

Gauntlet

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1

I looked sullenly down into my ale as I watched it fizz and bubble of its own accord, despite the fact there was no carbonation in it. I sat at a small table all to myself, eyeing the measly stack of treasure I'd received from my most recent adventure.

'Treasure distributed by body weight, bah...' I thought darkly. This was **not** the reason I'd become an adventurer. After all, I was a ninth level Elven Ranger! I could fit an arrow through the eye hole in a goblin's helmet at a hundred yards, but did that stop that... that...

I wanted to say *'bastard,'* but it'd be best not to call a paladin names even in the privacy of one's own head, just in case their deity was listening. *But what gall does that upstart have in taking the most treasure away from my partner and me?!*

Sighing, I scooped the few gold coins I'd "earned" from this adventure away into my belt pouch and re-secured it to my waist. I know that my belt pouch was fatter as of late than it had ever been before, but it could've been fatter. I wanted to rent my own room, have a go at the bathhouse in this establishment, walk around naked free as a bird, but no! The paladin needs the tithe to give to his deity at temple, and because he does the most work, he should get the most money.

'Most work' my arse... I couldn't count how many times I'd saved that man from certain death.

And so now I'm stuck with sharing a room with my partner, the paladin getting a room of his own, saying that his vow of chastity would necessitate that he cannot sleep in the same room as a woman. I mentioned that I was a Sylph and not a human woman, but then he quickly changed it to "low-browed female."

Xan, my mage partner, had to stop me before I rammed a stiletto through the man's throat for the affront to my gender. Perhaps the next time we come across a giantess or an ogress, I'll retell that little remark he said and watch to see who's is the weaker gender.

Sighing, I sat back, rubbing my tight little belly, my high-tapering ears twitching at the sides of my head as I listened to the conversations around me while a flock of my golden hair fell lightly before my wide angling eyes.

The White Dragon Inn – where I was currently ensconced – was a inn/bar/general store that I'd been going to practically all my life. I grew up around here – despite the fact that I was an elf – and the people here knew me well. It was a wayside for travelers being that the walled manor was set right at the hub of several crossroads. One had no choice but to enter the town with the forest pressing in on it on all sides. I and my fellow adventurers had stopped here for a drink, a meal and a bed.

At least it's a bed and not a bush, I told myself, feeling the buds of my breasts expand and contract beneath my green tunic with every breath I took. I had enough for my needs, and that was enough... wasn't it? Then why am I still an adventurer?

I looked down over my body... a simple green tunic – my chain mail hanging over a nearby chair with my jacket, simple pants and soft-soled boots all surrounding the standard Elven coltish body. I was a female, and I was a hollow-boned elf with delicate form and very little meat on my bones in the way of tit or muscle. Of the three of us, I got the least amount of gold, according to how Alexander, our Paladin, separated all the treasure. I also always got the last pick of all the treasure, though like a dear, Xan has been nice enough to share his treasure with me.

I dearly did enjoy that human's presence. *He was a keeper*, I thought, *and perhaps one of the few humans I could enjoy a full life with...* It was a blessing that I'd developed a crush at the least, for a man who was also a powerful mage.

As if my thoughts summoned him, I felt a touch upon my narrow shoulder, and turned my head to see a strong hand gripping my shoulder, and following up the length of arm surrounded in billowing robes, I looked up into the smiling face and eyes of Xan the Mage.

"Gypped again, I see." He managed for me. Beneath his black, master's robes, he wore garb like any other villager would wear, but outside of those robes, he carried a staff made from a millennium tree with a core of Orichalum – the most highly attuned *magical* alloy in existence – and etched with his *magical* glyphs and scripts to enhance his magical powers.

The only armor he wore was a torso harness, with a great shoulder shield that attached to a fingerless gauntlet on one hand attached by two simple silver chains. On the gauntlet, however – a Gauntlet of Dexterity – was a Gem of, plus-five attack magic. *‘It was always nice being able to cast fireballs at five levels higher than you were normally able to do,’* he’d often say, a trait that has kept Alexander from just downright dominating the group.

Xan was a hansom, twelfth level mage, with white hair and emerald green eyes beset in those beautiful Asian-like features that were so near to being an elf. I smiled back up at him. He looked as if he were in his early thirties, but his real age was perhaps somewhere closer to sixty or seventy, perhaps even more depending upon how quickly he’d ascended to his current point of experience. One of the traits of creatures and beings of magic is that magic had a tendency to slow the aging process... one of the reasons why we elves lived for so long. A good trait, which made him a viable mate.

“It seems as such.” I returned, and removing his hand from my shoulder, he sat directly beside me, and replaced his touch upon me again, this time reaching beneath the table to cover my knee.

“You’re not happy with the arrangement?”

“No.” I said flatly, folding my arms beneath what little of a chest I had, but it did enhance the sight of my bosom a little. “I don’t even know why we hired him in the first place.”

“Because of a young rampaging dragon by the name Archeon, and we needed someone who could keep the thing distracted while we hit it from afar. I will admit that he has been difficult to get rid of. Subtle hints don’t seem to work on him. He’s just too thick-headed...”

“Who’s too thick-headed?” a gruff voice spoke in suddenly, making me jump and Xan to slowly turn his head till we both were looking up at the Paladin. He held a tankard of some sort of “holy” wine in one hand, and a plate of expensive looking food in the other. Again I ground my teeth, not only by the site of him, but the fact that he was wining and dining on posh foods while Xan and me ate bread, mutton, and ale.

“No one of concern.” Xan said, speaking the complete and utter truth, as his magic required him to do, but what Alexander didn’t realize was that Xan was talking about him.

Then, uninvited, Alexander sat right down, still wearing his shining armor, readjusted his Holy Avenger sword and plowed right into his food.

One corner of my mouth rose up into a barely contained sneer as he completely disregarded the knife and fork and just began eating with his fingers. I’d always thought that paladins were brought up better than that. Apparently not this one.

“Anyways,” Alexander began with mouth full, and realizing this, he swallowed before continuing on. “I have gallantly found another adventure for us all. This one promises to be a real winner, for thee and thou, and of course my great Deity!”

I *hated* how he spoke too. He always gave much more stress in his speech to words like “me” and “I,” while practically mumbling other people’s names. I also hated how he had this holier-than-thou attitude, despite that he didn’t even have common manners, and his tendency to speak like scripture – “thee, thou and thine” – drove me mad. And whenever he said “My great Deity,” he meant himself.

“And what, pray tell, is that?” Xan spoke, fixing Alexander with a blank stare despite that his eyes were sparkling with withheld malice.

“There’s a cave nearby that they say has strange powers therein, where the ungodly neophytes go in, and come out changed and empowered to be the likes of like heroes! We shall journey anon in the morn’. It will make a good adventure for the Glory of Aarran!”

Aarran was his Deity...

I was about to interject that he could – literally – go to hell, but Xan interrupted me. “But of course, we’d be glad to accompany you.”

“Ah-ha! Of course you would!” he guffawed, spitting out some food to which Xan had to wipe his cheek free. “Now both of you leave me in peace to my meal.” He finished and waved us off with a hand.

My teeth ground as I rose suddenly, and it took Xan’s iron grip on my arm to keep me from doing something nasty to the bastard with my short sword. *We were here first!* I wanted to rage, but Xan’s touch had a calming affect on me.

“Then we shall meet you in the morning, sir. Have a good meal and a well night.” Then helping pick up my chain mail he took me about the waist and lead me upstairs.

“One more adventure, Jen’ae,” he told me. “And we can rid ourselves of him forever... and if he won’t leave when asked... then he can just be abandoned.”

I hugged his arm. “I hope so, Xan... I cannot work with that maniac any longer. The Creator help me should he push me too far someday; for only He could perhaps stop the retribution of the demigod Deity that that fool paladin follows.”

2

I awoke the next day as the sun began to seep in through the window, shining against my face and gently waking me up. Rising and stretching from my floor pallet, my blanket falling off my naked bodice, I looked sideways to my dear friend Xan, underneath the warmth of his own blanket and his traveling robe, his gauntlet and staff resting beside him.

His *Wizard Lock* spell still glowed against the door to the room, which protected us from thieves trying to pick the lock or crawl in through the window.

With a sigh, I rose to my feet, gathered up the pitcher of water, and went to go stand in the simple washtub before pouring the water right over my head, shivering at the lukewarm water and the cool morning air before I began to wash myself off with a soft washcloth.

Just because I was an adventurer, didn't mean I had to look and smell like one.

Then drying myself off, and leaning over the porcelain bowl resting before it, proceeded to clean my teeth. I was half-asleep, half-awake, naked and not paying attention to anything. But then a voice broke the silence:

"This is perhaps a sight I would not mind waking up to every day." It said, and I spun around to see Xan now awake lying on his side, now admiring my naked form with shining eyes, and that warm half-smile of his.

For a moment, I wondered how long he'd been lying there, just staring at my backside and the pouch of my femininity peaking from between my thighs at the base of my bottom. Now he got a full view of my body, and in spite of myself, I simply stood there with my toothbrush sticking out of one corner of my mouth, and my coltish body on full display for him.

"I'd be glad to give it." I said after removing my toothbrush and placing it beside the basin.

I tried to walk as sultrily as possible, trying to slide across the room like those Arabian dancers I saw once upon a time ago, dressed in their harem garb. I wanted him to notice me, and notice me he did as I knelt down with thighs pressed together, and my gaze transfixed upon him.

"If you promise that you'll never leave me, then you may get this sight every day that you awaken if I can manage it."

I felt his touch slide against the inside of my belly as he smiled at me a little brighter than before. This man, this simple human, had after all rescued me from my mediocre life, took me adventuring when I was still a little sylph of forty-five. Could I help having fallen for this mighty mage over the past decade?

"It is a promise that has already been given, Jen'ae." He mused.

"Then I am honor-bound to keep giving you a sight of me, a glimpse or a look of me and my naked bodice every morning." I maneuvered myself on top of him, bending down over his chest so that our faces were right in front of one another. "For as long as we both shall live..." I trailed off, bending lower, puckering my lips until...

A hammering came at the door.

"Hey you two! Awaken so that we may sally forth and doth adventure together! The day is young and the Early bird catches the worm!"

I gave an open disgusted groan, my moist hair falling downward over one side of my face to drape about us both and block out the sun briefly. In the shadow of that curtain of golden hair, the slight luminescence of our eyes became apparent as we looked at each other.

“When we come back...” I mused, smiling ferally, showing off the clenched muscle system in my face and the slightly elongated canines of the Elven bond-animal, the wolf. “Remind me to kill him...”

3

Xan and I had finished our morning routine in record time, mainly because that damned paladin kept hammering on the door. There were so many times when I'd come so close that morning to finally feeling Xan between my thighs, but the best I was able to experience was my naked bosom against his chest in that first instance in the morning, and a thigh brushing against his pants. But I dressed in my soft tunic and trousers, stockings and boots, short skirt, chain mail and forearm and fore leg guards. A leather jacket and gloves completed by regular adventuring gear, and readying my pack, quiver, sword, knife and bow, while Xan dressed in his traditional mage's attire, we both made ready for the day's adventure.

I smiled at him as he silently approached me, and then something remarkable happened, touching my chin to hold it there, he bent forward... and kissed me! Not on the bridge of the nose or on the forehead or cheek, but on the lips. A soft sigh escaped my throat as he did, and though my eyes were wide open for a moment; they soon closed as I felt the loving touch. When he withdrew, I blinked my eyes open again.

“Wha-what was that for?” I asked.

“A promise for the future. Now let's get going... Alexander's impatience is beginning to annoy me...”

4

Clouds continued to crowd in the further along in our journey we went. The cave in which we were searching for was across country and into the forest a ways, found once upon a time ago by some local children who were playing in the nearby village. When they came out again, they were transformed, bearing some strange armor, to which they gained a fanatical desire for adventuring.

It was thereby called the *'Adventurer's Cave,'* the Birthplace of Heroes and Heroines. No wonder Alexander wanted to come here. A measly fifth level paladin who thinks he's the Creator's gift to the world, to which he worshiped a deity instead of the Creator himself, thought that he could come here and be made better than he was now.

I could see it in his eyes... a whirring and a clicking every now and again, especially at the way he saw me... nothing but a tool for his own ambitions disguised by his fealty to a deity that didn't really exist.

Poor deluded fool.

He himself needed us more than we needed him. All he could do was wave a sword around and hit hard enough and enough times to make him worthwhile in a fight, and all those white magic auras and spells helped him to a degree in that matter. But I'd be very surprised if he ever made it past eighth level.

Look at him, I thought. He doesn't even know how to read a map...

I straightened the map in my hands, even as a droplet of rain hit it, and looking up and cursing mentally, I pulled my hood up over my head, my long ears poking out of holes in their sides as I trudged onward with Xan and Alexander following straight behind me.

I was the one acting as a tracker, and as the guide. It was a logical choice, this was my homeland, I was familiar with the landmarks; my Elven family had been living here for generations. But it was *how* he'd handed me the map.

"You're an elf. Go... *do* something. Track, Path-find, or do whatever it is you do, do. I need to focus on other things other than reading this map."

Like polishing your sword, I thought, and I didn't mean the one sheathed in his scabbard at his hip.

Following the map was indeed a tedious task for me, I could've done it practically blindfolded, but did not put the map away or suffer another demeaning remark from Alexander regarding how uppity we elves are that we don't need maps and won't admit that we're lost or something like that...

But well enough, near late afternoon, after half a day of walking, we finally arrived.

"Ah good... looks like I got us here safe and sound." Alexander said immediately, and I wadded up the map in my hands, gritting my teeth as I restrained the thought of punching his teeth in.

I dared not... after all he had at least an eighteen for Strength, and I had only a nine. The only thing that I had on him was a nineteen Dexterity... but regardless, he'd slap me down as if I were nothing.

It was then that I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and straightening, saw Xan's wise eyes looking at me from underneath the hooking cowl of his mages' robe.

