

The Journeys of Freya Crescent

by Cyberwuffy Ala Wolfe

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Charmed

Freya Crescent made her way through the plains of Lindblum. Ever since Burmecia fell, she began her solo journey to find her lost lover Sir Fratley. The dragoon was deep inside the Ice Cave that linked the plains of Lindblum to the kingdom of Burmecia. “Damn it,” Freya cursed. She gripped her lance and thrust it into the ground. She couldn't figure out where she was. The corridor she took led her to a big chamber. A marble fountain was in its center, water flowing. She knew the Ice Cave's route by heart, but never saw this chamber before. She should've come out to the last junction before the Burmecian exit. Something wasn't right.

“What the hell. I've never seen this before. Great,” she sighed. Tired and hungry, Freya moved closer towards the fountain and knelt at its base. The water was crystal clear and she stared at her beautiful reflection. Freya did have good looks for being battle-weary. She was surprised at Zidane's attraction to her so long ago. The warrior cupped her hands in the pool and brought some water to her lips. She drank it down and closed her eyes.

A large rumble began sounding throughout the cavern. Freya looked back towards the room's only exit, but it was sealed off by some magic force field. She looked back at the fountain. Freya grabbed her lance from the earthy ground backed up against one of the chamber's rocky walls. The dragoon could only helplessly watch things unfold. Heavy mist began to seep from the fountain and a large serpentine creature poured out of the spring. The serpent was gray fleshed with the body of a snake. It circled around the room a few times before resting in midair back above the fountain. “Hello Freya,” a deep voice hissed.

“W-who are you?” she gasped.

“I am the spirit of water. The giver of life,” the serpent hissed.

“Are you...?”

“Leviathan, yes, my child,” he rumbled. Freya blinked and eyed the magical apparition.

“You can—”

“Read your mind. That and much more,” Leviathan chuckled. He moved closer towards Freya. Not wanting to seem hostile, Freya allowed him to move closer towards her. She dropped her weapon on the ground and stared at Leviathan.

“Why are you here?” she asked.

“I am here because I wish to grant you my powers,” he said. “I hope this form isn’t too intimidating. Allow me to change to something more...pleasing.”

Leviathan swirled about the chamber again. Mist began to rise around his body and Freya shielded her eyes with her hands.

Sensing that the mist was beginning to dissipate, Freya looked out from underneath her arms and saw a serpentine person emerge. Wearing nothing, Leviathan’s form was immersed in silver scales. He was wingless and Freya could only assume that he was her height. She eyed him over cautiously, unable to resist staring at the swollen gray phallus that swung between his legs. “Is this acceptable?” he asked.

Freya looked up at him and nodded softly. “It is...” she sighed.

“I know why you’re sighing,” the serpent smirked.

“You can read my mind, so please, tell me,” Freya snapped. All Leviathan could do was smile.

“Very well,” he hissed. “You’re lonely. Your only love is lost and you have grown weary of no companionship. You’re tired of ignoring your body’s needs and you want to give in so badly, but nobody will help you.”

“You could say that...Of course who am I to argue? You can read my mind,” she groaned.

“All of which is why I’m here. Allow me to help you out of those clothes,” he smiled. All Leviathan needed to do was look at Freya’s body and everything she was wearing vanished, folded neatly beside her.

“W—What are you going to do?” she stuttered. Leviathan moved closer towards Freya and sat beside her nude form. She tensed up and shivered softly. The serpent’s long maleness slowly trailed across her thigh. It was warm and pulsing.

“I am going to relieve you of your burden. Your long and painful torment,” he whispered. What was she going to do? Say no to a summoning? Freya gently spread her legs to show him that she would willingly participate.

“If we are to do this, then at least allow me to please you for your troubles,” she said. By reading her mind again, Leviathan already knew what was coming. He propped himself against the cavern’s wall and spread his legs to give Freya unfettered access. Freya brushed her breasts against her new companion, her swollen nipples dug firmly into his hide. Not wanting to drag out her intentions any further, the dragoon got onto her knees and slowly crawled until she was face first into his groin.

Freya gently reached out and grasped at his length. She gently squeezed at it in her hand and slowly began to pump it. Freya reached her head down and flickered her tongue across its swollen tip.

Leviathan tilted his head back with a smile on his face. He rarely manifested to mortals, but was caught up with Freya's lonesome journey for awhile. He didn't understand why mortals chose to physically bond like this, but there were many things about mortals that he didn't know. He was going to grant Freya his powers and he wanted to end her sexual absence in the same instant. Soon, part of him would always be within her. Figuratively as well as physically. Being able to shape-shift, it was no surprise that Leviathan chose the perfect size for her.

Freya washed her tongue about the serpent's length. Slowly she circled her tongue around its base and moved her mouth back up to its tip. Without anymore delay, she closed her lips around the thickness and lowered her mouth on him.



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Leviathan shivered and hissed deeply. "You perform well..."

