

God's Favourite Cumdumpster

When Shadowheart is taken captive by a band of ogres, she never imagines the breadth of changes she's about to experience...

Pairings: Female half-elf, Hobgoblins, Bugbears, Ogres, and Goblins (30+, mostly M with a few F)

Contains: Massive Tits, Huge Tits, Cocks Large to Massive (12-36 inches), Transformation (Breast Expansion), Interspecies, Size Difference, Cervix Penetration, Cum Inflation/Bloating, Excessive Semen, Deepthroating, Throat bulging, Titfucking, Double Titfucking, Public Sex (Goblin Camp), Multi Orgasmic, Cum Painting, Gangbang, Bukkake, Stomach Bulging, Throat Bulging, Multiple Penetration, Dubious Consent to Active Consent, Religious Corruption, Face-sitting, Choking, Humiliation, Pleasure Overload



“Oi, wake up!”

Something nudged her, and she stirred.

“I said wake up!”

This time, ice cold water splashed against her face, shocking her to full alertness. Sleep fled her quick as lightning.

“Why you –” Shadowheart began, rising from her cot. Her hands were already aglow with Shar’s divine fury as she laid eyes upon her captor. When she saw the hobgoblins accompanying him – armed to the teeth – she thought better of it, and the flame in her fists died down.

The goblin, Sazzrak, chuckled. “That’s right, little bird. Your cage is prob’ly bigger than most, but you still belong to the boss, don’t ya?”

He knew she had nowhere to go. They’d not even put her in chains. The door to her “cell” was wide open, and she’d been free to wander about the campgrounds as she saw fit, ever since her capture.

Don't you be thinkin' of runnin' off. Our archers got good eyes, they do.

The words still echoed in her mind as she recalled what she'd been told on the day she arrived.

That was... what, two weeks ago now?

They'd even let her keep her precious artefact. That mysterious, multi-sided box that was so precious to her.

She'd not yet discerned their motivations, but despite their less-than-adequate treatment of her, they'd kept her fed, clothed, and had given her a bed.

"Feedin' time," Sazzrak said, motioning for another goblin to enter, carrying a chipped plate and wooden cup that held that morning's meal.

"I'm not hungry," Shadowheart lied, glaring at her captors. She hoped, for but a moment, that the tadpole squirming around in her skull might allow her to control these weak-minded fools as she had others in the past.

Yet nothing happened.

The four goblinoids present laughed, Sazzrak louder than the rest. "Well now! Hear that, lads? Angry little princess says she's not 'ungry!'"

He took a step forth, grabbing the half-elf by the chain to force her to stare into his eyes.

She was of a mind to spit into those ugly, yellow eyes.

"You eat when we say you eat, princess," he snarled, taking the tray and drink to shove it into her lap. "Else you'll find your stomach full o' arrows."

Shadowheart's glare might have sufficed to frighten even an ancient wyrm, but the growling of her stomach betrayed her. Despite being allowed three meals a day, she'd felt hungrier than she ever had.

"Fine," came her muttering, as she snatched the cup and plate.

Sazzrak grinned. "Good, good. Boss wants you healthy-like," his eyes lingered on her for a moment too long before he barked orders to the others – in his goblin tongue – and they all turned to leave.

The door remained open, letting in the day's light. Gods, how long had she slept? Not only was she perpetually hungry now, but it felt like she slept half the day.

She stared down at the unappetizing gruel. An off-white, lumpy mess, it seemed about as appealing as a plate of tressym vomit. In her other hand, she held the wooden cup, filled with the odd purplish liquid they'd been giving her lately. It smelled vaguely of berries, so she'd never thought much of it but... something clicked in her mind.

She paused with the cup an inch or so from her lips.

The way the goblin's eyes had lingered on her, the fatigue, that ravenous hunger constantly gnawing at her. And then, there was the matter of her tunic, ever tighter across her chest.

Now, Shadowheart had never been the most blessed of women when it came to her feminine charms. She was no cleric of Sûne or Sharess, that much was certain.

Moving the cup away, she glanced down at herself.

The changes had been so subtle, so progressive, that she hadn't paid them much heed. Yet now stood upon her chest two mounds far larger than they'd been even a month ago, their growth unmistakable now that she took the time to look at them.

She set the gruel down on the bed beside her, tugging at her collar (she wouldn't bare herself from the waist up to give the goblins outside any free show).

"Dark Lady preserve me," she breathed, eyeing the twin mounds that hung there, heavy and full enough to overflow any man's hand.

Shadowheart's jaw clenched. There was no denying that her captors were doing *something* to her, and she knew the food had something to do with it. How could it not? She'd had no spells cast upon her, and the changes were far too dramatic to be natural.

Whatever they were doing, she'd not make it easy for them. No, she'd not remain their prisoner a day longer. She needed to escape – tonight, under the watchful eye of Lady Shar.

With a sudden determination, she took her plate and cup, wolfing down both gruel and drink in mere minutes, settling her stomach. She needed her strength, if she had any chance of escaping.

Once finished, she set the empty vessels down on the straw-covered floor and stood, stretching to work the stiffness from her limbs. She touched the mysterious artefact still upon a pouch at her hips.

Then, with a few casual strides, she stepped out into the sun.

She knew not where she'd been brought, but she couldn't deny the beauty of the pastoral landscape that stretched out for miles before her, under a pale blue, cloud-dotted sky. The sight might have been moving, had it not been for the stench of refuse assailing her nostrils quite suddenly, forcing her to suppress a gag.

The goblin camp had been set upon the tallest of the region's hills, it seemed, for she could see far in all directions, though she could not see the Sea of Swords in the distance as she could when she was still in the Sword Coast.

Wherever they were, they were far further inland than she'd hoped.

Her allies, and the city of Baldur's Gate, were now further away than when she'd begun her quest. A thought most unpleasant.

Shadowheart affected a bored expression as she began wandering about the camp. She joined her hands at her back to give herself as innocent a demeanor as possible, her eyes moving from creature to creature, from entrance to entrance.

She missed nothing. Thirty-five in total. Twenty-eight goblins. Seven hobgoblins. Ten patrols with bows. Each entrance had two spear-wielders posted. The rest had a combination of various weapons, too large for their small frames and obviously pilfered from surrounding villages. Four seemed to be spellhurlers, holding staves adorned with feathers and beads.

A single one held a particularly vicious-looking crossbow.

Her eyes went to the cooking area, where she could see three knives. Perfect for slicing the throat of some unsuspecting sentry.

A pair of hobgoblins eyed her suspiciously as she approached the camp's eastern boundary. She smiled innocently at them, which only served to heighten their suspicion. The half-elf never smiled, they knew.

Slowly, they began to bring their hands to their weapons and she turned away, heading back to the central area. Provoking a confrontation now would be most unwise.

A large tent stood near the central bonfire, guarded by another pair of hobgoblins. The boss's tent, no doubt.

As she made her way through camp, she eventually passed a group of goblins hunched over a sand-traced circle, tossing what appeared to be oddly-shaped dice and arguing about something or other in their guttural tongue. All of them – the women included – stopped whatever they were doing to watch her pass, yellow eyes tracking her with obvious interest.

“Lookin’ good, elfie!” one of them called out. “Special brew workin’ real nice, hey?”

Shadowheart stood still for a heartbeat, calculating her next move.

If she were to escape, better they think her docile, perhaps even flattered by their crude attention. Better they believe that whatever was in that drink had affected her mind *and* body.

With the grace of her heritage, she gave a small, deliberate twirl. The movement brought the hungry gazes of the goblinoids to the swell of her rump and chest, the twin charms beneath her tunic straining its laces.

In response, some of the goblins hooted and whistled, as others stared slack-jawed.

“Look at ‘er go!” one shouted.

Your eyes will be the first thing I remove from your skulls once I... she thought.

“Was all feisty like when she got ‘ere! Now she’s right horny for us!” another exclaimed.

Then, your cocks...

“Maybe she’ll share those tits of ‘ers with us!” one of the women added, making obscene gestures to illustrate her point.

Or your –

“RAAAAUUUUUGH!” came a sudden, ground-shaking roar, interrupting Shadowheart’s train of thought.

The goblins cowered at that sound, for whatever it was definitely *wasn’t* a goblin. They immediately discarded their game, scurrying as rats might to more

productive tasks. Confusion befell Shadowheart then, but she was soon caught at the wrist by a well-meaning goblin woman.

“Better not tarry, elfie. Boss likes to rough us up when he’s angry. Wouldn’t want him taking out ‘is anger on you, hey?” the goblin woman said, tugging the cleric away from the central area as others moved about them worriedly.

“What’s happening?” Shadowheart dared as that loud, booming voice echoed throughout the camp.

“USELESS! USELESS!”

The goblin shot a worried glance towards the large tent, still dragging Shadowheart behind her. “Deal’s probably gone south. Damned Zhents –” She caught herself mid-sentence. “But that’s nothin’ for you to worry your pretty little head about,” she quickly added.

