll just - I'm sorry, did you say out of the ground?”

She flashed him a sheepish grin, and gestured to her backside.

“As soon as its done drinking.”

“By the Gods, you're lucky I love you.”

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The food problem had been solved, though not in a way that either of them could have seen coming. At twenty feet tall, and pregnant with what appeared to be now octuplets, if not more, Sabel's hunger was so ravenous that it was literally impossible to keep up with just between the two of them. Even if another auroch were to fall from the sky, she doubted it would stave off her ravenous appetite for too long. But now, as a solution to her ever expanding need, she had her tail.

It had developed in the following days. Its base had grown, and its width expanded, until it was a long, thick, white tail that ended in little miniature tails of a sort. Like clusters of veins, or the branching roots of a tree - perhaps the best analogy, given its purpose - they spread outward and moved of their own volition. The tail was largely under her own control, but it moved and shifted at its own accord when it sensed water sourced nearby, and while it was an irritating action at times, given that the tail now fell to calves, it was exceedingly useful. When Sabel's many young squirmed and kicked and punched, desiring more food to fuel their development, or her own body required further growth, she simply had to lower herself to the ground, and her tail would plunge into it, the many tendrils at its tip spread outwards through the cool, pleasant soil. From there, she experienced the unexplainably strange yet pleasant sensation of her tail 'drinking' up the water, soaking into her being. It made her turquoise skin go brighter as well, and she found the best combination was in

soaking up the sun's rays while she 'drank.' She felt nymph-like in those moments, though Destin pointed out the more obvious connection.

"You're becoming part-plant," he said.

She looked to him, broken out of her meditative state of drinking from the verdant soil. "What do you mean by that? Don't tell me my hair is growing vines as well!"

Destin shook his head. He was astride his horse Dapper, the name of which Sabel refused to utter on account of how ridiculous it was to her.

"Nothing that obvious, but think about it Sabel my love. You absorb water through your root-like tail, and you find yourself increasingly bathing in the sun lately."

"It feels good on my belly," she said, a little defensively. "And besides, I recall you rather liked the warmth of sun upon your skin in the Sandlands."

"Yes, but never so much as you! Your skin literally glows a little! I don't think I'm wrong about this Sabel; you don't need to eat nearly so much anymore, because another change has been occurring. You need energy for a body that large-

"Careful."

"For a body that splendid," he corrected, though she heard him whisper, "and pregnant," as well. "And now the sun and sources of water are doing it for you."

She prodded her large belly. "I have been feeling a lot less hungry lately."

"Exactly! And it explains your arms!"

"My arms!?"

Destin's face went blank. "Oh, I'm sorry my love. I'd . . . I'd assumed you'd notice. They've gotten a little . . . longer."

She rolled her eyes, only to realise he could no longer tell when she did that, so she followed up by shrugging with all arms. "All of me is longer, in case you haven't noticed."

"But your arms have grown longer in proportion, dear."

She decided to hold off on telling him that while it was all good and wonderful that they had realised they were in love, that she hated being called 'dear.' Instead, she stretched out her arms. He was right, she hadn't noticed: they really were a little longer. Long and lithe. She groaned in annoyance and yet another change, but again this one made sense. The image from the obelisk had shown the same; longer, more flexible arms, almost partly octopus-like, in order to grasp her newly-born babies and bring them up to her breasts.

"Gods," she uttered. "No, I'm not even dealing with this right now, Destin."

"Fair enough."

"I need much more alcohol than I can currently have. Oh Gods, that's another thing; if I end up stuck as a broodmother I can say goodbye to a good mead for the rest of my life."

Destin laughed. "Well, for that reason alone, we must change you back. Shall we get onward?"

“Yes, I’ve had enough sun and water to, uh, ‘fill me’, I suppose. Let’s be getting out of here.”

She pulled herself up from the ground, but found resistance from the root.

“What in the Nine Hells?”

“Everything alright?”

She gritted her teeth, and her antennae spasmed a little, as if delivering a warning to her. She ignored them.

“Shut it!”

“Well, I’m sorry!”

“Not you, these damned antennae. They want me rooted to the ground. To stay here. They’re trying to tell me I’m ‘ready.’”

