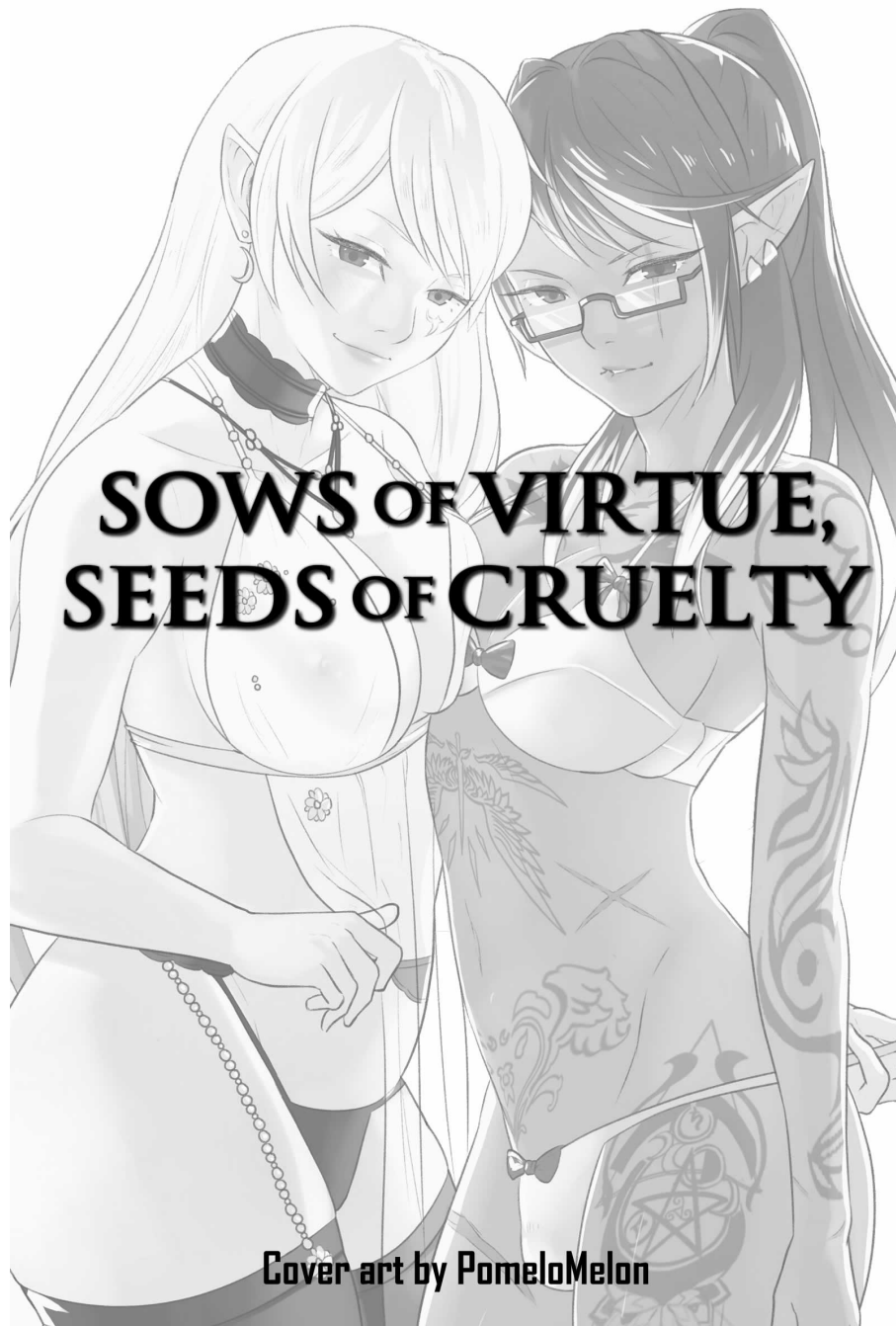


A FFXIV smutfic by @effthewriter



**- Content Warning -**

This story contains:

Endwalker spoilers, fluff, intersex, tentacles, oviposition, aphrodisiac/drugs, angst, musk, voyeurism, large penetrations, bulging, cervix penetration, orgasm denial, egg laying.

**All characters are 18+ unless stated otherwise.**

This is dedicated to all the patricians who enjoy their obscene kinks  
with a big dose of fluff, maybe even wholesomeness on top.

Yes, your sadpanda bookmarks could kill a Victorian child, but they get  
even better if you throw in a couple that truly relishes in  
each other's decadent indulgence, don't they?

