

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

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Commissioned by Jorgamund

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

### Part 4: The Broodmother

The two of them looked over the great expanse of the Wastes. The city on the horizon was immense, glorious. Even from a distance, it was easy to tell its Veddu influence: it was as if a city had naturally sprung up around the remains of one of their starfaring ships. At twenty five feet tall, Sabel was able to see the movement of citizens and life within the city, as well as the fertile gardens that stood as a stark contrast against the Outland Wastes.

"I can't believe," Dastin said, lifted upon her shoulder to see better. "We've actually made it. We've found Origin."

"And the Signal beneath it," she added.

As if they could sense their mother's excitement, her numerous children shifted and squirmed within her frighteningly large belly. Her dome of a stomach trembled as a flurry of kicks began all over.

"Ohh, c-calm down little ones," she managed, trying to rub as much of her expansive belly as she could reach. Even with her elongated arms, she couldn't get to it all.

"They're just excited," Destin said, grinning. "Besides, some of them may have my eager personality, right?"

Another series of kicks. "Ngggh, at least - ahhh - nine of them, my antennae tell me. And they're leading the charge."

"I know it must be a little uncomfortable, but can a father be a tiny bit proud?"

She gave him a smirk, allowing him to brush her large cheek.

"Okay, they're settling. Whatever this place is, it's where we need to go. Let's get going, before I give birth right here in the desert."

"That would be quite a sight!" Destin chuckled in her ear.

She rolled her eyes, uncaring that he couldn't see now that they were a single purple colour.

“I wouldn’t be too ecstatic to see me start giving birth, you know.”

“And why is that, my love?”

She began to waddle forwards, clutching her belly and adjusting her four large breasts in her top as she did so.

“Because, my love, *you* would have to be the one playing midwife for me.”

There was a moment of humorous silence.

“Oh.”

“Oh indeed.”

They were both clearly imagining the sheer effort and length of time it would take to expel what could well be over two dozen children from her womb. Gods, she hoped if it came to that before changing back that she would not be in too much agony. Motherhood had never held a great appeal to her, and one of the reasons was being as beset with a heavy womb as she currently was. The other, naturally, was the pain of ruining a perfectly good vagina as an entire human being was pushed out of it.

“Yeah, let’s get you moving then.”

“A good idea,” she replied with a smile.

“Still, if I do have to play midwife, maybe I only deliver the ones I’m responsible for?”

“That’s still nine, my love. And if I know you, which I do, you’ll probably be responsible for more unless I change back too.”

“Hmmm, nine is a lot. Yes, let’s get moving. Big steps, Sabel!”

She grunted as she made her way over a small hillside, her tail whipping about behind her in search of water.

“I’m t-trying, love. But in case you haven’t noticed, I’m devastatingly pregnant r-right now.”

He rubbed the nape of her neck soothingly as she stepped forward.

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Something was wrong as they drew closer to the city. Sabel knew she’d attract a lot of attention; she was a twenty-five foot tall blue giant with four milk-filled boobs, four long arms, a set of shifting antennae, and a long root-like tail. And, of course, she was perhaps the most pregnant person in the entire world, with a belly that hung so low and wide that it disguised her previous figure entirely, and even covered over much of her own makeshift skirt. So obviously people were going to pay attention to her.

What she didn’t expect was cries of worship.

“What are they saying that’s got you so shocked?” Destin asked. He’d been lowered to the ground; the notion was that the city would be less afraid of an ordinary human than a

strange creature like her, and he could parley an agreement to let her into the city and down to the Signal. But he'd stopped when he clearly so her go rigid.

"Sabel? What is it?"

She placed a hand on her belly, feeling the kicking inside.

"They're - they're *worshipping me*, Destin."

"What?"

It was true. With her enhanced hearing courtesy of her elongated, elf-like ears, she could hear the organised prayer of a crowd gathering among the crenellations and ramparts of the city.

*"The great ones have returned! The mother comes to us! We give thanks for the prophecy! Mother, hear our prayers, bring back the starfarers and save us from the barbarians. Let your light guide us forward and grant us peace. May your turquoise skin shine brilliantly with fertile lustre. May your fertile belly be fruitful for a thousand years, so that you may birth legions of your kind back upon the word. This we pray, Mother! This we pray!"*

She relayed this to Destin in a monotone voice, utterly confused. The gates were opening to receive them already, but now she was not sure she wanted to go in at all.

"By the Black Mountain, this is bizarre," her lover said, brushing his hand through his handsome beard. It hadn't changed colour, despite the rest of him turning that turquoise blue as well. She was thankful he hadn't changed more. Her antennae seemed to indicate his changes were 'done', whatever that meant.

"It's because of the Signal," Sabel said, figuring it out. "Their civilisation must be built around it. Look at the statues."

Now that they were closer, the Veddu construction increasingly looked like Veddu *veneration*. Numerous carved obelisks, towers, bas reliefs, even painted murals depicted the ancient species, but in far more detail than Sabel had seen them in any other civilisation.

"Astounding," Destin said. "We could use this."

"What are you talking about? This is a disaster. Oh Gods, they're sending out a procession and everything. Is that their king? Wait, is that a woman?"

It was indeed. A woman in a resplendent purple robe was being escorted out of the city, riding upon a white horse. A royal guard escorted her, along with numerous merchants. A large crowd gathered on the ramparts to bear witness.

"I think it is," Destin said. "But look, this *isn't* a disaster if we take advantage of it. They think you're a god-

"Goddess."

"Whatever. My point is we can use this to get access to the Signal and change you back!"

Sabel looked down at the warrior-turned-inkeep-turned-half alien. “By the Gods, you are endlessly crafty. But it doesn’t feel right.”

“We’ve used guile before to win battles.”

“I know, it’s just . . . let’s meet them first, at least.”

He nodded, and they proceeded forward. She had to take small, mincing steps just to allow him to keep up with her, but still each one thundered. Her babies continued to shift, and Sabel was increasingly getting the vibe that if she remained in this form and was unable to change back, the constant movement of her litter within her would become a never-ceasing reality. After all, she now was pregnant with enough babies that it was practically impossible for them to be all sleeping at the same time; some would remain awake. Just the realisation that she was now thinking of them as a ‘litter’ was worrying.

She pulled her thoughts from that diversion, trying to lift her belly a little to ease her shoulders, and tried to look vaguely dignified as she approached the delegation. They were gazing at her in awe, clearly trying to project the same dignity, but their lines occasionally fell apart as knights and guards broke ranks to fall to their knees and give shouted words of admiration, each of which only served to make her blush purple across her cheeks, neck and shoulders, in her new Veddu way.

“You are a most glorious sight, Mother!”

“Will you save us from the barbarians?”

“Your fertility knows no boundaries! You are even more full with child than the prophecies could have imagined!”

“I am more blessed than my entire lineage put together to know I shall live to see the first birthing!”

“Will you bless my wife, Mother! We wish to conceive a child together, and legend has it you very touch can-”

“My daughters are fruitful, they are devotees of your faith, and send their-

“We have fine vestments for you, Mother, and can provide much more as you ascend to your throne!”

She looked in shock at Destin, who was able to hear some of it.

“Throne? Throne? What do they take me for?”

“Perhaps they take you for exactly how *I* see you: a goddess.”

She gave the most nervous of smirks. “Cute, you hopeless and hapless romantic. But I’m not Goddess.”

“You do look a bit like one. An Outland goddess, certainly, but one all the same. I mean, the four arms, the blue skin, the tail, the full belly. There’d be a fertility goddess somewhere to match your description.”

She sighed heavily, her four great breasts heaving in her tight shift. Her nipples tensed, aching to release some milk.

“Great, a fertility goddess, just like I always wanted. After all, who wants to be Frejana, the Goddess of Wind and Speed and Sword?”

“Who indeed?”

They hushed up as the delegation came into hearing range. Sabel did her best to look imperious and dignified, but in truth she had no real experience in that realm; she was a taker of orders, not a giver of them. Besides, she had a womb full of children who were squirming, occasionally causing her to gasp. She grit her teeth a little when she realised her four ‘udders’ were leaking again; a small set of trails of milk were gliding over her belly. To her frustration, that only seemed to rile them up even more.

Thankfully, they were silenced by the raising of their queen’s hand.

“Great Mother,” the woman called. She looked to be in her mid-forties. “I am Queen Alitraya of the great city of Vedrayu. We have waited long for your arrival. The prophecies were vague, and difficult to interpret, and it has been a great deal of time since our omen-readers were able to access them in your Sacred Vaults. Do you come to take up your residence in the Celestial Temple?”

If Sabel could still go pale white, she would have. Her long, root-like tail continued to ‘sniff’ the air for water behind her, and it only added to her list of distractions. Destin looked up at her, motioning for her to say something.

“Great Mother, can you understand my language?”

“I, uh, I can!” Sabel said, voice booming across the gathered congregation. Gods, this was awkward, she thought. “It is good to meet you, Queen Alitraya. My name is Sabel.”

Another loud murmur rose from the assembled crowd. Her giant’s voice was clearly loud enough to carry to the city walls two hundred feet away, because they began to talk excitedly.

“She has a name! I think it was Satel!”

“It was Sabel, you twit!”

“A most fortunate name! My daughter will be named such when I give birth!”

“Mine as well!”

“And mine!”

“You don’t even know if you’re having daughters!”

“Then I shall name a son Satel. It can be the male equivalent.”

Again, that deep purple flush came over Sabel. Already omen readers were trying to interpret what it could mean. None of them even considered that it was simple embarrassment.

"It is the greatest honour of my life to meet you, Great Mother Sabel," Queen Alitraya called out. "You have come at a most fortunate time. It is prophesied that the Great Mother would arrive in our direst hour."

"Oh, uh, okay," she said, trying to ignore how much her four giant boobs were leaking milk over her belly, or the way her tail was excited by the sheer amount of wells and water sources in the city. "It's actually just Sabel. Not Great Mother. Just Sabel."

A long pause began as the queen conferred with her counsellors.

"Very well, Sabel, we shall call you as such. You have my apologies, the prophecies were sometimes . . . vague. We didn't foresee you would have your own name, or that you would prefer not title."

"I'm just," she looked to Destin, who seemed a little panicked.

"The prophecies *did* speak of another, however! The Great Mother's Consort. Is this he? The one that shall flower new life within your belly?"

This time both of them went purple with embarrassment. Destin gave a sheepish grin.

"Yes, great Queen, that is I. The Grea - I mean, Sabel has chosen me for her consort, and as you can see, her belly is already full to the brim with the blessing she has given me."

Sabel tried to avoid glaring at him. Gods, her lover could be utterly infuriating!

"We can see this!" the Queen said. "No doubt many men in the city will be disappointed; many train their whole lives in the hopes of becoming the Consort, should the Great Moth - should *Sabel* arrive."

"Oh, well, they can stop that now," Sabel said.

Things were going awkwardly, and everyone could tell. She was clearly not the wise, gloriously godly being of fertility they expected. The fact that she was half-caked in sand and dirt probably didn't help, nor her ragged clothing which was fraying apart, even after all of Destin's hard work.

"We - we shall give the orders at once. Do you wish to enter our great city and make a grand proclamation?"

It was all too much. She just needed to reach the Signal. Destin wanted her to play along, but that was his particular brand of cunning, not hers. Besides, she was too overladen with babies, transformations, growth, and damned *milk* to have the energy for deceit.

"Queen Alitraya, I must speak honestly. My name is Sabel, but my history may be different from the prophecies - NGHH!"

For a moment, she was terrified the clench in her stomach was the first pangs of childbirth. She grabbed her stomach with all four arms, holding it as much as she could, as if it were a giant kickball and she a player desperate not to lose her advantage. But then the

loudest stomach growl she'd ever felt let loose, and her long tail with its root-like dendrites whipped about behind her in an agitated fashion.

"Oohhhhhh," she groaned, "n-need sustenance."

The crowd instantly called for action, numerous among them worried for her. The Queen rallied them.

