

The stone corridor exhaled heat like a slumbering beast, stale and ancient. Sweat clung to Ayla's dusky skin, but her breathing remained steady, her strides unbroken. With a flick of her wrist, she snapped her collapsible pole into place and tapped it lightly across the floor ahead, always searching, always ten steps ahead. A dart trap lay disabled behind her, the pressure plate was cleverly marked with chalk dust resting harmlessly beneath a discarded coin. Her gloved fingers bore tiny smudges of oil and clay.

Ayla moved like a dancer practiced in partnering with death, each step informed by experience, instinct, and a lifetime of near misses. She didn't just survive ancient ruins, she dominated them. From cursed tombs in the Grunda Teeth to the sunken shrines off Sirona's Reef, she had earned her reputation as a ghost among thieves, a whisper on the lips of fortune-hunters.

All of Ayla's exploits had led her to this moment. The corridor widened, revealing a vaulted chamber whose air shimmered with oppressive stillness. Pillars carved from black stone rose like sentinels, their surfaces worn smooth by centuries. At the heart of the room, on a dais etched with gold-leaf veins, sat the Idol of Teozocoatl, a squat, heavy thing shaped like a coiled serpent devouring its own tail. Its eyes, two glimmering orbs of ruby surrounded by burnished gold, seemed to follow her approach.

"Endless treasure for the one who dares claim it."

That was what the legends said. Some called the idol cursed, others the vessel of an old, forgotten god. Whatever it was, it would soon be Ayla's.

Ayla ran a hand along the curve of her hip, feeling the reassuring weight of her satchel and its carefully packed tools. No need for explosives or fancy tricks this time. She had already disarmed any remaining links in the dangerous chain of traps that surrounded the chamber and its entrance. Some of the pressure sensors had been tripped long ago, by someone less skilled, whose desiccated skeleton now lay in the previous hallway, still frozen in a death-crawl. The floor was clear.

No, this time, it was simple. All Ayla had to do was *reach out*. Once the relic was in hand, she would be set for life.

That's what Ayla thought as she circled the dais, slow and scrupulous. The idol's worth could buy a mansion in every major city within the region, and still have enough to comfortably live out the rest of her days. She imagined walking into an auction house with the relic, carefully cradling it in her arms, as if it were an object of divine worship. Buyers were scrambling over each other with frantic bids, expectations running wild at the promise of "endless treasure."

Ayla would let them believe it could summon gold, create jewels, spit out fortunes with the right ritual. She chuckled. Only the biggest spender would ever know the truth.

Examining the serpent's coiled surface, Ayla's fingers cautiously hovered over it. The metal gave off a strange warmth, *unnaturally* so. It thrummed beneath her glove, like something alive, *watching*. Something wasn't right, her instincts screamed at her to leave it be, but the thought of wealth beyond her wildest dreams was louder.

For a moment, she hesitated, still fighting between two trains of thought. She had come too far, been through too much to turn away now. All she needed was one final breath before the big leap. She touched it.

A spark passed through Ayla, quick and sharp, like cold lightning. Her breath hitched. The idol didn't glow, didn't shudder or chant. There was no blinding light or riddle whispered from the walls, but something *shifted*.

Deep inside Ayla's abdomen, a strange heat flickered, low, pulsing, and wetly warm. She blinked, a hand dropping to her belly, almost on its own. The feeling was brief, just a soft throb beneath her navel, not pain but not quite pleasure either, but it stirred something, like a seed pressing against soil.

Ayla shook her head. Jet lag, adrenaline, maybe the heat, that's what she told herself, trying to rationalize the sudden sensation. Still, the feeling lingered, humming low in her gut, like the start of a hunger that had been growing for years.

Shrugging it off, Ayla hoisted the idol with both hands. It was heavy, solid, but manageable. She smirked, her thoughts already racing toward the payout, the wine, the sex, the smug glow of outwitting death once again. She never noticed the faint gold sheen that traced her lower belly, like sunlight through flesh, before it vanished.

— * * * —

The jungle hadn't grown any quieter in Ayla's absence. Birds screeched in a fevered, cadent language above the trees. Branches swayed with humid life, thick vines curling like watchful serpents. The path Ayla had carved through the underbrush on her way in was still visible, just enough to follow back to camp without stopping. She moved quickly, slipping through the foliage with the confidence of someone who survived where *no one else ever had*.

The Idol of Teozocoatl rested inside Ayla's pack, heavily wrapped in silk. It still gave off that faint, perplexing warmth, heat that seeped through the canvas and pressed against her lower back like a lover's hand. At the moment, she didn't care. She was already busy crafting her story.

"It was pure luck," Ayla would tell one buyer, hamming it up. "Took a wrong turn, found the temple."

“Hired a team. I’m the only one who made it out alive...” she would tell another, complete with a well-placed grimace and mile long stare.

For the truly rich and slightly perverse, she would spin a story with a purr, “It’s a fertility idol. Women won’t be able to keep their hands off of you. They’ll be *begging you* to breed them.”

Ayla couldn’t help but smile. She loved the lavish lies more than the tepid truth, especially when they guaranteed a more substantial payday. To her, the wealthy were always the easiest prey, their eagerness and gullibility making them perfect targets.

Still, there may have been *some truth* to the tales about the idol that carried across countless whispers. After all, the idol had done *something* to Ayla. That odd flutter in her core hadn’t gone away. In fact, it had *deepened*, like a soft pulse echoing beneath her muscles. As much as she wanted to, she could no longer ignore the pressure, vague and low, like her body was gearing up for something, making preparations.

Ayla let her hand drop again to her lower abdomen as she stepped over a mossy root. There was a faint swell there, barely noticeable. For the most part, she was lean, compact, shaped by years of climbing and crawling, narrowly avoiding death, but she could feel a fullness now, a subtle tightness under her belt. Her pants didn’t quite ride the same.

Slowing for a moment, Ayla frowned. Maybe it was bloating, or adrenaline, even nerves, but the only certainty was the unsettling warmth of her skin. To further complicate matters, her thoughts felt like they were filtered through a thick, humid fog. Her thighs were slick with sweat, pulse just a bit too fast. Her breath hitched at random moments, like her body was misfiring on pleasure responses.

Ayla was no stranger to arousal, but to feel it while on the job was a strange new heat. Usually she just wanted a drink, a nap, or something rough and fast to burn the adrenaline off. This felt different, deeper, *hungrier*. She exhaled hard and kept walking.

As Ayla descended the last ridge toward her hidden camp, she glanced at the twin peaks in the distance, Mount Ysira, the “Gates of Gold.” She had scaled those cliffs during a storm once to retrieve a relic carved from living bone. The client had stiffed her, so she torched his yacht, but not before stealing as many valuables off of it as she could carry. Such memories brought a fond smile to her face.

This idol job? *Too easy*. No broken bones, no ghostly whispers, not even any puzzles with trick questions. Yet Ayla’s stomach gave a low, insistent gurgle, followed by a throbbing, liquid heat that made her thighs twitch. She staggered, just briefly, enough to blink and steady herself on a tree.