Shadowheart raised her eyebrows when the smaller woman mentioned the Black Network. Another piece of *that* puzzle. “Zhents, you say?” she attempted, immediately drawing a glare from the still-tugging she-goblin.

“Shut yer damn trap,” she hissed low, “if the boss hears I’ve been runnin’ my mouth, my hide’ll be hung from that there sentry post as a banner for Maglubiyet!”

Maglubiyet.

As a cleric, Shadowheart immediately recognized the name. These goblins still worshipped their own god, rather than the Absolute, as others did back near Baldur’s Gate.

That definitely explained why that connection she’d felt with other tadpole-infected creatures – the odd, invasive psychic link – was wholly absent here. She couldn’t thrust her will upon these creatures as she had back then.

She was no *Chosen One* to them, she was but another prisoner. The realization at once sickened and relieved her.

So why in the Hells had they not simply stuffed her in a cage as goblins typically did to prisoners? Why did they let her wander freely in such a fashion?

Before she knew it, Shadowheart was back inside her quarters, shoved inside with surprising urgency. Spinning around to protest, she found the door

slammed shut in her face, followed by the sound of wood scraping upon wood. They're barred the door from outside.

"Great," she murmured, pinching the bridge of her nose in annoyance. For the first time since she'd been captured, she found herself properly caged.

Slowly, she began pacing the small room like some caged beast. With no windows to speak of and with the door closed, the day's heat was getting to her. With no wind to cool her, she found herself soon sweating in the humidity of the place, and with little to occupy her, she became acutely aware of just how her once-loose tunic now dug into the newly-grown flesh of her bosom.

With an irritated hiss, she tugged at the garment in a futile attempt at adjusting it where it dug into her underarms and shoulders.

Minutes soon turned into hours, and she knew the midday sun had disappeared, for the light that typically filtered into her room by the small cracks between planks had all but gone. Luckily for her, at least, her elven blood had granted her the ability to see in such darkness without the need for spells.

After a time, she simply fell back upon her cot staring at the ceiling. The abominable little turds had taken her holy symbol and had removed any torches or lamps from the room to avoid her starting a fire.

Voices outside spoke in languages she didn't understand.

The camp seemed agitated, alive.

Shadowheart closed her eyes, trying to focus on the words spoken. A useless endeavor, considering her inability to speak Ghukliak. She'd not even picked up a single word of that rough, guttural tongue since her arrival.

She ran her fingers along her collarbone, down to the hem of her tunic, where it cut oh so uncomfortably into her skin. Looking down at herself, she couldn't help but sigh. Whatever they'd been feeding her... And how did goblins even get their hands on such growth magic, anyhow?

The shamans she'd seen among them hadn't been of great intellect, and the hobgoblins and bugbears, while smarter than an average goblin, hadn't shown much skill in the Art.

At least, in the darkness of her “cell”, she could consider her situation and the bizarreness of it. Bizarreness. To a woman infected by a mind flayer tadpole, unchanged for the better part of a month.

The corners of her lips curled into a rare smile at the absurdity of it all.

That smile, however, would be short-lived, as the scraping sound of the wooden bar lifting made her tense. Quickly, her face fell into a mask of bored indifference, sliding back on her cot in as casual a pose as she could conjure up in the few seconds it took for the door to open.

Light crept into the room where Shadowheart was held as the door opened, revealing, once more, Sazzrak and his hobgoblins, there to bring her evening meal.

“Evenin’ princess,” he drawled, his grin wider and more stomach-turning than was typical. In each hand, he held a cup.

One of the hobgoblins held the habitual chipped plate of gruel.

Behind him, Shadowheart could glimpse what appeared to be a massive bonfire, around which most of, if not all, the tribe had gathered.

“What’s going on?” she asked, barely looking at the food that was placed before her on the ground.

A small chuckle left the goblin’s lips. “Oi, the princess is making inquiries, is she? Well now, it’d be rude to refuse Her Highness, right boys?” he mockingly asked his two companions.

They replied with amused grunts.

Shadowheart’s showed no such sign of delight.

Seeing her face, Sazzrak rolled his eyes. “Boss has a little proposition for ya.”

“Fascinating,” Shadowheart replied. She knew well the tricks the awful little shits liked to play.

“It is! Most prisoners don’t get the kind of attention *you* got from the Boss. ‘E likes you.”

“Thrilling,” she replied sarcastically, which provoked a frown from the small male. She feigned disinterest by raising her hand to inspect her fingernails briefly.

One of the hobgoblins grunted something in their rough tongue, and Sazzrak nodded eagerly, thrusting one of the two cups to her.

She took it between both hands, staring down at its contents, decidedly a darker shade than it had been that morning.

“Almost forgot! Special brew for ya tonight. Boss’s orders.”

Her reply came as swift as an archer’s arrow. “No.”

The hobgoblin’s eyes widened, and Sazzrak’s face hardened. “Wasn’t askin’. Either ya drink, or we pour the slardin’ thing down your gullet. Your call, but don’t make no difference to me which way we take this.”

The half-elf briefly looked at the two hobgoblins. She didn’t quite like her chances of taking them without her ability to cast spells and without any weapons on hand.

With as much dignity as one could possibly muster in such a situation, she drank. Again. The concoction’s taste was as sweet as it typically was, though, as its darker color likely indicated, it felt far more concentrated.

She dreaded what effects it might have on her. But what choice had she in such a situation?

“Every drop,” the goblin growled, watching her gulp down the liquid.

She tilted her head back, making certain every last drop fell from her cup to her mouth. Whatever they were doing to her, the changes she was undergoing... Lady Shar would see to it they would be reversed.

She was, after all, one of her most devoted followers, was she not?

“Good girl,” Sazzrak said, taking the cup from her, and he gave her the second one. “Don’t forget this one.”

With a defiant glare, she drank the other. “Your hospitality knows no bounds. Truly, I would find no better in the palaces of Cormyr.”

“No idea what a Cormyr is, but yeah,” Sazzrak replied, grinning proudly. “Not eat that there gruel, elfie. Gonna need your strength.”

She reached for the plate, keeping her eyes on the goblin. He didn’t miss the shifting beneath her tunic as she leaned forward and took the barely-hot eyesore, slowly pushing spoonfuls of the stuff into her gullet.

“And what would the ‘Boss’ want with me?”

Sazzrak’s grin stretched wider. “Originally, you was meant to be traded off. Zhents were *quite* interested in you, ‘specially after learnin’ of that wiggling’ friend in ya brain.”

Shadowheart stiffened. Someone had told them about the tadpole.

“They’s wasn’t only interested in learnin’ about *that*, oh, believe me. When they saw you, they knew they’d be able to get their money’s worth outta you after. So they started supplyin’ us with that brew you been guzzling down. We still got at least three barrels o’ the stuff, too!”

The hobgoblins have appreciative chuckles, their hungry eyes lingering on her chest.

“So, Boss asked for more gold. Knew the varlets were trying to cheat ‘im.”

“Then he asked for a larger sum of gold and negotiations failed,” Shadowheart surmised. “Tragic.”

Sazzrak nodded, pointing at her as in agreement, thinking ‘it truly *is* tragic!’ He’d not detected the sarcasm in her tone, by the look of it.

“Boss is clever though. Real clever. Got a proposition for ya.” Sazzrak leaned in, and she could tell he’d recently bathed by the flowery smell that wafted off him. “Says ya can earn your freedom, ya can.”

Despite herself, Shadowheart felt hope welling within her, something the Sharran doctrine quite well forbade. “How?” she dared ask.

“Simple, really,” Sazzrak gestured toward the doorway, drum beats and laughter reaching her ears. “Boss decided the boys needed a little morale boost. Threw together a big party.”

A sense of foreboding crept up Shadowheart’s spine. *Hope is foolishness.*

“If ya can pleasure every last one of us. Goblins, hobgoblins, bugbears, an’ all – by dawn tomorrow, you’re free to go. We’ll even give ya back that trinket o’ yours and escort’cha to the nearest settlement.”

There it was. What she’d dreaded ever since she’d arrived. Ever since she’d noticed her chest’s inexplicable growth... Why *else* would they do such a thing to her?

“And where would that be?” she asked, clenching her fists at her sides.

The goblin tapped his chin a few times. “Near Greenest, I believe. Couple days south, give or take.”

Greenest. From there, she could make her way to the Chionthar and then take a barge down to Baldur’s Gate.

“And how do I know I can trust you?”

He offered no answer save for a shrug. “Either ya trust us an’ get free, or don’t, an’ get sold off to the highest bidder. Might take days, weeks, or even months,” his gaze traveled deliberately down to her chest. “By then, with the way ya been fillin’ out, who knows what we could get for ya?”

Heat flooded Shadowheart then – whether from embarrassment, anger, or by the concentrated potion she’d just ingested, she knew not.

And yet, Sazzrak was right. Her worth to them was either monetary or carnal. They wouldn’t free her any other way, and she had little bargaining power.

After but a few heartbeats, Sazzrak stood, not waiting for her answer. He nodded to the other hobgoblin, who swiftly tossed a bundle of fabric at her.

“What’s this?” she asked, reaching for what appeared to be some kind of dress.

