

HUNT....

In Fjord's dreams, he swam...

The water was dark around him, with only his blade casting off a small amount of light that warded off the abyss surrounding him.

He saw a great and terrible leviathan. The creature roared and with a burst of speed, Fjord drove forward, blade at the ready.

The avatar met the monster. Blade cut flesh, but the creature's teeth and tendrils caught Fjord five times for each blow he managed to land.

One of the creature's tendrils grabbed at him, stopping him from launching another attack. Fjord screamed and suddenly found himself starting to drown. The tendril crushed bone as it positioned the Half-Orc in front of the beast's mouth.

But Fjord's golden eyes betrayed no fear.

UNLEASH...

His slitted eyes glowed like two golden lighthouse fires in the darkness. The creature screeched in the dark depths and opened its tooth-filled maw. But the mouth stopped from chomping down on the Half-Orc. The avatar of Uk'otoa's face changed from grimacing to grinning. Four powerful tentacles flexed as they extended out from his back and continued pushing hard against the terrifying creature's hungry mouth. It was finally Fjord's turn to speak.

"You will bend... You will break!" He told the creature. A great surge of power pooled through him. The creature's mouth closed a fraction more, but its strength had been exceeded by the small figure it was about to turn into a snack-sized meal. It continued struggling, unaware of the doomed destiny it had been given.

The sounds of the beast's mouth started to crack reminded Fjord of a thunderstorm. It tried to fish him out with its tendrils, but it was too late. Far too late. With one more push, the Half-Orc's power radiated through his tentacles and the giant maw was pushed beyond its limits and broke violently. The dark ichor of the creature's blood infected the water like some great corruption, and not even Fjord's blade could cast the darkness back this time. But as the inky stain floated closer, his eyes continued burning intensely. He opened his mouth, welcoming the essence of his kill into his body. His patron's voice spoke out once again.

FEED...

He did as he was bid. But it was more than that. Fjord wanted the power, the power to reshape the world, to ensure that whenever someone looked upon him, they would see no trace of the child who had been too small. They would only see the man who fed on gods...

GROW...

-xxx-

The next evening Fjord got the chance to do just that when the door to this cabin swung open.

“Hey Fjord,” Beau made sure not to bark at the tall green figure as she closed the door behind her. Her restraint came from months now of traveling with the handsome Half-Orc and she wanted to start things off on the right foot. The monk believed that this would be one of those... tough conversations.

“You’ve always been straight with me. I don’t care if you want to dip your harpoon in crazy red’s lagoon. But now you’ve got Jester acting really strange. I mean, stranger than usual.”

“Oh, come now, Beau. What in the world makes you think that I can make Jester do anything she doesn’t want to do?”

Beau’s eyes narrowed and she folded her arms across her small chest. His companion looked thoroughly unimpressed by his words.

“I’m not wise like Caleb, but I’m not stupid, Fjord,” Beau’s temper flared. Patience had never been the woman’s strong suit, and part of her was counting down the breathes that she felt she should give her long-time friend before she gave his nose an adjustment. If that didn’t loosen his lips, well she’d just have to get creative.

“Never said you were, partner...” The calm and resolute way that Fjord responded did little to ebb her mounting frustration.

“Jester adores you, Fjord. It wouldn’t take much talk at all to get her wrapped around your finger. We both know that! Enough games. You’re going to tell me what’s going on,”

“I reckon it might be easier to show you,”

The monk felt the danger a moment before it appeared. The only warning was a slight change in Fjord’s yellow, slitted eyes. Powerful tentacles raced forward. Beau managed to smash one aside with a simple sweep of her hand, but before she could unlimber her bo-staff, the other three limbs wrapped around her legs and arms. With a thud, she found her body pinned against the wall of the captain’s cabin. Fjord looked at her, letting out a little chuckle.

Naturally, it was always the plan to get Beau and Yasha on his team, but Fjord counted on having to work harder since most of the time, the golden-skinned brunette was busy hanging around Yasha while they were on the small space of the vessel. Instead, Beau walked right into his grasp, on her own, proving once again that without someone to watch her back (which was mostly Fjord’s purview), her arrogance would lead to her undoing.

“Fuck... I’m... going to kick.... Your... ass!”

Fjord frowned and used one of the tentacles to give her a hard slap on the face to help her come to terms with her new... position in his world. Beau’s cheek turned back slowly, her flesh flush and red. She’s just been slapped by the same feeler that she’d slapped away.

