Mother of Darkness

by FestivalGrey

Summary

Trapped in the Realm of Darkness with no companionship, Aqua soon finds that there's one way of entertaining herself: finding big, bestial Heartless and letting them rut her into the ground. All's fun and games until her belly starts to swell.

Aqua makes for a pretty good keyblade master... but, it turns out, she's not half bad at churning out little monster babies, either.

Odd chapters will always focus on Aqua banging a certain Heartless, and even ones will always feature Aqua carrying and birthing the offspring of the previous chapter's Heartless.
“Firaga!”

The powerful spell rocketed from the tip of Master Aqua’s keyblade, the fireball soaring like a star to punch into the adversary standing before her. The large, bestial Heartless—the Dark Hide—reeled back from the blow, and then, finally, toppled over, defeated.

Eying the creature, Aqua let one moment pass, and then a second, and then a third—and only then did she dismiss her keyblade, satisfied that the enemy was down.

In her relatively short amount of time in the Realm of Darkness, she’d faced countless adversaries—relentless beings of darkness, the Heartless. They were ceaselessly attacking her, trying to steal her heart. But of all the Heartless she had faced, this one was by far the strongest.

Approaching the dizzied Heartless, Aqua cautiously scoped it out. It was the first and only one of its kind that she had seen—more animalistic than other Heartless, which tended to be shadowy, vaguely humanoid monsters. It was significantly larger as well. The Dark Hide was an enormous, doglike creature with hair-like tendrils sprouting from its body. Its main torso was a smoky grey, so deep as to almost be black, and the tendrils and other parts of its body were colored a deep red or a prismatic purple. It had a long, enormous tail, massive clawed paws, a wide and jagged-toothed mouth, and piercing, glowing red eyes. Wrapped around its two front paws were shackles, each of which boasted a long chain that ended in a hooked, steel anchor.

Frightening and aggressive though it might be, there was something strangely alluring—in a raw, bestial way—about the creature.

Slumped on its own side, the Dark Hide’s torso rose briefly as it took long, wearied breaths. The battle against the keyblade master had worn it out, and it opened one glowing eye to glare at her as she approached. A low growl bubbled in the creature’s throat.

Aqua resummoned her keyblade. “Enough of that,” she warned in a cautioning tone. She doubted the beast could understand her words, but the combination of her weapon and tone got the message across.

She moved closer, trying to study the creature further, and it made its move. Limbs coiling into action, the beast was on all fours, skirting aside to try and flank his adversary—

But Aqua was far too practiced to fall for such a trick. Slamming her keyblade between the links in its chain, the weapon stopped the creature’s movement short, and with a pained and sudden yelp, the Dark Hide’s movement was brought short. Its own momentum tripped it up, and it landed on its back, all four paws in the air.

Before it could right itself, Aqua clambered atop its belly, seizing control, holding the creature’s chain in her off-hand. “Creature of darkness,” she said, preparing to strike it down, “face destruct—”

A sudden and unexpected sensation stopped her. Something was poking her lower back. Keeping the creature’s chain tight in her hands to avoid losing control, Aqua chanced a look over her shoulder.

The Dark Hide sported an enormous, purple-red canine cock, and the tip was teasing right above her tailbone.
Her breath caught in her throat. Whatever she’d anticipated, it hadn’t been that. The Dark Hide squirmed and whined beneath her, and she silenced it with a sharp yank of the creature’s chain.

Her mouth suddenly dry, Aqua swallowed. She was suddenly aware of things that had slipped by her in the heat of battle—a smell, exuded by the Dark Hide. It was a deep, heavy, sensual, animalistic musk that spoke of a creature deep in the throes of need. The beast whined again, though softer this time and without any squirming. It seemed the creature knew who, exactly, was in charge.

She felt her cheeks burning, her heart racing. Her body had been hot and primed from the adrenaline that came from battle, but how easily such sensations morphed into lust… she wondered if the Heartless wasn’t feeling the same way.

The canid’s enormous cock throbbed, bringing the tip brushing further against her, and Aqua barely managed to stifle a moan, the sound of breath hissing between teeth filling the air instead. Was she… really considering this? This was a creature—no, a monster. An enormous beast that was trying to hunt her down and steal her heart! Was she really considering taking the cock of such a thing?

She wanted to feel aghast at herself… but she couldn’t. It had only been a brief time since she had been trapped in the Realm of Darkness, but already she suspected she would have no easy way out. She had privately grappled with the fact that she had very little chance of escaping the Heartless’s realm on her own. This land of monsters and darkness was her life, now.

And she, like any person, had needs. Since being lost, she had tried to entertain herself with her own fingers, and had more or less succeeded, but the realization that she would never be able to lay with another had cut her deeply.

But now, it seemed that might not be the case.

She dismissed her keyblade and reached out a tentative hand to stroke the monster’s cock. The creature wriggled beneath her, crooning, and a small bead of fluid—a lush and almost translucent purple, shimmering in the darkness—collected at the tip. The heavy, mind-blanking smell of the monster’s need increased, and Aqua’s own arousal spiked in response to it. She bit her lip.

“It’s been so long since I’ve had a cock in me,” Aqua said. Whether she was talking to herself or her captive beast, she didn’t know. The smell of the Dark Hide invaded her mind, made it hard to think. The more she breathed it in, the more attractive the creature seemed. “I…”

Arousal burned within her, like a hot stone dropped in her belly, and it was all she could do to keep from sending a hand down to her sex and pleasuring herself right then and there. The creature’s smell was everywhere—it was in every breath, every heartbeat, every thought of hers. The more she breathed it in, the more willing she was to give her body to this Heartless.

“I need it…”

Without preamble, she kicked off her boots and peeled off her stockings. With one free hand, she undid the loose half-skirt and the tight shorts she wore underneath. All that was left below her waist was a pair of thoroughly soaked panties. She hooked one finger under their hem and paused for the briefest of moments.

Did she actually want this?

The Dark Hide squirmed in anticipation beneath her, chuffing in frustration, and more of the translucent fluid beaded at the tip of its penis. Aqua exhaled sharply.

She did.
Quickly yanking off her panties finally exposed her pussy—wet with arousal, moist and waiting and hungry to be satisfied. The moment it was free, the Dark Hide began squirming in excitement, even barking—until Aqua shut it up with a firm yank on the creature’s chain.

“None of that,” she told it. The creature whined and she yanked harder, until it sank into a submissive silence. “That’s right,” she breathed, carefully positioning herself over the monster’s massive rod. “If we’re doing this, we’re going to go by my beat.”

She held herself over the Dark Hide’s waiting cock, staring the creature down. It’s crimson eyes, formerly narrow and predatory, were now wide with expectation and desire. Aqua waited to see if it would buck up and meet her—but the beast seemed to understand that doing so would just result in more punishment from the chain. It was waiting for her to take command.

“Good boy,” she said soothingly, and slid down onto its cock.

The sensation was sublime. She instantly arched her back, her voice high with satisfied need and carrying throughout the Realm of Darkness. It had been so long since she had a cock in her… Gods above, but she had given up on ever knowing this feeling again.

But now her dream was realized.

Sinking about halfway down the creature’s massive cock before she stopped, she held there, biting her lip. Her heartammered away in her chest and the oppressive smell demanded that she throw everything into fucking the beast beneath, but she remained in control. “I am Master Aqua,” she said under her breath, straining to so much as whisper through her arousal, “and I control myself.”

Forcing herself to go slow, Aqua rolled her hips, swirling the Heartless’s penis inside of her. The Dark Hide barked with satisfaction, its tongue lolling out of its toothy mouth, and its paws errantly kneaded at the air, almost catlike despite its canine appearance.

Taking in deep, evenly-spaced breaths, Aqua slowly slid up the monster’s cock, waiting until she was near the top—then she sunk down again, harder than before. She made it further down its rod and her voice wavered in a long “Uhhhhnnn—nnnnggggghhh—gggggghhhhuuuhhhnn!”

The Dark Hide chuffed with pride and then, lost in its own satisfaction, bucked its hips.

