

# A Very Large Blessing, Part 2 (Giantess TF Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

**Commissioned by Jorgamund**

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

## Part 2: The Budding

Sabel and Destin didn't have long. After their coupling somehow accelerated her alien growth, the tavern owner began packing, gathering what was needed for a long journey. The man called in old debts, cashed in favours, opened up the chest of gold coin he'd kept from his war days, and worked to find a replacement to run his business for him while he was away. The last aroused further suspicion from the people of Barrentree, much of which Sabel heard in following days as the tavern was briefly reopened to organise meetings with Destin's old friends.

"Fleeing from justice, perhaps? The man is acting mighty spooked."

"It's that Dwarven gold rush. It's captured the heart of more than one bored city folk."

"Perhaps the man just wants to see the world and wander, it's not unheard of."

"But that wouldn't explain the strange noises from upstairs. Davy says he heard a strange woman's voice, and Coachlan claims he saw a great blue beast through the window before he got spooked."

The accounts made Sabel nervous. Already she was a stunning eight feet tall, as tall as an ogre, and with a pot belly near as big too, though at least hers wasn't from gluttonous fat. She was increasingly cramped in the tavern upstairs, hitting her head more frequently, and experiencing odd bursts of sudden energy she felt the need to expel, but was unable too. Meanwhile, her skin was turning further turquoise, her ears lengthening even beyond elven proportions, and the rest of her bloating slowly further.

The worst part was the rising sexual urges that came at morning, night, and sometimes even intermittently during the day. It was as if after finally giving in and having sex with Destin, her appetite for sex had only grown, instead of being sated. She'd been having strange dreams in which she was even more giant, and Destin pleased her not with his cock, which was too small for her by that point, but by inserting his entire forearm,

causing her to moan, and the ground to quake. It was no wonder things were now even more awkward between them. After all, it was partially his fault that her changes had escalated, and the fact that making love had seemingly caused it only made each blush further in the other's presence. And so Destin had largely avoided her, other than to bring her prodigious amounts of food, drink, books to read, and new garments that he had worked to sew for her new form. The man was certainly resourceful.

It was only five days after their 'act', but it had felt like an eternity to Sabel. She was sprawled too large over Destin's bed, reading accounts of the Prospector's War and rolling her eyes over how the writer glorified what she had known to be a bloody affair. She abandoned the book when that tingling need arose once more. Without thinking, she allowed her hand to descend, her long fingers to trace the edges of her swollen vagina.

"Mmmhmmm," she moaned, louder than she'd intended. She knew she should stop, but it felt so very good. So right. She rubbed her throbbing clitoris, savouring the pulses of pleasure that radiated through her core. She knew it might cause further change, but on some level she needed that. On some level, her new instincts told her she needed that for the *thing* growing in her belly.

"G-growwww," she groaned, ignoring what she was saying. That dream where she was so much larger floated in her mind, her body far taller, far stronger, far more pregnant. It was wrong, and yet just the thought of it ignited further passion. She continued to rub herself, her fingers wet from the increasingly arousal between her thighs. Her nipples stiffened, the large blueberries the size of thimbles now. She groped her left breast, savouring its soreness and sensitivity. Gods, she had loved her old breasts. Perfectly sized, she had thought them to be. Now she was a buxom as the most busty of tavern wenches, and she found herself wishing she had been all along, and moreover, that she could far surpass them. She rubbed at the join between breasts and pregnant belly, feeling those two itchy spots, massaging the soft spots there. She willed them to grow for reasons she couldn't quite understand, but in that moment, it didn't matter. Her rising pleasure was all that mattered. She could feel the ecstasy budding. The moment of revelation. She teased her loins faster and faster, grunting and groaning softly. Her muscles tensed, bones became taught, and she recognised the signs of another growth spurt at the moment of her coming climax.

"C-can't s-stooooop!" she cried softly. The changes were coming, what the hell was she doing? She *had* to stop! But the feelings were too good. She grabbed her other tit and squeezed, willing the climax to come. For her to cum.

Suddenly, the door burst open and Destin stormed in.

"Sabel, we can go when we want, I've found an tavernkeep to run things while we're away and -"

Sabel locked eyes with him, her position on the bed and the location of her hands making her current activity painfully obvious.

"D-Destin!"

He looked so handsome. In her mental image, her placed his arm inside her.

"Black Mountain! I'm sorry, I'll-"

But it was too late. To Sabel's enormous embarrassment, her orgasms came. They rolled through her, mitigated by her incredible humiliation in that moment, yet still causing her to squirm and moan in delight. The bed - now flat on the ground after its legs were broken - broke yet further as her bliss triggered more changes.

"I c-couldn't help m-myself! Ngggghh!"

It was true. She couldn't. At the moment the changes began, waves of ecstasy still causing her body to shake, she realised how deeply stupid she'd been. Sabel the mighty warrior, brought low by Veddu pregnancy lust. Her figure swelled. Legs lengthened. Arms extended. Her ass rounded as her hips widened. Inch by inch she grew until . . .

"Nine feet," Destin said with awe.

She looked at him, head pressed uncomfortably against the wall as she took in her body. Her breasts, just as she had foolishly wished, had grown in proportion to her once again. Her belly also, to a woman in her seventh or even eighth month.

"Holy . . . don't look at me Destin!"

The man spun.

"We can leave as soon as you are, well, ready."

\*\*\*

Both of the former warriors tried to put the earlier embarrassment behind them as they travelled the road. Sabel had to admit, her sometimes-lover and ally had done good work. Destin had organised a pack horse for himself with four saddlebags. Dried fruit, salted meats, dried rations, as well as a bevy of fruit and animal feed were stored away, as well as tent packs, clothing, hunting equipment, and other necessary equipment. A stash of gold coins and other valuables had been hidden in several stitched insides, and some wine was also packed.

"For good times," he said with a chuckle.

"And to forget the bad ones," Sabel added, feeling more uncertain.

For her, now at a staggering nine feet tall, Destin had managed - somehow! - a feat that was almost as impressive as his war record: he'd secured an orcish auroch mount. The creature was massive, half again the size of the pack horse, and about the only beast short of an Eastern Bay elephant that could manage her. She felt utterly ridiculous, a super-sized

person. It would be easier, she thought, if she were merely gangly; that at least had an element of the possible to it, or something approaching. But the fact that had effectively become a (small) giant was somehow more bizarre. As if being as big she was and yet maintaining most of her bodily proportions was more wrong than being stretched like magic taffy.

Still, she took to the auroch, thanking Destin deeply.

“Do you want to try riding him?” Destin asked. “His saddle has already been modified to accommodate you.”

Sabel blushed a little, trying not to feel awkward. “Um, sure.”

They beyond the outskirts of Barrentree. Destin’s contacts had spoken of a significant Veddu ruin long thought picked over and emptied that now shone with the bright green glow of their technology. It was their only major lead, but Sabel was willing to latch onto anything that could turn her back, and offload whatever was growing in her distended belly onto someone else. Or back to the Veddu, if that were even possible. After all, *Light that Shines in Darkness* had been fairly adamant that he was the last of their kind.

They had snuck out early in the morning, when the guard patrols were sparse. With her nine feet of height and heavily increased weight, Sabel’s large feet seemed to boom against the wooden floor of the tavern, and were little better against the road, slapping against cobblestones and earth no matter how careful she was trying to be. It didn’t help that she was now barefoot, though at least her feet had long become callused just like her hands, evidence of a fighting warrior’s path. Still, she had felt a little overburdened, her stomach and breasts yet further rounded out from her . . . incident of self pleasure. There was little choice but to go onwards, however, and now it was well into morning, with them off the beaten track and ready to begin their journey in full.

“Well?” he said, eyeing her, “are you going to try it?”

Her shoulders sagged. “I’m just . . . trying to figure out the best way to do this.”

“Do you need help?”

She raised her scarred eyebrow. “Do you really think you could boost me up?”

They both looked over her heavy, enlarged form. Her belly looked capable of holding a three-year old child, if not larger, and it pillowed out her dark cloak. Her bare blue legs descended out from it, but her arms were further covered; Destin had done good work stitching it all together. He’d underestimated some aspects, however: her head-sized breasts jutted out, pulling the material rather tightly against them. Or perhaps he was just a little bit tempted to see their growth better displayed. He did have a perverted side himself, after all. Her hood was currently thrown back, showing her dark curls over a turquoise face that was, thankfully, still certainly her own, if not in colour. The overall impression was exactly as she looked: a literal giant who was heavily pregnant.

“Yeah, I don’t think I can lift you.”

“A far cry from the man who carried me all the way back to Saint Carran’s for the healing ritual, after my belly was sliced open by a Scrounger.”

Destin grinned. “Of course, we’re faced with an altogether different kind of belly situation now, aren’t we?”

Another roll of the eyes. “Fine, I’ll get on the damned auroch. But you better not laugh?”

“I swear it by all I hold dear.”

She breathed, trying not to notice how her breasts strained the material of her cloak, as well as trying not to notice how Destin’s eyes were once again drawn to said breasts.

“You better hold true to those words, or this woman will lift *you*, right into the air.”

‘All I hold dear’ turned out to have a very cheap meaning indeed; within seconds Destin was bursting out laughing, causing her cheeks to flush even further maroon (the new blushing colour of her turquoise cheeks, apparently). She was certainly tall, but her rounded hill of a front made it difficult to maneuver, and her bodily changes had come so fast that she was not used to lacking her impressive core muscles, resulting in her nearly tipping over like a pile of blown hay.