"Perhaps journeying into the nearby environs would be beneficial to get us out of the rain and in a place where we might be dry." Xan said softly, always the word of wisdom.

“HA! A little rain never hurt a soul.” Alexander spoke back, rain matting his hair down and pattering against his gleaming plate mail.

“Suit yourself.” Xan responded with a wry quirk to his face and turned into the cave, disappearing swiftly.

I took the moment to give Alexander a dismissive smile and then followed Xan into the darkness, placing my hand on his back before he lit a light spell atop his staff to lead the way.

“Hey! Prithy wait for me, friends!” Alexander called, and I could hear his clanking of rattling mail and metal-shod boots pounding against the ground.

Damn fool’s gonna wake up every monster in here with all that racket, I thought as we simply journeyed forward. It came to me after awhile, that something wasn’t right, and I started looking for turns or bends; and other than going in a straight line, this corridor didn’t seem to offer up any changes.

The only thing that it did offer was a steady decline in the floor, leading constantly downward.

“I am beginning to believe that there is a running trend here.” Xan said at last. “This is obviously not a natural construct, this corridor.”

“Ach! And what makes you think that? Tis natural rock all around.” Alexander chimed in immediately.

“Yes, but it’s *straight* natural rock. A natural corridor would be winding and weaving this way and that, with branches here and there that lead off into other corridors from water erosion. This corridor has none of that.”

Alexander shut up then, finally noticing this for the first time. But just then, the rock changed into adobe, and then soon into brickwork, gaining alcoves every so often with torches, which with a flick of his finger, Xan lit as we walked by.

Then at last the corridor opened up into a large chamber, revealing an amalgamation of architecture beginning with Middle Eastern for supports, and riding straight up to European straight after that for its walls, but some strange ancient design for the script work, glyphs a collage of images.

Xan immediately went to examine these as I stood by, Alexander drawing his sword straight after that.

“It’s a myriad of scripts.” He said after awhile. “Some I don’t recognize. They appear to be teaching scrolls, imbedded in the wall, while others give directions.”

“Directions?” Alexander pipes in. “To what? Where?”

“The inner most sanctum, it seems...” Xan answered, and then began muttering as he moved the light on the end of his staff back and forth, while his free hand traced one of the collages.

I watched the fingers of his free hand trace a line across several of the people, all standing in awe of a... a woman! A *powerful* woman. With rippling muscles, with immense tits and body. My lips pursed upon seeing her, and for a while, I imagined myself looking like that. Then I'd teach Alexander a thing or three. Titanic muscles, super endowed femininity, the muscles...

I began to cream between my legs with the thought of so much strength in me.

Then Xan moved his hand over the image of her, and his fingers found spots upon her breasts and crotch and pushed inward, and directly into my ears I heard a click, and then like fog being cleared away by a strong wind, the whole wall simply disappeared.

I recognized the effect. Looked like Elven magic, and I knew that Xan knew that as well. But Alexander just chuckled and passed on into the corridor without another thought or a “thank you” or “good job” to Xan.

His sword began to shine white, one of the traits of a Holy Avenger as he now began to lead the way, now that the primary obstacle was now gone.

“Come, follow me men! We shall sally forth and do righteousness!” he said, as he descended into the depths.

“Men?” I harrumphed, folding my arms beneath my breasts. “He’s apparently blind. I am not a man... not even a woman for that matter. I am a sylph! A sylph!” then under my breath. “You dumb crazy bastard.”

I turned and saw Xan smiling at me, and rolling my eyes, followed Alexander into the darkness, my Elven sight allowing me to see fine in the darkness without light. Xan followed straight after me, placing a hand on my back for guidance as we descended further into the chambers...

5

I screamed as I let an arrow fly, its flat head piercing the goblin square in the head, slapping it backward into its fellow, before Xan cast a Fireball to clear the room. Alexander was hacking and slashing as always without abandon, taking all the glory as usual with that magical sword and armor of his. But in truth, if it weren't for those things, he'd be nothing out there.

My fingers pulled another pair of arrows out, and notching them simultaneously adjusted my fingers at both the forward grip and rearward string and let loose another pair of arrows at their intended targets, the pair flying around Alexander to take another pair out. I then brought my bow forward, striking its tip against the throat of another goblin to lash his throat open, just before I noticed yet another of the foul over-breeding creatures assailing Xan from behind.

I drew, aimed, and then Alexander's fathead got in my way. I gritted my teeth, aiming again, trying to put an arch on the arrow as I ruffled the feathers on my arrow with my fingers, but he again moved in the way.

"Ah! Xan look out!" I cried, and Xan turned just in time to drive the but end of his staff against the goblin and knock him to the ground before one of his rare Psionic abilities of Disintegrate erupted before him, and the goblin flew apart with a mixture of shattering bones and exploding bits, but not without penalties. Blood began to seep from his nose then, and he wiped it away before smacking another goblin under the chin with the bulbous end of the staff.

Then at last the goblins began to retreat, looting what they could of their fellows and high-tailing it out; but not till after Xan got a Chain Lightning Spell off on them all.

"Yes. I have vanquished thee and thou!" Alexander roared, raising his hand with his sword. "For my liege and lord!" he cried, and my normally soft, beautiful face curled up into a wolf's snarl, and I reached for my short sword, before I felt a remarkably strong hand take my hand and shove the sword back into its scabbard.

I reeled on the person who did it, and then blinked when I saw Xan standing there before me.

"Not yet." He said quietly. "It's not worth it." And then walking forward toward Xan, "Yes, we did it Alexander. You did well. We seem to be running into them more and more the further down we go. I'd assume that we're coming into their warren."

"And whatever treasure they're hoarding." Alexander returned. "What ho... it must be precious indeed for them to guard it so. Dirty creatures, best wipe them all out, take it back to the civil world where it shall do better good."

"I agree. But perhaps these little things will give us something in the meantime. If you were to help us pick them of their belongings, then we could..."

"Me rummage among the dead?" Alexander scoffed. "My good wizard..."

"Mage." Xan corrected flatly. It was an insult to call a magic-user a title below their current standing.

"...Whatever." He waved the title off with a dismissive hand. "I am a priest of the cloth, and a holy knight. I do not pillage creatures so. Get your woman to help you. I shall stand watch."

I shot Xan a steely glare, which he returned with his usual knowing smile, but nonetheless, I bent with him and began checking the goblins for any loose change or items.

The armor and clothing were all too small, even for me, the weapons were mostly rusty and ill kept, but we found some good treasures to pocket. Some miscellaneous coins of all denominations and national prints. When I straightened, holding a fat bag of loot in my hands,

so heavy that it took two hands to hold it before me, I had a moment to gauge its weight, feel its heft and wobble, before it was rudely removed from my hands.

“Here woman... give me that.” Alexander said, tying the thing to his belt. “You can barely hold onto that so why let you carry it that you might drop it. Pearls before swine as I always say. Here... you may have this one to carry; being that you shouldn’t be beleaguered to carry more than you can.”

In return for the big, fat bag of coins, I instead got a little bag that was hanging limply from his belt, perhaps one-fifth the worth of the one I just had.

“Why you... *gimmie that back!*” I shrieked.

“My dear woman, why should I.”

“Firstly... I am not a woman. I am a Sylph! S-Y-L-P-H... *Sylph! Elven female!* Can’t you see the ears?!” I displayed them for him, which were elegantly curved upward into tips at the sides of my head.

“Secondly, I gathered all that, that is mine and Xan’s, not yours, you pompous, ungracious ignoramus.

“And thirdly, that bag is five times this one!”

He chuckled, and lifted a finger. “You have breasts and a lack of a manhood. You are a woman.” He held up another finger. “These monies that you gathered were taken off of my slain kills, therefore they are mine.” He held up another finger. “And you intend these monies for your own greedy purposes, whereas I shall be donating these to a church where it will be used to feed the hungry and clothe the poor; who have far greater need of them.”

I smirked, and mentally dared Xan to interfere in this one.

“I checked with your church, Alexander, or should I call you ‘*Alex,*’ being that you are not of noble birth.” He flustered, which was a wonderful position to put him in. “Your church doesn’t even require as much of a tithe as you say they do, which means my *greed* is dwarfed by your own. While you get a suite with an actual bed, Xan and I have to share a room on the floor. While you get to fill your belly, Xan and I get meager fixings. And above all... you work for us, you get what we say you get.”

I reached for the bag, which he slapped my hand away with a gauntleted hand.

“Ow! You jerk!”

“A woman may not touch me in that manner.” He shook a finger at me. “As for this gold, *woman* try and take it from me. Now come; or I shall leave the two of here with the dead.”

My ears sank at the sides of my head. I'd long since learned to read people through their eyes, and what he meant by that last excerpt was that if we didn't come, he'd leave us here *as* dead.

My heart skipped a beat when I saw him grasping the pommel of his sword, and I fingered my bow, not really a good thing this close to one another. Just then, Xan stepped in, his staff sliding in between us with its tip shining maliciously for an instant.

"You shall hold our earnings, for now, Alexander." He said, with a warning voice to him. "We are friends here, and if need be we shall voice concerns around the eating table at the inn once we're out of here. But for now, we depend upon one another down here, so drop the sarcasm," he shot a look at me. "And drop the insubordination." The next look was for Alexander. "Or I shall show you *both* how truly viscous the wise can be.

"Do not try my patience, Alexander, for I am a mage, and we are subtle, and quick to anger.

"Now go... take point. I shall follow with Jen'ae." And he pointed with his staff to a way leading downward.

Alex flustered, but nonetheless turned to go. At least somewhere, deep down in his mind, he was aware that Xan was not the man to toy with.

Xan then turned to me, reached out to caress my cheek, lips and chin, giving me a soft smile and then moved off after Alexander. Sighing, I passed off after them.

6

We found the warren. And it was big.

There must've been hundreds of the little buggers down here, and I had to keep retrieving arrows because I ran out all the time. And I'd left with a full quiver! At last it was the chieftain's turn, his two shamans having already been felled, and though he went down slow and hard, he went down.

But what bothered me is that after he went down, Alexander took his sword and cleaved the goblin's skull open, and then looked to me with a smirk on his face. I didn't know whether to be afraid or grossed-out at the moment...

"Ah, nothing like dispensing some justice." He said, and wiped his shining sword of on the chieftain's clothing. "And it looks like those disgusting creatures were guarding a good storehouse of treasure too." He indicated, and started walking toward the line of chests against one of the walls.

There was definitely greed in his eyes as he lifted one of the chests, and gasped.

“By my liege and lord, there must be thousands of gold pieces in these chests!” He opened another, and then another, all of them revealing beautiful, glittering jewels, gems, silver, gold, all manner of precious metals and beautiful, glittering treasure.

In spite of myself, I whooped and skipped to one, opening up its chest and digging into the treasure to feel it slide over my hands. Xan came up beside me, tapping the base of one of the chests and the lid popped up immediately. He looked down at the treasure, his eyes searching.

Something didn't feel right about this gold, I felt, and dropped the coins back into place, but just after that the lid of the chest I was crouching before snapped down, and I fell backward onto my rump while Alexander stood before me, his sword still drawn. He inhaled deeply, lifting his chin and closing his eyes briefly.

“What the hell do you think you're doing?!” I cried, checking to see if all my fingers were there.

“Keeping you from my treasure, woman.”

“*Your* treasure?! It's *our* treasure...” I was upon my feet.

“Alexander,” Xan began, turning to my defense, but Alexander lanced backward with his gauntleted fist, struck Xan in the face, stunning him for a moment before taking his staff and throwing it across the room.

“My treasure.” He said, and I heard a hum as his sword began to vibrate and light up with its holy might. “With this much treasure, I can finally become a lord, rid myself of this fool paladin status and live the rest of my life in the sort of comfort I should have received, had my real father not have abandoned my mother and me.”

I blinked, noting that he had pieced together a whole sentence without using thee, thou or thine. But then I focused on what he said. “So that's why you've been like you are. You taking most of the treasure. You tithe the bare requirement, and store the rest of it for yourself!

“I always knew Xan and I shouldn't have trusted you. Xan, let's get him. ...Xan?” I turned to my dear friend, but found him lying unconscious on the floor. “Xan?!”

But then there was a sword in my face, and I backed away a bit before Alexander took a black bag from his belt satchel and threw it at me.

“That is a bag of holding. Fill it up, or a Holy Fireball from my sword here will incinerate both you and Xan. Uppity elf and mage... the two of you were so sweet to manipulate.”

I ground my teeth, but nonetheless knelt before the first treasure chest and began filling it. First one chest, and then the next... two, three, four, five chests... all in a row, emptied till the Bag of Holding was filled to the brim.

“Now step back, *woman*.” He snarled, twisting the obvious insult of not calling me by my right racial gender like a knife. Holding the sack, he looked in and smiled broadly. “Here, just so that I don’t seem to be a bad guy, you can keep the bag of gold coins I gave ya earlier. And...” he reached into the bag, and taking out a pair of leather gloves and a matching belt, both seeming to have been made more for a woman and thus far too small for him, he tossed them at me.” Your piece of the treasure...”

Then laughing, he bound up the top, and muttered a magical word, and the bag shrank till it was the size of a large satchel... much lighter and easier to manage too, and hefted it over his shoulder.

“Ta-ta, *wench!* Have fun with your mage-friend. If you happen to get out of here... pay your regards. I’ll make you a cleaning woman.” Then with a horrid laugh, he sheathed his sword, and left.

7

I looked down at the gloves in my hands, biting my lower lip as I stood there very alone then, and then moving over to Xan, flipped him roughly over – with difficulty through my spindly arms – so that I might examine him for any broken bones or anything.

Just then however, I heard a scuff, and snapping my head upward, I looked first to the exit to the room Alexander just walked through. But then I heard the scuff again, and this time looked over to the chests, seeing them rumble and move, with cracks and snaps forming in their wood.

My brows beetled briefly before I felt my eyes grow wide, and with a gasp, I stuffed the gloves into my satchel, pushed my bow over my head, and grabbing Xan, started dragging him over to where there was an antechamber, pulled him inside, and then closed the door to the inner chamber so that only a crack remained.