Freya's mouth was already occupied with his penis for her to even try to respond. She felt his claws reach under her chest and play with her breasts. Freya softly suckled on the piece of flesh and started to bob her head up and down on it. This prompted a low hiss from Leviathan and he used this opportunity to work some of his magic on her. He lowered his snout into Freya's head in an encouraging gesture for her to keep going. Leviathan

grasped Freya's orbs and began to infuse them with his power. Freya was unaware that her chest was slowly growing in size. All she was concentrating on was getting this manifestation off. She did her best to deepthroat him without choking. The tip of his swollen penis brushed against the back of her throat and slowly teased the length with her tongue.

Leviathan released Freya's now-heavier chest and brushed the back of her head with his claws. He began to slowly pull Freya's lips off of him. She did her best to resist, but that would prove to be futile. Leviathan kept her face and upper body above his cock and blasted his load over her. He aimed himself into Freya's mouth and gave her a nice shot. Freya caught as much of the summoning's seed as she could, savoring its taste as it danced across her tongue. Leviathan erupted several more times and made sure that the last blasts were washed in her mouth. She licked her lips and shifted back onto her knees. The warrior looked at Leviathan. His maleness was still hard. Being a deity must've been wondrous.

Freya looked down and saw the noticeable change in her appearance. Her breasts were fairly larger than before she ran into him. “What did you do to me...? Although I can’t say I’m complaining,” she grimaced.

“Consider it a gift in addition to receiving my powers,” he smiled wryly. Leviathan got up from his seat and moved closer towards Freya. He embraced her and gently pushed her onto her back. It was coming. The dragoon was about to get laid and she didn’t know what she was in for. “You know what comes next.”

“Please...” she whimpered. Freya eagerly spread her legs for him and closed her eyes. Leviathan gently settled himself on top of her and pushed the pleasure tool of his new form deep inside of her. Freya went wide eyed and cried out. She shivered and squeezed her vaginal muscles around the thick pole. The warrior’s depths were well saturated. Either extremely aroused by the male on top of her or merely Leviathan’s magic, she would never find out. She wrapped her arms around his body and hugged him tight.

Leviathan began to fuck into his interest. After all of this, could the spirit merely admit that all Freya was to him was just an interest? He drew his hips back and pounded into her again. Loud wails from his female filled the chamber. Leviathan was going to make sure this experience would be very memorable. Using his magic once again, he had no trouble blasting Freya off into climax after powerful climax. He fucked into her strongly and the orgasms that she was receiving never relented. All Freya could do was lay back and let her orgasming depths take over control of her body. “I.....I.....” she screamed.

Leviathan enjoyed the frenzied convulsing of her inner walls around his length. Even though her orgasms were prompted by his magic, Freya was being given the ride of a lifetime. The serpent just smiled to himself. He seemed to enjoy giving this mortal pleasure in addition to his powers. Leviathan buried himself to the hilt inside Freya’s war waged pussy and filled her body with his seed.

Freya’s head was spinning. She was oblivious to the fact that Leviathan’s cum seeded itself inside of her. Leviathan gently pulled himself out of her depths. He moved off to be beside her and made sure his slimy flesh spewed its excess cum over her soaked nether-regions. Slowly, the serpent brought Freya down from her controlled high. The dragoon just remained still on her back, panting heavily. She could not speak or move. All she could do was listen. “A part of me is now inside of you forever. You are now endowed with my companionship and powers. Whenever you need me, either in battle or in bed, summon me and I shall be there,” he churred. Freya weakly rose her head and managed to give him a soft smile before she would pass out.

Freya slowly awoke from her spot on the floor. She looked around for Leviathan, but he was gone. Her clothes were still on. Could that have all been a dream? Freya got up from the ground and picked up her lance. She noticed something while bending down to pick up her weapon. Her chest was heavier. Freya shivered, cracking a smile. It wasn’t a dream.

Temptation

Freya Crescent set up her base-camp outside the stoned remains of the petrified Evil Forest. Two weeks passed since Leviathan granted her his magical powers. The warrior was continuing her search for Sir Fratley. Freya was shooting in the dark just by going to Treno to look, but she needed to continue somewhere.

Covered in heavy blankets, the dragoon warrior was huddled up comfortably in her tent. Even though the evening was warm, a moderate breeze of cold air was washing over her camp off of the petrified remains of the Evil Forest. Even in warm blankets, the air was cold enough to send shivers down her spine. Freya thought about what her next move was going to be. Her constant search for Sir Fratley went on for well over a year. Crescent weakly pondered giving up any hope of finding her lost love, but she defiantly shook that thought away. Sir Fratley completed her. At least he used to... before he went off on his journey.

Freya did the best she could to keep warm. Her tent gently moved about with the soft breezes. Freya moved a paw between her legs and gently rubbed at her opening. Being the disciplined warrior, Freya steadily resisted the urges to masturbate. These urges were more powerful since Leviathan mated with her. Leviathan. Freya thought about her new protector. Why would a summoning be so interested in her? She wasn't used to using magic until he came along... Freya thought about the Leviathan's last words to her. *'Whenever you need me, either in battle or in bed, summon me and I shall be there...'*

It was an open invitation. An open invitation for companionship. Companionship by a deity... Fate was being good to her, despite not being able to find Sir Fratley. Could she really have a summoning for a lover? Freya churred softly and cooed. Her eyes were half-lidded and her thoughts shifted away from her journey... and towards Leviathan. He offered himself to her. It would be rude of her not to take him up on it.