“It’s not funny, you knave!” she yelled, voice booming across the trees. “I’d like to see you fare becoming a big, blue pregnant giant!”

“Ah, but *I* didn’t make an impulse deal with a long dead alien species!” he declared.

He dodged backwards from her swiping hands, and nearly overbalanced again.

“Oh, damnation. To think I once struck fear into the hearts of soldiers and monsters alike, and now I can’t even get astride my mount. Very well, get over here, you *little* man.”

“Not *that* little, as you remember.”

She didn’t even want to *think* about sexual puns at that moment. Her body was still easily triggered by that. It didn’t take much for her large, thimble-sized nipples to stiffen.

“Just shut up and help me.”

After several minutes’ effort, they finally succeeded, and she was astride the auroch, which hadn’t complained one iota in the time they’d been trying. Once again, Destin had done well. Sabel sat upon it, again feeling odd. It wasn’t just her constant hunger of the odd itches and bumps that signalled potential change, but the fact that she was looking down on her part-time lover who was getting on his horse beside her. He was rent miniature beside her, nearly three full feet shorter.

“What?” he asked.

“Just thinking,” she replied. “You look rather cute.”

“Not handsome?”

“No, just little.”

“Ah, you wound me.”

“Well, just don’t get in my way, or I might step on you.”

He smirked. “There was a time the prospect of that might have excited me. Funny, how things change with time.”

“Now let’s get going, before time changes *me* any more than it already has.”

They both adjusted the reins of their mounts, and began to move: Destin on his horse, elegant and confident, and Sabel on her auroch, ponderous and awkward. But as they found a natural groove to their pace, wandering among the hidden hills and forest paths across the land, she began to feel that familiar determination creeping across her again. As much as her heavy belly weight upon her, and her large breasts jostled in their band, and her largesse was alien to her being - quite literally, in fact - she could certainly find familiarity in the age-old comfort of riding a mount on a long journey. Battles, in reality, were often quick and brutal, but the travel to and from them occupied much of a mercenary’s life. As the sun began to shift towards the horizon on that first day of travel, she was starting to feel truly like herself again: like Sabel the warrior-for-hire, off on a grand adventure.

That feeling lasted three days, until the next round of changes occurred.

\*\*\*

“OOhhhhh . . . Nngghh!”

Sabel groaned, clutching her belly after she had wolfed down her dinner. She and Destin had been hunting together; her size made her great for herding creatures around to the path of his bow and spear, and she had adapted her spear quite easily as something that could be hurled even more powerfully. The result had been a bevy of rabbit, hare, and even some elk, the greatest portion of which went into her belly in stew form, sating her immense hunger.

As usual, the eating and drinking of a night had been born of desperate need, something that went right down to her core. She knew it was the pregnancy at work, the strange ‘blessing’ she had received, and she no longer tried to experience the post-consumption growing pangs that followed in solitude. Destin had become quite used to them, and at times when her body was incredibly full to bursting and yet desiring food, she could yell to him.

“S-so f-full! Oohhhhh . . . but n-need more! Please D-Destin! I need m-more!”

And he would oblige, somehow knowing she could take it, despite the skin of her stomach becoming practically drum tight. She would grow slowly, in inches, working her way beyond nine feet and further towards ten. It was impossible to stop; she had hoped she had reached her apex but she only grew and grew and grew, the only things outpacing her

body's growth being her womanly body parts; her belly and breasts. And each time she would spend some minutes panting, her body aching with need to be caressed and filled and *ploughed*, and she would focus on horrible memories of war and turmoil and her own terrible condition, in order to stave off yet further arousal and growth.

But this time was different.

She had known that other parts of her might change. After all, her ears had become long, tapering things, more capable of hearing and yet far longer than an elven pair. Not to mention the turquoise skin, of which few patches of pink even remained left to colour in. But she had hoped this would be the extent of it, that the dreadful itching two spots beneath her breasts were merely bug bits, or that the tired ache beneath her arms was just her body accommodating to her limb growth, or that the headache-inducing buzzing above her temples was just her frustration building over the entire situation.

But she could no longer maintain that delusion or the denial that drove it, not when she felt her body begin to change yet further.

"Oh G-Gods! It's d-different this time!"

Destin moved to her side. She was slumped on her side near the fire, as they camped in a forest clearing. Already the usual tents could barely accommodate her, and the improvised one that Destin had put together was reaching its limit. As a result, she was appreciative of the cool and comfortable grass beneath her.

"Sabel, what's happening?" Destin's expression was one of grave concern, his usual jovial eyes now narrowed in worry. "Does it hurt?"

She moved, squirming a little as the various itching parts across her body seemed to warble and shift. Her sex bulged beneath her cloak, becoming slightly damp with unwanted arousal, just as her nipples tensed. Her breasts were so tight against the fabric that it hurt; there was nothing else left to wear, and it made her miserable to squeeze into her clothing.

"A l-little. It's more - ooooh! - more uncomfortable, is all. Agh! It's - Gods, it's strange - it's like other parts are g-growing too. When will this ennnnd!!!"

Destin stroked her back as the changes rolled through her. The now-familiar sensation of muscle growth, bone growth, skin growth came over her, but it was also followed by a different kind of growth from two points on her head. To her amazement, she felt a sudden intense pressure build above her forehead, at two points above her temples. She clutches her head, groaning as the pressure built and built, becoming briefly painful. The skin stretched, and she gasped.

"N-n-noooo! NOOOO!"

Her voice, deeper and louder, echoed out across the forest. In one single moment, the flesh of her scalp gave way, and out burst *something*. Two somethings, specifically. Destin watched amazed as two tendril-like growths extended from Sabel's head, growing to

be two inches long each, and coloured a dark blue-green colour. They were soft, tube-like, like the taffy she often compared her body to. They had no joints, but appeared to rise up and down slowly, as if possessing minds of their own. They ended in little round nubs, spheres about the size of a man's eyeball in size.

Sabel gaped. The last of the growth finished, leaving her nearly ten feet tall - though lying down it made her ten feet long, she supposed. Her belly had extended again, and her hand easily rested along its side, feeling the heavy, unmoving contents. She turned to look at Destin, who was positioned at her back, rubbing the skin to keep her calm. His eyes widened at her altered appearance. A nervousness bubbled in her large stomach.

"J-just tell me what they are," she said, voice demanding. "I don't want you gaping like that while I'm in the dark."

"They're - well, they look like antennae. From an insect, I mean."

"WHAT!?"

She reached and touched them, feeling their strange sensitivity. They were small, but obvious, the thickness of a fat man's thumb at the base. Or stalk. Or whatever you might call it. But they were *there*.

"Gods, I think I'm going to be sick."

"They don't look that bad, really."

She pulled herself to her knees, still taller than him. She looked down over her friend.

"Not that bad? I'm not concerned about my *looks*, Destin, though I certainly wouldn't like to lose them. I'm worried about what I'm becoming! Even my clothes aren't fitting anymore!"

She felt over herself, not caring about Destin's reaction. The two points beneath her breasts felt a little more pronounced, small nubs having grown there. She suspected it was some sort of skin patterning, or perhaps the beginning of a more leathery kind of skin, perhaps. Her armpits had experienced further changes; a lumpy outgrowth of bone and flesh jutted out slightly below her upper arms on each side. She wasn't sure what was happening there.

No, that wasn't true. She knew *exactly* what was likely happening there, and didn't want to think about it. One set of arms was perfectly enough for her, thank you.

There were no other major changes. As usual, her tits and belly had grown further. Her cloak was further stretched, and her tits felt suffocated in their sling, her cleavage having risen further up towards her clavicle in a way that would have embarrassed even the tavern wench.

"I'm sorry," Destin said, "I was just trying to reassure you that-"



"I don't need your damn reassurance!" Sabel snapped. She clenched her fists, furious, and rose to her feet entirely, stepping away from the fire and thudding her feet against the ground.

"UGH!"

She gave a frustrated cry and kicked at a small tree. Her foot easily snapped its trunk in half, felling it to the ground in a feat no human could match. The motion caused her to stumble a little, having overbalanced with her massive belly. She only just managed to right herself, grabbing onto the trunk of a larger tree and holding the firm underside of her dome to relieve a bit of the weight. Destin said nothing, and she was thankful. She wanted to fume, not be pitied. A long moment of silence followed, the only sound being the creatures of the forest, and the crackling of the coals upon the fire. Finally, she calmed.

"I'm not supposed to do this," she said, still not facing him.

Again, Destin was silent.

"What was I thinking? Making a damned deal with the last remaining Veddu? Thinking I could give back, after a life of taking? My hands are bathed in blood and now I find myself pregnant and I can't do it. I should have died out there in the outlands."

Destin strode forth and grabbed her hand. Well, it would be more accurate to say that the whole of his hand only managed to grasp three of her fingers.

"Sabel, you're talking nonsense. That's simply not true."

"It is," she said, offering a sad smile. "Look at me, Destin. Can you imagine someone less suited to what's happening than me? It was a curse I was given, not a blessing, but the Veddu couldn't have known otherwise. Now, I'm turning into one of them - or half of them, half-human - and I have no connection to what's bubbling up in my belly. I should be using my skills to atone in some way, teaching others to defend themselves, or something like it. But this pregnancy, these changes . . . I can't do it."