The notion chilled her to her rotund core. She grasped the ground with all four arms, and heaved herself upright. She strained, pushing with all her might and trying to lift her pelvis. Her tail dug in further, desiring to drink more, to settle her here. A brief numbness overcame her legs, as if they were ‘turned off’ in order to make her stay.

“Nggggn-not now!” she shouted, and heaved one last time.

Her tail sprung free, pulled right out of the ground, and she coiled it up over her shoulder, grabbing and stepping away from the source of water until it was out of range. Then she released it.

“Close call,” she said. She tapped the base of her large spine. “I won’t give you nearly so long in the future. There’s no way I’m getting stuck in the fucking Highlands as a broodmother, that’s for sure.”

They continued onward, re-approaching the border of the Outland Wastes, roughly fifty or so miles south of where she had exited them after meeting the Veddu and making her pact. She was becoming quietly confident; the Wastes were now visible on the horizon, and despite her increasing immobility, she was close. She frowned a little as she adjusted her furskin wrap; her breasts were leaking again. They did that more often as of late, and while Destin enjoyed drinking from her, and she from him, it was a continual nuisance.

“We’re close,” she said.

“And then the real struggle begins,” Destin mused, his face serious.

“We can do it. I refuse not to. Reach Origin. Find the Signal. Change me back.”

The mantra comforted her, and she stepped forward, shaking the earth and scattering the trees of wildlife. Destin followed. Sabel cradled her stomach, rubbing at it a little lovingly, and lifting it as much as she could to reduce its weight upon her back. It felt noticeably bigger than it had been mere days ago, and she’d only grown about two feet since; she suspected she was about twenty two feet or so now. But it was definitely heavier,

yes, certainly bigger. Ever since Destin had come inside her during that strange, wonderful sex they'd had.

Her antennae throbbed, sensing that trace of blue essence within her. Two babies. They had some of the same essence she noticed in Destin now.

“Oh,” she said, figuring it out. “Oh. Oh, shit.”

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The Outland Wastes stretched out once again before Sabel. From her twenty three feet of height, she viewed it a little differently, but a hundred feet of height would not have dramatically changed the orange, craggy landscape that reached endlessly beyond the horizon, as she well knew. It was morning, but already the heat of the sun was rising, as if recognising the scorched, inhospitable nature of this place. It had only been a little over a couple of months, perhaps, since she had first left this place. Back then she had growing in inches, her armour uncomfortable, her belly a tad bloated with what she had assumed was merely her monthly time. Tiny turquoise-blue splotches had only dotted her skin, in places that were easy to hide. Even her ears had yet to elongate. It had seemed a lifetime ago. A lifetime, two arms, two breasts, a set of antennae, a prodigious belly, and a root-like tail ago.

Among other changes.

She lowered herself to the ground, still clad in her furskin two-piece, courtesy of Destin. It had needed a little more extension around the bust ever since she'd started lactating, much to her embarrassment, but it held now, though it did jostle heavily from the motion of her breasts. She cradled the massive orb that was her belly. It was immense, the skin a little strained, taut from strain of containing so much life. She hadn't told Destin just yet, but her antennae could sense that he had indeed added young to her.

He had, impossibly, managed to make her further pregnant with his seed.

And more than once, too.

Whatever had happened that morning, the day of their confession of love to each other, had clearly made her new body recognise something in her lover. A potential. A mate. The thought made her body shudder each time she noticed the connection, and it wasn't always a shudder of discomfort. Her Veddu instincts were overjoyed, her antennae telling her that another step in her transformation had been completed.

She now had, at her best estimate, twelve young shifting around inside of her, her newest 'batch' smaller, at a much earlier stage of development. So small, in fact, that she could only detect them with her antennae. But they were there, and they were Destin's she was sure of it.



She didn't know how to tell him, and so she simply soaked in the rays of the hot sun, allowing her turquoise-blue skin to become a little greener as it took in the light and converted it into energy and mass. Her tail-like root, which was now long enough to reach the bottom of her ankles, dived down into the ground, burrowing in order to drink up what water was present before the journey became much, much more difficult. She allowed it, knowing she'd have to pull the damn thing out before it tried to stick her to the spot like a tree. She looked at the horizon, pensive, as Destin walked up beside her. He'd sold Dapper at a village a day ago, having left Sabel briefly to do so. It had made her instincts go wild with frustration, bothered by the notion that her 'mate' had left her side. It made her more romantic, human side worried too, and she held him for some time when he returned. He'd really liked that horse.