Freya took a deep breath and cleared her mind. This would be her first attempt to call him. She focused on Leviathan and moaned out his name. Her body slowly rose about a foot off the ground. A brief, refreshing mist filled up the tent. The large breeze that enveloped her campsite slowly calmed and she was gently returned to the blanketed floor. "I am here," a deep voice rumbled.

Freya rolled over onto her back to greet the manifestation above her. He was in the same pleasurable silver dragon form from before. He could have easily chosen a more creative form, but the spirit didn't want to destroy her camp. Freya gave her new protector a soft smile. "Hello," she churred. Unbeknownst to her, Freya's paw remained between her legs during the whole summoning process. Leviathan reached over to remove the blankets that covered her body. The spirit licked his lips.

"Hello, my child," he rumbled. "I see you desire my services."

Freya blushed and nodded. She couldn't think of anything to say without sounding cheesy. The dragoon spread her legs and brought her moistened paw up to his lips. Leviathan smiled and gently lapped at her musk. Leviathan brought his paw to her snout to silence her. "It's best we don't talk. I can read your mind... and I have an idea of your needs... Just lay there and let me do my work," he cooed. Freya nodded and took a deep breath. The warrior didn't know what to expect, but knew that she was going to like whatever was about to happen.

Leviathan brushed his claws over her thighs. He sniffed at her arousal and licked at his lips again. Slowly, he lowered his head between her legs and shoved his forked tongue into her depths. Freya squealed suddenly and a cold shiver went down her spine. She squeezed her vaginal muscles around her lover's probe and began to moan. Leviathan circled his tongue in and about her depths. He did this ever so slowly, to lap up at whatever juices he could. Freya writhed and moaned beneath him. The dragon began to messily slurp at her pussy, constantly brushing across her swollen clit with his tongue. He didn't have any experience at this, but was willing to learn for them. Them? Could he really be in love with a mortal?

Levi's snout gently dug into her vaginal lips and forced them to curve around its tip. He pushed his tongue as deeply as he could inside of her, continuing to circle around her inner walls. Freya arched her back and whimpered in her first climax. Her heavy breasts bounced about in the air and her cries of passion bellowed throughout the temporary enclosure. Several minutes passed, but that's all it took for Freya's rewards to seep out across his tongue were worth it. She tasted divine. Leviathan wrapped his arms around her hips and used his magical influence to reshape his tongue into something more filling for her. Something more spiked and vibrating.

His little trick paid off. Freya, this time her body unaided by him, flew into convulsions and came *hard*. Her eyes closed shut and deafening screams of pleasure were all that she could utter. Leviathan kept up this new act of his for a few minutes, being sure that Freya would encounter several more mind bending orgasms. Freya's body was covered in a deep sweat. Her legs were fused around his head and climax after climax continued to rack her frame. Sensing that Freya was well over the verge, Leviathan extricated himself from Freya's tight legs and reformed his tongue to normal. He had to work for it though. Her vaginal walls raised hell when he tried to exit her. Freya's body seized and she went into one final, even if it was unassisted, climax. Her eyes rolled and her head lulled back. The warrior only saw black, passing out.

Leviathan laid himself beside Freya. He brushed a claw across her sleek body. The whimpering warrior slowly began to emerge out of her trip from unconsciousness. Leviathan reached up to her chest and grasped one of her large breasts. He slowly took the nipple between his fingers and softly twisted it. A soft moan escaped from Freya and Levi nosed his muzzle into the side of her neck. "Hello lover..." he whispered.

She turned her head towards the summoning and looked at him. All Freya could do was pant. Her thighs were a complete mess, heavily drenched in her own musk. Levi gripped her breast tightly in his palm. He squeezed it and began to infuse her with a radiating warmth. Her heart rate slowly returned to normal, but she could still feel aftershocks of her climactic high. “He...hello,” Freya whispered back.

“Was that enjoyable?” he smiled.

“Such...pleasure...” she whimpered. Freya shoved her tits forward into his grasp. Leviathan smiled and let go of her chest. The dragon moved towards Freya until he was straddling her chest. The thick gift of pleasure dangled between his legs and he gently rested himself on top of her. His swollen penis fit snugly between her tits. Freya just smiled up at him, unaware that the thick head was clumsily brushing against her lips. Wordlessly, Levi began to thrust. Freya tilted her head and opened her mouth slightly to welcome the flesh.

Freya worked her tongue across Leviathan’s flesh. She did her best to soak it in her tongue as it bobbed in and out of her mouth. Leviathan made sure to keep his thrusting slow and gentle. He could blow his load anytime he wanted. He could give into the climax from his shell of body or simply begin pumping her mouth full of seed. Either way, he wanted her to earn it. Freya closed her eyes and gently gritted her teeth along the swollen head. Her breasts fit snugly around the stiff grayness and were soon lubricated with pre. “That’s it,” Levi churred. “You’re almost there.”

His encouraging remarks were all but white noise. The only thing Freya could hear was the breathing of her own heart and the slushy sounds of cock fucking her mouth. She made sure to drag her teeth along the penis tip whenever possible. Freya noticed this caused her summoning companion to shiver, so she kept it up.

