Poor Fortune

by Supermassiveburrito

Summary

Cultists of the Void have found a new way to expand their power and Captain Fortune becomes trapped in the alien dimension.
A bump on the head. Warmth on the chest.

Calm waters felt like a forgotten dream in Bilgewater. Years of pirate raids and raids on pirates had been the absolute, the one thing you knew you could see damn near every week. It was always a game of tug ‘o war; you took the east docks and they took the west. You killed one of them and they killed one of yours. That cycle was finally set aside after that hilariously terrible night; the two outlaws, the ships on fire and the attack from the Shadow Isles countered by a hunter of the dark and an aging warrior with the most literal of death wishes. It seemed outrageous that nothing had blown up today or yesterday or any day after that. It was quiet and that never sat well with her, but quiet was good and for once the quiet seemed real. The pirates had all fled and everyone else quickly understood not to cause trouble here. The people were always armed and vigilant but without the Pirate King lurking about, trouble was very easily met with fire and vengeance. The only dominant force left was her and everyone knew it.

Sarah Fortune. The new ‘Queen’ of Bilgewater. Beauty, justice and a level of atrocity and righteous murder matched only by her near sociopathic need to violently decimate the old King. And that night Hell had truly been wrought upon Bilgewater, for better and for worse.

She flicked a bug off her shoulder while letting the oars of her dingie sit. Tonight had been one of the first nights of action she’d had since then. A cultist of the Void had been hiding out there and that Kassadin fellow had so kindly let her relieve her boredom on the woman. Admittedly Kass had worried he wouldn’t make it in time so he let Sarah know about her activities but she took the fun where it came either way.

The moon cast its light on a chest in her boat. It was new and unassuming but held the occult objects she took from the crazed woman; a book filled with arcane nonsense, a wand made of burnt bone etched with three queer runes and an amulet bearing an insect inside of a circle, as to keep it from being plucked from her ship with no one watching it. She wanted to just rest for a second, watch the city she keeps fighting for. Her hand laid on the small chest. She’d give it to Kass when he arrived but for now she didn’t trust it with anyone else.

“Why can’t void crap ever be something useful like a fuel source or a chair?” She had learned well enough that anything from the void could not be trusted to untrained hands. Usually hard as shit to get rid of, too. Kassadin had proven helpful and trustworthy a few times before so she could at least hope he probably knew what he was doing.

“Hope he doesn’t take too long to get here. Don’t want something stupid to happen.”

The water lashed the tiny boat just a bit as the sullen flame inside set the chest to the bottom. She closed her eyes for a second before the boat shook harder. Her eyes shot open to see the water glowing that god awful purple.

“Void shit!”

Indeed it was as the water beneath her sank down in a circle, the rest outside the ring remaining where it was.

“If I can jump into it, I can swim out!” she thought.

But the boat was rocking too hard and she couldn’t keep footing. If she jumped, she’d just fall. The light intensified, a tingling sensation rippled over her skin. Her eyes locked right onto it and time slowed. That giant eyeball. The tentacled bastard Vel’Koz rose from beneath her. She could see his eyes glowing in the water for a second before he slithered off into the depths. She wanted to yell at the great horror but the boat fell into darkness before she could, the shaking of it entering the cursed portal the thing had opened took her balance. She fell and hit her head on the side of the boat.

The tide was the first thing to return to her. It was terribly slow and far off but she knew it the
second she heard it. She couldn’t feel anything yet but the tide was unmistakable. There wasn’t the
waft of salt in the air the ocean usually held, no sand underneath her as her fingertips got their sense
back. The return crept up her arms in a slow and steady roll but soon her torso came back to her.
She was a touch cold and her legs came back weak. Her ankles hurt but didn’t feel much worse
than aches. But her head was curious. She blinked a few times, her lips feeling something between
them. She looked down and saw the wretched thing. Some flesh was in her mouth. It sank and rose
at a glacier’s pace. With the feeling fully returned to her body she could feel weight on her chest.
The thing seemed unaware of her awakening.
She violently jerked up and threw the monster aside. It fell into the smooth black ground, like
polished obsidian, with a thump before rolling into a ball and sitting still. She coughed once and
cautiously got back on her feet. Her head still hurt but she was too focused on her assailant to care.
“Better stay there if you know what’s good for you.” she whispered to herself.
Immediately it unfurled, a spider of some awful design with a dull purple shell, and jumped at her;
its legs extending out in half a second and made the jump to her in another half. She barely caught
it as its momentum brought it inches from her face, her modest strength enough to throw it back a
good couple feet. It wasn’t very heavy and only a little bigger than her head but its thrashing and
legs searching for something to grasp made it tricky to hold in her less than optimal state.
The thing was perfectly round when withdrawn and six powerful insectoid legs let it jump. Its end
was the long tail-thing that was in her mouth.
“Lucky shit. Attacking me without my guns or a blade!”
It faced her and began to run at her far faster than she thought it could. Her leg swung back to
ready a kick it but curled up and rolled to the right just before her foot came down. In that tiny
instant it jumped again, making contact with her head. It’s legs wrapped around her, pulling her
hair in painful angles while the speed of the jump almost brought her to the ground. She tried to
pull it away but the legs were firmly locked in place. The back end lifted before the tail took aim.
She yelled after it fired and missed; the fat thing slapping into her cheek.
Two smaller things extended out from it and circled her neck pulling right around her neck making
it impossible to breathe. A few seconds of fighting and they let go, her mouth opening wide to
draw in breath and in the tail went. The two smaller ones slipped into her mouth and seemed to
prop it open, her attempts at biting the bastard failing entirely to press down hard enough. The tail
sank deep into her throat before quickly pulling back. She fell to her knees after tripping on a rock
and the beast continued pressing into her. She gagged and choked but it refused to let up and the
legs tightened a bit more. Tears streamed down her cheeks, trails of saliva whipped off the thing’s
frantic thrusts. Her hands felt around for a rock hoping to beat the creature off of her but the one
she tripped on was planted in the ground.
She tried biting again but the creature responded by forcing the tail down her throat to choke her.
She tried to pull on it but it was too slick and her fingers slid up it instead. She fought with it for a
minute, her eyes rolled back as she began to slump over. The creature was pleased with the lack of
resistance and allowed her to breathe as she fell onto the ground. The monster kept thrusting into
her as she collected herself. Her hands swept around her, one quickly finding something rough and
metal. It was heavy and that’s what she wanted.
A single strike landed on its backside and one of the legs on the left side suddenly jerked and
loosened. Sarah seized the chance and threw the monster as far as she could. It whipped incessantly
after landing and she felt she may have damaged its brain or maybe whatever else controlled its
motor functions. She coughed a few times from pulling the mass of it out of her throat, now a touch
raw from the fucking. Spit ran down her chest and soaked into her white top.
“Just die, you fucking beast!”
And oddly enough the creature seemed to have the decency to listen. Its body slowed and ceased.
She crouched down and watched it but before she could celebrate the thing rolled onto its legs and
ceased once more. It laid flat though; spread out and motionless with a sizable crack on the spot
where she struck it. Whatever she hit must have been vitally important.
She crept forward intent on landing another strike and either killing the son of a bitch or teaching it
a painful lesson. But nothing goes so easily as the beast violently jerked around and ran at her. She
was only a few feet away at best and the bastard cleared the distance quickly. She lifted her arm to
swing but it climbed up to her face once again and her strike missed. Her left hand shot up to try
and stop it but the tail was aimed. It moved, hit her arm and bounced down, slapping against her
chest before the tip moved downward and getting caught on her top. The slickness of her chest
made it push in between her breasts and its legs tightened into place again with her arm caught by
it.
All of it happened in a few seconds and the sudden motion jerked her back causing her to drop the
metal lump. The beast pushed its phallus between her breasts with the same fervor and intent as it
had her mouth; diving all of its length down through her top reaching just below her belly button.
“The blow must have only stunned the little shit!” she thought.
Her left arm was completely stuck but if she could grab the lump she could possibly nail it hard
enough to stun it again and try to flee. The tail kept on with its frenzied pumping and her breasts
bounced in sync with it. It pulled up too far and caught itself on her top again but its desire was far
too great to deter. Sarah could hear the straining of the fabric before it violently tore apart as the
straps snapped.
The top fell and her massive breasts followed as the tail sank between them again. Now that her
breasts were loose they lacked the same tightness around it but that didn't dissuade it at all. It
pumped even faster though with a less synced rhythm. She punched it now as her anger took full
hold but the creature simply did not care. It tightened its legs and gave a final push before dumping
hot, blue cum over her belly. It gave three massive squirts before pulling up and squirting more
onto her breasts. Almost as if to taunt her, the phallus rubbed against her nipples coating them in
the hot goo before dumping the last of it on her face and hair.
Its legs released her and the bastard fled out of sight as quickly as it had charged her. Sarah stood
still almost in shock for a moment. Her entire front side was covered in the monster’s cum;
isanely hot and glowing blue. She didn’t want to think about it for too long; instead taking the
remains of her top and cleaning what she could off of her face. The cum immediately ruined the
fabric and it was only able to take in what had been blown onto her face before becoming
completely damp and unusable. She threw it to the ground with a growl.
Slithering things. Confusing places.

Chapter Summary

The Captain leaves the shores and finds a forest of stone and snakes.

She had been dumped onto an odd approximation of a shore. The water was a faint purple and disturbingly still with only the smallest signs of movement and waves only really audible at the line itself. In place of sand the ground was a second sea of obsidian-like material and was almost as still as the waters with occasional dips and crests. Pretty to look at but all was a reminder that this place was not home.

To the north the land rose into greater hills and beyond those was a forest of rocky crags jutting from the red soil she had begun treading. The sky was a pale purple near the same shade as the sea and devoid of clouds. To the east the waters continued endlessly but the western side was blocked from view by a massive piece of stone greater than many castles she had seen. The air carried no scent and the wind was calm. Her breasts were still stained blue.

The good captain was no stranger to indignities but nothing quite that vulgar had ever been committed against her. Admittedly she had also never been thrown into the void without aid or armament either but the point remained. Sarah was a wonderfully violent woman when it came to her job. She wasn’t a goody two-shoes officer of Piltover bound by a book of rules and regulations thick enough to execute criminals with. No, in Bilgewater if a man broke into your home you broke his spine. Perhaps his legs too, if you felt it necessary or should the mood take you. And that attitude carried well into what Bilgewater called a police force. She and her crew wouldn’t tolerate criminals and if that poor bastard happened to be a pirate then their death sentence was always effective with a hint of cruelty.

The seed was still warm even minutes after being shot at her. It clung to her skin and bits of it were hanging off her nipples. Her pants were stained and her annoyance boiled like saltwater attended by a careless chef in training. There wasn’t anything else around to clean it off as she didn’t think it wise to test the strange waters nor did she have any other dry cloth. Her breasts now wobbled with each step. They were bigger than the woman’s head and while maintaining a very appealing roundness, gravity still did draw them downward somewhat. They heavily contrasted her fairly thin waist which was even further offset by a set of incredible birthing hips flanked by far more than a handful on her behind.

Really, she found the hair more annoying. While the skin could be rubbed clean, she had learned all too well what sticky things do to hair after a handful of schoolyard scraps with gum and glue ended not as cleanly as desired. Her long, if perhaps now a tad messy, hair was a shining red against her pale and occasionally freckled skin. It reached down to her waist and was tied loosely with a ribbon.

This was all she had. She carried nothing but her pants and boots. Even the chest with her captured relics was missing. Though by no means a coward or otherwise easily scared; wandering the void unarmed and exposed was hardly a comfortable endeavor.

“I think as long as nothing like that oversized cricket pops up, maybe I’ll have a chance of getting outta here.”

There had been no signs of life until she reached the rocks. Far off in the distance she could see the jumpy bastards on the ground on either side of the rocks, some moving and some curled up. Though the encounter made it seem that the worst they might do is molest her she was still too familiar with how vicious and excessive death at the hands of void spawn could be. Better to avoid
at all costs than risk the next fight turning bloody.
“Better sticky than dead…but let’s not make assumptions.” she thought.

The rocks were giant and looked mostly the same as the ground by the shore. Smooth, pitch black but now with lines of green snaking through the emptiness. They’d make for nice decoration material were the situation more permitting tourism and gift shop visits. They were lined close enough and were wide enough to severely limit visibility through but passage between them was accommodating.

Two or three minutes had passed in the rocks but she didn’t see any of the beasts around. The air was cooler in there, the chill causing her pink nipples to harden. The paths opened to a larger ring: about twenty feet in all directions and with a much larger stone in the center with small stones dotted around it in a spiral shape. The small ones were now green with black lines through them and the mother stone was solid black throughout.

Her steps were slow. Her eyes focused on the outside of the ring to watch for ambush now that she was in the open and her breathing was shallow. She had passed the largest stone but while looking back at it her foot caught a small one sending her quickly to the ground.

“God damn!” she grumbled under her breath, annoyed at her own mistake more than anything else.

On her hands and knees her breasts brushed over a stone. The rock lit up for a few seconds in a burst of green before becoming soft like fresh noodles. She looked at it, staying still and quiet but to no avail. A few other stones near her mirrored the first; some five in total but all laid soft on the ground. She rose to her feet and softly stepped over one of them to try and quietly exit. This was a mistake.

The soft thing extended up to her neck and gripped it just tight enough to choke, pulling her back down to her knees in a sudden jerk. Two more reached out to take her wrists. They pulled her arms back and threw her down hard enough to knock the wind from her entirely. She thrashed about in a wild panic from the blow but her feet struck another stone completely dislodging it before it flashed like the others. Two more were dislodged like this during the struggle but she was too late to notice before they softened and began to move. Another two gripped her ankles. She was now completely immobilized as the fifth took hold of her throat again.

One of the freed tentacle things slithered between her legs, lifting itself onto her. Its cold tip dragged up her stomach and as it pulled away she felt a warmth in her belly button that spread out as the creature approached, spreading outwards in what felt like hazy roundness. It rose and came onto her stomach, the cum splattering across her toned abs as the tentacle retreated down and pressed against her crotch. She wanted to scream but even as the wind came back to her she was still being choked enough to keep her silenced.

The realization that she was still covered was quick and the tentacle rose to soon find the the brim of her pants. The two on her ankles quickly followed; taking hold of her pants and began pulling them down. They reached her knees before entering and ripping them apart. She was completely exposed now, her legs bound again and spread open.

The free one lowered itself. Its tip rubbed against her trimmed cunt like a desperate tongue teased by a cinnamon pie. It pressed into her; slick enough to inch in but too dry to easily enter. She grit her teeth and pulled her arms in harder. It pushed an inch further causing her pain as it forcefully, albeit steadily split her. Tears formed as its mass swelled inside her and her limbs grew hot and weak from the strain of fighting. The tentacle pulled out entirely to rub itself in the cum on her stomach before aiming and rapidly thrusting itself fully into her as far as she could take it. Her mouth shot open and her legs twitched and shuddered. The tentacles relaxed slightly. Her arms dropped and her strength fled.

Another of the freed pricks poked at her mouth but she tried to keep it shut. The tentacle around her throat tightened again in sync with the one inside her giving another fast pump and the shock of it made her open her mouth just enough for it to slip inside, filling her and sliding to the back. Her
throat was relieved of the choking but her head was still held down. Two more stones activated on her sides and as they extended the third tentacle got onto her chest. The two new ones became instantly transfixed with her breasts. They touched their tips against her erect nipples and poked at them before slowly pushing them in and rubbing gently against them. The one on her chest slipped between her breasts and the two on her nipples wrapped around them. They took hold and pulled the great things together allowing the one between to have more contact while it let loose its seed to lubricate itself. Another stone between her legs flashed and darted to her slit. The one already inside squeezed itself and the new one began pressing into her alongside it. Two attempts and it was in; filling her as wide as possible. Her eyes snapped shut and tears flowed without restraint. Her face burned. She wasn't sure how much of it was pain of body or pain of indignity. The two in her cunt expanded and condensed at random. Her stomach bulged with their thrusts, only very slightly made tolerable by her slit becoming wet from the forced stimulation. She could taste cum pooling in her mouth forcing her to swallow it as to not choke on it. Her nipples ached from the pulling and the thrusting between her breasts increased. Her legs spasmed again and her back arched. Her battered cunt clung to the siege engines but their pumps only swelled in force in tandem with their swelling of size.

Her eyes opened. They rolled back.

Both in her cunt stopped and fattened, her stomach bulging again before the burst of purple escaped her. It pooled around underneath her, exploding out with an awful pop as the two inside her hastily evacuated. Without any hesitation one of those wrapped around her ankles took their place, immediately pushing into her with a gush of cum being forced out. She loosed a muffled shout, the thing in her mouth pushing into her throat again. The pumping between her tits ended with another flood of warmth, coating her stomach and running down her sides.