There, I was able to watch the horrible transformation of those five chests into a creature I’d met only once before... and ran away from.

The five boxes were breaking apart, their lids opening to reveal the fluids seeping into the basin inside the box, the stuff coagulating and reforming while the boxes around all of it simply broke apart. And then the boxes began to break open, living forms rising from their positions, wearing the lid as a shell on their backs, and the rest of the box as armor about their thin forms. They remained as such, lithe and diminutive, with their shark like heads, with only a pair of beady little eyes that would simply stare at you if they found you.

But then there was rippling motion, and each and every last one suddenly transformed, their chests swelling outward, their thighs bulging wide, their arms growing thick with powerful muscle. The bands of metal that were around the box, once hanging loosely before this, became their belts and arm and leg braces, and with a series of stretching roars, they mulled about with one another, looking this way and that, trying to smell something it seemed.

Oh no... not greater Mimics! I thought in a rush, and bent down to try to nudge Xan awake. But then the five turned and lumbered off in the direction that Alexander moved off in.

“Guh-loh-vves” they muttered. “Gold...” they said as they trundled out of sight.

“Gloves?” I thought, and looked into my pocket where they were hanging out of. “Why were these things in a treasure chest anyways?” I wondered aloud.

Then looking around me, I saw an offshoot of a tunnel leading further downward. *Anywhere in the opposite direction of those mimics was good*, I considered, and again shouldering my bow, began to drag Xan down the path.

After some long dragging of his heavy body, we came to a bathhouse, which was little more than a pool of water being fed by a small waterfall. The only thing I knew about mimics was that they hated water. I dragged Xan through the water and placed him on a small island at the center of the pool. He’d be safe there for a time, I guessed. At least until he woke up.

Then sitting down, I removed the belt and the gloves that Alexander had “graciously” given me before leaving. *I hope those mimics are piss pounding his holy ass right now*, I thought sternly, and turned the gloves over in my hands for a time. Then I picked up the belt, a simple strip of leather with a large medallion for the buckle.

They were both very non-assuming, simple and plain. Fine quality, good enough for even a lady I would’ve guessed.

On it were several symbols that I ran my fingers over, recognizing some of them to stand for ‘Woman,’ ‘Feminine,’ ‘Femininity’ or the like. I passed my fingers over it again, and felt my brows beetle, then slipped my fingers over the medallion again, and definitely noticed a change in the emblem displayed on its surface. This time it was of a circle conjoined with a cross at its base.

Biting my lower lip, my ears drooping at the side of my head briefly, I checked around me, and then down at Xan to make sure he was still asleep, and standing up, I pulled the belt on.

Normally I’d wait for Xan to wake up and *identify* everything, but anything that so blatantly described femininity as this did couldn’t be bad. Could it?

And so I latched the belt over my skirt, and looked down my body at it as I tilted my pelvis forward, just so that I could see how it looked. *Silver was definitely my color*, I thought as I traced a long finger along its edge. And then the thing began to shine, and the belt rapidly began to tighten as a rough wind seemed to blow upward and downward from the medallion as if it were a powerful fan, ruffling my shirt and skirts as its tightening pulled it higher and higher upon my waist. I held both hands downward to try and stop it, but it was unrelenting, and eventually found itself touching my abdomen, to which I immediately stopped struggling.

I blinked; my head tilting backward as I felt something clenching between my legs, realizing that it was my crotch tightening. Likewise, I felt my nipples harden beneath my undershirt and jacket, and with a snap, the silvery belt holding the medallion broke at the small of my back, and was immediately sucked up by the inner most edges of the medallion.

I then felt a strange power suffusing my body even as the medallion pressed itself against the base of my abdomen, sliding downward into the cuff of my skirts to press at the base of my navel. And then with a sensual tickling motion, similar to caressing hands upon my breasts, my crotch, my bottom, thighs and sides, it actually imbedded itself into my body.

In the next moment, I felt several things happen to me, and I gasped, holding onto my chest as I felt myself incensed to the point where I felt a dribble of viscous cream squeeze from between my vaginal folds and into my panties below my skirts. And then I felt it, a subtle throbbing beneath my hands as the buds of my breasts slowly began to swell, thickening with every pulsating beat of my heart, swelling into the loose fabric of my blouse in rapid motion, while with a crunch, my hips immediately began to widen.

I felt my height increasing too as the hems of all my clothes edged away from one another, leaving a narrow line between skirts and shirt to show off the newly imbedded medallion, while my leggings slowly slid down my thighs. Against my chest, the throbbing masses of my mammaries steadily climbed outward, the twin bulges sliding against the silk of my undershirt, mounding great and large till either of my hands couldn't hold the bulges. Their mass hefted my chain mail, despite its weight, and I groaned as I felt the writhing, coiling masses beneath the bulging flesh swelling outward.

Between my legs, the pouch of flesh that was my cunt ripened outward till its edges slid against my inner thighs, and pressing my thighs together, I felt a little more moisture slide into my underpants to wet them to the point where they stuck to the naked flesh of my crotch. My hair rapidly began to grow long at the back of my head then, gaining inches at a time and in rapid form till its long tresses hung down to the base of my spine. My body form began to change as well, growing more graceful moment by moment, before my face even changed... I could feel it morphing right over my skull.

Seventeen inches, or perhaps even more, must've grown upon my chest alone, and I felt so tall that comparing myself to Xan, who was a tall man, I must've been at least six feet tall now. The form of my breasts made me reach beneath my chain mail and all my clothes to touch one of them, and indeed, it was true. They were full, rounded and quite firm, and tipped with a hard nipple upon a swollen areola. I laughed, and immediately knelt at the edge of the pool, my once short hair hanging about my head and shoulders as I looked at the unfamiliar image staring back at me.

I fingered my now full and ripened lips, my face and the sockets of my eyes, quite pleased at my new gift, and my free hand reached down into the waistband of my skirts to feel the medallion nestling there warmly.

Then biting my lower lip in excitement, I then pulled the gloves from my satchel at where it rested on my hip, and held them in my hands.

They looked like perfectly normal, soft-leather gloves... the kind a lady would wear perhaps. But being that they were found with the belt, I could only dream as to what they were able to do. And so with only a moment later of hesitation, I put them on...

I held my hands outward, looking to both my hands one at a time, a wide grin upon my face as I panted, waiting for the next magical transformation, and even flexed my fingers a couple times trying to get them to work. But slowly my smile faded as nothing happened. Finally dropping my hands to my sides, a whimsical smile crossing my lips as I sat slightly disappointed that nothing had happened.

At least I've been given a better body, I mused, and slid my hands over my belly, caressing the medallion imbedded in my navel. *Sweet little thing,* I mused, feeling my nipples begin to harden against my chest all over again as my eyes focused upon my breasts, heaving with every breath I took, spreading the cloth and chain mail, making it so tight against my chest.

“Hmm...” I sighed, cupping one of my breasts and giving it a subtle squeeze, not noticing that the medallion in my navel was beginning to shine with my rising sexuality.

I continued to massage my tit, sighing pleasantly while my thighs pressed together and my hips rolled. I didn't know what was causing it, but I was beginning to feel... to feel so horny! “Ah!” I cried; closing my eyes as a small squirt of my vaginal fluids slipped into the front of my panties, wetting them thoroughly as they flowed in a stream between the clenched folds of my pussy. Another, ever so slightly longer squirt erupted again before I bit my lower lip, feeling the added moisture wet the front of my pelvic sheathe.

Between my legs, I steadily began clenching and unclenching my cunt, feeling my clit being pressured between the twin lips as it erected from inside me; the thing sliding between the lips of my womanhood, notching at the peak of the folds, and hardening. But simple hardening isn't where it ended. Nay! It continued, curving upward as it thickened, hardened into a thick throbbing nib between my thighs, holding the gate of my pussy open like a foot wedged in a door. I began to pull upward on the hem of my skirt, revealing more and more of my white pelvic sheathe, already baring the long stripe of moisture surrounded by relative dryness, revealing the thin cloth covering my loins to the open air; that breath licking me softly between the legs.

I sighed and then clenched my fists together, knotting one over my cunt, the other within the crevice between my breasts. And then my eyes opened as I felt an untold power slide into my from between my legs, my eyes beginning to shine and glow as the medallion at my navel likewise began to shine! And then my hands lifted again as I felt something like a mighty and powerful erection piercing my loins, spreading my moistened pussy open to its power. With a breath of wind blowing in from no where, I gasped as I orgasmed, releasing a shuddering eruption a smooth cream into my pelvic sheathe to wet them thoroughly now and turn them transparent. My shirt and skirts blew about me as I was fed power, my white skin beginning to

shine beautifully with the power while I felt the gloves on my hands tighten. Lifting my hands upward to my gaze, I watched as the backs split open like an opening eye, and a gold-studded red jewel, either as large as the backs of my small hands, pushed outward as if from another dimension. Then glowing brightly, their shining luminance great enough to illuminate the whole chamber, the pair arched a charge of reddened energy that coursed up my arms and struck my chest, parting my breasts apart to pierce me to the heart. There it remained for but a moment before another stream was shot upward to the hollow of my throat, and another linked with the medallion at my navel. Then at last, three point at the peak of my back, in the form of a truncated-V, joined my mid back with either shoulder.

*Power... Untold **power!***

It all flooded into me from those gems as the coursing energy slowly slid into my arms, forming a link with my body, disappearing through clothing and flesh, the gems continuing to glow brightly, swelling larger and larger with the power while the gloves slowly tightened about my hands.

My arms began to flex with the power, trembling with the might as I gasped and groaned, trying to tighten my biceps, force them to bulge higher, taller, larger, fuller!

“AH!” I gasped, and with a rolling of my body that ended with my legs spreading wide open to just my cunt forward, my skirts spreading over my thighs, I felt another squirt of hot, steamy, silken fluids squirt into the front of my pelvic sheathe, quickly followed by another.

I gasped as my cunt began to throb from my racing heart, beating rapidly inside me, coursing into my loins, pulsating hard and erotically as the edges swelled and pulled apart. I looked to my hands as the soft leather slowly merged with my hands, and as it left, leaving the great red jewels behind, I was shocked again as the well of power filling me from the inside, began to slide into the pit of my stomach, pressing against the back of my cunt like a grinding fist. There it began to fill me, overflowing occasionally from between my legs in a tantric burst of ejaculate, as the cup of my body was filled, the power of life spreading into my arms and legs, down to the very tips of my toes and fingers, and up my neck and into my head.

And once I was filled, with it having no other place to go, I felt it pressing against my body, and I groaned from the pleasure it caused as it suffused my flesh and my muscles and bones. Hugging myself and bending over myself, I gasped, feeling my pussy tremble with excitement before ejecting another stream of hot seminal fluids into my pelvic sheathe that was now wetting the seat of my under pants, before I felt myself beginning to grow.

My bodice began to swell, my back and chest thickening around a broadening ribcage, my thighs spreading wider along with my calves as my skeleton lengthened with me right along with it. In my finely honed Elven hearing I could hear the cracking and crunching of my bones as they thickened and grew, pushing my frame outward this way and that. My body spasmed a couple times, and I shook for a moment before rearing backward and crying out with pleasure, spreading my legs into an even wider stance, and lowered my eyes with disbelief as my chest just began to swell outward unbidden.

I rapidly grew past six and a half feet, my body climbing upward toward the cavern roof, while my underpants ever so slowly slid in between the cheeks of my tightening rear and wedging themselves tightly over my ripening cunt. With my arms thickening into my sleeves, my legs into my thigh boots, and my hips into my skirts, my clothing rapidly became very tight upon my bodice. My gaze lowered to the gems on the backs of my hands as they shone maliciously almost, but they were blessing me with so much *power!*

How can they be bad? I thought.

“Ah!” I moaned again as I heard tendons squeal, muscles grind and bones creak as I transformed, and throwing back my hair, I felt that grow into a great and long mane of luxuriously long golden hair at the back of my head.

The hem of my skirts climbed up over the hems of my thigh boots, revealing my underpants as they tightened into my crotch, their upper hem drooping lower and lower with the straps being dragged higher atop my hips, and the seat being drawn further into my rear.

Then I felt my muscles beginning to tighten, flexing of their own accord, and lifting my hands again, I clenched them into fists, watching as my biceps steadily began to swell into the sleeves of my shirt, my forearms broadening into my long gloves that were beneath the power gloves I’d just donned. I felt my chest muscles tighten and bulge outward, already a strength unheard of with an elf of *either* gender claiming me as I now peaked above seven feet. My breasts likewise again began to swell into the soft silk shirt beneath my jacket and chain mail, and I clenched my eyes and gritted my teeth as that linked chain compressed in on me, making it hard to breathe.

I heard a snap then, almost mistaking it for my spine snapping, but opening my eyes with another gasping breath of elation, I watched as another snap occurred and a button popped off my leather jacket. Several more snapped outward, disgorging the linked-metal chain mail shirt I wore, and with a mighty heave of growth, I watched as a horde of the many links down my front began to stretch, and with a literal explosion, dozens of the tiny links burst open as the chain mail was torn open.

“Th-this is *impossible!*” I gasped, my chest heaving from both the exertion and from the ability of being able to breathe freely again as I hooked my fingers into my blouse, my chest filling into the larger undershirt to its extent; even now tearing open the seams along its base.

I gasped then and felt my behind clench, my pelvis jutting forward as my thighs began to thicken, with my mini-skirt now nothing more than a wrap stretching about my hips. That wrap tightened like a snare drum across my thighs, cupping my bottom and showing off their tightening folds at my rear broke into thirds, and then into a mass of striations; clenching the wedgie of my underpants creased between my butt cheeks. The base of my crotch slid outward from beneath the hem of the skirt, and likewise as did the bulging ends of my rump, and coiling over myself, I slid my hands between my thighs, caressing my femininity, feeling the impossible strength even there.