“*Fuck...*” Ayla muttered.

Ayla had been slick between her legs for the last half hour, her belly visibly pushing out. Not fat, not food, but something else, rounder, firmer. Her pack belt was getting tight, pinching along the sides. Still, she pressed on.

By the time Ayla reached camp, the sun was dipping below the canopy, drenching everything in orange light. The tent, hammock, portable cooktop, still untouched. Her field journal lay open where she had left it, the last note scrawled in her looping script. *"If I die in there, bury me with booze, so that I may enjoy a good drink in the afterlife."*

A laugh caught in Ayla's throat, but it faded quickly as another ripple of pressure rolled through her. Lower this time, heavier. She leaned against a tree and pulled her belt open with a grunt, her tank top riding up to reveal her stomach. There was a sizable swell, not indulgent, more like a woman a few months into pregnancy. Tight, firm, *hot*.

Ayla swallowed hard. The weight didn't feel bad. In fact, it felt kind of good. *Too good*.

Biting her lip, Ayla felt a slow wave of pleasure roll through her pelvis like thick, golden syrup. Her skin flushed, nipples hardening beneath her top. She shivered as the sensation faded nearly as swift as it came, yet it didn't leave her entirely. Something was starting, regardless of whether she tried to ignore it.

Around the same time that the fire had taken, Ayla had shed most of her gear. Her boots lay in a pile near the hammock, mud-caked and still warm. Her gloves had been stripped off with a distracted toss. She sat cross-legged on the tarp laid over dry jungle ground, wearing just her snug tank top, now sweat-damp and clinging, and the loosened cargo pants she had reluctantly unfastened halfway through setting up her cooking pot.

Ayla stared down at her belly as she stirred a pot of beans and dried meat. The swelling had settled into something surreal, a high, firm dome rising beneath her shirt, pressing out just enough to mimic a woman more than halfway through her pregnancy. There was no sucking it in, no hiding it anymore.

Annoyed, Ayla blew a strand of hair from her face and reached for her journal. The battered leather cover cracked as she flipped it open. She scratched a new entry onto the page with deliberate strokes.

Day 3

Made it to the idol with little resistance. It was a clean extraction, no active defenses in the main chamber. There was a moment, when I touched it, where I felt a jolt. Not gonna lie, I've been feeling a little strange since. There's been this fullness, this warmth, that I just can't seem to shake. To make matters worse, I look like I've been knocked up! Not sure if it's related to the idol, but I can't think of any other explanation.

Ayla paused, chewing on the end of her pen. Her belly gave a tiny throb. The prickling made her thighs squeeze together unconsciously, as she shifted in place, crossing and uncrossing her legs. The heat between them refused to fade completely, coming and going at random intervals, as if an invisible force was teasing her. If anything, it *deepened* every time she tried to ignore it.

With a heavy sigh, she jotted again.

Not sure how I'm going to explain this when I get home. On the bright side, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and *damn* I look hot pregnant.

Ayla set the journal aside and picked up her food. The beans were slightly overcooked, but they were hot and salty, exactly what she needed. She took slow bites, watching the fire crackle. Her mind was already working, still plotting out the best method to sell the idol, while also processing the strange sensations winding through her body. Although one would think that Ayla would be absolutely terrified by what was happening to her, she had encountered curses before.

Once, in a temple engulfed within multiple converging sandstorms, Ayla had been temporarily bewitched by an enchantment that made her hallucinate mirror versions of herself. She solved that by smashing the altar with a nearby warhammer.

Another time, Ayla had picked up a sapphire pendant that made her hear men's thoughts, no matter how crude. That lasted three days. She didn't *hate* that one, given that it made things easier for her to hook up with random guys around that time, but she also had to put up with the absolute filth that some of their minds would come up with. This curse, however, was deeper, much more *invasive*.

Ayla ran her fingers gently over the swell of her stomach. It was warm, tense. Not painful, just *there*. She lifted her shirt a little higher and examined it under firelight. Her skin was smooth, no discoloration, just rounder, *heavier*.

Standing up to stretch, Ayla's back popped. Her hips ached in that familiar way of hauling gear all day, but underneath that, something else *pulsed*, like gravity had shifted beneath her pelvis. She huffed, her pants had definitely grown too tight. The waistband dug into her hips, prompting her to undo them, completely folding the flaps down, exposing more of her lower belly to the cooling night air.

— * * * —

The fire was down to embers, low and pulsing in the dark. Ayla lay on her back atop her bedroll, half-naked under the open sky. Her tank top was bunched beneath her breasts, her cargo pants peeled down past her knees. Her skin was glistening with a sheen of sweat, glowing faintly amber in the firelight. Every breath she took pulled taut against her swollen belly, full and round like she was 7 months pregnant with something *hot and heavy*.

There was no fear in Ayla's eyes, just wonder, confusion, and now *need*. Watching her burgeoning belly over the past few hours had turned her on in a way she never expected. She fought hard not to fondle and finger herself, but it was a losing battle against wave after wave of arousal that was becoming too overwhelming to ignore.

Ayla's fingers slid slowly along the curve of her abdomen, tracing the tight, stretched skin. It was smoother than usual, *sensitive*. Just a light graze sent a tingle between her thighs. She shivered and arched her hips slightly, the movement drawing a slow, lazy moan from her lips.

"Mmmmmm... yeeeeesssss..."

The pressure inside Ayla was impossible to ignore. Centered low, deep behind her navel, weighty and thick, like something solid and divine was pressing outward, insisting on being released. Her body didn't feel like hers, it felt like something *more*, like she was becoming a vessel, sculpted not by nature but by lust and ancient magic.

Ayla ran both hands up from her hips, thumbs dragging just below the mound of her belly. The shape drifted faintly under her touch, not alive, but undeniably real. She was full of *something*. The feeling of heaviness pressed down against her womb, her walls stretched wide around it. As much as she hated to admit it, the process felt *incredible*.

Every pulse, every minor adjustment of pressure brought with it a wave of warm, molten pleasure. Not sharp or urgent, but *indulgent*. So much that Ayla bit her lip and let one hand drift lower, teasing her inner thighs with light strokes. She was *soaked*, obscenely slick, and the simple glide of her fingers through her folds sent a lightning bolt through her spine, back arching again.

"Why am I so goddamn *horny*..." Ayla whispered to herself, eyes fluttering shut. "Aaaaahhh... Whoever came up with this curse was a *pervert*..."

Ayla circled her clit slowly, drawing out the thrum building behind her belly. The pressure responded, causing her body to throb. Her belly shook, just slightly, as if whatever was inside had shifted *downward*. She gasped.

Fingers working faster now, Ayla's hunger grew behind her breath. She pressed the heel of one palm just beneath her navel, applying light pressure, and felt something round push *back*.