“Ungh,” Levi grunted. “You know this craft well, mortal.”

Thick blasts of serpentine gift showered her mouth and slid across her tongue. Freya mashed her breasts together more forcefully to prevent him from pulling out. Triumphantly, she accepted whatever he gave her, not caring that the excess messily seeped from her lips. This time, however, Leviathan’s climax would be shorter than previous. That left Freya having to savor all the enchanted seed that she could.

Slowly, Freya eased the grip off of her breasts and allowed the summoning to slide free. The warrior licked at her lips and gave the dragon a smirk. “Thanks,” she said in a wise ass manner. Leviathan dismounted and placed himself beside her once again.

“You’re welcome, my child,” he rumbled. “What will you have of me now?”

Freya sat up and reached out to pull the blankets over the both of them. “Just spend the night with me,” she whispered. Leviathan wrapped his arms around Freya and nosed into her softly.

“Of course,” he churred.

Minion

Freya Crescent flicked twenty gil to the barkeep and got up from her stool. The woman sighed and walked out of the bar. Many months of searching and still no word of her dear lover, Sir Fratley. Freya kept her head dipped towards the ground and walked through the dimly lit streets of Lindblum's Industrial District. It was almost dusk and the city's light poles were still off. She only arrived this morning and took to wandering the city until she found that bar. The lone warrior thought she would feel better if she could drown her sorrows out with alcohol, but she knew better than to get drunk. Being a woman in as large a city as Lindblum already exposed her to rape and theft. Two things she couldn't risk, no matter how depressed she was.

Leviathan was her protectorate for several weeks now. Freya thoroughly enjoyed the sexual encounters with the summoning, but that only filled the void of pleasure. Not the void of happiness... Happiness. That would be achieved once she was reunited with her lost love, but even Crescent had to grip reality. Eventually, she would have to accept the possibility that Fratley died in his journey and move on.

The warrior arrived at the district's Aircab station. There was no attendant and the terminal was empty. She opened the door to the vehicle and stepped inside. Freya secured the door behind her and set her lance on one of the cabin's seats. She looked at the controls for a moment, trying to figure out how to operate the lift. She selected the Business District and with a soft cranking noise, the car was on the way to its destination.

The trip was short. Only a few minutes. Freya made sure the car was all the way into its bay before trying to exit. She reached behind her and picked up her lance. She made sure she wasn't leaving anything behind before stepping out onto the platform and closing the Aircab's door. Freya only had one destination, and that was towards the nearest inn.

Freya walked through the stone streets of the Business District. This wasn't her first time to Lindblum and had a vague idea of where the inn was. She turned a corner down one of the streets and there it was. Freya didn't know what she was going to do tomorrow. All she wanted to do right now was get some rest.

The Burmecian entered the inn. She walked up to the attending desk and reached for her pouch. "I need a room," Freya yawned lightly. The slender woman smiled softly at her.

"How long are you staying?" the innkeeper asked.

"A week," Freya said. The brown haired woman smiled softly at the amount of business that entailed.

"That's one hundred forty gil," she said. Freya dug into her pouch and placed the money on the wooden counter. The clerk took a key from underneath the desk and handed it to Freya. "It's the first door down that hall on the right."

“Thanks,” Freya replied. The warrior walked to the corridor of first floor rooms and unlocked the door to her room. Freya made sure her tail was clear of the door before she closed it behind her and locked it. The room was rather decent in size. Large enough for two people. It was well lit and adorned with a single bed. Freya placed her lance beside the bed and twisted out of her backpack. She set it beside the head of the bed and then started removing her armor and clothing. bed. She didn’t want to waste her other change of clothes because of modesty. Modesty? That trait was something she was convinced to do away with since Leviathan became her magical protectorate. There was a bathroom adjacent to the door and she had plenty of food, so she wouldn’t need to leave much. Now fully nude, she climbed onto the bed and dove under the covers.

Freya could now think about her next move. The city’s annual Hunt Festival was two days away and Freya intended to add another *Master Hunter* title to her reputation. The search... The hunt... Freya took a deep breath and cleared her mind. She wrangled free of the bed’s covers, exposing her bare body to the emptiness of the room. Emptiness. Oh, what she would give for Sir Fratley to be in bed with her... Sir Fratley... Where could he be? Tears formed on her face whenever she thought about him. If it wasn’t for the guidance and love of Leviathan, she would have given up hope long ago.

Freya reached towards her chest and fondled her left breast, exploring its curvature. That prompted her depths to fill with arousal and the warrior cursed. She didn’t want to summon Leviathan here... She didn’t want to summon him at all and just pout in sorrow. A light mist began to fill her rented room. The serpentine summoning flew around the small room and soon manifested itself in the wingless dragon form Freya was used to. No longer stunned by the myth’s extravagant entrances, she cast the nude male a look of indecision and sorrow. “I...” she began. The creature stood at the edge of the bed and gently climbed onto it, sprawling himself beside her.

“I know, child. I’ve made sure we won’t be interrupted,” he hissed.

“I’m not in a good mood,” the knight sighed.

“I know, my mortal. Despite your sorrow, you are in need of my services,” he quipped. He reached over to her chest and softly grasped at one of her orbs.