"Quick, come into the city, Great, um, Sabel! We have prepared for this moment for hundreds of years since your Sacred Vaults were found. We will feed and wash you, clothe and attend to you. Please, let us take you into our city of Vedrayu and show you how we have prepared for your arrival!"

She clapped her hands, and the gates were opened wider. The congregation parted to allow her through, while the Queen and her councillors, along with a number of important guards, motioned for her to follow in their wake.

"Make way for Sabel, blessed mother of the starfarers! Blessed goddess that shall bring the return of the Veddu! Make clean the birthing chamber, ready the Celestial Temple! Gather the servants of the Blue Quarter that they may attend to her Grace!"

Sabel gave one last pained look at Destin, but her lover too was clearly shocked at all of this. They had expected potential violence, difficult negotiation, perhaps even the need to dig somehow to the Signal while escaping the city's notice. Neither had expected worship and acceptance.

It was creepy and wrong. And the worst part was her antennae were loving it; they bobbed and throbbed upon her head, instinctively pushing her to find a place to settle her tail root down.

"Settle down," she said to it, annoyed at its continual writhing. Somehow, it had gotten even bigger, now as long as she was tall. "You're going to give me and the little ones a drink, but you're not 'rooting' me to the spot, you hear?"

The tail failed to acknowledge her, but she hoped she'd told her own body off successfully. With a sigh, she took a great giantess step ahead, following the procession into the great stone and brick city. With two hands, she carefully lifted her warrior lover onto her shoulder, allowing him to sit there. She was as tall as some of the ramparts, and her eyes drew even with the crowds as she passed. Many of them were crying, others singing praises. One particularly pregnant woman called out to her. The young thing couldn't be older than twenty, and she looked ripe with twins.

"Sabel! Great Sabel! Will you please bless my babies! I wish for an easier birth, and worry as my mother passed in childbearing."

Sabel gave her a sympathetic look. She turned, her belly scraping a little against the walls, but her rubbery skin absorbing it easily. Her antennae throbbed, focusing in on the woman's womb. She was indeed carrying children.

"A pair of daughters," she murmured out loud accidentally, and the woman gasped.

"You can tell!"

"I - I guess I can."

But her antennae continued to throb, trying to tell her something. She could sense a small distress in the womb, a danger to come with childbirth. Somehow, she was able to tell that the danger the woman feared had a great likelihood of coming to pass.

"Sabel, are we moving?" Destin asked, but his voice might as well have been a thousand miles away: she was transfixed by the odd new sense she had developed.

Slowly, without quite knowing what it was she was doing, she raised her upper left hand. The crowd parted, giving the pregnant woman space.

"What's your name?" Sabel.

"Sirillia," she responded, looking nervous. She appeared to be a poor woman: Sabel had seen her type before. Falling pregnant accidentally, and the father now nowhere to be found. Or worse, condemning her.

"Lift your shirt so I can touch your belly Sirillia, and hold still. I've never done this before."

The crowd murmured, and the nervous woman did as asked. A couple of months ago and Sabel would have found the sight of her enormously distended belly a bit comically unwieldy. Now, it actually seemed quite small given her own hypergravity. Her large fingers brushed over the woman's womb, and something - a pulse of strange arcanery - passed between them. The woman must have felt it, because she gasped and shivered. Sabel's antennae immediately sensed that the danger was corrected. To the woman's astonishment, the alterations did not stop there: she grunted a little as her narrow hips visibly expanded, and her bosom as well.

"Oh, ohhhh!!"

The crowd gasped, and so did Sabel.

"Oh Gods, I didn't meant to do that, I'm sorry!"

"Don't be!" Sirillia said, checking over her body without shame, though she did cover her belly again. "You have blessed me!"

"She has been given wider hips for birthing!" one woman proclaimed.

"And I was worried I would not be able to feed them as well," Sirillia said, referring to her large bust, which was now quite prominent - though not to the same ridiculous degree as Sabel's chest. "Thank you, Great Sabel! Thank you!"

"Blessed is Sirillia! The first to be blessed!"

"She truly is the Goddess! She will bring enough for all, and the time of raids against our city will end!"



“Yes, uh, take care of her!” Sabel called, before continuing to move into the city proper. She looked to Destin, who was astonished as he rode on her shoulder.

“I didn’t know you could do that!” he exclaimed.

“Me either! It just sort of . . . happens.”

“Useful for us though.”

“Yes, it is, I suppose.” She looked back at the woman, who was being hugged and praised by the crowd, each individual amazed at her changes, and Sabel herself. “Useful for her too,” she said, perhaps a little wistfully.

If nothing else, in helping that poor girl, she’d done some good with her new body.

She continued into the city proper.

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Vedrayu was magnificent. The city was larger than she’d thought it was, though not as large as the great cities in the now-distant east. But surrounded by desert on all sides as it was, it was a jewel within the coal. Greenery was everywhere, covering the buildings like tangled vines, and numerous fountains and wells and even pools and interior lakes could be seen. The sandstone buildings were well-organised, and it took some time for her to realise that the numerous surrounding towers had clearly been constructed around the great pillars of the Veddu starship. She had seen the pattern before, but this was larger still by a degree of tenfold. Was this perhaps where the flagship or ‘mothership’ of the Veddu fleet had landed before the disease wiped them all out? If so, it had been repurposed well: numerous housings, taverns, buildings, and community centres had been constructed in the various inlets and crevasses of where its mighty engines had once been.

All the water was making her tail go mad with lust, and her belly growled for sustenance. Even her children sensed the hunger, practically doing flips in her belly as she tried to keep a vaguely stoic face. That, at least, was something she could do. She was good at being stoic; a warrior’s history had given her a great deal of practice.

Queen Alitraya rattled off numerous names of suburbs, great temples - each of them dedicated in honour to the ‘starfarers’ - and various towers and important fountains. The gardens were the big thing; this was evidently one of the few places where fertile land existed in the Outland Wastes, and so greenery was encouraged to grow everywhere, spreading the fertility of the land as far as it could stretch.

Sadly, it only stretched to the city limits, and there were still numerous neighbourhoods and several slums that were stuck in drybeds and distant from wells, requiring long walks to reach them. The city, to its credit, was certainly more equal than most

Sabel had seen, but it still had the good order of hierarchy that led to rich nobles and poor peasants, as was the case everywhere.

“It is a beautiful city,” Sabel remarked, speaking honestly. “And I appreciate that the roads are so . . . wide.”

The Queen, to her surprise, gave a chuckle, grinning from ear to ear in pride.

“I’m so glad you noticed, Great - sorry, Sabel. Very happy. Ever since we viewed the grand prophecies foretelling of your coming, we knew we had to alter the kingdom as best we could to accommodate you. This is the result.”

She gestured to the widened streets, lined with stone and carefully made as flat as possible, to prevent even the smallest irritation of her giant feet. She still had trouble controlling her tail - it scraped against a couple of buildings - as well as her belly - which ‘adjusted’ a veranda as she turned - but the local denizens seemed only to rejoice at this. As if she had somehow *blessed* them purely through the act of accidental property damage. Destin couldn’t stop giggling, but at least the infuriating man was himself starting to become the centre of attention: numerous men were asking for the “blessing of virility” and “advice on how to become the Mother’s second Consort,” all of which finally made him shut up a little. If she was still anywhere approaching his height, she would have playfully punched him on the arm.

“Well, it is grand. And your city is so beautiful - Nnhggh - but do you have a p-place I could rest? The journey has been long, and - ahhh - I’m deeply hungry. My little baby Veddu are hungry too. And my tail needs water.”

It wasn’t a series of sentences she had never expected to say, and somehow saying it outright was even weirder. Like she was starting to accept the nature of her hyperpregnant body.

The Queen looked a little startled. She dismounted from her horse and began to shout up at Sabel. The blue giantess didn’t have the heart to tell the queen that she could no longer see her, since she was standing to close directly beneath her burgeoning belly.

“My sincerest apologies, Sabel. You are the mother of the return of the Veddu, the great starfarers. We will accommodate you. Please, follow our procession and we will treat you as the goddess you are.”

“I don’t - urggh - feel like a g-goddess.”

“Ah, but the gods have many tribulations themselves!” the Queen shouted after conferring with her councillors. “You have born, and continue to bear them well.”

“I feel like the b-bearing has just begun,” Sabel stammered, as her womb quivered with an earthquake of movement. Numerous members of the gathered crowds kept their distance to avoid her thunderous footfalls, but they discussed with excitement the movement of the litter within her belly.

“That is true. What a blessing!” Queen Alitraya declared. She waved the procession forth. “And what a blessing for your Consort!”

“I go by Destin!” the man shouted. “Your Highness.”

“Destin. Sabel and Destin, the Goddess and her mortal mate, just as prophesied!”

The giantess and blue man exchanged a glance - or at least as much of a glance as could be exchanged when one was riding on the other’s shoulder.

“We would like to see these prophecies you speak of!” Destin shouted, “if that were possible. They are beneath the city, yes?”

“Indeed, the Sacred Archives. We will talk of them, as we will talk of many things, including your ascent, dear Goddess, to the Celestial Throne. But first, we must bathe you, feed you, allow you both to relax after your long awaited journey.”

Sabel groaned, stomach growling.

“I guess I c-could wait a little longer.”

“Are you saying you’d prefer to be pampered than get to the bottom of this?” Destin asked, chuckling.

“Oh shut up. I may have always been a rough-and-tumble sort, but I’m still a woman. I can appreciate the importance of good hygiene and some self care.”

She cradled her bump with her long arms, and tried to ignore the pressure in her breasts.

“Gods, I might even ask them to take care of *these* too, if they get any more full.”

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Sabel sighed as she leaned back, unbelieving the level of comfort she was experiencing. She was utterly naked, and for once she felt totally relaxed even in her astonishingly fertile body. Neither she or Destin could have believed that when the Queen and the city leaders had told her they’d ‘prepared for her arrival for hundreds of years’ just how much they meant it. Entire chambers had been erected, built around the remains of the starfaring ship still above the desert surface, all of which easily contained her. The sun filtered in, with enormous sheets of connected cloth crisscrossing above to give a wonderful light shade. The first true shade she’d had in some time that wasn’t a tree canopy or a dark cave. But that wasn’t what truly amazed her.

They’d created a leisure spa, intended purely for her.

It was large, entirely artificial, with a heating system drawn from Veddu technology to warm it to the wonderfully hot temperatures she adored, even with the productive furnace that was her overstretched womb. She had lowered into it, and found that they had even prepared enormous pillows and clothes to give her back comfort. Her carapace softened,

and to her astonishment some pieces of it began to fall off, collected by the various individuals administering the baths: some for personal glory, others to take to the arcanists and city officials for reports.

“I - ah! - didn’t expect to lose my sh-shell!”

“We were told it could happen, by the images in the prophecy,” an official explained.

In fact, much of her skin itched, and soon she was flexing all four arms to slowly tear away at the carapace. It had done well to protect her for so long, and yet her antennae were telling her that now she had found a good body of water - one that her tail was lapping at hungrily and necessitating further refills from the city pipe network - that it was time to shed it. Several teams of strongmen even worked to pull away at her shell, though they were blindfolded at times to preserve her modesty.

She wasn’t sure how modest she should be, given how difficult it was to hide all her fertile, motherly curves, but she still appreciated the effort. Soon she was on her actual back again - her smooth skinned back and bottom, which she was embarrassed to realise had swollen up even more than she thought it had. The feeling, nevertheless, was one of absolute bliss. Steam rose over her fertile form, and the water was wonderfully deep, with just her head, breasts, belly and knees sticking out. The rest was submerged, and she lay there in perfect harmony, arms outstretched. Her tail continued to drink, and her body became a little more on the green side of turquoise as patches of sunlight filtered through and absorbed into her skin.

“Mmmhmm,” she moaned, extending her four arms outwards, and letting the hot water flow through them. “This is amazzzzzing.”

“Then you will love what comes next, Goddess,” one of the attendants said, a moon elf to just from her complexion and ears.