Her mouth was then filled with the taste of fruit dashed with sea salt. It filled to her lips and dripped out. She choked and gagged as she forced it down, the tentacle flopping out of her mouth with a weighty thump. She coughed and the syrupy liquid splashed out over her face and into her hair, much to even greater infuriation than the last time.

Her nipples were finally released, her giant glazed spheres laying low with a grand bounce. She set her head back trying to find something to use to escape. She saw a stone in arms length flash but it remained dark and stiff. Its tip had a small but intent point and with enough force it looked capable of damage. Inch by inch she moved her hand over to it, taking hold before jerking her arm. The tentacle on her wrist noticed and pulled her back in bringing the stone with her. If the tentacles were taking turns with her then she just needed to wait till her arm was free. Sooner than she thought; the thing filled her with it’s load. As thick and revolting as the others, the bastard popped out with a warm flood. Her luck swung again as her equipped arm was released and the tentacle around her neck joined it. She waited as one of them entered her battered gash cautiously pressing itself in as far as it would go. Her arm lifted carefully, her aim held until the perfect chance revealed itself.

The stone came down with devastating precision. It pierced the foul thing, the width of it almost enough to completely sever the end. It ripped out of her and flailed into the air as the stone fell out of it. She grabbed it again and pierced the one on her other wrist as it tightened in response to movement. The blow connected, the tentacle split. She took aim for the last around her ankle but it seemed unwilling to wait. It let her go and withdrew from the screaming woman. “Not that easy!” she roared.

In a second she was already on her feet and the fourth was in her hands. She held it with both hands, squeezing and pulling hard enough to flatten it down to less than half of its usual size. She bit down into it screaming with fire and hate; the thing tearing apart in her teeth. The cum inside it blew onto her mouth but she couldn’t be bothered to care. She took the free ones and moved to the
large stone, slamming them against it in a shower of gore as they exploded from the not-at-all excessive force. Her dignity could be taken but there wasn’t much to protect whatever was bold enough to try.

Her vengeance was cut short as more stones lit up. She took the loose one and bolted from the patch. Her slender form snaked and dashed through the crags until she felt her legs would give out. The weight of her breasts bouncing free with each determined step did nothing to slow her and soon she left the crags.

But that did very little when she saw what had been obscured from her view. Her gut sank and her knees felt weak.

“That doesn’t make sense…..”
Steel and glass. A great inn.

Chapter Summary

The horror of the Void grows as its size and insanity become clearer.

The Void was a dark and unknowable place home to atrocities and horrors. Few knew intricate knowledge of the monsters it spawned and fewer still knew of the plane itself. What stood before the ravaged captain was something very befitting of the void. Towers larger any castle made up the entire horizon but not a single one was made of stone. They were all steel and glass and there were countless numbers of them. She tried counting the glass panes on the smallest one she saw and ended with twenty two. Ten minutes of walking brought her to the metal citadels. They reminded her of Piltover but they still seemed too different. There were roads of some weird stone and it was obvious that this was a highly advanced city.

“A whole city in the void?”

Her voice was hoarse and ragged, her eyes red and her hair thrashed. She had not even a shred of her clothes; not even her boots since she had taken them off while floating outside of Bilgewater. Her skin was still warm and glazed with semen, trails of it leaked down her legs from her flooded slit and a some had been shaken off from the force of her breasts bouncing while she fled the stones. All she had was the loose stone. She wandered the city for some ten or twenty minutes. There were signs this had been a thriving place once.

“Did the void do this?”

It’s not like anyone had ever thrown a city into the void to see what would happen. She didn’t see bodies so either the entire place was picked clean or none of the citizens were taken with it. Her body ached and her muscles throbbed. As desperate as she was to find her escape she knew she needed rest and clearly the outdoors could only promise more sickening creatures. She decided to try a smaller building near her. It was grey like the rest and the glass was coated in dust and dirt. Rust spread out from the corners of the thing but otherwise it was intact. Nothing was broken nor did it appear dangerous in any other ways. There were even lights on in the doorway. The doors were wide open and the hinges were rusted in place. All of the lights in the main hall were on and the entrance led her to a massive red and gold staircase. She was in an elegant place and above her she could see rows of rooms.

“An inn?” she thought.

She passed by a few of these doors reading the numbers on them. She picked 219 and turned the handle. There was slight resistance but it quickly gave in giving the impression that if there were once a lock, it long since rusted away. The room had lights that turned on as she brushed her hands against the inner wall, hitting some small toggle. The place was bigger than she thought it could be. Massive leathery couches sat in a huge room with a fireplace and some kind of black panel. There was a small kitchen and she could see more rooms further on.

“This room is damn near half the size of the old inn!”

Her eyes were wide with a mix of shock and curiosity. Everything was familiar enough for her to partially recognize but not a single civilization she knew of was remotely like this. Though the intrigue of discovering this city’s secrets were tempting, rest was required and a bed was in view but even that had to wait just a bit longer as she was still wet and sticky from the assaults. She
entered what had to be a bathing room but one larger and more furnished than she expected. Water still flowed but whether it was a miracle or still just the void not making sense, she didn’t care. She turned the handle on the shower and in a minute there was warm and remarkably clean looking water. It was clear and felt perfect on her aching muscles. It poured over her skin, cleansing the filth from her and soothing her to the core. She froze for a second letting the water cascade off of her breasts. A bottle sat on a shelf reading ‘First Class Shampoo - hair care product’. She poured it onto her hair, running her fingers all through it to work out the gunk and hopefully bring it back to its burning shine.

A few minutes later she emerged feeling calmed and ready for rest. This place could throw whatever atrocities it wanted at her, it could beat and assault her all it wanted but she was the goddamn Captain. The Sheriff of Bilgewater. She refused to be broken so easily and once she had rested she’d just carry on till she found her way home. She flopped down onto the huge bed, her eyes closed. She was gone.

Her sleep was deep and a dream of dancing birds floated through her. When her eyes opened again there hadn’t been any change in the landscape: the same light shone through the window of the main room even though she must have slept for hours. Made some sense as it wasn’t readily apparent that there was even a sun to rise and set, just that somewhere something made enough light to lock this place in a hazy twilight.

Her footsteps were clumsy and loud even on soft carpeting. Awkward hands rubbed against half-functional eyes. She searched the kitchen for a moment before finding a glass and getting water from the sink. Quick gulps thumped in the quiet room and soon three glasses were down.*clang*

Her head turned, an ear pointed back. Something was in the bathroom. She ducked down behind the counter and peered around just on the side of it. She held her breath now awake but trying to stay calm.

"Saw a sign for stairs down the hall. Sneak out of the room, get through that door and try to find a new room with a lock." she thought to herself.

She stayed low and tiptoed slowly to the still open front door. She cursed at herself for not closing it. Another step and another clang. She wanted to try running but what if the thing in there was fast? She had a foot outside the door, the thing set a foot into the hall.

Foot might be incorrect. It was fat like a tiger paw but chitinous like so many other things from this place. Two clawed toes tapped on the floor and the leg was thin but grossly elongated. She hid behind the door with one eye locked on the fresh hell stepping into view.

No less than seven feet tall. Two legs, two arms. Sharp claws about four inches long on spindly, fragile looking fingers. Its torso was rounded at the center and its shoulders were miniscule giving the idea that the creature was build for speed or acrobatics above strength. The thing’s head began in a pointed mantis-like face topped with the same giant eyes; solid black aside from the tiny purple pupil. The head extended back almost a foot in a cone and two stubby antennae flicked between it’s eyes. Bizarrely there wasn't any insectoid thorax but a reptilian tail some two or three feet long and segmented in widely spaced portions. It stood still, one antennae pointed towards the door. Its head snapped to her; soulless eyes locking onto her.

She bolted down that fucking hallway. She ran as if every pirate she had ever killed were chasing her but it didn't help much as the chittering horror tore out of the room dragging its claws against the wall. Its stride made it far too fast to outrun, her plan absolutely wouldn't work. Her eyes peeked down into an open room. She saw a cart with some dishes but most importantly a kitchen knife.

The risk was deemed worthy and she took hold of the railing and swung her legs over it, swinging down but holding on to break the momentum. As she clung to the railing she could feel another warmth on her belly but she couldn’t be bothered by it. She dropped down, pain shot into her legs but she didn't care. She turned and bolted. The beast followed her down with a vile shriek and landed with naught but a heavy tap.
In mere seconds she was slamming her hand down on the cart and sprinting further into the giant kitchen with knife in hand. She saw a prep table with a large empty space underneath and had an idea. She tossed the knife under the table to try and obscure it from the creature’s sight, her intuition kicking in. If she felt that warmth around another beast than she had a good idea what it would do.

She rounded the table and turned, squatted and waited. The thing stopped in front of her and froze. The antennae flicked like mad but below she saw something slither out from under its plating. A long phallus appeared with five ridges on its head forming the shape of a star. It came from underneath the pelvis instead of more from the front, rising back up and forward in an awkward hook design; pink in colour and growing stiff. It bent and lowered itself to her level, creeping forward until it was face to face with her. She tried to stay calm but her fingers couldn’t find the knife. She looked and her stomach dropped. The knife hadn’t travelled far enough; it was a foot away from her.

Hands reached up to her breasts and grabbed them tight. They were still sore from earlier but now she felt that same warmth on her nipples. She was bending back and arching, her breasts were being kneaded by the curious monster. It gave them slow and intent squeezes while looking her over while chittering loudly. She wanted to reach for the knife but she couldn’t pull away from the unwanted massage. But it only got worse as her nipples continued to warm up. Erect and aching, with one final squeeze milk began to drip.

“That’s not a good sign.” she whispered.

The implication was obvious and her worry took hold in seconds. The second assault might have had a terrible effect on her and try as she might to stay focused on what was happening she couldn’t pull away from the thought. Kassadin never spoke of void spawn impregnating people but even he couldn’t know everything about such an impossible place. Could it truly be such a repugnant thing as that? If it was then she feared how poorly it would progress.

The bug opened its disgustingly hinged mouth and quickly latched onto her nipple. Tiny teeth nibbled against it and it took that breast in both hands, squeezing and massaging it further. Its suction was in a constant and monotonous rhythm but its eyes remained locked onto her while it fed; frightening her no matter how oddly gentle it was. She could see its cock throbbing above her slit and thought back on the first monster on the shore.

“Left after it came....didn’t care where…”

Though the idea was still repulsive and disheartening she knew there was a chance to free herself and deliver the killing blow without another awful ordeal like the crags. Her right hand rubbed her free nipple, squeezing it and covering her hand in warm milk. She moved her hand in a steady pace to the monster’s cock, careful not to agitate it. The very second her hand touched it its head jerked to the right, it bit down harder on her nipple and it snapped a hand around her wrist. Her left hand squeezed the tit in its mouth while the right caressed the five stiff ridges on its member. It seemed pleased, releasing her hand and resuming its meal.

The god forsaken thing looked to be at least a foot long from her angle and two to three inches wide at the head. It was soft and the milk let her hand run over it with ease. She tightened her grip on the shaft, slowly gliding front to back and massaged her breast with greater determination. Milk dripped onto her legs and the warmth surprised her just a bit. As much as she despised it, the beast’s suckling on her nipple didn’t feel unpleasant; merely odd and foreign.

Thinking about the first creature gave her another idea that might speed up the process. Her right hand returned to her breast, milk dripping out at a far greater rate. She pointed her nipple at the cudgel and sprayed her warmth at it, coating it and watching it twitch with each spray. Its head turned a bit and looked down as she put more milk in her hand and rubbed it between her breasts. Her hand gripped the thing’s cock and slowly pulled it towards her chest. The creature took the hint and stood up; its throbbing cock now low enough for her.
She rose to her knees, kneading both milky spheres onto the monster. White warmth poured down it and dripped to the floor. It was wet and she decided to try, wrapping them around the creature. The size of it had just the head poking out from her incredible cleavage while she used her forearms to press them tighter. She motioned up and down its length in steady but quick rhythm, increasing her speed to try and hurry the process. The knife was much too far and the monster was too fast for her to readily land a blow on anything vital to killing it.

“I’d love to slice off its fucking cock….” she thought, but denied as it was more likely to just anger it.

The thing took a long step forward and pressed its member against her lips. A short shriek came from its jerking head and its claws tapped the table next to them. Her plump lips parted just enough for her tongue to escape, slipping between the ridges while she stroked it with her breasts. Hot breath poured over it as she began to taste the sweetness of her milk on it. The spot on her belly heated up again and her nipples followed suit.

With each pump more milk flowed until it streamed freely for as long as she squeezed. White pooled under her and she released the creature for a moment to lube it again but it seemed more interested in milk than in her. It quickly squatted down and drank from the pool on the floor. Even still it was too close to try attacking it but yet another idea still came to her.

A bowl sat on the table just within her reach. She took her left breast and sprayed the creature's face and in just a second it snapped back to her, taking its place on her nipple once again. Her other hand reached up and brought the bowl down. She placed it below her and started milking herself into it. Each squeeze of the enormous orb brought a torrent of sweet white, her hands working both breasts while the club throbbed with mad desire. Her nipples ached with sickening pleasure and she could feel herself burning between her legs.

As soon as the bowl was half full she double checked her plan. Move the bowl to her left, put it to where the creature has to turn away from her, take the knife and stab it in the head. Simple plan, easy plan. Her left hand took the bowl, slowly sliding it under the creature's head. Antennae flicked and its hands took the bowl from her. It pushed forward and knocked her on her back placing itself with its cock directly over her mouth.

It pulsed with a crazed heart beat and small globs of thick blue cum dribbled across her plump pink lips. Her thoughts returned to the first plan and if it was acting like that then it must be close. A gentle tug down to her and it lowered its prick into her open mouth. The entirety of its head just barely fit comfortably enough and it sank deep. Her lips wrapped around and held tight while her tongue flicked across the ridges. She sucked hard and the salty-sweetness of milk and seed mixed in her.

With each throb more and more cum spilled into her mouth but the thing wouldn’t climax. Her legs opened on their own to spread wide and expose her soaked cunt. As awful as this thing was she couldn’t refuse how her body was naturally programmed to act. All of the rubbing and suckling and tastes fueled her in a morbid fashion. Twitchy fingers glided over her clit and pressed into the heated folds before diving in without hesitation.

She unconsciously paired her fingers with her bobbing on the head and by this point had relaxed enough to enjoy herself. Less concerned about immediate retribution, though she hadn’t forgotten about the knife, she could be content with nonviolent understanding so long as she could leave this encounter without further danger. Her eye kept notice of the blade, however. She knew the thing would try to find her again so she’d have her fun before removing the obstacle from her path.

Unfortunately her change in desire would be poorly reciprocated as the beast was intent on ending the encounter before she could truly have fun. She knew the creatures of the void were horrifying, violent atrocities but she never thought ‘selfish lover’ could also describe them. It tossed the bowl down with an echoing clack on the old tiles and looked off to the door for a moment. It raised itself out of her mouth; spit and cum dripping down onto her outstretched tongue. As it stood and took a step back it quickly crouched down again as if ducking behind the table. She took her chance and shifted towards her right, moving just far enough to finally take hold of the knife before moving...
back and keeping her hand hidden. Its gaze never left the door but she couldn't see or hear anything. Its head was just slightly too far to hit from on her back and its chest plating looked too thick to risk. Thankfully it lowered itself again just within striking distance of its thin neck. It put its hand under her lower back and lifted her, pressing the tip of its cock against her slit.

She could kill it. She could destroy it finally but she could understand her need to get something from it. She looked at the star poking her, at the fluids still pumping out with each twitch.

“Fuck it… “

Her legs lifted and she gave its cock a tug. Without breaking its gaze it pushed into her fully; the ridges filling her as it sank in as deep as it could, the length of it now shown to make up for the odd design of its pelvis with only perhaps five inches reaching in. It began thrusting in and out of her with heightened vigor. Her mouth hung open from the alien sensation of its prick, her thick thighs wobbled from spasming muscles and her breasts bounced wildly with every pump. She let out a soft moan, just one tiny admission of lust. The beast paused. It pushed in pressing her against the floor. The heat came and for a few seconds its seed gushed from it into her and back out onto the floor.

The sound of gooey liquid spilling out ceased. She gripped the knife tight.

“Bad form to finish early.”

It was half way into turning to look at her when the eight inch knife pierced the light plating on its neck and broke through the other side. One eye locked onto her while its body shuddered a few times. Her cum covered lips opened to a smile like a blood coated axe head and a sickening cracking sound grew loud as she twisted the knife, splitting more plating like corn chips exploding under a boulder dropped on them from fifty feet. She laughed when she realized she was now a mantis like the creature had somewhat imitated. They mated and the female took its head. The body crumpled down on top of her though it was too light to hurt. She laid there in the pool of steaming hot seed, the beast still inside and filling her. She breathed deep and listened to the silence thinking of what it had seen or heard. For a moment she wanted to lie down and relax, taking some pleasure in how filling the monster was and laughing again as the head rolled off its shattered neck. Blood seeped out but it didn’t bother her. She’d have to shower again anyway so she might as well rest a moment before having to give up her mate.
Measuring necessity. Blueberry glazed cinnamon pie.