Fjord moved forward and ripped away Beau’s clothes and stroked his thick fingers all over her collarbone and her breasts. They weren’t quite as large as Jester’s or Avantika’s, but he had no problem feeling a rush of arousal as he cupped the buds in his hand and teased his finger across her nipple.

“Hrrah... so this is what you wanted all this time. All the talks, and you just wanted a fuck?” Beau growled out, hoping she might be able to distract him enough to break the tight hold of his tendrils. It

was proving to be quite the feat. She'd never seen him use such powers before, but she wouldn't give up. Ever.

Fjord didn't say anything. He simply let his lust and his power guide his actions. The increased perception was one of many gifts Uk'otoa had strengthened in the hexblade. He could almost hear Beau's heart racing, and his nose sniffed the growing wetness coming from her pussy as he teased her dark-brown nubs. She'd never admit it, but she was already getting turned on by the simple... intimate touch.

Suddenly, Beau found the powerful Half-Orc kissing her, but it turned into so much more than that. His cock stiffened as they made out, and while his big length sent panicked thoughts rattling through her brain, a storm of new, confusing thoughts erupted when his tongue reached far deeper in her mouth than it should have been able to. The thick wetness tickled the back of her throat as Fjord's erection nudged against the front of her body. Combined with the way his tusks tickled her lips and nose, Beau found moisture pooling at her cleft, a clear signal of her body's betrayal in the wake of Fjord's touch.

Her fingers went limp, no longer trying to scratch and pull at the feelers holding her limbs forcefully against the wall. While they slept, the rest of her body started to ignite, and she felt a hunger not dissimilar to the storm raging in Fjord's body. The two stopped kissing and Fjord cupped her cheek gently before he turned away. His tentacles pulled Beau along and lowered her onto his newly claimed captain's bed.

When Fjord removed his clothes, Beau looked away, but not of course without taking a peek. The woman who vehemently believed herself to only indulge in the charms of her sex suddenly felt her lips dropping, tempting a trickle of drool to stream free from her mouth.

'This isn't me. I'm totally not drooling because of... that. Not a fucking chance...' Still, Beau couldn't look away. Then the tendrils moved her body again, pushing her legs back and pinning them in place so they rested above her head. Beau took a deep breath when she found herself with her bare pussy completely exposed to Fjord's hungry gaze. She thanked her training for the flexibility to make the position easier on her, but she knew she wasn't out of the woods yet.

"If only Yasha could see you like this,"

The playful taunt tickled something in her mind. The domination by her friend might have been more enjoyable if at least she wasn't on her own. 'Then again, Yasha could put him on his ass, and we'd stop this nonsense before it got any more ridiculous,'

Fjord took one more moment to simply enjoy the sight of the naked and now blushing woman locked in place before him. Before accepting his new powers, Part of Fjord had always suspected that Beau just needed a good fucking to reveal her inner feminine side. Seeing the usually chaotic bitch drool just as the sight of his cock had his tip already leaking precum. He didn't know what kind of mother Beau might turn out to be, but he knew once he'd conquered her, made her into a good and loyal slut, well then, she'd be quite the valiant tool in his arsenal for his future with the Great Serpent.

When Fjord got on top of her and pushed his thick, verdant spear inside of her cunny, Beau's mind exploded. She saw stars and rivers of light. It was like her body hadn't been probably attuned for so long, and this was just the beginning. His massive cock continued thrusting, pushing deeper and deeper

into her wetness. The petals lining her core tensed and relaxed as inch after inch of hard cock hammered its way inside her orifice.

“Fuhuuuak! Hahrah... Oh.... Mrrraah... You’re... so... Fuhuuuak... fucking dead!” Pleasure twisted in her belly. She tried to reach at the energy, to stamp it down, to stop it from turning her sex into a blubbing mess. But it was all fruitless, and when Fjord leaned forward and captured her lips once more, Beau came, her toes curling while her tantric moans were stifled by Fjord’s lips crashing upon hers.

In the afterglow of her passions, something changed within the woman. She felt her hardened muscles being no more than heavy objects weighing her down. The only things she wanted to feel... were good... soft... and wet things.