She sank to the ground, holding her knees against her.

"I can't even fit in this cloak."

Another silence. Destin sat down beside her, also thinking, his hand resting on her side, as her shoulder was out of reach.

"Then don't."

"Don't . . . what?"

"Don't fit in the cloak!"

"I'm not going to parade myself around naked, Destin!"

"Well, I wouldn't complain."

She made to playfully punch his arm, but stopped when he flinched, and thought better of it. "Damn, can't even give you a ribbing any more, unless I want to crack a rib with it. You and your libido."

“Well, I’m still remembering the last time. But this isn’t about how gorgeous you still look Sabel - and believe me, it takes more than growing four feet and getting blue and pregnant to take away from your attractive looks. No, I’m talking about practicality. You’re going to keep changing, right? Now, I can’t help with that until we get to the Veddu ruin, but I can help *you* come to terms with whatever this is. And we can start by not trying to squeeze you into that cloak. I can refashion it, make it a skirt lining and . . . sling, for your chest.”

“What, and leave my big middle exposed?”

“Is it in danger? We’re in a warm season anyway, and it’s not like we can hide it. Perhaps it will make you feel less miserable.”

Sabel sighed. It was a small gesture. Futile really, in the grand scheme of her frustration and worries. But it was so classically Destin; the man would make even the smallest of changes to help a friend, and go to great lengths to see them through. Somehow, that gesture alone was worth a lot.

“That . . . that wouldn’t be so bad, I guess. I’ll probably look like a mountain goliath, one of their barbarian women with most of the skin on display.”

“Well, we both fought with mountain goliaths, including their women. And weren’t they quite tough?”

She gave a sheepish smile. “The toughest. Fine, work away, my tailor. Let’s get me a new outfit, and hope these things don’t get any longer.”

She flicked one of her short antennae, wincing at its delicateness.

\*\*\*

The antennae did get longer, and Sabel’s changes did continue. Her clothing troubles, however, were solved for the meantime. At first, the warrior woman was a little nervous about having her identity-hiding cloak cut in two to fit to her new form as a two-piece outfit. It was a silly stereotype that came from shallow city folk and starry-eyed storyteller bards that female warriors and heroes were always scantily clad. In truth, only a few such women ever lasted long on the battlefield. There was a difference between a good breast plate and a showy ‘boobplate’, as Sabel considered them, and that difference was between a sword bouncing off your armour or sinking deep through your tit directly into your heart. As such, she’d always favoured practical protection; tough boiled leather armour for travel, and good plate for heavy fighting. Chain mail could serve, or scale, particularly if enchanted, and she had once had the chance to wear Elven mithril, which was one of the most joyous days of her life. But each armour had one thing in common; it covered skin, and it kept her alive.

Now, however, she was dressing exactly like those ridiculous bards and horny artists made female warriors out to be. A barbarian’s battle skirt was looped around her widened

hips, covering her rounded behind and reaching down to her knees. It was surprisingly comfortable, and afforded her a freedom of movement, but left her blue belly completely on display. Her breasts, thankfully, were contained within the other half of the cloak's material, containing them like bags of sand, its fabric tied around her back. It left her shoulders completely bare, and certainly revealed the enormous size and heft of her bosom, but it did a good job of stopping them from jostling *too* much, though at their size it couldn't be entirely prevented. The rest of her was bare, her taut dome jutting outwards, a great turquoise hillside that she rubbed increasingly often. It was as if baring it to the world made her more cognisant of it, and less ashamed to caress it like an expectant mother would.

"Well, how do I look?" she said to Destin, when she first allowed him to turn around. She was surprised at how nervous she was when he turned and took her in, his look one of amazement. "I look ridiculous, don't I? Gods, I probably look like some ugly hill giant with a belly full of meat and -"

"You look beautiful."

She frowned. "You're joking."

Destin simply shrugged. "It's true. You still look beautiful, Sabel. And you still look quintessentially *you*."

She couldn't help but smile. Just a little. Destin had that effect on people. That damned unrelenting optimism of his could move mountains, if he complimented them enough. Sabel rubbed her pregnant mound reflexively, looking away as she blushed maroon on her cheeks.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. It's going to take some time getting used to it, prancing about mostly naked. Don't think this is some excuse to ogle me, either. I'll sit on you otherwise."

"You know, there was once a time I would have -"

"Yes, yes, you would have enjoyed that. I know. Come on. Let's get moving."

She thundered away, mounting her auroch, which could thankfully still take her weight. As she did so, she scratched at the bumps beneath her armpits, and also below her breasts. Two dark spots had formed there, like a weird alien rash, and it was becoming harder to avoid kneading the flesh, which set off further sensitivity in her breasts. She stopped herself. She didn't want to fall into yet another fit of arousal. That only made certain . . . thoughts about Destin come to the forefront of her mind.

Still, despite having a little more confidence in her enormous step, those bumps made her nervous. It was enough to make her annoying new antennae straighten on her head.

\*\*\*

It was approaching dusk, and the two were about to move off the track to set up camp, when she heard it.

“Privies and shit!” Sabel exclaimed, “a carriage is coming!”

Destin looked up at her from his horse. “Are you sure? I can’t see or hear anything?”

Sabel pointed to her extended ears. “Better hearing, remember?”

The two moved, shifting their animals off the side of the road and hiding in the treeline. It was difficult, however; they were no longer in a forest, but simply a series of low lying fields of bushes, on either side of which were long flatlands.

“By the Black Mountain, I’m too big to hide effectively!” Sabel said. She could see it now; the carriage was coming, and at a steady pace. It was a merchant’s wagon, and merchants were nothing if not curious. Neither of them wanted word to spread, but they weren’t about to hurt an innocent.

That was something Sabel was certain she would never, ever do again.

“What can we do?” Destin said.

“Damn, maybe I can just scare them away?”

“Or we could run.”

“That would just make us an even more curious sight!”

She felt at the spear strapped to her thigh. It felt more like a shortsword without a crossguard these days, but it gave her some reassurance. Most merchant wagons and carriages had paid guards, particularly through territory such as this, to avoid being vulnerable to bandits and brigands. She’d just have to hope that she could scare them off. She readied herself to jump out and snarl, but as the carriage drew closer, Destin suddenly withdrew from his hiding place and into plain sight.

“What? What are you doing?”

“Just trust me! Stand up and don’t say a word. And go along with what I say!”

She gave him an exasperated expression. Hijinks were *not* her strong suit, nor was deception. But she trusted Destin; he had a skill for such things that she lacked. And so she stood up, nearly eleven feet in height and easily looming over the much smaller man. The carriage pulled to a halt, and several guards stepped out from its rear, along with a concerned merchant. The guards had bows, and while Sabel didn’t doubt her ability to take care of such greenhorns, she didn’t want to underestimate her strength and accidentally hurt them.

“Be calm! Be calm!” shouted Destin, waving his hands in a placating gesture. “Just wayfarers, moving on to Jarlfeathe.”

The red-coated merchant and the guards looked up at the eleven-foot monstrosity that Sabel had become, her belly large and obviously pregnant, her womanly body adorned in a simple two piece that left much of her skin uncovered.

“Wayfarers? *Wayfarers*? I half-expected an ambush, from a creature such as this! What manner of beast is she? She’s certainly no goliath!”

Destin shrugged. “She’s my trained troll, of course.”

Sabel nearly erupted in indignation. That con artist of a man! She could see the brilliance in it - some trolls were indeed blue, and she certainly had the size of one, though she doubted she was nearly so ugly. But to have to pretend to be one! Destin cast a look her way, and gave a stirring grin and a near-imperceptible nod for her to play along. Sabel sighed.

“Ughh . . . graarggh.”

It was perhaps the least enthusiastic troll performance put on this side of the Pettyann Players. Destin shot her a look that practically said ‘*Can you not try just a little harder than that?*’

She rolled her eyes, and growled, this time more fiercely, but still with the low energy of a domestic servant, or troll equivalent.

“I’ve - I’ve never heard of such a thing before,” the merchant said, stroking his beard. “She - she is remarkably . . . well, she is quite beautiful, for a troll.”

She felt his eyes crawl over her naked skin, staring at her still-handsome face and her prodigious breasts, which now showed a hefty amount of cleavage.

“That’s because she’s a southern troll,” Destin said. “Far southern. They look much more human down there.”

“Is she pregnant?”

“Nah, that’s just fat.”

Sabel glared. She wanted to launch at him. She may have the toughness of a warrior, but she was still a woman, and no woman took kindly to being called fat.

“Well, well, that *is* fascinating. I simply have to ask, is she for sale?”

“Oh, Ilgrun here? Sorry, but no. She helps keep the brigands off my back. Tough as a battleaxe, this one.”

“Yes, I can see that,” the merchant said. He was obviously curious about her, and could ask a dozen questions, but was also in a rush. “Well, if you ever wish to pass her on, I’ll offer a fine price! A trained troll, my word!”

He gave his information, including several cities he commonly stayed at, and the routes he usually took. Destin made several amusing remarks, inventing wholesale a story of how he’d rescued her and helped train her to be a remarkable servant. But soon the

merchant had to go, and the carriage took off. When they were fully out of sight and hearing, Destin burst out laughing at Sabel's expression.