Aqua’s long and breathy moan spiked into a sharp, surprised squeal as the monster suddenly hilted itself in her, the massive cock going deeper than she ever thought she could take. The unanticipated fullness was enough to make her vision halo; her mind and body reeled from it all.

She yanked the chain, and the Dark Hide’s happy chatterings were cut off with a yipe. “Bad—boy—” she managed to get out through grunts. Slowly the sharp electric blaze of being filled dulled into an omnipresent, low drumbeat of raw, pure pleasure. She punctuated her words with yanks of the Dark Hide’s chain. “Bad—boy—”

The creature yipped again and settled into a sullen quiet, accepting her in control. Aqua held her position for almost a full minute, forcing herself to grow accustomed to the creature’s impossible fullness, before slowly grinding her hips up and down.

She rode the Heartless, slow at first, but soon picking up speed. She went faster, and faster, the monster’s cock tickling the inside of her walls, until she was veritably slamming down on it, over and again, her breath pushing out of her in sharp, staccato bursts. She felt the tapered tip of its cock probing the deep reaches of her cunt, slamming into her cervix. The feeling was beyond anything she had ever experienced.
She’d never been fucked so deep.

Picking up the pace, Aqua rode the creature more and more. How quickly such experiences came back to her… it was like second nature all over again. She felt the monster’s massive cock spreading her open, and her mouth opened in a silent ‘oh’ of untethered bliss.

Today, the Realm of Darkness was her bitch.

Her free hand drifted down to her clit and began toying with it, the added sensation sending additional waves of delight surging through her like a roaring river. The Dark Hide, too, was kneading its paws into the air once more, alternately churring and barking its delight. Its hips were rocking back and forth, ever-so-slightly; Aqua considered chastising it, but figured that it was working hard to control itself. It would have been difficult for the thing to completely subsume its bestial instincts, after all.

In fact, now that she was in full force, she allowed the chain to slacken a bit. The creature arched its head to look at her.

“Go on,” she said breathily. “Go a little harder, boy.”

The Dark Hide responded with an enthusiastic surge of activity, bucking its hips up and down, sending its cock hammering Aqua’s slit, sliding in and out. She bumped up and down on its rod, riding it as best she could, lost in the bliss of a good fucking—and as she looked down to see their loins joined in union, she saw that the Dark Hide’s cock was smothered in that same purple juice, and more was spilling out of her.

I made it cum, she thought hazily. A heartless came inside me.

The sheer debauchery of the realization finally tipped her over the edge. Her pussy fluttered, clenching and clenching again down on the Dark Hide’s cock, and she melted down against the massive Heartless, whimpering with sheer, orgasmic joy as the sensation rocked over her.

She’d just fucked a Heartless.

She held there for a few minutes, chest heaving, laying and resting against the Dark Hide’s tummy. Although the chain was slacker than ever, the Heartless didn’t move to roll off its back or seize control. She’d trained it well.

Finally, after the tide of pleasure was at least receding and the creature’s dick was smaller and softer within her, Aqua worked her way off of it with a soft and pliant whimper. When she finally slipped off, a mixture of her cum and the Heartless’s spilled out, a blend of her own colorless fluids with the creature’s lush purple. She could still feel it coating everywhere—her pussy lips, her inner walls, even her cervix and womb.

Rolling off the Dark Hide’s tummy, Aqua took a step, and then another, wincing all the while. She’d be feeling that for a good few hours, at least. Behind her she heard the Dark Hide rolling onto its feet.

A small finger of fear touched her heart. If the creature went after her now…

But the Dark Hide merely approached inquisitively, first sniffing at her pussy and then at her face. It opened its mouth and gave her a light lick before padding away.

Aqua watched it go, triumphant weariness playing about her face. She’d defeated the most powerful Heartless she’d yet seen in the Realm of Darkness, and then she’d fucked it into submission.
Gathering her scattered clothing, she washed everything clean with a Water spell and found a growth that looked like a dead tree to lay her back against and rest for a short while. As she dozed to sleep, she reflected that this was an unusual experience, one that she would carry with her for a while.

Little did she know that the experience had left her carrying—in more ways than one.
It had been a few days since her encounter with the Dark Hide and Aqua was feeling strange. Her body was lethargic and there was an unusual, heavy feel to it. In her wanderings the past few days, she had often found herself having to stop and rest more frequently, one hand inerrantly resting on her stomach.

Today she was feeling weirder than ever—bloated, even. She’d found it difficult to pull her shorts all the way up today. What was especially curious was that she’d had nothing to eat since arriving in the Realm of Darkness. Being its own universe, the Realm seemed to operate by its own rules. Rather than food, entities here—herself and the Heartless both—seemed to subsist mainly on strength of heart. So long she had inner light, Aqua herself would be sustained, just as the Heartless hungered for darkness.

But if she’d had nothing to eat, why was her stomach feeling so taut? Why did she have a sudden craving for foods she’d never liked—and would probably never eat again? Why was she moving slower, why did she feel heavier, why was she now sleeping on her side because she could no longer comfortably rest on her stomach?

As she rested, her back against an elegantly withered tree, Aqua stared down at her tummy. It was… bigger. Not terribly so—you’d never notice unless you knew what to look for. But there was a definite swelling to it. What on earth could it be? She idly stroked it a few times, lost in thought. Her keyblade was ready to be summoned at any moment, but Aqua increasingly felt no need. The Heartless had been leaving her alone after her encounter with the Dark Hide. Sometimes they observed her, but they never moved to attack, and she had no intention of provoking them.

Pondering over the questions, she drifted off into a fitful sleep.

It was the first time she had dreamed in the Realm of Darkness. There were scattered fragments of her past: worlds she had been to, friends she had lost. But as the fragments flew away like crumbled glass, what replaced them was a clear reality—herself, naked and waiting for the Dark Hide. The bestial Heartless was there, but rather than taking her, it approached her, sniffed a few times, and then licked her stomach—and then kept licking.

With every wet lap, dream-Aqua’s belly grew, as did the low burning coal of arousal that had been with her the past few days. Soon her belly was big enough to see the difference; a few more laps and it was a size where she could hold it comfortably in both hands. By the time it was big enough to block sight of her feet, there was little doubt: she was pregnant.
As the Dark Hide leaned back, satisfied, dream-Aqua stared down at her belly, fat with new life, and then she wailed with pleasure as something squirmed inside her—

Aqua woke up, panting and aroused.

The keyblade master could feel her flushed cheeks and forehead, and knew that her arousal shone on her face. That had been quite the dream.

But the squirming sensation returned.

It was as if time froze around her. Aqua stared down at her modestly-growing belly, slowly moving a hand to cup it. As she did so, another tiny tremor of movement fluttered inside—and she felt it.

“Oh,” she said softly, quietly. There was almost nothing else to say.

The Dark Hide hadn’t just fucked her. It had bred her.

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By the time a week had passed, her belly had grown enough that a small stripe of skin—along with the little dot of her bellybutton—was visible between her shorts and her top. Sometimes she rubbed a finger along it, wondering at the creature growing in her womb.

And there was no doubt it was a creature. This was going far too fast to be a normal pregnancy. Already she was at the equivalent of the end of a first trimester.

Sometimes she was angry—furious, even—at her current state. She hadn’t sacrificed everything to come here and—and be some Heartless’s breeding bitch!

But in other, quieter hours, she found some dark, somber corner of the Realm and simply sat there, feeling her offspring squirm and tumble in her womb. At those times, she did little more than cup her still-modest belly with one hand, rubbing the top of it with the other. Sometimes she fancied that the Heartless within could feel her touch; it seemed to respond, squirming and wriggling eagerly at the presence of its mother.

…it’s mother.

“I’m… going to be a mother,” Aqua whispered, her voice crackling with a cacophony of fierce, conflicting emotions. “I’m going to give birth… to a Heartless.”

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By the end of the second week she was almost completely defenseless. Her belly was quite visible now, and the young within enormously active. She didn’t walk anywhere so much as she waddled, and she had to take frequent breaks to rejuvenate herself.