“So, you’re saying those people would rather eat that dirt-tasting loaf than *this*?”  
“Yep. And you’ve only tasted Tataru’s recipe. Hers is... Well, grassy dirt, at least.”  
“Ugh. It disgusts me. There’s no point in upholding such values, tradition is just-  
“Just peer pressure from the dead, I know” said Serena, adjusting her glasses and chuckling as Eira devoured a piece of what should have been at least two forkfuls of her berry crepe.

Serena knew that bringing Eira to Old Sharlayan would prompt her to badmouth their scholars at every possible moment, but she was already used to her mistrust in overly traditional sects. At this point, she was more worried about her eating habits, anyway. It was their second day there and she hadn’t seen her eat anything other than desserts.

It was almost comical for a woman who could freeze your soul with a single look of her blue eyes to be so obsessed with anything fluffy or sweet, thought Serena as she brought a napkin to Eira’s mouth, wiping off some of the straggling whipped cream, making the half-Hyur blush.

Even under the morning’s warm sun, her long silver hair glimmered like ice. She didn’t know if she would ever stop staring at how beautiful she was.

“...what are you looking at? Is there anything else on my face?”

Welp, it happened again.

“It’s nothing” she replied, a sincere smile still covering her lips.

Eira raised an eyebrow, but continued.

“I still can’t believe their plan was to just... shoot everyone into the sky. What did they even do with all the creatures they captured?”

Serena knew they didn’t come up with the plan, but she would rather not bring up that woman again, at least not in front of Eira.

“I think they’re still underground? It was a huge undertaking to get them all here, even more because they had to account for each biome when building their enclosures.”

“So, they’re just trapped there at the mercy of those ‘scholars’?”

“Why, do you wanna go see them? You’re not planning some sort of monster uprising just to spite those old farts, right...?”

“I can’t say it hasn’t crossed my mind, but... can you really just waltz into the place?”

“Uh, well... Maybe if I ask nicely?”

Being a Warrior of Light was a burden Serena wouldn’t wish on anyone else, but it did come with a few perks.

The couple walked through Old Sharlayan, admiring the views of the coastal city on their way to Labyrinthos. It still felt weird to be acknowledged with warmth instead of suspicion by the Sharlayans, but she would gladly take that instead of the pressure of the Final Days, even if some stares were more longing than others.

However, who could blame them for letting their eyes linger on Serena for a few more seconds than necessary? Ditching the cumbersome paladin armor, the Elezen now donned much more casual clothes that framed the built curves of her inked, tan body perfectly.

Yes, the silver and navy vest did have a prominent chest window, and the slit on the side of her ivory skirt did reveal a few more ilms of her legs than necessary, but the Warrior of Light was long due for a proper date that didn’t involve a clash of blades. Plus, it was always a delight to catch the usually aloof Eira peeking at those very spots.

The half-Hyur wasn’t exactly modest by any means, though. Even though Eira was the sort of person to travel just with her adventuring gear, it was more than enough to attract the same attention as Serena, maybe even more.

Her white strapless top seemed to be held up by a single string and a prayer, and her leather pants were tight enough to look like they were painted over her long legs, its black color matching her fingerless gloves and the taut, belt-covered corselet. Combined with her purposeful, elegant stride on top of her thigh-high boots, it was hard even for Serena to take her eyes off her.

Halfway to their destination, Serena had to take a detour, as she saw the Wandering Minstrel in the distance, swarmed by an energetic crowd. She could hear something that resembled an old Ishgardian tune and, knowing what that man was usually up to, knew she had to run the opposite way, and fast.

Without having to sneak around like in Serena's first visit to Labyrinthos, the couple quickly made their way deeper into the complex, riding the elevators down into the remote areas of its structure, greeting a few scholars along the way.

Regardless of how much time had passed since the events in Ultima Thule, Serena still hadn't mastered the art of approaching people with the right degree of gravity.

Walk in too steadily, or too bluntly, and people might think there's another calamity approaching and the Warrior of Light was there to deal with it. Approach them too casually, or too merrily, and she gave fuel to the people who thought she was just abusing the good will of people.

She had learned very well that she couldn't please everyone in her short stint as a Dark Knight but, deep down, it still made her weary, but her ache was soothed by the voice of the person she most cared about, even if it was on her usual nagging tone.

"Psh, look at them. Thinking they have any right to reshape, or even worse, remake nature" said Eira as they walked past another group of white-robed scientists.

Serena just let her vent for a second before doing something she knew would put an end to her rant.

She grabbed her by the hand.

"Just one more elevator down and we'll get to the enclosures" she said, looking at the shade of pink appearing on the silver-haired girl's cheeks, a stammer bringing an end to her tirade.

"Are you alright?"