"Anything the matter, my love?" the man asked.

She reached out a long arm - they were indeed a bit longer lately - and gently nudged him closer, so that he leaned lovingly against her hip. She was silent a moment, and he took the opportunity to reach out and caress part of her belly, the part that he could reach. He smiled as a series of little kicks dented the skin there, a little uncomfortably for her. He had no idea that in the last week, he had become father to several of the lives growing within her.

"Nothing," she said. "Just thinking."

How could she even tell him? She felt like a freak enough already, and he had stuck by her. How would he react? It terrified her, and yet thanks to her pheromones or antennae or simply love for the man, she couldn't resist making love to him, even as their size disparity grew. After each act, she begged for his seed within her.

And now it had borne fruit.

She rubbed her stomach again, feeling its great heft and weight.

"We should get moving," she finally said.

"Agreed. This will be a long and hard journey, Sabel. Are you sure you want to do this?"

She looked at him, a little astonished. "What do you mean?" She gestured to herself. "What choice do I have?"

The bearded man, a little more shabby than the innkeeper he had been, but still ruggedly handsome, nodded in understanding. "I just - I just don't want to lose you," he said, his voice a little ragged. "The Wastes are cruel."

"I survived them once."

"I know, I know, and that in itself is astounding. But . . . you are a lot more overladen, now."

She flicked her tail so its pale length and series of tendrils at its tip were visible.

“Yes, but I also have this. If there’s water, then this will find it. And I can carry enough water for you.”

She indicated the series of water skins that were slung over her upper left arm, as well as the salted meats. Together, they were more than an overladen auroch could carry, not that such a creature was capable of travelling across the cracked landscape.

“Besides, though I need more rest lately, and I *definitely* can’t manage more than a slow walk with these ridiculous breasts and huge belly, my stride is big enough that we’ll make double-time anyway. Provide you let me carry you.”

Destin sighed, accepting what she had to say. “Very well, Sabel. Let’s be going. I’m with you all the way. I love you.”

“I love you too. Now get in my hands.”

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The Outland Wastes were as wild and difficult as she remembered, though difficult in new ways thanks to her bloated, giantess form. Sabel had been right; even with the heft of her belly bordering on the unmanageable, she still travelled overland much easier, much as she had around the mountain scapes. There was no need to struggle and scramble up over craggy cliff edges and rough cut landscape. She could simply . . . step over it. Similarly, the craggy surface of the wastes, with its many chasms and crisscrossing veins of cracks upon the ground - easy territory for snapping one’s ankle unexpectedly if one set a foot wrong - was far less of a challenge. With just a few exceptions, her large feet, which were now over four feet long and two feet wide, could simply stand straight upon them with little issue.

But the Outland Wastes’ dangers were never static, and often changing. She was far more vulnerable to the harsh winds and dust storms, and with her size, there was practically no true protection. When a particularly terrible dust storm came through, crackling lightning that shattered the ground, she simply had to brave through it. She clutched Destin in all four hands, covering him in a cocoon-like hold that protected her lover from all the elements, with only the occasional spare taken away to clutch her belly in that same protective hold, or to help right herself as she scrambled. Her size was against her in that scenario, and she had barely managed to avoid a lightning strike that shattered a boulder nearby, causing an explosion of debris against her side that left her hip and arm bleeding green. She had almost cried in fear that her babies were injured, and it was not entirely an instinctual reaction; she had spent enough time with them that she did truly care deeply for them. Thankfully, they were safe, and her body was able to heal afterwards, though her skin was scraped by the flying dust, reddened and sore for several days afterwards.

Attrition, of course, was the greatest danger. As much as they had taken to prepare themselves, the fact was the Wastes were called such for a reason. Only a few scant critters could survive here, eating upon the hard weeds and shrubbery that were inedible to humanoids. Not even orcs could survive in such inhospitable conditions for too long, and certainly not in significant numbers. The land simply did not provide enough. It made Sabel's travel difficult; she knew where she had to go, but frequently she needed to rest due to the sheer heft of her belly. Destin was patient - they had enough food and drink for him for a long time - but she was another matter. Her babies needed water and sun for development, and they were only getting the latter consistently. Frequently, the pair had to alter their path in response to her tail 'sniffing' the air and finding not nearly enough condensation to continue. It would writhe wildly, irritating her, desiring a new direction where some trace of liquidity could be found.