She never found out what the mantis was distracted by. There hadn't been any trace of other creatures being in the building with them but finding the tall fiend in her bathroom betrayed any notion of the Great Inn remaining safe through seclusion alone. Kassadin had once told her that there were many ways out of the void if it knew you didn't belong there, that it could feel outsiders and slowly worked to remove them like a body fighting a weak virus.

"The paths are clear. You will know them by how painfully natural they are compared to the alien geometries of the Void." he said, his breathing heavy through his obstructive equipment "The key is to keep searching and the greatest struggle is survival. Those who are untrained and uneducated will not last long enough for the Maw to release them."

Her only option was to trust his lesson and work to follow it, leading to an obvious goal. She resolved to make enough fortifications to keep her safe in the Inn, locate any viable weapons and begin searching the city for an exit. So long as she had a safe place to rest she could continue her journey for however long she may be stranded. To this end she relocated to the fifth floor and found another of the larger rooms to set up.

In the main lobby she found maps of the city and devised a grid-based search pattern, making points of interest every few seconds. One point looked promising and wasn't far from her; shopping mall. She wasn’t sure what a mall was but something about its size on the map and the word ‘shopping’ gave the impression of a large market, and when a market grew large enough it tended to have an impressive variety of items to take.

The only disadvantage of this plan was was that she didn’t find anything in the Inn useful for transporting goods and that it would be a gamble to find something like that there. It was all a gamble either way but it's never wise to willingly throw everything to chance should there be time to plan. She found no clothes in the hotel and the best she could do for weapons were kitchen knives. She would make do, however. She was still the Captain.

The trip was thankfully uneventful. Her path took her down two streets for twenty or so minutes. She saw nothing larger than a few rat sized bugs and some flying thing on a rail only the size of a seagull. No giant mantis men or jumpy headhumpers.

The building was another surprise to her. She had been to many of the Great Markets of the biggest kingdoms but this was a whole new beast. Looking at the entrance she was taken aback not just by how big everything was in this city but also how standard it all seemed. A building like any of these would be few and far between in Demacia or Noxus, a special place with a very special purpose. But everything here was….almost insane. Not even Piltover, the city of progress and science could compete with this. What kind of people could just make something like this place? Where every building is a castle?

Thankfully again the doors were unlocked and lights remained on. The inside was spacious; wide halls lined with what must have been stores containing all kinds of different items. There were stairs leading both up and down making the building look to be five floors in total. She peered over a nearby railing to look down into the guts of this steel monster, lights shining brighter but the angle obscuring her view. She made the decision to go down and work her way up.
The lowest floor held a what would turn out to be the widest variety of shops. Time in the Void had proven weirder as she considered what to scavenge first. She must have been here for at least half of a day but she felt no need for food or drink, no need for bathrooms and her sleep earlier had been caused by physical exhaustion instead of natural weariness. Though it would be stupid to just assume she wouldn’t need any food at all, she made other things higher priority and resolved to collect some food but not skimp on defensive or offensive tools.

Her first shop was, admittedly, picked out of curiosity and feminine desires. It was a clothing store completely unlike any tailor she had seen before. Racks upon racks of shirts, pants, shoes and other things all of exotic yet standardized designs. She found rugged looking pants of a thicker blue material and simple shirts with foreign patterns and symbols on them.

The air inside the steel fortress was growing chilly and her mind remained focused on the clothes. She had been nude since the tentacle attack and she was stuck between two problems. Sarah would love to have a proper set of clothes again both to stay warm in case it were to grow even colder and to possibly protect her from molestation in the future. But she worried that being easily entered was what kept the temple from being destroyed. That open access kept the barbarians pacified. Testing that theory would most likely be ill advised but she felt it smarter to at least take something.

She continued to wander what a sign had described as a ‘department store’ and found that even this single store was dauntingly huge. Far more importantly though, it had one very useful tool. She lifted a generous olive green backpack off of a display rack and lifted it onto her shoulders. It was wider than her and half as tall. It was perfect for bringing supplies back.

There wasn’t much else to take from that place save for a white button up top, some warm pants that had ‘pajama’ labeled on their display and a pack of underwear, but she noted the store as a possible point to return to and kept the clothes in her pack just in case she would end up sticky again. The thought of that caused her slight pause as she came to find a mirror. She hadn’t thought about her earlier fear until now.

She stood before a full body mirror under a soft blue light. She could feel her heart rage for a moment, her breathing ceased and goosebumps rippled across her body. Her eyes locked onto it as she forced herself to take a deep breath. Her once flat and toned belly now sported a noticeable and detestable bump. She wasn’t swollen like a woman hours away from birth but it was there and alongside the milk flowing from her earlier, it became undeniable. She let her breath out and kept walking.

Bare feet slapped against the cold floor but her eye was drawn up to a large window in the ceiling, one that seemed to be placed in a dip in the ground where the lowest level was no longer buried under dirt and steel. That wasn’t why it stopped her in her tracks, though. She broke into a quick but intent jog back up the stairs until she was on the floor where she entered though off on a separated platform from the main entrance. The skies outside were dark and flashes of lightning popped between newly arrived clouds. A violent torrent of rain pounded the city and lights from buildings could be seen blooming through the foggy and rain splattered windows. That still wasn’t the most concerning thing.

Creatures were swarming around the building under whatever cover they could find. Countless skittering insects, some fat and slow and others thin with wasp like wings. There were at least ten mantis creatures and one of the jumpy bastards from the beach. The rain didn’t appear to harm those that ran through it but they all huddled together anywhere they could. Her heart skipped a
beat as she knew they would eventually find their way in since the doors were open and moving to close them would leave her visible in the open.

‘Should I hide?’

The words flitted in and out of her mind. She rubbed her hand against her growing belly and saw small droplets of milk forming on her nipples. At this point there wasn’t escaping what they had done. But frankly; she was feeling something else mixed with her worry and fear.

She needed release. All of the fucking, the cum and milk and every goddamn thing was driving her up a wall. If she was going to keep being used then she damn well wanted to enjoy it.

‘Enjoy it….’

Should she want to? Shouldn’t she want to avoid it at all costs? But the warmth and the sensations were fantastic. She could truly say she wanted to reach her climax after all of it but it had to be her choice. Being able to decide made a bit of difference to her even if it seemed weird and disgusting. She turned back down and returned to the bottom floor, thinking hard on what to do and what she wanted before she cast her gaze down a hallway off in the distance. Before she saw the wriggling mass at the end of it.

Sarah Fortune was still a human with human needs and although countless struggles, trials, failed ambushes and raids, assassination attempts and lost loved ones had come to break her spirit and take her will she persevered. But this didn’t mean she was invincible and all the things people needed still sat in her mind and heart. She still needed conversation, she still needed laughter and companionship. Her mind and body both needed these basic human things in various degrees of importance.

So there she stood, tooth against lip in a dim hallway with the world outside getting dimmer. Naked, cold and afraid of what could find her here, drawn to a curiosity she would never consider in any other situation. But this place was cold and lonely and those were two thing she hated.

At the end of the hallway ‘restrooms’ was printed across a back wall as the hall split into a perpendicular T. Men to the left and Women to the right but both sides had a gentle writhing friend. More tentacles but these were of a different sort. They were black with glowing bulbous ends and of assorted sizes. She very carefully stepped to the intersection and the waving things motioned to her. They didn’t make some snapping assault to molest her but simply pointed to her, still lazily floating through the air and leading back into the half lit bathrooms. She lent her hand to the one on the right and it wrapped around her arm at a calm pace before giving a gentle tug towards the room it was in. Her belly and nipples heated up again and she bit into her lip just a tiny bit harder as she followed it; the serpent releasing her arm and floating in upon seeing she was willing.

The room was lit to the point of visibility but only half of the lights in the walls seemed to function giving the place a foreboding feeling despite the open invitation. Tentacles were attached to every flat surface and connected by a rhythmically pulsing black sheen that choked what little light there was, splattered across the room like a heartbeat under fungus. She expected to be assaulted the moment she stepped into the room, for the worms to do as their green friends had done but no such assault was carried out.

It was like they were waving at her. Like a friend motioning her to come and have a seat. She set the backpack down near the door and took another step in, unwilling to completely throw all caution to the wind. She approached a mirror taking up an entire wall and looked at herself for a
moment, milk escaping her stiffened nipples and belly swelling as if encouraged by relatives in the
room.

As she stood a worm coming out from one of the sinks poked at one of her nipples, rubbing it
before the bulb on it opened slightly to latch on. It suckled in a slow and pleasing manner unlike
the mantis from before. She stepped closer and another one took her free breast. The sensation was
actually amazing now that she could relax and let it happen. She leaned over the sinks, her massive
breasts hanging down and wobbling with the smooth motions of her new friends. A third bulb
pressed against her lips but with more of a hesitant touch as if it were asking permission. She bit
her lip one last time as she considered what she was about to do. She pressed a sweet and loving
kiss over the third bulb and parted them. She waited for it to rush in and the others to capture her,
for them to bind and rape her like the green ones had but that simply didn’t happen.

It didn’t push in at all. Nothing grabbed her legs or arms. She pulled back a bit from the bulb but it
didn’t even follow. It was letting her have her way. Her tongue moved over the tip before she took
it into her mouth, tastes of fresh berries and sea salt came to her. She bobbed her head on it a few
times, very carefully and intently. Her tongue swirled around it as she moved deeper with each
bob. The two on her tender nubs tugged on her, and she felt a few other brushing against her inner
thighs. She looked into the mirror again, deep emeralds gazing on what she was doing. They
opened wide as a bulb rubbed against her wet slit. It dragged as much of its length against her
before pulling back without attempting to enter her.

She spread her legs just a bit and ran her fingers over the burning flesh. Her fingers slid in with
incredible ease and she could feel her face heating up from the embarrassment of how good it all
felt. Her fingers kept diving into her until she could feel the slickness coating her hand. She
reached back to the one waiting patiently behind her, taking hold and rubbing her fluids over it
before bending forward again, back parallel to the counter and legs spreading just a few more
inches. She guided it to her and pressed into her folds before letting it go. It thanked her permission
with three relaxed thrusts, entering just a tiny bit deeper. It would pause and squirm in her for a few
seconds before pulling out and pushing back in with the further assistance her wet and fiery slit
granted. She looked into her reflection’s eyes again, releasing the now slick bulb from her mouth
and waiting. The final push happened and as she watched her eyes widen further from the wash of
pleasure and knew it had pushed her past the point of worry or fear. She let out a muffled moan;
her breath fogging the mirror and her lip quivering. She breathed deep and took to sucking on the
bulb again with renewed desire.

With hardly any effort the worm deep inside was breaking her. Her legs shook with greater
instability with each prolonged thrust and her breathing synced with it. Her moans washed over the
sweet thing she sucked on and her eyes stayed locked onto her reflection. It made its first motion
since parting her lips and pulsed for a few seconds before swelling. She shut her lips around it;
salted berry being poured into her mouth with the gentlest of gushes. Seconds apart from each
other but rich and filling, she allowed it to fill her mouth before swallowing the potent liquid in a
thick and audible gulp. She would be a liar if she didn’t admit the taste was incredible, like an
intoxicating treat prepared for royalty. If it had been presented to her as some exotic desert she
would demand a second helping. Not that she minded drinking it this way, though. It would almost
be nice to take some with her.

“I’d kill to dip chocolate in this…” she thought to herself as she took another gulp.

It pulled out with a trail of glowing blue cum attached to it looking like a never before seen lipstick
on her reflection. Her tongue swept over her juicy lips and she lapped up what has dripped onto
them. She couldn’t get over how amazing it tasted. Sarah closed her eyes for a moment and just breathed, just relaxed and took it all in. Her nipples were released with milk still dripping from her with quite paps against the counter.

Finally the last one pressed in as far as she could take it, her knees shuddering causing her to hold herself steady with her hands, and swelled to twice its girth. She arched her back and raised her rear up higher, her neck bending up as she let out a deep if somewhat choked moan. Just as slowly as the first it released its warm seed into her. Forceful but slow and rhythmic ejaculations pumped her full of the glowing fluid causing it to spill and creep down her leg. She could feel it being pumped into her, feel the heat as it leaked and coated her smooth thighs. She felt it cease and lowered her hand underneath her cunt. It slowly withdrew from deep inside her and with it came a torrent of steaming seed that she caught with her cupped hand. She brought it to her mouth and lapped it like a pampered house cat lazily enjoying a simple pleasure. She relished the small and unimportant shame of the act but by this point she could barely be asked to restrain herself. Not in this unnatural world of such unnatural events.

She lifted herself back up onto wobbling legs, more fluids spilling down her and dripping onto the floor with slow smacks. She turned and grabbed the messy thing, putting it between her breasts and licking the sweetness off of it. She gave it one final almost thankful kiss and released it. Her eyes lifted from it and found a more engaging prospect.

There was a center stall with a door open and a soft light over it. Tentacles lined the walls and more peeked over and under them. She didn’t bother to count but it didn’t matter anyway. Sarah looked back at her reflection again; belly now resembling a few months of pregnancy, milk dripping down the curves of her massive breasts, cum coating parts of her face and chest, lines of it streaking down her legs. Her gaze turned into a powerful glare. Her resolve burned greater and she cleared any doubt from her mind.

“Gonna get fucked either way. It’s about time I fucking had a say in it.” she said to the woman looking back at her, her words both reassuring and filled with courage.

Sarah quickly sat down on the toilet, the cold porcelain chilling her before she leaned back and opened her legs before the creatures. They rubbed against her huge thighs and the ones above came down to her. A few wrapped around her breasts and seemed to begin milking her with timed and coordinated movements. She inhaled deeply when they began as the milk flow was so much greater than before despite this milking being not anywhere near as aggressive. Three hovered by her mouth for a second before she started sucking and licking their tips giving one loving attention before rotating to the next, taking care to take in any globs of precum they might produce and letting it sit on her tongue.

A larger one wrapped above and below her breasts and held them together, the two milking her shifted to the front but kept their motions. Two more glided in between her breasts and trusted in and out with soothing ease. Two took hold of her calves and moved her legs forward, holding her up and letting her lay back for a less obstructive angle. For a second she assumed it was the snapping of the trap but once more she was wrong. She trusted them and allowed them to move her, another two taking her thighs and teasingly massaging them as they held her.

The tentacles by her mouth remained completely patient as her eager lips graced them and her agile tongue flicked and lapped at them with more and more precum gathering on her mouth. The urge to try and quickly finish them to get more of their delicious seed took root but she refused to entertain it. She wanted to take her time and enjoy it for as long as she could.
Three tentacles of respectable size moved to her fully exposed, willing and soaking wet cunt with one rubbing its engorged head against her velvet. Her legs quivered again with each motion and her mind fought over her need to take it and plunge it deep into her; to have it take her and fill her as quickly and forcefully as they could, and the need let them take their time and do it all right in a swelling endurance test of mounting passion, needy flesh and life-giving fluids culminating into a burst of much needed release.

A trimmed crimson bush gave it the look of a freshly baked cinnamon pie topped with a blueberry glaze. After all the rubbing wore her down the bulb finally decided to enter her just as easily and filling as the first. Sarah let out a muffled but loud moan with her lips still wrapped around a tentacle. She thought the shaking in her hips would cause her to fall off of the toilet but the tentacles supporting her kept perfect balance letting her fully relax her legs and lie back. It’s thrusts pushed the remaining cum inside her in and out and the renewed warmth of it spilling increased the pleasure of the sensations.

Her breasts were being sensually massaged across their entire mass. Every inch was worked and squeezed, milk flowing from her at an incredible rate and spraying back over her chest at her lowered angle. She looked at the streams of white leaving her, her tongue hanging out like a dog begging its master for a cut of steak. She took hold of her breasts, heaving their hilarious weight to her as the tentacles continued to milk her. Her comparatively tiny hands held them up to her face, the shape of them wobbling and shifting to meet her.

Her soft lips met her hard but giving nipple, her tongue slowly moving it in her mouth as the tentacles kept squeezing and milk squirted into her mouth. Sweet and hot milk poured across her tongue and she gleefully gulped down the creamy treat. Her mouth moved and took her other nipple while her tongue moved between them like the tentacle between her breasts. The tentacles held her breasts in place so she could keep sucking on them and the one between her slowed down and swelled as if trying to signal to her it was about to finish, though most likely not to warn her to move but to ensure she could open her desperate mouth to drink its offering.

She let go of her juicy nipples and opened her mouth, milk dripped out as the tentacle loosed its load. The gushes were intense and traveled with unexpected and somewhat shocking speed. It flew into her mouth and trailed back down over her chest while her breasts were still being massaged and milk sprayed over her face. More and more gushes of savory cum blasted over her face with enough force to make her twitch in response to each glob hitting her skin. Most of it got into her mouth but one shot soared across her cheek and another went over her forehead. Milk and cum pooled and mixed in her mouth as her tongue swirled it around and she reveled in the intense flavor of it. The tentacle pulled down just a bit and released one last shot between her breasts before pulling out and being immediately replaced by two rubbing themselves in the seed of the first. Sarah let her head rest back as milk continued to sweep its warmth and sweet smell over her, not wanting to swallow the incredible treat yet, her tongue swimming through it like a dolphin playing in calm and sunny waters. She gave one final gulp before she exhaled loudly and panted again before sucking on her nipples again.