Sabel barely had time to register what the woman could be referring to when the lady clapped, and several doors opened. A procession of women filtered through - most of them human, but several of them moon elves also. They were each clad in white outfits with simple yet aesthetically appealing designs.

“Your body is no doubt tired from your long travels,” the moon elf said. “I am Janira, and if you wish it, great Sabel, we can use our ancient techniques of massage and healing to restore you to full strength, while our other attendants feed you and treat your hair.”

She had never been one for total pampering. In fact, to her current guilt, she’d always looked down at women who felt the need to chase beauty standards through excessive makeup and health treatments. Perhaps it was that she had a natural, raw beauty. Or perhaps the blood of the battlefield had a different, grittier appeal. Regardless, *now* she understood the appeal of those rich and powerful enough to pursue such comforts, or those women who saved up for spa treatments in cities like Bavaron.

“Oh, I think I do wish. Very much so, in fact.”

The moon elf's team quickly got to work. The team involved more than thirty people, but Sabel didn't even care by that point; the service and treatment was like being totally restored after her hard travel. Destin was elsewhere - this was the 'Goddess' Chamber' apparently. She hoped he was being as well treated as her, but she deeply suspected that however much he was being massaged, her own sheer surface area meant that the greater attention was being placed on her. The masseuses got to work manipulating, massaging, kneading, and placing pressure on all the right parts of her body. Several warm stones were placed along her belly, and it caused her to giggle in a very un-Sabel fashion as they were displaced a little by the furious kicking within. Others fed her enormous piles of grapes from numerous dishes, as well as meats, stews, and other kinds of fruits as well. Each was delicious, perfectly prepared, and made all the better when her babies began to settle, clearly sated by the influx of food. Afterwards, several attendants washed her long hair, soaking it in oils so that it was wonderfully scented and incredibly fresh. Servants carried entire buckets of the dirty water where her mud-caked hair had been freed of the clumps.

“Ohhhhhh, this is good. This is wonderful.”

“You deserve it, Sabel, Goddess Mother of the Veddu. We have waited long for you to join us.”

“Mhmmm, I almost wish I'd done it sooner.”

“Was your journey long? From what lands did you travel?”

She turned her face to the moon elf Janira.

“I came from beyond the Wastes, from the far east.”

There was a series of murmurs at her word. Sabel rolled her eyes, knowing now that no one could see them, thanks to their uniform colour. Apparently every word she said from now on would change entire interpretations of their so-called holy scripture.

“We had wondered if such lands existed, but none have ever successfully crossed them.”

Sabel chuckled, her enormous body shaking the water a little. “It helps when you have a tail that can sense where all the wells are.”

She raised her tail out of the air dramatically, able to control it a little. This predictably caused another wave of discussion, clearly centred around this marvellous talent.

“And now you are here, to set down your root, and join us.”

Sabel was incredibly relaxed up until that moment. She had been trying not to think of that prospect. In many ways, despite being so close to the Signal - the very energy or magic source that her antennae continually reminded her of below - she was also aware she was now in the very place she was meant to supposedly give birth.

Give birth forever, in fact.

She shuddered a little at that prospect. The notion that she would effectively become rooted to the spot, just a living womb with a head, four arms, and two pairs of tits, was terrifyingly confronting. Even worse, her antennae and tail continually betrayed her, giving her new body an instinct to follow that her human mind did not wish to submit to. It was maddening. She may have given up the life of a warrior, she may have even become incredibly attached to the many babies that were stuffing out her stomach, but to become pregnant with them over and over, and be constantly birthing them for hundreds of years?

No way. No way in all the Nine Hells.

Maybe just a quick series of births to get rid of the ones she had. That, as strange as it would be to suddenly be a mother to over two dozen children, was at least something she could learn to cope with. This 'blessing' she'd been given instead desired her to go on to be a mother to several *thousand*, if not *tens of thousands*. It would mean giving up everything to just generate young. To have them kicking and shifting within her endlessly, to be birthing even as new babies formed inside her, and to be impregnated again and again even when her form was more pregnant stomach than not.

It was, essentially, taking on the role of the ultimate broodmare. The only real compensation would be being worshipped as a goddess for the rest of her life. That, and she knew Destin would always remain at her side. Her antennae told her as much, scanning his mind thoroughly in past weeks. But she didn't need them to tell her that. She knew Destin better than any transformed new body part could ever know him.

She took a heaving breath as several servants massaging her belly parted from it to swim through the water to her arms.

"Excuse me, Great One."

"Please, just Sabel. I'm no Great One, or anything."

The moon elf attendant bowed. "Please, you see, very engorged. Would you like us to express your milk for you?"

Sabel blushed incredibly purple, and the woman clearly understood her reaction. "Please Mistress, we are prepared for this, and it would be no shame or embarrassment. The prophecies claim your milk contains something known as 'nutrients' and 'formula' that can bring strength, longer life, virility, fertility, and can even heal minor sicknesses. With your blessings, we would bottle it, allowing it to go to the most worthy in society."

"Okay, setting aside that this is a pretty strange topic for me, who would you consider worthy?"

Sabel had a sneaking suspicion of *exactly* who the woman considered worthy.

"The great nobles of the court, of course, and the Queen and her family most of all."

Sabel smirked. Of course. Even here, the nobles were above the rest. She was about to turn the woman away when a tremor passed through her two left breasts. Both of them

were leaking, and the other two weren't far behind. All four of her large, blue nipples were slowly distending, practically *dilating* with need to express their milk. Her boobs felt even warmer than the hot waters within which she was resting.

"F-fine," she said, "you can . . . express me. But the first, uhh, 'batches' of milk do not go to the nobles, except for some for the queen and her family. The rest goes to the poorest quarter in the city, do you understand?"

The elf was wide-eyed. "To the Shadowed Recess?"

"If that's the poorest quarter, then yes. Consider it a gift from the . . . Great Mother."

The woman nodded, concerned and surprised, but clearly viewing this as a quest of great importance. She gave the order.

"Begin the milking at once."

Sabel raised an eyebrow. "Milking? Really? I'm now a cow-ooohhhhhh!!!"

The attendants began to playfully manipulate her teats, attached to small cups with hoses that led to buckets carried by their partners. Sabel groaned as milk was immediately extracted from her body, entire gallons of it pouring into buckets. Soon orders were given for more buckets, as they were being overwhelmed by the sheer amount of lactation that was occurring. Sabel fought the urge to writhe and squeal in pleasure, she was practically becoming orgasmic. She held her belly, stroking it and savouring the sensitivity of the skin, and keeping as straight a face as possible as more and more of the buckets were filled again and again.

It took nearly half an hour to empty her, and her breasts had deflated a little, though they were still utterly gigantic, even in proportion to the rest of her.

"That - that was good."

"They shall go to the poor quarter immediately."

"Good, make sure that - NNGHH!! Oh, Gods and the Nine Hells and the shadow of the Black Mountain, what now!?"

But she realised pretty much immediately what it was. She had been fed. She had taken in a *lot* of water. She had been massaged and pleased into near-orgasm.

And now her body was taking that as a sign to grow further still.

"Oh, f-fuck! You all need to get off of me! Now! NOWWWW!!!"

The masseuses and caretakers and attendants heeded her word, launching from her body and swimming across the hot water to the sides. Sabel clutched her form, breathing heavily as the familiar pressure rose and rose.

"G-growing a-again!" she gasped.

"She's growing!" someone yelled. "We are blessed to witness it!"

"Truly *she* is blessed to experience it! I'm so jealous!"

Sabel glared as her body began to expand. “Y-you’re w-welcome to experience it instead, you know! It’s not easy always getting so godsdamned b-biiiiig!”

Her body pulsed with pleasure, orgasms coiling through her form. Her tail drank excitedly of the water, increasing her growth. Her spine lengthened, her belly expanded. Her entire form swelled, her arms extending, which developed even more flexibility to them, to almost octopine levels. She gasped and trembled as her breasts grew further still, even larger in proportion to her body. Each one looked as if it were nearly double the size of her own head, and she felt utterly overwhelmed. To her astonishment, her legs did not grow but instead *receded* slightly.

Her tail whipped about, excited. Her antennae throbbed, their spherical ends bloating a little in excitement. Something was telling her to stay put. To remain where she was and allow her tail to do what came naturally. She screamed a little as her tail pivoted into the air before spiralling back down. It smashed against the floor of the pool, and some of the porcelain broke apart. It raised itself again, and she realised what it was trying to do; it was attempting to do exactly what Janira said she hoped for Sabel, to become rooted to the spot.

It was attempting to dig into the soil and keep her there, ready to birth.

“It’s happening! It’s really happening!” one attendant yelled.

“We will be the ones to witness it! I will tell my children of this moment!”

“N-N-NOOOO!!!!” she screamed. Her legs continued to recede, little by little, but she had still had strength in them enough to lift herself up, and her four arms to pull herself free of the pool. She grabbed her tail and ripped it upwards, and it writhed in her hands. “DON’T YOU FUCKING DARE!!”

She hauled herself out of the pool and forced her tail to wrap itself around a nearby pillar. The women of the chamber stared at her in astonishment. Destin came running - naked - from a nearby barrier, clearly having heard the commotion. Several attendants ran after him.

“Sabel, what’s wrong, are you - oh!”

“Oh indeed!” she replied, looking over herself. She had easily grown another five feet. She was now at least thirty feet tall, and her belly even more prodigious. Worst of all, however, was her legs: they were now smaller in relation to the rest of her, and she could feel her body’s weight upon them much more heavily now, as if they could no longer fully cope with the strain.

“We need - eeurgh - we need to see the Queen, now. We need to find out how to reach this blasted signal, and what their so-called prophecies spoke of.”

Destin nodded, and the attendants relayed the supposed ‘Great Mother’s’ orders. After what they had just seen, even the queen herself would command less respect and aww. As they rallied to get her vestments to wear, ones that had apparently long been



prepared for her, Sabel reached out a hand and carried her lover up against her upper breasts.

“Are you okay?” Destin said.

“F-fine,” she stammered. “Just . . . bigger. And heavier. And my body is trying to settle down. Permanently.”

“You still look stunning.”

“Not the time, Destin.”

“Well, it’s true.” He drew more serious. “We’ll find a way to reverse this, Sabel, I know we will.”

“We better,” she said, as her stomach gurgled from the numerous kicks within. “Or else I’m going to be the ‘Great Mother’ whether I want it or not.”

Despite herself, she caressed her belly lovingly with several of her more flexible arms. It wasn’t just instinct, there was a genuine love for the contents of her belly.

It was making it much harder to do what needed to be done.

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Queen Alitraya was astonished, and confused. Her chamber was impressive, but Sabel could not fit inside it, instead seated outside the building looking in. She finally had some clothing that fit, even if her ridiculous belly was left bare and bulging, the squirming contents of her young open for all to see. But at least she had a white dress - even if she wasn’t a dress person - in two pieces, one that even contoured to both pairs of breasts. She adjusted it a little, appreciating its comfort, as the leader of the city stood upon her balcony and tried to understand the situation.

“But I don’t understand, Sabel. You were laying down your root! The prophecies all said that when the Great Mother came, matching your description exactly - that she would be gravid with dozens of young - as you are - and with a white tail - which you have!”

“Well, it got those right, at least,” Sabel mused. She tried to be patient before nobility. It was a hierarchy thing, something she had always respected as a matter of professionalism as a soldier, but had little personal patience for. They preferred decorum and tradition above all else; it was soldiers that did the dirty work.

Or, in her case, the birthing work.

“But if you were in the right location to set your roots down, then why did you not?”

“Because I did not want to!”

Destin had advocated using deception, but she was tired of hiding her feelings. She was basically impossible to hide physically, why not emotionally too? After all, she had a much larger face to read.

The queen's reaction was one of shock. She was silent, as were her team of advisors.

"I - I do not understand, Sabel. You were meant to arrive, and to settle down for the final stage of your broodmother state. You would then begin birthing your legions, with your consort providing you with more young continually."