"Oh, *god*..." Ayla cried out, losing herself to the spreading euphoria, curling two fingers deeper into herself, before thrusting wildly.

That did it. Ayla's body clenched, her thighs quivering. The heat in her belly *exploded*, her orgasm gripped her tightly like a lost lover, refusing to let her go. She moaned, hips bucking up against her own hand, muscles clenching around her fingers and the weight inside her. The climax was intense, raw, and *unapologetically good*.

To Ayla's surprise, she didn't come down. The pleasure spiked again, *harder*, as her belly rippled with movement. Her womb *contracted* with a great deal of force, pushing the swell lower. She sat up with a grunt, bracing herself on her elbows, legs spreading wide in preparation. *Something* within her was moving.

Ayla's breathing became ragged. Her core tightened again, then again, each wave of pleasure heavier, more desperate. Her pussy throbbed with urgency, fluttering wide open around a force she couldn't control. With every spasm, her belly tensed, whatever was inside of her working its way through. Thankfully there was no pain, just stretching, pressure, hot slick fullness, as it finally gave way.

"Oooohhhh... shit... oh *fuck*... what is..." It was difficult for Ayla to speak in complete sentences, overwhelmed by the salacious stimulation, mind racing.

Another pulse, heavier, lower. It felt like gravity had turned sideways inside her womb, something solid and round descended through her with excruciating inevitability. Ayla sat upright with a gasp, both hands clutching her belly. Her skin moved beneath her palms.

A smooth, unmistakable bulge pushed forward from deep within, angling toward Ayla's pelvis. She could feel her insides stretching, parting to accommodate it. The heat she had mistaken for arousal before was now a *burning need* that reached from her core to her sex. Her breath broke into stuttered moans.

Ayla's legs spread as wide as she could, as instinct took over, hips rolling forward, seeking relief, seeking *release*. Then she felt it, the tip of a round object pressing against her from the inside. It was solid, heavy, *relentless*.

In response to the object's advance, Ayla's pussy clenched. The sensation was *incredible*, too much for her to stand. Her body trembled as she bore down, her thighs flexing outward. The object didn't move easily, it stretched her inch by inch, the pressure catching on her trembling walls, rubbing places no lover ever could.

"God... *fuck*... I can't..." A sobbing moan escaped Ayla's lips as her fingers gripped her thighs. Every muscle below her waist was locked in an instinctual rhythm of tense, spread, push. Her body obeyed without conscious thought. The object moved again, just a little, and she screamed in pleasure as her walls stretched wide around the solid girth of it.

There was no friction, Ayla was soaked. Wetness spilled from her pussy in glistening streams, dripping down, pooling beneath her. Her clit throbbed like a second heartbeat. Her whole body ached for it, *begging* to finish, to release, to pass whatever bounty her body had created.

Ayla's belly rippled again. Another contraction surged through her, powerful, full-body, and with a loud, wet *pop*, the object finally crowned, spreading her open around its hard curve.

“AAAAAHHHHHH... fuck... yes... YEEEEESSS!!!” Ayla came again. Not like before, not from her touch, her tease. This was a complete release of her whole body, her very essence, the orgasm of a body doing something it was never meant to do, and *loving it*.

Muscles spasming, Ayla’s pussy clamped and pushed as the first object slid out of her, shining with slick and heat, landing heavily in the towel between her legs with a soft *thud*. She struggled to breath, already exhausted from her efforts. Shifting slightly to see what the mysterious object was that she passed, she was shocked to see a large, golden egg.

There was little time to process how or why Ayla pushed out the treasure as a second egg had already moved into position. Her body was already repeating the process, enveloped in heat. Hips rocking, back arched, her sweat-slick thighs spread wide once again as the next egg pressed down hard inside her, even bigger than the first.

Ayla wailed as it stretched her, fingers gripping her ankles now, spread lewdly apart as her sex pulsed open again. Wetness coated everything. She could hear herself, hear the obscene squelch of her body trying to push another golden relic from her aching core.

The experience felt even more exhilarating than the first. Ayla was moaning constantly, practically lost in the pleasure. “So *fucking good*... *Mmmmmmm*... why does it feel... *Haaaaaaah*... *so fucking good?*”

Another orgasm tore through Ayla as the second egg began to crown, and this one had her *screaming*, legs kicking uselessly in the air as she squirmed and squirted around the solid mass. The egg slid free in a thick gush of her essence, thudding into the pile beside the first. Her body bucked, her clit pulsing, her mind flashing blank.

There was no pause, the third egg already making its descent. The pressure was smaller now, but sharper, faster. It came quickly, Ayla’s overstimulated pussy stretched open again before she could beg for mercy. Her breath hitched once and she collapsed backward, the third egg dropping from her with a long, messy slip, coating her thighs in slick, reflecting the gold of her new bounty.

Ayla lay there, panting, twitching, her pussy shuttering uselessly around the emptiness now left behind. Her belly lost some of its swell, but her need hadn’t subsided, not fully. The three golden eggs were still warm from her body, perfect, glinting in the moonlight. As for her body, it wanted *more*.

Sprawled on her back, Ayla’s limbs were limp across the crumpled bedroll, one leg bent awkwardly to the side, the other draped over a bundle of cloth. Her skin shined in the moonlight, slick with sweat and her juices, traces of the fire’s dying glow flickering over her flesh. Her breathing had slowed to something shallow and unsteady. Beneath the hem of her bunched-up

tank top, her chest rose and fell, each inhale rattling through lips still parted from gasps that had yet to fade.

Ayla was still wet, still sore. She was still *open*, slightly, the memory of the eggs still echoing in her folds. She couldn't move, at least not yet.

Everything in Ayla's core felt *emptied*, but in the hollow sense, not pain or loss. She felt *wrung out*. Like something molten and ancient had passed through her, taken a piece of her, and left behind a glowing center of pleasure where fear should have lived.

Ayla gave a shaky laugh that almost sounded like a sob. The towel between her legs was soaked, slick with warm gold-streaked fluid and glistening trails of her release. Three eggs rested in its folds like offerings at an altar, heavy, radiating with faint warmth, like her body had imprinted on them.

Eventually, Ayla sat up with a groan, muscles sore and weak. Her belly had already reduced in size, still soft, still curved from what she previously carried, but no longer pregnant with treasure. She touched it gently, half-expecting another swell to push back.

Ayla's thighs trembled as she shifted onto her knees and leaned forward. Her fingers hovered over the eggs. They weren't large, roughly goose-sized, smooth, but the color was deep, dense gold, flawless, richer than any metal she had ever handled. There were no carvings, no inscriptions, just pure gold, warm and slick from her body.

Curious, Ayla picked one of the eggs up, heavy, solid, *real*. Her fingers trembled, breath caught in her throat, as she turned it in her hand. It was perfectly shaped, unblemished, the kind of thing that should belong in a myth, yet it had come from her. She laid this, moaned it out, screamed it free. Her pussy had spread around this solid mass, welcomed it, pleased itself with the golden egg's passing.