The bulb in her adoring pussy continued its task as she tightened around it with every deep and beautiful push. She felt every single inch of it as it pulsed and twisted inside her, it’s girth changing at random and driving her mad. It pushed in and swelled, she panted harder causing her breasts to shake even while being held. She felt the gushing deep inside her and started breathing loudly, the panting ringing out through the silent room. Her eyes flew open as the heat on her belly and nipples burned with unreasonable intensity and her legs pulled in while her entire body tightened for a second. She let out a loud scream as she finally achieved orgasm, cum flooding in and pouring out and her breasts producing even greater flows of milk. Her eyes rolled back, her fists clenched and her body gave one final full shake before release. The tentacles between her breasts pulled out and
rose over her, pouring twin streams of burning fluid over her joined by three others. Bursts of the sweetness came down, completely coating her breasts, thighs, belly and just everything else they could get.

Cum refused to stop flooding her thirsty slit and she rose back to a second orgasm. Tears tore down across her cheeks and again she screamed from the pleasure. The three she had been sucking on burst as well, blowing thick loads over her face, mixing with the milk she was soaked in and she tried to catch as much of it in her mouth as possible. The two other waiting at her hole couldn’t wait anymore and managed to squeeze into her and dump their heat. She screamed and panted as they slowly drove into her and the burst of searing cum felt amazing on her skin.

One final thing occurred. One event with absolute and undeniable finality. The three inside her pulled out, her breasts were released and she looked down. Her belly had swollen and the heat on it should have been painful. Her legs were still held up and she could feel movement inside her. She thought she should be afraid; be terrified and screaming but it only translated into another orgasm as a thick and long thing began to exit her. She held onto nearby tentacles and her leg muscles tightened to the point of shaking. Her screams could surely be heard outside in the hallway to the bathrooms but she couldn’t quiet herself.

A long green tentacle carefully released itself from her with agonizing pleasure. It dropped down onto the cum flooded floor as two more stretched her aching cunt to the point of breaking before they both fell at the same time, plopping down loudly into the warm sweetness. Unblinking and dull emeralds stared up at the ceiling, damaged and failing legs fell limp for a few seconds. Heaving breasts shuddered powerfully with every exhausted breath. She sat there for a minute or two with not a thought attempted or a word vocalized.

After some indeterminate span of time she was finally able to force energy into her limbs as she slid her hands against the walls to try and sit back up straight. Tentacles got under her hands, twisting around her wrists and assisting her. It was funny for them to break her in such a wondrous way and then help her back onto her feet afterwards. She never would have taken mindless fucking machines to be gentlemen but the help was appreciated. She would have laughed if could steady herself.

She walked past the green things writhing on the floor, bare feet slapping against the warm and wet floor. In strained and almost drunken steps she made it to the mirror again and looked upon her remade form. Her belly was considerably swollen as is merely engaging with the worms had advanced her pregnancy and glowing fluid coated almost every part of her. She was incredibly warm as the seed seared her body in the most pleasant way. Finally a chuckle broke from her wet lips while she rubbed the fluid from her face as best she could. She smiled at the painted woman, the tentacles all still happily floating about her.

She didn't care to think about her time there. They gave each other release and as far as she cared it felt incredible. She lifted a breast to her mouth and licked along trail of juice off of it, savoring the flavor again. She looked over and saw what few tentacles hadn’t had a turn yet as they their bulbs held a brighter glow.

“Few more couldn’t hurt…”

She approached the final wall and lowered herself onto her back before them, spreading herself and shutting her eyes to rest.
Defeated

Chapter Summary

Miss Fortune begins to feel the strain of homesickness and bites off far more than she can chew.

An old calendar sat on a center table in her room; marked on a random month and with no true measure of days. Clocks didn’t function properly to give any idea of how long the days were and even looking outside seemed to suggest that it grew dark whenever the world felt like being dark. Days had been marked off more by when she had gone to sleep for an extended period of time and even still, this was hardly helpful. In reality she had done so more as a service to herself; an attempt at remaining aware of this place and her time spent in it.

Her toes dug into the warm sand as she returned to the beach she had originally woken on. From higher up in the Inn she had seen it through a telescope, the thought of an ocean and the crashing of its waves brought her back to thoughts of Bilgewater. Sarah was hardly unfamiliar to time spent away from home but never had she been trapped and completely unable to just return. Even when she was off on long voyages, there was always the possibility to turn the ship around.

The beach was still hardly anything like home with the black stones jutting from the sands and the discoloration of the waters. The only solace was that the waters were safe to touch as Sarah had begun to feel an old urge in her heart. She wished to jump from her ship and feel the cool waters consume her, to see the sun glinting through the surface as she dove down to find shells, to see schools of fish darting about in exquisite synchronicity. She knew deep down she would almost certainly find nothing like those memories here. That this would only make her miss home more. But still she came, supplies packed in a small sealed backpack and the intent to see if there was anything here to cure her boredom.

She had stripped down to nothing as she prepared to swim, checking her pack and trying to brush off the feeling of eyes hiding somewhere far off. This feeling bothered her less than she thought it should, knowing this was a land of monsters and that they most likely were somewhere out there. It hardly mattered as she sat the pack down and ventured out to the water, taking care to leave her items far enough away to keep safe from any potential change in tide if such a thing was possible.

The oddest thing about the water was it’s warmth. It soothed her skin as she waded further in, waves breaking over her skin and showering her chest with glittering purple water. She dove in as soon as she could, opening her eyes to see the water was clear as freshly cleaned glass. Above she saw the traces of light but below there was a sight most remarkable; shimmering blue lights lining the ocean floor in random clusters. Rising to take a deep breath before diving down, she reached the bottom and saw the brilliant things as a single growth of crystal glowing powerfully with smaller chunks laying on the floor around it. She reached out to it, tapping it once with her dainty finger before seeing no reaction. Her hands grasped a small piece from the floor perhaps the length of her forearm and half as thick. It was warm in her hands and retained its glow as she rose to the surface. It was dense enough to have a hefty weight but not enough to impact her swimming and the thought of collecting some crossed her mind as a fun activity for the day.

“Haven’t seen crystals like this before.” she said to herself, looking into the center of the rod, “Be
real nice to bring some of these home.”

She took the crystal to her belongings before taking out and unfolding a sack from inside the backpack, dropping the crystal and taking the backpack before returning to the waters. The crystals stretched across the ocean floor as far as she could see in all directions as she swam just under the surface while scanning the seabed for other notable clusters. It didn’t take her long to be drawn to a burst of light not far off.

The light was a cave extending into black rock that reached back up to the surface some distance from where Sarah placed her items. The light radiated like a sun down in the dark waters, completely out shining all other clusters. She headed to it curious to see the inside.

The cave mouth was incredibly warm as she entered it, floating a foot or two inside. Looking up she could see light glinting like the sun breaking the surface of the water. Sarah slowly made her way through the spacious entrance before surfacing in an air bubble. She rose from the waters onto the smooth cave floor and spun around to take in the splendor of the crystals lining the walls and ceiling, continuing down a pathway in the back of the room. It took only seconds for her to be enthralled by this place, to stand and watch the light dance across her wet skin.

With little hesitation she ventured into the pathway to explore the cave, hoping more wonders would reveal themselves. Beyond this path opened up a massive sort of ‘hub’ area, an open chamber with more crystals lighting the room and dotted with various tunnels in different parts of the room much the same size as the first. She quickly decided to head to the right-most tunnel and went through it without much thought.

The tunnel wasn’t terribly long and sloped downward slightly, terminating into a room similar to the first though much smaller in size and with water up to Sarah’s knees across the entirety of it. There were stone pillars around the room and crystals embedded into them as it to faction crude light posts. She stopped for a minute to take in the area, getting the impression this place must have been made by something rather than anything natural.

Deeper in she heard it. An awful, wheezing kind of breath. It sounded deep but inhuman or severely haggard. She crouched down and retrieved a knife from her backpack, a hunting blade the length of her hand and three fingers from edge to back. Peering around the pillar in front of her she saw some odd creature holding a fish. The creature itself was covered in red scales and as it stood she could see it as roughly six feet tall. Its back ended with a long tail with fins lining the top and tip. She could see its jaw stretch and gnarled teeth bite down around the fish, blood escaping its sickening maw with every echoing snap and crunch. Its shoulders were narrower than expected of something its height but its head was a flat atrocity; wide and with gross and bulging black eyes and slits above the mouth for its nose.

Sarah was pleased to find something down here as nothing on the surface had challenged her to a tough fight in some time. She charged it with the knife held high prepared to bring it down into the beast’s chest but it turned to her and swatted her hand away. She flipped it up in her hand and took frenzied jabs at its flabby belly but the water made her footwork sloppy as the floor was just uneven enough to be unreliable. The fish thing proved to be far better at maneuvering on the uneven stone, quickly moving in between jabs and landing its fist square into Sarah's gut. The blow was a shock but the fiery woman pressed on, managing to slash the ugly thing across the chest before it stuck her again, this time in the right shoulder.

The force of it made her to step back to try and restabilize her footing. She took too long as within those few seconds the fish thing rushed forward and struck her across the face with the back of its massive hand, sending her to the floor and wiping consciousness from her not long after.
She woke from a sudden drop onto another flooded floor. Her hands passed over the moss covered stones and she felt the warm water over her again. Her face was hot and her head was reeling from the blow, her vision was slowly tightening from a hazy blur. Above her the fish thing stood, it’s dumb eyes blank and its face expressionless. She looked around the room seeing it to be far smaller than the others with primitive benches carved out of the dark walls. Glowing crystals lit the room enough for her to fully see the monster and its intentions, it’s throbbing cock now fully erect as it lowered itself to her.

She lifted her leg to kick it in the gut but her motion was sluggish and the fish took hold of her ankle and pulled her closer, the center of the room holding deeper water than the edges. She tried to pull away but there was nothing to hold onto and so the beast wrapped its hands around her waist, propping her up on her hands and knees. She quickly tried to flip onto her back and kick at it again but her attacker was having none of it. It grabbed both legs and violently jerked her to it before punching her in gut again, further stunning her before it reached under her hips and brought its spike tipped cock to her cunt.

She tried to rise and punch the monster across the face but it took hold of her neck and slammed her back onto the floor, her head now mostly submerged in the water. As she flailed and tried to pull herself up, it started to force itself into her, the spikes on the triangular head of it not sharp enough to cut her but stiff and wide to the point of causing pain as the wide thing was shoved deep into her tensed hole. She let out a scream for a second before her mouth was forced back under the water, bubbles surging up with every violent thrust into her cunt. The beast relaxed its hold on her neck as it tried harder to pick up its pace. Its cock stretched her far worse than the other creatures that had used her and the spike on the tip facing forward now dug into the depth of her, a stabbing pain striking her walls as the other spikes dragged back and forth inside her.

The fish thing took both of her hips and tried to force itself as deep inside her as it could, its long claws digging into her skin and cutting her as its grip tightened. She was forced to hold herself up to keep her head above the churning waters. Gasps and shouts emanated from the room with every rise to then be silenced with every slip of her hands or push from her attacker. Its cock stretched her both from its cruel spikes as well as its sheer girth proving greater than she could handle even under less violent circumstances. Every thrust was an excruciating pile bunker bursting into her with a force implying the creature held enough intelligence to truly hate her enough to choose to be this savage.

It’s right hand grabbed her by the throat and pulled her up out of the water, held aloft by its tight grip as it continued to force her down onto its shaft with increasing speed. As soon as she was close enough to it she swung up at its still bloody maw, her fist smashing into it with considerable strength. The first blow was enough to shift its head to the side but it continued pounding into her as if it didn’t feel anything. She tried again to much the same effort, its head jerking to the left before resetting without pause.

“Don’t ignore me, you son of a bitch!” she growled through clenched teeth.

Sarah quickly wrapped her legs around its waist to try and pull herself in, taking hold of its shoulder with her left hand and roaring as she brought her right back into the monster’s jaw. It reeled back as she saw two sharp black teeth fall from its mouth with specks of blood flying out from the impact. She fell from its hands and slammed down hard on the stone, the mossy coating doing little to absorb the impact. She rose as best she could, her right arm sore from the punch and the pain between her legs making it difficult to stand.

She got on top of the monster while it was crouched in pain, pushing it down onto its back and found its face coated in blood before striking it again. It howled in an awful and pathetic tone, as if
it were sorry and terrified of the woman it had been abusing. She landed three more weighty blows to its face before slamming her fist down on the slash across its chest a few times for good measure. Each blow drew a convulsion of pain and shock from the huge thing as if its size was more for show. She screamed again as she returned to wail on its face but a flailing arm struck her in the side and tossed her once again onto her back in the water.

Sarah rolled onto her belly, her arms trying to lift her while her legs too weak to quickly find footing. She heard the roar of the battered horror behind her before it struck her in the back and knocked her down into the water. Sarah struggled to rise again but the beast pulled her head back up in a jarring tug by wrenching on her hair. Her neck craned back as she was pulled back to the beast, lifted to her hands and knees before it grabbed her by the hips and thrusted into her as hard and deep as it could. Sarah screamed out as the monster battered her already pained and raw cunt while the claws dragged down to her ass. It slammed into her with such force that her hands slipped with every thrust causing her face to repeatedly dip under the water.

Sarah tried to reach back and strike the fish thing again but it had very well had enough of her resistance. Its huge webbed hand wrapped around the back of her head and pushed her face down onto the stone floor, holding her in place as she thrashed in desperation. Its speed only increased as it angled itself over her, thrusting downward and only further dragging the spikes against her aching hole, the pain of each so much worse than before. It lifted her head for a moment letting her cough and try to breathe before pushing her back down, raking its claws down her back as if just to punish her more.

It repeated this cycle more times than she could count. Her time above the water seemed to grow shorter and shorter while the excessive force of its thrusts only intensified. She couldn’t fight, scream or even steady herself. The beast had her in the most helpless state she had ever been. Her eyes grew heavy again as she struggled to take in whatever air she could, her spirit to try and fight now gone and survival the only concern for the moment.

With both hands gripping her hips as if a single lapse in outrageous strength would lose her in the waters and one final, brutal thrust it came to pause. It held her as close to its disgusting scaly body as it could while its cock pulsated in a rapid manner, the spikes moving and hurting her further each time they moved. For what felt like eternity it held her there, refusing to let up on its grip or to let her move away so much as an inch. Burning tears tore across her face as she began to sob loudly from the pain and fear of what the spikes might have done to her. From the sheer brutality of being so horrendously raped by this hideous beast, an act so far removed from the comparably gentle creatures above land. From her complete inability to stay this seemingly brainless idiot or to escape from its assault. From being forced to let it violate her and fill her with its stomach-turning seed. From the fear of being forced to carry its young, what disgusting thing that would grow inside her. From all of this, her eyes were aflame and her tears fell in heavy beads to the finally calm waters below.

It let her go, burning hot white cum mixed with trails of blood flowing out of her and drifting above the water. Her limbs shook and failed her as she slunk down into the water with her nose kept just above the surface. The monster continued its wheezing for a moment before turning and leaving her there. She watched it shamble away into the dark as she tried to lift herself up, the task proving to daunting as she only just barely pulled herself onto the crude bench. She laid down upon it and soon passed out after a fit of gut churning pain and sobbing.

There was no way to know how long she was asleep, no signs of change anywhere in the barren room. Her head was still pounding and her eyes were hazy. The dim light in the room did little to help this though she could see something. Dark figures in her peripheral vision; unfocused and menacing. They filled the room all around her and loomed over her broken form as if constructed
from physical malice. She felt it too much for her to be lucky enough for them to merely be a dream or hallucination. She knew some horrible devastation was about to rain down on her.

Her wrists were held back and she could feel giant hands gripping her ankles. She was held open and defenceless, an invitation for any and all takers, the first of which wasted no time in accepting. Another giant fish thing stepped up to her before taking hold of her scratched and aching hips and shoving its spiked cock into her, hardly aided by the cum that remained inside her. She grit her teeth and winced from the sudden, sobering pain; her eyes held shut as the brutally intent rhythm began. Her body rocked back and forth with every excessive thrust as her limbs made subconscious attempts at retracting in, closing shut and protecting her raw flesh from such disgusting assault.

The barbaric cudgel was a battering ram designed to be as cruel and needlessly painful as possible, the spikes on this specimen sitting at a different and more excessive angle. Every pull back was an agonizing raking of spikes against her abused cunt. Her head pulled back as the pain grew worse and she could feel the strain of her teeth clenching begin to cause a shake in her jaw.