"Sorry! Sorry! I couldn't resist!"

"I am going to clobber you, I swear. Call me a troll one more time, and I'll use you as a toothpick if I grow any bigger!"

Despite her anger, she couldn't help but laugh with him. Somehow, his bizarre story had worked. She placed her hands on her hips, leveraging her back a little to compensate for her large belly.

It was then that she felt it. It was a small squirm. A faint shifting. A little jostle. But it was within her. Something that moved, alive within her expanded womb. Her eyes went wide and she nearly fell over. The shock of it was so great she had to lower herself down to her bottom and cross her legs, taking up much of the empty wagon road.

"What is it? Are you okay?" Destin asked.

A powerful mood swing came over her, and she felt tears begin to brim in her eyes. She rubbed her belly in awe, large blue hands caressing a far larger hillside of a stomach.

"Wait, just wait."

"Was it something I s-"

"Just wait! Don't say a word. Let me concentrate."

They both waited, Destin unsure what was happening, and Sabel uncaring about his plight. Her entire concentration was on her massive womb. She placed her hands on either side of it, as if hoping to get the widest coverage, and continued to wait, trying to sense the life within her.

And as if it were sensing back, it stirred again, this time even more pronounced.

"By the Gods!" she exclaimed. She didn't know what to feel, only that she felt it! The tears brimmed further.

Destin finally seemed to realise. His body language shifted, became less rigid, and he approached the woman that was now twice his own size. He extended a hand, then lowered it. "Is it?"

She nodded, fighting and failing the urge to smile.

"It's the baby."

Another shift, one that was more accurately described as a *lurch*. She grunted this time, shocked that the baby had managed to push so heavily against her insides. It was an entirely alien feeling, somehow even more alien than being turned into a blue giantess with little antenna on her head.

"Oh Gods, that was a big one!"

"I could see it!"

The two marvelled at her belly. It was large enough now that it could almost contain a full-sized man curled up inside it. Another lurch, and the skin actually dented *outwards*, just briefly, the result of a powerful kick. It was astonishing, and she gave a gasp, Destin also.

“Okay, you are most certainly pregnant,” he exclaimed.

“I am,” she said, the fact sinking in for the first time. “I am. It - it must be a Veddu, right?”

“Did you not already think so?” he said, looking up into her large face.

She gave a large shrug, caressing her belly as if she were massaging it with fine oils following a battle victory. “I did. I know I did. But, I hadn’t really realised, do you know? To be pregnant with a Veddu . . . to have one grow inside me. It’s - it’s madness!”

“It’s beautiful,” he said.

Another shift, and she bit her lip. This time, the baby kicked back at her spine, causing her to grimace. “Gods above, no movement and now it won’t stop! This is far faster than a normal pregnancy.”

“Perhaps they grew faster, the Veddu? Did the one you meet give you any wisdom?”

She scoffed. “Wisdom? He didn’t even have the courtesy to tell me he was knocking me up! By the Western Reach, it’s a little warrior alright.”

“The Veddu were apparently quite peaceful.”

“Yes? Well, this one’s *mother* is not.”

She paused for a moment, realising what she’d said. It was true, she was a mother now. It didn’t stop her from wanting to magically undo this. Or to find a way to stop changing at the very least. Still, it was another revelation upon her.

“Can I feel?” Destin asked.

Sabel looked up. Well, still down, really. He truly was short against her.

“Feel . . . oh.”

“Only if you’re comfortable.”

“Um, of course. Put your hand here.”

She indicated the spot where much of the strange sensation of kicking continued, and he did so. His hand was tiny against her prodigious belly. Nine hells, she was certain just one of her tits now would overflow *both* of his hands. As such, when the next ripple of movement came, causing her to gasp a little, he practically yelped in shock. They laughed together.

“My word, Sabel, you have a big one in there!”

“Perhaps that’s why *I’m* so big now.”

“Perhaps so. Maybe the Veddu had really big babies.”

“Or the females were bigger; the Veddu I met was only a little bigger than the average man.”

“So smaller than me then.”

She sighed at his silly jest, but then the two fell into silence. Destin’s eyes went wide, and his smile was even wider, as her belly squirmed with life. She moaned several times under her breath, even panting a little; her skin was truly drum-tight, and the movement within her womb only made her fullness more apparent. She rubbed the side of her belly, willing the child to stop. Finally, it did, much to Destin’s disappointment and her joy; she was practically bursting now that the baby was pushing against her!

“Well, let’s set up camp,” she said. She pushed the sensation of her baby shifting within her aside. It was not, after all, *her* baby. It had been foisted upon her, and she would find a way to get her transformation reversed, and the blessing transferred to another. After all, it was magic that placed her in this situation, and magic that could undo it.

She went to sleep that night under the open stars, thankful it was not yet raining. The grass was cool and comfortable, and her child kicked within it, more often and in more places than she would have expected. She stroked her stomach, gently telling it to calm and to sleep. Destin checked on her numerous times before she went to sleep.

She managed to resist telling him how much she wanted him.

She dreamed wonderful thoughts of him anyway, and when she woke, she was unable to resist a little self-pleasure, even if it made her grow past eleven feet.

\*\*\*

The ‘troll act’, as they began calling it, worked for the next week, allowing them to restock at several taverns before leaving on the backroads. Other villagers mistook Sabel’s Veddu-like form as being one of the mysterious fae, a fact that both helped them, and required them to flee from superstitious folk where necessary. Sabel was not a fan of being reduced to a sub-intellectual threat, but her size was truly intimidating, and it meant that if things went south, she could always help scare off any attacks.

During that time, Sabel’s height continued to grow, her entire body in fact. Her baby did not settle down, and the incredibly marvellous sensation of life stirring within her soon gave way to occasional annoyance as it kicked while she tried to sleep. Her energy was not sapped, but it did flag at times, and was forced to take more rests than usual, much to her frustration.

“I have participated in soldier marches across hundreds of miles, and now I can barely make it a dozen!”

The prospect of giving birth loomed in her mind; when would it happen, given how rapid her gestation had already been? Would she revert right afterward?



"No, I won't," she mused while bathing in a lake one morning, gaining some brief privacy away from Destin's wandering eyes. She cleaned the underside of her breasts, of which there was a much larger surface area now. "Because I have *these*, and I wouldn't be growing such a large pair if I was going to have to feed you, little one."

That was indeed a thought. Her breasts, already heavy and soft to the touch, had been aching more recently in the past few days of travel. She had the sneaking suspicion that her milk would be coming in soon, a prospect that worried her, as she had not thought to gather material enough to soak up and 'produce' she might accidentally leak.

The problem was worse than she knew. She tensed, scratching at the sensitive points beneath her breasts. The skin was loose there now, little pooches of round flesh having formed. Fat deposits? She hoped not. Bad enough she was nearly as big as a hill giant, she didn't want to become round as one too, though her pregnant belly was certainly making the effort. It wasn't the only concerning place either: those bumps of bony flesh had extended beneath her arms further, and the skin of her back had become tougher. Hardened, almost like boiled leather.

"That's why I have to reverse this," she said, holding her heavy belly in the water, "because I'm changing too much. Even these damned antennae are as long as an elven forearm now, and I don't even know what they are supposed to do."

The answer to that question came that night. They had successfully hunted wild boar; even pregnant, Sabel's greater step and reach had allowed to skewer the beasts. As usual, the growing giantess had a voracious appetite, and swallowed the meaty cooked portions nearly whole. She rubbed her naked belly, feeling her baby getting comfortable as her skin tightened, her limbs extended, her body enlarged yet further.

"I bet that's twelve feet," Destin remarked as she lay back on the arms, allowing her body to further stretch her remaining fabrics.

"I think - Ngghh! - I think you're r-right!" Sabel replied. "Ohhhh!"

Again, another few inches of growth. She was officially double her ally's height, and well over double his weight. Thankfully, her limbs remained muscular and capable of keeping her aloft. She panted for a few minutes, catching her breath. Destin tried to avoid staring, but she could feel his gaze upon her

Her antennae perked up. They were like large sausages now, soft pliable blue flesh with spherical ends that rotated slowly without her consent. But now, something had changed in them.

"Sabel, your antennae. The little, uh, 'balls' on the end. They're glowing bright green!"

She could feel it, but more than their slight warmth, she could feel *him*, and *his* warmth. She wasn't even looking at him, and she could sense his presence, his musk, his hidden arousal, in a way that went far beyond a warrior's situational awareness or womanly

intuition. She felt the need, burning within him, pairing with her own. Her antenna pulsed, the little glowing spheres on their ends activating something not only in her body, but also in his.

Destin grunted. "Ohhh . . . oh, okay. That was weird. Sabel, I uh . . . did you just do something?"

She breathed more heavily, her massive mammaries rising and falling with each inhale and exhale. Her nipples throbbed, tensing and untensing, and her loins tingled, growing damp. She found it hard to speak, she was so suddenly aroused, and that arousal was further increased by her new ability to sense and even inflate Destin's arousal as well.

"I - I think it's the antennae. Mhmmm . . . they're doing something. Ohhhh this is ridiculous . . . they're making me quite aroused."

"Me too," Destin grunted. His pants were obviously tented by an impressive erection, and he had to adjust himself out of sheer discomfort. "I think you, well, I was already thinking about you."