‘Scratch that. Fjord’s hard thing can stay. Oh fuck, please let it stay!’ With her mind still swimming through splashing waves of pleasure, the monk found herself unable to keep fuming at the man who had fallen under the sway of a powerful god. She couldn’t be mad at him. She knew she should have been, and part of her still planned to seize the moment when his guard was down, but right now, right here, it was just the two of them. Fjord was once again showing her something she wanted to see, even if she’d been too stubborn to accept it. He’d always cared for, the father she’d never had.

“Oh fuck... it’s so deep... keep going... Please... oh your cock feels so good, Daddy! Keep going!” The kinky name play caught Fjord off-guard, but only for a moment. If Beau wanted to add some spice to the dish, he wasn’t going to stop her.

“You going to behave like a good girl? No more trouble?” Beau rapidly nodded to him, her cheeks and face marred by the occasional tear of joy as Fjord continued drilling her with every thick inch of his jolly green giant. As she got close to cumming again, two of Fjord’s tendrils pulled off from holding her down and started squeezing and playing with both of the woman’s bouncing tits. Small feelers emerged from the ends of both lengths, teasing the helpless woman without any restraint. Each time the wet, almost-fluffy fingers teased her stiff nub, Beau’s juicy pussy clamped down even harder on her lover’s massive, throbbing cock.

“Ohuaah! Fuck! Haaah... Mrrrrraahh... oh yes... fuck... FUCK! Yessusaah... fill me up!” The last words surprised Fjord. He imagined they would have surprised Beau even more if she’d be able to think of anything else beyond receiving his piping hot load into her pussy. While she came, the Human woman’s pussy clamped down hard on Fjord’s swollen member, milking him hard for his load. In her strained mind, it would be the perfect treat after what had turned into the greatest sensual meal Beau’s known in some time.

“You really want Daddy to cum inside you?”

“Mrrmmhmmm! More than anything... Please... keep going... let it out... nice... Uhuaah... uhuaah... Oooo... Yessuahh... Muuaah!” Beau’s mind melted once again when the first searing shot of Fjord’s cum flew out from his throbbing glans and spilled out into her body. She relished every moment of it and would have locked her legs around his back if they weren’t still locked above her head. She moaned, practically struggling to breathe as more and more waves of heat flowed out into her trembling, tight hole.

The two collapsed together for a long while after that. Fjord got them some water, but quickly enough, Beau's primal nature stirred. This time, however, her urge wasn't to fight but to enjoy something else. Her body stood up straighter as she smiled and nodded to Fjord.

"Can I... can I taste it?"

Fjord nodded and soon found the feisty monk sucking and licking all over his cock, still stained with his juices, and Beau's as well. Each time her tongue scooped up more of their combined essences and disappeared into her mouth, the woman felt her pussy throbbing.

'Have I really been ignoring that feels this fucking good for years now? Fuck my life...'

-xxx-

Having Beau on his team made claiming Yasha easier, but it was definitely no turkey-shoot. This time, Fjord went out and asked Yasha to join him and Beau in his cabin. Fearlessly as ever, the fallen Aasimar followed him into the room and the trap was sprung.

Beau took the woman by the hand and gently played with Yasha's large breasts while her other hand tickled up Yasha's neck before the saucy monk pressed her lips against Yasha's ashen mouth.

SMOOCH!

Even though both of Yasha's eyes were different colors, they both widened equally. Then she let them go half-lidded as she leaned her face as far as it could and connected her lips to Beau's once more. Both the monk and barbarian were overjoyed by each other's reactions, despite the strange nature of the situation the Aasimar found herself in.

Fjord made sure the door was closed and then started to enjoy watching his newest disciple at work. Beau further distracted Yasha by doing all of the things that she had dreamed of. The moment Yasha started kissing back, Beau's hands explored beneath Yasha's tattered clothes.

The barbarian wasn't used to such a soft touch, but that didn't mean she didn't immediately feel bubbles of anticipation and lust when Beau showed off her finesse. The monk's exploration didn't end with her breasts and as the two continued making out, Yasha let out her first moan when the cute monk deftly sank her fingers beneath more of the barbarian's clothing to tease her pussy.

Yasha was too enamored with Beau's affections to put up much of a fight when the powerful tentacles entered the scene. They moved deftly, locking up her hands and legs, but Fjord didn't take any chances this time and added extra tentacles to wrap around her waist and shoulders.

"What is this?" Yasha called out, but Beau remained by her side, and simply put a finger to her lips.