Two long chords of flesh, still thickening and broadening, folding open to pull my clitoris forward, had become of the once simple slit between my legs. I rubbed the spread-open folds, biting my lower lip as I caressed my clit, feeling it suddenly thicken and extend larger than ever to keep a small little lump in my underpants, the orgasmic quiver backlashing on me to suddenly force my back and shoulders to bow outward with strength.

My hips again rotated backward, spreading open and I watched a mighty tear occur over my behind in my skirt, and it was perhaps the first time in my life I would not have worried about splitting the back of a piece of clothing like that.

With a few more rends and pops, my skirts tore completely off of me, the back snapping open to allow the now seemingly tiny strip of cloth fall to the ground; now tattered and threadbare. Closing my eyes I experienced *another* orgasm that shot through my loins, ricocheting off the inner walls of my cunt, pinging off pleasure after sweet pleasure, which finally erupted from me in the form a tidal wave of seminal juices that wet my underpants thoroughly, leaking out their sides and splattering to the sandy ground even. Another spasmodic jerk erupted through me, ending in another erotic burst that sucked my panties in between the lips of my crotch as they clenched again... *tightly!* They were sopping wet now, to the point where the slick, sticky juices began sliding up the tangled knot of fabric between my butt cheeks, before those massive, rounded masses of muscle, clenched and tightened to squeeze more of the juices outward and lubricate the crack of my arse.

“Oh Gawd... *more!*” I cried out, and was blessed with such.

More rends and tears opened in my sleeves as my long gloves erupted about my burgeoning arms; first bursting open about my biceps before tearing open right down the inside center of my forearms, to reveal a pair of once spindly Elven arms growing heavy with meaty muscle. Arching my back, tugging down on my blouse and shirt in an attempt to keep the fabric over my tits, I continued to grow upward.

The hems of my thigh boots continued to fall, catching upon my knees now, allowing my thighs to bulge with muscle freely, creasing into long, sinuous packs of muscle that rippled with every tensing clench they used to grow thicker.

I groaned as my shoulders thickened into massive mounds, creased into smaller ones, which then thickened all over again.

My back thrust outward, and I felt my chain mail shatter back there just before my jacket busted open along a long rip, and shrugging my shoulders, those fell in tatters about my feet. All around me were the discarded chinks of metal from my armor, even as the former fest bunched around my massive shoulders, links breaking off even there while my head tilted backward, allowing for my throat to sink beneath a plethora of neck muscles that thickened, lengthened and widened my throat all at once. My neck surrounding my throat then engorged with muscle striations, which bulged and broadened, growing wider and wider till the back of my neck continued outward like a hood leading from my head straight to my shoulders of solid muscle, which likewise slid straight into my upper back. That hood of muscle surrounding my throat

continued to grow wider and wider, flaring until the fact that I even *had* a neck was eliminated; my back having grown so thick with muscle now to the point where the buttons on my front on my shirt and blouse were popping off.

More rends and tears were met with more strips of cloth and fasteners being littered onto the ground, and my shoulders bowed backward as the cloth on my blouse and shirt grew taut across my back.

With a trembling my back wedged apart then, tearing open the silk of my blouse down the back up to practically the collar, and I felt my spine turn outward, dividing my back into two enormous packs of muscle. My spine continued to bulge outward, each spine becoming a rounded knob that separated itself from the others beside it and grew thick and bulbous. Then the upper half of my back heaved outward, my lower back sinking deeply beneath it. Another heave of muscle shredded what was left of my shirt and blouse as another section climbed above the two below it, just before either side of my back simply bubbled with *immense* amounts of muscle.

Primary forms, secondary forms, even tertiary forms popped about my spine like a star burst, my back widening so wide that it spread around the my sides like another hood to support my shoulders.

My back arched then, thrusting my chest forward to tighten my silken undershirt across my breasts momentarily; the pair heaving quickly to pop the last of the buttons from underneath my breasts, with my sweat transforming the silk into a transparent sheathe. My bulging bosom slowly became visible, right along with my erect nipples that popped upward from below one right after the other, either forming into powerful throbbing towers of reddened flesh, helping to push my shirt and blouse lower beneath my breasts, the pair pressing tightly against one another and forcing their way out into the air.

Beneath the heaving mammaries, I could feel my pectorals swelling, dividing into great cables of muscle, bound by smaller chords of tendons and brachials, the rippling motion jiggling my breasts in rapid succession like a jackrabbit pounding across the earth. My ribcage forced my chest higher, while I pressed my thighs together, feeling my cunt swallow the front of my underpants completely now and simply tense a thick chord of cloth between my vaginal lips and my butt cheeks.

One hand slid downward between my thighs to probe my insides from around the cloth, my other hand tugging at the strap over one of my hips with one thumb.

Muscle meeting bone along my sides feathered my ribs into beautiful layers of feminine might; forming one layer like a cage about my abdominals, a second layer to support them, and a third layer to anchor them to my sides. Opening my jewel-encrusted hands, I looked down at my chest as my nipples poked outward like the cannons on their ball turrets of a Dwarven tank above the collar of my shirt as the shoulder straps snapped over my thickening neck and bulging shoulder muscles, and what remained of my chain mail fell in pieces about me. Then I watched as an explosion happened right before my eyes in slow motion, as my undershirt tore in a dozen

places about my breasts, erupted open to disgorge my breasts out into the air, before my back tore open the rest of the shirt, and my bulging arms shredded the remains. I gasped a deep, barbaric breath of air, my breasts heaving high and wide, jiggling mightily like a pair of over-fat water skins, distending from my chest briefly as they began to fill with a ripe new warmth.

I clenched my arms, feeling my biceps coil outward, spreading apart, busting outward into enormous mounds that swelled to three, five, even seven times their original size. Reversing the process, I moaned as the same thing happened on the backs of my arms, with my triceps erupting into a rippling explosion of muscle on the backsides of my arms.

“MORE!” I cried; closing my eyes as my height grew steadily past seven and a half feet, and extending a leg before me and clenching that, I watched, again biting my lower lip in excitement as a dozen rends and tears broke open my former thigh boots. First one, and then the other broke away from my forelegs, my feet growing too long for the soles, and my calves and bulging foreleg muscles snapping open the layered threads.

In one fluid motion I unfolded from my kneeling position and took a step forward, pressing my thighs together while I continued to grow larger, feeling my belts snap open from around my broadening hips. I felt my abs crunching then, compressing against one another, tightening over and over, transforming from six individual muscles into eight, and then twelve, lined with four then eight lats. And all of that held within a beautiful hourglass shape.

But I was still growing in strength.

I posed and laughed, tightening one of my bulging buttocks, squeezing out more of my vaginal juices from my underpants to trickle down my inner thigh while my hips separated from my middle, creating hooking protrusions while my abs swelled outward, and my lower back backward, with my middle simply squeezing together.

My long fingers lengthened and thickened, my fingernails forming something close to claws while I pressed my fingers against my cunt, rubbing my clit from around the taut chord of my panties with two fingers while the downy white hairs covering my cunt grew fluffy and shallow. With a crackling sound, my ribs rose upward, creasing at their apex to thrust my breasts apart while the pair continued to bulge outward, hanging heavily over my abs like a pair of sandbags. So full and rounded had the pair become that they held themselves up, defiant of gravity and their weight.

I shook then, feeling my massive tits swing from side to side minutely before the swelling muscle beneath them tightened the pair to an almost stationary position atop my chest.

Great towers were forming from my nipples as they erected outward, and caressing either of them simultaneously, I summoned another orgasmic lurch between my legs.

And now I began to feel the straps of my underpants dig into my body, tightening in their form on all angles, before a great snap between the cheeks of my rear signified the bundle of seams there busting open. I gasped, and then felt another snap against my front where the strap met the

V-shaped patch over my cunt, and then another snap on the other side. I had to consciously relax, and peel the moist underpants away from my cunt to remove it.

I was naked now... totally and completely naked. My beautiful body stressing in its extremes as I continued to grow, my pelvis and abs sinking with my inner thighs, with knots of hardened muscle appearing here and there.

But I still wasn't done. Now that the last of my clothing had been removed, I began to grow violently now, with sections of my body just exploding with power and thick muscle striations, my thighs broadening to reveal the top of my quads swelling wide and long. My forearms erupted outward to the left and right. My back continued to bulge wider as my forearms continued to broaden and lengthen, with my feet and hands growing large enough to support this body of mine.

And when the transformation began to wane, I slid a pair of fingers between the folds of my cunt to coax a clit that was growing thick and long, peaking out from between the folds of my cunt, to pleasure myself thoroughly along with my growth. The pleasure steadily drove me to my knees, to where one muscled arm had to brace my weight against the ground, the other sliding slowly in and out of me while my enormous breasts continued to swell over my meaty thighs.

A musculature that was impossible for any humanoid blessed my body then as my back and spine continued to coil outward, my hair forming an even greater mane about my head while my ears lengthened to protrude high atop my head through the long tresses.

At last I knelt upward, holding the budding flower of my pussy open to the last orgasmic divulgence of fluids, and then remained there, cupping my ripened cunt with both hands even as my body heaved to catch its breath.

I was reborn, an empowered creature, and lifting my arm, I flexed it, feeling sheer *power* slide through its entire length as I felt power greater than an ogre, greater than a giant... perhaps even the might of a titan flowed through these veins. Rising to my feet I began to flex and prime my muscles, coaxing them into new heights they had never been meant to hold. And then I heard a scuffing noise, and pausing, I slowly turned, and saw one of the mimics standing there at the edge of the pool.

8

It was heaving as it stared at me, great and powerful, easily as tall as I was now at over seven feet in height. Metal bands and hardwood decorated its body like armor, with its tapered head poking outward from between its shoulders to stare at me. I turned fully toward it, and reached down immediately to pick up my bow, facing it down while I focused the powers of a ranger into it.

But apparently my size and strength weren't the only things that were enhanced, and I felt the wood transform beneath my hands, coiling and lengthening, growing long and sinuous, and when I hefted it upward, notching an arrow into its string, it was a mighty long bow, with a draw of at

least several hundred stones. The wood creaked with the strain as I pulled it backward, the thing growing thicker to keep from snapping, with vines and trailers wrapping around its wood to bind it together. Even the arrow changed, growing long with my powers, a thick quivering shaft, and when I let it go, it hummed through the air only to imbed itself in the rock just to the side of the Mimic's head.

My aim is off, I thought, and notched another arrow, but I now knew how my body flowed now from the change and made the necessary adjustments. But just then the mimic twisted itself, and with phenomenal speed, its hand lanced outward even as I let the arrow fly and snatched the arrow from the air. Then looking to me, it snapped the thing in its three-fingered hand, while in its other hand, I watched as a powerful static charge began to gather.

Gritting my teeth and laying the bow down, I leapt across the length of the pool at it, managing it with little effort, landing on the mimic and driving its arm upward even as a *Lightning Bolt* leapt from its fingers.

“Oh you do NOT throw that lightning crap at me!” I bellowed, and swinging a fist downward, caught the thing on the top of its head, the blow and follow through of my arm driving it straight into the ground, with enough force to force an impression in the earth.

I stood over the thing as it quivered once and then fell silent, and I looked down at my fist, staring at it wondrously as I realized that I'd just defeated a greater mimic I a single blow!

I laughed, reaching beneath my enormous breasts, either of which were perhaps a hundred stones apiece, and clasped my bulging bicep, pressing my thighs together as I felt my enormous power.

“Yes!” I said gleefully, and began to wonder what strength I was now.

Twenty, perhaps even twenty-one strength? I thought inwardly with another laugh. *Now to go teach Alexander a lesson, and get back our gold!*

I turned to walk back to the mound in the center of the pool for my bow, quiver and sword, but a shifting behind me made me stop dead. Turning slowly, I gasped as the mimic slowly stood up, straightening with a lurch as it cracked its head one direction and then the next, before I saw the slits of its eyes open to blink at me.

“Oh hell no.” I whispered, and turned immediately to attack it, my breasts wobbling one way and then the next, but in the next moment, a tiny white gem – perhaps an opal, its power source maybe – opened from within its chest, pushing out into the air and shining brightly.

I set myself to leap for it, but it lifted its hand and its white gem suddenly shone brightly, and matching it, the great, reddened ones on the backs of my hands likewise lit just brightly. I felt my strength wane as I was driven backward against a rock rising straight out of the ground, my arms brought behind me to hold the back of the rock as my body arched powerfully.

I groaned against my own strength, struggling to move as the mimic stepped toward me.

“Gloves...” it said slowly, focusing upon the glowing lights behind my back. “Chosen one.” It continued, taking another two-toed step toward me, rearing itself up to its full height right before me.

“No...” I groaned, helpless to whatever attack this was.

“You... have passed.” It said at last, and I blinked my eyes at it. It looked down then, and the plates and bands about its waist opened up, and a bulge appeared between its legs, extending long and thickening and I bit my lower lip as I watched it form, a mighty bulbous head arising at the end of its white skinned coloring. Then it thickened, over and over again, growing large and heady.

It lifted its eyes to me as it grasped the thickening mass of mimic flesh, and I shook my head as it became nothing other than a steely curving erection. It began massaging the length, and I saw a dribble of white sticky fluid drip from its end as it looked down toward the V-shape of my crotch again.

“Empower you.” It said then, and placing its warm hands upon my knees as I tried to move away from its advances, it helped spread my legs open, and with a hooking motion of its body, I felt its erection push almost painfully inside me.

I groaned as it penetrated, cried out as it filled my cunt to its fullest extent, stretching the tendons and muscle unused to such girth, and felt my body clench around it as my vaginal muscles began to work of their own accord, the red gems on my hands shining brightly.

It was Cumming into me! I realized with a groan. *Where is it all going,* I thought, biting hard into my lower lip as it came and came into me, each ejaculation slamming like a Dwarven piston inside me. But I could feel my body reacting, feel my tendons all strengthening into the consistency of piano wire. It massaged my breasts, it nuzzled my neck like a most proficient lover, and it stroked in and out of me.