At that, Destin gave a sheepish grin at Sabel.

"-and from there we would serve you and your needs, just as you would serve this city by allowing it to flourish. Your roots would draw water from the ground, and spread fertility throughout the land so that Vedrayu was no longer a bastion of green in an island of desert sand, but instead the centre of an expanding, blooming land of natural wonder and resource."

Sabel went a little purple. She had no idea if that future could be true, but to see the Outland Wastes bloom? Surely, even her new Veddu powers didn't extend that far? And yet, they travelled all the way from the stars . . .

"Look, Queen Alitraya," she said. "I have to be honest with you. I am not a Veddu. Well, I am, but not as you think. Godsdamn, this is hard to explain. I was once an ordinary human woman, as you are."

She began to explain her situation, from the very beginning. The story was long in the telling, and she did not give every detail, particularly the more private ones. The Queen listened, attentive, her face giving away nothing. A number of the councillors discussed with one another, some appearing a little paler or frustrated than they had before the story started. At certain points Destin pitched in, fleshing out their shared history with a little more detail, but both of them kept the more . . . personal parts of their relationship fairly private. No need to share everything, after all. Or indeed, that nine of the children squirming inside her gravid orb belonged to him. Though maybe they already suspected. Importantly, they repeatedly emphasised the fact that they were both human - or had been, anyway. Sabel was very clear on this point, constantly talking about the changes to her body, and how unfamiliar and awkward she was. That she was simply a former soldier who was unlucky and took a stupid 'blessing' as a way to atone, and was now paying for it (though she did still rub her stomach lovingly, with affection for the babies within her).

"And that's everything," Sabel finished, a little awkwardly. A master storyteller she was not. "It's the truth, all of it. I'm not some great deity; whatever obelisk or device that the Veddu left behind for you must have been damaged - you said it yourself, that it no longer works, and gave just flickering omens, right?"

The Queen was pensive, but nodded. Several of her advisors were conferring among themselves awkwardly.

"It's . . . true. The information was difficult to interpret at times. Yet so much of what they prophesied came true."

"It was not a prophecy, at least in the traditional sense," Destin said. "It was simply explaining a sort of . . . back up plan."

"Which turned out to be what I stumbled into," Sabel explained. She was trying not to boom her voice too loudly. Even by the palace, away from the quarters of the city, she was worried her voice would carry. What would a city act like when they returned goddess denied being such? She half-expected the religious fanatics would view it as a test. Queen Alitraya, on the other hand, seemed to have a level head on her shoulders. She considered Sabel and Destin's words, absorbing them slowly.

"This - this will take some time to process," the Queen said. "But, is the prophecy not right in some way? Are you not destined to lay down your root and bring prosperity anyway, divine being or not? Have you not achieved some level of divinity purely by taking this blessing?"

Sabel gave an awkward smile. Her belly was even bigger now, utterly dominating her form, and it hurt to walk on her legs too often in their partly atrophied state. She felt like a walking womb in some ways. And this was not to mention her breasts, all four of which were even larger, more prodigious in their incessant milk production.

"I don't - ahhh - exactly feel very d-divine, your majesty."

The Queen gave her a sympathetic look. Clearly, she was beginning to appreciate just how odd it would be to find yourself transforming into a perpetually pregnant blue giantess - or goddess, in her mind. Sabel smirked as her hand fell to her own belly; she could see the woman *was imagining* her incredible load, and being daunted by it.

"I understand it would be a mighty burden, but would you not consider it? Is this not what your future should hold? The servants saw you swell in size, your fertility enhancing! Surely this is where you are meant to be?"

"I believe there is a way to change back. Maybe even transfer this blessing to someone else. Yourself, perhaps?"

The Queen paled, and Destin gave Sabel a look that said *please don't push it*.

"I believe there would be others more suited, potentially," the Queen said in a diplomatic fashion. "If even such a thing is possible."

"We believe it is," explained Destin. "It would be a way for us both to have what we want. Maybe even keep within your prophecy."

"Would it take long for this . . . new individual to change?"

"A bit over two months, perhaps," Sabel said, gesturing to herself with her four arms.

The Queen looked down for a moment, as did a number of the councillors and advisors. None of them spoke, but they remained bowed in a solemn fashion for an awkward

length of time. Sabel and Destin exchanged a look: there was something else going on here, and both of them could tell.

When the Queen raised her head again, there were tears running down her face. The others looked equally morose, and several of them had tears brimming as well.

“We’re missing something,” Sabel said bluntly, “aren’t we?”

The Queen nodded. She stepped forward to the railing, and gestured not just to Sabel and Destin but to the city entirely. From their vantage point; upon the highest hill within the city walls, they could see beyond the ramparts to the desert wasteland beyond.

“When I was a girl, the green covered nearly to the horizon,” she said. “Our blessed land has slowly been drying up, despite our best efforts. One by one, the devices within the heart of the Sacred Vaults have been failing. It’s been going on for generations. Our population struggles, despite the beauty of our city; you had your milk delivered to the poorest quarter in the city. It was not once known as such. But soon we shall not have enough resources to survive, particularly if our water sources dry up. It was prophesied that your coming would save us.”

“But two months wouldn’t be enough to worry about, surely?” Destin asked.

The Queen shook her head. “Ordinarily it wouldn’t be . . . except that there are other communities in the wastes who have resented our plentiful nature. They were . . . once part of Vedrayu. The outlying villages. We could not support them as the barrenness extended, and so . . .”

“So you left them,” Sabel said coldly.

“We did. They have become raiders, attacking our city at its weakest points, and they have grown stronger since. That was part of why your coming was so fortuitous and dearly celebrated: they have amassed a force that includes the orcland crag tribes, and our scouts believe they are moving to the city as we speak. They will be here within a week, perhaps less. We thought . . . you were a divine sign, here to grant us all enough plenty to live upon, and end the need for war.”

“Trust me,” Sabel said, “war happens even when there is plenty. Still, that sounds fucking dire, excuse my language, your majesty.”

“Which is why we do not have two months,” the Queen said. “In truth, we may not even have two days. We thought you had come to save us from our darkest hour.”

Destin and Sabel exchanged another glance. And this time, they actually *grinned*, Destin even more than her.

“Now I am missing something,” the Queen said.

“We used to be warriors,” Sabel said. “Good ones.”

“But you are just two individuals,” an advisor said.

“We were *very* good ones,” Destin added. “Sabel here was known as the ‘Crimson Tide.’ Between us, we’ve taken more than our fair share of lives, and in doing so saved many more.”

Sabel didn’t add, *at least that’s what we like to believe.*

“We can aid our strength to the field once Sabel is changed back, and another Veddu broodmother is selected. We’ve fought in such deserts before, and there’s knowledge we can bring from the outside world that you do not have here.”

The Queen appeared to consider this while Sabel shifted. Her legs were becoming tired, feeling stubby compared to the rest of her. Her prodigious belly hung nearly to her knees, but was still terrifically rounded out. Her tail ‘sniffed’ the area, but found no great place to find purchase in the ground. Still, she was getting hungry for sustenance, and the day was getting on.

“We shall consider it,” the Queen said. “It is getting late. Please, let us get you to your quarters. We can discuss plans tomorrow, and see you to the Sacred Vaults to determine if what you say is even a possibility.”

Sabel nodded, and her action nearly caused her upper bosom to wobble out of her dress top. Evidently, even the Vedrayu people had not considered just how ridiculously large her milk-filled bosom would become. Even their most exaggerated estimates had fallen short.

“Thank you, your majesty,” Sabel said.

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They were led away from the palace, to the area of the Celestial Temple. It was indeed impressive; the only part of the city taller than the palace; it directly overlooked it, in fact. It was positioned on the same high hill as the palace too, but instead of being a traditional building, it was more akin to a great stadium, complete with numerous shade cloths in a myriad of gold and yellow patterns, mingled with her own turquoise blue as well. The entrance was wide, with a resplendent red carpet that led the way to the centre, and it had quarters and amenities for what must have been dozens upon dozens of servants, nearly a hundred potentially! Similar to the great baths, there was a mechanism to lower the floor and allow it to be flooded, presumably for when the inevitable Veddu broodmother paused between birthings to be washed and cleaned and pampered.

And pampered was the word. The green grass of the stadium was soft and earthy, and its center had a raised dais for seating a giantess, one that was lined with fine ermine of some desert creature. Numerous oils and herbs caused the air to become fragrant and

sweet, and there were even several books that had been comically transcribed onto large reeds.

“By the Black Mountain, this is all too much,” Sabel complained as they were led in.

“Oh, then we’ll just go to that *other* giant-holding stadium with the far less plush arrangements,” Destin jibed.

“Oh, by the Nine Hells, you know what I mean, love.”

What she meant was that it was too fine *for her*. Still, the central area did look quite comfortable, and more than ever she needed to rest. Not only was she ludicrously pregnant, but she could certainly sense that her time of birthing was near. Getting some comfort in before she addressed that particular problem would not be undesirable.

Her babies shifted, over two dozen of them, and she groaned loudly. They must have been the size of a toddler each. How big were Veddu babies meant to be? She suspected the answer was not one she wanted to find out.

“Fine, fine,” she said, “let’s get me seated. It’s been a long, very strange day.”

She stumbled up to the dais and rested upon it, finding it even more comfortable than she had expected. Destin smirked in amusement as she adjusted herself; her enormous belly sat upon her lap, so big it practically overflowed it. Her pendulous breasts *heaved*, large blue nipples showing through the thin white fabric. She brushed her flowing hair back, and made another adjustment for her large tail. Delighted, it dove into the soft earth just behind her, its dendrite roots extending to collect as much water from the soil as possible. She could feel herself filling up with it, satisfying her need to take in sustenance.

“Ahhhhhhhh,” she murmured happily.

“Oh, so I guess it *isn’t* too much, then?”

She gave Destin a playful smirk as she rubbed her belly with all four hands.

“Fine, I’m allowed to change my opinions. I’m getting mood swings like crazy, and I feel like I should have popped a month ago. Look at me!”

He did, and as always, it was a look of adoration and admiration. It melted her heart. She patted her belly.

“Come, feel. Some of your babies are kicking.”

He moved forward. She eclipsed him now, but with her reduced legs and seated position, it was easier for him to reach the spot she indicated. Her belly was firm and rounded, but the skin could be pushed in a little, directing the fluid of the womb elsewhere. But Destin placed his hand upon something hard, and his eyes lit up in astonishment as it shuddered and shifted.

“Is that - one of mine?”

She grinned. “One of nine. Can you believe it?”

“Hardly, just as I can barely believe my skin is now blue. Or that you’re half-Veddu.”

“But all yours, love.”

Destin laughed. “Oh, but that was corny.”

“I’m simply imitating you.”

He kissed her on the belly, and it was a sensitive, wonderful sensation.

“Too bad we have to wait until you change back before we can . . .”

He let the implication dangle in the air. Her antennae weren’t having any of it. She could ‘see’ his arousal, his desire to mate with her. Evidently, their new instincts went both ways.

“Really, Destin? Don’t pretend you don’t want me now, and I won’t pretend I don’t feel the same way.”

His face was hopeful, but then fell. “I don’t want to get you any more pregnant.”

But her lust was rising, her four breasts becoming flushed with heat, her four nipples tensing and untensing with desire to be touched and to feed. She felt her enormous tunnel become wet with desire, and an image flashed in her mind of it becoming so big that he could literally *walk into her* and spurt his seed directly into the entrance to her womb.

It was alien and bizarre, and it turned her on terribly.

“Ahhh . . . what’s one m-more time, huh?”

“Are you sure?”

His arousal grew, she could sense it. Hers was like a furnace within her core.

“I’m s-sure. I n-need you. I need you to give me more b-babies.”

“Only if that’s what you want.”

She began squeezing all four of her person-sized breasts before him.

“Destin, your goddess orders you to fuck her pregnant.”

“Yes, my goddess,” he said, beaming once more.