“Mmmnf,” Freya groaned. She arched her back into Levy. His thick erection was already poking at the back of her thighs. “I just...”

“Say nothing, Freya. Just lay here and let me take care of everything,” he urged. A pocket of light emerged from across the room. A six foot tall nude plains dragon emerged from the magical void. “This is Zack... one of my minions. He will see to you first.”

Freya remained silent. She got her first good look at the new arrival. The draconian manifestation had yellow horns and underbelly. He was winged and possessed the same type of erect flesh as Leviathan, only yellow in color. Freya tried to speak, but was muted. 'Remember... I know everything...It's best we let nature take its course,' Leviathan said to her telepathically. Levi got onto his knees and forced Freya onto her back. Zack wasted no time climbing on top of Freya and getting into a sixty-nine. Freya was surprised with the sudden lodging of flesh in her mouth, but could only let desires overtake her.

Freya took a moment to handle the new mouthful, but her new partner gave no equal time for adjustment. The draconian minion's snout was buried between her legs and Zack was already busy at work eating her out. Freya was no longer muted, her muffled whimpers music to the summoning's ears. Freya wrapped her arms around Zack's broad hips and ran her tongue over the several inches of thickness. Closing her eyes, she hugged his waist firmly and fought the gag reflex while bathing the penis with her tongue.

Zack used his forked tongue to explore her inner charms and lick up her delightful musk. Freya could only arch her back and buck her hips into the green dragon's mouth. Crescent cried out and softly bit down on the male's cock, driven into a powerful climax. Zack lashed his broad tail about and shook off the pain. He used his larger frame to give her depths one firm suck and emptied the sweet nectar like a vacuum. Freya quivered with pleasure and muffled into the dragon's cock, which was busy shooting its load of pre down her throat.

Zack forcefully dismounted from Freya. His slick penis bounced about in the air and was throbbing with arousal. He looked over towards his master and Leviathan smiled. Freya wasn't used to this kind of abuse. Not wanting Freya to pause for rest, Levy got up and straddled her hips. Crescent groaned. She couldn't resist. She wouldn't resist. She flexed her vaginal muscles in anticipation for what was to come, but Freya didn't know what she was in for.

Zack straddled Freya's chest, making sure the base of his penis was planted firmly between her tits. The yellow erection had no problem bumping into her chin and easily fitting down her mouth. Freya took the pulsing tip into her snout and circled it with her tongue. The dragoness reached up and squeezed her twin globes together, enveloping the minion's lance. Zack slowly started to fuck her tits while his master was busy at work fucking her from behind. Freya moaned and writhed. She did the best she could to squeeze her inner hand around Leviathan's prick while concentrating on the dragon atop her. Zack reached down to brush Freya's face. Freya's sharp teeth dragged across the yellow cock head, but wouldn't have to worry about drawing blood. He was one of Leviathan's minions...

Leviathan, propped up on his knees, continued to pound between her legs with his hips. He closed his eyes and used his magical powers to hasten the dragoness to orgasm. Freya released the flesh and screamed in a heightened sense of pleasure. She willingly gave up her essence to her protectorate. Being able to maintain fucking Freya, Leviathan reached around Zack's chest to fish his penis from between Freya's tits. He grasped the yellow penis in his hand and softly bent the flesh. This caused the green dragon roar and extend his wings in pleasure, his heavy load of spunk shooting right into the already open mouth of Freya. All the spent minion could do now was shiver in pleasure by his master's welcome touch.

Freya's arms were spread off to her sides. All she could do was lick the minion's fresh seed from her lips and look up at him. He was handsome. Obviously the handiwork of Leviathan's magic. The mist thickened and was covering the lower half of the room. One could mistake it to be a bedroom in the heavens, but Leviathan froze time. Only the three of them would ever know of this encounter.

Levi kept up steamrolling between Freya's legs. "You tighten around me well, my mortal," he hissed. He gently squeezed at Zack's softening length, trying to get him aroused again while maintaining the rhythm into Freya. The swollen tip of his penis kept brushing gently against her cervix and the warrior cringed. She squeezed her cunny and coaxed the manifestation's warmth into her body.

Zack remained planted firmly on Freya's chest. Her neck and breasts were coated in seed and Levi kept himself inside of her. Freya could only look up to the draconian minion on top of her and admire his form. Her lips were still stained with cum and she let the excess drip down her mouth and onto her neck. She was about to utter something, but her protectorate already knew what was coming. "You're welcome," he hissed. Mist began to rise through the rest of the room, temporarily blinding Freya. With an eerie flash of light, the mist disappeared and both magical creatures were also gone. Freya's body was still a mess and the sheets were disheveled. Seed was leaking out of her cunny and her upper body remained coated in the stickiness. Freya sighed. The pleasure was enjoyable, but it was temporary. Temporary until her long search came to end.

Bittersweet Reunion

A nude Freya Crescent stood before her mystical partner, Leviathan. The summoning was in his wingless dragon form. It was a form grew accustomed to during his encounters with the young warrior. "What do you wish of me, my lord?" Freya asked. The serpentine dragon was laying nude in a makeshift bed of pillows. Freya couldn't help but notice the summoning's thick erection waving about in the air.