“Put it on. We’ll be back in an hour,” Sazzrak said with a leer. “Boss’s orders,” he added, offering her that lascivious grin of his.

Before she could protest, the door had shut.



She’d been sitting there, quite nearly motionless, for the better part of a half-hour. The half-eaten gruel she’d been given lay forgotten upon its plate.

How long would it take for the potion to take effect? Most elixirs that had such alteration properties to them did not take so long to function.

“Dark Lady, offer me the strength needed to face this,” she whispered, closing her eyes as she lay on her back.

The celebration had now reached its peak. Drums pounded in primal rhythms. Laughter and song, drunken in nature, reached her ears, punctuated at times by arguments and scuffles.

No armor. No weapons. No spells. Even in their drunken state, Shadowheart had little hope of taking on *thirty five* of the damned beasts.

Not only that, but if by some miracle of Shar she managed to slip out of the camp, there was little cover for miles. Their worg-riders would be upon her in minutes.

With a resigned growl, she reached for the clothing she’d been given, unfurling what could only be generously described as a “gown”.

Two thin strips of black silk, joined at the neck by a silver chain, had been meant to cover her breasts, which it might have done splendidly, had she retained her initial proportions. Instead, she doubted the fabric would even cover *half* the current breadth of a breast.

From the waist down, it seemed to be made up of little but a few strips of cloth meant to cover her private areas, though offering more-than-generous glimpses of her legs.

“Filthy beasts,” she muttered, finger lingering on the thing’s surprisingly soft fabric. Whatever its purpose, it wasn’t cheaply made. The goblins had, quite likely, pilfered it from some traveling merchant’s wagon or bought it at a high-end pleasure palace.

She remembered the revenge she’d promised them earlier, and never had that vow felt so sacred to her as it did now.

As anger flared within her, so too did a sudden, surging warmth. And she gasped, feeling it bloom, too, within her chest.

Shadowheart looked down, alarmed, to see her already formidable tits *swelling*. The fabric of her tunic, which had been distressingly tight before, now strained even further against that tsunami of flesh.

By the Hells, she could feel her tits growing heavier by the second, flesh tingling as it grew. As though to wish some nightmare away, she closed her eyes, trying to steady herself.

Unsurprisingly, that idea failed, and she found her hands shooting up to her tunic. With growing alarm, she unlaced it, pulling it open to quickly bare herself from the waist up.

Her breasts spilled out, *slapping* against her ribcage. Never in all her years had she felt such weight at her front. Had she a mirror, she would have seen that, despite that sudden and still-occurring growth, those generous pale mounds appeared as natural as the hillocks of Amn.

Larger than any human or elf she'd ever seen. Far, far larger.

Experimentally, she cupped one breast, fingers dimpling the soft flesh of that weighty orb. A soft whimper of helpless pleasure came shuddering from her lips as her palm brushed against the diamond-hard peak that had become her nipple.

She bit her lower lip, and briefly considered exploring the sensations granted by her swelling endowments until –

Voices. Approaching. Her head snapped up, pulling her from that moment of self-indulgence.

Quickly, and with practiced efficiency, she stripped off what remained of her clothing, reaching for the black silk gown. The neck piece went on first, allowing the rest of the garment to slip on quite effortlessly.

In her experience, such risqué getups were typically far more trouble getting into than the time it took to get *out* of them. Fortunately, this one seemed as easy to put on as it would be to remove in haste. A quality that no doubt would serve the goblins' crude intentions well.

First, she put on the neck piece from which fell the gown upon the rest of her, tied together with a few strips of cloth.

Much as she'd suspected, the garment hid scant little of her body. The two black strips left the inner *and* outer curves of her breasts quite nearly exposed in their entirety.

She turned. Left, then right, to test the garment's movements. She'd remained bare beneath, and for the better as the garment's slits revealed her from ankle to hip.

One night of torment, then freedom, she promised herself. If they don't walk back their promise... Hope is foolishness. But revenge, on the other hand... Oh, how sweet hers would be.

Then came three raps at the door.

"Time's up, princess!" Sazzrak's voice came from the other side.

Shadowheart stood, that black silk barely containing her obscene proportions as she rose to her full height. Never the tallest of women, she nonetheless towered over all in that camp, save for perhaps the hobgoblins and bugbears.

The door swung open, and Sazzrak's yellowish eyes widened, quite nearly falling from their sockets as he witnessed her.

"Fuckin' 'ells," he drew in a sharp breath, allowing his eyes to wander shamelessly across her form.

There came of that look a flutter of disgust in Shadowheart. A disgust that, much to her surprise, hid something else. Hid... *excitement*? Doubtlessly an effect of the potion. How else could she explain away the growing need in her?

She let him ogle her for a few moments more before speaking up. "If you're quite done devouring me with your eyes, I believe I've a celebration to attend, hm?"

As she strode towards him, Sazzrak stepped aside with a mock bow. "After you, *Princess.*"

Drawing a deep breath, the cleric strode out into the open, her gaze falling upon the goblinoids gathered around the impressive bonfire. In the darkness of night, such a flame would undoubtedly alert any and all foes of this tribe to their position.

Perhaps that was their intent, to have their revel act as a fiery beacon of sorts. Perhaps, Shadowheart thought, they were calling out to their enemies as a *challenge*.

Drunk as they seemed, however, she doubted they'd offer much resistance against any kind of organized foe.

Each step she took toward that gathering set her tits into fits of jiggling and bouncing, hips swaying oh so alluringly.

The first goblin to notice her nearly choked, elbowing his neighbor who had a reaction much the same. As flowers turning to the sun, all heads were now turned to her.

The conversations of that celebration quieted.

Then ceased the drumming.

And the dancing.

Stunned silence greeted Shadowheart. And she felt *powerful*. If the tadpole still lodged in her mind did not allow her to directly control these pitiful wretches, *this* definitely seemed to be doing the trick.

Murmurings reached the half-elf's ears, and a slight grin tugged at the corner of her mouth. Both the males *and* females of the tribe seemed to stare at her with undisguised *hunger*. They wanted, every single one of them, to fuck her.

She scanned the crowd, but saw no indication of a 'Boss'.

Even Sazzrak, boisterous, lecherous Sazzrak, had gone quiet.

They were, it seemed, waiting for her to make the first move. And so she did.

Slowly, she brought her hands up to the collar of her robes, and every eye in that camp was upon her then. She'd only just put it on, and yet, it was already coming off. Such was the fate of any garment made to set aflame passions.

She spoke not a word as her slender fingers worked at the silver clasp at her neck.

Click!

The silk of her gown fell down her form, revealing every inch of her nude form. She was not one for stretching things out – better get right to the point. And judging by the tenting of the males' trousers, so did they.

Firelight now dancing across her alabaster skin, Shadowheart grinned down at the gathered tribe, allowing them a moment's anticipation.

"Well then? Have the lot of you not thirsted for this since I first arrived here? And yet now you cower as cubs, afraid of a woman's flesh," she challenged directly,

reaching up to cup the enormous, pale mounds of her chest, as if to drive the point home.

Immediately, one goblin came rushing forward, and was stopped by his companions who'd grabbed him from behind, tossing him to the ground. No sooner had they begun moving than they began squabbling amongst themselves over who'd get to enjoy the cleric's affections first.

Shadowheart watched with disdain their pitiful argument for a few breaths before the voice of a hobgoblin – louder and more commanding than the rest – silenced the throng. **“ENOUGH!”**

Shadowheart's lips curled into a smile. Being the object of such desire felt... empowering, somehow.

“We let the cleric choose,” the hobgoblin grunted, still wearing his full armor of plate and chainmail.

While goblins were typically chaotic in nature, hobgoblins tended to follow hierarchy and were far more organized. Such a reaction from one of them seemed entirely appropriate to Shadowheart. She wondered, however, if the smaller goblins might rebel against such an order...

Slowly, deliberately, the half-elf lowered herself to her knees.

Such chaos would doubtlessly offer her an opportunity for escape. But *did* she want to escape? Servicing over thirty male and female goblinoids would doubtlessly be a challenge... and she found that the idea was becoming increasingly appealing.

The earth felt cool against her knees.

Twenty or so goblins began forming a ring around her, shoving and cursing as they positioned themselves, making sure not to anger the hobgoblins. The camp's hierarchy seemed all the clearer to her now.

“Come,” she bade the first male she laid eyes upon.

Grinning to his companions, the wretch stumbled forward under jealous stares.

While her disrobing had been fluid grace, his was fumbling chaos, and he tore his breeches aside as though they'd been made of fire ants. When at last he freed himself, Shadowheart's eyes widened in shock.

Where she'd expected to find a tiny thumb of a cock, there stood long and proud a cock that seemed grotesquely out of proportion with its owner's small stature. That enormous slab of gob-meat, despite its throbbing hardness, stood parallel to the ground, for its weight was far too considerable to stand upright.

The winking cum-slit at its tip drooled a long, clear rope of precum.

The small male sneered, stroking his massive prick with both hands. He would have needed two or three more to fully cover it from root to head.