And he did exactly that ten minutes later. She groaned and gasped as he spent his seed in her, his body half encased within her tunnel and all the more sensitive from it. She orgasmed wildly, her breasts jostling and leaking milk, her belly quivering, her teeth upon her lip as she struggled to control herself. He’d just given her three babies.

They made another four before they were done for the night.

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Sabel dreamed.

In the dream, she was rooted to the spot, her tail far longer now, branching through the earth and drawing moisture into her body. Her legs were gone, no longer needed. Her underside was flatter, allowing her to sit upon the earth, her enormous dome of a belly practically dominating her torso, which had extended to accommodate it. Her four breasts,

each the size of a wagon, leaked gallons of milk endlessly, and her octopus-like limbs caressed her overripe womb peacefully. She was the very image of a broodmare, pregnant with dozens upon dozens of babies. Even her most private parts had changed, altering to extend slightly outwards from her at ground level, like an entrance tunnel.

No, an *exit* tunnel.

A crowd of worshippers bowed down in supplication before her, and she moaned and quivered in pleasure as the first of her contracts began. Her babies, large and ready to be birthed, were about to arrive.

They would be the first of many, and it made her pleased.

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Sabel awoke feeling herself, caressing her body in response to the oddly erotic dream. Somehow, being rooted to the spot had felt good. It embarrassed her, but the notion of birthing these babies, of feeding them at her breasts, still held a little appeal.

"Whatever happens, I *do* love you," she whispered to her children.

Destin was still asleep across the chamber, and she smiled at him, remembering the fun they had experienced the previous night. Who could have known how blissful the experimentation between a pregnant giantess and a regularly-sized man could be? Sometimes she had half a mind during the act to allow him to enter her fully, but something in her body - perhaps her instinct-driven antennae - told her it was not quite time for that yet. Still, she caressed her swollen orb, already even larger than last night.

"Hello, new ones," she said. She couldn't help but grin, despite her mild embarrassment of it. As usual, she hadn't been able to help herself, and now she had another seven babies to add to Destin's already existing nine. It was so difficult to count them all, but she would not be surprised to learn she had over thirty in there.

A tear rose in her eye, and she brushed it away with a spare arm, still not letting go of her distended womb with the others. Damned mood swings were making her maternal, it seemed. Yet she could not blame them entirely; she was starting to hope that even if she were able to turn back, that she could perhaps . . . birth them.

Just these ones. They were hers, after all. Hers and Destin's, even if some weren't *technically* his. The elves often raised children that were not theirs by blood, why should it be different for them? They had survived the Week of Darkness when the vampires had blotted the sun. If they had managed that, what were three dozen or so kids? The Veddu who had changed her had been right about casting a light into the darkness; just the act of creating life was indeed its own atonement. A way of correcting the scales, and bringing something back.



For the first time, feeling over her wondrous body, she truly did feel blessed.

It was almost a shame when the Queen's guard arrived to escort them to the sacred vaults.

"We have to be quick," their captain said. "An army has been spotted on the horizon. They are demanding the resources of the city, or they shall attack on the following day."

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The mood was dire as Sabel and Destin were led down beneath the city into the Sacred Vaults. Sabel was concerned that, given she had grown a couple of extra feet during her and Destin's 'congregation' the previous night, she would find it difficult to fit. Thankfully, the Veddu had anticipated such an issue, and their messages were kept by the appropriately named Vedrayu people. A canyon extended on the other side of the city, carefully guarded but possessing only large gates as a defence. The way was kept clear for a long descending ramp that wound down into the bowels of the earth.

Sabel wore her dignified costume of white, and was shocked that she was even given enormous golden jewellery to wear, including a necklace and braces. She rejected the latter, but was overjoyed that there were older iron equivalents. To the shock of the Queen and the crowd, she donned these original casts - intended only as proof of concept - instead.

"I was a warrior. I'm no longer a woman of iron, but they keep me grounded," she explained. "Gold and jewels were only good for me to access the richer parts of town and as payment for my mercenary work."

Her word was accepted, and the crowd rejoiced at her apparent 'humility' as she walked down the wide streets, led by Queen Alitraya and her entourage. To Sabel's astonishment, Sirillia - the pregnant young woman with twins from the day before - was present, now also garbed in white and gold, and clearly adored by the crowd. She beamed, waving to Sabel, who waved back.

"Thank you, Great Mother! Thank you Sabel!" she yelled.

"Um, no problem," Sabel said awkwardly, feeling a little guilty that the crowd who were currently heaping praises upon her had no idea she was marching down to change back.

Other pregnant women gathered in hopes of blessing. Some didn't need it, but Sabel touched them with her enormous fingertips anyway, feeling that strange buzz of energy pass from her to them. Evidently, the Veddu broodmother plan involved the power - magic or simply innate - to inspire fertility in others, and moreover to correct any illnesses or issues in the womb. It was, Sabel felt, quite a remarkable power. The opposite of taking life, and in that sense she was surprised when her lover had to remind her of their mission.

“Sorry, I got carried away. Thank you everyone, I must go now.”

“We will see you within the temple!” a man called out.

She didn't reply, and again that guilt returned. She was no goddess, and had no desire to be, but in the brief time she'd been in the city she had already changed the lives of so many, and inspired such hope. Already members of the crowd were excitedly pointing out that her belly was even more ridiculously rounded, her tail beginning to branch like tree roots, and her legs smaller: “In preparation for when she begins her great birthing of the starfarers!”

“I think I can do without the loss of movement,” she complained to herself, trying not to boom her voice.

They descended down the ramp, but she couldn't help but look back at the crowd and nod her head to them. She couldn't exactly bow; her belly was making her waddly awkwardly enough, and eliciting a series of groans and grunts with every third it stepped. But a small acknowledgement was enough.

They cheered.

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More waddling, more breaks to catch her breath. More squirming and writhing and kicking. More damned steps and tension in her belly. The descent down into the so-called ‘Sacred Vaults’ was infuriatingly long, even despite Sabel's extra-large steps. The great hallways were made of some material that the kingdom had no notion of, nor how to replicate it, but it had remained sturdy for thousands of years. Images of Veddu broodmothers lined the walls, their bloated forms rooted to the spot, their bellies vast and orb-like. There were even some scandalous depictions of their feminine passages, extended out slightly and level with the ground. One depicted a broodmother in pangs of what could have been birth pains or even birth pleasures, as a long procession of Veddu children, each four-arms, paraded out from her tunnel and into the world. Another showed a lone figure wandering *into* her depths, like an explorer venturing into a cave. The figure was blue-skinned and male, and a depiction of his seed implanting a floating egg told her all she needed to know about what was expected of Destin in the future. She looked down at him, but with her immense height of thirty-two feet, it was impossible to tell his expression. Whatever it was, it was serious.

The procession was quiet, with only a few questions and exchanges. The Queen sometimes gave updates to the situation outside the gates, but there was no expectation of response.

“They have a force perhaps three thousand strong, plus another two thousand orcs. They are demanding the city: they are claiming the last of their waterlands are drying up, and we have been greedy in hoarding it.”

“Have you?” Sabel asked, grunting a little as she had to duck. Her legs were even stubbier today, and she could feel her tail doing its usual ‘scenting’ of the air to find a good spot to settle her. Permanently, this time. Her antennae were practically demanding it. She got the very clear sense that she was probably overdue.

The Queen was a little aghast, though she did pause for a moment.

“Perhaps. It was a matter of survival, abandoning the outer settlements. We could only take so many in.”

“And now they come for you,” Destin said. “But their number isn’t immense.”

“We have fifteen thousand souls in this city, and few are soldiers. We have no other kingdoms as enemies; legends tell us our people fled from hostile lands long ago. But they have Veddu weapons. Enough to bring down the walls of the city, though the battle would be bloody on both sides. We have some of our own.”

Destin nodded. “Well, perhaps once Sabel is turned back, we can do something. We have committed assassinations before. Dirty business, but a decapitation strike could do the trick, if they’re rallying behind a number of charismatic leaders. We could also sabotage the weapons. They wouldn’t see us coming.”

The Queen appeared to consider this.

“Whatever path either of you take, your coming was still ordained. We will place our fates in your hands.” She paused, appearing saddened as she looked to Sabel’s belly. Sabel winced as a particularly harsh flurry of kicks distended her belly. Gods, she felt huge. But to Alitraya, it was clear that her enormous stomach represented more than just alien children; it was hope for her people, a hope that was being squandered.

“Come, the Sacred Vaults are before us now.”

They entered a vast chamber, far larger than anything Sabel had ever seen before. Numerous great Veddu devices littered the area, several of them effectively towers, while others had the tell-tale green glow. Several great walls shimmered with that familiar energy.

“That is the Wall of Prophecy,” the Queen said, indicating a huge black wall in the centre of the area. It was perfectly sleek, with not a single evidence of segmentation in it.

“It no longer works, but it once told us great things, and showed us your future coming.”

Sabel admired it, and something in her antennae buzzed, throbbing a little. Her children squirmed in excitement. She had the distinct sense that it was possible to interact with this wall, perhaps even get it working again. It was technology of the Veddu, after all, and she was more Veddu than not now. She stepped forward slowly, gasping a little at her

tremendous belly and its weight. Her legs were getting quite tired. Someone stepped forward to warn her to stop but Destin motioned for him to stop, and the Queen followed through, making the order official.

“I - I think I can get it working again,” Sabel stammered. Her belly growled, wanting further water, and she clutched its underside with her lengthened arms, panting a little.

“J-just give me some t-time, little ones.”

She managed to rest herself upon the cold, almost metallic ground, surrounded by the vast constructions of the chamber. It felt to her like this was some sort of place of control, like a captain’s deck of a ship, only interior and far, far, far larger. She could imagine numerous Veddu at various stations as they took this mighty ship through the stars, preparing to visit and explore and perhaps even settle another world.

She reached out with her hands - all four of them, and traced them over the flat surface of the mighty obelisk. She recognised the strange patterns on it - she had seen the same on the much smaller obelisk pillar that had first revealed her fate. That had seemed like a lifetime ago, now.

Suddenly the wall lit up. The congregation of Veddayuns and even Destin gasped as a bright green haze glowed, illuminating the wall. Numerous letters and scripts beyond Sabel’s comprehension spiralled out over the wall, serving as a kind of moving map. It was astonishing; she’d never heard of anything like it, even among Veddu scholars and gnomish tinkers.

“What is it doing?” the Queen asked.

“I think - I think it’s waiting to confirm who I am,” Sabel said. She removed her hands and placed them back on her mighty giantess womb. She shuffled forward a little, and let the expanse of her belly pressed lightly against the wall.

“Let’s see if this - nnggh - works!”

It did. The wall glowed even brighter, and suddenly the voice of the Veddu echoed across the chamber, a second reverberation translating it into the common tongue.

*‘Broodmother detected. The program has worked.’*

“By the Starfarers, it works!” someone declared behind the Queen, half-bowing. Sabel could only grunt. She certainly *felt* like a broodmother, the way her belly was still inching forward.

“I am Sabel. I accepted a . . . blessing from a surviving Veddu. He was the last of his kind, and I wished to atone for a life of violence. I didn’t realise what I would become.”

The green energy lanced across the wall, forming new images and Veddu words. Several of them clearly applied to her; they displayed her in profile.

“By the Gods, do I really look like that from a distance?” she said, aghast. “I look ridiculous! All womb!”

*'Leg atrophy has begun. You are a Veddu broodmother, blessed to return our race. Your body is ready for birthing once a suitable location has been found for calling down roots. The Veddu will finally be reborn.'*

Sabel frowned. "Yes, I already know all that. I want to find a way to turn back - to take this 'blessing' and give it to someone else."

*'You are the broodmother. Expected lifespan: five hundred to six hundred years. Expected brood number: estimated four hundred and seventy five thousand or more in total year span.'*

Sabel's jaw dropped. So did everyone else's. Her antennae sensed Destin's own shock behind her.

"I'm - that's - ahhhh - that's a lot. That's a very damned big number. Ngh!"