"I have some very good news for you," the manifestation hissed.

"What is it?" the dragoon asked.

“Come closer and kneel before my flesh,” he directed. Freya did as she was told and walked up to where Levy was. She climbed up to him and knelt before his penis. “I hate to impose, but even I have a price for information.”

Freya couldn't help but blush and wordlessly sank her mouth down on his cock. Crescent closed her eyes and washed her tongue around the pulsing tip. She started to bob her head on the swollen flesh and was met with one of his claws brushing across her head. The summoning gave a gentle thrust of his hips into her face, causing the tip of his erection to glide along the roof of her mouth. She moved one of her hands up to surround the base of the shaft and massaged there gently. Leviathan moved his claw to the back of her head and gripped it, face fucking her.

Hoping to get this over with so she could hear the good news, she took a deep breath and gave the grayish flesh one hard suck. All Levy could do was throw his head back and reward the young woman with her experience of the mortal art of pleasure. Freya's mouth was overflowed with cum and her lips were closed tightly around his length. Thick amounts of the dragon's cum dripped from her mouth and all over his thighs. The manifestation forcibly pulled her face off of his prick and shot her face with a stray blast of seed. Freya licked the cum off her snout and looked up to her protector. “Was that acceptable, protectorate?” she asked. She slowly took his softening flesh in her hands and pumped at it softly.

“Very good,” he hissed. “Now for the news...Your search for Sir Fratley was not in vain. His memory may be gone, but you two shall end up together after this looming conflict.”

“What do you mean?” Freya said, her voice limited to a whisper. Leviathan's length began to firm once again by her pumping motions, which began to falter slightly.

“Freya, my child,” he went on. “I know you do not wish to wait any longer for intimacy between you and Sir Fratley. You must go to him now. Go to him now and your desires shall be rewarded.”

“You mean... I must push myself onto him?” she questioned. She used her thumb to rub across his swollen penis tip.

“No... You must go to him now. He may not remember you, but what happens at this meeting is a matter of fate,” he hissed.

“I understand, protectorate,” she nodded. Thick spurts of pre were oozing down the dragon's massive flesh and all over her hand.

“Then you will go. I have foreseen it,” he said assuredly. Heavy trails of mist flooded the deity's lair. The thick cock was removed from her grasp and Freya slowly blacked out.

It was the middle of the night. Freya's eyes opened wide. The dream she was thrown out of was crystal clear. She stared at the hut's ceiling and thought to about *him*. Only eighteen hours passed since Freya arrived at the Cleyra Settlement with Zidane's party. Her cumbersome search for her lost lover was finally over, but it was by no means what she expected. Again, fate was cruel to her... All the years of constant searching and all she was nothing more than a stranger to Fratley! Then there was Leviathan's premonition. Could intimate relations with Fratley be as simple as Levy told her? Just get alone with him? Not being remembered was awkward enough, but she could never of imagined something like this! With all of the increasing tensions between Alexandria and Lindblum, survival for anyone was uncertain. They could all be dead tomorrow. Here she was. Without her lover for so long... She wanted to fulfill what her protectorate foresaw. Not for the pleasure of the serpent, but for herself. Freya needed him to couple her again.

Freya quietly looked around their accommodations. Zidane and the others were fast asleep and all she could think about was him. Who was she to argue with a summoning? Crescent slowly rose from her bed. Ordinarily she would have second thoughts concerning what she was about to do, but they were gone from her mind. Fratley's memory of her was gone. Perhaps for good, but she didn't care. Lust and pleasure were overtaking her and the warrior was too caught up in having such an opportunity.

Freya quietly exited from their room, careful not to wake anyone else up. She thought back to where Fratley was quartered and cautiously made her way to him. The woman soldier approached the door and gave it a soft knock. A soft groan echoed from inside and Crescent was met with Fratley before her. "What...? It's you..." he whispered in surprise. "What do you want?"

Freya took her lost love's hand in hers. "I know you do not remember me, but we used to be lovers. Fate has brought us together again..."

"This is true, but what does a woman as beautiful as you want from a man who can't remember her?" he asked quizzically.

"With war inevitable, all I can ask of you is to let me give you a night of togetherness," she explained. A solemn tear was streaming down her cheek and all Fratley could do was stare. He had no memory of her. Even if what she said was true, was it right to accept her proposal? She was very beautiful... He couldn't dismiss fate for having this Freya Crescent appear at his doorstep in the middle of the night. There was nothing else he could say. Sir Fratley stepped back and guided Freya into his temporary abode. He made sure to secure the door and turned to his guest.

All Freya could do was look at him and sigh. At least they were together, even if for a short while. Couldn't she be thankful that at least he was alive and well? In this encounter of intimacy, Crescent didn't have Leviathan's magic to undress her. It was one thing she became accustomed to during the serpent's company. Not wanting to delay this anymore, Freya removed her armor and then began to take off her crimson red tunic. Fratley was left to wonder if this was such a good idea.