"I know! I can feel it!" she gasped. She pulled herself up, so that she was sitting facing him, her legs to the side as a large blue arm stopped her from falling to the side. She hadn't even intended it, but she'd adopted the classically sexy 'woman showing off her form atop a waiting bed' look, as if just waiting for a man to pull her into her arms. If any man was big enough.

Various parts of her body itched and ached, areas of change waiting to happen. She didn't care. She needed this.

"Mmmhmmm . . . Ahhhh . . . this is ridiculous! I haven't felt this needy since I was twenty, when I entered the Baths of Pleasure in Leise. No, this is - ngh! - worse! Gods, what's happening?"

Destin moved closer, his eyes entranced by her giantess form. He rubbed her stomach, attempting to soothe her. His eyes were locked on her humongous breasts as he spoke.

"Is - is there anything I can do?"

She gave a weak nod, whimpering, biting her lip to hold back the tsunami of passion within her. With one hand, she expertly untied the knot at her back, allowing the fabric to slide off her huge boobs and down her belly to the ground. She smiled, her boulders free of restriction, and a strange pride came over her as she saw Destin's horny gaze upon them.

"Yes Destin," she breathed, her voice far more sultry, "there is."

And with that, she reached her enormous blue arms and grabbed her lover, pulling him against her naked chest. Destin gave a muffled cry of shock, but it quickly turned to an enthusiastic groan as his face was wedged in the crevasse of her breasts, his hands upon her large nipples, her dish plate-sized areola stiffening at his touch.

"I neeeed you," she stammered, rubbing his face over her pendulous right breast. Her lover groped her incredible boob, his fingers and hands sinking into the soft, pillowy flesh. She whimpered, unbelieving how sensitive they had become.

"By the Gods, you're gorgeous!" he exclaimed, coming up for air briefly.

"Less talking, more sex," the giantess said. She grabbed his head, gently but firmly, and placed it against her nipple. It was visibly throbbing, aching in need of release. "I need you to suck on it."

"Yes, my lady," Destin said, clearly more than enthusiastic to do so. He sat astride her belly, able to balance upon it as he suckled at her nipple, taking it in his mouth and drawing in deep.

Sabel shivered in delight at the sensation, especially once he began lapping at it with his tongue. It was large in his mouth, the size of a stubby carrot, only soft and wonderfully tasty. She knew it, because her antennae sensed his pleasure, somehow informing her of the sweetness he felt as he licked and sucked her tit.

"Oohhh," she groaned, "d-don't s-stop!"

He was half her size, and for the first time it turned her on to know how much bigger she was. She had always enjoyed being a tough, tall woman, so what was wrong with being tougher? With being taller? She pressed his entire body against her incredible bust, savouring the pleasure that came from having his body against her naked curves. But even that wasn't enough.

"T-take off your clothes! I want all of you!"

Destin needed no permission. He pulled his mouth from her distended nipple, rubbing her other one roughly in a way that drove her wild. He practically ripped his shirt off, and followed by unbuckling his pants. His member was, as always, impressive, but both of them knew it was now too small for her. Her vagina was literally twice the size it had been, and she was only getting bigger. For now, she pulled him further up her belly, so that his legs were spread over it, and his cock pressed between her titanic tits.

"Gods, how are you so beautiful?" he said. "There's so much more of you? So much more . . ."

His voice trailed off in wonder as he massaged her chest. She pulled him up further, lifting him with ease. Their lips touched, and hers dwarfed his, taking them into her mouth. It was a kiss nonetheless, deep and fulfilling. And loving. They groaned together, her larger tongue overpowering his. His arms pulled around her sensitive neck, touching the hardened skin that began at its nape and descended down her back. It caused her to shiver again. A change was coming there, she could feel it.

"I f-feel so f-fertile," she said. "So d-damn big!"

“You are!” he marvelled, as he slid back down to grope her breasts, which were the size of full pumpkins. Her nipples were erect, and each touch, every press of his form against them sent coils of bliss down to her core, moistening her womanhood further.

“You’re so beautiful, Sabel. I missed you greatly, while you were gone. I was always afraid - and then you came back. Different. But you are still beautiful. Even more so, somehow!”

She blushed, from a sheepish embarrassment as well as increased arousal. The protuberances on her head registered her lover’s heat, his arousal. She saw how he looked at her, and sensed that he was telling the truth; she really was even more sexually attractive to him now that she was a blue giantess. Even her pregnant belly, a feature she was certain would be a barrier to his attraction, was instead a central feature. He rubbed it, feeling its tightness, and even that made her squirm a little. It was a wonderful feeling.

“You - you like this? The belly?”

He paused, his entire palm squeezing a nipple, the other stroking her cheek.

“I do. I really do, Sabel. I’m sorry, but you look so godsdamned glorious with it. I can’t even say why. You just do. Like a woman reborn.”

*Rebirth.* The thing she’d been looking for. And the result was so different. In that moment, Sabel let go of the last of her inhibitions. She kissed Destin once more, before sliding him down her body, allowing him to press his face right into her enormous bustline. But then she slid him down further, over her rounded mound of a stomach, and then between her thighs. She lay back, slowly and carefully, spreading her legs. Her skirt was rudimentary, and a mere adjustment allowed it to slide free, revealing her bulging sex for him to see.

Destin grunted approval, his breathing coming quick.

“I want you *inside* me,” she said. She couldn’t see him; even lying down her breasts were a barrier, and her sloping belly and even larger one. But she could sense his heat signature, and moments later his hands were on her impressively thick thighs as he drew near. She whimpered at his hot breath against her sensitive folds.

“P-please,” she stuttered. “I’m so fucking horny, Destin. I feel like a tavern wench. A big blue pregnant tavern wench *who needs you to fuck my brains out.*”

Destin groaned, and she could tell her words and tone had made him almost orgasm just from their oozing sensuality.

“I don’t - I don’t think I’ll be of the right size, Sabel. You’ve gotten bigger, um, all over.”

She adjusted upwards, raising her scarred eyebrow in mocking disappointment. It was a difficult position to hold, giving her big belly and lack of core muscles, but it gave him a magnificent look at how she was fondling her breast with her right hand.

“Then get *creative*, lover. I didn’t say which *part* I wanted inside me, did I?”

Destin smiled. "Well, you've gotten a lot more experimental since our last time. And back then, we even performed the Ureesi Position."

She lay carefully back down, stroking her roundness. "This'll be better. I still want you to finish inside me. But make me cum first."

"I have my orders then," he said with a hint of cheekiness.

For a moment, Sabel wondered if she should give him instructions, and then she cried out as the former mercenary companion thrust his pointed hand slowly inside of her. Her clit throbbed, brushing against his wrist as he passed it in. It was wonderful. Erotic beyond belief. She was not yet big enough to encompass his whole arm, but as her passage hugged his wrist, she imagined being even bigger so that she could receive his limb entire. She grinned just at the thought of it, and began stroking her belly in one hand even as she teased her nipples with the other.

His hand thrust deeper, and he began to swivel it, circling around her folds in order to extract as much pleasure from her as possible. Her nerves fired like bolts of lightning, causing her entire body to tremble. At her current size, it was a mighty tremble indeed; her breasts wobbled from side to side, and for a moment she almost thought she could detect a faint sloshing that indicated the beginnings of milk production within. Her belly tightened, cusping on the verge of further growth. It alarmed her, but even more alarming was how much she wanted it to grow, how much her instincts desired to become bigger and bigger, beyond even her current massive size. She salivated at the notion of outgrowing her clothing altogether, and with each rub against her thimble-sized clit, the increasing bliss made the prospect all the more enticing.

"I'm close! I'm so - oh Gods! I'm so f-fucking close Destin! Don't stop, harder, but don't stop!"

Her friend and lover rotated his wrist, maintaining a steady pumping rhythm at the same time. "Sabel, you're tight on me! I can feel you about to climax. Are you sure you want to do this? What if you grow?"

She noticed he didn't stop.

"I d-don't c-care Destin! I want to grow! Gods, I can't help it, it's f-fucking instinct now! I need to grow! P-please, I'll be in agony if you don't make me cum soon!"

"Very well then. I hope you're ready."

She thought she was. But she wasn't. With a thrust of his hand, Destin explored her wet depths, stimulating every nerve as he did so. With his other hand, he stroked her labial folds. For a moment, she opened her mouth to beg him to return to her clit. And then she felt it: his wonderful tongue licking over its sensitive nub. It sent her over the edge.

"Yes! Yes, right th-there! Yes! YES! YES OH GODS YES YES YESSSSSS!"

Her body trembled, her thighs closed around Destin, and she had to be careful not to injure him. He was gripped, helpless between his legs as she screamed in ecstasy. But still there was further need.

“CUM IN ME DESTIN! I NEED YOUR SEED IN ME NOW!”

Her antennae picked up his arousal, his body so close to a climax of his own. She reached hand to stroke his backside, and she shifted her hips even as a second orgasm overlapped with the first. She parted her legs, despite them feeling as if they were reduced to jelly. Destin grunted, masturbating at the sight of her gorgeous blue skin and her throes of pleasure. She sensed him line the tip of his cock against her folds, inserted it loosely. It caused another shiver of pleasure, even despite its comparative smallness now.

“Oh Gods, Sabel! Oh Gods!”