*'Contractions have begun. Birth will be held off until your root has been laid down. For the safety of the infants, you must find a suitable location.'*

"By the Black Mountain, no wonder I've - euurghh - been feeling extra tense. I'm having c-contractions!"

"Damn," Destin said. "I'm sorry Sabel, I didn't realise. I thought you were just . . . overladen."

"So did I!" she exclaimed. "Uugnhh, oh this explains so much! Why I keep feeling this d-damned pressure. Why my breasts are dripping all the fucking time. And why my - my . . ."

She trailed off. While the pulling sensation in her vagina may be of interest to Destin, who did his best to explore and tease and expel his seed inside it the previous night, she didn't exactly feel like sharing that information with strangers, especially ones that worshipped her strange and bloated body.

*'Birthing without taking root will exhaust your body's supply of energy. Eaten sustenance will not be enough, and your body will give out, dooming the Veddu race.'*

A light flashed over her, causing her several dozen babies to squirm uncomfortably within her. She grunted, caressing her belly to soothe them.

*'Impregnation by Consort is successful. His lifespan will be approximately equivalent to your own. His seed will be vital for further impregnation. The process is successful.'*

Another flash of light, this time yellow, before returning to green.

*'Root site detected above. Juncture 3.45 by 7.75 on surface level. Your inherent biological capabilities will rejuvenate the soil and heal the surrounding environment. This healing process shall continue and expand until it is self-sustaining over your lifetime. You must ascend to take your role. The Veddu race depend upon you as the Great Mother of our race. You will be esteemed most highly for all time for your actions.'*

Sabel grit her teeth, trying to figure out what to say. It was odd, to consider, the notion of living so long and producing so much life. Forever rooted to one spot, and yet being able

to spread fertility and life beyond the horizon. To think that the lifeless expanse of the Outland Wastes could once more bring life and hope, and connection. In so many ways, it was the kind of atonement she had wished for all along and never imagined would come true. But she had also never imagined that she would become some enormous birthing machine, a perpetually pregnant broodmother nearly thirty-five feet in height, belly constantly squirming with children, her antennae demanding she become somehow impregnated with *even more*.

“Nnggh,” she groaned, as another contraction rolled through her. “Is there a way to change back?” she repeated. “I have chosen to reject the gift. I do not wish to become this broodmother. Someone else must be chosen!”

The green wall crackled red, as if it were surging with anger and shock.

*‘Repeat statement. Meaning unclear.’*

Sabel rallied herself, and to her own surprise, she found the words difficult to say.

“I - I have chosen to reject the blessing. Give the role of broodmother to someone else. Someone here in the city.”

Another crackling of red, this time darker.

*‘You are the broodmother. Are you sure you wish to reject this hallowed position?’*

The question hit her in the chest like a boulder launched from a siege weapon. She wasn’t sure. Somehow, impossibly, she wasn’t sure.

“Is it - is it possible to do so? I’m not answering that question until I know it is possible to become human again.”

The wall shifted, showing her current ridiculously pregnant form in profile, slowly receding to become human again. At several stage, babies were expelled from her body.

*‘Possible. Reversal of transformation is permanent. Gift can be bestowed with fifty-five percent success rate a second time. However, failure will end the line of Veddu forever.’*

She looked to Destin, who gave her a sympathetic look.

“We’ve beaten worse odds,” he said, though his voice sounded unsure about their current prospects.

*‘Repeat. Do you wish to reject this hallowed position?’*

Sabel was silent for an awkwardly long amount of time. She rubbed her belly, all four arms now familiar to her as she calmed the movement of the life within. Her antennae informed her of her contents; they were all healthy, and of their immense number roughly a third belonged to her dear life. She could still birth them and revert, still become a mother, even if she wasn’t a *broodmother*. She could just walk away - literally, given that walking would not be an option for her entire life once her tail dug in for good.

And yet . . . something railed against answering in the affirmative. She was overly full, far too large, and her breasts were endlessly producing much too much milk, not to mention she was currently experiencing the discomfort of contractions. It would be a process neverending, and she would have to get used to birthing for literal hundreds of years and constantly being re-impregnated by Destin, a role which so different from her past as a life-taking soldier that it was an alien to her as the Veddu themselves. All these qualities should have made her choice obvious, simply really.

But she still couldn't decide. The truth was, the life within her - as much of a struggle as it was - also soothed her. Gave her a new purpose. Made her feel atoned already. Or at least in the process of atonement. And as ridiculous as it even felt to admit it, she felt a power and pleasure in becoming this overly ripe giantess, this blue pregnant goddess whose domain was in spreading life.

She realised totally and for the first time that she actually enjoyed her body and its pleasures, and far more its higher calling, than she had ever truly realised.

"Sabel," Destin said, his voice barely a whisper yet carrying across her silence. "Are you going to answer?"

She turned to him, not knowing what to say. "I - Destin, I -"

They were both interrupted by a figure running through the entrance.

"My Queen! My Queen! The barbarians are moving! The raid has come!"

Alitraya spun on the spot, issuing orders and demanding further information.

"One of our ramparts had an accident as we were preparing a Veddu weapon for defence. It crashed over the wall and crumbled at its foot. The raiders took this to be a sign of aggression and - I'm afraid to say - incompetence as well. Their leader issued the order to line up. It looks like they are going to siege the walls, which are now even less defended than before."

"Damn it to the Nine Hells," the Queen said.

The messenger bowed to Sabel, who simply nodded back, unsure exactly what her role was in this.

"We must return to the surface as fast as we can," the Queen said. "I thought we had more time. Sabel, I implore you to make the right decision here, but I cannot force you. You are not my subject, and your position is higher than my own as a blessed mother of the Starfarers. I had hoped that you could ascend to the Celestial Throne and usher in our prosperous future, but if we must fight and let that future fall to the mantle of another woman, then we will make it so. I will take the mantle myself if I am compatible."

Several advisors began to speak hurriedly, but she silenced them with a single raised hand.

“I will take on the blessing. I am older, but this should be no concern for the magic and technology of the ancient ones. I will take the blessing of birthing the Veddu to come, and do my best to lead my subjects. But please, if this is to happen, I beg that in rejecting the gift, you join the fight for our survival. See us above when you have made your decision, and when I am needed to do what must be done.”

*‘Proposed subject is compatible,’ the Veddu wall spoke. ‘Provided transfer of blessing is successful, proposed subject may take on the role of broodmother in reduced capacity.’*

“Reduced capacity,” Sabel whispered, holding her immense mound. It sounded like a second-rate replacement, a faulty consolation to the real thing.

“Farewell Sabel,” Alitraya said, shedding a tear in dignified fashion. “I wish you the best. We shall see the Crimson Tide on the battlefield, I hope.”

The procession left, moving with haste back up the ramps and to the surface, leaving Destin and Sabel alone.

The two lovers remained in silence, even as Sabel’s own belly audibly gurgled, demanding water to sate her growth. Her tail shifted slowly; evidently it had determined there was no great source of water here, and so it simply shifted with a kind of instinctual impatience. After a few moments, Destin walked to her side, climbing over her blue leg and placing a hand on her stomach. He gave a grim smile.

“It’s okay, Sabel,” he said, “I know you love them.”

She gave a sad chuckle. “I do. I truly do, Destin. Last night . . . I wanted you to get me more pregnant. It wasn’t just instinct; I truly do love having your babies. It’s astonishing to admit, but I do.”

“But you have to change back.”

“I - yes, I do.”

He nodded. “It’s the right thing to do. There’s a solid chance it’ll work - not the best chance, but as I said, we’ve faced worse odds and won. And we can win on the battlefield today. I know it’s not what you want, but -”

“Assassination,” she scoffed. She tensed a little as her breasts shuddered, and her top became soaked in streams of milk. Another contraction rolled through her, and she had to ride it out until she could speak again. “That’s what you suggested.”

“It would work, wouldn’t it?”

“P-potentially. But you had given up that life, Destin. We both had. You for your inn, and me for . . . this. Even if I didn’t quite realise it. Damn the Gods, I didn’t mean for things to play out this way. We both walked away from violence, but the path calls us back again. I feel like I’m c-coming full - oh, God, so full - circle. I wanted to atone, to bring life, and now I’m choosing to walk away from it - s-so to speak - and embrace violence again.”

“To save others,” Destin said in a soothing tone.



Sabel shook her head. "We both know that's so m-much cowshit, my love. Ohhhh! These 'raiders' are just th-those who - ahhrgh - those who suffered first. They're d-desperate. They j-just want to live. But not enough of them c-can - Mhmph!"

Destin looked worried. She loved that look on his face.

"We need to undo this, before your contractions destroy you. You're looking pale."

She nodded. She did indeed need to make a choice.

*'Warning. Conflict evident on surface above. Broodmother in danger. You must evacuate.'*

She raised her scarred eyebrow. "Evacuate how?"

The wall turned a vibrant blue. *'The surface is hostile. You must find a place of nutrients and water.'*

"Useless m-machine - oohh!"

She felt her vagina stretch, pulling outwards a little. Her legs receded just that little more. Her belly tightened, even as her opening dilated further.

"Ahhhh, that was a l-lot. We need to get to the s-surface."

*'Warning. Surface dangerous.'*

"I don't care. We need to g-get there fast. But I can't w-walk there. I need to s-see the battlefield first. Machine, can you help us?"

There was another warbling.

*'Lift activated.'*

Metal groaned and screeched, and Destin shouted in surprise as the entire platform lifted.

"What are you doing Sabel?" he said in astonishment as she clutched her fertile mound, willing the contraction to hold off just a little longer.

"As I said, my love. I need to see it. I need to confront my past before I decide my future."

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The bells rang as they ascended. Crowds gasped as Sabel's enormous form and Destin's regularly-sized one rose into place in the upper tier of the city. The ground had opened, and numerous rocks fallen; Sabel had been forced to shield Destin - clearly the city officials didn't know of this function. One poor figure even fell, but she caught him with practised ease, and he praised the 'Great Mother' for her actions. With a *THUNK*, the lift came level to the surface, in time for Sabel to see the invading force upon the horizon, over the city's distant ramparts. Their force indeed was nearly five thousand strong, perhaps more. Not by far the largest army she had seen, but with a good number of Veddu devices that looked quite

dangerous. One fired, and a piece of the city walls obliterated to pieces. Several siege weapons returned fire, but this was the prelude. The initial strikes to bring down the walls before an invasion can commence.

“By the Gods, I’ve never seen so many Veddu weapons in one place before,” Destin marvelled, his voice shaking a little.

Sabel looked out across the battlefield with a surprising calmness. In it, she saw a hundred others, all different, all the same. Blood and death and sorrow and loss. The horrid price of war. The true Crimson Tide, far greater than she could ever be as a warrior. Violence begetting violence.

She lowered all four hands, holding her belly like a great goddess of ancient myth.

She knew what she would have to do.

The choice that needed to be made.

“Come, my love,” she said, turning without another word. The crowd around begged for her aid, for her to rescue them.

“Great Mother, please save us from the barbarians!”

“Are there any powers you can use to vanquish them?”

“Run Great Mother! We will give our lives for the future you bring to our children!”

She didn’t acknowledge any one of them specifically, as much as wanted to. Instead she simply looked over the crowd, tiny like mice to her current stature. In that moment, oddly, she kind of did feel like a goddess.

“Don’t be afraid,” she said as imperiously as she could, proudly presenting her fertile belly and full bosoms. “I will keep you safe. Get to your dwellings, and keep out of danger.”

They seemed to take her word as gospel, and so she continued on. Destin ran to her side, and with great awkwardness she was able to lean down enough to scoop him up to her shoulder.

“Sabel, my love, what are you doing?”

“I’m going to the Celestial Temple,” she said, lumbering forward up the streets.

Numerous citizens cried out in praise and for salvation as she passed. “I’m going to - oh Gods, I can’t believe I’m saying this - I’m going to be the broodmother.”

Destin paled. “Are you - are you serious? Sabel, my love, there’s a way to turn back!”