I groaned, becoming too incensed *not* to allow it to do its thing, and instead spread my thighs even further open to let it lean into me.

I'm absorbing it! I realized as I chanced a glance at the thing, watching its mass slowly and steadily lessening, becoming skeletal and thin like it had been when it had first rose from the boxes; nothing but bare skin and bones.

And then it broke apart inside itself, and instead became a cool white mush, sliding onto me like a bucket of slop thrown against my naked body, while between my legs I continued to feel it wiggle and squirm, sucking on my erect clit. I collapsed forward off the rock, finally released from its embrace and magical hold while it coalesced about me, the wooden and metal braces falling off around me while its form slid to my arms, legs and sides. A mesh of interconnected bars here and there formed like a webbing over my bodice, and beside the reddened gems, right over the outer sides of my wrists, a pair of white gems formed.

Looking down at my wrists, staring at the white gems, I saw the symbol of Wind imbedded underneath the jewel in shimmering silver light.

Then with a flash of light all was completed, and I slowly rose to my feet, feeling my tendons grow lithe inside my body, but none so proliferate as the bundle leading straight to my vibrating cunt.

I groaned, and tested my strength, and when I moved slow, it was smooth and graceful, and when I moved fast, it was done with a snap, faster than the eye could see. Then, before I knew it, I was enacting a horde of rapid movements, learning a skill right then and there, my head being filled with thought and noises with images, and I memorized it all.

Then in one final punch, a snap so loud that it sounded like the crack of thunder, I opened my hand, staring at the larger red gem and the smaller white one beside it and grinned.

Power!!

“More.” I said aloud, and immediately went in search for the other four mimics. Alexander could wait for this...

9

I flattened my back against a wall, straining my high angling ears for more sounds, feeling my body tense with straining muscle, while I also bit my lower lip while my crotch rhythmically clenched and unclenched along with my breathing. Occasionally a droplet of my vaginal fluids seeped outward to caress my inner thigh, like at that very moment, and I reached down to rub it into the already glistening hairs of my cunt.

I felt myself being hugged and caressed by whatever this strange armor the last mimic had become about my body, a strange frame of bars and cross bars connected by a webbing. Nearly all of it was on my outer most form, save where it wrapped around my body here or there.

I had already possessed a wholly unnaturally quick *Dexterity*. Perhaps the best an elf possibly could have, especially since I could keep balance on narrow tree branches while up in the forest canopy before. But now I felt so impossibly lithe and graceful with this mesh over me.

My ability of walking silent was so perfect that not even I could hear it.

I poised myself, feeling my breasts jiggle, and turning to peak around the corner; I giggled and then bolted around it, just as the stomp-stomp-stomp of heavy footfalls announced the arrival of one of the wandering mimics that strolled in from an alcove nearby.

This one was amber in color, and was built a lot larger than the last one I fought.

My surprise was momentary as I brought myself up short, and then I grinned.

“Come get some!” I said, putting my hands up, smiling in anticipation.

“Guh-love-s...” it hissed, and turned to face me fully, flexing its body to show off its amber pecks, its bulging biceps.

I leapt at the thing, as agilely as a gazelle and started hammering it with punches that shook the air with a sound like thunder. But the more I hit it, the more it began to move, blocking my blows, until with a mighty swinging blow; it knocked me straight to the floor.

It was learning my moves! I managed to think as I spiraled away from the blow.

I bounced once, my breasts actually making twin impact craters in the floor, before I felt the mimic take hold of me, lift me over his head, and then suplex my head straight into the ground. I flopped onto my back, dazed and quite unaware for several seconds before I opened my eyes, only to see the mimic charging at me, and leaping up into the air, it clasped its hands together, and then jabbed its elbow downward toward my sternum. With a gasp I lifted both hands and caught the driving arm, and rocking onto my back, flipping upward to my toes, I then dragged the creature through the air by the arm and drove it face first into the wall. Rising to my feet with the creature's back swing, I drove it into the wall again so that half its body burst through the stonework and into the bedrock beyond.

I stood upright then, my breasts jiggling as I squared my shoulders, standing away from the mimic while the cool air of the dungeon walls breathed against my naked skin.

“Had enough?” I gasped with the exertion and daze of still recovering from having had my head rammed into the floor.

As if in answer to my question, the mimic raised both its hands, set them against the wall about its shoulders, and wedged its way outward.

“GUH-love-s!” it growled, and raising a hand, I gasped as I witnessed the air compressing rapidly into its three-fingered hand, just before it was released directly into my gut.

It felt like a sucker punch, and as I bent over, holding the point where I'd just been hit, the mimic moved forward, grabbed my long hair in both hands, and began driving its knee up into my face.

It managed several strikes with its knee jab before I caught its leg with both hands crossing before my face. Then shoving the knee down forcibly, I struck forward with my palm; wrenching my hair free from its grasp as it doubled over in pain with the force of my palm strike, and dragging my hand backward, I opened my fingers and using the powers of the ranger, summoned the wind.

“Is that how you wanna play it?” I asked through gritted teeth, sniffing blood up my nose. “Fine... then that's how we'll play it.” I growled, and called forth a ninth level Wind Raker

Spell, swirling wind forming a vortex into my hand briefly, but it grew too quickly, and looking at my other hand that was balancing me before me, I saw the wind gem there shining brightly. When I finally brought the spell forward to bear and released it, even I, with my newly acquired strength had to brace myself as a Wind Raker spell more than twice than what I was normally able to hold released itself.

The Mimic took the full force of the raker spell, and I was amazed as I saw for the first time an elemental force behind it, the wind taking the form of a dragon as it swirled and buffeted the mimic in its force. The Dragon form carried the mimic with it down the full length of the hall we were in to slap it against a stone wall.

Beetling my brows, not wanting to loose the opportunity, still not believing I'd just cast a spell that powerful, I charged down the length of the hall while the mimic was recovering. *It must be low on hit points by now*, I thought, and even as the mimic looked up, I took it by the arm and spun it over my broad hip, slamming it thoroughly face-first into the nearest wall.

I stood back, hands on hips, thinking I'd won finally, but then the mimic began to change, and I saw its feature press out of the back of its head, its fingers and joints reverse direction, as it literally reformed itself through its own body in order to face me. Then with one last shake, all of its armor reversed directions, its entire torso turning fully around to place the box lid on its back again like a shell.

I blinked at it once before it reared back and threw its hard knuckled fist into my solar plexus, and I was blown backward all of five feet to slam back first into the opposing wall. After a brief teeth-rattling experience and a shower of grit and dust, I hopped back, and the two of us grappled, pushing each other back and forth, throwing each other against the walls, before I wedged the mimic upward over my head, and then tossed it straight into the ceiling. I hopped back even as the mimic fell toward the ground, and like it had tried earlier in attempting to drive its elbow into me, I fell down on top of it and threw my own elbow straight into the box lid strapped to its back like a turtle shell, and the lid shattered under the force of my blow.

I rolled backward over my shoulder and breasts to my feet, bracing myself for the mimic, my chest heaving heavily, my breasts swelling with each breath as if a bellows were working underneath them.

Then the mimic moved, lifting a single hand to brace against the floor, managing to force itself upward a little before collapsing back to the ground. The next time it rose, it used both hands, and forced itself up little by little till it faced me.

“Gloves.” It stated at last, and then lurched upward to its feet.

But its next maneuver was to reach down at its abdomen, where a pair of wedged planks served it as a loincloth. Spreading these open, the twin planks folded away from a pouch between its legs, and I stood there, straightening as I witnessed the bulge pressing outward, lengthening longer and longer, and thickening massively as it took a halting step toward me.

“Gloves.” It said, and it took the last few steps toward me, and lifting its hand, I felt the red gems on my arms again shine brightly as the creature briefly took control of me, and I was driven straight to my knees, my thighs spreading open as I rested there.

Gasping, not sure how I was to feel about knowing the fact I was about to make love to a mimic. Something for a drunken bar story later I guessed. But then it was cupping my mouth, holding its erection with the other hand and opening my reddened lips, I let it slide its erection into my mouth before it released me.

I began to suck as it lovingly cradled my head, my mouth open so wide that my jaw ached from the exertion. And then I felt a burst of something erupt into my mouth, bitter sweet, and in reflex I swallowed immediately. Then grasping hold of its thick length with both hands I proceeded to suck on it with all my might, feeling its thick and heavy seed slide into my throat as I drew out a mouthful and swallowed. I continued to suck, continued to draw upon as much as I could like sucking a thick drink through a straw. I felt my belly grow heavy with it even as I started to massage that prick momentarily before it pulled out from me.

In the next instant I was pushed onto my back as it weakly collapsed to its knees, and plunging its thick erection in between my thighs and began to drop more of his heavy laden seed inside me, I let the creature coax me, love me, till its form began to disintegrate, and then flow heartily into me.

At last it flipped me over, controlling me from its gems as I felt its sweet hot deposit warming me from the inside, spreading into me before he attacked me from behind, piercing my womanhood one last time before it collapsed onto my back.

Its form merged with mine, the metal braces and wooden pieces falling to the ground about me as I felt it forming a second skin against my form on top of the network of braces on my body, drawing tight and invasive into my behind, into my cunt, throbbing, suckling, *climax!*

I came heavily as I immediately began to transform, and wedging myself up onto my hands and knees, I felt a heavy lurch inside me as the seed in my belly and in my loins seemed to meet one another and merge inside me. In the next moment, my chest thrust downward, and both my breasts immediately exploded outward with added thickness, the double shot slamming my tits firmly into the ground to create another pair of impact craters. In the next instant, my back thrust upward, my spine radiating outward as the spider webbing of the first mimic was drawn taut across my body, becoming flatter while I came again, and a burst of seminal fluids dropped from my wet pussy onto the floor, my clit growing larger between the swollen folds of my cunt. I gasped and moaned, feeling my body growing longer through the arms, the legs, the middle and my neck, feeling my body transforming while my hips broadened further, parting away from my middle as it compressed, while my neck broadened and thickened in every direction.

I sat backward, being thrust even further upward as my calves and thighs amassed muscles that no humanoid could've possessed.

My thighs broadened wider than my middle, my back and spinal column growing wider to support my massive upper body as it widened, my shoulders amassing into heavy orbs of striated power! I groaned, gritting my teeth against the pain of the pleasure as my biceps thrust forward, my forearms swelling outward, and flexing both my arms before me, watched as my biceps steadily swelled to five times their most recent thickness.

“The Creator be praised!” I moaned; thrusting my head backward as my hair grew in volumes about my head, my ears lengthening and widening while my uppermost section of my back thrust high and wide to help support my shoulders; either of which simply exploded with massive cables of muscle.

Then not able to stop myself, I dug in between my legs and slid several fingers inside my crotch, tickling my clit and coaxing more wet slick to slide from me, which I immediately began to rub lovingly onto my breasts or suck from my fingers.

I gasped as I felt my stomach bulge one abdominal after the other, the tight narrow packs growing wider and wider, creasing tightly between one another as they parted down their center, showing off a sinuous line leading to my navel. The lowest set grew massively wide and thick, a beautiful heart shape ending in the bulging mass of my cunt. Finally my ribcage thrust further outward, over hanging my abdominals all the more as the individual spines of my ribs flared open about them while my breasts continued to swell and engorge and amass larger and larger.

Finally at my shoulders, a pair of gems rose up into existence, either amber in color, just like the one on the mimic’s chest before. These, however, bore the glyphs of Earth.

My strength was rising in pips, and I felt it slow and steady, somewhere around twenty-three or even twenty-four strength! *I was a titian!* I realized with a gasp. And when I flexed, an electric spark spread over my bodice, revitalizing me. Rising to my feet then, I stopped as I bumped my head against the ceiling as I hopped up, and rubbing my head, I looked up, and then down between my breasts, having to hold the pair open to do so, realizing that I must be nearly eight feet tall now!

“Now this is what I’m talking about.” I giggled. “Now for the others!”

I then hurried off for the next of the five mimics. Two down, three to go.

10

I was struck hard, thrust backward to slam hard back first against another wall, my breasts compressing against my chest from the force of it all, bouncing back and jiggling briefly before I collapsed forward onto the ground, panting heavily as I tried to keep from blacking out.

My body was practically eviscerated with cuts and definitely black and blue despite my strength and resilience, and despite my incredible *Dexterity*, I just seemed to find myself within their blows.

Looking up, I stared at the next pair of Mimics, two of the remaining three of the original five, and by their coloring, and by the theme they seemed to possess, this pair were Fire and the other Water. A remarkable combination.

Water seemed to not have any one single form, and was constantly forming and reforming itself, causing spikes to pop out of its body while its arms lengthened and retracted, forming blades at their ends to cut at me. Fire, however, was a magic user specializing in attack magics and Psionics.

This is so unfair, I thought, forcing myself to rise, and just managing to dodge out of the way in the face of the next oncoming attack, grabbing the Water mimic's arms as they extended forward to grapple with me in both hands, and gritting my teeth, quickly twisted my arm to snap the mimic's arms as one.

It howled with anger and pain before I jerked the arms back toward me, pulling its body along with them, and it came sailing straight up into my leg, even as I chambered in inward and back out again for a kick. Jabbing my heel into its stomach, I hefted it up over my head, and then followed it straight back down, slamming it straight into the ground before falling down atop it to drive my elbow with both hands into its head.

The sound of echoing thunder laid the mimic stunned and dazed before I rolled to my feet and squared with the fire mimic, even as it readied another lightning spell. I was too late to dodge the electrifying effects of the spell as I charged for it, my arms rising before me while I grit my teeth against the pain, feeling the charge crackle about my body, snapping off my nipples, fingers and teeth before I checked the mimic backward into a wall.

“OW! Stop throwing that crap at me!” I groaned, holding my nipples as they ached with the static charge, and with a stomp that shook the ground, the fire mimic collapsed to the ground.