Salvation came as this assault proved to be far shorter than the first. Be it from lack of resistance or difference in personal stamina did little to calm Sarah or ease her into the situation, her breath held as she felt the final push deep inside and the expected burst of searing hot seed erupt from her. There were still numerous monsters in the room with her and her body began to shudder as soon as she felt the next beast move to take its turn, its horrifying weapon aimed at her breaking slit before sinking into her with a sickening roughness.

Its clawed hands wrapped around her breasts and squeezed tight before it began thrusting into her. She stared up at it with a hateful scowl but words failed to form. It continued to pull and squeeze as it leaned in to find better leverage and force itself deeper. The two on her ankles now held them as far apart as they could and the two with her wrists brought her hands down to their desperate shafts. Milk began to spray with every excessive and clumsy squeeze, claws beginning to scratch the soft things. Tears seared down Sarah’s face as the assault only grew more intense with each passing moment.

She lost count after seven. There were more than that and a few took extra turns but nine was where she passed out. The pain had taken its toll on her weakened body she she simply slipped away, unable to fight through it. By the end she had mostly gone limp, her eyes remaining closed as the tears continued to fall. For the second time now she awoke in this dim room, a pool of cum radiating out from her. The pain in her gut felt far less crippling than she thought it would but this was barely a silver lining as she found herself struggling to stand up.

Each step was a concentrated effort to tread the awkward footing in the uneven floor followed by a loud splash in the warm waters. It took her a few solid minutes to finally reach the hallway outside. It, too, was lit with thesame crystals giving it the same dim and uninviting atmosphere. The hallway had what seemed to be two exits on either end and multiple rooms like the one she had been dumped into. With little to go by she moved to the left as it was slightly closer.

Sarah placed her hand on the ‘doorframe’ to steady herself, her breathing slowing as she tried to listen for any signs of movement. The curve of the walls leading away were too dark to see any shadows and the waters remained calm and silent. She stood there for a minute or two. Nothing, as if the fish men had had their fun and lost any interest in her.

She stepped into the hallway and felt something wrap around her ankle with incredible speed. Not a second later her right hand was stuck against the door frame with the same rapid response. Her eyes looked to her hand and saw a slick, red tentacle restraining her. All along the outside of the doorway were small rocky polyps with the same tentacles emerging from them as if anxious to
sample a long awaited catch. In seconds they completely restrained her, her limbs held in place with unflinching strength. One soon wrapped around her throat and pulled tight enough to show it wasn’t intending to be gentle.

Sarah clenched her teeth as two of the bastards burst from the waters with a hysterical eruption and drove aggressively into her slit, both expanding inside her and stretching her beyond what her aching walls could handle causing her knees to buckle and shake. She pulled against the tentacles around her wrists but the choking began in response, increasing the more she fought. They pulled her back up as the things inside her thrashed and battered her depths. Pain spread through her as the roughness prevented any possibility of pleasure.

Another tentacle took the first chance it got to enter her shouting mouth and plunged in with that same aggression as the others. A fourth soon found its way between her cheeks after failing to enter with the first two and even sooner after that another wrapped around her breasts to then squeeze between them; milk spraying from the tight squeeze and enticing more of them to play with her sore nipples. In the span of a minute she was being used as thoroughly as possible in every hole, all of it so incredibly rough. As if everything in this cave was intentionally cruel and sadistic.

As she fought against the trap she had so easily wandered into the sounds of sloshing footsteps grew louder behind her, no doubt a fish thing alerted by the sudden noise. Webbed hands pulled on the tentacle around her throat and yanked it away. She was pulled from their grip with unexpected ease but not before the crazed pumping ended with torrents of cum filling and covering her. She was tossed back into the same room, the fish thing staring at her from the doorway as she backed herself further into the room, wholly expecting further violence. Instead, it simply left and Sarah sat in silence until falling asleep again.

It must have been close to a day when it happened. Sudden pains in her gut woke her completely from her deep, deserved slumber. Her belly was once again swollen with monstrous young and this already felt so horribly painful compared to the last time. She felt her insides churning and pulling in unreasonable directions. Her legs pulled in before spreading as the pain slowly crawled and explored. Her eyes shot open as she begged it to find its way out of her. Her legs shook without any semblance of control or rhythm, a crippling seizure of contractions and spasms as a head breached her. It’s hideous bulbous eyes matching the adults; that blank, stupid face with its infuriating maw hanging open like a dunce unable to work it's jaw.

She let out a short but explosive scream as it shook inside her in an attempt to move forward. She clenched her teeth before taking it in both hands and trying to pull it out herself, the damage done to her through the numerous assaults making this too much for her to not take action. With outrageous resistance the thing came to pass; some two feet long and already coated in scales. She had naught but a few seconds until a second one began to tear through her, her screams reigniting before dropping into a strained whimper. No sooner than the head breaching was it grabbed and pulled until it cleared. Sarah sat in an anguish from the torturous ordeal, fearing that there were countless more inside her waiting till the right moment to begin her punishment again.

Before she could rest or snap the creatures’ necks it dawned on her that her scream hadn’t been ignored. She could hear the sloshing of water until one of the fish things appeared holding a bowl. Tears flared in her eyes at the sight of her attacker as she wondered what fresh hell it came to throw at her. It set the bowl down near enough for her to see some thick off-white liquid in it giving her a queasy feeling before she looked away. The thing took the two newborns from her and looked them over as if to check for defects. In assumed approval it pressed their gaping mouths her nipples, the teeth sharp enough to hurt as they gnawed and suckled from her aching nubs. The fish man split her legs and revealed its cock, the impending punishment once again apparent. It slammed into for her some uncountable minutes before emptying itself inside her, using her thighs
to hold her close as it twitched inside her. This assault felt less angry, less excessive. The spikes
didn’t exactly hurt the same way and the beast almost seemed to have been making it quick.

Not that this was appreciated or very generous as the intention was now truly clear. Sarah was
their breeding stock and she had already failed an escape attempt. She wanted adventure and
challenge. The sobbing heard from the room proved she got far more than she had hoped for.

The fish man put the bowl, now close enough for her to see that it was a shell from the sea, to her
mouth and pressed the lip of it against her quivering mouth. Her face shot to the left; her eyes
closed and her mouth sealed. It hissed at her. A vile and predatory hiss that only increased in
volume the longer she refused. After too long it grabbed her by the throat and forced her to turn her
head face it. It’s maw was open wide and the hissing was unbearably loud. She took the bowl and
tried to force it all down as quickly as she could, instantly realizing it was filled with the seed of
the tentacles she was only just recently assaulted by during her botched escape. It took her some
time but when she looked back to the monster, it saw a sobbing, cum stained weakling feeding two
babies with her stupidly massive breasts now bearing teeth marks, covered in scratches and
battered into submission.

This satisfied it and Sarah was alone with her soul crushing progeny. Trapped in a cave with
monsters proven too much for her to handle, their young now feeding from her as more were sure
to be growing within her. She couldn't even continue sobbing. Her eyes stared blankly into the
darkness, silence only broken by the movements of the babies and tears occasionally dropping onto
stone.
Fortunate Timing

Chapter Notes

A short chapter birthed partially from trashing chapter five twice and completely re-planning the entire rest of the fic. Mainly to move the plot forward without messing up the pacing of other chapters. An unfortunate by product but a valuable lesson in restructuring large chunks of the plot as well as to never wait on feedback from people unlikely to even have anything worthwhile to say. No offense to them. I'll just be doing everything myself. Apologies if this one is in anyway subpar. It will all make sense soon now that the plot is actively progressing.

There was a commotion, a wild cacophony that broke her already unpleasant sleep. Her eyes opened to see something dart across the slit in the tent flap. Shouting broke through the air; incoherent at first as she rose from the cot. Her head was aching and it was dark all around her. She slipped on her sandals and tried to stand but her legs were weak. Balancing was far too much of a hassle and thoughts of heavy drinking permeated her mind. Not enough for a crippling hangover but certainly more than she was used to.

She moved the flap with her finger, just barely able to see a group of people sprint off into the distance. They were fleeing. Many of them could be immediately picked out as terrified; their running uncoordinated and sure to tire them within seconds. There was shouting but only one person she could understand. She heard only a part of their words, something about ‘the prisoner being taken to the beach’ before the shouting trailed off. They meant the blue-haired woman they had locked in a cage.

Yoma was awake now, her body still a little groggy but her mind fully tuned to the situation. Far out at the end of the camp she saw what they were running from. It was big, though the distance made it difficult to discern exactly how much so. It walked on two powerful legs with toes ending in huge black talons. It was a dull shade of purple and it’s tail was almost certainly a few feet long. She saw it rip out of a tent before sprinting off out of sight.

“Where did they come from?” the words as quiet as she could make them.

She turned to the nearby mirror to inspect herself. She knew the cultists were using the enchanted brand she had made but she hadn’t seen one on herself beforehand. She stripped off the robe she had been wearing; a garish purple-red thing given to her by the cultists. She wasn’t of their flock but still dressed as they did as to not upset them. On her body she could see it. Just inches below her belly button was the eye, the mark of breeding stock.

“They must have done it in my sleep…” She thought about her woozy body, “…Drugged me? Maybe so they could put the brand on me…”

Her eyes looked over her body for any other notable changes though she saw none immediately. She was a large woman standing at six foot two inches and her frame was overall considerably greater than most women. She bore breasts far too large for anyone at all thinner than her along with a wider set waist and massive hips. She ran her hand over her plentiful, soft belly and the heart shaped bush neatly trimmed and maintained in hard angles sat just above her slit. Her thighs were equally plump and her skin a fair shade of one whose profession offers occasional journeys out into
the world. Her eyes were a light blue with her tell-tale heart shaped pupils dotting them. A beauty
mark sat under the outer corner of her left eye and her black hair came down just above her rear; its
bangs cut just above the eyebrows and closely flanking her eyes to narrowly frame her face. She
put the robe back on, feeling it smarter to at least wear something in this confusing place.

Her pack was quickly stuffed with all the necessary things for her to try and venture out; food,
water, a spare robe, some enchanted objects of various design and potency but most importantly
her research journals. Two heavy leather bound behemoths sat snug at the top of her pack filled
with all kinds of notes, potion recipes, research observations, experiments both successful and
abject failures and all manner of other useful records. The most immediately important were the
notes on different monsters present in the void, partially supplied by the cultists but Yoma was
hardly the kind to disregard potentially vital research from less savory characters. She may have
been the one to prove their theory but there was still much she didn’t inherently know. She gave
the tent another once over before peeking her head out.

The sky was still that dreary purple, unchanged from when they brought her here. How long had
she even been in this place? Or was time not truly flowing for her relative to the ‘real’ world? She
hoped her house plants would be alright and her less patient customers might be otherwise
distracted till she returner. If not then escaping this land would be rather anticlimactic if she
returned home only to find her fern dead and a customer screaming about a missed order.

The cultists were gone and the creature was as well. No screams, no sounds of combat. Nothing.
Yoma thumbed the wand in her hand, a simple piece of wood baring the runes for a sleep spell. It
wouldn’t put any and everything under but at the moment it was at least possible it’d slow anything
she might encounter. She rose from under the tent flap and scanned the area one last time before
moving on. Most of the tents were torn apart or otherwise collapsed. Still no signs of life, though
that might be preferred for now.

Too soon to say, in actuality. As she turned to the main circle of tents, the cages empty and the
bonfire spilled over and extinguished. She heard it there; a low hiss from some god-forsaken
serpent. She turned to it; its head rising over some debris, black claws clacking against old wood as
it set its foot down on the pile. Its head carried an arrowhead design with a wide horizontal length
and a thicker center. It had no eyes but she could feel it zeroing in on her with perfect instinct. The
creature’s jaw opened wide enough to take in a human head with rows of needle-like teeth coated
in dripping saliva. Under its torso were two arms small in comparison to its legs but still tipped in
the same lethal claws. As it dropped to the ground it stood perhaps as tall as a wolf; not as tall as
she thought but still nothing to take lightly.

It lunged forward with remarkable speed giving Yoma mere seconds to lift the wand; the word
‘sleep’ leaving her lips just as the raptor’s head made contact with the tip. A flash of light erupted
right in front of it but its momentum was enough to carry it into her, knocking her to the ground as
it tried to stand up straight with minimal success. It loomed over her barely fighting off sleep but it
seemed unfocused enough to possibly give her another attempt. Before she could it dropped a
clawed foot down over her shoulder, only just barely missing her head. Yoma flinched and turned
back, her gaze up at the new weapon levied against her.

The brand on her had affected the creature as it did the others, most likely aided by the spell
making it tired. A threatening purple cock as long as her arm, thick and imposing at the tip and in
the shape of a horse’s. It hung down over her throbbing with a dull thrum as a drop of precum fell
to her cheek. It was obvious what she’d need to do, not that it scared her. She was a monster
breeder by trade and this was at least not a wholly unfamiliar task.
“Fine. I don’t mind if it means you’ll leave and I keep a charge on my wand.”

Rising to her knees her lips met the tip of it. The width of the thing just barely fit in her mouth as she sucked on the head. Her tongue flitted around the flared ridges before she began to take in more. Her hands rested on the creatures legs while her head bobbed back and forth. She closed her eyes as the taste of precum enveloped her tongue, her body heating up at the thought of her actions. Saliva dripped down her chin with each moment; soft, wet sounds carefully emanating frequently. Her pace quickened as one of her hands worked its way between her thighs to eagerly tease her clit.

She was burning down below. Her fingers moved across her folds with overly long motions, her mind getting more and more flustered as time went on. Thoughts of how deep she might be able to take the beast broke into view; of it pushing her onto her hands and knees and simply taking her. Of her willingly turning to present her soaking wet slit to it, to hold her bottom up high for it to mount. She had always been a slow burn but burn she always would and burn she certainly did as her fingers sank into her.

She needed it. She needed to feel the length of it slide into her before breaking her in. She found herself needing to pull away from her treat to allow herself time to breathe before diving back on. She could only take the thing so far but it didn’t stop her from trying. She tilted her head back and slowly took in more, relaxing her throat and sliding forward as her other hand reached under her robe to her breast, squeezing and rubbing it as her fingers continued their game.

The deeper she took it, the deeper she tried to get her fingers. Her hand was utterly soaked and glistening but she couldn’t slow down. Her other hand teased her puffy pink nipple, milk already spilling from it from her sheer excitement. Her face was glowing red and tears formed under her eyes as she carefully began to choke herself on the monster’s cock; it remaining tired and content to let her continue. Occasional gagging coughs occurred but it only turned her on more.

She couldn't contain herself anymore and took that in a literal direction. Both hands gripped the neck of the robe and in one powerful motion tore it down the middle to expose herself. She backed off for a moment; coughing as the cock left her throat, her breasts heaving like mad as she panted. She looked up at it bobbing and covered in dripping saliva like a devout nun in awe of a religious relic. She leaned under it, supporting herself with her left arm and squeezing her breasts around it with her right. The raptor began to buck in between the soft mounds, its mind aware enough to know what to her.

The head of it came right up to her mouth bringing her to keep her tongue out to lick it with each thrust. Hot precum coated her tongue in a warm, sweet wash of berries. She kept panting like an animal dying for a treat, only just able to wait the minute of thrusting it took. The monster seized up and became stiff, signaling her to once more latch onto its head as a flood of seed erupted from it. It filled her mouth forcing her to lovingly swallow each burst to take in as much as she could. The longer it went on the more was loosed with each volley quickly become too much to swallow. Purple cum popped out of her tightly sealed lips and showered her chest.

She couldn't keep on after so much, pulling back and letting it continue to glaze her breasts while she laid back, the warmth comforting her already exhausted body. She looked at it with a wide smile when it failed to go limp and immediately got on her hands and knees, rubbing its tip against her needy cunt. With little hesitation it was inside her; its claws resting on her shoulder as it lowered itself to better suit the angle.

The length of it filled her, the head hitting her walls with every push. Her tongue hung out like a bitch in heat as she could barely breathe, let alone make a sound. It kept pounding away at her until she let out a short scream.
“FFFFFFfuck!” she yelled, her eyes shutting tight and her teeth clenching.

It never once let up the pace as if it’s induced lethargy had been completely dispelled the moment it felt her hole. She held her bottom higher on just her toes, her feet wide apart and the beast now battering her insides. Her breasts bounced excitedly as if their immense weight meant nothing. Tears kept rolling down her cheeks while her eyes rolled back.


The claws tore the shoulders of the already ruined robe but it meant little to Yoma. Though a slow burning wick, her only path led to a hidden reservoir filled with gasoline. Her fingernails dug into her jiggling thighs as her grip strengthened with every quick thrust. Her legs were sopping wet as the beast glided in and out with ease, restricted only by the tight fit enhanced by her tensing muscles.