"Ugh, another new direction," she moaned, rubbing her belly. "I can't go much longer with all this godsdamned weight on my stomach. I feel like a kickball, I'm so round."

Destin patted her cheek affectionately as he rode upon her shoulder. "It'll be alright, love. We can do this. You can do this."

His words were enough to spur her on. Perhaps it was also the fact that, even if he didn't know it, she felt a large responsibility towards his babies that were growing larger each day in her belly.

Water was scarce in the Outlands. Very scarce. Her root-like tail had to drive deep into the ground, and even that action could exhaust her, due to the harshness of the craggy, dried ground. But the sustenance did exist, and in enough quantity to survive, though sometimes she became a little delirious with need, her antennae constantly blasting frustration at her for not feeding enough.

"N-not my f-fault," she winced, ignoring their instinctive warnings, and continuing onwards. "Maybe if this body didn't f-fucking leak m-milk."

She winced at her fullness. Destin had taken to drinking from her more often just to release the aching pressure. Some days it made her so overcome with a need to pump herself dry that she actually wished she could go into labor already, just so she could carry around four little feeders to keep her drained. As it was, it meant her body was using more energy just to expel milk uselessly.

Well, not entirely uselessly: Destin saved on water by drinking from her, and it gave them a wonderful connection in this vast, barren place. This was particularly since it was a place where sex was difficult, even though both bodies desired it. Her antennae could sense his need, but she managed to hold off despite her own arousal; she didn't want any more of his babies in her, or she really would have to tell him of what had changed between them.

More than once, her enormous tonnage of weight collapsed an area of ground into a series of underground caverns, or caused a rockslide that she barely managed to deflect from killing Destin using her armoured carapace. It had been by far their closest call, and put terror into the heart of the former warrior. She had endured much, risked much, but she could not lose Destin. He was her tether, and her antennae recognised that.

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It was in the aftermath of that particular episode that the truth finally came out. The rockslide had been up a dry hillside, craggy and mountainous even by the Outland Wastes' standards, and requiring a climb even for her enlarged form. Her belly nearly dragged against the ground at points, and she had to release Destin just to protect it.

"I'll pick you back up in just a m-moment," she said, containing the movement of the litter inside her. "J-just need to get over this rock here -"

And that was when it went wrong. She pulled at the rock, assuming it to be as hard set and secure as the others. Instead, it heaved easily from the ground, pulling a number of other rocks with it. They were small against her, but comparatively large and deadly to Destin, and they rolled in a great crashing storm straight toward him. Her heart froze, a chill running through her veins. Time seemed to slow down as she saw numerous boulders careen towards her lover, his body so small and fragile against them. Gods, he was going to be crushed!

Instantly her soldier's instincts kicked in. Sabel slammed to the side, rolling over the landscape and using her additional arms to prevent her belly from squishing against the ground. Even in the act of saving her lover, she worked protectively to save her children. She flung forth a long arm to stem the flow of boulders towards Destin, who was already shielding his face instinctively, having nowhere to go quick enough. With a practised swipe of her hand, she lifted him up, pulling him against her taut dome of a belly, nestling him there safely. The larger boulders came, plunging from miniature cliff sides above with enough force to damage her. She turned, using her tail to root herself to the spot. It dug deep, entrenching her, preventing her enormous body from sliding down the collapsing hillside. So it was useful for more than just drinking water.

"Destin, I've got you!" she called, though she could barely hear his response among the crashing of rocks, even with her enhanced hearing.

A number of boulders careened down, a great slide of rocks pelting dangerously against her skin. She turned, placing her carapace against the flood, and it expanded protectively over the back of her head. She huddled as best she could, grasping her belly and Destin both.

“YOU WON’T TAKE THEM!” she screamed to the sky, to the Wastes, and the gods above.

Rocks pelted, but simply dinged off her back, unable to put even a chink in her strange organic armour. After some time, the rockslide ended, and the ground that remained was far more secure. Wordlessly, she untethered her tail - easily, since it had no water to gain sustenance from - and marched her way up the mountainside, carrying Destin, her other hands rubbing her belly protectively, in a nurturing, motherly fashion. That had been too close, and in the moments where she thought the worst would come to pass, it shocked her to realise she was just as afraid for the lives of her children as she was for her lover.

