

Yore Mother

Aelv'I stared at the scrawling on the tomb. The remnants of last night's drink still clung in the corners of his mind, making the deciphering painful. He willed the ancient runes of the elven people to not possess quite so many curves. He brushed away the moss where time and a nearby river ensured this surface was eternally wet. There was a mild 'moo' behind him. He was trying to forget how many there had been. He looked over his shoulder. Belarough and Mithnil both were pointedly keeping their hands to themselves to avoid another scolding. Corso was pretending he didn't notice, staring out the door of the ten foot by ten foot room, as if another, deadly monster was about to ambush them. "Can we keep the distractions to a minimum? Precise translation of elven letters is taxing."

Mithnil looked up hopefully, her little goblin-cow ears tilting innocently. "But you're half-elven, right Aelv'I? You can do it?" Aelv'I tried to avoid looking down her cleavage. "It means he'll figure out at least half of them!" cut in Belarough, laughing all too loud at his own joke. Aelv'I decided he could share a modicum of the hurt that laughter gave him, bouncing off the walls. "Oh, you two have been so weird since Volesburg. It's so gross. The shared watches. The giggling all night. The m--" He couldn't think about that. He turned back to the lettering, trying to force it from his mind. The letters. Focus on the letters.

Blasted Belarough could never leave enough alone. "The milk? I tell you man, the milk has been a godsend. Limited our ration carriage weight significantly." Corso groaned. He knew where this was going. Aelv'I's face reddened in upset. He'd been reasonable. "It's GOBLIN milk," Aelv'I objected. "Tastes fine to me, chap," Belarough countered. Chap. He was getting on his nerves. "You're biased. It's foul. It's got a green tinge. And half the time you give it to me, it's warm. Sometimes, I swear, there's bits in it." These were lies. That did not keep Mithnil's eyes from welling with tears. Her lip rose up in a quiver. She was a strong little goblin. She wouldn't just cry. But Belarough was frowning hard enough that Aelv'I could feel it on his back. "And Aelv'I, the thing I think is green is you. You're clearly jealous. Mithnil's milk is green, sure, but it's plentiful, hearty, and comes in attractive containers." Belarough patted Mithnil's head. She sloshed.

Aelv'I felt the heat in his cheeks. He spun on the pair again. Corso stopped looking for fake monsters, and started to focus on the rest of them. Aelv'I, flustered, bore his finger at Belarough. A potent gesture in sorcery. "I wouldn't be jealous of you, Belarough. I've met plenty of dairy farmers, and I haven't been jealous of one yet." Mithnil gasped. Corso stood ready. Belarough stood and put his hand on the hilt of his rapier. "Sir. You have forgotten yourself. Maybe it is your bar tab that you find disagreeable, and not the members of your company?" Aelv'I didn't really want to hurt them. But he didn't feel like backing down yet, either. He snarled, brushed back his golden locks, and turned with a flair, waving his cloak. "Maybe, if you had something better on tap than --" and in mid storm-off, Aelv'I stepped on an unidentified rune, and vanished in a spark of light.

Corso frowned. "We ain't identified that one yet." Belarough frowned. "I do hope that's teleportation, and not disintegration..." Mithnil sighed, and started pushing her boobs down. "Let me get a good look at it."

"-- hot goblin teat, I'd..." Aelv'I stopped. He was not where he'd been. For one, the dirt on the walls was significantly less abundant. Care had been given to the floor. He was at the end of a stone hallway, with a doorway a rough twenty feet down from him. The smell of loose-packed earth replaced by something significantly more chemical. Ozone. Abrasive. "Alchemy," Aelv'I muttered to himself. He looked back, his

eyes widening to the presence of magic. A recent flux of conjuration was spreading away behind him from a magic stone laid into the tiles of the floor. However, the effect appeared to be one way. He frowned. Separated in a dungeon. Aelv'I chattered to himself, trying to keep his wits and bravery about him. "Never split the party." His own exemptions to the rule rattled easily after. "Unless there's good money in it. And nobody will be too put out." He sighed. His allies weren't close. But he could end up in danger here. The new doorway might just lead him back to his friends regardless. "And besides, there could be treasure they won't need to know about." Emboldened by the vague promise of greed, Aelv'I made his steps light, and ventured down to the doorway to peer beyond it.