I then brought my hands together, cupping them before me as I summoned a Slashing Wind spell, and then threw it at the mimic as it was trying to rise. The ball of eviscerating wind hit the mimic right in the chest, pinning it to a rock protrusion rising out of the ground in this chamber, and cutting its wood armored chest into chips.

Again, I was the only one left standing as even that mimic fell forward onto the ground, and I stood there, breathing heavily, now feeling my crotch beginning to clench in anticipation as I waited for the mimics to rise and do their thing.

And then they rose, and I settled backward onto a large boulder within this cavern, taking a triumphant, but sensual position even as the Water mimic likewise rose.

“Gloves...” they said one after the other, and practically began chanting the word in unison.

Despite how I'd become submissive to them, they both nonetheless controlled me through the gems, and I gritted my teeth as I was forced onto my back. I was pinned back first to the rock,

and then I felt those soft leathery hands part my legs open, just as I was entered in the same motion.

I lifted myself, my breasts sliding down the length of my bodice while I gasped as an orgasm erupted from me immediately, and I saw the fire mimic pleasuring me briefly before my head was pulled back. I had only a moment to gasp in the suddenness of that last movement before I felt a long and thick penis thrust into my mouth.

I gagged only once before relaxing, the one between my legs thrusting steadily into my cunt as he tickled my clit and massaged my abs, while the other, the Water mimic, cradled the back of my head while I sucked on him, and caressed my own nipples. I began cupping the base of one of my tits, hefting it upward while my cunt clenched and tightened, holding the mimic between my legs inside me briefly, the creature unable to pull out, while I put all of my lungs into sucking more of the creamy juices from the Water mimic.

It took much longer for these two to climax inside me, a lot longer for them to merge with me, but the entire length of the experience was caressing, tantalizing and beautiful.

Then, even as they melded with my body, sliding around me, forming armor plates along my outer most edges, leaving my breasts and crotch free to the moisture of my sweat and ejaculate, along with parts of my massive back and bottom, nearly everything else was covered. I collapsed forward off the rock, reaching between my legs to feel my innards, coaxing my clit as it extended between my legs, and closing my eyes, I listened to the splatter of my vaginal juices spilling from inside me onto the stone flooring.

Then at last I moaned as my crotch pinched my fingers inside it, and pulling my hand out at last, I licked my fingers briefly before smearing the silken juices over my breasts.

“Hmmm...” I gasped, ready already to merge with the fifth and final mimic, feeling the four prior mingling with my body, empowering me with their magic, their strengths, canceling out my weaknesses and protecting me all at once.

Four of five elemental enhancements resided in me.

I've merged with Wind, and then Earth, I thought, stepping lithely forward to exemplify the added power and grace both had given me, feeling my new, heavy armor across my back, arms and legs, while the remaining armor framed my tits and pushed them together, as well as my crotch and rear, while allowing my biceps to bulge outward freely. My head was more helmeted now, and with but a thought, my visor slid down over my eyes while a set of three fins on either side of my head flared outward. I've just taken Fire and Water, I continued in my thoughts, glancing their subsequent pair of gems – fire at the apex of my chest between my breasts, and a few scant inches above my womanhood, and water's located right at the apex of my outer thighs between bottom, quad and outer thigh – before setting off. And if I miss my guess, then the final Mimic will embody Holy.

Holy... holy...which Alexander is a source of, I thought, and hurried forward, the armor of my new thigh boots clicking against the stone with their high heels as I scurried along, feeling the subtle sway of my chest with each lunging movement of my body.

11

I could somehow feel the final mimic now, and headed in that general direction; turning this way and that till I began to feel myself moving away from it. When that happened I turned to face its direction and simply hammered the wall with my fist. With a thunderous blow, the entire wall collapsed straight toward the floor, and I simply traveled forward in that way, breaking through barriers until at last, with one final blow, the wall cascaded downward and I strode in to see Alexander doing battle with the final mimic.

Even as I stepped through, Alexander, with his shining sword, skipped forward and plunged his blade to the hilt inside the mimic, and I screamed as the mimic shuddered in its death throes, just before it collapsed at his feet.

Then Alexander turned, facing me, and his gaze immediately melted at seeing me, but then turned into a look of horror as the puddle of mimic at his feet suddenly attacked him, coiling up his legs... merging with him.

Within moments Alex's form grew taller, stronger, while the mimic melded with his armor, a pair of stubby wings grew over his shoulders, and some holy emblem rose against his back like half a rising sun with long sharp points everywhere.

Holding his arms open, his sword in one hand, I held my thick arm up before my eyes as he literally exploded outward in a pillar of white light; his existing armor growing thicker and heavier, his holy avenger growing longer and thicker, to which he slowly brought before his face to hold its lengthening pommel with both hands.

Everything on him grew larger, thicker, more muscular, and I could just see his strength rise up to twenty or so.

“Yes.... *YES!!!*... **YES!!!**” he cried outward, and then the explosion of light ended, leaving him glowing and shining. “The **POWER!**” he gasped, feeling his muscles, while I heard a creaking noise as the metal cup he wore bent and bulged outward. “True, unmitigated **POWER!**” he cried and turned toward me as he cupped that thickening bulge.

“Ah, Jen'ae.” He greeted with a bestial grin. “You've changed.”

“As have you.” I said, walking forward, setting myself before I hopped off of a short ledge onto the same ground he was on, sloshing through some stagnant water to stand before him... a full head above him. I was stronger, faster, but he was armed and I wasn't, and armored in full plate mail and I had only partial. Likewise, he now possessed a source of his empowering element inside him: Holy.

“And I should truly owe it all to you.” I said hatefully, balling up my fists while my biceps steadily began to swell with the strain. “It is unfortunate for you that you’ve absorbed that mimic. For that matter, it’s unfortunate that I caught up with you. After the betrayal that you did to Xan and me, you deserve to be torn to shreds.” I raised my arms to show off my titan’s strength in my relatively miniscule body. Titans after all were several stories tall.

“Somehow I don’t see that happening.” He answered, and held his sword point out at me, and the two of us began to circle one another. “It is *my* gold now, and this is now my power. For that matter, if I were to kill you, I wonder exactly how much power I’d absorb from you by gaining those other mimics that you have.”

I grinned, tilting my chin up in superiority.

“It won’t work for you... only a woman can gain the full power this has to offer you arrogant bastard.” I held up my hand, showing off the great red gem there. “See these? They only activate their full power if you have this on.” I fingered the emblem on my abdomen. “The gems were from the gloves you left us, and the emblem was from the belt. *A Belt of Femininity*. If you were to put it on, you would immediately transform into a woman.

“Funny...” I chortled. “I’d like to see that. You suddenly loosing that bulge between your legs and growing a nice pair of tits.”

This only angered him, much to my delight.

“Me, a *woman*?! If being addlebrained in trade off for full power is what that means, then I don’t want the full power. Nonetheless, if even one can do this,” he splayed his hands off to his sides to show off his impressive form while his stubby wings spread open briefly. “Then all five will make me into a GOD! I won’t need my deity any more... for I’ll **be** a *deity*. I shall have the hordes of Paladins at my beck and call, knights, armies, and I their lord.

“Be nice, and lay yourself down, and you can be my thrall for all time.”

An insane grin spread across his face, and I had to force myself into control of my anger.

“Won’t happen, you arrogant prick,” and I stopped circling, putting up my guard. “You end here!”

Alexander braced himself, taking a guard stance with his sword.

“Bring it on.” He gritted, and his own facemask closed about his head, enclosing him completely in his plate mail armor.

I stood there, breathing heavily, my breasts swelling in time as I focused all my anger and hate of this man into a dead calm in the pit of my stomach. *Ok mimics lets see what you can do...*

And I launched at him.

My massive fist came at him like a battering ram, the shod gauntlets surrounding the outsides of my fists gunning for his head while I screamed a battle cry. But I missed!

He simply sidestepped out of the way, and the force of my arm carried me past him and then around in a circle.

“No!” I growled, and spinning to right myself, aimed another punch at him.

Again he dodged, and this time I got a slap on the bare flesh of my rear with the flat of his sword.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” He laughed. “You are *far* too easy, Jen’ae. Elves are much more apt at screwing trees than warfare.” He swung his sword in a long arch before him and then brought it back up again. “You are no match form me. I’ve killed greater creatures in comparison than you.”

“Yeah, with *our* help, you ungrateful whelp. Now... stand *still!*!”

I struck the ground, sending a localized quake through it which stunned him on the spot, before I skipped forward and stuck him along side the head with as powerful a strike as I could manage, knocking him straight into the ground to where his head bounced against it.

“You are FAR too cocky for your own good!” I growled, standing forcibly on his sword as he tried to get up, and rearing back my leg, brought it forward in a graceful arch that caught him under the chin, snapping his head backward and sending him several feet away to strike solidly against a stone pillar.

“I nearly killed you dozens of times before, mostly due to a possible accident, but as of late... I simply wanted to end your existence for the blatant waste of life that you are.”

And this time I body-checked the bastard, driving the full force of my massive armored shoulder into his chest and the gleaming metal of his armor, and sent him through the rock as it broke about him.

Reaching down, I took hold of his sword and stood a little more erect. It felt unusually heavy in my hands, but then I’d heard that Holy Avengers did not like to be held by any other than their masters.

And I was – thank the Maker – as far away from Alexander as was possible, his opposite in every respect, including gender and alignment.

“We Elves may be tree huggers, druids and rangers all of us to the last, but we do not have sex with trees you unenlightened hairless ape. Our culture predates yours by five thousand years, and presently, everything that we are is greater than you. Not your race... just you.”

I continued to advance on him while he backed away. “Now, now, Jen’ae... can’t you take a joke?” he actually managed to laugh.

I jabbed his sword into a stone as I passed by, cracking my knuckles.

“Sure I can take a joke, a joke like you.” I answered with a feral grin. “I can take you up, and down – repeatedly – and take you in any way I so desire.”

He stopped, his faceless mask staring at me. I could feel the horror and the revulsion that he was feeling, and for the first time in my life, I took satisfaction in causing such emotions in another person. Whatever was on my face confirmed it, and as I felt the lips of my crotch swell, and my teats erect, and he quickly began to scramble away at the site of it.

But I was upon him, wrestling him onto his stomach as I quickly began to peel him out of his armor, piece by piece, breaking off chunks of the White mimic from off his body as he rapidly began to diminish to his old size with each piece that I removed. I stripped him naked and bare down his back before giving him a hard swat on his rump that left a burning mark, before flipping him over to do the same to his front.

Then, once I had him free of his shell, I reached down between his legs, and actually began to please him, taking hold of his prick with one hand and massaging it, holding him down with my free hand planted on his chest.

“D-don’t!” he cried.

“You have ruined the holy power. You have soiled your clerical responsibilities and oaths; why not finish the job with a little sex?” I asked with a grin, and began rubbing my cunt along his lower edge. “You just might like it. After all... you *did* threaten me with it. You apparently want it... so here... *it... is!*”

My toothy grin grew feral as I stared down at him, and then taking his shaft firmly in my hand, forced it between the taut muscles guarding the gateway of my womanhood, and clamped down on the shaft with my tight, sopping wet pussy. I began to work him hard and painfully, taking as much of the pleasure as I could all for myself.

He groaned, gritting his teeth as he experienced the all to sweet experience that was the orgasm. Not as many, or as often as mine, but he did have one, a long, hard, throbbing – *oh!* I gasped suddenly – I ground my hips into him, giving him as much pleasure as pain.

But while I was working him, something strange happened, and as he climaxed inside me, a shot of light passed from his abdomen, burning its way up the length of his prick, and erupted inside me. And it kept erupting, repeatedly, over and over, and he gripped his prick with both hands in an attempt to stop his holy power from leaving him and throttling its way inside me. I took *immense* satisfaction as I watched his high score of eighteen strength slowly diminish as it slid into me instead, and I watched his arms grow spindly and limp with his legs, his massive muscles and thick body waning as mine grew. Over and over a ray of holy light slid from him into me, and I absorbed it in all its glory before I erupted a climax of my own, and seeped a spill of seminal fluids all over him.

Then as I felt him deflating inside me as one last shot of holy light slid into me, empowering me, setting a glow against my flesh before I released him. Rising up upon my knees while another orgasm rocked my insides, and again I erupted! Several jets of hot, sticky juices, mixed with his own juices spilled from me all over his abdomen and pelvis before I took both hands to rub my crotch free of the remaining orgasmic force in me.

“Oh!” I gasped, and then rose to my feet, feeling my pussy throb with elation beneath my fingers as I diddled my crimson bean, brushing my fingers over it to bring several dry heaving orgasmic lunges inside me as I coiled over myself.

Before me, Alexander, butt naked, used and diminished, rushed over to his sword where it had been planted while thinking me preoccupied, but I opened one eye as I probed my insides with my long fingers and laughed.

“Your final oath – the oath of celibacy – has been broken Alexander.” I chortled. “Your hold upon that blade is severed the moment you entered me.”

Groaning one last time, I pulled my meaty arm between my breasts so that I could lick my fingers clean of my sweet seminal fluids, my breasts leaking milk minutely while I went over to Alexander, lifted my hand and backhanded him; a subtle swinging slap that though gentle for me, knocked him sprawling to the ground.

“I shall leave you with the knowledge that I’ve taken everything from you, Alexander.” I said, taking hold of the pommel on the sword, and using only one hand, I pulled the sword free of the stone, and being as pure of heart as I, the sword immediately shone a lightning white, claiming me as its new host.

But that’s not all that awakened.

All around me, the white chunks that had been the mimic melted before all of it slowly slid off the fragments of his armor and likewise slid across the floor to where it all coagulated into a lump. The lump then rose while the sword in my hands flared brighter, lightning the whole room as I let go of it, allowing the sword to float in the air with its own power while I felt my heart rising in pace again. The lump rose upward, forming and reforming till an armor-less, white greater mimic rose again; its blue eyes looking about it before seeing me.

I pointed at it, and then down at the ground, commanding it. The mimic responded by bending knee in fealty, and when it rose, I cupped my crotch again, spreading the lips open, leaning backward against the boulder, ready for it.