Seeing her cockstunned face, the other goblins soon joined in.

"Hah, likes what she sees, don't she?" one of them chuckled, tugging at his breeches to free another cock just as impressive as the first, swinging and throbbing less than a feet from her face.

Cock after cock bounced out into freedom and before Shadowheart knew it, she was fully surrounded by some of the fattest, juiciest looking cocks she'd ever seen.

Were all goblins as hung...? she wondered. Perhaps she'd been missing out. "What in the hells...?" she managed, eyes darting from one gigantic cock to the next.

"Same brew you been drinkin', sweetheart," Sazzrak explained, his own fat prick throbbing angrily to Shadowheart's left. "Tweaked a bit to make cocks grow nice and plump like what them Chauntea-lovers grow."

What should have been disgust instead had Shadowheart's mouth watering. Her cunt began *throbbing* at the sight of so many cocks eager for *her*.

One of the goblins in the crowd shouted something about seeing how many cocks her mouth could handle, and she got to work.

Her hands shot up, fingers wrapping around those hefty tools, and the sheer *heat* rolling off those vascular beasts nearly made her moan out loud. Oh, how she tried to keep herself in check, but every part of her wanted to stuff her maw full of meat.

She briefly eyed the goblin women – far less numerous than their male counterparts – and wondered if they'd ingested the cock-growth potions, too. Women with such endowments were not unheard of in Faerûn.

The goblins she'd taken a hold of began humping her hands eagerly, obviously impatient with her ministrations. To her right, one grunted, and the other whimpered.

With a glare that bordered on defiance and hunger, the half-elf opened her mouth.

Her tongue rolled out against the head of the first cock before her, teasing its slick crown with her agile tongue. The creature gasped and reached for the back of her head, grasping her raven locks.

As her hands continued their work, stroking and pumping the lengths on either side of her, more eager males began pressing in, rubbing themselves on whatever could generate any friction on her body.

Before long, the goblin before her started pushing forward, spreading her lips. His eyes rolled back in ecstasy as her plush lips enveloped his enormous prickhelm. The sheer girth of him was almost too much, stretching her jaw wide...

Inch by inch, she took him, as other eyes stared in amazement.

The taste of him was far less repulsive than she'd expected. A side effect of the potion? Or a side effect of her own growing arousal?

Her cheeks would hollow as she stared up at him, gauging his reaction as inch by inch disappeared into her mouth and soon after her throat. Only the slightest of gagging noises came of her as she felt him pushing into her oesophagus, pumping fat dollops of prenut into her stomach.

Meanwhile, her hands never ceased their work, even managing to alternate between six of the obese meat-hammers, three on each side, already slick with their arousal. Arousal which soon coated her fingers, making those alternating handjob jobs that much easier.

Barely had she set her cockslurping rhythm than – *GLRNK!*

The goblin in her mouth suddenly thrust forward with unbridled eagerness, catching the cleric by surprise. Her eyes widened as his massive prick slammed down her throat to the root, leaving her nose pressed to his ochre-hued crotch.

Another *GLRK!* came of her as his fat, throbbing tool invaded her gullet, throat bulging visibly and flexing around his enormous cock.

Tears of effort appeared at the corners of her eyes.

The wretch grunted, his fingers tangling roughly in her raven locks as he began pumping in and out of her mouth with mounting ferocity, hefty ballsack clapping *plap plap plap* against her chin.

Wet, sloppy noises echoed from that rough throating as her hands continued working the ring of cocks about her as other goblins, more impatient than the rest, began poking at her cheeks with their manhoods, eager to feel that wet warmth upon themselves.

Shadowheart's eyes rolled back momentarily as oxygen deprivation made itself felt, making her lightheaded. Fortunately, the goblin in her throat would pull back enough to allow her a moment's reprieve and a small amount of air.

"Guuhh... Gah!" grunted the goblin, his words having clearly left his mind as his cock began throbbing and pulsing violently in her throat.

And he froze, her throat distending visibly as the first blast of many travelled down his shaft to the very tip of his length until she felt it blasting her oesophagus.

GLRK GLRK GLRK!

She swallowed as hard as she could, feeling that thick, quivering ballgoop coating her throat and filling her stomach, unnaturally abundant.

The darkness at the edges of her vision faded when, with an obscene, wet *POP*, she felt him extricate himself from the cock-massaging depths of her throat. Strings of spit and cum briefly linked the fat, glistening helm of his cock to her lower lip for a moment before he was unceremoniously pushed aside by his cohorts.

Shadowheart had barely taken a breath before another cock, just as imposing as the last, found her lips.

Reflexively, she opened her mouth and took him in.

Judging by the quantity of slick precum covering him from root to tip, he'd been one of those she'd been jerking off. Apparently, another had taken his place, too, for she still had the same number of beastly cocks to jerk.

As might the spears of guardsmen surrounding a common foe, so too did those monstrous endowments, coating her hands in inhuman amounts of pre-emissions.

In the flickering firelight, the ring of males tightened, becoming a feverish, lust-addled throng.

GLRK! GLRK! GLRK!

The goblin in her throat established his rhythm, the bulge of his oversized endowment visible from outside as he rammed himself to the root into her mouth again and again.

Much to the half-elf's confusion, however, there came the disturbing realization that she was beginning to *enjoy* this. That she actually found some measure of satisfaction from knowing *she* was the object of their desire. There was some measure of power in that.

Perhaps she'd change her mind after the fifth or even twentieth of the brutes had taken its pleasure.

Behind her, several impatient goblins made their move. A few pairs of hands seized her mammoth half-elven jugs, flesh yielding to their rough fingers and overflowing from their grasps. By the softness of the bodies pressed to her and by the relative size of those hands, Shadowheart determined that these groping hands belonged to some of the rare women of the tribe.

Even as she felt fingers toying and tugging at her nipples, eliciting a soft moan from her cockstuffed throat, Shadowheart never ceased stroking and pumping the half-dozen shafts surrounding her. Before long, the goblin breeding her throat had placed his feet upon her thighs, as though trying to climb her to get a better angle to slamfuck her cumslopped throat.

plaplaplaplaplap!

Her throat felt raw, felt as though it was on fire. And this was only the second of well over thirty cocks she'd have to take on.

Before long, other hands joined those exploring her body, though moving further south. Fingers began groping the plump cheeks of her behind as others, far bolder, pressed against her embarrassingly slick sex.

She thrust herself back against those hands, moaning softly at those sensations. Of course, such sounds were naturally lost in the debaucherous symphony of that goblin gangbang.

Emboldened by such forwardness, she, too, began working overtime to get as many of the groaning, gasping buggers as she could.

Her efforts soon yielded their intended results when the goblin currently facefucking her stiffened. His eyes rolled back, his jaw fell slack.

And he came.

Fat, porridge-thick ropes of ballbatter soon flooded her throat, copious enough that she could not swallow fast enough, and globs of it fell past her stretched lips to roll down her chin.

With the effort of swallowing so much spunk,

Once he was done blowing his load down her desperately squeezing throat, he began pulling out, his still-throbbing cockhead escaping her mouth with a lewd *plop!*

He, rather unceremoniously, wiped himself on her cheek and with her hair.

Gasping for precious air, and only finding herself *more* turned on by them using her as a literal cumrag, Shadowheart's gaze moved upwards to find that another goblin had taken that one's place.

With barely a moment's reprieve, Shadowheart's mouth was stuffed with a cock even larger than the previous two had been. The half-elf's eyes widened in genuine alarm, but she found herself unable to resist and took him down to the root in one swift motion, as she had done the others.

Her reward was a grunt of appreciation and a hand on the back of her head, encouraging her to take him *deeper*, as if such a thing was even physically possible.

As her own hands worked the ring of cocks about her, more hands roamed every curve of her form. She'd lost track of how just how many goblins were now molesting her, groping, fondling, and fingering every single part of her.

They were not the kind to wait patiently in line, that much had been confirmed.

She gasped when came the inevitable finger against the tightened ring of her ass. Initially resistant, her ass soon yielded to that surprisingly large digit.

Her grip tightened on the cocks in her hands, and she felt them throb. Once, twice...

Splrrrt! Splrrrt!

She couldn't see the results of her efforts, but she could very well feel them splattering across her skin and hair as those males she held in her hand began unloading.

The third cock in her throat, far larger than its predecessors, seemed intent on outlasting them, as well, judging by the intensity with which he was throatfucking her.

The lanky goblin to whom it belonged pumped relentlessly against her face, slamming against the back of her throat to invade that tight, squeezing passage. Shadowheart's jaw ached as it never had before.

She gurgled and gagged against that grotesquely thick cock. *GLRK! GLRK! GLRKGLRKGLRK!!*

All the while, her hands never ceased their pumping. Jerking. Twisting.

And she found herself rewarded with more pearlescent gob-cum.

GLRK! GLRK!

The goblin in her throat gave a wheeze.

And stiffened.

And came, thighs quivering against Shadowheart's face.

She'd had such high hopes for that one. Though that didn't stop her from swallowing every drop of his essence as he erupted down her gullet, his load surpassing his comrades, at least.