The space beyond was vast, warm, nigh upon tropical. Metalwork rose high above him, set with glass. Inside the space, spread out laboratory. Vials of chemical, potions of unknown make, trays with plants of unusual quality, and a vast array of specimens, both hidden away in their own jars, some complete with pickling, others without. Aelv'I was not sure if any of these amounted to treasure just yet, though he was sure there might be some things that would appeal to a fence who knew a collector. Beyond the glass and metal, there were plants of incredible scale, flowers of unusual color and construction. Aelv'I briefly regretted not listening when his old master blathered on about his plant collection. He could only discern that these samples of flora were anything but ordinary. If the dripping down the glass told him anything, if it were humid in here, it would be like walking through a lake outside.

Aelv'I's magic-detecting eyes searched closer for secrets, and powerful spells of transformation and conjuration were still fading from the memory of the world, alongside a number of auras that were still active. Their flavor gave him pause, however. There were many practices of magic in the world. That given by the gods, the magic of nature, the raw study of arcane practice, and that which he wielded, the power of the blood.

This place was awash in the power of the blood. Aelv'I gulped, fear of this amount of potency lingering in the world was almost unheard of. Though the blood had many sources, all of them came from a time when the world was more mutable, before the firmament was firm, when light of distant stars and the raw power of creative chaos still churned. Ultimately, the power of these beings, the kings and queens and their ever-changing panoply was driven places beyond, with those who embraced stability becoming the ancient elves. The presence of the writing made more sense in that context. Aelv'I's own blood, diluted from ancient power, was still enough to allow him to wield power beyond the common man. This was closer to the source.

Finding a way out would have been his next priority, but the metal gates opened through what had not appeared to be a door, but opened regardless. A being of ethereal beauty strode through the gap, and with a single gesture, brought the exit to close again. All of seven feet tall, her hair was golden and green in variation, seeming to be both hair and vines. It hung to her shapely rear. Her eyes were large, but there was something insectile about their roundness. Portals to detect the world around her, or hypnotize those who looked too close? The points of her eyes seemed to tend green, but the shapes behind them constantly shifted color, refusing to settle to just one thing. Her limbs extended with grace as she trailed from one step to another, perfectly balancing her shapely, tree-like frame to the workspaces, poring over the samples and substances. A green robe scarcely hid the secrets of her body's shape, a substance finer than silk, but clearly, resistant enough for her to feel comfortable amidst the green beyond.

Aelv'I held his breath as long as he dared, pressed against a wall beyond her direct line of sight. She was Fae. A set aside queen of creation. Terrible. Powerful. Capricious. Dangerous. The other side of the coin of the stoic and unchanging lives of the elves. He needed to get out of here, and not risk a confrontation. Get them, and more importantly, himself, out of here. He spaced out his breathing, tamped down his rush to escape to best secret his steps, and moved towards the exit apparent. There'd be a place beyond the green, had to be. Another way. He was half way there before his body stopped moving. Before he was aware of the eyes on him. He willed himself to go forwards, but he was trapped, and with such

timing, that he didn't even manage to fall over.

The voice of the Fae washed over him. More magic. More spells. Layer on layer, battering at his consciousness. He felt himself gasp in reflex. He prided himself on his ability to resist powers over the will and the mind, but he quickly found his disagreeable independence withering in the face of... friendship. He wasn't alone, he need not be afraid. He was a friend. And as soon as this settled itself in his mind, his limbs came free in turn, allowing him to stumble a step and turn to face his most gracious host. "Oh, most sorry about that. I nearly left without saying hello! I'm Aelv'I Losthistle." He grasped his cloak and gave a curtsy.

She was standing over him. Watching him. Her power washing over him in wave after wave. Her mouth opened wide, and she offered him a smile that he could practically fall into. Her words weren't constrained to form as she started to speak. They made pictures in his mind, impressed meaning onto him more directly than the artifice of structure might allow. Aelv'I felt his brain feverishly trying to sort the input, trying not to burn out in the attempt. Willow trees. The movement of wind in their branches. The smell of a blossoming flower. Something about bees. Oh. This was her name. "Oh! Would you mind if I just called you Willow for short?" There was a giggle that reverberated through his senses on a pentatonic scale, that smelled like honey.