It was too late to turn back now. An erection already formed and was bulging. With pure lust overtaking him, Fratley disrobed from his only article of clothing, his lower undergarment. In the buff, the warrior turned around to catch his first glimpse of the persistent female. She stood fully nude in form and her gifted chest was the first thing that attracted Fratley's gaze. Freya wordlessly approached her love and took him into a solemn embrace. Crescent felt his swollen flesh probe about her thighs and she kissed him deeply. Freya moved the both of them towards the bed in the center of the room and she brought them to rest on it. Still entangled in a passionate kiss, Freya reached down to wrap her paw around his throbbing penis. She felt her lost lover arch his back in approval and she then broke their sensual kiss. Freya pumped softly at the swollen organ before releasing it. She rolled Fratley onto his back and straddled his hips, making sure his cock rested on her cunny and stomach. Fratley sat up and was aided by Freya wrapping her arms around him. He licked across one of her breasts and slowly took the nipple in his mouth. Freya moaned out his name softly and reached down to tease at his cock. She let him feed from her for several moments before pushing him away and down onto his back. Freya repositioned into a sixty-nine with him and shoved her cunt right into his face. Fratley soon had another orifice to feed from.

Crescent moaned out and whimpered with Fratley's tongue exploring her folds. She did her best to stay focused and reached down to drag her tongue across the fat cock tip. She noticed a slight reaction with his face stuffed inside of her, but continued. She used her experience with Leviathan to circle around the member's head before sinking down on him. The young woman was left with a mouthful of flesh and pushed her cunny deeper into Fratley's face.

Fratley drank from her vessel as best he could. During his travels, he had a limited selection of companionship, but remembered enough of how to please a woman. He licked around her inner walls, tasting whatever he was offered. He was struggling to push his tongue about her depths, but her inner hand kept grasping at his tongue. Freya already caused him to blow his load and was busy cleaning the jizm from her lips. She pulled off of his spent cock, nestling the softening flesh between her heavy cleavage and grinding her vagina against his face. He wouldn't have to drink from her offering any longer. Her inner walls seized at his tongue and she cried out softly. Crescent shivered Her nectar danced across his tongue and down Fratley's throat. Left in a state of rhythmic panting, Freya pulled her charms from his face and rolled off of him onto her back.

“Did you enjoy that?” she asked.

“...Yes,” he admitted. His erection remained firm and despite not knowing who Freya was, all he could do was enjoy this while it lasted.

“Good,” she panted, clutching at his sides and pulling him on top of her. Fratley was caught off-guard by her sudden lead, but instinctively drove his hips into hers. His penis brushed about her steamy opening and Freya reached down to guide him into her. Freya lulled her head back and cried out at her lover’s welcome entry. Her pussy grasped firmly at his length and she wrapped her legs firmly around his hips. “Fuck...”

All Fratley could do was spoon into the welcome stranger. Her soft cries were muffled into his neck while he could only continue to pump her. Freya was covered in sweat. She was sopping wet in the heat of many orgasms and she soon felt his warmth invade her body. Freya whimpered and sighed. She loosened up her legs from around his hips and rested them on the sheets. Crescent was finally filled with what she desired for so long, but was taken by surprise when she was withdrawn from and rolled onto her stomach. Strings of his seed spurted over her ass cheeks and Fratley stuffed his erupting length deep into her ass. Freya cried into the pillows her face was suddenly stuffed in. She clenched her rectum around the pulsing cock and all three of her openings were now receptacles to his warmth.

Her breasts were splayed about the bed and Fratley was settled comfortably on her back. She clenched her ass around the swollen penis within her and she whimpered softly into the pillows. Only if it was for the short term, Freya was completed... She could only hope that one day they could both share these encounters with each other in mind.

News

Freya looked around inside a place she came to know well... Leviathan’s dream layer. The magical serpent’s powers served her well during the conflict with Kuja and the defeat of Necron. Three months passed by since the state of world crisis was resolved. Peace was restored to the known world and the Burmecian was noticing some changes in her body. Her clothes were removed, as was usual ever since she came across Leviathan’s path. Mist surrounded her, but she couldn’t see her mystical guardian. “Protectorate. You summon me...” she called. Slowly the mist began to clear up and Levy’s preferred draconian manifestation stepped out and towards her.

“I summon you my mortal. It’s been such a long time since we’ve been able to get together. That nasty little skirmish took up most of your time and I was more than happy to help in your victory,” he rumbled. The dragon’s thick cock swung proudly between his legs.

“Do you summon me because you love me?” she asked respectfully.

“I am a god. Love is a mortal emotion,” he chuckled, giving her a wry grin.

“Yet you often demand the mortal pleasures from me,” Freya replied.

“You’re a beautiful woman whose suffered through so much. The act you call intimacy has grown on me and you perform it very well. It’s not like you’re pregnant with my children, although that could happen if I so choose,” he smiled.

“I am honored to be your—”

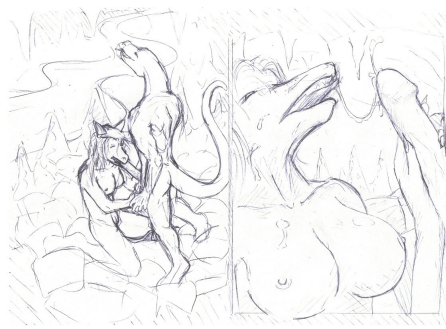
“Concubine, it seems,” he interrupted. “But that’s not what’s on your mind.”