She climbed higher and higher to her peak, letting off loud screams of pleasure. Her legs shook and her left knee buckled for a moment before she lifted up just in time for the pointed tip of that marvelous cock to hit her just right. Three hits to that one spot in succession and the girl broke. Her eyes rolled back as far as they could while she held her breath. Her legs nearly gave out as her body erupted in an orgasm of ludicrous intensity. Only seconds later the beast joined her, it's claws gripping her shoulder as it pressed itself as deep as possible one final time before torrents of cum began to burst from her.

In seconds it flooded her well past the point of overflowing, hot trails of cum pouring down her shaking thighs and puddling on the ground. It kept pumping more into her for at least fifteen seconds before its hold on her lessened by even the most minute amount. It released her and she slowly slid off of it, collapsing to the ground with a hard thump. She rolled onto her back and tugged on the raptor's arm, carefully guiding it down to her. She positioned its cock to her still overflowing cunt and once more slid it into her, wrapping her legs around its body as it lowered itself to lie on the ground.

She laid still now and tried to catch her breath. The raptor seemed content to rest as well after lowering its head to the ground. It’s cock still filled her even if it wasn’t hard and she was more than happy just to have it in her again. A huge smile covered her face as she rested, practically unable to move anymore. It was only after a minute or two that the raptor’s head rose and pointed in some direction and it lifted itself from her. It slowly walked over her, dragging its cum covered cock over her body before she rose to give the head one last lick as it reached her face, trying to swallow as much of the cum on it as she could, the fluids getting all over her face while she made the attempt before it merely walked off into the distance; slow and oddly calm.

“Sweet merciful…” she gasped, her body still shaking.

It was a few minutes before she could will herself to her feet. She didn’t even bother to clean herself up as merely walking was more than enough of a struggle for her. She had, over the course of some unknown number of ever lengthening minutes, worked her way to the beach to see if she could find any trace of the prisoner. Her tired legs lugged her up over an outcropping of the black rocks to the sound of a struggle. A woman with long blue hair was being dragged into the waters by some horrid abomination; a thing resembling a mix of a hulking man and a half-formed fish. It lifted her and dove into the water, dragging her along with it. Yoma watched in disconnected horror at the thought of such a fate but her instincts kicked in.

Notes from the cultists mentioned an underwater cave only briefly investigated. No one entered
but they wrote it down. The beast had to be taking her there for some unsavoury purpose. She sat down and contemplated her next action. She could simply leave but all of this came back to her as a constant dread; tangible guilt making her skin crawl. Even if she didn’t know what she was doing, she was the one who helped the awful people form their plot. She couldn’t just ignore those her experiments would hurt.

“No. I’ve never been one to just give up on others to save myself.” she thought to herself.

She would rest for a few minutes before bolstering her resolve, hiding the books and other items that wouldn’t survive the water under some the rocks. Yome tossed aside the robes and swiftly entered the alien sea undeterred by danger or the beauty of the glowing crystals littering the seabed. The cave wasn’t far at all from where she entered, perhaps only a minute away if she kept a consistent pace. Resurfacing for air before a hard dive straight down she came upon the grim maw of the cave, sparing not a second to enter and find the woman.

Yoma immediately pulled out her sleep wand in the event of getting caught and listened to the entrance for sounds. Nothing. Her steps were as quiet as could be on the damp floors, reasonable effort made to avoid the puddles and loose stones. She passed the main chamber, opting to the left at the indiscernible sounds coming from the dark place. Through it all she still found no trace of the creatures that surely dwelt here. Not until she came upon that chamber far off in the cave.

There was a woman lying on the floor, visibly battered and sobbing. Wriggling snake-like creatures moved about in the waters and she could see one latched onto the woman’s nipple. She was thin and toned with fiery red hair, the intensity of the color offsetting her fragile state. Yoma sought to enter but heard movement approaching and ducked behind a pillar as quietly as she could.

It was that same brute from before carrying the other woman, the one from the beach. She was barely struggling; her slaps against the monster entirely too weak to even be noticed. It dropped her on the ground and grabbed her legs, splitting them to commit its atrocity upon her. Quickly and painfully it penetrated her though not a single sound broke out from her. It brutalized her right beside the first woman who hadn’t moved or responded in anyway. The blue haired woman merely grew still and stared off blankly into the darkness as the beast assaulted her, leaving her leaking disgusting seed some minutes later and trudging off back into the caves.

It shocked her into silence for a moment as her hand tightly cupped her open mouth. She knew immediately upon being forced to follow the cult that terrible things would be done with her research but she had yet to see it herself. To well and truly experience the cruel nature of what she had wrought. She snapped out of it, knowing she needed to do something before more creatures appeared.

She had a plan. Not a great plan. Not a plan guaranteed to work in a way less terrible than what would happen otherwise. It was all she could do to try and help these women. She needed to make up for what she’d given the cultists in whatever way she could. She took one last solemn look at the broken women before turning to leave. She had enough clay, she knew the runes enough to try and she knew it would lessen their suffering. She just wished she could ask them first.
Relative peace

Chapter Summary

Sarah learns why the creatures act the way they do as well as who was responsible to everything she's been through.

Chapter Notes

For those of you asking for a certain newer champion; be patient. I have something special planned.

The process wasn’t inherently difficult but the scarcity of components and lack of more formal training made the effort that much more straining. She had only made these a few times before but the experimentation did little to prepare her for a more focused production. She still knew the steps and requirements but now there could actually be a price for failure. The thought of that was quickly wiped from her mind.

Clay was the base component, specifically taken from this region of the Void itself. Something about it provided a connection with those tainted by this place. It was the first thing the cultists brought her when they hired her to test their theory. In total she had two finished dolls and the clay to make another. Finished was somewhat incorrect, though. They were finished in the sense that they were already fashioned into the appropriate human figure for women, a condition of using them on said women. The clay needed to be an approximation, at the very least. The problem with these was the runes carved into the clay and their effect once completed. Though she could try and find more clay, the task could be incredibly dangerous and she couldn’t just leave these women to suffer in the event she was captured or potentially worse.

There were numerous runes with varying effects and strengths. This was always how she had fashioned enchantments but unlike the wands she used, this was a far more delicate usage. The runes would cast their effect on the person they were made for, emanating out to things touched by the void. It was messy and the cultists had only desired very crude uses with a casual disregard for safety or dignity. This was how they used the women they abducted.

No, this required more thought than slapping whatever left the women as a vulnerable resource and the runes already on the dolls left her worried. ‘Breeding stock’, they read. Crude and cruel, the cultists wanted these mass produced to fulfill various functions; turning women into helpless breeders, men into loyal and expendable soldiers, all while stripping away their will, their memories, their very minds. All just by merely touching people with basic dolls or other things marked with the runes. Simple, effective, disgusting and on top of all else, her own work.

She shook that thought away as well knowing she couldn't have understood their greater plans. She didn’t know what they were doing to people, she was naive and the pay was incredible. But she knew even if she had asked more questions they wouldn’t have told her. They would have simply lied and increased the pay. All she could do now was help these women.
First you mold the clay into a human figure, male or female. Second, etch the runes while the clay is soft. This clay was beginning to harden after having spent some time out in the open, she would have to do something to maintain it long term but that could wait. She looked at the women, both silent and still before checking the notes in the books. She might be able to alter the runes to similar sets to at least avoid the initial designation. She only had her nails to make the attempt and there weren’t many options to change the runes to.

She tried anyway.

The third step is to take hair from the user and either put it inside the clay or to tie it around the doll. Being that the clay was drying out she would have to tie the hair leaving her thankful the two had full heads of very long strands. She took from both of them, apologizing profusely as she plucked hair after hair until she had perhaps thirty of each, not necessarily the ‘required’ amount but she just knew more was preferable. She tied the ends to keep them all together before tying the whole around the doll’s neck, both times proceeding as expected.

The sounds of creatures outside were consistently close as far as she could tell. She feared being captured at any moment, being subjected to the same torturous fate as the two that lie silent. She needed to finish the dolls soon or she might not get the chance. The last step was always the worst in her mind. She needed blood and looking at the two, she saw they had numerous cuts and scrapes, not counting the red streaks wavering through the fluids leaking from them. She tried not to think about that but instead gathered the blood on her fingers and coated the runes as best she could. Now she needed to make her own doll, and hope everything works as intended.

It was sort of like the first time she woke. The waters were quieter and just a little warmer. It wasn't high enough to come up to her ears this time but she could feel her hair floating around on the surface. Her body ached like she'd been beaten as thoroughly as her crew handled pirates during interrogations. She certainly had been beaten, in a way, but something just felt so much worse than a blow to the gut. Every muscle felt wrong like she’d been forced to exercise until exhaustion, like her body had been drained of every last bit of energy. She opened her eyes to the same old dark caves, the glowing crystals but this wasn’t the last room she remembered. She also wasn’t alone.

It was almost like that first time. Water, exhaustion, confusion. But most importantly her little friend was there again. She saw it calmly resting on her belly and could then feel what she already knew it was doing. It’s tail was deep inside her but it was gentle this time. It moved in and out of her with the slowest motions she had felt in this place. This of course, gave her more reason for concern.

Sarah tapped a trembling finger against its smooth shell expecting it to throw itself around the room and attack her like the last one but it surprised her again. What one could assume to be its head portion of the body shifted like someone responding to movement, like it was simply curious about what touched it. Its horrible, gangly legs moved forward a step as it brought its head to her finger, its tail still deep inside her. She laid her arm down for a moment to rest, even the act of lifting it was strenuous to say the least. She felt like she should be in pain after what the creatures had done to her, for how long that had done it. But she was just tired like someone resisting waking up on a day off so they can sleep in a little longer, the deep hurt from earlier having quickly faded which was yet another concerning notion.

In truth what was happening felt great. It felt soft and caring, completely opposite of everything that had happened in this cave. She felt content with resting for a moment, so long as it stayed
There was motion near her head as she saw another one approach, calm and slow like the first. It felt so unnatural to her, for these horrid monsters to not be outright attacking her. It's phallic tail came her lips but it made no attempt at forcing it into her mouth. It pressed against her but not at all with aggression. Sarah parted her lips but held her tongue, blocking it as it cautiously entered and halted. Even then it didn’t try to get further, it just did as the first did.

The first one soon finished as it buried itself inside her as far as it could go. She could feel her cheeks flush from the building pleasure, her body slowly warming up as the seconds ticked on. The warmth between her legs felt fantastic in the cold cave, not even minding what it was or the mess it always left behind. When it was finished it pulled out from her and carefully stepped away from her belly. No jumping or repeated assault. It just lied down beside her, its glazed tail resting on her cold thigh. She couldn’t get over how nice it was to feel such intense warmth.

With her arms now feeling some kind of strength return she lifted herself, the creature in her mouth breaking off and seemingly waiting for her to adjust. She sat up with her back against another kind of stone bench and breathed deep before she noticed the jumping thing appear to be looking at her despite its shell being devoid of eyes. She thought for a moment, just a breath or two before she grabbed it and placed it over her belly. It held onto her with its long legs and found its way inside, taking its turn and very slowly penetrating her.

She took the first one and held in to her chest, wanting to further test if it was really being gentle or if this was just an overstretched ruse. The spindly thing merely rested upon her shoulder while its legs clung to whatever it could hold on to. She placed her hand on the body of the armoured creature lying on her rounded stomach as it filled her. There were actually a few in the room but not a single one moving faster that a casual crawl. She looked to her right seeing one rest near her, lying down with its legs spread wide.

“One more test…” she whispered with a hoarse voice.

She opened her mouth and waved her tongue at it, watching it slowly rise and move closer to her before positioning its tail in front of her lips. It slowly entered her inviting hole and began to push in, still gentle. Still unnatural. Sarah accepted it as she knew how awful the usual behavior could become. She would take whatever rest she could find if she would be stuck in this cave for much longer. The second creature came inside her now, another torrent of cum filling and flowing from her before its tail dragged the colorful slime through her somehow still neatly trimmed but sizable bush. It wandered off, leaving her hole warm and needy but her mind snapped back to escape; to the pain that had been inflicted upon her and would surely be inflicted again and again and again. She rose onto wobbling legs as her knees tried to adjust to the strain, lessened as it might be but not helped by the bunches of moss underfoot.

The room was an oddity even disregarding her gentle little friends. There were various items that fit no distinct pattern other than how inappropriate they were to be in a cave like this; a large mirror, some foreign and meaty looking bike with fat tires, a small table, some plastic cups and a mostly dry scrap of cloth. The shape of the room even felt weird with a large chunk of the ceiling jutting down in a sharp diagonal, uneven portion as if it had been partially cut to form the room and abandoned before the job was done. Sarah feebly took the cloth and draped it around her shoulders barely able to tie it around her neck. It came down just above her multi-colored and well glazed cunt, a blue and red beacon against her pale skin and the dull grey cloth. She took one last look at her dumb little friends as she exited the room into the dark hall, expecting them to at least follow and almost wanting to thank them for remaining where the were.
“I would really like to hope you’ll be as gentle as the others....”

Some minute or two further into the caves but nowhere she recognized, she found more of the tentacle polyps lining another wall. They were all retracted into their rather ugly and misshapen homes but the memory of their assault was as fresh and vivid of everything else she had encountered here. No doubt if they caught her she would face more pain and possibly alert those disgusting fish beasts.

“Gonna take it slow I guess.” she thought to herself, daring not to speak aloud until she was free.

The effort to move quietly in the water was monumental and straining to the point where Sarah felt she would make a wild sprint if she knew where the exit was. Her legs were still so incredibly tired and her body over all just felt unnatural. It was one of those feelings you never had the exact word for; her legs weren’t weak but maybe just uncoordinated? Her stomach felt upset but she couldn't discern if it felt like she was hungry or was recovering from a savage beating. Her whole body was a mess of these feelings, of each part having some form of oddity forced upon it. While she remained thankful for not feeling what the fish men had done to her she honestly couldn't shake the looming fear that something else would have to be at play.

In what she knew would be a risky test she cautiously extended her hand out in front of a polyp, folding her fingers in and out while waiting for a response. It came lazily, much more like a creature waking from a deep sleep than she had expected as she watched the same vile tentacles from before inch out of their homes. They waved about in the air with some fully outstretched and some remaining fairly withdrawn. One had followed her hand back to her and calmly probed the air around her in search of what woke it. She tapped it like the other creatures, just a fingernail against its soft and rubbery skin. It just moved closer to her in response without any change in aggression. She felt it time to be sure of it before attempting to pass and stepped to the close one.

Still not a single act of violence. They didn’t swarm her, no choking, not a damn thing. All the creature did was grope its way over the cloth, poking and rubbing against her breasts like a blind person scanning a table for something. She took a step further, now fully within its range of motion and prepared to run. The worst the one did was finds its way under the cloth before squeezing between her breasts. It only stayed there for a moment before withdrawing and returning to its home as if satisfied to figure out what she was. Another step in and they all followed suit. One wrapped around her left breast and moved it about before leaving. She let one in her mouth which only stayed long enough to fire a small load of seed onto her tongue before it left. Two more made the effort to penetrate her slit, one barely trying before dunking its tip under the waters below and the second mimicking the actions of the one in her mouth. Eventually the rest stopped probing her all together like they were too busy or merely tired. This only caused her to feel more concerned instead of confident.

She took a deep breath before moving past the once more slumbering things, steadying herself to continue while her body still felt off. She couldn’t afford to let her guard down after such a crushing defeat but she desperately needed to believe she could escape this place, that the creatures would remain idol long enough for her to find safety. She grit her teeth and held her breath. She was strong, always had been. She could come back from this if she just stayed strong for a lil longer. Sarah Fortune would press on even if what came next, the shock of such a brutal shift in perspective, would eat away at her forever.

It was soothing, oddly enough. The pain and ‘wrongness’ of the body had faded some time ago and
now she was left with pleasure and rest. She lay down on the mossy floor and stretched out, her breasts bouncing in tandem to the eager thrusting between her open legs. This one was smaller or possibly just younger. She thought of if it had ever bred before but seeing how excitedly it penetrated her, how consistent and rapid its pace was she felt that this might have been its first time. She smiled at the thought, putting her hand over her expanding belly and felt that fuzzy feeling about the life growing within her and the others that would grow after it.

The young creature finished with a deep push while gripping her thighs with impressive strength though was considerate enough not to hurt her. She tapped its chest and looked up to it, opening her mouth with an awkward smile and sticking her tongue out. There was no real way to tell if they understood but that didn’t bother her too much. It still withdrew and stood over her while she leaned up on her elbows just barely able to reach it. She planted a small kiss on the tip before taking it into her mouth, the taste of its cock glazed in cum and her juices had long ceased being something that disgusted her. Now it was something she thoroughly enjoyed as giddy slurping sounds proved.

She rose to her knees and continued to suck on the spent and slowly deflating thing, lapping her tongue across every single inch of it until she had every drop in her mouth, swallowing the thick and creamy liquid in one gulp. She smiled and waved as the creature wandered off back into the caves before the noticed the poking at her thigh. It was one of the babies; those dumb eel shaped things with their cute little teeth. She lifted it from the water and gave it a kiss on its head before holding it to her nipple and cradling it lovingly. She stood now and stepped to another of the fish men that had recently approached her, turning her back to it and bending over to present herself.