But as before, the Heartless of the Realm were content to leave her alone, eying her from a distance and melting away as she passed. At first, she thought it might be because she had defeated the greatest of their number, but now she wondered if simple mathematics weren’t at play. If they took her heart now, what would happen to her offspring? Better to let her ride out the pregnancy and bring a new Heartless into this world. They could always steal her heart later.

There was another growing problem, too. The further into her pregnancy she progressed, the more insistent her arousal became. By now it was fierce and perpetual, a state of deliciously uncomfortable, unsatisfiable bliss. More than once she had sagged against a wall or outcropping,
throwing her clothes off so that she could rub or finger herself. Even when she came, the need dipped but didn’t vanish, and it would be back sooner or later—or, if the thing in her womb was acting up, simply just sooner. The arousal tended to be tied to its activity.

On one occasion she had spent almost an entire day splayed out on a hill covered with low, dewy grasses as she furiously pleasured herself. Aqua’s breasts were growing too, becoming firmer and more plush, and the nipples and areolae were darkening, so sensitive that the lightest brush sent pinpricks through her. One hand kneaded and teased her tits; the other alternated between tending to her clit and burying fingers in her pussy. The need was so strong it could barely be satisfied, and whenever she had finally brought herself to climax, the activity had sent the offspring in her belly squirming with excitement and stimulation—which sent her arousal skyrocketing again.

After her fourth orgasm, her body as horny as ever and her passenger still wriggling up a storm, Aqua had been reduced to sobbing with raw, impossible need. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t **sate** it. It was so unbearable… and yet so wonderful.

Some part of her was aware that while normal pregnancies could make the woman experience occasional bouts of arousal, *this* was far beyond the norm.

Were… were all Heartless pregnancies like this?

“Maybe,” she muttered, half-delirious from the exhaustion of going at herself all day, “maybe this isn’t so bad after all…”

But no. She refused to consider such a thing. This was a fluke—the unfortunate consequence borne from her inability to exercise self-control. She was *not* a breeder of monsters. This was *not* something she should enjoy.

She repeated those mantras to herself until she believed them. She’d never fuck a Heartless again, and certainly never bear their children. This was… a lesson. Encouragement to learn more self-restraint. Yes. That was it.

But that night, as exhaustion forced her into sleep despite the activity of the young inside her, her mind was filled with only one, singular emotion: pure, satisfied bliss.

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By the time she was ready to give birth, three weeks exactly after she’d fucked the Dark Hide, Aqua had been immobile for a full two days.

Her belly was an enormous gravid globe, surging with new life, and the Heartless within was energetic and ready to come out. Her breasts had swelled even more, and were leaking tiny streams of pale milk; her body was ready to nourish the life she would bring into this world. She had been at her baby’s mercy for a while now, unable to move for its ministrations in her womb, and when the sharp and sudden pain rang out, she knew it was time.

She strained, pushed, screamed, and sobbed, and by the time it was out of her, her mind was a haze and she was barely conscious.

When clarity returned to her, she was aware of a strange sensation—a rough feeling, halfway between fur and scales, and with a temperature like metal that had recently been heated but was now cooling—curled against her side. There was a routine, insistent tugging at her left breast.

It was here. It was out. Did she dare look?
She did. Aqua craned her neck to see her new offspring. It was big, for a baby, the size of her torso from shoulders to hips; it was like the Dark Hide in miniature, but with smaller tendrils and soft, pliant material instead of fangs and claws. The little creature was suckling at her breast; a small dribble of milk streamed between its teeth.

With a trembling hand, Aqua reached up to touch the baby Heartless’s head. It raised its face from her breast to look at her, its crimson eyes blinking. It shook its head, sneezed, snuffled, and then buried itself back into her teat, sucking away.

It nursed more energetically, now, and she realized that a low rumble was shaking through its body.

Her baby was purring.

Master Aqua leaned back and, despite herself, wept with joy.

Chapter End Notes

Did you like the first two chapters? I have more planned on coming :>

If you want, you can check out my other stuff! I do other monsterfucking and monsterpreg stories (mostly focused around the pokemon franchise) as well. I'm also active on my tumblr (https://festival-grey.tumblr.com/) and on FA (https://www.furaffinity.net/user/festivalgrey/) where I am more easily reached. I also occasionally post commission info on those two sites (not on ao3 because it's against ToS) if you'd like to have a story like this of your very own ;)

I have a few specific Heartless planned for future chapters, but after that, is there anything else you all would like to see? It must be a Heartless, but it could be a boss or a normal species.
In which Aqua, after recent excursions, decides she's done with the whole "banging Heartless" thing.

...suumuuuuuuuuuuuure you are, gal.

After her child was born, Aqua spent about a week recuperating from the pregnancy and birth, caring for her offspring all the while.

The baby Heartless was energetic and rambunctious, constantly stalking into the withered trees or scrambling over stony ridges. At first, Aqua worried for it—but it always returned none the worse for wear. Eventually she realized that she had nothing to worry about. The Heartless didn’t attack each other.

As her energy returned and her figure gradually slimmed to what it was, her baby grew—and fast, at that. Within only a day or two it was already standing taller and stronger. Within four or five, it reached shoulder height. By the end of the week, it towered over her—not as big as its father (not yet) but still a strong and powerful Heartless. It was growing harder to control, too, and more independent; it was prone to wandering off and not heeding her calls.

One day, a little after a week had passed, it had cozied up to her, given her a number of affectionate licks, purring all the while, and then had turned and padded away into the darkness—and had not come back.

She had been expecting as such. No Heartless could truly be controlled, not even one she had carried and bore herself, but the sensation of watching her child leave had still been more than a little bittersweet. She’d wiped a tear and kept to herself the rest of that day.

Since then, she’d resumed her wanderings in full. She wasn’t even sure what she was looking for—a way out? But it was an entirely different realm of existence. A simple passage back to the world of light was unlikely, to say the least. Deep in her heart, she knew that her trekking was aimless.

If escape isn’t an option, why not find a new purpose? she asked herself during those times when she rested.

Aqua avoided thoughts of what that purpose might be, though. She couldn’t allow herself to go down that path. She was a keyblade master, not some monster-fucking harlot. What had happened last time was an anomaly. It wouldn’t happen again.

Even if the Dark Hide’s cock had felt amazing inside of her. Even if her body’s arousal had peaked so intensely during her pregnancy that it felt like nirvana. Even if bearing, and caring for, that young little Heartless had filled her with maternal bliss…

She shook her head. No. No, no, no. She was treading down a dangerous path. She refused to
acknowledge those devilish whispers in the back of her mind.

But sometimes, in the dark, while she kneaded milk from her breasts (for she had not stopped producing just because her child had went away; she was a human, after all, and her body assumed her baby would need it for a while) she pondered… and pondered.

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There were other things to keep her mind busy—the Heartless had renewed their pursuit of her.

She was no stranger to fighting them off, of course, and even the trickiest mobs were nowhere near as fearsome as the Dark Hide. Still, they were coming after her with renewed vitality. They seemed even more insistent on chasing her down than before… they must have really wanted to steal her heart.

Aqua’s view of the things as dumb beasts had been challenged, of late, by the Dark Hide’s responsiveness to her commands and by how her baby had seemed to understand when she spoke to it. But even with her reassessment of their craftiness, there were schemes she couldn’t plan for.

It happened about a week and a half after her baby separated from her. She was facing down a new and unusual-looking Heartless. The thing—a Wyvern—was one she’d never encountered before. It was a large, draconic beast, colored maroon with a tan underbelly and sunset orange wings. The monster had a narrow, pointed face; long wings that ended in ragged tatters, like old cloth; a sinuous, reptilian tail; and thick, muscular legs that ended in massive, three-clawed feet.

The creature had obvious interest in her, and Aqua was on her guard. The thing looked dangerous, but it couldn’t anywhere near as threatening as the Dark Hide. She could take it, but she had to wait for it to make a move first.