The experience felt good, *too good*, almost addictive. Ayla set the gold down and cradled her belly again, fingers brushing across her lower abs. She could still feel a faint hum, not from the eggs, but from herself. Her core felt *primed*, as though this wasn't the end, just an intermission.

Ayla exhaled, the sound came out breathless. She should have been horrified, disgusted even, but instead, her thighs pressed together again, reflexively, and her clit gave the smallest, traitorous throb.

"...Shit," Ayla whispered. The worst part? She *wanted* it to happen again. After all, it brought forth unimaginable wealth *and* pleasure at the same time. It was everything she ever wanted in life.

The jungle mist hung low over camp, painting treetops in soft veils of silver. Birds had resumed their calls, shrill, rhythmic bursts that wove between the trees like warning. Ayla ignored them,

sat near the dying fire, freshly washed in the nearby stream, her dark hair tied up in a damp knot. A thin shirt hung loose from her shoulders, and a soft wrap clung to her hips.

Ayla had dressed carefully, deliberately, aware of the soreness still whispering through her thighs. She should've been exhausted. Instead, she was restless, focused, buzzing beneath her skin.

The satellite dish unfolded with a satisfying *click*, its arm stretching skyward like a flower reaching for the sun. Ayla crouched beside it, fingers dancing over the controls with practiced ease. A green light blinked to life, then stabilized. The unit hummed, low and steady, as it caught the signal.

Ayla grabbed her phone from the hammock's edge and waited for the bars to rise, then a flicker of satellite-link 4G. "Let's see if you're still up, Tali..." she hummed to herself, clutching her phone in quiet contemplation. She needed answers, and Natalya was her best bet.

Angling the eggs on her folded towel, Ayla was careful to catch just the right light. She snapped a few photos, close-ups of the surface, a size comparison with some local fruit, and a final picture of all three in her lap, towel bunched between her legs, thighs visible. The last photo may have been a little indulgent, but it was honest. Then she opened her message app and typed.

[Photos Attached: 3]

Ayla:

I found it. Idol of Teozocoatl. It's real, but you'll *never* guess what it *really* does!

I brought it back to camp. Everything seemed fine. Then things got weird. *Really* weird.

I laid these. Yes. *Laid*. Three of them. Solid gold. No marks or anything.

I'm not hurt. There's no damage. Just... sore. It felt... good. Maybe a little *too* good.

I need your brilliant mind on this. Tell me what I missed. Am I stuck doing this forever?

I trust you more than anyone. Please don't freak out!

Ayla stared at the screen for a long moment after hitting *Send*. The text bubble slid upward, *Delivered*. She sat back with a sigh and let her head tilt toward the canopy above. Her pulse had kicked up again, maybe from sending the message. It could also have been from the faint flutter that had just stirred low in her belly, again.

Treasure hunting wasn't always Ayla's calling, at least not in the way that got museum contracts or recognition from real scholars. For a long time, she had been a thief, and a *damn good one* at

that. Fast, elusive, always gone before anyone realized what was missing. Then she met Natalya.

Natalya was a conservator, a historian, and a lover of relics. She had eyes that saw through lies and a voice that made Ayla's ego shrink and expand in equal measure. They clashed at first, over a stolen ceremonial mask that Ayla had lifted from a black-market collector. Natalya had tracked her across two countries, cornered her in a dive bar, and instead of turning her in, offered her a *choice*.

Ayla could either work for Natalya, work *with* her, or rot away in some unnamed prison, where Ayla's talents would waste away along with her. Natalya offered legitimate contracts, dangerous digs, a cleaner conscience, and most importantly, *more money*. Ayla said yes, not just because it was smart, but because Natalya was the first person to look at her like she mattered, like she was worth saving.

Over the years Ayla and Natalya became close, more than just business partners, but neither were able to admit their feelings. There had been nights, long ones, sharing maps under candlelight, or huddling together in collapsed temples to wait out storms, when something *almost* happened. A glance too long, touch too deliberate, a silence that *throbbed*, but it never crossed the line. Maybe it would have, if Ayla hadn't been so sure she would ruin it.

So now, Ayla sent Natalya golden eggs with shaky hands and hoped it wasn't the stupidest thing she'd ever done. The waiting was the worst part, a million different responses playing out in her head. She paced the edge of her camp, boots crunching leaves, fingers itching with restless energy. She had checked the eggs more than once, not that they had changed, but just to be sure. Her belly remained soft, but there was no new pressure, no new contractions.

Ayla knew it was only a matter of time. She could *feel* it like a whisper beneath her navel. A golden hum just waiting for permission. The ping of her phone cut through the silence. She snatched it up faster than she would ever admit.

Nat:

I'm glad you're safe. You always manage to come out of these things in one piece, but *damn*, Ayla. You're telling me you *laid* those?

This isn't some kind of prank? You're not messing with me, right? Because if you are, I will fly down there myself just to kick your ass!

If it's *truly* real, and I know you too well to think it's not, then you've discovered what was really meant when it was said that "*Endless treasure for the one who dares claim it.*"

This actually reminds me of the fable of the golden goose. Wonder if the idol inspired it...

Ayla snorted mid-scroll, unable to stop the grin from breaking her face.

Ayla:

You did *not* just compare me to a goose.

Nat:

I absolutely did. You both have a lot in common, when you think about it. As for the idol, Most scholars assumed the legend meant alchemy. You just proved it meant *golden eggs*. *Your* eggs.

You sure you're okay? *Truly?* No pain? No permanent swelling?

Also, how did it *feel?*

Ayla hesitated, then smirked as she typed.

Ayla:

Like being stretched open and milked by a god.

It was hot, messy, *loud*. I'm still sore. I've *never* come so hard in my *entire life*. You should have been there...

There was a pause, and then.

Nat:

...*Fuck*

Don't type things like that when I'm in a public cafe. I almost dropped my tea!

Some poor bastard next to me just asked if I was okay. I'm *NOT*.

Ayla barked out a laugh and clutched her stomach. Her eyes stung suddenly, and she wasn't sure if it was from the laughter or the warmth creeping up her spine at the familiar teasing. It had always been like this with Natalya, easy, effortless, with a dash of tension in the best way.

If Ayla closed her eyes, she could imagine Natalya on the other end of the line, brown hair pulled into a loose bun, glasses sliding down her nose, sharp green eyes glowing with focus and maybe something else, something she never quite let Ayla catch.

Ayla:

You're not freaking out? Really?

Nat:

Oh, I'm freaking out. But this is *you*, Ayla.

You survived Varnok's Tomb. You stole an airship. You sweet-talked a mercenary into letting you free and turning on her team.

If anyone can handle turning into a living fable, it's you, Goose.

Besides, I'm already booking a flight.

Ayla's heart stopped.

Ayla:

Wait, what?

You're coming here?

Nat:

No, you're coming to *me*. I booked you a return flight and then we can head to my lab.