“Is that why you’ve summoned me? To quell my fears?” she asked.

“You worry about the changes of your body. What kind of guardian would I be if I weren’t here to tell you everything was going to be okay?” he churred.

Freya knelt before him obediently and Levy’s claw quickly found its way towards the back of her head. Her mouth was directed right onto his prominence. The summoning had no other ‘concubines’ to call. Although it would be very easy to create a minion to accomplish that task. If he was going to engage in the mortal act of pleasure, he might as well call on a mortal. The Burmecian dragoon warrior split her lips around her guardian’s mouthful and started to give him head. Leviathan idly read her thoughts while brushing the back of her head.

“Your instincts are right my child,” Leviathan churred. He continued kneading the back of her head and softly face fucked her. “You will soon grow with Fratley’s litter.”



Freya's eyes widened while she was slurping down Levy’s pre. Motherhood... She politely pulled off the pulsing length and began to rub her face into it. She looked up the dragon’s body. “How... soon...?” she stuttered. If it were any other time in her life, such a thing would be a hindrance in her role as a Burmecian soldier. A thick trail of pre streamed from his cocktip to her lips. Freya licked her lips and the strand broke and fell on her chest.

“Six months, child. You and Fratley will continue to grow closer during that...mmm... time,” he said assuredly. Her mouth was filled with hot cum and caused Freya to pull off of his cock. She gulped down what was deposited in her mouth and licked the remaining from around her lips. She was shot in the face with the last blast of his climax and the seed dripped down towards the pillowed ground. He brushed over her hair.

“Thank you, my guardian,” Freya smiled softly. She swallowed his mortal body’s essence and looked up to him.

“Your litter will be a strong one Freya, but they will be difficult to deliver. You do fine when the time comes. Besides child... the day of your birthing is six of your mortal months away. We have plenty of time to be together,” he said.

“But—”

“Your Fratley, yes. I do not interfere with the concerns of mortals. You and your lover have a promising future together. I only plan to have your wonderful presence on the side. I must admit... I have grown a liking towards you over this insignificant amount of time,” he explained. “You nor your loved ones will ever be harmed. I am here to make sure of that.”

“What do you wish of me protectorate?” she asked gratefully. Leviathan practically granted her and her future family immortality. The summoning’s dream state calls for sex were unpredictable, but Crescent could not... and would not refuse them.

“I want to slip inside your warmth... It’s easier this way. Stopping a pocket of time in your plane of existence takes much out of me. I assure you, you will wake up in an appropriate manner,” he rumbled. Levy hissed and released the back of her head from his grasp. She stepped up onto her feet and brushed her bare body against his.

“You shall have me, my protectorate,” she whispered. She rubbed her cum stained muzzle into him.

Levy craned his head down to nose Freya. “The mortal emotion of what you call ‘lust’ has become a part of me. Your other mortal emotions are so archaic,” he churred.

The wingless dragon took Freya’s hand and gently guided her onto the heavily pillowed floor. Freya closed her eyes and spread her legs for him. The god slowly settled on top Freya and roughly began to fuck her.



Illustration 2: © Cyberwuffy. Image by Daniel Ong.

“Ungh!” she screamed, eyes bulging out at the fullness within her. The warrior wrapped her arms around him and drew his upper body into her magically endowed chest. Leviathan hissed in pleasure. Freya was exceptionally tight around him. For Leviathan, the god never needed to go through such a mortal act of birthing. Although he could easily manifest to another form and find out what Freya would soon be going through. Their parts were slippery with each other’s arousal and a little of Levy’s leftover seed. Their motions caused loud

messy sounds that neither were aware of. Freya shivered and a powerful orgasm wracked her frame. “Morrrrrrrrrrre!”

Levy groaned in the pleasure the mortal was providing. Freya's sizzling cunt kept tightening around his flesh and her cries of pleasure made Levy crack a smile. She was still in the throes of her current orgasm and her face was painted with pure bliss. The wingless guardian could cum anytime he wished, but preferred to leave it to its natural climax. He gave a final, mighty thrust into her and loaded the mortal with hot spunk. The only thing Freya could do was welcome the rich warmth filling her young body, Both bodies gradually slowed to a gentle halt. Freya eased her grip from around his upper body and sprawled her arms across her sides. Leviathan remained inside of his mortal...lover?

* * * *

Freya awoke from Leviathan's dream-like recruitment. She was in the rebuilt settlement of Cleyra. The wind shield was no longer needed and the village rebuilt. Burmecia was still being rebuilt, so she and Fratley took up residence in the settlement. The Burmecian dragoon felt slimy between her legs. Apparently her mentor and protector felt necessary to produce real after effects. With child...



Illustration 3: © Cyberwuffy. Image by ChillyMouse. Color by Rachel Lair.

Freya was with child and her longtime lover was still relearning about their past relationship. They would have a family soon. Freya tilted her head towards the grandfather clock in the corner of her room. It was too early for her to gallivant across the compound to see Fratley. Besides, she was going to be a mother. Peace finally returned to the world. Perhaps the time was right...