It wove sideways, and she circled the opposite direction, keeping the distance between them equal. It narrowed its yellow eyes, let loose a low hiss, and did so again. With careful footwork, she responded in kind—

And walked directly beneath a ledge where, unbeknownst to her, a second one was waiting.

The second Wyvern dropped on her like a falcon seizing its prey, grasping her upper arms as she yelped with shock. Her keyblade fell and vanished into the ether; the Wyvern clutching her rose with heavy wingbeats, a low rumble of satisfaction grinding out of its chest, and carried her away. The first one followed after, and there was a look of something like smugness on its face.

Kicking and shouting, Aqua struggled to free herself, but could not; without her keyblade, there was little to do. The creatures carried her to a tall crag of dark, smoky stone. A hollow near the top served as an entrance. The dragon carried her in and dropped her unceremoniously on the cavern floor.

Heart pounding, Aqua sputtered out coughs, and rose shakily. When she finally got a bead on her surroundings, her heartrate went wild with unease.

This wasn’t a cavern—this was a lair. There were no fewer than four of the draconic Heartless. Each one was big—smaller than the Dark Hide had been, but bigger than a human. They crowded together between her and the entrance, and between their low churrs and rough growls, the space was filled with a low, ever-present rumble.

She watched, eyes wide, as long red cocks emerged from reptilian slits. Each one of the Wyverns was hard and horny and ready to breed.
Aqua backed away, her mind racing. She could summon her keyblade and fight them off… But, she told herself, *what if that provokes them to just kill you, rather than…*

Rather than what? *Fuck her?*

Her upbringing told her it would be just as bad, but her primal self wasn’t sure. At the sight of their cocks, a low tremor of arousal had shivered through her body. It remembered the last time it was intimate with a Heartless, and knew the pleasure that had occurred.

*So what! That left me pregnant with its young!*

She argued with herself furiously, but the memory of her offspring had the opposite effect—more need threaded through her as her body remembered the sheer pleasure that being pregnant had brought her, and a soft, maternal undertone joined, urging her to consider how wonderful it had been to see her baby and to feel its mouth nursing and to watch it grow and prosper.

Gritting her teeth, Aqua shook her head, trying to banish the lascivious thoughts.

Of course, time waited for no one, and while she was busy arguing with herself, the Wyverns made their move. The closest one lunged at her with lightning speed, knocking her facedown to the lair’s floor. As Aqua’s breath was forced out of her, she felt the Wyvern’s claws slam down—one on her arm, another on her back. They did not pierce her skin, but the intent was clear: she was pinned, now.

*Well,* she thought ruefully, *looks like you were so busy debating that you lost your chance.* Even if she summoned her keyblade, there was little to be done without mobility.

The Heartless pinning her down leaned forward and ruffled its beak-like mouth through her hair. It nipped some of it near the scalp, and pulled her head backwards. Her head rose with a grunt; the sensation wasn’t terribly painful, so long as she complied.

As she panted from adrenaline, she caught sight of another Wyvern heading her way, its cock aimed directly at her waiting mouth.

“Wait,” she panted out, “hold on—mmmrrppphhh! Nnnngggrrppph!”

The Wyvern’s cocks were long but strangely slender, almost delicate. There was definitely something serpentine about them. Her mouth had no trouble taking the Heartless’s cock, and it slid into her maw without trouble. When the tip tickled the back of her mouth, she bucked her hips involuntarily, or tried to, and her eyes fluttered. She exhaled a muffled sound of protest.

But all that did was open her throat. With an appreciative murr, the dragon thrust forward even more, and before Aqua knew it, she was deep-throating Heartless cock. Her gag reflex triggered, her throat squeezing and massaging the Wyvern’s member, and the creature arched its head and crooned. Aqua whimpered around it—this had *not* been how she expected it to go, but it felt good, so good! She moaned in pleasure, and the smug-looking creature began to fuck her throat in earnest.

Every thrust left her body shaking; she was salivating around the dragon’s dick, coating it and making it slide smoother. Soon the two of them settled into a rhythm, the dragon sliding in and out with surprising smoothness, and Aqua, her eyes fluttering, bobbing her head as best she could to take even more of it. During the moments when the Wyvern ceased its thrusting, she swallowed around the dragon’s member, and it wriggled and keened in pleasure.

After several minutes of deep-throating its cock, she felt it hilt forward, pushing as far in as it could,
and the creature came with a cry. Seed pumped down her throat and she swallowed it dutifully, feeling it splash down into her stomach. She felt comfortingly full after it was done, and as the monster slowly slid its penis out of her mouth, she suckled at the tip as it passed through her mouth, enjoying the flavor of its cum. The taste was unlike anything she’d ever experienced; succulently sweet and mildly spicy, almost like some sort of berry. When it finally backed away, she was content to lay there, chest heaving and throat delightfully raw, gasping for breath. Her heart was racing away.

But she didn’t have much time to rest. The Heartless holding her down growled and, with one of its taloned feet, began grappling at her skirt and shorts.

“W-wait,” Aqua said hoarsely, “you’re g-gonna ruin it, let me… just…”

The creature seemed suspicious but was content to free her hands enough to let her peel the clothing away. The moment the obstructions were gone, it pinned her again.

Aqua knew it was coming, but that didn’t make it any more surprising when the tip of the creature’s penis teased against her slit. She squirmed, panting and moaning from desire. Her body was shaking, both from the thorough throat-fucking she’d just been given as well as from its adamant desire that she take another Heartless cock right now.

“To hell with it,” she breathed, her voice still hoarse. “If I’m gonna be here with you all, you may as well f-fuck me good…”

As if it understood her (and who was to say it didn’t?) the creature pushed its way inside.

Bliss.

Aqua, still pinned under the dragon’s weight, keened out a long, high note of approval. Her arousal—which had flooded her almost as soon as she realized the Wyverns’ intent—now dominated her, thrumming through her body with every heartbeat. The monster’s cock occupied her deepest regions, and her tunnel clenched and milked it obligingly, making the dragon coo and churr with appreciation.

It reached far in, the very tip of its cock nestling against her cervix, and held there for a while. Then it twitched as if to fuck her—but it didn’t. It simply held.

Untamed desire began to flood Aqua, and she whimpered and squirmed against the monster’s long and slender rod, hoping to entice it into fucking her. At least she could ride it herself.

The weight on her lifted slightly, and she passionately rolled her hips up and down, fucking herself with the creature’s cock. A low burr of—was that laughter?—came from the Wyvern behind her.

The Heartless, a mere monster, had set a test of patience between itself and its captive. And the keyblade master lost.

Beyond caring, Aqua still rolled up and down, fucking herself with the dragon’s dick. She bit her lower lip, her eyes fluttering, as she found a particularly pleasurable position. She swayed her hips and clenched down on it, her breath exhaling in a long sigh.

Finally having enough, the Wyvern moved to pin her again. That was its mistake—it had given Aqua too much space to move. Now she could summon her keyblade, destroy it with a spell, and then unleash her rampage against the other three, all before it had a chance to move…!

She could have. Easily. Just as she could have escaped when they’d brought her here. But she
elected to allow the Wyvern pin her again. In the future, when reconsidering her actions high in this cave, she would turn over her decision from many angles. Why had she done this? Exhaustion, perhaps? Some lingering fear? Even a curious affection for the Heartless?

One solution—one which would seem obvious to most—she refused to ever consider. The notion that she wanted monster dick, that she wanted them to rut her like a bitch in heat, that she wanted her belly to swell with their young… that she could have fought them off at any point but rationalized reasons not to would invite consideration, to most, of a certain scenario: that a prim and proper keyblade master, desperate for cock and the pleasure that it brought but grappling with the desire not to ‘debase’ herself with beasts and monsters, found they abducted and overpowered me, there was nothing I could do to be a very convenient excuse.

Of course, regardless of the impetus behind her decision, the result remained the same: Aqua chose not to seize the opportunity to escape and the Wyvern pinned her down again. It had entertained itself enough by observing its prey pleasure herself. Now it was time to fuck her proper.