I want you somewhere safe, where I have my equipment and whatever additional resources we might need.

...And maybe someone to hold your hand if the next eggs show up early.

We're going to figure this out, *together*.

Promise me you'll come?

Ayla swallowed hard. There it was again, that *voice*, in a sense. The one that made her want to be more than a thief. The one that made her feel *seen*. She stared at the screen, then typed slowly.

Ayla:

Okay.

But if you keep calling me "Goose" I'm going to lay one in your lap, out of spite!

Nat:

Don't threaten me with a good time...

Now hurry up, you ridiculous, radiant disaster. I miss you.

Ayla set the phone down, heart pounding. This time, when her hand drifted to her stomach and felt the faintest stir of warmth to her womb, she smiled.

— * * * —

The fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, cold and bright. Ayla was stepping quickly toward bag check, her duffel slung over one shoulder, dark sunglasses perched on her nose, a ball cap pulled low to shade her face. Her flight to Natalya would begin boarding soon, and for once in her chaotic life, she actually felt *ready*. Ready to see Natalya, ready to figure this out, and ready to stop pretending she had any real control over this golden addition blooming inside of her.

Ayla's phone buzzed in her pocket.

Nat:

Don't you dare fall asleep and miss the plane, Goose.

A smirk curled across Ayla's lips, but not before the first pulse hit. A warm, wet pressure deep inside, *stronger* than last time. Not a tease or slow bloom, it was a *command*. Her eyes widened.

"Not here," Ayla whimpered, already reaching for her belly. Her fingers met firm, taut skin, already swollen and expanding, *rapidly*. Within seconds, her abdomen had pushed forward, tightening beneath her shirt, round, bulging, *hugely full*. A couple of passing travelers slowed, their eyes flicking toward her middle.

Someone whispered, while another pointed. *Pregnant*, they assumed, *overdue*, but Ayla bore no child. She felt gold, *so much gold*.

Ayla stumbled forward, biting her lip nearly hard enough to draw blood, trying to mask the moan that threatened to escape. Her thighs pressed together as she fought against the deep, throbbing, fullness. Every step made her belly jiggle gently, weight shifting inside her, sloshing thick and heavy. Her nipples strained beneath her bra. The ever-increasing pleasure left her sex already slick.

As Ayla changed direction, her knees buckled, forcing her into a *waddle*, hunched slightly as she made her way toward the restrooms with short, fast, determined steps. Her duffel bounced against her hip. The stares followed.

Barely reaching the ladies' room in time, Ayla shoved through the door with a groan. Her hand gripped the wall as her belly gave a strenuous twitch, tightening like her womb was contracting already.

"Come on, come on..." Ayla pleaded, sweat already beading down her forehead.

Ayla threw herself toward the largest stall and slammed the door shut behind her. She managed to flip the lock just in time before the surge in pressure dropped her to her knees with a ragged gasp. The first egg was *moving*. She quickly shifted her position, placing her back against the wall, as she tugged her pants and soaked panties down frantically. Ayla's belly jutted out past

her thighs now, full, firm, and so sensitive it made her moan as the waistband passed over her curve, shaking, groaning.

Ayla's pussy clenched hard as the pressure inside her magnified. Her knees spread wide. She threw her head back against the wall with a *thud*, as her body spasmed.

One hand fumbled in Ayla's bag. She yanked out the travel towel she had *thankfully* packed on instinct that morning and shoved it between her legs as the first egg began to crown. It was already pushing through, wide, heavy, hot.

Ayla's pussy was stretched open, spasming around the smooth, golden curve that demanded release. Her lower abdomen contracted, muscles seizing around the solid weight inside her. She moaned again, this time unrestrained, deep and desperate, but unmistakably from overwhelming pleasure. It echoed off the walls. A wet, obscene sound.

"Oh... *fuck... fu... it's coming...*" Ayla whined, referring to the egg *and* coil winding tighter in her core.

A voice called out from outside the stall. "M'am? Are you okay? Do you need... do you need an ambulance?"

Ayla gasped between her fingers, grinding her back harder into the wall as her sex *clenched*, reflexive, involuntary, grinding down on the egg now halfway out of her. She could feel it *throb* with every contraction, every slick twitch of her walls as they milked the gold from her.

"I-I'm fine," Ayla managed, voice strangled, almost breathless. "I'm... *aaahhh... GOD... I'm fine!*"

The woman outside hesitated. "Are you sure? I... I hear..."

"*LEAVE!*" Ayla moaned through gritted teeth, body seizing. "Please... just... I just need... a minute!"

Silence followed. The woman's footsteps retreated slowly, but Ayla was no longer focused on anything beyond what was happening between her thighs. The golden egg was thick, hot, stretching her *wide*. It slipped through with a long, *slow* release, her pussy spasming around the hard curve as it slid over her slick folds.

The pressure was *incredible*, beyond words. The feeling was so deep, so consuming, that it hit nerves Ayla never knew existed. Her toes curled in her boots, as her mouth fell open.

"*Oohhhhh.... Mmmmmmm... FUUUUCCCK!*"

POP

The egg fell to the towel with a wet *thud*, heavy and perfect, gilded in her essence. She didn't even have time to catch her breath. Her belly was still swollen, still high, still tight.

It was jarring how fast the second egg moved into position. A new wave of pressure *slammed* into Ayla, this time *harder*, her womb convulsing with hunger, her pussy already fluttering in anticipation. Her body *welcomed* the stretch now, as her clit throbbed like it wanted to join the party.

"Yes! Yes, give it to me... *Haaaahhhh... more... Nnnnggghhh...*" Ayla's hips bucked off the tile. Her heels skidded against the floor.

Ayla grabbed the back of her knees, pulling her legs up wider, as if her body had fully surrendered to its new purpose. Her pussy opened again, soaking the towel, the golden head of the second egg pressing through. The orgasm that took her halfway through was hard, *explosive*. She came with the egg still inside, clenching around it so tight she thought she'd break. She sobbed through the wave, her thighs shaking, arms trembling.

The egg shoved free in a wet rush, landing gently within the soaked embrace of the towel beneath Ayla. She collapsed for a moment, panting, twitching, but still not empty. With barely a moment to breathe, she felt the next egg's journey, slower than the last. The swell wasn't as large, but it was *deeper*, lodged low in her pelvis, pushing against her with a dull, delicious pressure. Her womb felt stretched and warm, every inch of her alive with need.

Ayla's eyes fluttered shut. Her fingers found her clit and circled it in slow, lazy strokes as she bore down again. She moaned louder, no longer caring who heard her. Others may even *recognize* the sound, but the potential shame only made her *wetter*. She *wanted* to be *seen*.

A growing part of Ayla wanted someone to walk in and know what she was doing. She wanted to be caught laying gold. To be regarded as a living myth, a horny, treasure-bearing vessel of pure bliss and mystery.