"Y-Yeah, it's nothing..."

Serena chuckled to herself. *Always works. The more people around to see it, the better*, she thought.

Despite Eira's grievances with their methods, it was hard to deny the work put in by the scholars. It was the height of summer, but just as they stepped out of the last elevator ride, they were hit a chill breeze.

Old Sharlayan's scholars had recreated the region's habitat down to its very climate. A lush grassland, punctuated by green shrubs and spires of stone, its pastures populated by herds of loaghtans, skies dotted by flocks of orn kites and swarms of

damselflies. It was like a slice of the hinterlands right in front of them.

“See? They even got the temperature right. This was the last one they’ve built, so don’t mind if you see any animals looking lost, they’re just getting used to it”

“Hmph, I guess. They got the weather right, but there’s a distinct lack of the buildings they so conveniently abandoned before running away back to their precious Old Sharlayan...”

Serena couldn’t help but chuckle. Eira really found a way to poke a hole in every single one of their efforts.

“C’mon, it’s easier to put the colder enclosures in the back, so if you wanna see bears and yetis, we gotta walk”

“I guess those mighty elevators can only take you so far, huh? Maybe they should have planned for that too- Wait, what is that thing doing here?!”

“What *thing* are you talking about...?”

It wasn’t the Elezen’s fault to miss it on her first take. Deep inside the enclosure’s greenery was a mound that blended in with the scenery. It took a second for her to realize that the elevation wasn’t part of the landscape.

“Is that... *a morbol*?” Serena asked, noticing the difference in the green hues from the grass to what seemed to be a pile of vegetation.

“Yes! Ugh, what is that thing doing here?! It doesn’t belong in the hinterlands!”

“But there were a few of those near the old-

“Near the old arboretum, yes! They’ve escaped because the ‘wise’ and ‘enlightened’ Sharlayans left them to rot in there!”

“I’ll contact one of the keepers here,” said Serena, trying to calm Eira down “and they’ll sort this ou-

“There’s no time! We don’t know how long it has been sleeping, and if it wakes up, it’ll eat every other animal here!”

Eira was right. In the Dravonian Hinterlands, the morbols were contained by the irregular terrain, but in a smaller space like this, there was nothing between it and a hinterland-themed buffet. And, besides that, only The Twelve would know what that thing would be capable of, considering it most likely was a test subject inside Saint Mocianne’s Arboretum.

“So, are you saying we should get over there and... kill the thing?”

“No, I... We can’t just do that, either... But we have to do *something*...”

Eira grit her teeth. There were few things she hated more than the feeling powerlessness.

“I’ll... I’ll freeze it”

Serena was taken aback.

“Are you... Are you sure about this? I mean, are you sure you still can...?”

Eira’s cold eyes were lit with unshakable resolve.

“I won’t know it until I try. Come, let’s make haste, we might not have much time left.”

The couple sprinted through the field, stopping a dozen or so yalms before the creature. Every beat of the Elezen’s chest was heavy with worry, but there was nothing she could do in the face of Eira’s fixed purpose.

Looking up into Labyrinthos’ fake sky, Eira raised her left hand, bringing the other to her mouth, muttering a prayer to a forgotten saint.

“Still the hatred within our hearts...”

The ground rumbled beneath Serena, the vibrations coming straight from that gigantic green mass. Eira stood still, eyes closed, reciting her incantation. There was no time for words. Her feet were quick on the move as she saw a mossy lash unfurling itself.

If only she had her shield with her now, but who would bring a hunk of steel to a date?

With a grunt, she tackled Eira, who was launched sideways. With her out of harm’s way, at least temporarily, she drew her sword, the gleaming steel shining under Labyrinthos’ synthetic sun.

The half-Hyur opened her eyes, only to see one of the morbol’s tentacles nearly graze her with its swipe, hitting Serena instead. The appendage slammed her full, being absorbed by the woman’s forearms. She stumbled backwards, but regained her footing. That was nothing to her.

“Eira! Are you ok?”

The girl brushed off the impact from the fall, nodding in response, drawing her bow.

“No, let me handle this, you go and get help!”

Serena knew the silver-haired girl was more than capable of fending for herself, but she couldn't risk it. She would not relive that pain.

Eira scoffed, but she had no time to dwell on it, running back to enclosure's elevator.

However, as soon as she turned around, something tugged at her ankle. She was pulled back, landing with her chest as the snake-like appendage slithered backwards, dragging her back.

Serena ran. One slice and Eira would be free. The beast didn't seem to agree, however, attacking with two descending strikes which she gracefully dodged with a twist. She had crossed blades with the strongest and mightiest, an overgrown potted plant wouldn't stop her. Holding her blade with two hands, she jumped.