"It's alright..." Beau said with the most calming tone the Aasimar had ever heard her use. Then the Human girl watched and continued getting turned on as Fjord's tendrils stripped off the rest of Yasha's clothes, exposing her pale, almost bone-white body. At that moment, Beau felt a little ashamed it was not just the two of them, but she knew that Fjord would be more than happy to let them have fun after he'd brought Yasha over to his way of thinking.

Fjord cleared his throat and moved closer, revealing that he was just as naked as the captured barbarian. Yasha fought against his tendrils but could not break the avatar's hold. More than that, each

time she pushed back, more ooze and slime leaked free from the tentacles, coating her hard, muscular body. At first, the liquid just felt gross and cold, but very soon, Yasha began enjoying the sensation, the warm buzzing it stirred within her heart and pussy. Her blue and lavender eyes had never seen Fjord as stronger than her, but now... her barbarian heritage emerged, seeing him as the strongest, and therefore, the one she had to submit to, or welcome death. With the taste of Beau's lips still lingering on her mind, Yasha found that she wasn't ready to embrace the darkness that quickly.

"Do what you will. But I doubt you truly have the strength to survive..." The enchanted barbarian warned Fjord. Beau was about to say that Fjord had definitely grown more powerful, but her leader signaled her to be quiet with a simple look.

With a simple mental command, the powerful tendrils holding Yasha's body in place began moving her into a new position. She was now suspended in the air with her legs spread out to the side. She looked like a hulking ballerina mid-flight, and both Beau and Fjord couldn't help but chuckle at one another. Then, Fjord lined up his cock and drove his green member forward into Yasha's wet, pale folds, working to claim yet another follower to his new cause.

"Hot damn..."

If Beau's pussy had been tight, Yasha's pussy felt like a closed storefront. The Half-Orc ended up having to sprout extra tentacles to loosen her up, one to tease her clit with dozens of small feelers, and two others to spread out a nice thick lube-like liquid across her labia so that Fjord didn't have to worry about the Aasimar's cunt breaking his wagon. As Fjord threw himself into sexually dominating the barbarian, he found himself very glad to have his new gifts. He was in full control, bouncing Yasha up and down to his pace as her pussy swallowed up more and more of his cock as they went. With each pump, she got just a little bit looser, and he was able to plant his tip deeper and deeper into her swirling heat.

'She's tight as a stirrup. I'm going to cum in no time!'

While Yasha's legs bounced to the side, Beau remained on hand, kissing, and playing with Yasha's big breasts. Their kisses and the way Beau rubbed her nipples continued making Yasha into little more than a big hot mess, but even she found herself thankful for how wet the Disaster Lesbian was making her. 'If it weren't for Beau, I might have already fainted. Fjord's cock is too damn much, even for me!'

Suddenly, she couldn't bite her lip any longer and the powerful woman let out a roaring moan filled with heat and lust. "That spot! Mhuaah... it's too much... My mind... it's... Ohuaah... Nura! Gods! Fuhuaakakaah!"

Inspired by her words, Fjord went full-bucking bronco and started stuffing Yasha's womanhood with every ounce of strength he could muster. Beau watched with frenzied excitement and rubbed her pussy wildly each time she saw Yasha's folds hugging Fjord's great spear as he pulled back. When he hammered forward again and made the barbarian's pussy cry out more of her essence, Beau found herself feeling wistful and lamenting the time until she'd be able to enjoy her 'Daddy's big cock railing her own sweet pussy once more.

With a few more thrusts, Fjord's pistoning started losing its consistent motion. His chest flexed and his hips barreled forth one more time, churning up Yasha's tenderized cunny before the two companions

begin to cum. Blazing fires burned through both of their minds, but another heat quickly entered the fray shortly after when the first spurt of Fjord's seed began splashing out against the Aasimar's cervix.

It was the first time a man had cum inside of her, and Yasha's tongue lolled out as the thick, wet heat pouring out into her body took away the last of her wits. When her thoughts slowly returned to her, all she could hold onto were the fleeting notes of pleasure when she found Beau's lips upon her once again.

Fjord didn't stop at just one creampie and he spent the rest of the evening with his two new converts. By the time that moon was out, and Jester and Avantika returned, they found the room positively rank with the scent of sex and sweat. The Elf and Tiefling found Fjord studying maps, while Yasha and Beau lay sprawled out on the bed, their arms wrapped around one another while pools of thick cum spilled free from their well-fucked slits.