The egg crowned once more, Ayla's pussy drooling slick at this point, while her hand furiously worked herself. She screamed through clenched teeth. "*Nnnnggghhhh... Yes! YES! Fuck... please don't stop... Haaaaaaahhh!*"

With a soft splash and heavy *thud*, the golden egg dropped. The towel steamed from the heat that the egg absorbed from Ayla. She collapsed backward, legs splayed, arms limp at her sides, chest heaving. She couldn't even feel her thighs.

Three more. Ayla counted, bringing the total number of eggs to six now. She laughed, wild and breathless. "Natalya's going to kill me..."

The bathroom was quiet again. No voices outside, no footsteps, just the slow hiss of the faucet and Ayla's labored breath, as she stared at herself in the mirror, sweaty and flushed. She

dabbed a damp paper towel across her inner thighs, wiping away the last trailers of her essence. Her panties clung to her still-twitching folds. Her skin shone faintly under the cold fluorescent lights, with a radiant, postpartum glow.

While wiping the sweat from her brow, Ayla paused. Her body was different. Not radically enough for the average stranger to tell, but she noticed. There was *more* of her.

Ayla's breasts were fuller beneath her bra. They were heavier, rounder, with a slight jiggle as she shifted to lift them under her arms. Her nipples pressed more prominently against the fabric, darkened slightly.

Traveling lower, Ayla's hips were softer, her thighs subtly thicker. Not bloated or swollen, just *richer*. It was as though the gold hadn't passed through her, but *left something behind*.

Although Ayla's belly was no longer filled with eggs, it wasn't flat either. A small swell remained, gentle, maternal, like early pregnancy. Enough to give her a curve that made her linger on her own reflection longer than usual. She touched the side of her stomach, smoothing her palm downward, following the new line of her hip.

"...not bad," Ayla murmured. Her voice was husky, thick with spent pleasure.

Ayla turned a little, admiring her rounder ass, the way it filled out her pants when she bent to redress. Her body looked like a woman in her second trimester, glowing, fertile, and desirable. The kind of body artists painted of goddesses that mortals could only dream of.

The thought plastered a smile on Ayla's face. She was loving every moment of it. Not just because it was erotic, though it was, but because of what it *meant*. She was changing, becoming something *new*, something just short of *divine*.

After a final deep breath, Ayla bent to collect her eggs. She wrapped each one individually in cloth from her pack, then bundled them together in a thick towel, placing the cluster deep beneath the rest of the duffel's contents. The weight was noticeable, but her body barely flinched carrying it. She had already borne them once.

— * * * —

Security was a blur of crowds and fluorescent glare. Ayla kept her hat low and her stride steady. Her damp shirt hugged her new curves, her bra squeezing just a little too tight around her swollen chest.

Ayla set her duffel on the conveyor belt. The guard eyed the x-ray, paused, followed by a curious lift of his brow. "Ma'am," he said, a hint of curiosity clinging to his words. "Are you carrying raw gold?"

With a tired smile, Ayla already anticipated the bureaucratic dance. “Yeah. Personal finds. Transporting for private, academic appraisal.”

The guard leaned in slightly. “You *can* bring it, but I’m obligated to inform you that you’ll need to pay import tax upon arrival. Declaration form’s online. The weight will be logged.”

Ayla’s expression didn’t change. She slid her passport across the counter. “Sure. I’ll file it. Just don’t make me *lay it out* for you.”

The guard blinked, confused.

Chuckling at her own joke, Ayla winked.

Clearing his throat, the guard waved Ayla on. “You’re... good to go.”

Ayla slung the duffel over her shoulder, her hips swaying more than they used to, her full thighs rubbing with a satisfying friction. People turned to look, some with curiosity, others with confusion, maybe attraction.

— * * * —

The automatic doors parted with a *hiss*, as Ayla stepped into the arrivals lobby of the International Airport, with a groan in her throat and tug in her lower back. Thankfully, the flight had been mercifully uneventful. No surprise contractions or additional eggs, but her thighs still ached, and her hips carried a dull soreness that throbbed with every step.

Ayla adjusted the strap of her duffel bag and glanced around, squinting against the overhead lighting. Then she saw her, Natalya, leaning against a marble support beam in a fitted blue blazer over a low-cut tank, dark jeans hugging long legs, and those same old cat-eye glasses she always fiddled with when she was nervous. Her brunette hair was swept back into a loose bun, a few strands curling out around her temple. The moment she spotted Ayla, Natalya’s face lit up.

“You made it!” Natalya broke into a jog, nearly losing her bag over one shoulder. Ayla didn’t realize Natalya was smiling until they collided in a tight, breathless hug. She laughed against Ayla’s neck. “God, I’ve missed you.”

Ayla and Natalya stood there for a moment, clinging like something unspoken might break if they let go too fast. Then Natalya pulled back and gave Ayla a quick once-over, her smile faltering with gently concern.

“You look... good,” Natalya said. “But tired. Pale.”

Ayla smirked. “Try pushing out half your weight in gold in a public bathroom and see how *you* feel after a red-eye flight.”

Just then, the limo driver, a sharply dressed man with pristine gloves and a discreet expression, approached and offered to take Ayla’s bag.

“Careful, it’s heavier than it looks,” Ayla warned, letting the man take it.

The driver slung the strap over his shoulder and immediately staggered a step, eyes widening as the sheer weight of it hit him.

Ayla chuckled. “Told you.”

Natalya and Ayla followed the limo driver, giggling like schoolgirls, as they made their way out of the airport. The limo that waited was sleek, quiet, and dimly lit with soft blue lighting. The windows tinted everything in cool grays as the city rolled past. Ayla sank into the plush leather seat with a contented groan, stretching her legs out as Natalya settled beside her.

“Seriously though,” Natalya pressed, reaching for the small fridge and pulling out two bottles of water, “Are you *sure* you’re okay? *Really* okay?”

Ayla took the bottle and nodded slowly. “Just a little tired, sore, and to be completely honest, *horny*, but yeah, I’m fine. I promise”

“Oh Goose, only *you* would talk about sex right after laying golden eggs in an airport bathroom.”

“I thought I told you not to call me that!” Ayla guffawed, giving Natalya a playful shove. “You didn’t see me. I was *huge*. Nine months, minimum. Waddling to the stall like some overdue single mother of a small fortune.”

Natalya sighed, content. “I’m just glad that you’re okay, more or less, and that you trusted me. You didn’t hide it, despite how embarrassing it probably was for you.”

Ayla swallowed. A beat passed. “...I didn’t want to be alone with this.”

“You’re not,” Natalya reassured Ayla, voice firmer now. “Not anymore. We’re going to figure this out. What it is. How far it goes. Whether it’s a curse, a blessing, or something in between.”

Ayla’s breath was caught in the moment. That tension bloomed again, warm and slow. This wasn’t sexual, but not entirely romantic, just *intimate*. “Thank you for always being there...”

Natalya reached across the seat, took Ayla’s hand in hers, and gave it a soft squeeze. “Always.”