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

But the mantra rang a little more hollow, now. She had to change back, of course, but at what cost? As she reached the summit of the great hillside, she couldn’t help but smile at the jostling in her womb, the competitive pushing of her babies as they struggled to find a more comfortable resting spot. Her antennae flickered, allowing her to sense the four babies that were steadily growing within, in addition to the eight or so others. The four that belonged to Destin, the ones that made him a father without knowing.

What would happen if she couldn’t turn back without losing those little lives? Losing all of them, the Veddu’s and Destin’s both? As they teemed within her, she sat down, releasing Destin and rubbing her stomach with all four hands.

“There, there,” she said, “there, there.”

After a time, they calmed.

“Mama’s here,” she said, and this time she did not shy away with it. She once had thought she could never be a mother, but having felt the danger to their little lives, she realised that it was entirely possible; her warrior instincts were not at odds with her pregnancy, but rather a core aspect of them. She was a mama bear protecting her cubs, and it felt right.

“Thanks,” Destin said, breaking her epiphany, “for saving my life.” His gaze fell to her belly, and he obviously noticed her calm smile. Her peace. “All our lives.”

“You’re welcome,” she said. “That was a close one.”

“You were like a mother dragon there.”

“I was thinking mother bear myself, but mother dragon I like even better.”

“Well, you *do* have a long tail.”

She chuckled, feeling the rush in her body begin to calm.

“I’m glad you’re safe, Destin. I - I was terrified, for a moment. I don’t know what I’d do without you, my love.”

He nestled against her leg, gazing at her lovingly. “Hey, we’re all here and safe. You, me, and the kids. Ha! Like a regular family, of sorts.”

She took a heavy breath. Her breasts ached a little, clearly desiring release. She could take him right then and there. Press him inside her, allow him to stimulate her most sensitive places. She wanted that, just as they had often enjoyed one another's presence in the aftermath of battle and near-death. Life celebrated, instead of danger remembered.

But she had a duty, and she could no longer ignore it.

"More family than you know, Destin," she said. She held her belly, gesturing to its immense gravidity, practically the size of a carriage itself. "Some of these babies are yours."

Destin's jaw fell. For the first time in a while he was genuinely flabbergasted, with not a word he could manage to say. He stepped back, clearly trying to figure out how he felt about this, and Sabel focused on her breathing, despite her nervousness.

"Wow," he said. "Me, a father. Ain't that a thing?"

"It is," she said, putting on a brave face.

"I just - woah, that is a *lot*. I thought it was all, you know, Veddu in there."

"I'm only *half*-Veddu, remember? And only since that stupid, ridiculous vague agreement I made for this 'blessing.' But it seems you, um, well you put more children in me, Destin."

"H-how?"

She smirked, lowered herself down to her side so she could see him face-to-face.

"The usual way, I suspect."

"I guess a little bit of my seed goes a long way," he joked, but it was clear he was not in a laughing mood, more a nervous one. "By the Gods, so one of them is mine?"

"Four of them."

Another gasp of breath. His skin looked a little pale.

"Four? Gods above and Black Mountain below. I thought about settling down and having a few little runners when I was a bit older, but four at once." A slight grin. "Still virile, then?"

"I suspect it's more a matter of me being so fertile, actually. When we . . . made love, I wanted you to finish in me, more than anything. I could feel it, despite you being so small-

"Small?"

"Comparatively speaking. But my body needed it. And since then, my antennae sensed a change in you. Like you had become my consort. My *mate*. I can't explain it, it's so godsdamned ridiculous Destin, but it's true. It's how my body sees you. I think - I know this is hard to hear, but I think it wants to keep making babies with you."

"Okay. Okay. I need a moment to process this."

She bit her lip. "Of course."

Her antennae bobbed up and down a little, their spherical ends throbbing. For the merest moment, that odd blue aura around his person flickered, and then it seemingly locked

in, becoming turquoise-blue and far more 'right' than before. Like the final step had been taken. Even before he spoke she knew things were going to be okay.

"Okay," he said, "I'm good."

"Are you sure?"