He'd not lasted long, but at least he could boast of the size of his manhood and the volume of seed he could produce.

Shadowheart's throat convulsed desperately around that pulsating meatrod, struggling as she was to swallow the torrent of pearlescent ballgoop flooding her stomach. In a matter quite similar to the previous goblin, she found herself

unable to swallow it all, and much of it fell onto her chin and tits, only adding to the sloppy mess that was becoming her face.

And with a *plop!* not unlike that of the others, she was left gasping for breath.

Not yet recovered from *that* ordeal, she felt arms hook beneath hers, lifting her off the ground. Words she didn't fully understand were exchanged between the smaller goblins, the few bugbears of the camp, and the muscular hobgoblins.

Before any protest came of her, the half-helf was carried over to a crude wooden bench sitting five feet or so away from the bonfire. She was deposited onto her back atop that bench with surprising gentleness, with her head hanging off one end and her legs hanging off the other.

Of course, she knew their intent.

One of the rare women of the tribe, a rather curvaceous she-goblin, climbed onto the bench, immediately straddling the pink, glistening gash of her cunt directly over Shadowheart's face.

"Oh, been dyin' to ride that pretty face o' yours ever since you got 'ere," she cackled, grinning down at the raven-haired cleric.

And then she lowered herself, and Shadowheart's world became little more than goblin pussy. Instinctively, her tongue darted out, sampling the she-goblin.

The smaller woman gasped at that sensation, and she began grinding herself against the half-elf's mouth, smearing her abundant femininity across the fair-skinned cleric's features.

For but a moment, Shadowheart had almost forgotten that she was at the center of a goblin gangbang. The feeling of eager hands seizing her enormous tits, kneading that flesh roughly, soon reminded her of that fact.

Though her vision was blocked, she could feel the two males pressing their turgid cocks against her, pushing against her ribcage, perpendicular to her torso. Sliding forward, they soon found themselves slipping *under* her breasts.

She couldn't deny the novelty of the act. While most breast-fucking she'd seen (or endured) had featured someone slipping their cock between a woman's tits, these goblins had taken to, in a sense, fucking her underboobs.

With thighs clamped to her ears, she could only hear the she-goblin's grumbles of disappointment, and her reverie soon ended, forcing her mouth back to work upon that drenched gob-puss.

Dark Lady guide me... will I even survive this night?

Shadowheart's hands were guided back to more eager, throbbing cocks, which she gladly started pumping again. These seemed larger even than the goblins. Had the larger hobgoblins and bugbears joined in?

As those obscenely overgrown tools began pumping against her palms, her knees were sized, and her legs spread wide.

By the breeze upon her sex, she knew she was wet. Drenched, even.

Then came a pressure against her. A particularly large pressure. And she felt herself gasp against the grinding goblin riding her face, though her mouth never ceased its most important work, suckling and licking at the hardened nub of her clit as though her life depended on it.

And, given how little air there was at her disposal, it quite likely was.

The male between her legs notched that enormous cock against her entrance and drove forward with little preamble.

Shadowheart's moan, muffled by gob-muff, sent thigh-clamping vibrations through the face-riding goblin. That proverbial straw sent the small woman over the edge, her body going stiff for a moment.

Her thighs squeezed Shadowheart's head hard enough now that the cleric thought her skull might pop, her chin and mouth being drenched with oddly-sweet femcum.

A few weak shudders later and the gobliness dismounted, breathing heavily as she walked away on wobbly knees, just as the male – of a species Shadowheart couldn't quite determine – started fucking her in earnest, his hands holding her waist firmly.

Now freed from the face-riding goblin, Shadowheart allowed herself a proper breath and a quick glance around.

Given the number of goblinoid men surrounding her, chances of her getting to taste another of the ultra-horny she-goblins was slim.

As such, she was not surprised to feel her lips greeted not by the pleasant taste of another pink goblin cunt, but by the angry red cock of a hobgoblin plapping his gigantic meat-bat down upon her face, covering her from forehead to chin – and then some – with ease.

With a huff, he pressed himself against her face, crimson prickhelm leaking a steady stream of clear precum with which he painted slick trails across cheeks and lips. Grinding himself against her, he made sure his scent would fill her nostrils, heavy ballsack dragging across her forehead.

Barely able to form a coherent thought by the size of that monstrous prick, she instead chose to flick her tongue out at the beast's underbelly, tasting the colossal, veiny rod's underside.

By Shar... does he truly taste this good or am I just turning into...?

"Eager cumwhore," the hobgoblin chuckled, placing his palms to the sides of her head.

With the efficiency of one who didn't want to waste a moment more, he tilted her head back, aligning her throat with her mouth in a straight passage. She only got a glimpse of his grinning face before her vision became little more than his cock and the upside-down vision of a few dozen pairs of legs.

And through it all, she never ceased pumping cock after cock, never ceasing her work, as though driven by some divine mandate. She was, in a way, a half-elven pincushion, stuffed on all ends by dick enough to make a Westar whore blush.

Only her ass hole had been spared. For now.

The hobgoblin pressed his throbbing red cockhead to her lips.

And drove forward.

The sheer girth of him forced her jaw wide open. There was no gentleness to his movements either as he pushed himself further in, invading her throat in two brutal thrusts.

GLRK!

Shadowheart's throat bulged obscenely, the outline of that fat red pole plainly visible from outside as he began a slow, steady rhythm, much as the one fucking her sopping wet pussy had.

Meanwhile, the two goblins fucking her underboobs had established their own pace, sliding back and forth along the underside of her gigantic, wobbling pump-pillows. Their fingers, ever greedy, dug into her flesh, pressing those alabaster mounds against their shafts.

“Going... to....!” whined one of those two, a sound Shadowheart might have thought pathetic, had it come from a less-endowed male.

True to his word, the underboob-fucking goblin to her right slammed himself hard against her, as though hilding himself inside a willing cunt. She could feel him blasting thick ropes against the underside of her breasts – *SPRT! SPLRT!* – with force and volume enough that his thick load came spurting out from beneath the mountainous mass of flesh, only to slide down her ribcage and onto the wooden bench below.

After three or four such cumblasts, the goblin pulled back, firing off criss-crossing ropes of spunk across her tits accompanied by the wet *plap! plap!* sounds of that sizzling hot nut falling upon the vastness of her chest.

Through it all, the hobgoblin kept slamming his goblin hog into the cock gobbling whore. Relentless, each thrust caused his fat sack to *plap* against the woman’s forehead, twin wrecking balls full to the brim with the promise of their oncoming release.

Her senses overloaded as both ends of her were filled with cock. Her mind was a storm of things she’d never imagined herself wanting, much less *loving*.

The hobgoblin’s massive red fuckpillar pulsed in her throat, each thrust driving deeper than seemed possible, forcing her nose to his scrote.

As she choked and gagged, spittle rolling from her lips, the creature between her legs, hammered away at her sopping half-elven mitt with brutal determination.

GLRK - GLRK - GLRK!

Those wet, obscene sounds, seemed almost louder than the surrounding cacophony of the goblin tribe surrounding Shadowheart. She was nothing more than a warm sheath for them, a whore for their pleasure... Oh, Shar’s mercy, how alive she felt!

Soon, the hobgoblin’s pace quickened, much as the male between her legs did. Her hands kept pumping the cocks at her sides, and she barely took note of the

goblin climbing atop her to slide his cock between her insanely overgrown tits, squeezing those mountainous mammaries for all their worth.

Such was her pleasure at being used in such a fashion that she quite nearly missed how the cocks she was jerking were now pumping their heavy loads across her skin, their essence quickly cooling as it covered every square inch of her skin.

Between her legs and at her head, the goblinoids' cadence grew frenzied.

Their rhythm deteriorated into quickening staccato thrusts. She barely heard the hobgoblin's snarled warning as his fingers dug into her scalp.

He buried himself to the hilt, and her eyes widened.

The molten surge of his release traveled the length of his shaft, firing off directly into her throat with more force than a guiding bolt. She would have been surprised by the volume of spunk flooding her throat, had it not been for the fact that well over half his tribe had already blessed her with loads that rivaled or even surpassed his.

Not that she had any way of measuring such things, anyhow.

Desperately, her throat worked to swallow that torrent of quivering jizz, feeling it fill her stomach to capacity in mere moments.

And after the fifth or so cum-jet, pearlescent cream began bubbling past her stretched lips to roll down her alabaster cheeks and into her raven tresses.

For a fleeting moment, she wondered what she might look like with white hair...

She gagged and choked on that length, her entire body rocking back and forth beneath the punishing thrusts of whichever of the brutes was taking her pussy.

GLRRRFFFPPT – !!

When at last he freed himself from her throat with a wet *schlorp*, viscous strands of cum briefly connected her lips to his spent dick.

"Is that all you've ... Mfffppt!" she tried to taunt before she was swiftly silenced by another massive red cock, only catching a brief glimpse of the bugbear ramming himself into her savagely, fucking her with the intensity of one who could never fuck a woman like her again.