The city lights outside painted soft streaks of gold across the limo's windows. Inside the atmosphere was quieter, muted luxury humming beneath Natalya and Ayla's shared silence. Natalya was close, shoulder to shoulder, their fingers still laced.

Ayla let her head rest on the cushioned leather and tilted it just enough to glance at Natalya. "You remember that temple in Sareska? The one with the gas traps?"

"You mean the one where you stole an ornate mask and got so high on ancient hallucinogens that you tried to seduce a statue?" Natalya jested softly.

"Hey! *You* didn't see her! *She* was *hot!*," Ayla asserted with a smile.

Natalya failed to hold back her laughter. "You even danced for it!"

"So? I have *hypnotizing* hips. I was using the gifts nature gave me to try and win her over." Ayla remarked with an almost infectious confidence.

Natalya laughed again, eyes warm. "You always make disasters look like they were a planned part of the adventures."

Ayla turned toward Natalya, her face softening. "Yet you always clean up after me. Make me look more professional than I really am."

"Not because I have to." Natalya shook her head.

"I know," Ayla whispered. "That's what I *love* about you." She paused for a moment, realizing what she just said, but it was too late to take it back, and a greater part of her was relieved to finally have it out in the open. Such vulnerability scared her, but Natalya made facing the fear more than worth it. Their hands tightened.

The limo sounded a slow curve. Ayla and Natalya were almost to her place now, tall hedges, warm lights, and a private garden behind thick stone walls, but neither of them were looking out the window. Their gaze locked, long and searching.

Ayla moved first, slow, gentle, closing the gap between her and Natalya. Their lips brushed, then pressed, deepening into something tender, soft but starved. Natalya sighed into Ayla's mouth, lifting her free hand to cup Ayla's jaw, pulling her closer. The kiss turned hungry, familiar, *right*.

Leaning into it, Ayla groaned as her hand slid from Natalya's hip up to her chest, caressing the curve of her breast through the fabric of her blazer. Natalya gasped, surprised, but not resisting. Her head tilted, her lips trailing downward. She kissed Ayla's neck, nibbled at the spot just below her ear.

“You’ve been teasing me for *years*,” Natalya murmured between nips. “You really think I wasn’t going to *bite back*?”

Ayla grinned, then *gasp*ed. It hit her like a wave of molten metal poured into her womb, the pressure, the pulse. Her body arched slightly in the seat as the swelling started, fast, immediate. Rounding rapidly, her belly pushed outward beneath her shirt, expanding against her waistband with a soft stretch.

“N-Natalya... *aaaahhhh*... *fuck!*” Ayla groaned through gritted teeth.

Natalya pulled back, wide-eyed. “What? What’s wrong?”

The sensation left Ayla unable to answer. She grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it up, baring her abdomen. It was swollen, gleaming. Her belly looked nearly eight months pregnant already, and still it grew, heavier, tighter, *larger*. The pressure popped her navel out slightly, as she ran her hands over the dome in disbelief, panting.

There were *more* eggs this time. She could *feel* them. Multiple solid, weighty spheres shifting and settling in her womb, stretching her with impossible fullness. She almost looked ready to burst.

Natalya stared, frozen. A whisper brushed past her lips, full of shock and awe, “My god...”

The limo lights dimmed automatically as the vehicle glided closer to the front gates, cocooning Ayla and Natalya in low, intimate warmth. Ayla moaned, slumping back against the leather seat, her belly distended beneath her shirt like a woman about to give birth to twins. Her skin was tight and flushed, thighs spread to accommodate the curve. One trembling hand rubbed her taut abdomen, while the other clutched Natalya’s sleeve.

“Oh... *god*, Nat... *Ngggggghhhh*... it’s... *they’re coming*,” Ayla whimpered, hips squirming against the seat. “So... *so many* this time... *Haaaaaaah*... I can *feel* them *pushing*.”

Natalya couldn’t look away. Her breathing was shallow, eyes flicking from Ayla’s flushed, sweat-beaded face to the rise and fall of her enormous belly. Natalya’s gaze lingered on the twitch of Ayla’s thighs, the way her soaked panties clung between her legs. The obscene curve of her sex parting slightly under the pressure made Natalya’s thighs rub together, turned on by Ayla’s predicament.

“I’ve never... Ayla, you look... *divine*.” Natalya confessed between breaths.

“Don’t you *dare* romanticize this,” Ayla snapped through a stuttered gasp, even as her back curled and her walls clamped hard. “I’m about to lay a *golden clutch* all over your leather seats.”

Natalya gave a wicked grin. “Then I’ll consider it a... *donation* to the collection.”

The first egg pushed downward *fast*. Ayla's body tensed, thighs splayed wide, hips thrusting forward instinctively. She braced one foot against the seat opposite her and the other on the limo floor. Her pussy fluttered, twitching as the egg traveled, until the pressure landed, a solid sphere stretching her open again.

"Ah! *Nnnnggghh... fuck... it's so big,*" Ayla panted, hand gripping Natalya's. "It's spreading me so... *Mmmmmm... wide!*"

Ayla's pussy lips stretched tight around the crown of the first egg, her slick dripping freely now, soaking the leather beneath her. Her head fell back, mouth open in a ragged cry as the first heavy orb slipped through her, body pulsing around it with depraved pleasure.

With a wet *plop*, it landed on the seat beside Ayla's thigh. Natalya couldn't help but stare. Her chest rose and fell, fingers shaking in her lap. "God... you're *beautiful*. Watching you... like this... I can't believe this is happening."

Ayla was too breathless to reply, but her legs didn't close. The second egg followed quickly behind the first. Her body wasn't waiting, belly contracting again. She moaned louder this time, unable to hide the full-blown euphoria behind it.

"*Mmmmm... You... you like watching your... Haaaaaah... "goose" lay her eggs, huh? Then... Nnnnggghh... enjoy the... the show, babe!*" Ayla's hips rocked against the seat, grinding instinctively as the second egg began to force her open once more. Her soaked panties clung to her inner thigh like glue.

Natalya knelt on the seat beside Ayla, eyes fixed on her slick, quivering folds, and the glint of gold just barely pushing through. Natalya's breath shook as she watched the egg stretch Ayla's walls for a second time.

"You look *so fucking good...*," Natalya purred, voice low. "Watching your pussy open like that... *you were made for this.*"

Ayla gasped, the shame and arousal crashing together in her chest like heat lightning. She couldn't look her best friend in the eye, not while she was being split wide open in front of Natalya. At the same time, Ayla didn't want Natalya to stop watching either.

With a wet squelch and a soft thud, the second egg slipped free, landing between Ayla's legs with a splash of slick. The third egg was already moving. She whined. "I... *Mmmmmmm... I can't... it's too much... I'm gonna-*"

"You don't have to do it alone," Natalya interrupted, voice wrapping around Ayla like a warm, comforting blanket. She leaned in. Natalya and Ayla's lips met again, no hesitation this time, hungry, frantic, and *needy*.