Cupping its own crotch, an erection formed between its legs, thick and mighty, and spreading my legs open, planting my feet against the rock and the ground, I let it enter me, and please me, while suckling from my tit. And for once, I was not controlled... I was controlling it!

Alexander could do little more than watch.

I pawed at the mimic's chest, clenching my own to press my breasts against one another, feeling my body quake and quiver as the creature continued to pierce me between my thighs, its erection hard and throbbing inside me, coaxing me beautifully.

Already I could feel it offloading its serum into my body, erupting moment by moment into my thick and voluminous cunt that was welling around the white flesh of its erect prick; the twin folds clenching and massaging of their own accord while I gasped and moaned.

Never before had I been pleased so thoroughly than I did this time; my body sexed five times now, and this one was very energetic, seeming to try to pound deeper than its predecessors in order to place its power as far inside me as possible. Opening my eyes to slits while I huffed and puffed, I saw this mimic rapidly growing thinner and thinner, skeletal even before it suddenly disintegrated and slopped onto my body like a bucket of chum. There it began sliding over me, invading what orifice that it could, massaging the inner most edges of my breasts where their massive bulges tapered back toward my chest.

With a groan, I felt my nipples clench just as twin squirts of creamy milk erupted outward in a pair of brief jets of the luscious cream; shooting out several feet before I hefted my chest up higher.

Rising to my feet I continued to become incensed, biting my lower lip with an insane look crossing my face as I stepped over to the discarded pieces of Alexander's armor, a little haphazardly from the mind-bending sensations coming from between my legs. Amidst my steps, I even orgasmed, pausing briefly and jutting my bare behind outward, my cheeks spreading open for Alexander to see while I cupped my crotch with both hands.

And then I was there, collapsing onto the ground, the chamber still lit by the shining Holy Avenger. I picked up his groin plate, and held it over the bulging pad of my cunt, and looking evilly at him, I steadily pressed the plate into the curving arch between my legs.

The squealing of the metal being reshaped by my hands entered into our ears, as I pinched it here, tapered it there, finally feeling the last of the mimic spilling out from inside me to hold the plate in place as I reshaped it into a long V to cover my womanhood. Taking hold of his breast plate, I did the same, the broad plate that once covered his whole chest, broke in half freely in my hands as I folded it once, and then twice before it snapped. I did the same thing with them that I did with his crotch plate, pulling the hard steel over my breasts with either hand, my back arching deeply as I again bit my lower lip, feeling my hardened nipples pressing dimples into the steel, my firm breasts forcing it to curve about them.

Again the Mimics took into effect, and took hold of the now twin breastplates, holding them in place while they all began to merge with one another.

I began to slowly stand then, tendrils lashing outward to take segments and pieces of the former full plate mail, tearing them apart, remolding them to my own body, before a pair of gossamer

bird-like wings unfolded from my back, more pieces of the armor, every last bit, slapping to my body where there was space.

And there was a *lot* of space.

And then I reached for the blade, which came to me by flying through the air into my outstretched palm. As soon as it entered my hands, the mimics all merged together; realigning the blade, before, with a mighty “ker-CHACK!” the whole center of the blade suddenly extended forward, leaving a space of shining lightning in the gap between the three pieces of the sword.

An eye-like gem opened on either side of the sword, and turning my head, I smiled as my new helm opened up while I advanced on Alexander.

He stumbled backward as I slowly hefted the sword, sliding its tip a few scant inches above his prick, over his now smooth abdomen and upward to point its tip at his face.

“Your powers are now mine!” I said with a superior grin. “You are now nothing to me. Gather up your clothes, and go, and should I ever see you again, I shall surely kill you. And if you can, try to make amends with your false god.”

Laughing, I looked around me as Alex – the former, now defiled paladin – gathered up his things and bolted. My wings folded into tight little packs at the top of my back while the sword’s light waned before its blade collapsed and its haft and palm guards folded inward about the sword before I planted it on my back between my wings. A short look allowed me to find the sack of gold that the mimics had held, seemingly so long ago. Holding the blade to my back, it immediately was absorbed there before I picked up the sack with one muscled arm, laughing freely now before flexing my free arm and spreading my fingers open.

Finally... things are finally going my way.

12

I stood quietly, looking down at Xan’s still unconscious form from across the short distance of the water between us, immediately feeling my crotch clench beneath its shining armor plate as the urge and desire to make love a sixth and final time today rose up within my heart. But unlike before, there was more than lust in my heart in this case.

Placing the large sack of gold in its Bag of Holding on the ground, along with Xan’s retrieved staff, I steadily began walking forward into the water, holding my arms out to my sides as my armor immediately began unfolding from my bodice, revealing my immense breasts, my voluminous crotch, and the powerful curves of my body. By the time that I stepped upward onto the mound of sand at the center of this small bathing pond, I stood naked while looking down at him, feeling the cool air lick my sweat-covered flesh. Looking down at myself, and then at him, I knelt downward, reaching out to him, for the first time brave enough to actually do this, and I knelt and immediately reached forward to touch his face, felt his lips, and slowly I laid down beside him.

My breasts rested one on top of the other while I looked down at him through the short distance between us, and scooting upward a bit, I caressed his cheek in an attempt to wake him. I wanted him to see the new me. Tall, powerful, beautiful, with a chest alone that would outweigh him.

“Xan... Xan wake up.” I soothed, and even bent forward and kissed him on the forehead.

He groaned, and I chewed on my lower lip nervously as my fingers lifted up a flock of his hair to see a big red welt on his head from where Alexander had hit him.

He could have a head injury! I cried inside. *But I don't know too enough healing magics to deal with an internal wound like that, and I obviously have no healing potions,* I considered, looking down the length of my body and sliding my fingers along one thick thigh. *But, I do have... one thing I can do...*

I sighed, and sat up, kneeling now as I arched my back, and tracing a finger over one breast, I etched in a glyph there using a secret Elven magic few in the outside world from us knew of. I felt it set there, heating me with a hot warmth that made me break out into a sweat. The warmth spread to my other tit as the glyph slowly dimmed and went away.

It was an old magic, one that I'd *'inherited'* from my mother, but had never dared to use. I could never bring myself to it. It was the magics of a breeder, a female elf who's blessing was to be able to make themselves into the perfect Sylph, whose sole propensity was to have lots and lots of babies.

That meant being able to change one's body, to increase one's fertility, to increase your libido... to essentially transform oneself into a whore. It was the one thing that I resented of my mother. That she was so abnormally beautiful even for a sylph, and also because of the fact that I had the potential to be just like her.

Never a whore.

My heart, however, desired adventure. So when I met Xan...

I looked down at the mage, so handsome for a man, and despite the look of him, was one of the few humans who was actually older than me. *Silly human,* I thought, caressing his sore forehead while the magic of the breeders worked its power in me, *when did I fall in love with you?*

I felt the warmth and the heat behind my breasts become enhanced by the powers newly instilled inside me, the coin in my navel enhancing the femininity enhancement, and I closed my eyes, groaning softly as my breasts then began to fill.

My breasts began to change, detaching themselves from my chest as they sagged briefly before swelling wide and large again; the mammaries filling with warm, supple, nutrient-rich milk. Something had already enabled me to lactate before, but an odd mixture was being made this time, and a lot of it. This power of mine was transforming my breasts, making me able to nurse

for a prolonged timeframe, and despite my massive, ever-powerful strength, to the point where even gravity didn't seem to weigh me down, I actually felt the weight of my tits even as my nipples erected into thick towers.

Reaching between my legs, I massaged a finger between the swelling lips of my cunt, feeling the downy hairs there while I pursed my lips, watching as my tits began to rise up again tight and hard against my chest.

And then lifting my hand again, I etched another magical glyph, done purely by instinct, and the milk contained inside my chest shuddered as it was transformed from the magic, and my chest actually lightened several grades in coloring as the milk took on a magical property.

Mother's Milk, it was called... a powerful healing substance that could cure and heal nearly anything. It only needed to be imbibed.

And then I gently picked Xan upward, laying him across my lap as I cradled his head on one massive bicep and his back upon my broad forearm, which, I noticed, the pair of bicep and forearm together were nearly thicker than his whole body.

Looking down at him, the thick arteries feeding either of my nipples grew thick as they popped out of the front of my chest, throbbing ecstatically as they labored to create the pumping action for milking. I massaged the areola and the three-inch length of my nipple and its capping nib, extracting a bead of thick, gently shining milk, which touched Xan's lips.

Whatever subconscious need or instinct remained in humans, and many of the sentient races for that matter, from childhood, went into action as he felt the teat against his lips, tasted the milk, and opening his mouth briefly, he slipped forward and closed his lips about my teat. And as surely as night follows day, he began to suck.

I continued to massage my areola and nipple that was feeding him with my free hand, my bicep and forearm of that arm forcing my other milk-laden tit high over their muscle masses, I felt the juices inside me rising in excitement.

And, right before my eyes, I watched as the wound on Xan's head went away, before he slowly opened his eyes.

He looked up at me, and then down at what he was sucking on, and with a gasp released his hold on my teat and fell backward off my arm and lap as I sweetly lifted a hand to cup any more milk from erupting outward from my teat.

"J-Jen'ae! Jen... what... what *happened* to you. Y-you're... you're enormous." I smiled and blushed at his last words, being that they were said while he was looking at my enormous tits, which, even for my size, were at least five sizes too big.

“Alexander’s fault.” I blushed, lifting one bejeweled hand to finger my supple lips, inadvertently showing off the gleaming red jewel there. “After he knocked you out, he took all the gold, and left only a pair of gloves and a belt.”

“Gloves and a belt?” he repeated, sitting back on the mound of sand we were on.

“The belt was a Belt of Femininity.” I said, fingering the medallion imbedded in my navel. “The gloves...” I held out my hands to him, and he held them gently, fingering the gems held tight to the backs of my hands by golden braces, and a golden band about the wrists where the gloves cuffs would’ve been, and finally the golden knuckles lining my first knuckle.

“I don’t know what they were. It was like Gloves of Giant Strength, but I never heard of Gloves working on the physical body before, and never this... potently.”

He removed a pair of rose-colored spectacles from his belt pouch, special ones he used to look at magical things, and applied them to the end of his nose, looking at my hands both top and bottom quite thoroughly, and then back to the gems on the backs of my hands again. Bright red, smooth to the touch to almost having a frictionless surface, either had a single golden triangle deep inside them.

“They are indeed magical.” He said. “That is obvious even to the untrained observer. But they are too magical for simple Magical items like we find all the time. No, I believe that these are artifacts, Jen’ae. Artifacts that only activate their higher power if and only if certain circumstances are met.”

“Circumstances?” I repeated.

“The fact that you are a female, or even an elf. Perhaps of a specific family or circumstance of birth,” I thought of the powers of the Breeders in me. “Or any number of things. Could be anything, could be everything.” He fell silent while looking at me.

“Lie down, Jen’ae. Let me examine you further.”

I gasped at his question, and then blushed before he realized what he’d said and cleared his throat to cover his own embarrassment, but nonetheless, I and my towering form laid down, my body sprawling across the great hill, my long mane of hair dangling into the softly moving waters around the hill. I lay there, watching him from between the massive, mountainous mounds of my breasts, smiling nervously while I began to grow incensed. My nipples began to erect; my crotch and butt cheeks clenching while I laid my hands upon my muscled abdomen.

I then felt him fingering me, sliding his hands about the medallion imbedded in my abdomen, his face so close to my womanhood that I felt the pair of labia clench tightly as I sighed, imagining him there between my legs, kissing my ‘lips’ with his. His fingers brushed upward along my abs, fingering the layered lats with his other hands while he muttered to himself.

“Belt of Femininity has permanently attached itself. Ether latticework all about your body. Interconnecting to enhance your femininity and likewise give you the strength to support it. Radical muscle system not found in humanoids...” and then he had his hands on my tits, trying to move their weight, and I sighed again, feeling my nipples swell harder, higher, their nibs forming thicker than ever before while I felt my crotch clench. And to my high tapering ears, I heard the grinding of tendons in my cunt as it tightened so hard.

“And... your breasts! Lactating...”

I opened my eyes, blinking up at him, and blushed again at the sight of my nipples exuding their creamy milk, which ran off on all directions from his weight on them, some sliding down into the wedge of my chest, pooling there, and sliding over my neck.

“That... may be apart of the power I just used on myself.” I said, blushing an even deeper red. “I kind of like the feeling of such warm, soft, milk flowing from my breasts.”

I sat up, supporting my weight on one muscled hand, forcing him to sit on my lap as I folded my legs beneath him. And then I began to test his physique; my hand sliding up underneath his robes and shirt to feel his stomach, not flabby like court mages, by nice and tight in form for that of a Journeyman Mage.

“Xan...” I said quietly, at last, my breasts heaving as I leaned forward a little more, and he suddenly found himself trapped between the massive twins. “There... there is something I’ve always wanted to do, if you’ll let me.”

I bit my lower lip as Xan wrestled his arms from between the great masses of my breasts, and laying them atop my chest. “What’s that?” He said innocently, smiling that warming smile of his.

“This.” I said softly, half closing my eyes as I leaned forward, pulling him even further between my breasts before I kissed him.

The next thing I knew, I was obeying my instincts, and I rolled forward with him, laying him on his back, my weight trapping him below me, while the masses of my breasts pushed into the crooks beneath my massive arms while cleaving wide to his and my sides. I felt his lips returning the kiss as I arched myself to plant my cunt right over his groin and grind it a little, and immediately feeling my crotch tighten again, moistening before spreading open and revealing the slick pink skin of my insides before I slowly withdrew and sat up over him.

I had to look down between my breasts to look into his face, but I was smiling brightly as I cupped his groin with both hands and felt his erection grow.

“Why did you not do that before?” he asked quietly.

“I... I don’t know,” I admitted, still fingering his thickening groin. “I guess it was because I was afraid to.”