He gave that classic charismatic Destin grin. "I'm sure. It's just a lot to be sprung on a man. But - and please don't take offence, my love - I think it actually excites me. A lot, actually. Maybe it's the fact of nearly dying a few moments ago, or that for a while the inn was my only legacy, but I do love you Sabel, and when we manage to change you back, we'll have a crop of little kids together. Yours and mine. I - I can't imagine anyone else I'd want to do this with. It makes sense."

Tears brimmed in his eyes, and large droplets in her own. Very delicately, she brushed his cheek with her finger.

"Thank you."

"No, thank you for telling me. Can I feel them?"

"Of course."

She pressed him closer against her belly, and he marvelled at the rippling of young within her.

"That's one of yours, right there," she said with a girlish grin, as a flurry of kicks pressed against his hand and side.

"Amazing," he said. "And I suppose it explains a few other things I was worried about."

She looked at him. "Oh, yes?"

"Mhm, a little secret of my own I've been hiding from you. One that I should come clean on as well, given the moment. Sabel, my skin has been turning blue as well."

And with that, he lifted the back of his shirt, where a series of turquoise-coloured spots had begun to bloom.

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The following days of hard travel confirmed it: Destin was indeed turning blue. The splotches of turquoise on his lower back expanded slowly but surely, joining together to form a single blob, and other splotches grew as well; on his buttocks, his elbows, and his inner thighs. It was a similar set of changes to her own. Destin took it in stride, laughing and joking about being a 'matching pair' now, but it was clear that he was internally worried; she knew him too well, and her antennae could sense his moods somewhat.

"Are you sure you're okay?" she asked.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

“Because you’re acting like a drunk orc at an elvish coming of age ceremony! At least when I was changing, I was practically trying to leap out of my skin and all kinds of awkward.”

“But you put on a tough, obstinate front as ever, Sabel.”

“I did. And you put up a joking, irreverent one.”

“Guilty by the magistrate’s charge,” he responded, before becoming more serious. “What am I supposed to do, Sabel? Not joke? Not laugh? I might be turning into a godsdamned blue giant, and yes, that does scare me. But the truth of the matter is at least I’m not the first; you’ve gone through this before me, and so I know sort of what to expect, and at least you won’t be alone anymore. You’ll have your consort. Your mate. Your . . . whatever you want to call me.”

“My love,” she responded easily, picking up and holding him before her face like he was a small child. “That is what I want to call you.”

“And besides,” he continued, sitting in her hand, “at least I can’t get pregnant!”

She rolled her eyes, before remembering once more that he still couldn’t tell. “Oh Gods, lucky you. I feel practically bursting with babies right now. Me! The Crimson Tide! You can’t tell, but I’m rolling my eyes right now.”

“I had suspected you were trying to do that.”

“You know me too well. Just - just tell me if there are any more changes, okay? I don’t want you being all stubborn like I was on the Fields of Harteides.”

“That was the *most* stubborn you’ve ever been. Except, perhaps, for this relentless quest to become human again.”

“Can you blame me? I’d like my figure back. Besides, while I’m getting attached to these little ones, I can’t say the idea of birthing them for several hundred years is the most appealing thing. Labour is not especially nice, you know.”

Destin nodded. “A good point.”

They continued to travel, and the harsh landscape extended endlessly ahead of them. Wells of water and soil for the weedgrass could be found, but increasingly became sparse as the land levelled out, its dangers now becoming that of attrition. Sabel’s size finally worked for them across those great plains, as she was able to stride across them with ease, whereas walking at a regular size would be insufferable. Her large bare feet managed the high heat of the sands well, much more insulated against it than even if she’d worn protective boots as a human. Destin rode on her shoulder, laughing and chatting in her ear, sometimes even feeding her meat rations like a lover on a close date. At other times she carries him, letting him view the sights in all their desolate beauty. And at other, more exploratory times, he was happy to sit in her cleavage, comfortably nestled among the bobbing and jostling of her breasts, as if in the world’s most elaborate and erotic waterbed.



He even managed to fall asleep sometimes, though when she had a surprise leak he was woken quickly.

His skin continued to change, and as the days passed, he was practically all-blue, much like her. His ears had extended, just a little, looking almost elven, but nothing else. There were no other changes; no growth, no bulging of muscle or belly, no increase in height or formation of extra nipples. He had simply become a mere shade of Veddu, rather than her full bloom. It allayed their fears somewhat, and she could tell his own anxiety had lessened, but there was also a slight malaise to the air as well. While Destin hadn't truly wanted to become a blue giant as she was, he was clearly a little sorry at now sharing her fate. It would've made sex easier, despite their current enjoyment of the act, and it felt like he had 'cheated' the system, while she had fallen prey to it. She offered her best assurance that it was okay.