His heat signature bloomed in her alien antennae-like vision, as great jets of his virile seed shot from his manhood and into her depths. At the very moment of contact, something in her body buzzed with excitement, as if she had needed his issue more than food all along. She quaked again in pleasure, causing the ground to tremble.

Sabel grasped her belly, taking in its heft. The child was asleep within, but her heart pounded heavily in her chest. She had a purpose, she knew. To bring this child into the world. An act of pure creation. She never thought she could ever be a mother. Motherhood was a noble calling, she had never doubted that, but she had never truly considered bringing a child into the world, even with Destin. But now, in this moment of purest joy, she felt complete.

Pure.

As if, despite all the strangeness, she had truly found a path of atonement, and even fulfilment.

“That . . . that was *wonderful*,” she said. Her voice was faraway, dreamlike.

“It was,” Destin said. He stepped over her leg and over to her face, where her hair was in tresses all over the grass..

She adjusted, shifted to her side, causing her large boobs to wobbled heavily. Destin grinned at the sight, and she winked in return. It was something she’d heard about pregnant women; they couldn’t sleep on their back due to the weight of their belly. She knew now what they were talking about, and in spades.

“Worth it?” he said.

“Mhmm,” she replied, eyes still half-lidded in pleasure. “Worth it. I think - I think maybe I can manage this, if it’s what I’m meant to do. And if the pleasure remains that nice.”

“I shall do my best to ensure it,” he said.

“Mhmm, good. Then I think, perhaps, the Veddu was right. I can stomach this. Ha, stomach.”

Their reverie was cut short as the changes started. It began as the usual sensations of tightening flesh and expanding bone, of increased mass and growing flesh. Sabel's face tightened also, her eyes clenching shut in response to the sudden discomfort.

"Is it starting?" Destin asked.

She nodded, unable to say much. "Mm-hmm. Yeah."

"I'm right here with you, Sabel," he said. He lay against her, placing his hand over her breasts, holding her form tightly. He was only half her size, but it still brought her utter comfort to know he was with her. Her body stretched, growing inch by inch. Her belly, tight as a drum, was the source of the greatest discomfort. She rubbed it, her child kicking within, almost thrashing as it expanded, causing her enormous mound to shift and distend in odd places.

"MMhhh - NGNGHHH! S-so m-much!"

And then her eyes opened. There was something else this time. Several somethings, in fact. The flesh below her breasts, the two little bumps of flesh hidden beneath her tremendous bosom, began to *expand*. She clutched them, shocked, as fat and tissue rapidly poured forth.

"No - N-no way!" she exclaimed.

Destin clutched to her, holding tight, but she could feel his surprised eyes staring at her form. "Sabel, are they-"

"NNNGNGGGGHHHHH!!!"

They rose like bread dough, pushing her jutting breasts up like a shelf to her collar bone. Below them, rising and gaining increasingly round heaviness, were two additional breasts. An entirely new row of tits. She couldn't believe it.

Even as that occurred, her back skin hardened, coarse plating developing over the skin. She scratched at the insane itching, which subsided only as each piece of carapace came into being. Her muscled back, scarred yet soft, was covered over completely, and the soft sensation of the grass dissipated entirely.

"AGGGHHHHH . . . GRRGGGHHH!!!"

More changes, more growth. Her antennae grew two inches longer, impossible to fold beneath her wild hair. Her hair also expanded, descending further down her back. Her hips widened further, taking on the aspect of a fertility idol, a set of child-birthing hips that any village mother would be jealous of. Her boobs - all four of them now - blew up in size yet again, her lower pair not yet close to matching the size of those above them, but prominent all the same.

"Draegar's wings," Destin said, in awe. He stepped back from her form, his expression clearly one of concern. It wasn't entirely invalid a thought; her body was

expanding and convulsing, and a sweeping arm had already nearly knocked him off his feet. And that was before the growth below her arms began to extend.

“W-watch out!” she called, “s-something else is ha-ha-happenningggggggg!”

She extended her arms on instinct, reaching into the sky, as if the stars were racing towards her. There was a powerful rending of flesh, and suddenly an entirely new set of arms pushed out from her. They were small and feeble, less than the size of regular arms, and almost a little comical for it, but they were real all the same.

“Holy heavens!” she proclaimed. She took in the change with something approaching wonder and horror. For a brief moment, it was like her new pair of arms had their own mind, flailing randomly, blue fingers twirling without pattern. And then, suddenly, they must have synched with her mind, because she had immediate control over them.

The rest of her changes mellowed out, leaving her a little over twelve feet, her bosoms immense, her belly like a gigantic blue pumpkin sticking out and resting upon the ground. So many astonishing alterations. She felt at her back with both pairs of arms, and was alarmed to find that she had what felt like flat armour upon her back.

“Are you okay?” Destin said, still taking her in. “You’ve got extra arms, and extra, well, tits.”

“I am *very well aware*, thank you,” she said, blushing heavily maroon on her cheeks. “They’re heavy.”

“Not as big as the top pair, at least.”

“Oh, you would notice that, wouldn’t you? Get behind me and tell me what you see. It feels like I’ve grown some sort of shell back there.

She hadn’t. The closest approximation was that of a beetle’s carapace; a hard exoskeletal structure that offered heavy protection, but was segmented enough to afford her the ability to bend and twist her form. Not that she could do much of that anyway; her stomach was the size of a laden wagon almost, erupting out from her body in ludicrous fashion.

“Gods, there’s so much - so much everything!”

She raised all four arms and dropped them in frustration. That only set off all four breasts wobbling, and it took some time for the heavy fruit to settle down. She winced a little; the heavier upper ones were squishing down upon her lower breasts. A small part of her was actually irritated that they weren’t equal in size, as at least that would reduce her discomfort.

“I’m sorry,” Destin said, placing a hand on her broad shoulder, “I should have done what I did. I should have resisted. You had this bodily need as a result of your blessing, and I should have been stronger when-”



"It's not your fault," she said. "The fault, if any, is mine. And these damned antennae. They can go to the nine layers of Carceri, thanking you. It was like they could sense your arousal, and inflamed it in me as well."

Destin creased his brow. He looked very handsome, meditative as he was, and she had to bat the thought away, lest she felt the need to have a second round.

"Is it going to be a problem going forward?"

"No doubt. Unless, with these changes, and my looks . . ."

Her voice dimmed away. She was embarrassed to even voice it. She needn't have worried; Destin stroked her fertile belly, admiring it.

"Your looks are as beautiful as they have ever been, my dear."

He always knew how to draw an earnest smile from even the most frustrated souls. She placed her hand over his, engulfing it.

"Thank you."

A sudden lurch in her stomach, and the two of them gasped as one in response to the shifting movements within her womb, wilder and heavier than ever. A flurry of kicks distended her roundness, followed by another on the other side, and again awkwardly against her spine. Her eyes widened, shocked. That was too many kicks. No infant could shift that quickly on their own. Which meant . . .

"Oh Gods, that village man was right. Twins!"

They continued to feel. She placed all four arms on her belly, her lower pair just able to reach it. Destin spread his arms wide, feeling the kicking.

"Oof! That was a big one!"

"I - I don't think this is twins," Destin said. "I think you're carrying more than that."

Her heart stopped a beat. "You don't mean . . . triplets?"

Destin gulped. "Or quadruplets. There's a lot of movement even I can feel. I can't imagine what it feels like to you."

"Nghh! It feel like a party going on in my belly. By the Black Mountain, I think you're right. There's at least - ahhh! - th-three! This is g-getting too much."

"You've said that a few times, Sabel."

"Well I mean it double this time! Or triply! Or quadruply, depending on how many little babes are in there! Gods, no wonder I've got four tits now, if I'm carrying that many. All those knaves and brigands I scared the wits out of these past twelve years would laugh themselves to death if they could see me now. Big, blue, breasts and full of babies."

She pulled herself up to her feet, the last of the pleasure that had coursed through her being finally dissipating. She nearly fell over, her centre of gravity altered yet further.

"Where are you going?" Destin asked, staring up at her towering figure.

"To go take a drink," she muttered, placing both hands around her belly, and her lower pair holding her lower breasts from wobbling. "I saw a lake that way. I think I'm going to drain it and then go to sleep. Then we find this Veddu artefact and figure out what we do about all of this."

She stepped away, fully naked and uncaring beneath the starry night. Thanks to the light of her moon, her rounded ass bounced visibly behind her. Her antennae felt Destin's gaze upon it.

"Oh go on, keep looking," she sighed.

"Your permission is noted!" he joked.

But she heard the concern in his voice as she stomped away, her every step causing a thunderous quake upon the ground.

\*\*\*

"A second pair of tits."

"I know."

"A damned second pair of tits."

"Absolutely tragic, I know."

"A damned big pair too, and they're still growing!"

"It's an offence to my eyes, Sabel. I cannot even bear to look."

The giantess halted, turned, and rolled her eyes down at Destin upon his horse. She was on foot; her auroch was too small to be anything but a pack animal now. Which meant that every step she took made her enlarged and increased chest wobble heavily atop her pregnant mound. It had that very effect as she crossed two pairs of arms over her chests.

"Can you actually pretend to be even the slightest bit annoyed about this?"