From the soft earth, two tentacles sprouted, knocking her out of the zenith of her descent, the same two that had tried and failed to attack her. Was that thing just using Eira as bait? It couldn't be. She braced herself for the fall, but it never came.

Instead, she felt weightless. When she opened her eyes, she was far off the ground. The morbol's tentacle now wrapped itself around her body like a coil, the cold, slimy grasp immobilizing her arms. The beast roared, fully awoken from its slumber.

"Serena!"

A tinge of genuine worry dyed Eira's cold voice. Even as she was being dragged back, she took aim, only to realize any shot she could make was dangerously close to the Elezen.

And soon she wouldn't even have that, as the creature lifted her upside down, its appendages quickly disarming her.

"Don't worry, I'll get us out of th... of this..."

Serena's voice was muffled, her nostrils attacked by that intoxicating smell, filling her lungs with a hefty stench. The very air itself in front of the beast turned heavy. Her stomach churned, her head bobbing forward with a dull pain. A resounding clang could be heard as she dropped her sword.

However, the smell wasn't rotten. It was sweet.



“M... Mating season!” she screamed.

“W-What? Mati-*hng!*”

Eira couldn't finish her sentence before that thing wrapped another tentacle around her other leg, prying them open despite her efforts.

The deft tendrils held her, now binding both ankles and wrists, almost as if it wanted to put up a depraved show for Serena. Another one of its friends wriggled forth, rubbing itself against the girl's most intimate spot, dousing her with that slimy substance.

She was gritting her teeth, breathing with difficulty and still fighting back, but the faint blush on her pale skin was giving away the true effects of the creature's mating breath.

The half-Hyur could feel every little touch between her legs, even through her clothes, the mad slithering hitting her in all the right spots, making her lose the remaining fight she had in her. Eira couldn't help but think how it would feel without her clothes.

She didn't have to wait much for the answer.

The thigh slit in her pants betrayed her. The creature's tendrils attacked that gap, shredding her clothing and exposing her long, ivory legs and everything between them.

It didn't seem to be satisfied by just that, though, as its appendages lashed and whipped, tearing her top to shreds, leaving but her corset and the belts who firmly tightened it around her midsection.

It wasted no time in proceeding with its offensive, that long, thick tentacle rubbing itself against her, almost as if it was teasing the girl, sniffing out her weak spots, playing with its meal before revealing its true form.

A slit opened at the very tip, shedding its outer layer as it blossomed, revealing its carmine insides in an unmistakable phallic shape, but it was nothing like the any of the two had ever seen before.

Its shaft had a certain texture to it, like the small indentations of the outside of a

rolanberry, finishing in an engorged head that tapered off into a menacing spear-like tip, topped with a hole that slowly oozed a thick syrup in the same rhythm as the morbol's breathing.

That thing, whatever it was, snaked its way up her body. Even through that clouding pain, Serena could see the creature's intentions clearer than ever.

"Let me go!" she whined powerlessly, her limbs bound and weak as the crimson flower reached the unwilling lips of her loved one.

Serena was but one leap away from Eira, the creature's tentacles putting her on full display as the wiggling motions sneaked the very tip of the tentacle inside her mouth, the rest of its length following suit as soon as the first line of defense was breached.

The half-Hyur's eyes trembled in panic as her throat made desperate gagging noises, which only intensified as her ears were filled with a monstrous glopping sound.

It was sickeningly sweet, sticking to the sides of her throat like a mouthful of honey, making its way down to her stomach, lighting a fire inside her. It felt like an eternity, but in reality, just a few seconds had passed before her mouth was freed.

However, that didn't seem like the same Eira as before.

She was panting, barely catching her breath with her eyes out of focus, her skin glowing with a summery sheen of perspiration. Her armpits were reddening just as her face, her silver bangs sticking to her forehead.

The Elezen's body still struggled fruitlessly, but her mind became more and more out of focus as her senses were hit with something that made her second-guess if she was still entirely sane.

She could smell Eira.

It was an unmistakable scent. It sliced through the cloying sweetness of the morbol's mating call like a blade.

The cold, fresh scent that always clung to her skin, underscored by a soft, white floral note that only came to the surface in her most intimate moments, filling Serena's nose as their bodies wrapped around each other at night, clinging to their bedsheets until

the next morning.

But there was something wrong with it.

It was strong. Stronger than she had ever felt before. More intense than if she had her face buried between her breasts. Eira was barely beyond arm's reach, but each breath was humid with that corruption of her scent, flooding Serena with conflicting thoughts manifesting themselves between her legs, her underwear becoming progressively tighter. And that wasn't the end of it.

