

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

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Jorgamund

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

## Part 1: The Blessing

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

The figure who walked alone was one of them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was the spear talking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What the-"

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

"~~W\*W\*W~~"

The alien voice flooded her mind, garbled and incomprehensible.

"~~W\*W\*W~~"

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

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

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

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

"The device, it was fixing me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Open . . . damn you!"

~~"AAAAA"~~

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

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

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

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

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

Close and closer.

And then the thing opened its eyes.

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

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

The thing spoke, its language alien and strange.

“You - can you hear me?” she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She pulled back.

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

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

"You - you can understand me?"

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

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

"My name is Sabel.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't understand."

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

"You - you found a solution?"



The creature gave that affirming shoulder gesture again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What would it entail? This blessing?"

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

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

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

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

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

*'Then place your hands on my forehead.'*

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

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

"That was - that was incredible."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you an elf?"

"What?"

"An elf, is that what you are?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ah, I guess that would explain it."

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

"Well, how far along are you?"

"Not sure exactly. Three months?"

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

She looked at him blankly.

"Twins, girl!"

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



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

She practically ran from his abode.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We must cut it out!"

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

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

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

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

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

"NNNHhhnggnnn . . . t-too much."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh ffff - fuck!”

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

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

“Oh Gods, that feels - Oooohhhh Gods!”

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

And finally, she was there.

“Oh - Oh - AAAAAGGHHHHH!!!”

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

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

And then she collapsed, panting heavily.

“Fuck,” she said. “That was intense.”

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

“What are you doing to me?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sabel?" he stuttered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But you look like an ogre, woman!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

And, of course, two other swollen things.

“Men,” she said, rolling her eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“So you *are* pregnant? With what?”

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You believe me, then?"

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

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

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

"Oh, I bet you would love that."

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

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

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

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

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

"I actually can."

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

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

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

She gave a great yawn.

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

“*Our* next move?”

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

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

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

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

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

“Watch it.”

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

“You really are a pain, Destin.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Time to inspect the damage,” she said.

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

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

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

“Oof, that sounded like it hurt!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Destin spluttered. “And that happens every time?”

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

“You practically are already,” he quipped.

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

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

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

“We could always see a wizard.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Another early night?” she said.

“It is.”

“People are beginning to talk.”

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

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

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

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

“We do. I’ll come with you.”



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

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

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

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

“Sabel, about us, I -”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“OOohhhhhh AAAAHAHHHHH!!!”

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

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

“I liked it.”

“Mmhm, you seemed to come most quickly.”

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

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

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

“NNGGHHH!! AGGGHHH!!”

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

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

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

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

She took another heaving breath.

"Gods, when will this end?"

**To Be Continued . . .**