She used her smaller arms to gesture to her lower, smaller pair of boobs, and then up to her larger pair. They wobbled on her chest, barely contained by the fabric, which made their outlines very clearly visible. In the same fashion, her skirt was now refashioned as a crude loincloth, simply to accommodate her enlarged hips. It was not a look Destin complained about either, as it gave him a much better look at her generous thighs.

"I'm sorry Sabel, but you might remember that during the Caliban Crisis when we were hired by the Bronze Prince, you called me, and I quote, a 'horny-minded fucker who'd spend his seed in anything that moved.'"

"Because you couldn't stop visiting the brothels!"

"The Swan Baths, yes. But you weren't wanting companionship, and I was. And you might remember I had a very open mind to women, be they cute little gnomish lasses or buff, tough orcish women. I've never been entirely picky."

She sighed. "So I'm learning. And you did always love a busty tavern wench, didn't you?"

She gestured to her large breasts.

"That I did. And do."

"Gods, there better not be another pair on the horizon. There isn't room! I'll be made of mounds if it continues any further."

Destin chuckled. "We're almost there. Another couple of days of travel. I have a dwarvish friend there who can meet us. He'll give us access to the site; it's apparently contested ground between them and the woodland elves. He actually asked if we could defend them."

Sabel's shoulders sagged. She adjusted her breast band with her little arms while cupping the underside of her belly to ease the weight off her hardened carapaced back. "No, I can't help there. I'm done with that life, Destin. I meant it when I went into the Outlands, and while all this oddity isn't what I was looking for, and still not what I want, I'm not going back to a life of blood and loss."

He nodded. "I told him as much. I left the life first, remember? I couldn't take any more of the violence. I didn't recognise myself, or the boy I once was. Tavern-keeping is so much nicer, and places you in a community."

For the first time, it hit her how much he'd given up for her. "I'm sorry," she said. "It must've been hard, walking away, all for me with some crazy Veddu story, dragging you back on some adventure."

He gave a slightly sad look, but quickly recovered, blowing off her apology with a nonchalant gesture. "Oh, it's no real problem. The call of adventure still comes; I'm only thirty-five, after all, hardly an old man yet. And besides, anything for you Sabel. We'll find a community yet. One that can accept both of us - you most of all - regardless of how this ends for you."

"How it ends for me. Hopefully, back as human, once these little suckers are born."

They continued on their journey, her poking her belly in accusation.

\*\*\*

Over the next four days, Sabel slowly grew accustomed to her new 'additions.' Her carapace was heavy, but in a way this was a good thing, as it helped counterbalance her increasingly front-heavy body. Her hunger had not shrunk, and in fact had grown, and while her movements remained cumbersome, she was able to continue to hunt with Destin, providing necessary meats and even foraged plants for her great appetite.

The extra set of arms took some getting used to. At first, she mainly used them in conjunction with her upper, more developed ones, sometimes even accidentally. If she went to scratch her pointy ear with her regular arm, its lower and smaller equivalent would also raise itself uselessly. But with repeated practice, she was able to mentally separate her pairs, and soon began to find even additional use in them, particularly once they began to grow. Even just being able to cup all four of her breasts at once to halt their endless bouncing was a godsend, and being able to eat at the same time as she stripped the next boar or turned a roast over the flames gave a greater ease to her life.

Those four days even brought greater parity between her body parts; her arms continued to develop and lengthen, and her lower breasts increased in weight and height, resting upon her swollen stomach and pushing up the normal pair. It had the effect of creating double cleavage, and making bathing and washing herself even more tiresome. They too had throbbing, sometimes even *stinging* nipples, and an underlying ache that spoke to their ultimate function: Sabel had a sneaking suspicion that it would not be long until she found all four of her mammoth mammaries lactating. And if the rest of her changes were anything to go by, she was worried she'd be producing a *lot* of milk.

"No, no, not even thinking about that," she mused to herself.

"Hmm, what was that?" Destin asked.

She grumbled under her breath. She kept forgetting that with her larger lungs, her voice was also much louder.

"Nothing," she said. "Ngh!"

"Kicking?"

"Mm-hmm. They just woke up, I think. Gods, I'm not up to being a mother."

"We'll work it out. We're nearly there."

"Good, because - Ohhh! They're getting really active. That damned Veddu impregnated me with triplets at the least!"

She pointed four fingers at him, glaring with a half-joking, half-serious expression.

"Unless being half-Veddu, that means somehow *you've* managed to get a child on me as well. It wouldn't be for lack of trying."

It wasn't an exaggeration either. Sabel was nearly fifteen feet in height, having expanded three full feet in just one more than that in days. It was an eventuality that her transformation was always heading to, but there was no doubt in either of their minds that it was accelerated by their nighttime 'activities.' Her body had simply become too passionate, her antennae too receptive, to avoid it. And moreover, despite their increasing size difference, she only found herself even further attractive to Destin and his expert ministrations, just as he was obviously addicted to her blue, curvaceous form. Together, they continued to experiment, particularly now that Sabel had been cursed and blessed with

additional arms to caress and hold him, and additional breasts for him to grope and suck upon, and stick his face and body against in a full body massage of pleasure. Her breasts were even more sensitive now, or perhaps it was simply that there was now 'double the fun' as Destin liked to put it. Regardless, it caused orgasm after orgasm to roll through her, especially as her womanhood was finally large enough for him to press his arm into. The first night he'd managed it had brought her to absolute delirium.

"Oohhhh f-fuck! Y-yesss, by the Gods, Destin, yes! YES! YESSSSS!"

His arm had felt like an immense, girthy manhood, thrusting deep into her. Only it was even better, because this huge cock was able to bend and shift and massage her most tender inner areas, bringing her to a much greater climax than she'd ever felt. As he ploughed her with his limbs, she imagined even larger penetrations were she to keep growing; a full leg pressing right inside of her, and even a man entire, Destin pressing through her depths like a dungeon dweller crawling through a tight, moist passage.

"Mmhhmm . . . b-bigger," she would moan, the need to grow overcoming her, despite the already bulging monstrosity that was her situation.

And 'bulging' was the right word. With each massage, each suckle, each roaring orgasm, her lower pair of breasts grew yet larger, catching up to her first pair. It made her double-bosom undeniable, and soon she could barely fit her former cloak around them, making their shape even more obvious, and her apple-sized nipples to dent against the material. It gave her entire torso a heavy wobble with each thunderous step, but at least it meant her lower pair were not so sorely pressed down upon by her upper pair, and there was a "lovely symmetry" to them now, as Destin put it. She couldn't lie, the comment did leave her feeling a little better about her situation.

The growth of her wench-like double pair of breasts was matched by the double pairing of her arms. As the days passed on their journey through the wilderness, keeping away from well or even less travelled roads, she soon had four arms or equal length to contend with. She no longer could claim to be a troll, or any creature known on the earth, and no fae had ever been described like her either. Only the ancient descriptions of the Veddu were closest to describing her, and neither wanted any powerful force from finding that out, lest she become a collection in some nobleman's castle, or worse, hunted down as a monster.

It simply meant the two had to soldier on, adopting a forced march that both were well used to, though for Sabel it was more arduous thanks to her belly bulging with life. That was the biggest bulge of all, and one she hoped to soon fix. For despite finding some peace in her delicate condition, in the clear aftermath of wild passion, it came crashing down upon her how weighty parenthood truly would be, and that was enough to push her forward, onto the Veddu ruins.

When she finally found them, she was anxious for answers.

"What am I becoming?" she whispered to herself. "What does the blessing mean?"

\*\*\*

The Veddu ruin was vast, sprawling, and utterly picked clean. It was in the midst of the Hinterland Forest, the sprawling trees providing some of the only camouflage that Sabel found able to hide within, though her turquoise colouring made even that difficult. It had rained the previous day, and it was good fortune that the forest provided good coverage, and that her carapace back of dark blue shell meant that the rain effectively slid off of her. Still, the conditions had been miserable enough that she was glad to finally reach the ruins.

It had clearly been some sort of dock, albeit not one for sea vessels, but vessels from the distant stars and the ocean of void between them. Long rows of ancient stone and steel walkways abounded, with large pits and grooves that could no doubt serve as dry dock. It was a magnificent sight, but its flatness - and the white spines of former ships - spoke to it being almost entirely scavenged apart. Numerous dwarven tents were located across its basins.

"I'm going to find Gorran," Destin said. "We can trust him. I'm not certain about how other dwarves will see you. He can take us to the chamber."

She sighed. "And to think I used to be the stealthy one. Go on then, find him. I'll stay in the treeline, being all blue."

He gave her a kiss before leaving, and for the next three hours she waited impatiently, rubbing her belly and trying to soothe her shifting children. The need came upon her as she adjusted her strained chest covering, and she was forced to retreat further to ply her pleasure, gasping and grunting as she grew to fully fifteen feet, if not a couple of inches further. She spent the rest of her time in worried anticipation, eating the remainder of their meat.

Finally, at dusk, Destin returned, a shaggy digger dwarf with flaming red hair at his side. He wore rudimentary armour, but was unarmed.

"Streuth mate, you weren't kidding about this Sheila alright. What a match for the Veddu, only a lot bigger, and four great teats."

"Nice to meet you too," she grumbled down at him, feeling a little on display with her sparse clothing.

"Name's Gorran," he said with a smile, extending a hand.

"Sabel."

"So I've heard, lass! The Crimson Tide is looking like a Crimson Ocean these days, ha! Don't worry though, I'm not like them dwarves that would hoard you in some mountain somewhere. Nothin' ta fear from me."