“And now that you’ve achieved such an incredible level of physical prowess, you are no longer afraid?”

A grin slowly spread across my face as I rested one of my breasts more on top of his chest, coiling about his side while my probing fingers slowly slid up along his chest beneath his robes.

“A female can feel all the confidence in the world when she has the power of titans in her.” And then as subtly as I could, I bent forward and kissed him again, clutching my fingers against his bare chest beneath his robes, and when I withdrew, I straddled his hips and arched my back deeply to thrust my chest forward.

It was then that I took his hand, gently in mine, and then pressed it against my layered abdominals, before helping it to slide downward to cup my womanhood. There he felt the heat of my moistened pussy, felt the twin folds immediately flare open to his touch, felt my clit press into his palm, while atop my chest, my nipples thickened and erected while I flexed my arms at my sides.

“Hmm.” I sighed, helping him to rub the split mound of flesh, before I leaned back a little, closing my eyes as he played with me first with one hand, and then both. My legs spread open a little wider for him as I leaned back to experience that touch, a thick moisture seeping from between my thighs now as he coaxed me harder till my nipples ached.

I cupped one massively engorged tit with one large hand as I felt the milk swelling inside them again, and as the luscious cream began to leak out, I began to smear it all onto my bodice briefly before I leaned forward again. The sheer act of moving forward and arching over myself placed my breasts flat against his abdomen, but allowed me to look at him again and smile with the coaxing of his hands.

“I’ve... sought your touch before,” I admitted at last, feeling a pressure in my chest suddenly go away then. It was a deep secret I’d kept from him. “Whenever I gave you a massage from a hard day’s adventuring, I’d slowly draw closer till I was resting my breasts and then my femininity against your back, and then lean into you so that I could feel my nipples and then my clit harden.

“I always tried to go further, whether it was behind a bush, under the blankets, or in the sleeping furs, but we were always interrupted in some way, whether it was rain, you falling asleep from a hard day, me falling asleep after a long day, or that jerk Alexander butting in. Like he did at least a dozen times this morning. But... I wanted you...”

He was very quiet, listening to me as I tilted backward again and deftly began unbuttoning his shirt beneath his robes before I pushed it all up over his head, positioning it behind his head like a pillow before I lowered myself to lie against him again. This time when I did, it was so that he could feel the warmth from the press of my breasts against him, and the powerful hammering of my heart as he was settled between the great masses of my tits.

“Every time I came close to finally feeling your bare skin against mine, to finally feel you peel my panties from off me, something else came up. An emergency, a distraction, an interloper, or

in Alexander's case, an annoyance." I rose slightly, now opening up the front of his trousers button by button. "But now..."

And then I rose fully while he laid there, holding onto my thighs as I undid his trousers, and reaching inside, pulled out the treasure I had sought for so long, and stopped, holding its still hardening length in my hands. I gasped as it erected longer and harder in my hands, broadening longer than I thought was possible for a man. More than my dreams dared. And then, I finally saw and understood the joke he always said to me: *Hey baby, did you know that a wizard's staff has got a knob on the end?*

I actually managed to chuckle as I began to stroke and massage it with my long fingers, feeling its strength while I held it over my cunt so that I might lubricate it with the juices seeping from me. I closed my eyes, feeling the veins riddle its length as it grew to its limit as my love gripped the sands, grunting through his teeth. I continued to massage that erect mass of flesh for a moment, feeling how strong, how firm it was before I inserted it slowly inside me; taking all the time in the world before sliding it to the hilt, biting my lower lip hard as I slid onto him.

"Oh... Great Maker." I moaned, feeling my cunt clench about it as I felt its heat warm my insides, felt my clit harden and throb achingly, my rear clench as my thighs spread wider so that I might slide onto him.

Immediately I came, so engrossed was I with the anticipation that I reached my first climax immediately.

I began to slide back and forth upon him, pleasuring myself as much as I could, just like mama had told me. *'Take all the pleasure you need from your mate. They care not what you do as long as they are likewise given a taste of your feminine form...'* I heard mama's voice echo blandly in my head, and remotely, I remembered scoffing at that.

But I groaned as I pushed down onto him, pinching my pussy's lips about his erect prick, taking to caress my breasts, pushing them steadily together, groaning musically as his hands caressed the fronts of my tits. His fingers spread open over the disks of my areola, sliding to the sides of my nipples, the whole of his palms pressing against my swelling areola as I groaned and drove onto him again, feeling his thickness grind against my insides in intense pleasure.

"AH!" I cried, swirling my hips, taking my pleasure, just like mum had taught me. "Ha!" I gasped again, and a micro orgasm released a seeping stream of hot seminal fluids from inside me to make his prick sopping-wet inside me. "More! Please, oh yes! *More!*"

His solution was to jerk suddenly up into me, and drawing me downward by a two-fisted hold onto my nipples, drawing me downward so that he could suck on me. My arms lowered so that they could support my weight, and I flexed my arms, flexed my thighs, both of which compressed the sweet folds of my crotch and the masses of my chest. This later allowed both erect nozzles of my nipples to gush milk all over Xan in a steady stream.

In the next instant, I orgasmed again from the flow streaming down the lengths of my nipples, my heart providing the pumping action along with my breathing.

“More!” I cried, rolling my hips long and slow into him to feel that hooking mass of his erect muscle rubbing inside me, ending with a quick jerk forward that actually forced him several inches forward. Through it all I felt his thickness scrapping against my feminine walls, throbbing in time to his heart in opposition to mine growing thicker inside me as he clenched to hold himself back from releasing his sweet seed into me.

The muscles between my legs began to coax and tremble and then squeeze till a sucking motion began to draw on his prick, and closing my eyes, I took my pleasure from that, forgetting my name even as I focused on sucking on him.

More cum seeped from inside me, forcing streamers of viscous fluids stringing between us while clumping on the sand and while he sucked from my teats he reached between us, holding his prick with one hand and pushing inside my pussy with his thumb. There he found my erect clit and held it down over the throbbing mass of his erection being sucked inside me. I cried outward as he pressed it against his erection, and from our movements, helped massage it.

I reared them, holding my breasts down as I began to pump my hips into him repeatedly, over and over and rapidly, my hands slowly sliding downward along my tight, virile bodice going over each ridge of my abs. Lower and lower, over the thickened mound of my cunt before I was able to caress his hand, and slide a pair of fingers inside me as well.

For several long minutes, each one stretching out for an eternity I continued to arouse him, my body thrashing minutely this way and that with spasmodic jerks of eroticism while I continued to take my pleasure any way I could get it from my beloved. And then I slowed suddenly, biting hard on my lower lip as I hugged myself, feeling a heavy pressure inside me, building up, bulging inside me like a bubble, till at last... it popped!

“Ah... AH... AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!” I screamed, my voice echoing off the walls everywhere as hot, slick and sticky fluids burst from me, erupting like a goblet of water that had just been over turned, and then another, followed by yet another.

My hands, our conjoined prick and cunt, our pelvises and thighs, his hand, all became splattered with my hot vaginal fluids as I slowly began to flex, feeling the blood pumping through my body to feet every inch of it with my sensuality. And all through this orgasmic tirade, continuing even now as my vaginal muscles, leading deep inside me, squeezed and cajoled his erection, the powerful mage arched into me suddenly and grunted, his fingers curling against the ground as he shuddered beneath me. With an exhale he thrust deeper into me than ever, and I felt his erect penis suddenly slam backward inside me, and the pressure of moisture inside me got even sticker as it offloaded, once, twice... five times, coagulating the mixture inside my cunt to a thickened mass of pudding.

I teetered there atop my ankles, my thighs hugging the warmth of his relatively tiny body while I simply felt the aftershocks of my orgasmic surge, my body shivering.

Then slowly I rose upward; his deflating cock sliding wetly out from inside me, and just like a plug being removed from a basin, the combined seminal fluids literally poured rapidly from inside me to form more streamers and strings between he and I. Standing, I stood over him as he watched me panting from the flat of his back. I stood there, my titanic might and mass weak from all this exertion as my body shivered with remembered erotic fantasies, and then with a clenching, I gasped, groaned, cupped my ripened cunt and then orgasmed one final time, the burst of seminal fluids erupting through my fingers and flushing my insides clean.

Then I collapsed to my knees again as the orgasmic flow repeated itself a few more times.

“Great Maker,” I whispered, still cupping myself.

Then looking up through a flock of my hair that had fallen before my eyes, I fell forward on top of Xan, my chest forming two great pillows as I hugged his abdomen, not caring of the slimy stickiness against his tight stomach. I even nuzzled it, licking some of it off.

If the elves had cat in them instead of wolves, I would’ve been purring right then.

13

Xan and I had actually made love three more times down there in the dark dungeon before bathing. Once out in the open air again, we made love two more times, in celebration for the big haul we had so longed for.

A *Bag of Holding* stuffed to the brim with gold, silver, gems, jewels, and if my gauntlets were any indication, lots of magic items for us. The *Experience Points* that the two of us landed for this caper was immense! Especially me. I must’ve gained a whole level or two. Would have to speak with the *Dungeon Master* to see how I made out.

Perhaps... perhaps even change my *Character Class*...

On the morning, being that we had made camp, we walked down the road, I not bothering with donning my new mimic-made body armor, and simply walked naked save for the jewelry I had retrieved from the bag. I waved happily to the occasional passerby, who hurried right along by us but then stopped and lingered to watch us go afterward.

Over the past several hours, I’d been casting *Breeder Spell* after *Breeder Spell* onto my body, my form shifting imperceptibly this way and that to increase my level of femininity, coupling supreme femininity with supreme physical might. Xan was noticing, and liking it, and when there wasn’t someone walking nearby, he held onto me in the most convenient and pleasurable way... with a hand cupping one of my smooth, rounded butt cheeks.

I grinned down at him as we traveled like this, noting that I stood, head, neck and shoulders, chest, and part of my abdomen over him. A couple more feet and I would’ve been twice his

height. For now, however, I was pleased and pleased by the fact that I was half again his height.

My cunt glistened with moisture, both from his touches and caresses, and also from experiencing the subtle sensuality from my body transforming all the time, as well as reveling in its strength and the feeling of my thick arteries pumping blood into my muscles.

I was lithe, muscular and powerful, with my *Comeliness* – an old almost forgotten term – rising steadily as the day went, going past even the nineteen maximum we elves were supposedly supposed to be able to achieve. Perhaps it was somewhere over *twenty* by now! As we walked, I carrying the bag of treasure – uncondensed now so that I could feel its weight – over one shoulder, and took enjoyment in pumping my other bicep on my free arm to larger, and larger heights.

The bag I carried, even with all its treasure, didn't even feel as if it weighed a thing! For that matter, I felt completely unaffected by gravity, light as a feather being carried in the wind. But whenever the wind *did* blow against me, I was immovable as a mountain.

“You seem to be taking pleasure in your newfound powers.” I heard Xan say at my side, and I looked down over the mass of my shoulder at him, and switching hands the bag was in, reached down and pulled him closer to me.

“Oh, indeed I am, beloved.” I smiled, feeling my nipples harden with the thought of him entering me again... and also at the fact that I was now calling him ‘beloved.’ “All my life, I was a small, weak, *pathetic* little sylph who carried a bow. Now I am an all-powerful Elven *Amazon*, who carries a bow, a sword, and has the heaviest of armor. I'm even thinking of changing my class from ranger to one of the fighter classes!”

“To which you are well-suited...” he commented, and I hugged him to my side again, my massive breast pressing against the top of his head. “But I have been thinking about your gauntlets.” He continued. “Artifacts as they undoubtedly are only find their way to new owners because that owner is chosen to hold them. And as I said earlier, a set number of requirements must be met before their magic can be activated.

“To anyone else, those gloves would've just been regular gauntlets of perhaps *Ogre* or *Lesser Giant Strength*. But for you, they activated their true power, merged with the medallion in your navel, and were enhanced by all those other jewels about your body. All your physical attributes have been increased well into the demigod level.

“A Titan's strength, a... a goddess's beauty,” I blushed. “Dexterity of master assassins, and so on.”

“But with great power, comes great responsibility beloved.”

I liked it when he called me that back, but my smile faded nonetheless, and I nodded. Xan was always the wisest of us both. Good trait for a mage. I may have grown impressively in strength and power, but he was a giant mentally.

“On top of that,” he continued. “You have also successfully absorbed the powers of not one, but *five* greater mimics. Their elemental traits and their *Magical* and *Psionic* abilities, as well as much of their physical abilities in your armor. It takes an exceptional being to do that. Even with the strength of ogres like you had from when you put the gloves on the first time around.” Again I nodded. “Jen’ae... I know all you want to do is rest, but... but I think perhaps we should journey to Hierophant.”

“The City of Sages?” I asked immediately.

“And home to the Aegis, the Power Knights. There, I am sure they can teach you all that you need to know about being a soldier and a Knight, or Dian as your case may be, while at the same time, allowing us a chance to study you more in depth.”

“I don’t like being poked and prodded.” I admitted, and then managed a smile. “Unless it was you who was doing the poking and the prodding.” I said quickly, and gave his shoulder a delicate squeeze. He winced, and I immediately released pressure. I was still unsure of my strength. “But if I am empowered so, then it’d be best to go to the best. Being called a Power Knight wouldn’t be so bad...”

Xan laughed.

“It will also allow me to uncover some unfinished business.” He said, and gave my bottom another squeeze, managing only to pinch my skin from my ass being so tight before he snuck a caress of my cunt from between my moving legs. “Tonight, we’ll have some soft, fine wine, private use of the bathhouse like you’ve always wanted, a suite to ourselves, and then more of a taste of that sweet succulent body of yours.”

I returned the squeeze, much softer this time, but then quickly looking both ways, I shoved him into the bushes, and followed him in. When he recovered, he was pressed back down into the grass. “But... why wait for the last bit.” I mused, and immediately went into pleasuring him.

I was now a power, and so help me, I shall become the greatest of them all. But first... I need a vacation...

End

For now...