She investigated him closer, playing her twig-like fingers through his hair, running her hands down his shirt, her head turning to look at him this way and that. Practically a medical study, Aelv'I hoped, some part of him suppressed fearing a more culinary approach. He found himself leaning into the touches, warmed by the feeling of touch to his head, to his chest, and all at once, it tickled, and he laughed all-too-easily, going flush in his cheeks. "You, ah, Willow, you favor me, ah, I don't..." Her touch found the fore of his pants, and grasped him through them. The laughter stopped abruptly. Part of Aelv'I cried out in concern, silenced.

Willow looked excited. She gave voice to it, and Aelv'I was once more awash. Pistil. Stamen. The melding of flesh. Connection of spirit. Grass seeded in springtime. He blinked. A hearty laugh escaped where he wanted to scream. "Oh! Ah. I'm so flattered. Yes, I'm familiar with reproduction. We all have to do that where I'm from." She seemed pleased by this, and gestured for him to follow her, walking back to her experiments. He followed at her beckon, feet in motion practically before he gave the instruction. Amongst her vials, her containers, she plucked one of the many. His eyes caught powerful transformative magic. It was green. There were bits in it. Inside, Aelv'I despaired. "Oh. A... unique specimen. Yes. Interesting. What... do you want me to... do with that?" Her answer rattled over him. Consume. Make part of self. Take in. Hummingbirds flitted at flowers.

She uncapped the thing, and offered it to him. It was repulsive. Barely liquid at all, it was thick. It reminded him of milkweed, only thicker, and decidedly botanical. And yet, his friend had asked this of him. He looked up, getting only her broad and overarching approval. Most anything for a friend. He lifted the bottom up, and took the top in his mouth. She giggled again, a rising scale and the sight of petals opening. She took her gown down, and let it to the floor. She was like women, in that her torso bore breasts, though their texture and movement reminded him somewhat more of fruit. Equally, she was with a hollow at the base between her legs, but it reminded him more of a knot in a tree, dripping with a thick, primordial sap.

The scent of her filled the air. Pheromones. That's why she was so overpowering to him. He was caught in her sway. Nymphs, dryads, were said to hold power over men, powers of beauty that could destroy will, sight, whatever they wished. This was, perhaps, the potent source of that power. A more pure strain that reality had been too stable to allow.

Aelv'I felt his stomach gurgle. Then, he felt something churn, lower. He suddenly wasn't sure if he'd been erect before. He was aware of it now. He stuck from his pants as proudly as he'd ever, and as the

taste of the vile vial came over his tongue again, he felt his hips shift in reflex. Potency. Aelv'l made his best efforts to not carry a distracting amount of what he referred to as essence. What was so difficult to explain to his fellow adventurers was that the regular upkeep of such things was precisely what the bawdy houses and last calls at the tavern were for, something as essential as food, drink, and safety. Worth paying for. His coppers felt ill spent. He was ready. Beyond ready.

Willow approached, slowly. She worked her hips from one side, to the other, each step alternating. Her eyes were fixed on him, and the pervasive feeling of being on the menu. He felt himself throb in time with that movement. He tried to take a step back, get himself more time to think about this. "Ha, I'm, I'm flattered, really, but we've just met, and I prefer to wine and--"

The head of his shaft grazed his pants, and he was practically paralyzed by the sensation, a throb emanating from his cock running through the rest of him. The space behind his eyes went white for a second. It took him a moment to realize, he'd fallen over, and that Willow was now lowering herself over him, removing his pants enough to reveal the mess he'd made. He felt a sudden urgency to explain that he was never like this, he normally took a little while, at least, but the words, unlike him, would not come.

As he watched, trying to make his muscles listen to him, she lowered that hollow place over him. Why was he still erect? How? And as the glistening nectar dripping from her entry touched to the seed left glistening on him, he felt his length drawn in. The resultant gasp stole the air from him again, and Aelv'l felt himself trying to find purchase for his finger tips against the stone floor. His hips were not listening, and pushed him deeper into the folds above. It should've hurt. He should have been sore. He damn near felt his sole leave his body. A lightning bolt seemed to strike between where he touched her, and the pleasure centers of his brain. There was no way he could go off again so soon. "Oh, god, Willow, you, I didn't..." His mind struggled with what word actually might require saying, but they all clustered in a series of unreasoned stutters.