With a growl, the Wyvern brought its hips back and swung them forward.

Aqua saw sunbursts. She half-wailed, half moaned, her voice echoing about the lair as the dragon fucked her as hard as it could. Its cock was nowhere near as thick as the Dark Hide’s had been, but the sheer animalistic savagery with which it pounded her pussy still drove her wild. Gasping for air, barely even able to speak, Aqua was left an incoherent mess as the Wyvern enjoyed her. Orgasm finally crashed upon her, the sensation driving her over the edge; her mind reeled and she lay on the cave, barely coherent, her mouth open and her body shaking as the dragon rutted her.

It came not soon after, its slick seed coating her walls and womb.

When it pulled out, its dick left a curious emptiness that Aqua needed to be filled. Somewhere amid the post-orgasmic haze, she wanted to plead for more.

Well, she didn’t need to.

As the Wyvern finally let up off of her, and joined its brother who had fucked her mouth, the other two approached to have their fun.

Aqua didn’t even register their presence until one of them, manipulating her gently with its massive claws, raised her off the cavern floor. She was limp like a doll, but they kept her positioned, more-or-less horizontal.

“Wh-whuh…” she managed to get out amidst her blissful exhaustion. She had no time for more—the creature hoisting her up positioned its cock and slid into her.

Hey eyes widened and a long whine of surprise and pleasure emerged from her—only to be cut off. The other Wyvern had taken her open mouth as an invitation.

Choking and squirming around them both, Aqua had just enough time to register that the Heartless were spitroasting her before they went to town.

Their thrusts were almost perfectly timed; when the one in her pussy pulled back, the one in her mouth surged forward, making the keyblade master deepthroat his dick. When that dragon pulled back to her mouth, the other one slammed in, hilting itself in her raw cunt.

They fucked her in perfect unison, back and forth, back and forth, each of them appreciatively growling and chuffing when they pushed in. Aqua, for her part, did nothing but enjoy the ride. She hung limply between the two of them, her limbs loose and dangling, and her mind was content to
reel from the sudden double filling, sending pleasure after pleasure each time a draconic cock teased her inner walls or slid smoothly down her throat.

There was fucking beasts, and then there was this. The sheer debauchery left her both aghast and strangely giddy. She was their fucktoy. Their pet. She had taken four dragon dicks this evening, two of them at once, and she loved every minute of it.

She knew, deep in her heart, that if given another opportunity, she would not have done a single thing differently.

By the time her throat was raw and her pussy so stimulated that even a breeze would have threatened her to orgasm, she had come at least twice more, clenching around the dick in her pussy and moaning around the one on her mouth. The Heartless, with their bestial appetites, had just kept on fucking her right through it. They had needs to sate, and she wasn’t done until those needs were met.

The one in her mouth finally surged forward, its dick pushing as far into her throat as it could go, and gave her its seed. She felt it slide down and join the previous batch in her belly, which now felt almost disconcertingly bloated. There was little time to reflect on it, though, as its cohort responded in kind, pumping her pussy full of slick ropes of Heartless cum.

Feeling it squirting it into her womb, a single thought managed to pierce Aqua’s pleasure-addled mind: two loads of seed had made it into her womb. Oh, she was definitely going to bear some Heartless babies. The thought should have disgusted her, but she found her only emotion was acceptance—and, perhaps, more than a little giddy excitement.

When the Wyverns were finally done, they slipped out of her, and she flopped onto the floor, so thoroughly fucked that she could not have moved even if she wanted to.

Laying there, panting, Aqua could only watch as the first Heartless to fuck her approached yet again. No way… were they going to go at her again?

But the creature simply picked her up in one massive claw, and, with a departing trill to its fellows, it carried her out of the lair. They didn’t fly far; it deposited her in a quiet, darkened woods not far from their mountain. She slumped back, panting, her eyes half-lidded, as cum dribbled from both her mouth and her pussy. As Aqua watched it fly away, she wondered if it and its brethren understood that she would bear their young, or if they simply had needs that had gone unfulfilled for too long.

That makes both of us, she thought wryly, and then slipped into unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes

A friendly reminder that you can find me on tumblr (https://festival-grey.tumblr.com/) and FurAffinity (https://www.furaffinity.net/user/festivalgrey/)! I post all my stuff there too, including occasional commission information.
The day after getting gangbanged by dragons, Aqua was barely able to move. Never before in her life had she been so thoroughly fucked; she was content to simply lay back, conserving her energy. The day after that, she was good to get up and move around—though she still winced if she used her legs too much, and her throat felt raw and tender.

Other than that, however, her body seemed unchanged. Had her theory been wrong? Had she not been impregnated by the Wyverns after all?

A few more days passed with no noticeable change, and Aqua resigned herself to the idea that perhaps the Dark Hide had been a biological anomaly, the equivalent of winning a once-in-a-lifetime genetic opportunity. But then, after one night of fitful sleep, she awoke with a worrying undercurrent of arousal that refused to go away. There was a curious weight to her belly, and her breasts seemed more tender. Her milk had never gone away, but the production had stepped up.

It had worked after all. She was pregnant—again.

She spent a few hours slowly stroking her belly, lost in thought. She was frustrated—frustrated that this had happened. Again. That she was going to bring unholy life, the spawn of darkness, a heart-devouring monster, into this world—again.

You could have fought them off, a deep and oft-ignored part of herself chastised. Let’s not pretend you couldn’t have. At any point, you could have annihilated those Heartless—pinned or no.

She ignored that inner voice, or chased it away, or rationalized to it. She was taken by surprise. Ambushed. Before she knew what was happening, the intercourse was already underway. And besides, she groused to herself, even if she had enjoyed that sex, had wanted it deep down, had reacted with excitement when she saw that mob of Wyverns high in the cave, that didn’t mean she was ready to breed for them.

But then why, her inner voice pressed her, did you feel a little bit upset yesterday when you thought you were not fertile?

She had no answer, and her inner self radiated smugness.

—

From that point on, it progressed quickly.

Within just a few days, her shirt no longer comfortably slipped over the top of her belly, and her shorts were uncharacteristically tight. As before, this Heartless pregnancy seemed to progress at an astounding rate. And, of course, there was just how turned on it left her.
Halfway through the second week, the globe of her belly already poking out from under her shirt, bare to the world, Aqua frequently stopped waddling around the Realm of Darkness to tend to herself. When she had first been aware of the pregnancy, her arousal had been a dull, quiet, easily-ignorable note, something that barely registered. But like a wave gathering height before breaking on the shore, now it was fierce and insistent, growing in power every day, and going even a few hours without tending to it by energetically rubbing her clit or plumbing her own depths with her fingers left her almost shaking with the need for satiation.

One afternoon—or what passed for afternoon in this perpetually-shadowed land—after she had brought herself to orgasm through playing with both her nipple and her clit, she was left sprawled in a field of long, slightly dry grasses. Her chest heaved, and her belly heaved too. The weight was uncomfortably pressing down on her, so she rolled over to the side, and, on instinct, curled up protectively around it.

As she did so, Aqua felt a new sensation—something tumbling in her womb. It was heavy, and almost seemed to be knocking against something else.

Her breath caught. *Eggs.*

It made sense. She’d been fucked—no, *bred*—by dragons. It only seemed logical that their offspring would come in the form of eggs. She had wondered at the strange compactness of her belly—why it did not seem quite so large as the Dark Hide’s offspring had left her, even as the weight seemed to be greater.

Now the answer was here. Aqua wasn’t carrying one baby; she was carrying *several.* Eggs. A whole clutch.

Filled with wonder and awe—I’m pregnant, *I’m pregnant with baby dragons, I’m carrying eggs, I’m carrying so many little babies in me*—Aqua reached out with one hand and gently stroked her belly. The Wyvern eggs could not squirm in response, as her last child had, but she almost imagined she could feel a low pulse of appreciation from them.

“Babies,” she whispered, curling up against her belly tighter. “I’ve got you. Mommy’s got you.”