And, Shadowheart thought with some measure of satisfaction, he likely wouldn't. She'd lost track of just how many had cum on or in her by then, and any such attempts at counting would have been futile, as she doubted a fair few of them had double-dipped, so to speak.

More fat jizz-ropes landed across her stomach and tits as the goblin pumping between her jugs continued his assault. A second goblin, impatient as the rest, climbed atop her, unceremoniously sinking his cock into Shadowheart's cleavage so both cocks now ran parallel to each other, though thrusting in opposite directions.

Had it been logistically possible to do so, Shadowheart knew that a third could have easily been swallowed between her titanic tits.

The bugbear between her legs fucked her faster now, bouncing Shadowheart on the bench. His rough hands would hold her knees up as he slammed himself to the hilt again and again until –

Shadowheart's eyes bulged before rolling upwards. Her back arch, her toes curled.

And Shadowheart came, moaning around the turgid meatpipe ravaging her throat, fingers squeezing *hard* the uncounted cocks she was tirelessly jerking off, pumping and milking those throbbing third legs.

More of those cocks shot their scalding loads upon her, covering her in even more goblin spunk. Now covered in the tribe's essence, Shadowheart was barely recognizable. A sloppy, jizzrag of a half-elf, nary an inch of her had been spared.

As she came upon the bugbear's maleness, her cunt muscles gripped the monster's cock, as though to *force* him to finally breed her proper.

Pleasure blinded her, consumed her. She moaned and begged around the second hobgoblin's cock as he continued assailing her throat with mounting ferocity.

The bugbear gasped breathlessly, slamming home one last time before he unleashed a torrent of piping hot fuckbatter right into her cockstarved gash, and into her willing womb.

That feeling of fullness, of being pumped full of thick, monster-cum, triggered another blinding orgasm, and she began shaking from the pleasure of it.

A thick, frothy mixture of Shadowheart's feminine juices and the bugbear's thick, potent load, began bubbling out the corners of her well-fucked pussy as the furred beast-man kept pumping her womb full of his load.

SPRT SPLRRRT!

The bugbear had barely finished pumping his massive load into her quivering cunt when he was roughly shoved aside by a trio of eager goblins, quarreling over who would next claim her.

As they argued, the two goblins who'd claimed her mountainous, wobbling pumpjugs kept going at it with rising speed, their rhythm now nearer to a woodpecker's tapping than the slow beating of tribal drums.

Lewd squelching noises came of that tittyfucking as their hands sank deep into that pale ocean of titmeat, squeezing Shadowheart's behemoth breasts around themselves nearly to the point of pain. Cum slid down between her tits as the two goblins pounded away at her, only lubricating that tight passage further, and turning her cleavage into a sloppy, wet mess.

The one straddling her stomach panted as he thrust into her cleavage again and again. Despite the undeniably impressive size of his prick, however, his cockhead would never manage to escape that warm, fleshy valley, no matter how hard or fast he slamfucked those gigantic jugs. They'd simply grown too large.

smack-smack-smack-smack!

Each energetic thrust sent forth tidal waves of titmeat forward and back as the two scrawny goblins slammed themselves into her tits repeatedly, those waves meeting at the centre of her giant, pale globes.

Their enormous cocks slid through that deep titty-valley, disappearing completely before reemerging, slick with all manner of juices. Obscene, wet slapping noises came of the act, eager goblin hands now joining that of those two in manhandling those massive half-elven melons.

They squeezed and pulled, pushed and groped that abundant flesh, creating an even tighter passage for their two comrades to plough.

At the other end of her, the goblins' argument seemed to grow louder, almost drowning out the plapping and gagging noises of Shadowheart getting her throatpussy stuffed and her cleavage slammed into.

Then came the sounds of what appeared to be... a game? A chant? Shadowheart knew not. She could not see them nor comprehend their words. Again and again, they would repeat the same three words until there came a cackling and the grumbling of two distinct voices.

Had they just... played a game to determine who would claim her next?

Before she could consider such a thing any further, she felt two goblins grabbing her by the waist and thighs.

“Gonna be splittin’ ya proper, princess,” the winner sneered. She recognized that voice. “Been waitin’ long for this.”

She could feel herself clench at the thought of having her cunt stuffed yet again with more goblin meat. But the victorious goblin had no interest in her creampie snatch.

Sazzrak growled, pressing the fat, purplish helm of his obscene tool to the tight pucker of her ass, eliciting a small, helpless whine from the cum-slathered she-elf.

Shadowheart’s eyes widened, and then rolled back as she felt Sazzrak push into her ass, stretching her to an almost painful degree. Luckily for her, he’d deigned slather his cock in enough oil to make the penetration easier. She doubted a cock of his size would have even managed that first inch with no lubrication.

Gasping and moaning around the second hobgoblin’s cock, Shadowheart’s fingers squeezed hard the cocks in her hands, pumping them harder as though doing so might allow her to adjust to the size of that goblin hammer now lodged a fair six inches inside her clenching ass hole.

With her lower body lifted off the bench to give Sazzrak easier access to her ass, her colossal tits might have completely smothered her, had it not been for the two goblins still pumping away at them, holding them in place.

More goblin-cum rained down on her as her fingers brought another pair of goblins to completion.

She gasped, moaned and gurgled around the enormous hobgoblin cock, spittle and drool bubbling out the corners of her mouth until he, too, began growing frantic in his movements, hefty ballsack drawing taut, just as nearly a whole foot of Sazzrak’s cock had been stuffed inside her stretched-out ass hole.

FWUMP.

“Nggghuu...” she moaned wantonly around the crimson prick breeding her throatpussy, hollowing her cheeks around him as two more cocks were plapped into her waiting palms.

Her tongue writhed along the length of the hobgoblin’s dick, slathering that throbbing length in plentiful saliva, just as his fingers gripped her dark hair and, with a mighty roar, he began to unload.

GLRP!

GLRP!

GLK!

Rope after sizzling rope of monsterjizz was pumped right into her stomach, as had that previous load.

Seeing the hobgoblin blow his load into the captive cleric seemed to send a shockwave, and the two goblins in her hands, along with the two happily humping away at her pale udders erupted without much more preamble.

The only goblin still in contact with her that did not blow his load at that moment was Sazzrak, his brow furrowing in concentration as he pushed another inch of himself into that evertight half-elven rump.

FWUMP.

Spurting thick globs of nut between her tits, those two who’d been tittyfucking her gasped and groaned in delight, as their loads began leaking from between her squished-together tits like filling from some overstuffed pastry.

Such was the mess of her skin, however, that their added loads barely seemed to add anything to the vast quantities of spunk that had been fired onto her.

Much to her surprise, however, no cock came to replace the one in her throat.

Were they already done?

Shadowheart felt a brief pang of disappointment. That feeling was short-lived when Sazzrak stuffed the remaining six inches of his oversized phallus into her lush bottom.

“Nffh...” she gasped and mewled, feeling herself stuffed as she’d rarely had in her long years.

“Not bad, aye? Same potion you’ve taken, modified just a bit.”

She offered no response, save for bringing her hands to her cumslathered tits as two spent goblins pulled themselves from their warm embrace. With the slow (but intensifying) pace of Sazzrak’s ass-reaming, she had to keep those behemoth pillows still, lest she find herself drowning in their mass.

For the first time since this whole thing had started, Shadowheart found herself able to focus on what was happening, though there remained nearly three dozen goblins around them, slowly stroking themselves as they watched Sazzrak claim Shadowheart’s ass.

The two goblins holding her legs remained, grinning as their companion began fucking her in earnest.

By the way the others in the camp looked at him, he clearly had a high rank among them. Could he have been their boss? No, of course not, he’d not spoken of himself as such.

FWUMP.

For the first time, she felt the earth rumbling.

Sazzrak and the other goblinoids shot a worried glance behind Shadowheart, but soon returned to their current task. Was *that* the boss?

She swallowed hard, her fingers digging into her cumpainted melons, squeezing them as she tried to anchor herself against that overwhelming sensation.

A gasp and a hiss of both pain and pleasure slipped past her lips, voice hoarse from the throatfucking she’d just endured. The initial burn of that anal penetration soon gave way to a fullness that made her entire lower body *throb* with each inch that was pulled from then pushed into her.

The goblin’s pace increased. His breathing became ragged as he pounded into her with what Shadowheart had heard described as the “fury of the small”, a state by which goblins could strike harder at larger foes.

Apparently, this included activities of a carnal nature, as well.

PLAP! PLAP PLAP!

His balls, heavy with seed, slapped rhythmically against her large, pale buns, adding to the lewd symphony of their coupling.

“Nnnnggh...!” Shadowheart gasped, arching her back and gripping her own gigantic tits harder, palms sinking into their mass as she gripped and tugged at her own nipples.

FWUMP.

This time, Shadowheart heard it, that deep, ground-shaking sound. She’d not given it much attention the first few times, too busy getting all her holes stuffed, but now...

Sazzrak’s fingers dug harder into the flesh of her thighs as he used her body for his own pleasure, and his panting only seemed to grow with the pace of that brutal assreaming.