The fish man grabbed a large bunch of her hair in one hand and her hips in the other, pulling and holding tight as it drove its cock deep inside her and wasting no time to get to it. She kept smiling knowing she was being treated well, unflinching as her head was jerked to the side just a little harder than to be comfortable. It didn’t matter to her any great deal, she just felt happy knowing her womb was being very well used. Every small bite around her nipple made her blush just a tad harder from how cute the little ones were. She couldn’t wait till the next one was born and she could immediately be impregnated again. She had never considered how good this would make her feel, being the mother of monsters but she just focused on how nice it was and how pleasurable it all felt. Her nipples were tingling from the constant stream of milk and the slightest touch to them caused her legs to weaken in the nicest way, and she could feel movement in her soft and growing belly. She smiled again knowing it would be time again very soon.

His time was sooner, though as his body seized, he pulled her hair a tad harder and his claws scratched her fair skin. She was a little saddened that he left almost immediately after before she could clean him up but the thought left her once the spasms hit. She sat on the stone bench as they intensified, her entire core beginning to shake while her heart rate picked up. She looked up at the sound of movement to see a woman now standing in the doorway. She had seen her before. Her hair was a mess and she wore none of the familiar attire but she was unmistakable.

Before she could wave or otherwise greet her the babe had begun its journey, her core trembling again as it began to move through her. She shut her eyes as the intensity doubled, her slit beginning to burn up as she rubbed her clit bed squeezed her breasts. Her legs shook as she fought to keep them spread as the head began to peak through. Her fingers circled over her clit as her tongue hung low out of her mouth. Her eyes teared up while it carefully worked its way to freedom as she could feel herself contracting around the full length of the thing, the pleasure still growing as she could feel herself approaching orgasm.

Her breathing turned into frantic panting as she approached that beautiful threshold and the babe made one final effort to escape. She held her breath as climax flooded her body, her legs shaking
excessively under the strain of trying so hard to keep the spread. The babe loosed itself through an explosive shower from her depths and fell into the waters to awkwardly swim away. She sat there for a minute trying to catch her breath before looking back to the woman, motioning for her to approach and sit with her. It had been so long since she last saw those gorgeous, shimmering eyes or that burning red hair. She waved to Sarah again, wondering why she held her hand over her mouth. Confused as to why she was looking away.

“It was the only thing I could do for her at the time. For either of you.”

Sarah didn’t even turn to see who was speaking, she couldn't break herself away from seeing Sona loving what those monsters were doing to her.

“I….I know why this is happening. I helped them do it.”

Sarah spun around rapidly at this, the idea that she would be face to face with the creator of this nightmare was too promising a possibility. She looked the woman over quickly before slapping her across the face, words failing to leave her throat.

The woman hesitated for a moment, looking Sarah in the eye before speaking, “I helped the cult unknowingly. I only learned after the abducted me once I proved they could control the creatures here….”

She looked at Sona, still smiling and resting.

“I didn’t know there plans.” her voice weak.

“And just what were there plans?”

Sarah’s voice was so very tired suddenly, like the woman was a malicious spirit draining her will.

“Use those dolls,” pointing to a small clay doll, feminine with blue hair tied around it, laying on the bench, “abduct women for breeders, men for workers and soldiers. All controlled by their dolls marking them as this or that. I can explain it better later, I don’t think a long winded lecture would be appropriate right now.”

Sarah glared at her, her eyes low and her arms wrapped around her waist. She held two more dolls, one with red hair and one with black. She calmed down just a bit.

“Is she safe?” Sarah hissed.

“We all are. The creatures will continue trying to do…what they have been but they’re docile. I can tell you the process if you really wa-”

Sarah stepped closer to her, her stare unwavering.

“The monsters have been fucking us. What about you? I have to assume you made them docile so are you keeping them doing that to her? To me?”

Her words were daggers pulled from frozen corpses. Yoma showed her the dolls, the runes on both of them.

“These imprint the meaning of the runes on those they’re fashioned after. You put on ‘soldier’ and that person thinks they’re a soldier, act like a soldier and eventually even develop traits of a
soldier. But most importantly, the void spawn and anything tainted by the void understand it as well. The less intelligent, the faster it reprograms them.”

“What do the dolls for us say, then?”

Yoma paused, taking a deep breath before continuing.

“Two of the dolls were already designated. Without the right tools I couldn’t make new ones or make bigger changes to the runes. I turned them from what they were to the closest runes bearing a less awful meaning. They say ‘fertility goddess’.”

Sarah turned back to Sona, her fists clenched tight and her rage building. It was one thing for this to happen to her but knowing it happened to someone as sweet and gentle as Sona set her blood to boil. She turned to Yoma again, forcing herself not to strike her again.

“I put that as mine as well. I did this. I’m going to subject myself to it until it’s all gone.”

Sarah took a deep breath and thought for a moment before looking down at the dolls.

“You have a plan?” she asked the timid woman.

“I do. It’s not mine, though. It’s the cultist’s.”
Sarah woke to the familiar sound of webbed footsteps in water as a shorter specimen of the fish men approached carrying a bowl from the city. It was a sizable thing, light blue and still bearing a half ruined sticker with ‘p-astic’ still visible amongst words that didn't mean very much to her, certainly taken from somewhere out there though she never really knew how far in they had explored on their own. It had some red fruits or berries that were probably strawberries but had been somewhat mashed by clumsy hands picking them without care. The blueberries in the bowl survived well enough and she could at least tell they hadn’t picked anything poisonous though the question of where they came from was forefront in her mind. The dull brute held a platter in its other hand; a rather gaudy and over-detailed metal thing with cooked fish still steaming on it. No lemon wedge, though. It left her with a very shallow bow of its head after she gave it a nod and a wave but she also couldn't tell if it actually grasped what bowing was or even where it learned to do that.

The fish was prepared by Yoma who was most likely about to return to her duties or simply retire for the night if it were night since Sarah hadn’t gone outside since being saved. She already proved herself to be a very determined but shy woman; hard working and knowledgeable but nothing impressive when it came to conversation or appearing social. She didn’t have to be the cook on top of her other tasks but Sarah had a feeling she was taking on whatever she could to help make up for her mistakes despite she herself being tricked. Sarah didn’t consider it entirely fair if her story of being uninformed and merely completing a service was true. She made a mental note to tell her she could take it easy tomorrow.

Tomorrow being just one more day on the growing list of however many times she had told her that. Without a way to measure time she could only assume any perception of how hard any of them had really been working. Actually it was hard to really call it work at times when she thought about it. Sona lounged about and indulged in the constant courteous treatment the fish men gave her even if she were still being used for disgusting purposes. Yoma remained hard at work refining their dolls to better suit their needs but this was experimentation performed while sitting comfortably and not very difficult save for the need to pay attention to the process. She would only rarely consort with their ‘servants’ and the times she would make it feel as if she were trying to conceal that fact, like she was trying to be active in this only when others were busy or asleep. She couldn’t blame Yoma for wanting to hide it if that was the case. Sarah still hated these things after
what they did and while Sona was too far gone to be aware of the situation, she didn't expect Yoma to hold much enthusiasm in this task.

Sarah herself had tried to rest since Yoma had saved her, something she wanted to properly thank her for for however long it had been though, the Captain wasn't very used to being saved regardless of the situation. While she was tougher than one might guess just from looking at her she was still taken aback by the relentlessness of what fate had nearly consumed her. Had it not been for Yoma she might have been trapped in these caves as little more than breeding stock for savage beast men, broken and bred for the remainder of her days. She had feared her life over, feared she would never return home. Sarah Fortune was certainly a tough woman but no one gets used to the sheer crushing terror of believing your life truly over and certainly not with the knowledge that death would most likely be preferable.

Cold fingers with chipped nails put a berry between her soft lips, her eyes shuttimg for a moment while lying on her side upon a not terribly clean mattress not unlike the kind she had seen in Piltover during a very brief stay. She had been ‘handling some business’ with that rifle slinging sheriff and their accusations that hunting a bounty didn’t justify the ‘absolute absurdity of violence’ she unleashed upon their city. All she had to wear was a tattered sheet she found in a room full of junk for lack of real clothes and hoped to find something more substantial soon. She snapped back to reality at the thought of how long she’d been in the dim caves and knew she couldn’t keep hiding to ‘rest’. She was a fighter, a woman of ruthless vengeance and unstoppable fortitude. She just needed to get back on her feet. She quickly burned through her meal and thought about what to do.

“Could use supplies. Furniture. Basic living shit.”

It was simple and easy; go out, find whatever made their time in the cave nicer, return and just keep expanding or some shit.

“That’s a plan, I guess.” she whispered with the last berry between her teeth.

The light outside was nowhere near as harsh as she thought it would be giving another immediate distinction between this alien bullshit and her home. It was unimpressive now and really she could only continue to hate it with increasing fervor. She stepped up from an opening that had been cleared by the fish men at her request. She had some basic control over them but they could be distracted or otherwise lured into other tasks. Ordering them was more like giving suggestions that some task be completed but the time of completion was negotiable. They always listened but they still dragged their feet. Two of them stood guard down at the base of the land entrance though they didn't move to follow her. It didn't bother her much as she really didn't care to bring them along.

The city was still a nameless and empty beast to traverse though, now she found herself lacking the inherent worry she had originally felt when she saw just how huge it was. Now she was just kind of tired of looking at it. Tired of seeing the hues of murky purple reflecting off of all the glass and the lack of time flowing in a way she couldn't understand. She tried not to think about how dizzying it was and just kept looking around to see if anything caught her eye.

It was a general store she went to first not very far from the cave exit, or at least not far enough to bother her while making the trip back. Resting on a metal bench outside was a full robe the same nauseating purple as everything else, in solid condition and considerably better than the sheets she held to her breast. She slipped it on as she entered the quiet building and eyeballed something useful within. She was never able to find her last backpack so she took the first one from this shop despite its inferior quality and began to search the rows of shelves while considering a return to the
huge mall for its considerable variety. She found some odd foods in cans and boxes which only gave her a difficult time figuring out what they exactly were but settled on cans of soup and meat that only really had to be heated up judging by the instructions on the containers.

“Anything is better than just whatever the fish drag in.” she said to herself, sighing and wishing for another night drinking and feasting with her crew after a successful bounty.

She was fairly rested and healed from the beating she endured in the caves but she didn't feel any enthusiasm in exploring. Just a mechanical drive to move and not stay in the cold and the dark. She tossed a number of cans into her bag as well as a few bags of candy and some fizzy drinks with weird names but with lemons and limes on them giving an idea of what she could expect. Really she grabbed anything that looked tasty or at least edible, hoping the other women might find them pleasing.

There were voices now; far off and quiet but approaching the entrance. Sarah set her bag down and dropped down behind a shelf of water bottles packed into odd rubbery packages, careful not to reveal herself in case she encountered someone less beneficial to her plight than her shy savior.

There were two men and a woman wearing loose robes of void-like purple and behind them stood one of the lanky mantis men. These were clearly the cultists Yoma had warned her of. Sarah looked closely at the woman as she turned; her profile revealing her large belly no doubt the doing the creature beside her. They were unsavory in appearance: the men resembling the kinds of thugs she dealt with swiftly before dumping their still warm corpses off the side of the slaughter docks. The woman was similarly slimy with deep bags under her eyes and unkempt hair. There were wet purple stains on her robe and the mantis occasionally touched her much to her annoyance. They hung outside the windows and seemed to be bickering though their exact words were hard to make out.

This wasn’t a very advantageous situation without weapons and from what Sarah could see, there wasn’t much in the way of anything that might not break the moment she used it. She continued to scan the area preparing for some kind of fight but without warning a swarm of bright purple shots tore the mantis to shreds, splattering its guts across the ground where they sat smoldering and sizzling. The woman began to speak before a large blast tore through her chest and dropped her. The men turned to run and were immediately assaulted with a hailstorm of bolts pelting their backs and quickly ripping through them. They fell and everything became frighteningly silent save for the sizzling of superheated flesh. Sarah kept her head down, watching wide eyed for what might have launched such an efficient and vicious attack.

A few seconds passed as the attacker stepped up to the scene; a woman of most peculiar form. She stood tall and superior over the smoking corpses, her head scanning the area in one smooth turn from right to left but Sarah saw no weapon, no immediate source of the energy. She bore massive organic protrusions on her shoulders that were largest at the top and ended in seemingly stiff and solid points. They held to her with minimal support and the inner workings of them bore the same grossly purple glow of the void, visible from well inside the things suggesting they may be semi hollow but Sarah couldn't tell just how deep the glow was. The rest of her attire resembled a skin tight, rubbery bodysuit of dull gray with accents of black running down her sides, from her back and ending just to the sides of her stomach. On her arms were what looked like armored gauntlets fashioned from chitin as well as very similar chitinous ‘boots’ spanning up from her feet and cresting out just under her hips by a few inches. As she turned purple whisker-like marks were visible growing outwards from her cheeks and forehead almost making her resemble that damnable Fox. The long black hair parted over her left eye and just barely covering the right didn't help that, either.
Despite the heavy looking things on her shoulders, her form and posture was impeccable as she remained still for a moment. Sarah did her best to stay hidden but she couldn't help but feel this woman might already know where she was. For a split second the woman began the motions of entering a rapid sprint before disappearing into thin air with nary another sight nor sound. She was gone but Sarah still hid where she was knowing she had no way to defend herself if caught. She stayed there for perhaps another minute or two, running the path back to the cave in her mind as to not get lost should another threat present itself. She would take what was in her bag and just return to safety, wait out for a little while and try again another time and possibly at another location.

But there was so much here she wanted to bring back for the other women trapped in this hell with her. So much she wanted herself. There were clothes and food and all sorts of things to just make this experience even the slightest bit more tolerable. She paused again to weigh the risk. Sarah, known across the world as an incessantly aggressive, vicious and bloodthirsty slaughterer of marked bastards; she who always had a plan and the tools to pull it off perfectly. But she was also known to be a good person at heart; a bastion of violent but reasonable justice in a town ruled by a sadistic tyrant. Under the bloodshed, pirate executions, the relentless assaults and cruel plotting was a woman that at the very core of every one of her less than noble escapades still wanted to do good for those that deserved better. This excursion might not be life changing or particularly astounding in how much she could bring back, but she still wanted to try. She was the god damned Queen of Bilgewater, Captain of the Syren and captains have to try for their crew, as loose and sad a term like that might be for the women back in the cave.

She heard something drop behind her and turned just in time to see a glowing bolt of pink-purple energy shoot past her face, striking the shelf behind her and sending it crashing to the floor along with everything on it. Before her stood a woman with her hand extended towards Sarah's chest.

“What’re you doing here, filth.” she hissed with a strict and contemptuous tone.

“I…” the glowing energy was gathering around her hand, the air crackling and hissing, “I’m just looking for food and supplies, I guess.”

“Awwwww. Little bitch got seperated, huh? Shame you weren't with your friends.”

Sarah let off a look of confusion mixed with worry. She was already so confused about what was going on but this was just adding too much to the mix. The woman stepped forward and tapped her on the chest before pulling the robe tight from Sarah's shoulder, “Where's the rest of your ilk? I got most of them but I know a few got away!”

Her voice reminded Sarah of Caitlin’s accent, though not entirely the same.

“I don't know what you mean. I’m in a cave with other women pulled into this awful pla-”

The woman pressed her her finger against the exposed top of Sarah’s breast, the skittering heat quickly pressing into her skin like a burning electrical pain or some intentionally weaker acid meant for a slow and painful end. Her expression remained laced with anger and her eyes barely ever moved from hers. But something very briefly sparked in her eyes, though not the purple thrum pulsing brighter as she charged the gathering and solidifying power around her hands forming jagged constructs. No, it became clear her expression was becoming difficult to maintain as her eyes began to very faintly twitch.

The energy dissipated and her finger retracted a bit as her face took on a hint of a red flush. Sarah remained silent but she could feel the brand begin to heat up again like with the void monsters. She was getting very tired of this cycle but here it might be a saving grace that keeps her alive just a bit longer, provided it actually worked. This was the first person she’d found that hadn't already been
marked like her and for all she knew the brand would have that effect on everything. But there was more going on than just what she saw on the woman’s face. She glanced up and down her body and the realization was almost immediate.

“Your suit…” Sarah spoke softly as to not startle her visibly shaking captor, “It’s a creature isn’t it?”

The rubbery hide over her belly was shifting and splitting in jerky fissures and tears before uttering some choked snarl and reforming itself with not a single seam. Her legs soon pulled inward as if she were suddenly and effectively being drained of all her strength in just this moment, her hand grasping for support of some kind to keep from dropping to the hard floor. Sarah rose unsure of whether or not she should try to run or help and appear less likely of a threat. She held out her arms nervously, shaking and fearful of what was coming. The woman took hold of her shoulders and her face was washed with red. Her mouth opened in wide gasps while her breathing repeatedly hung inside as her expression contorted onto one of violation.