“I know. It’s more tempting than - ahhhh, damn contraction! - it’s more tempting than the finest fruit. But this is the blessing I accepted, even if I didn’t realise it. This is my atonement. This is how I can end this bloodshed before it begins, instead of spilling blood myself.”

Destin regarded her as if she belonged to one of the monastery asylums.

"This is so unlike you Sabel. No, that's not true at all. I've seen the way you regard those babies. The motherly way you have begun to act. But are you sure? This is five hundred years you're committing to - for both of us!"

This time she did look at him. The Celestial Temple was close, but he drew her full attention now.

"I didn't say I would force you," she said. She bit her lip nervously. "Though I had hoped you would join me. Destin, this is my destiny, not yours."

"It is mine," he said. "It's only one extra letter from Destin to destiny, after all."

"Oh, that was - NneurrUGGH! Oh Gods, that was terrible to bring the greatest contraction yet."

He laughed nervously. "That's part of my charm, my love. But still - wow! We're actually doing this. We could just fight them, you know."

"It's precisely because I could just fight that I want to f-find another way. I th-think I know what to d-do."

She waddled past several surprised guards, staggered into the temple where she and Destin had already spent a wonderful night. It's immensity struck her; how many attendants would she need when her role truly began? Would she ever get bored? What would it be like to remain here for five hundred years, constantly birthing and being re-impregnated? It was as alien to her as the last two months, far more so.

But it was the right thing to do.

And more than that, she *wanted* to do it. Gods help her, she wanted to bring life into the world. Her, Sabel the Crimson Tide! Somehow the woman who had never wanted children, who had only craved a life of violence, now wanted to birth thousands of babies into the world.

"I'm crazy for doing this, aren't I?" she said, as yet another contraction, even closer to the last, rolled through her.

"Well, you always were a little unsound of mind," Destin joked.

She cracked a smile, stepping on her aching legs to the centre of the stadium. Her tail hungered for water, and it flipped about excitedly, desiring the rich soil that covered the ground. Carefully, and with a great lumbering effort, she managed to sit upon her dais. It was wide and slightly scooped to accommodate her buttocks, and she rested in it easily. She gave her tail permission, and it dove down into the ground eagerly. In moments it was sucking up moisture, causing her to groan in satisfaction.

"F-f-fuuuck, that f-feels good. By the Gods, I needed that."

The feelings of exhaustion were wiped away by the hydration, but the tenseness in her belly had not ended. Her antennae throbbed, causing her to exhale in an oddly sensitive

fashion. They were reading Destin, requiring his presence for something. Somehow, she understood.

“D-Destin, my love. I need you.”

“What can I do? Are you ready? Um, should I get a midwife? A team of them?”

There was a great *CRACK* of thunderous firepower in the distance. A wall section audibly crumbled, and people screamed. The rain would soon begin. The war and suffering for the remaining finite resources left. Sabel refocused on the here and now.

“N-no. I have one m-more change to go. The final one. I n-need you to come inside me one l-last time. For now, I mean.”

She added the last sentence at his obvious disappointment. It nearly made her laugh. Even in the midst of battle, his love about to permanently become an alien broodmother, Destin was still fearful that he wouldn't get to experience the joys of sex again.

“Oh,” he said. “Oh!”

“Don't be gentle,” she replied. “I need you to stretch me. I need - ooohh! - to be ready!”

She laid back as much as she could, resting on her large arms even as her spare pair removed her milk-sodden top. Her breasts were freed, milk dripping freely like fountains, and she savoured their release, already desiring her many babies to suckle upon them. Destin approached her greatly distended passage, and she quickly lost sight of him, lost beneath the expanse of her trembling pregnant form. But soon she felt the pleasure. His hands parted her soft, wet lips, and she trembled in response to his motions. He had obviously removed his clothing; she could feel his entire body against her vagina: his mouth upon her throbbing clit, his bare legs stretching her passage wide. She groaned in ecstasy as she became more and more moist, her pleasure mixing with the intensity of her contractions.

“Y-yesssss, d-deeper!” she begged. “Enter your Goddess, my love! Give me m-more babies! I demand it!”

He shouted something in return, something corny and sexual and no doubt aroused as well. She couldn't quite hear it, lost in the agonies of birth, of brewing orgasm, and trying to ignore the horrors of what would soon come to the city if they failed. Her antennae pulsed, her instinctive need for him to enter her fully building ever more. She was on the cusp of something amazing, something she'd never imagined would be possible but now seemed downright sensual; the act of having her lover walk into her most inner parts and impregnate her from within.

“Mmmhhhm - g-get in me!” she begged, and then she shuddered as he did. Her lips dilated, partly in response to contractions, but also as he himself pressed through the crevice of her opening. She lifted two hands, undoing her open skirt and allowing herself to shift just

slightly to become entirely naked. She wanted to be free; the image of true motherhood as he completed her transformation. She lifted her hands and began to grope and squeeze at her breasts. She lifted her upper left tit even as she squeezed the nipple of her lower right, and began to suckle at her own produce. It was surprisingly sweet, and the flow of its produce felt utterly right.

“MMmhhhmhmm - Oohhhhhhhh - AAHHHHhhhh!!!”

Destin pressed through her passage, her Consort stepped within her womanhood and pressing through it. Her vagina extended, her venus mound becoming a little further pronounced so that birthing would be easier; it was level with the end of the dais now, where no doubt hundreds of attendants would serve to aid the arrival of her children for the next few hundred years. The prospect, now that she had accepted it, was beginning to openly entice her.

“Ohhh - Nnggh! Oh that’s v-very s-strange!”

She was not speaking of Destin within her - he continued to stroke her innermost parts, setting off fireworks of pleasure. Rather, she was referring to her new bout of changes, triggered by his actions. Her torso extended just as it had in the dream, allowing her belly to grow even more gargantuan while giving her breasts and head and shoulders space. It was followed by an overall softening of her rear, which became much smoother. She felt her rear fuse, cheeks becoming simply a rounded part of her womb, subsumed into it. She winced a little at that; she had always been proud of her ass, but she supposed her new body had no need of expelling waste.

“I’m a-almost th-there!” she stammered, her voice rising higher and higher.

Destin was almost there as well - she could feel him inside her. Somehow, he instinctively knew which parts to stroke, to grope, to grab and squeeze and massage and lick and rub, to bring her to her greatest fruition. Her quivering body trembled, almost overwhelmed by the pleasure he was bringing. She lowered one hand, still caressing her sensitive nipples with the other, and her original pair keeping her up as she laid back, and began to ply at her pussy. She pulled and stretched it, stroking its new expanse, and teasing further growth. It seemed right, somehow, to prepare it for future birth. To make her tunnel grow further.

And then she stopped, her body rigid and still.

Destin was at the edge of her passage, his body pressed against the final entrance to her womb itself.

“F-fuck!” she squealed, uncharacteristically girlish. His hands glided over this last wall, and both of them knew that her babies were locked behind it, ready to enter the world, but for one final act.

Suddenly Destin's motions changed. He was holding onto some inner part of her, but his body rocked. She smiled to herself, her new broodmother instincts pleased that he was readying to expel his seed. She imagined him in there, highly aroused by providing his Broodmother the ultimate pleasure, and stroking his hard, long cock.

"D-do it! Cum in me!" she exclaimed to herself. She knew he could not hear her, but he would do it all the same.

Something changed.

She felt a warmth, a trickle. A spurt of her Consort's seed. The greatest pleasure she had ever felt overwhelmed her, beginning in her core and then rising to her breasts, her limbs, her tail. Somehow, she could *sense* Destin's seed, his precious cum being spent inside her. She felt her body collected it, drawing it into her womb to fertilise her. To make her yet more full. She shuddered in a delayed orgasm, arching back further as her breasts began to spurt milk in large streams across the stadium.

"OOHHHHHHHHH YES! YESSSS MY LOVE! MAKE ME PREGNANT! YESSS YESS!!!"

The last of her changes finished; her legs withdrew entirely, withering back into her body. Her tail expanded, becoming much thicker at the base, tree-like in fact, its roots extending far further underground. They activated something in the soil, arcane powers of the Veddu cultivating the land deep beneath. A bed of flowers burst into being nearby and spread across the stadium, bright and pink and purple in colouring, with occasional dashes of yellow.

"D-Destin! It's - ooohhhh - w-working!"

Her body trembled, and she felt the last of the barriers to birth give way. Destin seemed to sense her body's urgency, as he quickly moved back along her passage towards her exit. She exhaled as he exited.

"That - that was something!" he declared, still covered in her feminine juices. He looked up at her. "Good Gods Sabel, you've changed again!"

"Mmhmm," she moaned, breathing heavily as her opening dilated once more. She could feel it; the coming of her children. Finally.

"The last change," she said. "Oh, love. I can feel them c-coming. I'm g-giving birth. Go g-get someone! Many s-someones! Ooohhh!!!"

He rubbed her belly in awe. "I love you, Sabel."

"I I-love you too! Now g-go!"

He ran, and she relaxed, rubbing her orb and relaxing. The lack of legs was less bothersome than she thought it would be; she still had her roots, digging far underground and revitalising the soil. She could feel their influence spreading outwards, cascading across the city. Out the vast entrance of the Celestial Temple she could see the chaos of the raiding

army advancing, then stalling. Small patches of green were developing, just barely visible. She gasped and groaned, feeling the magic and strange innate abilities of her body rejuvenating the land, drawing up water from the deepest wells to renew the surface. It would take time, she knew, but already the city was abuzz with activity, the conflict failing to advance as the lines of prepared battle disintegrating into marvel and confusion.

“The land! It’s returning!” someone shouted, and she could hear their astonishment with her elven-like ears.

“Has the Great Mother taken her seat at the Celestial Temple!”

“She must have! We must go see!”

She relaxed a little more, breathing carefully as her womanhood parted. She felt the urge to push, and after all this time she did not fight it but *welcomed* it. Further patches of green bloomed, and she willed as best she could for the fertility to be directed to the land between the army and the city walls. She did not know if it works, but further cheers erupted. Her tail sapped more water, and somehow she knew it was simultaneously seeding the land as well, taking only what was needed and giving back so much more. She was more than just a broodmother of the Veddu, she was also the mother of their future lands. The nurturer of their fields. She gasped, grinning at the prospects.

And then her waters broke.

They came like a flood out of her being, washing between her legs - well, between where her legs would have been, had she still had them. Instead, she was all belly, all womb now, re-instantiated as a mother of the returning Veddu.

“Oohhhhhhhh,” she groaned, as the last of her womb waters left her. She did not know the full processes of her new role or body, but she suspected what had leaked out was only a small portion of the fluid inside her. After all, her belly was still distended to bursting point, and many other babies were developing behind the ones ready to leave. Was there some secondary chamber where those ready to birth shifted to?

Another urge to push broke her from that mindset. She bore down, trying to spread her legs before chuckling at the realisation that she couldn’t. Hence, of course, why her feminine parts were now further outwards.

“UUrrgghhh!!” she groaned, pushing. To her surprise, the sensation was not painful. A little discomforting, in an odd way, but also strangely satisfying. She felt her womb shift, and several of her children - her first born - descend towards her canal.

“Aahhh - there w-we are! NNggh!!”

Her tunnel squeezed tight. It was already cavernous, but now hugged each child as they descended, ushering them forward through her tunnel. She gasped, groaned, grunted, whimpered and cried, the last a little in ecstasy, as what felt like five or six or perhaps - no, *definitely more* - were pushed towards her opening. They were bigger than she expected.

They felt like the six of four or five year olds, and it was enough that it gave her the pleasure of another shivering orgasm.

“OOhhhh, if - if only I knew it was going to f-feel so goooood!”

She could get used to this. In fact, she knew she was going to. She didn't have much of a choice now - she had, after all, finally chosen this life.

The life of a broodmother.

“Sabel! We're back!”

She looked over to Destin, who was running with over a dozen midwives and attendants, with more flocking to her side. They looked at her with astonishment and pride, and somehow her nakedness made her feel all the more godly in their presence. Not that she had any intention of indulging in that particular delusion.