As the egg began to stretch Ayla again, Natalya reached out and massaged Ayla's breasts, cooing as she felt the heft of them, noticing the sensitivity in Ayla's nipples as a thumb grazed one. Ayla *screamed* into Natalya's mouth as the third egg slid lower, her body clenching so tight it nearly stopped, but Natalya didn't refrain from touching Ayla, and she didn't stop moaning. When the egg finally slipped free, she came with it, shuddering wildly against Natalya's hands.

Giving into the growing arousal, Natalya slipped a hand under her own waistband, fingers already working her clit as she pressed her lips to Ayla's again, fierce and passionate. Ayla was limp with bliss, belly still tight, still swollen, as her hips were already grinding again.

"Nnnngggghh... here comes... *number four*..." Ayla choked, momentarily breaking away from the kiss, slick pooling beneath her.

Natalya pulled away just long enough to make a request. "Let me watch you... Let me *feel* it..."

Ayla and Natalya's tongues tangled. Their bodies rocked together. The last egg moved slower, *heavier*. It filled Ayla deeper than the rest, a full, dense pressure that made her hips ache. She whined. "I... I *need* it... *Aaaaaahhhh*... need you... *please*..."

Natalya straddled Ayla's lap, kissed her deeply, hand slipping between Ayla's legs to feel the stretch, the slick, the trembling need of her friend's pussy. "Push for me," she whispered against Ayla's lips. "Show me how badly you *want* it."

Ayla cried out, *pushed*, as her body clenched, shaking, trembling as the egg made its final descent. Natalya kissed her hard, her hand still working herself as she rubbed Ayla's clit, driving her toward the edge. The building heat, the ecstasy that welled up within them, spilled over. Together, they *came*.

The egg slid free in a final, wet surge, Ayla's folds spasming around it, clenching hard as her orgasm exploded behind her navel. Natalya's moan joined hers, their bodies locked together in a sweaty, sticky, glorious mess. The limo pulled into Natalya's driveway in silence.

Inside, the air was thick with the scent of sex and sweat. Four eggs glistened in the dim cabin light. Ayla lay back, chest heaving, limbs limp, her skin flushed and glowing. Natalya was still atop Ayla, stroking her swollen belly, eyes wide and still burning with want.

"Next time," Natalya whispered, "you're laying them on my tongue."

Ayla could only laugh, hoarse, sated, and utterly wrecked. "God help me," she breathed, "I might let you..."

The tub was enormous, claw-footed and deep, nestled in a private alcove of Natalya's home. Candles flickered along the ledges, casting golden light across the tiled walls and the steaming water that lapped gently against smooth porcelain. Ayla sank into the bath with a long, aching sigh.

Ayla's body eased under the heat, muscles relaxing, the soreness in her thighs and belly reducing into something manageable. Her skin still bore faint impressions from the limo seat and the strain of her last laying, but she didn't mind. She felt *good*, adored.

Natalya slipped in behind Ayla, water sloshing softly as Natalya settled. Her arms wrapped around Ayla's middle from behind, drawing her lover in close until her back was pressed to Natalya's chest, Ayla's hips resting between Natalya's thighs.

"Too much?" Natalya asked softly, her lips brushing the curve of Ayla's shoulder.

Ayla hummed, tilting her head to the side to let Natalya kiss her neck. "Not even close."

For a few moments, Ayla and Natalya basked in the silence, the flicker of candlelight dancing across the water, steam rising around like a lover's embrace. Natalya ran her hands slowly along Ayla's belly, still soft, still deliciously round from the clutch she had passed.

Natalya picked up a sponge and gently washed Ayla's shoulders, slow and careful. Natalya worked down her lover's arms, over her sides, then across her stomach in steady, sensual strokes. The touch was more than cleansing, it was *worship*.

"I still can't believe I watched you do that," Natalya whispered. "That your body can... *create* that."

Ayla turned her head slightly, their cheeks brushing. "You didn't just watch, Nat, you *helped*. You touched me, kissed me, *came* with me."

Turning fully, Ayla shifted in the water until she straddled Natalya's lap, the waterline sloshing just below Ayla's breasts. Their bodies pressed together, slick and warm. Ayla's arms slid over Natalya's shoulders, fingers threading into her damp hair.

"You made me feel beautiful while I was doing something *insane*. That's a special kind of *love*." Ayla professed with a warmth that felt like home.

Natalya blushed, but didn't look away. "Because you are *beautiful*, and I love you more than you'll ever know" she whispered.

— * * * —

The bed was soft and vast, draped in dark blue linen and flanked by open windows that let in the cool night breeze. The smell of salt air mingled with candle wax and the faint, lingering sweetness of jasmine. It was Ayla's favorite scent, though she had never told Natalya that.

Ayla lay on her side, bare beneath the sheets, her hair damp from the bath and curling against her cheek. Her belly still bore the faintest curve, a ghost of what had passed through her just hours ago. She felt her thighs relax, muscles finally at ease.

Behind Ayla, Natalya's body curved to match Ayla's own, one leg hooked over her lover's, one arm draped across her waist. The warmth of Ayla's body was a salve for the soul, grounding and soft. Natalya's fingers gently caressed the swell of Ayla's hip.

Ayla broke the silence first, voice soft against the pillow. "What if it never stops?"

"Then I'll help you manage it," Natalya declared, pressing a kiss to Ayla's bare shoulder.

Ayla found solace in Natalya's words, but the worry didn't fade completely. "What if it gets worse? What if I become... *something else*? What if I end up a giant womb that pops out an endless supply of golden eggs?"

"You won't," Natalya insisted, brushing Ayla's hair back behind her ear. "And even if you did... I'd still be right here, loving you."

Ayla turned, slowly, shifting to face Natalya. Their foreheads touched. The world around them seemed to fade out of existence.

"How can you say that?" Ayla asked, lower lip quivering.

Natalya shook her head, a light chuckle leaving her lips. "Because I mean it." Her hand lifted, fingers sliding gently along Ayla's jaw. "I'll find a way to break the curse," she continued, confidently. "Or control it, live with it at least. Whatever it takes, I'll be by your side. I don't care if I have to read every text, chase every myth, or make a pact with a goddess." She smiled softly. "You're not doing this alone. Not now. Not ever."

Ayla's throat tightened, eyes welling.

Natalya leaned forward and pressed a slow, tender kiss to Ayla's forehead, lingering there as if sealing the promise into her skin. Then Natalya drew Ayla close, wrapping her in both arms, letting Ayla's head rest against Natalya's chest. "I've got you..." she whispered.

As Ayla and Natalya lay there, entwined, breath slowing, bodies relaxed, their hearts felt full of hope and love. A force that no magic could ever stand in the way of. While the moon cast silver light across the sheets, Ayla closed her eyes and let herself fall asleep for the first time in what felt like days, safe, loved. She couldn't imagine a better fate, golden eggs and all.