The past few days had been filled with more than a little frustration at how much her pregnancy impeded her, how ever-present the spike in arousal was, how degrading it was to bear baby monsters.

But now, filled with maternal pride, she didn’t care. It didn’t matter who their fathers were, or how she had gotten knocked up, or even that her children were Heartless, and not humans—she was their mother, and she would be there for them.

—

As before, birthing day occurred three weeks after conception

Unlike the previous pregnancy, in which she sprawled on her back and squeezed out an enormous baby, Aqua managed to maneuver herself to a squatting position. Following her instincts, trusting in her body to show her the right way, she spread her knees as far as they could go, and braced her hands on them. Even as she did so, she felt the eggs tumbling over each other in her womb, gravity pulling them down towards her entrance.

Then, with a grunt, she pushed.

It was nowhere near as hard as the last birthing had been. Each egg was only slightly bigger than an
orange; enough that she gasped with shock when it entered the birthing canal, but not so massive that her mind reeled from it. Managing to stay focused, Aqua grit her teeth and squeezed out the first.

As it passed through her tunnel, she was smashed with an unexpected sensation—a raw, unbridled wave of ecstasy. The egg massaged her inner spots in all the right ways, and left her shaking and even sobbing with pleasure. When it finally breached, the shell parting her folds, she was already close to orgasm; as she strained and pushed and it emerged harder, she looked down at herself.

Her pussy, its neat blue hair trimmed, was heaving and slick with fluids, split enormously by the Wyvern egg. The shell was a soft brownish-red, not unlike the color of the Heartless itself. With another forceful push, she managed to squeeze it out even farther, and the eggs slid down further, stretching her even wider until—

It slipped out entirely.

Gasping for breath, tears streaking down her face, Aqua gazed down at the first egg with no small amount of pride. It was cut short, however, by the sensation of the next one sliding into place. Bracing herself, she prepared for as many eggs as she could lay.

None of them were as hard as the first, but each one stoked her inner flames expertly. By the time she was finished—seven fresh new Wyvern eggs, collected in a little pile and covered with juices—she had come three times.

The birthing finished, Aqua collapsed, exhaustion riding over her. As her body demanded she sleep, she slowly reached out to touch her new eggs. “Mommy’s here,” she repeated lovingly.

—

It took a few days for the eggs to hatch, time she spent recuperating from the pregnancy and birthing. About four days after she laid them—by which time her energy returned and her body was back to its thin self—the first shell cracked open.

She watched in fascination, ignoring her desire to brush the shells off and lend a helping hand. This was something her babies had to do themselves. Gradually the crack widened, and was pushed out more and more, until the first head broke free.

The Wyvern’s tiny mouth took its first breath of air and then chirped, the sound light and soft, and her heart melted. This was her baby. Her little one.

As the little Heartless struggled its way out of the egg, Aqua shed her top, exposing her breasts. They were plumper than usual, filled with milk, and when it was finally free, she cradled it in her hands and held it up to feed. The creature latched on, and milk flowed as it began to nurse.

Aqua settled back with a contented sigh, luxuriating in the sensation of feeding and caring for her little one. It was a truly wonderful occasion.

And, as two more of the eggs began to boast cracks, she smiled. There were a lot of them—she hoped she had enough milk to go around.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all like the current batch! I have some Heartless in mind for future chapters.
What did you think? And any recommendations?
Chapter Summary

In which Aqua convinces herself that she fucks monsters for the greater good.

We're back, baby!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Within a few days, all of Aqua’s little ones had hatched, and she couldn’t be happier.

She laid back, giggling, as their little feet padded across her smooth skin. They chirped excitedly as they tussled and played with each other, each dragon hatchling displaying its own personality. One, smaller than the rest, had taken to snoozing in the curve where her neck met her shoulder, and another gluttonous one was always latched onto her breast, and had to be coaxed off to give the others a chance to nurse.

Deep down, Aqua knew that her young wouldn’t stay forever. They were already growing so fast. But for the time being, she delighted in their soft cries, their bountiful play, and the tender touch of their mouths on her breasts.

There would be time to be a keyblade master later. For now, though, she was more than happy to serve as their mother.

She allowed the days to pass and pass again, watching her offspring slowly mature. They grew fast—before long the chicks small enough to have once fit into her hand were now the size of large cats, prowling alongside her and rubbing against her in warmth and love. Their original personalities still shone through, however—the small one still being timid and staying the closest to her, and the glutton being slightly pudgier than his peers. No matter how big they got, though, they were always hungry for milk, and their mother was more than happy to oblige.

It was about twelve days after the initial laying when she finally had to say goodbye. They were big, now, their heads coming just even with her ribs when they stood on all fours. They had all practiced the art of flying, and were growing quite good at it. Somehow, Aqua had known on waking up that day that it would be the one where she big her offspring farewell—and after laughing and nuzzling them all, she watched them fly away with more than a few tears misting her eyes.

As she wiped her cheeks clean, she quietly mused to herself. What was going on? Did she… really like being a mother to those creatures? Was she happy?

Finally forcing herself to confront her inner feelings, she was forced to admit that yes, she really was.

The next few days were spent wandering with introspection.

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Now that she was neither pregnant nor accompanied by children, the Heartless had resumed their attacks on Aqua. She dispatched them with ease, of course, but against her will, she quickly fell into
despondency. This was… well, it was all there was. Wandering, fighting, sleeping—repeat ad nauseam again and again and again. There had to be more to life than this! Good food, good friends, the responsibilities of keyblade mastering, traveling the world, practicing spells, enjoying the stars…

Having sex…

Shaking her head, Aqua cleared all those thoughts from her mind, blushing. No, no, no! Didn’t she have any self-control? She was not going to go through this all again.

“Even if I never leave the Realm of Darkness,” she confirmed to herself, “I can at least bring the Heartless’s numbers down.”

Bring them down or up? her inner self mocked towards her. Because you’ve done pretty well at bolstering their ranks so far, miss mommy.

Her cheeks burned even brighter at the thought. Well, it was true that she had borne baby Heartless… but her offspring were different. They seemed brighter, more inquisitive, and less vicious—they hadn’t gone after her heart, and perhaps they would never attack anyone! When you thought of it that way, the gentle Heartless she had carried and birthed were just as important as the vicious ones she had eliminated.

That evening, she fell asleep contemplating that.

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The Realm of Darkness was a curious and unusual place, filled with strange trees, ruins, and dark waters; everywhere was a reflection of the world of light that Aqua called home. So it was no surprise that it included biomes unlike those she had seen. Gradually, she realized she was in a jungle; the air was hot and humid, and the trees were tall, their broad, frond-like leaves shading the already-gloomy ground. Glowing eyes peered at her from the underbrush, and Aqua remained on guard, wondering what types of Heartless she would encounter in this strange new land.

She didn’t have long to wait. A commotion drew her to a thicket not too far within the jungle. Peering out, she was able to spy the source of the noise: a collection of rowdy Heartless.

They were significantly different compared to others she had seen. The creatures were small and monkey-like, with dark blue fur that stopped just short of their claw-tipped limbs. The Heartless—Powerwilds, she would later call them—also possessed long tails and big round ears that stuck off their heads. Gleaming yellow eyes showed themselves from their faces, and though their other features were shadowed, Aqua knew they must have mouths—after all, they were distressed over food.

The simians were howling in despair near several broken crates. Various rinds of vegetables and fruits were scattered about, littering the ground with cores, seeds, and skins. The most common refuse left behind—and the one that the Powerwilds seemed most upset over—were yellow banana peels. They had just run out, it seemed, and were inconsolable.

How had the fruit gotten here? None of the local trees seemed capable of growing it. But then, Aqua reasoned, it probably showed up like the ruins did, like I did—transported from the light world.

Those poor Heartless! They didn’t have to eat (the Realm of Darkness allowed inner light or darkness to sustain a creature) but they clearly enjoyed it. To have nourishment taken from them! Now all they had left to devour were hearts.