“Ngggghfffuuck...!” moaned the cleric, all pretense of dignity soon abandoned as she pushed back against each thrust, actively participating in her own defilement. Her hands had now left her tits to brace against the bench, giving her the leverage needed to meet that brutal pace.

Her overgrown knockers shifted freely upon her torso now, slapping loudly against each other, against her chin, against her ribcage.

Eyes fixed upon those enormous orbs, and seemingly emboldened by them, Sazzrak reached a pace that seemed impossible to maintain. His cock was a battering ram, harder than mithral, reshaping her insides to accommodate that monstrous size.

As Sazzrak’s rhythm reached its fevered crescendo, Shadowheart’s face contorted with a mixture of bliss and ecstasy.

FWUMP.

The ground trembled again.

Sazzrak growled through clenched teeth, slamming himself into Shadowheart’s ass again and again, hard enough to bruise. The pain was exquisite, almost addictive, yet she needed more.

With every thrust, she brought her hand lower, hand snaking down between her thighs. Soon, her fingers were upon her swollen, neglected clit, and she wasted no time rubbing it with a fury to match Sazzrak's.

Her other hand found purchase upon one enormous, cum-glazed tit, squeezing and kneading her own flesh.

Shadowheart moaned and begged for more, pleasure rising within her at speeds she'd never thought possible. Her fingers were a blur against her sopping cunt as the surrounding goblins cheered, pumping their fists in the air and giving *whoop whoops!*

Sazzrak's pace had devolved into something primal and disjointed, and his breaths were little more than wheezing, whistling gasps. And with a wheeze, he came.

With one, final, brutal thrust, he buried himself to the hilt inside her ass, his pubic bone grinding against her stretched-out ring.

She barely registered the rhythmic thumpings as they got louder, her own orgasm ripping through her like a gale wind, tearing her consciousness from her for long seconds as her lower abdomen seemed to distend from the sheer inhuman volume of spunk being pumped into her.

Within moments, that pressure became too great, and the porridge-thick fucksludge of his release began bubbling out around his still-throbbing prick, creating a frothy ring of off-white sludge at the point of their joining.

So much... So much... she repeated in her mind, for she knew she had not the energy nor could she speak much with how raw her throat felt.

Her trembling body shook upon the bench as she felt herself being pumped fuller, and fuller... And then she was empty, as Sazzrak pulled himself rapidly from her gaped ass hole.

Pearlescent jizz spilled from the half-elf's thoroughly-ploughed asshole as Sazzrak pulled himself surprisingly fast from her with a wet *plop*, eliciting a weak moan from her. Her gaping rectum flexed and pulsed, as though trying to grasp at the memory of Sazzrak's dick.

Dazed and delirious, Shadowheart moaned, cum-drunk. Her alabaster skin glistened under the firelight, slathered in layer upon layer of goblin nut.

She barely noticed the silence that befell the camp. Even Sazzrak, ever boisterous and loud, scrambled away from Shadowheart.

“My, oh my,” came a deep, rumbling bass that vibrated through Shadowheart’s very bones. “What a mess you all have made of our guest.”

The voice seemed wrong to Shadowheart. Too articulate. Too refined. Yet, despite that, she could feel her cunt *throb* with need as those words vibrated through her cumstuffed muff.

With one eye shut by a thick strand of cum, Shadowheart lifted her head up to witness, standing next to her, the source of that voice. And her eyes widened.

An ogre, massive even by the standards of half-giants, stood looming over her. His skin, a sandy beige, stretched taut over his bulging musculature, with shoulders broad enough to carry a rothé or two upon their breadth.

But it wasn’t his impressive stature that made Shadowheart’s breath catch.

Nor was it that booming, oddly-articulate voice.

It was the pulsating yard of cock hanging between his legs. For the ogre was as nude as he might have been on his morn day, save for, perhaps, the deep blue headband that adorned his head. Shadowheart could feel the magic emanating from it, but she found herself unable to properly identify its enchantment.

Thicker than her arm, and likely longer, too, his cock hung low over her, its shadow covering her from flank to flank. Its enormous pink helm leaked steady ropes of clear precum on the other side of her.

Shadowheart gasped, which only seemed to amuse the enormous male.

“I suppose you’ve had quite the evening. Words seem to be failing you, unlike our potions, which have taken quite well. Though, if you don’t mind... I’ve brought another dose. This should make what is to come easier for the both of us, though you may experience additional effects. Worry not, however,” he quickly added, “none of the potions administered to you have any mind-altering properties, despite what our trading partners would have liked. It has come to my attention, through our negotiations with the Black Network, that Zhents are *quite* fond of such things. *I*, however, am not.”

He glanced at her bust as he spoke before his eyes began roaming her form, and Shadowheart was very soon reminded that she was *not* among friends.

Too dazed, she weakly nodded.

“Ah! But where are my manners! I am Grazkor, though these servants of mine simply call me ‘Boss’. Former warlord, though I have taken a liking to more entrepreneurial endeavors as of late.”

He gripped his enormous cock with one hand, stroking it slowly to keep it fully erect. The monstrous member bobbed with each mighty pump of the ogre’s heart.

“Now, don’t go thinking that their propensity for mind-manipulation was the *only* reason our deal fell through! Oh, no, no. You see, that little creature wriggling around your skull is uniquely valuable, and the Zhentarim seemed incredibly eager to get their hands on you – on *it*. When I realized I had something so valuable, I attempted to negotiate for more. And, well...”

He gestured towards his tent with a sideways nod, where a pike, newly-erected, had been placed with a black-haired human’s head.

So why, then, are you offering to free me after a night of pleasure...? the bitter thought crossed her mind as she nodded. *And why do you speak in such a fashion? I thought ogres were amongst the least intelligent of the giant-kin.*

She wanted to feel outrage, wanted to summon Shar’s divine fury to smite the creature into a smouldering heap. But she didn’t have any symbol of the Dark Lady with which to cast those spells, and hadn’t been given the materials or time to create a new one...

Grazkor snapped his fingers and a goblin she’d not seen yet emerged from the throng, holding in his fingers a dark purple vial. His own fingertips were stained a similar hue, Shadowheart noted, as he handed the vial to his so-called Boss.

“This,” he rumbled, lifting the vial up to his eyes, “has a concentration that is approximately five-and-ten times stronger than what you’ve been given thus far.”

Shadowheart stared at the vial, stomach turning at the thought of what was to come. Its contents seemed filled with a life of their own, firelight illuminating them.

With gentleness that belied the massive size of his hands, he unstopped the vial, bringing it to her lips. Too weak to resist, or perhaps too curious to deny herself, Shadowheart parted her lips and felt the liquid cascade down her throat.

She could feel the oddly-sweet concoction slide down her throat before settling in her cum-filled stomach.

“Ha...” she panted weakly, feeling a pleasant buzz slowly wash over her, starting from the top of her skull and working its way down to the tip of her toes. The sensation, while indescribable, wasn’t too far off from what one might feel if their body was dipped in rejuvenating waters.

She barely heard Grazkor’s words. Something about transmutation. Results.

Then came the pressure, and she gasped. If she thought the effects of the previous doses she’d taken had caused rapid change... “Nnggh..~!” came her soft moan, and she glanced down to see her already-massive tits growing visibly.

Hands gripped her waist, large enough that a single one might have sufficed. Effortlessly, she was lifted from the bench, enormous tits swaying and bouncing heavily with the movement.

“Time to see what these potions are capable of as we witness on this eve the culmination of our alchemical experimentation,” Grazkor articulated with unusually-refined diction. Had it not been for the deep rumbling of his voice, she might have mistaken those words as coming from the mouth of a mage.

Her pussy throbbed and clenched, dripping with need now as though her body *knew* what was about to happen, preparing itself for the inevitable.

Grazkor hooked his arms under her knees, turning her around so her back was pressed to his chest, with only her ass pressed to the upper part of an ogreish belly that was more muscle than fat.

Around them, the assembled tribe watched with rapt attention, forming a semicircle around their leader and captive. Some stroked themselves lazily, others simply stared, jaws slack with awe.

With her knees raised in such a fashion, her pussy was fully exposed to the assembled curs, her enormous – and growing – tits pushed against her thighs.

Against her drenched entrance, she felt it. That hot, throbbing ogre-dick. Massive, throbbing, and impossibly large... She’d taken some truly massive pricks

that evening, twice and thrice as large as most human men, yet this one dwarfed them all easily.

That cockhead pressed there, demanding entry as her treacherous body seemed to welcome the intrusion.

Shar preserve me... she thought, though her lips only let forth a long, wanton moan, feeling that monstrous dickhelm breaching her entrance, stretching her lower lips.

Where there should have been agony, pleasure exploded through her instead.

Flashes of light danced at the edges of her vision, and the goblins cheered as she took the first inch of many.

Slowly, Grazkor lowered her onto that throbbing fuckpole of a cock. With each inch pushed into her, her abdomen distended visibly, mapping his invasion beneath her skin.

Against all logic, her pussy stretched to accommodate him, reshaping itself around the ogre's monstrous dimensions.