“What’s happening? Are you okay?” Sarah cried out, scared the woman might still kill her but genuinely concerned as to what awful thing might be transpiring.

“The suit…” she began, “Something’s wrong with it.”

Her words were strained; not like she was being choked but rather that speaking required monumental effort and that effort was only just barely enough to qualify.

“Does it hurt? What is it doing?”

The woman grew still for a moment. Not straining, no shaking or anything. She merely stood with her hands on Sarah and her face to the ground. Sarah swallowed hard and remained just slightly underneath her in case she acted up again.

“Hey. Are you okay now?”

The woman lifted her head for her eyes to meet Sarah’s panicked stare. Her eyes were still flushed red but her breathing had calmed. Her long black hair swept down over her face but Sarah could make out just a hint of her expression. Her lips quivered and her eyes narrowed into a relaxed state. Her grip on Sarah tightened as she stood tall.

“What did you do?” she whispered.

“More like what was done to me! I’m not with them!”

The woman took hold of her robe and ripped the hood and part of the shoulders from her body in a violent jerk. Sarah stumbled before grabbing her bag and turning, hitting a full sprint as fast as she could. The woman was slow to follow but follow, she did. Her movements weren’t very graceful, though. She tripped over a few rocks she could have just side stepped or lept over, swung her left arm against a street sign to get it out of her way, seemingly tracing Sarah’s path instead of making any attempt to circumvent it and cut her off. It was like being chased by a crazed animal and Sarah could only keep running in the hopes she remained content to chase and not open fire with a flurry of pinpoint darts. The only other thing keeping Sarah running was all her previous experience at it; both fleeing from traps in her earlier escapades to ruthlessly chasing a bounty with the intent to make their death that much worse for the wasted time. Her excursion into this place had provided the first times she felt fearful enough to truly flee for safety in many years.

It felt like only through some off-miracle did she make it to an entrance to the caves. It wasn’t the
one she originally emerged from but in her flight she either cut through a street or two too far off to one side or simply forgot the exact way back. It didn’t matter, though; the caves had monsters in them and if they treated her with even half the aggression as they did Sarah, well they might have a chance to do something to stop her.

The entrance was unguarded, however. The fishmen would occasionally stand watch but it wasn’t consistent enough to help. It was another sloping hole diving down into the darkness below but not as too cause a free fall. No, Sarah rode the dirt down in a gritty and unbalanced slide but still managed to land at the bottom unharmed. The woman was less capable as Sarah could hear her fall and shout out as she rode down on her belly, slowing her considerably. From the corner of her eye she could see her odd suit rippling and breaking apart again, teeth and spines growing outward in grasping motions and then receding back into the misshapen flaps before closing, as she clumsily rose back into her animalistic and ruthlessly persistent chase.

This area was less familiar to her making her wish she hadn’t refused so aggressively to explore any of it further. The chamber opened greatly into a dark emptiness save for large pillars reaching from the floor to the ceiling. Crystals dotted them giving off enough blue light to let her see where she was running but little more. She prayed the woman couldn’t see in the dark but the lack of light seemed to do little to deter her. Sarah ran behind a far off pillar and pressed her back to it; shakily clutching her tattered robe and tossing the bag out into the dark as a distraction. She held her breath as best she could despite her heartbeat certainly being loud enough to hear echoing in the otherwise silent chamber.

She wasn’t distracted for long and soon skulked low some few meters behind her. She didn’t speak, nor was her breathing as haggard as Sarah’s had been. She was a beast acclimated to the hunt and it was luck that Fortune had made it this far. Emerald eyes locked onto a doorway before her within sprinting distance but the woman was right behind her. There was no chance to avoid a volley of searing bolts as the pillars weren’t spaced well enough for her to weave through, nor could she be sure of continuing to outrun her for very long. No, before she could even decide she heard a scurrying and then nothing. She was gone and Sarah was left trying to calmed herself before she would try and leave. She slouched down against the smooth stone and shut her eyes for a second, just that second before opening to the woman standing above her.

Her face was not at all what Sarah expected. She was panting and drooling just a tad, her eyes squinted and her face still red. Down below she saw the suit moving downward as if an invisible hand took hold of just a smidgen of the suit between finger and thumb, pulling it down as far as the material would stretch before it forcefully drew itself in eliciting a sudden and surprised moan. It did this once more before it began to shift and snarl again until it presented its most concerning trick. She could see some of the organic material recede from parts of the suit and slowly crawl their way to her abdomen like worms burrowing under skin. They met just on the mound above her slit and soon took the shape of an inhuman thing. It split the hide of the suit and presented a long and thick shaft topped with a head like some feral animal. The woman kept panting as it bobbed and stiffened to considerable size, pre-cum already steadily leaking from its pointed tip. From where she stood it dripped down onto Sarah’s cold cheek, a warm line causing her tense up for a second or two.

“I can't stop…” she said through grit teeth, her hands clenched into tight fists.

Sarah winced for a second out of fear that she might still attack her. She figured what she needed to do with little thought.
“It’s alright. Just be calm,” she began, moving up onto her knees, “I won’t run. Just be gentle.”

She placed her hands over the woman’s and pressed them against her hips as her tongue ran under the monstrous cock she now sported. It bounced up and a stream of hot precum poured out onto her tongue, the taste unnatural but not unpleasant. Like a type of berry you don’t normally eat but don’t object to eating. Soft lips kissed the tip before sliding halfway down the warm shaft. The woman tried to raise her hands but Sarah forced them back down, her tongue caressing her faster in the hopes of calming her. It was a slowly less successful effort as her hands began to reach for Sarah’s head. She let up, her hands firmly holding the back of her skull as she began to thrust into Sarah’s mouth.

She could feel herself blush harder as louder panting echoed above her, cute and desperate. The woman’s legs were shaking as her speed picked up forcing Sarah to hold onto her wide hips to keep from falling over. The woman bend down over her, wrapping her arms behind her head to force herself in harder. Before much longer she held Sarah against her and unleashed her cum far into her throat; her voice slipping out in agonized satisfaction. Sarah swallowed it as best she could before the woman took a step back, slathering seed across her lips. Sarah stared up at her expecting more aggression but the woman remained still, panting and gasping.

“Are you alright?” Sarah asked timidly, the woman’s hand still on her head and an attack seconds away.

“What?”

“No need for violence, right? You’re fine?”

Everything would be fine if she would simply give up on trying to kill anyone.

Her eyes dropped to look over the redhead under her, focusing intently on her massive breasts loosely covered by the remains of the robe. She dropped down and wrenched her up by the robe, ripping it from her withdrawn body. Her breasts swung out and bounced hard from the force and her gaze followed them perfectly.

“H-hey…”

Her eyes lifted briefly, her face dumb and calm.

“What’s your name?” Sarah tried.

She blinked and her eyes drifted off into the dark. Crystals glittered and blinked over the inky waters, shadows slithering away from the blue streaks of light carried with the current off somewhere deeper in the chamber.

“Kai’sa.” she finally whispered.

“Kai’sa. I’m Sarah. We can talk about this. Just promise me you won’t get violent again,” her words calm, raising her hands to Kai’sa’s shoulder, “Just be calm.”

Kai’sa snapped to her body again; her hand reaching for Sarah’s chest and planting softly of the giving flesh. Sarah let out a startled gasp, inhaling deeply and sighing slowly. She looked into Kai’sa’s transfixed eyes again to find her dull and captivated. Kai’sa stepped forward with a hand to Sarah’s sternum, pushing her against the pillar. Sarah pulled her head back, fearful but compliant in the hopes of reaching the end of this alive, taking a deep breath as kai’sa knelt down and brought her lips to Sarah’s sweet pink nipple and squeezing her right breast.
Thirsting lips suckled tight against the pink nub while her hand massaged it, immediately goading the massive things into dripping warm milk into her mouth. Sarah moaned and took hold of Kai’sa thin wrists, the feel of the suit soft and unblemished like it had never been damaged. She felt Kai’sa’s tongue flick and tease while her hands remained adamant in their grip and need to hold as much of her as possible.

“H-hey!” she cried out too shyly to sound like the real Captain Fortune, “Take it easy, alright?”

Kai’sa pulled back with milk dripping from her strong chin, “I can’t stop. I just need these!”

Her mouth latched onto her other nipple as she insatiably drank in deep and satisfying gulps making Sarah feel somewhat more awkward despite how good it felt. She watched the white fluid spray off in numerous arcs with every squeeze of Kai’sa’s firm hold, felt her teeth gently pull on her nipple. She could feel her face burning but she could still admit this was more ‘pleasant’ than most of the encounters she’d had here even if she’d still have preferred to not be subjected to being a plaything yet again.

“We can do this later if you want but I want to ask you about some things-ah!”

Kai’sa wrapped her left arm behind Sarah’s back and pulled in tight as if to say there was no getting rid of her.

She let go just long enough to speak one clarifying sentence, “I need these now, I can't think straight anymore!”

Her voice was quieter, softer. A tinge of burning desperation became apparent leaving Sarah little choice in the matter.

“You’re suit is from this place, isn't it?” she asked between gasps and moans.

Kai’sa only nodded with her face still somewhat pressed into Sarah’s breast, still drinking her milk as if thirst was prepared to claim her very life.

“It’s not just clothes, is it?”

Kai’sa did look up at her now, her eyes wide but still not releasing the sweet nub, not for a few seconds and another gulp.

“No. It and I are bonded…” the words were flat but at least didn't seem to indicate immediate despair or fear, “It's what those cultists put on the women, isn't it?”

Sarah looked down at her, the realization now apparent on her face. Never once did she think the brand would affect anything like a human but if her suit was bound with her and was a part of her, than the brand had to have been affecting her like the monsters. She thought of Sona again, how she had been broken and fully under the sway of the brand and what it made her think was happening. She pitied kai’sa now; pitied that she had to be another person subjected to this cruel plot in one way or another.

“It was put on me. I don't entirely know how, but a ‘friend’ helped me make use of it without losing my mind to it,” she rested her hands on kai’sa’s soft hair, bringing her in a lil closer as she spoke, “Come back with me. She can help you manage it, too. We’re trying to find a way to escape this place, maybe even fuck up the cult’s plan.”

Kai’sa paused for a moment, her cold cheek resting on Sarah’s warm breast. Sarah felt her suit’s cock, or she supposed perhaps it belonged to both of them, brush against her thigh still hard and
“I can't help myself. I need this…” the softened predator whispered.

Sarah bit her lip as the situation just felt even more confusing for her. It didn't take much thinking, though. She knew there wouldn't be another choice and she'd rather hurry and get back to the hideout. She let go of kai'sa and turned to rest her body against the pillar; arching her back to better position herself for Kai'sa. Kai'sa took hold of her generous bottom but hesitated.

“Just be gentle. I understand what’s happening to you and I could really use help from someone like you. Go ahead. When you’re done, we'll go back to my hideout and get this sorted. Deal?”

Kai'sa couldn't help but stare at Sarah’s flush red but gorgeous face. Her plump lips still looked so enticing and her eyes practically twinkled with the shifting water and the light it reflected. Her skin was soft and her muscles toned, leaving her anxious to run her hands over her entirety and feel another person outside of combat. She had been hunting the cultists for some time and the monsters of this place for most of her life and though Sarah wouldn't know it just yet, she had already presented herself as someone different.

The other humans she had found here rejected her, feared her as something corrupted and terrible. But Sarah had only run when she attacked her. Offered what she thought would appease this bastard skin she wore. It meant something to her, even if it was just a little gesture. But the carapace was losing itself again, tightening and warping as it wanted her to get on with it and take the bountiful feast offering itself to them.

Kai'sa stepped forward and Sarah spread her legs a bit further causing her ass and thighs to jiggle in a way most pleasing. There was little sense of control now; the carapace grew too impatient and Kai'sa took hold of Sarah’s hips before quickly thrusting her still cum-slicked cock into her surprisingly prepared and scorching hot hole. Sarah gasped and tensed around her and she bucked and gripped her sides tightly. Her breasts swung back and forth with considerable momentum as Kai'sa began to work into a fast and hard rhythm, more than she was prepared for and almost too much to enjoy.

She would still maintain she was tired of being a plaything even if this time it wasn't anyone's fault, just a sad trick playing out against both of them. But this time the foreplay had given her body a chance to prepare her as despite how weird it had been for another person to act so addicted to her suckling her milk, she couldn't deny she derived a palpable and stirring pleasure from it. Her breasts had been increasingly sensitive since the birth during her time in the shopping mall and Kai'sa’s inquisitive tongue had sparked incredible feeling in her body. Perhaps, she thought briefly, under less aggressive circumstances this would have been far more enjoyable for her.

Sarah took her by the wrists and pulled her forward, bending her down over her back and planting her on her breasts again, not wanting to say out loud how good it felt but feeling she might as well get whatever pleasure she can out of this. Kai'sa certainly didn't complain as she wasted no time in resuming her awkward massage of the soft things, squeezing and pulling on Sarah’s nipples as she buried herself deep within her and pulled out only just enough to feel herself diving back in as she panted like a dog in heat. Sarah turned her face to look at her and see her eyes closing in deep, restful satisfaction no doubt shared between herself and the creature bound to her. Sarah quickly reached up and pulled on kai’sa’s head to pull her face down and bring her into desperate kiss; tongues immediately circling, playing with each other and her lips tasting of milk.

Sarah let out a loud cry that echoed sharply as Kai'sa squeezed hard around her areolas causing her milk to burst from her and spray down into the waters below to trail off and disappear as soft white streaks like ghosts hiding in darkness. Kai'sa shut her eyes tight as she continued to pull Sarah tight.
against her as if letting her iron grip lax for a second would send her off down into the depths, swept away by a wave she feared was coming. Sarah’s legs grew weaker with every thrust of the unnatural thing inside her; it’s head striking her limit with every movement and it’s curious shape sliding against her walls in ways a human could never emulate. She kissed Kai’sa again, a cute peck on her cheek before her mouth hung open for a few seconds until the soft sigh finally slid out.

She looked to her momentary lover’s shining purple eyes and whispered to her, “My legs aren’t holding, sweetie. I need you to pull out for a second and lie down.”

Kai’sa froze for a few seconds before complying, the cock slowly extracting itself as both women stumbled and took care not to slip on the smooth cave floor. She lowered herself onto her back as Sarah carefully lifted her leg over her and squatted down over her throbbing cock. Kai’sa opened her mouth to speak but Sarah hushed her; putting her finger to her lips before sliding down on her with hardly any effort. Kai’sa was calmer now and Sarah was falling into the same throws of indulgence but the Captain was never much of a bottom. She made Bilgewater her bitch and she had grown tired of never having any control over what was done to her here.

She slid down to meet Kai’sa’s hips and felt a wild shuddering in her legs before forcing herself into a careful bounce on top of her. Kai’sa rested her head to the side and relaxed, fully content to let the scarlet woman work her magic. Sarah leaned forward to look down over her, watching her face tense as her bouncing grew more wild and committed. Waters splashed with their movements driving up the cacophony of echoes and cries. Her breasts rose and fell with considerable weight while Kai’sa stared at them with impetuous thirst. Both women felt themselves drawing closer to their explosive end, their cries now rupturing the tranquility of the cave and the waters swirling around them like a mounting tropical storm.

Sarah leaned back, holding herself up with her arms behind her and her hands resting on Kai’sa’s legs. She threw her head back, crying as the approaching scream boiled in her gut. Kai’sa gripped Sarah’s wide thighs; her grip growing tighter and tighter as her body tensed and seized. Sarah’s bouncing became frantic and violent, her body barely maintaining its rhythm and her breasts lifting high above her chin before crashing down and pounding Kai’sa against the cool stone. One final rise as they let out their mutual screams; Sarah’s legs giving out and shaking like an earthquake splitting a valley and wiping everything from in steaming hot burst of seawater, Kai’sa’s back arching as her entirety stormed into her lover and overwhelmed her body as the white-gray torrent soon began to splatter over herself, a gorge filled and overflowing in mere seconds. Sarah fell down over her, panting and sweating despite the chill of the cave and Kai’sa could do little but hold her as the two consigned themselves to lie and wait for their strength to return. Their hair tossed and settled in the waters, their eyes closed as they caught their breath.

They could do little but wobbled and limp out of the cave but they did, intent on finding the original entrance and for Kai’sa to speak with Yoma about managing her new problem. It was some time after that the survivor reached her camp to relay what she had seen much to the delight of a laughing, ecstatic woman: a scarlet haired woman wearing their robe and the hybrid that had been harassing their numbers since arriving in the city. It was immediately that the floating, silent thing saw the same occurrence: drawn to the city due to its wholly unusual existence but captivated by creatures as curious as a hybrid and the crimson woman somehow surviving the perils of the void. Both now thought about how to handle these curiosities and both would soon play their opening hand.
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