Realization did not so much dawn on her as it cannoned into her. What if they were given an
alternative? Her young appeared friendlier than the usual Heartless—what if these ones were given alternatives as well?

She had no food to give, though. The likelihood of more nourishment making it from the realm of light was dubious at best. However…

Glancing down at her own chest, Aqua’s breath hitched. Her nipples stood taught against the fabric, and tiny discolored patches where the tips met the cloth betrayed that she was, after all, still nursing. She had never stopped, not since her body had produced as far back as her first pregnancy… the Heartless grew faster than her body could have predicted, and she had always gotten knocked up again before it could stop.

If she offered them nourishment… could these Heartless be swayed from hunting hearts? Could she change it?

*It’s worth a shot,* the keyblade master reasoned. *And if not… I can easily handle this lot.* They were small, barely blips on the radar compared to the powerful other Heartless she had faced.

Preparing herself and summoning her keyblade just in case, she strode into the thicket.

The effect was instant. The Powerwilds turned suddenly, screeching in alarm and defiance. Some of them backed away while others seemed to be riling themselves up for a fight.

“Cool it,” Aqua said, her tone cautionary but flat—the tone, she hoped, of a displeased matriarch. She still had her keyblade summoned, but it was held down, facing the ground—a sign that she could fight, but she had no desire to.

Some of the monkeys calmed, but one or two still seemed agitated. “I said *cool it,*” she repeated, putting an extra edge to her voice. That did the trick—all the Powerwilds regressed into a sullen silence. The Heartless weren’t stupid—they seemed to recognize her as a genuine danger, and this group probably realized she could mop the floor with them if she so wished.

“You’re hungry, aren’t you? And upset that there’s no more food,” she said, enunciating slowly. She was still uncertain if they understood speech, but she had to hope that some part of her message would get through. “Well, I have a proposal.”

Moving slowly, so as not to alarm them, she peeled off her top and the bra underneath, revealing her breasts.

Unconstrained, they nestled against her torso, plump and inviting. Her nipples and areolae were still larger than usual, thanks to her recent pregnancies, and her breasts in general had swollen bigger than usual as well, thanks to the milk she was producing.

One was leaking a tiny dribble of milk from the nipple, the liquid pale and glistening. The Powerwilds leaned forward with interest. Delicately, Aqua traced the milk off her skin, collecting the liquid as an overlarge bead on her fingertip. She wordlessly proffered it as a gift for the Powerwilds.

They seemed uncertain, but one inquisitive monkey shuffled closer and bobbed its head at her. She felt the wet brush of a tongue against her finger—though any features beyond eyelights were still hidden by the shadows shrouding its face—and it hopped back, hooting with delight. The other Heartless responded positively, pounding their paws on the ground and thrashing their tails from side to side. Any air of apprehension had vanished.

“Here’s my offer,” Aqua said. “I let you drink from me, and then you learn that there’s other things besides hunting hearts. Be more than just single-minded predators. Okay?”
They seemed intrigued (though with the Heartless, who could tell?) and she nodded. “Alright. Well, if we’re going to do this, let’s clean up, shall we?”

With an Aero spell, she summoned a small cyclone that effortlessly tidied the rubbish from the jungle clearing, even as it spared the Powerwilde. The monkeys watched it unfold with undisguised awe.

Aqua couldn’t help but smirk. *That’s right,* she thought, *I am Master Aqua. I have powers untold, and I’m one of the best mages of my generation.* Settling with her back against a comfortable trunk, radiating easy, effortless control, she dismissed her keyblade and crooked one finger at the Powerwilde. “Come on, then,” she crooned. “Come and get it.”

They needed no other invitation. Crowding around her, two of the simians instantly latched onto her breasts. The tugging motion needed to coax the milk out seemed to come to them naturally, and Aqua leaned back with an easy sigh. Before long it was flowing, and she was content to close her eyes and radiate in the firm, regular pulling at her breasts, the sounds of their eager swallows cresting at her ears, soothing and regular like the sound of waves lapping at the shore.

Aqua exhaled, contentment and bliss slowly seeping through her like firelight.

Each Powerwild only took a few minutes to sate, and she idly waved off the full ones to give others a turn. The brief moments in between, when her nipples, wet with saliva and milk, were exposed to the air, sent icy shocks racing through her system. Her teats began standing firmer than usual, and her breathing grew shallower as a familiar heat made its way to her loins.

“Oh. Well.”

Meanwhile, the Powerwilde who were not drinking up her milk were crowding around her, filling the jungle with cries and pawing at her. She tried not to groan—and was only partially successful—as the sensations began building over each other: their short-furred paws coursing over her soft and pliant flesh coupled with the energetic suckling of the Powerwilde at her breasts and the contented sighing of those who had already drank from her…

“Nnnngh,” she moaned, idly slipping one hand beneath her shorts to rub at herself. She was needy —*needy*—and these monsters were getting her riled up again…!

An hour passed, each Powerwild having taken a turn at her breasts, with a few greedy ones coming around for seconds. By now Aqua’s skin was glistening with a mild sheen of sweat she could not exclusively blame on the humid jungle air; she had continued pleasuring herself all throughout, but all it had done was make her hornier! The other Powerwilde were watching her with undisguised interest. Some of them had sprouted small but enticing red cocks, hard and growing with arousal.

*Why not?* she asked herself. *You’ve done it before. You can do it again. They’re clearly eager. It wouldn’t hurt.*

No, it wouldn’t. In fact… it might even *help.*

Shooing the last Powerwild away from her chest, Aqua sat up a little straighter. “Listen,” she told the assembled monsters, “I have a… deal to make.” It took all of her will not to succumb to panting and just throwing herself at them right then and there. “I want you to never chase down a heart again. But I know that’s how you reproduce… so I’m willing to offer an alternative.” She cast off her skirts and hooked a finger under the hem of her shirts, tugging it down to reveal her flushed and needy pussy. At the sight of it, the Powerwilde grew energetic again, smacking their fists into the ground and hopping excitedly. One or two of them even grew small beads of pre on their dicks.
“I’ll give you children,” she said. “Any of you that are willing to have a go at me—I can handle all of you. But the deal is—if you reproduce through me, then no more taking hearts. This is how you make new Heartless.” She smirked. “If you think about it, it’s rather economical. A single heart can only make a single Heartless if taken…but one heart—mine—can give you a whole basket of offspring.”

Settling down again, she spread her legs, inviting them to take a look at her slick and lovely pussy. “Do we have a deal?”

After a moment’s pause, the Powerwilds moved for her—and she smiled. It looked like they did.

They had the energy of monkeys, and the forerunner grabbed both arms around her torso, angled his cock (still budding with pre) up with her hole, and pushed in without preamble. Despite its smallness compared to other Heartless dicks she had taken, Aqua still let out a small squeak at the entry—although one that faded into a low murmur of appreciation. The creature, bracing itself against her, hammered back and forth with all the energy it had, and she shuddered with delight.

“Good boy,” she purred, threading her fingers through its midnight blue hair—it was long but surprisingly downy. The fur on its torso brushed against her folds and tickled her clit, sending sparks of lust throughout her with every touch. “Gooooooooooood boy.” Spurred on by her encouragement, the creature thrusted into her even faster, and she arched her back, sighing in bliss.

The other monkeys crowded, looked miffed that they had to wait, so she came up with a solution. Beckoning one of the Powerwilds closer with a finger, she guided its thin red rock into her outstretched hand. The creature tensed as she grasped it, and cried out when she pumped it—but did not pull away. Smirking, Aqua pumped it again, and again, moving at a slower pace than the Heartless currently fucking her blind, and delighted as the monster melted into a shuddering, orgasmic mess. She held out her other hand and soon found a third cock ready for pleasuring.

She went like that for a few minutes, back against the tree, giving the creatures pleasure while the one in her pussy railed against her, sending electric shudders of bliss down her spine. Finally, embracing the debauchery, Aqua opened her mouth, inviting a fourth cock—when one sunk in, she moaned around it, lathering it with her tongue and sucking it dutifully. The bead of pre on the Heartless’s small member tasted heavily of fruit.