"There seems to be a... *huff*... correlation between depth of penetration and... *hrrnff!* ... mammary expansion..." observed Grazkor, scholarly tone clearly at odds with the primal scene unfolding.

True to that observation, Shadowheart's breasts continued their rather alarming growth.

Those gigantic, pale tits of hers swelled, and expanded, becoming even more sensitive with each added inch. They bounced with every movement, glazed still by goblin cum.

Shadowheart was now panting, her tits pushed hard against her by her knees as she willingly took Grazkor's obese meatlog, feeling every throbbing inch of him as he stretched her beyond what any mortal woman should have been able to endure.

And she moaned. Oh, how the half-elf moaned as she was slowly impaled upon that yard-long beast of a cock. That tumescent *cock*.

Chuckling at her reaction, Grazkor pushed her further down his shaft. Her sex stretched obscenely around him, thin-lipped and glistening. Wet, vulgar sounds accompanied that descent, as squelches and slurps echoed about the camp.

Pressed against her knees, and with little room to grow, her tits expanded *around* her thighs now, even pushing up against her chin with their mass. She wondered how large they truly were now, and whether they might return to a more manageable size with time.

Would Shar not grant her such? Would she not wish to see her champion resume her work?

But... what good was Shar when she had something tangible to worship now? Something *powerful*, something she could feel oh so deep inside.

She felt a pang of guilt at that heretical thought. Though guilt never lasted very long when one was halfway impaled on an ogre's cock.

"Deeper," she demanded, surprising herself. Her shame lay long forgotten in the face of that overwhelming sensation. "Fill me."

Adjusting his grip, Grazkor complied, and began a slow rhythm. Now that a fair portion of his yard-long goliath had been stuffed into the cleric's cocksleeve, he began establishing a slow rhythm.

With her back to his chest, he bounced her on his shaft, stuffing more and more of himself into her with each upward movement. The movement caused her colossal tits to wobble about, and forcing long streams of panting moans from her lips.

"Nnhuuuh... Nyesss...!!~" she said, eyes rolling back as well over two feet of ogre-dick had been stuffed into her now, the bulge of his cock disappearing beneath her tits.

Each upward push of his cockhead against her inner walls seemed to trigger a flurry of miniature orgasms, causing every muscle in her body to seize suddenly and violently – and every downward drag only reignited those same orgasms, pleasure blurring as her tits grew and grew with every thrust...

Wet *fwp fwp fwp* sounds echoed around them as more and more goblins started jerking off furiously at the sight, their hands eagerly pumping away at cocks that were wholly out of proportion on such tiny frames.

And with a final, powerful thrust, Grazkor hilted himself fully inside her. The sensation of being completely filled, of having taken *all* of that gigantic, throbbing fuckpipe inside her, overwhelmed her very *being*.

Her eyes flew open, rolling upwards. Her jaw fell open, and her tongue rolled out of her mouth.

And so she came, as a completely debased, cockstuffed cum-dumpster. Her body shook, and her tits continued their growth, now large enough that walking would present a challenge, for if she were to lay down, they would easily cover her from chest to waist.

Shadowheart screamed and begged for more, and the tribe roared their approval.

She was losing her mind, *and he'd barely even begun truly fucking her*.

As though sensing her thoughts, Grazkor began fucking her. And not just with weak thrusts that allowed her to adjust to his goliath size but the real, womb-pounding thrusts that accompanied a proper *breeding*.

Now pounding into her from below, Grazkor grunted and groaned his approval. "Are you certain you wish to leave us?" he half-whispered into her ear, watching from above her shoulder as her tits stabilized at truly monstrous proportions. "Imagine... a life of pleasure..."

Her mind, unraveling, barely registered what he was saying. Nothing seemed to exist beyond the sensations granted by his cock as she came and came upon him, the frothy mixture of their essences leaking out the sides of her thoroughly-ploughed quim, that throbbing leviathan reshaping her insides, reshaping *the very essence of who she was*.

By Shar... By Shar... Shar... Shar... Shar...

Every time she repeated her goddess's name, it seemed so much further away in her mind as successive orgasms crashed into her with the force of tidal waves. Her muscles tensed, her cunt clamping down rhythmically on Grazkor's cock as though milking it for its seed.

The ogre growled. He, too, despite his considerable intellect, was losing control of his rational mind.

His pace grew frantic as her inner walls massaged his length, causing those mammoth mountains of titflesh to bounce and wobble about. Seeing that

movement, his hands instinctively shot for them, squeezing them hard as his arms remained hooked under her knees, fucking her in that most savage of standing positions.

SLAP SLAP SLAP!

The sound of their coupling echoed through the camp, mingling with the lewd squelching her thoroughly soaked cunt. Her juices, mixed with Grazkor's precum and the numerous loads that had already been pumped into her, fell from her well-bred gash in thick, off-white globs.

Louder she screamed, voice hoarse and raw. Louder, she demanded more.

Grazkor growled his response, a sound so deep and primal it quite nearly triggered another orgasm in Shadowheart. His fingers found her nipples, pinching the inch-thick nubs and tugging on them as he ravaged her.

There remained little of the scholarly demeanor he'd shown earlier, his ogre instincts taking over as he jackhammered into her sopping half-elven pussy.

Another orgasm tore through her, and another, and another... Each one pulled her away from Shar. Away from her calling.

For she had found another.

Grazkor growled once more.

SMACK SMACK SCHLURP!!

With another mind-rending release, she felt her connection to Shar sever.

Instead of the cold comfort she'd always found in the Dark Lady, all she felt now was the throbbing heat of Grazkor's divine cock reshaping her insides, claiming territory no deity had ever touched.

The ogre's pace began brutal, punishing.

Her enormous tits bounced, slapping against her torso now as she spread her legs wider, freeing those gigantic pale fuckjugs, much to the assembled tribe's delight. Flesh overflowed from between the ogre's fingers as he squeezed harder.

The artifact. The tadpole.

It all seemed so inconsequential now. Insignificant.

FWAP-SQUELCH-FRRPPPTT-SMACK.

Divinity was in the ogre's cock. She served *him* now.

Shar had never filled her like this. Never made her feel like this. She'd never been there at all.

But these goblins were there, Grazkor was there. And through them, she would find power once more.

That realization snuffed the last embers of her devotion to Shar, and with that tether snapping, another orgasm came over her.

Her cunt squeezed the ogre's cock hard enough that he gasped and –

SLURRRT...!

The first scalding blast of piping hot fuckbatter shot into her with the force of a magic missile, her body wracked with orgasmic spasms, enhanced by the religious experience of it all. The ogre tightened his grip on her as she writhed with violence enough that she nearly thrashed off him entirely.

Where once she'd communed with Shar through meditation and prayer, now she found transcendence in the flood of ogre cum filling her beyond capacity. Her belly distended noticeably, a physical manifestation of that new faith.

Schlop! Glop!

Fat dollops of ogre jizz fell from her pussy then, rolling off Grazkor's balls and onto the earth below.

Shadowheart felt his cum hit the very depths of her womb with such force that her vision went white for a moment.

She screamed, wailing like a banshee as her mind was ravaged by pleasure, overlapping orgasms sending her into a pleasure-frenzy the likes of which she'd never even thought possible.

SPLRT SPLRT!

The second and third jets came in rapid succession, flooding her even further, her belly distended even more noticeably, swelling outwards as that impossible volume of ogre-cum brought with it a swelling that made her look right pregnant.

Incoherent babbling came from her. “Oh... Yess... Oh!!”

Her consciousness fractured, mind unable to process the overwhelming sensations and her expression seemed a fixed mask of pleasure.

Three more cum-blasts flooded her, and the tribe watched in awe as their boss’s release continued unabated, his massive body trembling as Shadowheart’s pussy milked him of every drop.

The sheer volume of his release soon became too much, and frothy white rivers of his jizz escaped in greater volumes then, spurting all around their joining.

She came again and again, losing track of just how many ropes he’d shot into her, tits bouncing as she impaled herself upon that rock-hard gigadick.

For long minutes, the ogre’s release continued, filling her more and more... until his release began to slow.

She was barely conscious now. A cumfilled mess. An absolute cumdumpster.

He remained hilted inside her for a little while longer, catching his breath. His cock twitched inside her, depositing a few spurts of seed into her overstuffed womb.

Only when he was certain he’d pumped every last drop of his quivering ballgunk into her did he began pulling out.

Inch by inch, he pulled himself out until his enormous cockhelm popped free with a lewd *SPLOP!*

As a vial unstoppered, a deluge of pearlescent ogre-cream followed the boss’s cock, erupting from her gaping cunt to fall in thick puddles on the ground.

Grazkor released her then, and she collapsed onto the bench, those gigantic udders of hers falling on either side of it, nipples touching the ground as the sheer mass of her oversized knockers pressed into the cum-puddles that had formed during the gangbang.

“You would have a place among us if you decided to stay,” Grazkor said, placing a blanket over her almost tenderly. “I will await your decision on the morn.”

And with that, she was carried back to her quarters, barely conscious, stuffed with gallons of jizz... and having found true purpose.

The End?