“Destin!” she cried, clenching her eyes shut for a moment, “they're - they're coming! OOhhhh! B-be ready!”

Destin ran to her side and held a finger - it was all he could really hold of her now. He was cleaned up a little, having clearly doused himself with a bucket on the way back, and for that she was thankful.

“You look good,” she joked, as she bore down again and pushed. Her breasts heaved, spilling more milk over her belly. Gods, her tits were full. She was actually looking forward to having an endless line of babies on them. It would keep them from constantly leaking for a few hundred years.

“You look good too,” Destin said. She was about to make a joke, until she realised that he truly meant it. On some level, along the way, he truly had become her Consort. She blushed purple, overwhelmed with love.

“OOhhhhh,” she moaned, the need to push coming over her again. She was close, she was so close. The pressure and the pleasure were combining and escalating, and it was almost time.

“Destin!” she called, as various attendants moved to her opening to receive the first of her young. “I love you!”

“I love you too, Sabel!”

She groaned louder, the chamber filling with her voice as she pushed again.

And then the first of her babies entered the world. She gasped as it exited her, a cool rush of bliss occurring at the moment of exit. Her attendants murmured amongst themselves.

“I wish - I wish to see,” Sabel declared, unable to witness the child beyond her heavy belly.

They stepped out to what she could see: indeed, two physicians were holding between them a Veddu infant. It was much larger than a human infant, roughly the size of a four year old or even a five year old, but it had the chubby fat and stunted limbs of a baby



nonetheless. Its eyes were closed, and it was obviously male. It reached with four arms, grasping for something, and her breasts seemed to trickle even more milk just at the sight of it. It gurgled, making a somewhat alien cry for attention, and then the milk gushed even more freely in response.

“He’s beautiful,” she said, tensing even as yet another contraction rolled through her.

She reached down with her large, elongated limbs.

“Please, he needed me.”

There was no cord in need of cutting, evidently her children swam and squirming freely in her womb, absorbing what they needed from the fluid of her sac. Gingerly, she took the tiny child - much tinier from her perspective, and raised him up to her chest.

“So beautiful,” she repeated.

The child gave several meek cries, and she hummed softly as she placed him at her upper right breast. He latched instantly, and began greedily sucking at her prodigious milk, drinking deep of her nourishing substance. It made her moan contentedly. It was one of the most blissful experiences she’d ever had. A good thing too, because more were coming in need of such tending.

“D-Destin,” she stammered. “You decide on a n-name. I’m just going to be b-birthing a while, my love. A long while, actually. Five hundred years, give or take. Is that - oohhh - okay with you?”

“Absolutely fine, Sabel, so long as you can stand having me at your side.”

She closed her eyes, relishing the feelings of her incredibly gravid body as she held her first child at her breast. She groaned, and another exited, followed by another. Each was placed at her breast, until all four positions were taken, and she was having to rotate them. Still she birthed, pushing forth each child with a strange mix of discomfort and ecstasy, as if the very act of birthing was what she was made for.

In a sense, she supposed, it was.

More and more people poured into the Celestial Temple, many of them attendants and officials, others simply ordinary people. They looked at Sabel with awe, and some fell down in worship. Sabel certainly wasn’t comfortable with *that*, but decided against saying anything for now. Far easier to get used to giving birth in front of everyone and being celebrated for it, than trying to rebuild their religion from scratch on day one. After all, she had five hundred years to do it.

She looked beyond the crowd pouring in and instead to the plains outside the city. Hostilities had yet to begin; in fact, it looked like the two sides were coming together in peace. The fields outside the city were already flowing, and water was being driven up to form small ponds and lakes. It was not immense yet, but it was a start. Sabel smirked; she

had the distinct impression that rather than assassinating the leaders of the raiders, she was going to be receiving gifts of thanks from them within the week.

But the political situation could wait. For now, the bloodshed had been prevented, and a fragile peace was being fostered. She had confronted her past, and beaten it, and in doing so brought life into being.

Another contraction, another grunt, and series of stirrings in her womb. She smiled at Destin, more happy than she could have imagined as more and more people of the city poured in to see her.

"I can f-feel another one coming," she said, bearing down to push.

It was going to become a *very* familiar sensation.

She pushed once again, preparing to bring more and more Veddu life back into the world, again and again and again.

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It was decades later, and Vedrayyu was flourishing. The conflict had indeed successfully ended between the city and its intended raiders, though it was the careful work of long negotiation between Queen Alitraya and the warband's leaders. Sabel's ascendance to broodmother status forged peace between them: there was little need to fight over resources when the outlying communities the raiders had descended from were starting to flourish once more. Slowly, as the weeks and months and eventual years passed, the land rejuvenated, flourishing with water, greenery, and eventually even animal life. Sabel's roots ran deep underground, her Veddu body somehow cultivating the land in ways even she could not fully understand. Soon the city was able to expand, neighbourhoods and new quarters expanding outside the city walls, so that it effectively had another layer. The poorest sections began to fill with more life, and Queen Alitraya's reign became known as the start of a Golden Age for the city, one that would eventually bring it into contact with other kingdoms across the slowly flowering wastes.

Of course, as this was all happening, Sabel had other duties. After that day of decision, the moment she had crossed the threshold and could not step back even if she wanted to, she had grown to become a full Veddu broodmother. At forty feet tall, she loomed above the denizens of the city, even the full-blooded orcs and tallest of the moon elves paled in comparison to her immense size, easily six times their height with feet to spare. She birthed every day, sometimes for hours at a time, though her cycles were mostly predictable, allowing holy festivals and celebrations to take place at her temple, and delegations to visit, as well as the friends she made to come visit her - including the Queen herself.

It also allowed for Destin's role as a consort to play out. Her lover could sense when the time was right, as could she, when it was time for her to be 're-seeded' with his issue, and made pregnant with more of their Veddu children. She greatly enjoyed those times, becoming more and more familiar with the process of having her lover enter her deepest and most private parts, and the bliss that came from knowing he was blessing her with more children.

Which is not to say it didn't take some getting used to. After her initial pride in making the brave decision to remain a Veddu broodmother, Sabel did quickly slip into frustration just a week later. Her body was built to deal with endless pregnancies and labours - otherwise she would go mad! - but it did nothing to curb her impatience. She was used to movement, to being able to go where she pleased, and see much of the world and its wonders, even if those wonders often involved the presence of bloodshed and fighting. Now, however, she was quite literally rooted to the spot, and would be until the rest of her life. She could twist her body somewhat, relax back or to the sides, even turn to see what was behind her for the most part (though there was an incredibly irritating blindspot that Destin liked to play tricks on her from), but these were very small when weighed against the freedoms she had willfully given up.

"What I wouldn't - eurggh - wouldn't do to just regrow my legs and go for a walk," she moaned one day, as contractions rolled through her body for the third time. "J-just one little walk. Even around the t-temple."

Destin was nestled lovingly in her enormous upper shelf of cleavage, resting against her turquoise skin.

"I'm sorry, my love, I wish that for you too. But perhaps we can bring the world to you, in some ways?"

"Oohhhh . . . this baby is ahhh, a big one! What do you mean?"

Her gorgeous blue man smiled up at her, even as she fed four of her babies at her breasts he was easily able to fit between them and with feet of space to spare.

"I mean we could send scholars, explorers, philosophers out into the world we're reconnecting to, and get them to help you decorate *this* space. Paint up some of the walls, bring find paintings. Bring the world to you."

She beamed at the prospect, suddenly excited. It would be an imitation, yes, but better than any other idea."

"That sounds amazing," she said earnestly, before bearing down. "Now if you'll excuse m-me, there's another one c-coming. NNGHH!!"

Her attendants below prepared to receive and care for her latest young, and she pushed it into the world.

Destin did not forget his word: her people - at least she was starting to think of them as her people - began to do their best to let her become used to her immobile condition. They brought books, scholars, philosophers, scribes, artists, and other figures. Sometimes she felt like she was a Queen being entertained by her subjects, though at least it was a useful time for dissuading them of her godhood. That would be a task that took many years of careful work. As it was, while birthing and breastfeeding and even raising her young, she learned much of Vedrayu, its history and culture. It gave her the notion of fulfilling her new role in full: she asked the Queen to form a group of scholars to teach her all they knew of the Veddu, and to even bring their working and non-working technology and devices to her, that she could try to fix them or interact with them. She absorbed every piece of knowledge and understanding of her new species as she could, intent on passing it to the children. After all, it was not just important that the Veddu were reborn, but their culture renewed as well.

And so, even as she pushed child after child from her expanded loins, and was re-impregnated by her enthusiastic lover, she learned the language of the Veddu, and their writing. She gained understanding of their starfaring culture, their ways of greeting, their notion of manners, and most importantly of all; how they raised their young. Of course, keeping track of all her babies was an impossible task, but schools were erected to teach them, and she could teach the teachers. Her initial batch of babies, however, she taught herself. They were, in many ways, the special ones. Those she first carried when she ascended to the temple and decided her fate. She ensured they were well cared for, raised in her temple from their infant stage all the way to adulthood, which was about two-thirds the time it took for humans to reach maturity. Motherhood was a challenging task, but something about her nature, and perhaps her instincts, managed to steer her right. Certainly, she never lost her often harsh and zealous personality, but she slowly pushed past her natural impatience to be the best mother she could be.

And so she birthed and birthed and birthed and birthed, her every day involving the process. For decades it continued, her body forever dominated by her enormously gravid womb, which continually churned with new life. Destin was always by her side, never straying too far, always ready to enjoy their private lovemaking. Some wished to see it, but Sabel was absolutely clear that even if she had to continually birth and breastfeed her endless litters in front of everyone, including foreign dignitaries (easily the worst part of her new position, even worse than her immobility in her eyes), she was never going to complete 'the re-seeding' as some creepily called it in front of others. Not by all the powers of the Black Mountain and its dark shadow. Having Destin inside of her, teasing pleasure within her, stroking her most fertile inside, that was a private pleasure between just the two of them. And while she may have resented the fact that he could move about the city, even travel further if he liked, she enjoyed his stories and tales, and the many gifts he brought her. Just

as she enjoyed seeing the city grow over time, and the fields beyond it reclaiming their fertility against the sands of the wastes. Construction workers had even opened up the stadium so that she had a full view of the city down the hill, allowing her area to be open, though easily shut when the weather was less friendly to her labours.

And that was how life continued. She loved her children, each and every one, and thanks to her antennae and natural instincts, she could somehow always detect which were which. They were slowly raised until they became full citizens of the city, with their own Veddu culture but with a distinctly Vedrayun twist. It made Sabel extremely proud to see them flourish, but also saddened for them to grow up and take their own places in society, even if they never forgot their mother, and maintained a common unity. Still, it was that unique mother's pain, and one at least partly consoled by the fact that she was always producing more beautiful babies to raise.

She'd never admit it out loud, especially to Destin, but she had become quite the fussy mother, who constantly fretted and worried over her babies. It seemed all along that Sabel had a hidden motherly instinct waiting to come out.

She had gone from soldier to outcast to atoner to broodmother, and though she had her occasional embarrassments - be it leaking entirely too much milk or making some faux pas during an important function - she nevertheless had found peace. She was endlessly amazed by the life-giving properties of her body, finding pleasure and satisfaction in becoming impregnated over and over, and always birthing new life into the world.

Her young promised her that one day, perhaps, they would be starfarers again. The thought made her joyful, even if she might not see the stars themselves.

For now, and for her hundreds of years to come, she was simply happy to give birth to the future.

In fact, she was feeling a contraction coming on right now.

"OOhhh - Destin! This one's coming a little early!"

"Hmm, are we finally having a boy again? I really hope it's a boy."

"Don't even make that joke, my love. It didn't get a laugh from me a decade ago and it won't - oohhh - get a laugh from me now!"

Her lover chuckled, shrugged, and comforted her, as she pushed her next litter into the world.

**The End**