That assurance took many forms, and did lead to some fun times. Sex was far more rare now that her body needed every bit of sustenance it could to survive; the expenditure of energy from coming together was a risk. But still, when the shade of night came on, and there were no violent dust storms, they found time to express their love for each other with their asymmetric bodies. Sabel continued to moan and groan in agonising bliss as he played with the lips of her vagina, and she even took to using a carved tree trunk as a 'toy' to fill herself with while he coaxed pleasure from her four breasts. She felt the need to grow even further, despite her quest, in those moments, to expand her womanhood so that it was even larger, and capable of bearing bigger and bigger young. Those were thoughts born of instinct, but they pleased her mind anyway, and after each literal earth-quaking orgasm, she begged and pleaded for her mate to cum inside her.

After some internal debate, and some reassurance from her that it was alright to do so, he did exactly that. As a result, by the time another couple of weeks of hard, increasingly rugged travel had passed, her belly had rendered her almost immobile, leading to shorter and shorter journeys. She now had nine additional babies courtesy of her mate, and each one felt tender and special.

A blessing.

They were also incredibly heavy.

"Ooohhhh, s-so damn h-heavy," she grunted, lumbering with short, hastened breaths.

"I told you I didn't have to spend my seed in you!" Destin protested.

She flashed him a glare. Even her breasts had grown, full of ever more milk to feed her prodigious amount of young. Gods, it felt like she could go into labour at any second.

"You wanted to, you cad!" she spat back. "This is your fault!"

"I'm not the one who made a mysterious bargain with an ancient, long-dead race!"

“But you still knocked me up further!”

“Well, you liked it!”

“I did!”

She settled, realising the argument made no sense. Destin scratched his head awkwardly.

“We both did. It was the strangest thing, Sabel, but I too felt a draw to you. An instinct, as you describe it, to spend my seed inside you. I think some of the changes I have experienced have been in the mind, like yours. I could have disobeyed it, but at the time, I didn't want to.”

Sabel grunted understanding. “It seems our changes *want* us to keep reproducing. Too bad - eurgh! - I have to be the sole bearer of it all!”

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They had crossed further than any other. Past shattered pillars of ancient Veddu starfaring vessels half-encased in rock and vine and mud, past whirlpools of quicksand, past the scorching deserts. The ruin lands of the Wastes were intractable to all, it was known, but not to the unknown quantity of a blue giantess able to sense and suck up life-giving water hidden beneath the earth.

Still, supplies began running low, and sources of water lower still. Sabel was continually getting more and more pregnant with Destin's young, and ever further along in her current pregnancies. Her bloated belly was huge, sagging down over her thighs. It would be too large for her to place her arms around, were it not for her elongated limbs that stretched further like an ape's arms, able to encompass her enormous dome. But the journey was ever harder, and while neither of them voiced it, the fear remained that Origin was buried, or gone, and that they were on a fool's errand, destined to die.

That was, until Destin spotted it.

Sabel was too preoccupied with the contents of her belly, rubbing and soothing her children, of which she suspected there was close to two dozen now. But something gleamed on the horizon, and her lover was the first to notice it.

“There! Do you see that!”

She looked up, and it took her a moment. Something gleaming. Something that stuck out from the desert lands. Something that was surrounded by a strip of *green*. She stepped closer, uncaring of what she looked like, or even the burden on her shoulders and carapaced back. She thundered forward, and with each step, the sight was clearer; a city. Not a huge one, but with mighty walls, strips of arable land for agriculture, and teeming gardens within. And movement. Life! Already she could see people moving on the ramparts, scattering and

grouping and staring at the terrifying blue giantess that approached them with her enormously distended stomach.

“We’ve made it,” she said, gazing at the stone towers and evidence of verdant gardens within. “We’ve reached Origin.”

Her antennae sensed something powerful, and her gaze fell down to the foundations of the distant city, where something seemed to reach out to her. A connection. Something Veddu.

“And I’ve found the Signal,” she said. “Beneath the city.”

**To be Concluded . . .**