Her twig fingers went through his hair, pulling some of his attention back to the world around him. She made a noise like shushing, and started to move herself to a rhythm, up and down upon him. Inside her was something he'd never felt before. Suction. Grasping. Feather light touches to his most sensitive flesh, firm grasping at the base that drug his hips upwards. His face flushed red. His muscles tried to hold on, and then, simply braced themselves with no further direction. The second orgasm hit him like a runaway carriage. He'd never managed again so quickly in all his life. But, nothing gave. If anything, he only felt more pent up than when this started. He could feel his balls, throbbing against his thighs, piping everything they had ready through him, into her, and there was still more. It passed through him, making him feeling bulged out, more swollen with the passage of seed than free of it. Her body was taking it up, not letting a drop free. "Oh, fuck, you're...taking... I've... I can't, you..."

The argument failed on his lips, and in his mind. He body felt closer to him then ever, enveloped him tighter. Willow didn't seem immune to enjoyment. As much as she tended to him, and set about her task, she was making some kind of vocalization, though to his ears, it sounded like multiple voices, a chorus delighting in this sharing of bodies. He could not call it beautiful, only because he could not speak. A flailing hand decided to grasp at her thigh instead, and hold himself to her powerful trunk of her. He found himself moving to her timing. She was radiant. A living springtime. He bit at his lips. She wasn't done with him. She wasn't going to leave him like this. She would save him from his need. All of his need. "Yes... Please, Y--"

Bigger. She was bigger than when they'd started. Or rather, it seemed, fuller. Her body must only have the appearance of the things of the earth. Surely, she was swelling. Each of his releases, fervent, mind-annihilating, hit him again and again. Each time, her form drank him in, and became more. First, the curve protruded just above where they connected, a mound that could have been mistaken for just a peculiarity of her shape. But it shifted, bounced with a heady, potent liquid weight that first rose in her

approximation of a belly, and then, a base which pressed down against his own stomach when they lowered, and then, slowly pressed outwards to each side of her torso.

Aelv'I only came above his blinding experience to realize how far this was getting carried away. Despite the fact his shaft was being squeezed, he could feel that he was still further engorged than he realized he even could be. Her passage had been loose to start with, but now was practically a second skin around him, more urgently grasping, kneading him, trying to get what Willow desired. His balls scarcely fared better, free to the air, moving heavy and slow with her movements above him, working to their limit to deliver load after load, but their production going ahead of their output. Part of Aelv'I, sane and locked away behind a wall of ecstasy, wondered how long his flesh could hold up to this. Before he failed to contain what he was making. Before he went insane. It couldn't be far from here. Even Willow's power and prowess could only bring him so far, and as his muscles froze and thoughts fell away, he prayed he'd hold together.

Aelv'I was lost deep in the throes. But he could feel he was slowing down, his body slowly becoming aware of the shape of things. He was exhausted, whatever magical stamina granted by the drink finally coming to an end. When his hips bucked and teeth gritted, there was finally nothing left to give, the supernatural capacity finally giving up, and allowing him to recede. He could not bring his body to do anything, as if the effort he'd just undertaken was hitting him all at once.

Willow was... she was something else. Once simply an unknowable and natural beauty, her massive figure was now rotund, fluid, and mobile. She seemed to need to lean back to make space for the low-slung belly that wished to rest on him, and nigh envelop everything beneath his ribs. Seemingly pleased, she slowly, precisely, lifted herself from him. Each move of the weight sent ripples and waves through her surface, audible sloshes accompanying the movement. Her hands took the surface in loving embrace, hefting it up, trailing her twigs over it with care. As her fingers traveled, his magic-attuned eyes saw something else, and then, stems started to raise from her middle's surface, beauteous flowers with golden petals manifesting at speed.

Aelv'I beheld the flowering beauty before him, trying to think of something, anything to say, before his body forced him into a deep, dark slumber.

Corso stared over Aelv'I, laying on the floor of one of the offshoot caves from the tomb. "I found'em." Belarough and Mithnil stepped in on either side. Aelv'I was unconscious, pants at his thighs, glistening with sweat and other, rainbow-hued stains dried upon his flesh. Belarough sighed. "We've found him in more embarrassing situations. At least he's alive this time." Corso grabbed Aelv'I by the leg, and started dragging him. Mithnil bounced after. "I'm not hosing him off this time!"