The Powerwild in her left hand came first, cum spraying out the tip and coating her hand, even shooting far enough to splash her cheek. Aqua grunted in appreciation, the sound morphing to a pleased moan as the Heartless in her mouth pushed even further down her throat. The one in her pussy came not long after, filling her up with its seed, and a warmth spread through her as she reflected that she was going to fulfill her bargain and give these creatures young.

She was doing her duty as a keyblade wielder, she reasoned. She was saving hearts in the long run by giving the Heartless alternatives, and bringing unaggressive ones into being. She would fight for the light with everything she had—her magic, her blade, her body, her womb. She would win the fight however she could.

And as she reflected on this, the monkey in her cunt slid out and another one slid in, joined by a new one in her hand, and she came, the orgasm wracking her whole body like a storm on the surface of a great star, and the sensation left her moaning around the cock in her mouth.

And as the fucking continued, a familiar sensation added itself—a mouth on her breast. One of the Powerwilds was sucking at her again.

Lost in a post-orgasmic haze, stuffed with cock and brimming with the knowledge that she was
righteously giving herself to monsters, Aqua let herself collapse into a barely-conscious cloud of bliss.

And the Heartless had her all night.

Chapter End Notes

Hello! Glad you made it! As always, I am available on Furaffinity and tumblr:

https://www.furaffinity.net/user/festivalgrey/
https://festival-grey.tumblr.com
Chapter Summary

I will never run out of puns. Never.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

If you had asked Aqua even a few months ago where she thought her life would be, “gangbanged by demon monkeys for the greater good” probably would not have placed very high on that list.

And yet, here she was.

Unlike her past two encounters, Aqua had stayed with the Powerwilds for a period of a few days, entertaining them and being entertained in turn. She had to make sure she took ample amounts of each one’s seed, of course, to best raise her chances of keeping her word and bearing their offspring.

The day when they finally left, loping through the jungle, Aqua had already felt the pregnancy coming on—the increasingly-familiar heaviness in her belly, the raw sensitivity of her breasts, the ever-so-mild twinge of lethargy which she knew would crest over the coming weeks. As she watched them depart, she couldn’t help but wonder: Can I really trust them to put aside their heart-devouring ways? Will they really be better for this? She had no way of knowing—but she had to trust that it would work.

E lecting to stay in the jungle (she didn’t like the idea of delivering a bunch of baby monkeys in the middle of a ruin or a mountaintop) until the delivery was done, Aqua went about making herself at home. Her clothes were easily washed by applications of the water spell, and she was able to use fallen branches and fronds to make a makeshift shelter.

As always during her pregnancies, the Heartless left her alone, and she was left radiating smugness in the knowledge that even when heavy with their young, she exerted power over them.

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As the days passed, she grew dutifully. By the time a week and a half had passed, her belly jutted a fair bit out from under her shirt, and she grew in the habit of stroking and cradling it. The skin was smooth but taut, and she knew it would only grow tighter as the pregnancy progressed. Her breasts had doubled up on milk production to the point where they ached more often than not; she was often reduced to milking them herself, kneading the milk out of her swollen bosom with long sighs.

Afterwards she was left flushed, a flutter of worrying need in her loins, and she frequently turned to fingering herself after her milking sessions. More than once she found herself pining for the Powerwilds, wishing for them to take care of her nursing problems as well as her… baser hungers.

The lethargy built and built and she quickly resigned herself to token patrols. By the time two weeks had hit she could barely wander a dozen paces away from the hollow where she could set up camp—and waddling she was, wobbling ungainly while trying to compensate for the massive weight affixed to her front. At one point she had leaned against a fallen tree, panting, only for wriggles of movement to pull her out of her reverie. Her offspring this time around were quite active (doubtless
getting it from their fathers) and their energetic rompings in her womb left her turning and whining with sudden arousal. As ever, her body rewarded her for laying with monsters by gifting her with cascades of pleasure during the ensuing pregnancy, and her offspring made it more exciting than ever before—at one point, while they had been particularly energetic, she had nearly been driven to orgasm by their activity alone. Finally giving in, she rubbed her clit in time to their tossing and turning until she came, her blissful screams splitting the air of the dark jungle. She wondered if the Heartless knew it was her—and if the ones who had failed to knock her up were jealous.

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After a full day of immobility—a day in which Aqua, panting from the sheer weight of it all, had whined as her children had made her come two separate times with their energetic tumbling—the birthing day had arrived.

It was more difficult than the eggs had been, but still nowhere near as trying as the Dark Hide, though part of her wondered if that wasn’t because it had been her first delivery. Still, after a few long hours of straining, pushing, and sobbing, she could finally rest, chest heaving and body reeling—the proud mother of five small monkeys.

And proud she was. Already her little ones were poking around inquisitively, crawling across the ground and curiously prodding at fronds. Giggling, Aqua scooped one up in trembling hands and held it to her breast, and the little one dutifully wrapped its mouth around her teat and began to nurse.

She leaned back with a contented sigh, feeling the small bundles of warmth as her offspring nuzzled against her. She would feed them all by the time the night was done, and take a few days to rest from the birth.

“Sweetie,” she crooned, tracing the infant Heartless’s small, delicate ear with one finger, “mommy’s here for you.” It nestled closer to her breast with a satisfied churr, and she caressed it tight, tears beading in her eyes—tears of happiness and pride. She wouldn’t have traded them for anything. “Mommy’s here for you,” she repeated.

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She woke the next morning, groggy and still sore, but with much of her energy recovered, to find two more of her children happily nursing. Giggling, she cradled them both against her body, cupping them gently—their heads were small enough to fit inside her hands. She could hear her other offspring playing in the jungle, but at a wordless cry from Aqua, they bounded in, chirping and chittering with happiness. One—smaller than the rest, its hair a sunny orange color—bounded right up to her, and Aqua giggled, idly taking one finger to scratch behind the little creature’s ear.

“Hello, loves,” she said. “You’re all so energetic already! Mommy’s still tired from yesterday…she’s not sure if she can keep up.” She was unsure if she was reading too much into things, but she fancied her offspring chittered at her sympathetically.

All that day, she spent resting and nursing. There was always a baby Heartless at one of her breasts, their little mouths teasing at her nipples. She felt the heat of their mouths, the wetness as they sucked; she leaned back and exulted in the soft, insistent tugging on her nipples, the way they rumbled with happiness. She drank in their joy like it was sunlight, and sighed with contentment each time her breasts yielded, the milk flowing out slowly and easily.

How she loved this. This was as much a part of her as her keyblade skills, now; her maternal instincts glowed in her like fresh embers, washing her with pride and directing her to bask in the sensation as her young suckled from her, to praise them and pet them and bond with them. It continued like that.
for days, her babies growing bigger and stronger and more inquisitive, but their loyalty to Aqua always remained, and they slept all piled together, with their mother lulled to sleep by their warmth and by the sensation of a soft tugging at her breast, for they always nursed when it was time for sleep.

One day one of her offspring had excitedly brought her something new—a scrap of red ribbon, doubtless another interdimensional castaway from the light world. Aqua held onto it tight, treasuring it.

As her offspring matured, she noticed that the orange one differed from its siblings in more than just color—it was shorter, weaker, but much faster, and seemed to be more clever, fashioning rudimentary tools to play pranks. One day, as it scampered away from them, chattering playfully, Aqua realized that its voice was high and melodic while the others were growing lower by the day—

And it hit her. *Daughter,* she realized, looking at the orange one with surprise. Until now, the vast majority of Heartless she had seen had been male—or, at the very least, had been packing cocks. *That one’s female. She’s my… my daughter.*

As the new one—whom Aqua had called Bouncywild, in opposition to her siblings—skittered up to her, seeking praise, Aqua had pet behind her daughter’s head. “Good girl,” she said, meaning it. “Good girl.”

And the little Bouncywild almost seemed to glow with pride.

Chapter End Notes

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