"Gorran is a preserver," Destin explained. "He wants to understand Veddu history, not plunder their technology."

"Aye mate. And this old chamber that started glowing, well, I've kept it under enough wraps that I can sneak you in by night, and see if it does anything in reaction to ya."

Sabel gave a heavy nod. "I guess it's our best chance. Thank you Gorran."

The dwarf marvelled up at her, and actually brushed away an unexpected tear. "Anything for a woman touched by the starfarers."

\*\*\*

Sneaking wasn't easy with her powerful steps, but she managed. The dwarves were big on ale drinking in the evening by their very nature, affording the small party some time to find a moment where they could sneak in. Various fires lit up in tunnels and mines shafts at the edges of the ruin, and songs of gold and battle resounded. It made Sabel a little nostalgic for the old times, though not for the bloodletting that usually followed; her experiences with dwarvish battle songs were often before the actual battle.

Gorran helped clear away the remaining dwarves; it was clear he had some authority on the site, but was not near the top of the hierarchy. But as a secret preservist, he revealed that he'd done his best to protect Veddu technology and even smuggle it where necessary to other preservists, in order to understand it, not just use it.

"No point taking somethin' if ya don' even respect what it does, right?"

Destin gave a slightly amused, slightly pained look at Sabel, particularly her four large breasts and much larger pregnant dome.

"Right," she muttered, crawling on all fours as quietly as she could. "I've learned my lesson when it comes to that sort of thing."

The chamber indeed was vast, a huge ramp leading down to an incredible opening. Still, while the doorway was huge - dilating open in the Veddu fashion to greet them - it still took a little squeezing for Sabel to make her way through.

"Damned doors made for Veddu but won't even accommodate their so-called Great Blessing!"

"You're certainly not like any depiction of Veddu I've bin seeing," Gorran said. He indicated the images on the walls, the ancient runes and drawings. "Oh sure, ya got the four arms and the blue skin, even the ears, but where here do you see four teats, huh? Or big

bellies like yours? Everything I learned says they ain't greatly taller than a man, besides. And the antennae are sometimes there, sometimes ain't."

Her own bobbed a little, reminding her of her strange existence.

"Where is this artefact you spoke of?"

He gestured to a raised dais, upon which sat an ancient obelisk, like a pillar of stone that ended halfway to the chamber ceiling over forty feet above. It was covered in dull runic inscriptions, but the second she approached it, it began to light up. Sabel's heart pounded, uncertain, fearful of going forward.

"It's never done that before," Gorran said.

"We can take a moment, if you need it," Destin said behind her.

"No," she replied, drawing on her warrior's strength. She may be stuck as some pregnant Veddu alien thing, but she still knew what it was like to conquer fear when on the cusp of achieving something. She stepped forward, and lowered herself before the obelisk.

It grew bright green, and its voice warbled in that same strange alien tongue of the Veddu. For a moment, she was worried the effort had been fruitless, but then a strange green light bathed over her, and the lights changed their configuration, speaking in the Common tongue with only a slight warbling tone.

*'You bear the Great Blessing, the Sign of the Last Hope.'*

Sabel and Destin exchanged glances. Gorran also seemed taken aback.

"It's never done that before either!" the dwarven digger said.

Sabel bit her lip, inching forward on her giant legs and holding her belly protectively. Within her strained womb, her babies squirmed and shifted, causing her to grunt.

"I do, I - ahh! - I was given it by one called *Light that Cleaves through Darkness*. I seek to find out what the blessing is. Can you tell me?"

The obelisk whirred, its green signals flickering as her question was processed.

*'You were human, a species native to this world.'*

"I *am* human," she corrected. Her antennae rotated slightly, reminding her of just how 'human' she looked.

*'Not any longer. Humans are compatible with the Blessing. You are becoming a Veddu.'*

"Hang on," Gorran broke in, "there ain't no Veddu big as this damn sheila, I can tell ya. Even yer big ships would'a struggled ta fit 'er."

*'She is not regular Veddu. She is the Blessing.'*

Destin shrugged. Sabel spread out her hands in frustration. All four of them.

"But what does that *mean*?"

Another flicker of green lights. *'You will rebirth our species.'*

Gods, it was like talking to her bloody spear! Destin snorted a little.



"What?"

Gorran joined in.

"What is it?"

"Well, it's just, the rebirth part is obvious, isn't it?" he said, a little sheepishly

Sabel blushed maroon, rubbing her stomach with her left hands before addressing the obelisk. Her children continued to move around within her.

"How do I rebirth your species? When do I turn back?"

A longer flicker. *'Question is flawed. The Blessing is permanent.'*

You could have heard a pin drop. Instead, Sabel's heart audibly slipped a beat.

"What do you mean permanent? What's this godsdamned blessing entail? What is it for?"

Suddenly, a series of green images made of light appears before the obelisk. A series of ships landing upon a round world that must have been theirs.

*'The Blessing/Last Hope was engineered to ensure the survival of the Veddu should the worst come to pass.'*

The image shifted, showing four-armed Veddu fleeing various cataclysm, reducing to bone, their starfaring ships breaking down.

*'Should our numbers be reduced beyond salvageable hope, the Veddu could engineer a broodmother to rebirth their population. This is a natural function of our species.'*

Sabel's eyes widened at a tall rounded figure even larger than herself, sat upon the ground and tensing as she birthed a Veddu into the world. She had no visible legs, but that was likely just an error, a result of the age of the projection.

*'However, were this impossible, and no Veddu was capable of transforming into their broodmother form, then another native species could be altered to become the Veddu broodmother, with only minimal native characteristics remaining. Such an individual would be ideally immune to the conditions that wiped out the majority of the planet's Veddu.'*

"Which I am," she marvelled. "I'm immune to the disease that killed them. We all are."

The image shifted again, to that of an elf, a dwarf, an orc, a gnome, a human. Each grew pregnant, then gained in height just as she had. The image went further, however, their forms becoming gargantuan besides their regular peers, perhaps forty feet tall in total. Their bellies were staggeringly huge, and to Sabel's horror they grew long, pale tails from the backside, which dove into the ground, rooting them to the spot, and leaving their legs to wither. From there, each figure squirmed in discomfort, pushing Veddu adult after adult, child after child from their incredibly large loins, far more than Sabel could have imagined. Destin and Gorran looked in shock too.

"Uhh, that's a lotta babies, lass," the dwarf gaped.

Destin said silent, but his worried expression said everything.

"By the Gods," Sabel said, as the image showed the ballooning giant birth legions into being. A city was constructed around her, the broodmother at its centre. With each birth, the mother reached with overly long limbs to retrieve their newest infant, and place them at one of her tremendous breasts.

*'The broodmother will reconstitute our race from the ashes. She will swell with children, drawing water and energy from the soil to gestate them in the thousands.'*

"Did it just say thousands?" Destin asked.

*'The broodmother will serve as the centrepiece of the new Veddu civilisation for potentially three to four hundred years, allowing the population to stabilise. She will choose a consort to serve as her continual mate, allowing for her womb to be perpetually re-seeded for further impregnation.'*

An image of a small blue Veddu approaching the giantess' immense opening. Destin coughed, and her antennae picked up a growing fear for his own self. It wasn't a mystery to either of them who she had accidentally picked to be this 'consort.'

*'That is the role of the Veddu Broodmother. It is a great honour, the highest of sacrifices, and the largest of blessings.'*

"I'll be saying large all right!" cried the dwarf.

Sabel rubbed her womb. Large indeed. She was apparently not even halfway there. She didn't want to become a monster, or some immobile alien birthing machine! Every kick within her was now a warning.

"What if I don't want the Blessing? How do I . . . terminate it?"

There was a long, frightening pause.

*'It is a great honour to be selected.'*

"That wasn't what I asked! How do I undo it?"

Another pause.

"HOW!?"

She was about to smack the damn thing when it finally responded.

*'Origin. It is the source of Veddu advanced technology, the flagship of our fleet. It alone can undo this.'*

"Where is it?"

A map appeared, with a green mark indicating its location.

"Damnation," Destin spat.

Origin was back the other way, seemingly on the other side of the Outland Wastes.

*'I would caution against it. You are our last, best hope for a future.'*

"Quiet," she snapped. "I wanted to atone, not become this - this *monster*. I'm undoing this. I'm sorry, but I can't go through with it."

*'Then our people are truly gone.'*

The device stopped glowing, its magics and technological brilliance dying away, leaving them in darkness. Sabel's heart beat in her chest, loud enough to create a tense rhythm in the immense chamber. She coughed, trying to process what she'd just heard and seen, the notion of what she was becoming and the full extent of what she was pregnant with still being processed in her mind.

"Are you alright?" Destin asked. He placed a hand on her calf, but she pulled her away.

"Give her some time, mate, give her some time."

"A broodmother? I'm turning into some kind of godsdamned *broodmare*?"

She cradled her belly with all four arms, looking at it no longer with a sense of wonder, but simply abject horror.

"We've got to stop this. I'm not ending up like that," she said. "We're going back to the Wastes. We're going to reach the Signal."

Suddenly, there was a commotion outside, and a series of shouts.

"Someone's here! There are drag marks! They're trying to take the salvage!"

The dwarves were coming.

**To Be Continued . . .**