She knew that other familiar smell, too. Her eyes could barely focus as she looked at its very source. Eira had blossomed just as the monster. Serena had her face against her so many times, but never it looked like that, a waterfall of juices dirtying her thighs, her lips deep pink and spread open, almost winking, waiting to be filled.

The smell, by the Twelve.

It was the carnal stench of someone begging for release.

Serena's body reacted like an animal, ready to respond to that deeply primal request, her full length slipping out of her skirt, painfully erect, but ultimately powerless and bound, forced to watch as the monster turned its attention back to between Eira's legs.

"S-Serena... Hng..."

The words escaped Eira's lips as if she was letting go of the last shreds of dignity.

She was biting her lower lip, not making any sounds, but it got harder and harder to stay silent. That gruesome red thing, rubbing right against the soft pink of her intimacy, was proving too much for her to resist.

The cold syrup seemed to heat up as soon as it touched her skin, and the rough, bramble-like texture was now soft, desirable, even, the almost fruit-like skin completely different than anything she had ever experienced. She couldn't help but wonder how it would feel inside.

It felt like the monster could read her thoughts, as it gave her what she wanted the most.

It was more like a grunt than a moan, but she couldn't mask the pleasure in her voice as the creature finally went inside her, splitting her delicate lips with that monstrous girth, aided not only by its foul, sweet-smelling fluids, but by Eira herself. It was impossible to deny that the girl was sopping wet, her body begging to be used and abused by the disgusting creature.

The way the morbol's tentacle moved was otherworldly, not mindlessly thrusting against the girl, but using its flexibility to writhe itself deeper inside her, hitting every tender spot of her inner walls with its rutted texture, and it was clear as a day after a snowstorm that it was working, Eira's voice filling the beast's enclosure with her desperate moaning.

It hit her hard and deep, and it could very well just brute-force its way inside her, but it didn't. Every time it reached her depths and made her wince, it retracted itself and attacked from another angle, wiggling inside her, gaining ground little by little, stretching her like nothing had ever done before. Each time it conquered chipped away at the girl's already frail mind.

Serena's bicolor eyes were wide, watching her most cherished companion being violated, the crimson tentacle exploring her most secret spot accompanied by harsh, squelching sounds. Her breathing was heavy, her mouth gaping and drooling.

The Elezen knew she was thoroughly enjoying every second of it, every section that went into her with sensuous, sinuous movements and made her gush her crystalline fluids everywhere, her mouth watering thinking of her taste.

It was all the result of an imbalance created by that monster's attack, she told herself. But she couldn't help but truly enjoy what she watched, either.

The struggle of her arms and legs eventually subdued, but her body still moved, her hips bucking. More blood flowed into her loins, feeling the tight prison of tentacles rubbing against it, coating it in that cold pseudo-lube.

Serena prayed to any god that could hear, begging to not let Eira see what was unfolding inside the coiled tentacles. They were meant to restrain her, but that grip also enveloped her nether, pulsating against those slimy tentacles, making her tremble as she pleased herself with every slight movement. The Elezen was so entranced that she barely noticed the tendrils crawling up her tan legs.

The coil that bound Serena loosened, leaving a writhing mess holding her up, now being exhibited just like Eira. Wrists were bound above her, thighs forcefully spread, depriving her of any possible defense against the tentacles wrapping themselves around her and squeezing her plump flesh, but, most of all, the symbol of her profane desire exposed, erect and leaking.

She didn't even time to feel any shame, however, as more pressing matters were making themselves known right against her skin. One of those coral snakes had made its way up her backside. Much like the one defiling Eira, its size was monstrous. But, humping something of the caliber of the Elezen's muscular rump, it almost looked like it belonged there, the perfect size to destroy her.

Serena felt like the monster's plaything as it teased her hole with its length, but she couldn't help but remember the times where she did the same to Eira, rubbing herself against her until the half-Hyur had to practically beg for her.

The blossomed tentacle spewed more of its liquids, covering her rim in that syrup. She gritted her teeth in anticipation, but it was almost painless. The very shape of that thing was designed to invade its victims, even ones as tight as the Elezen.

Serena had always been steadfast, loyal, the shield that protected her friends and loved ones, but all of that came crashing down. She couldn't fight back as hard as Eira, her voice cracking into a moan as soon as she was penetrated by that creature.

The monster's juices were plentiful, sticky and slick, just its tip already leaving the Elezen's backside as wet as any other mating hole and, the way it was being used by it, it might as well be one, each slither and stab making it gush.

The scarlet mast was somehow both hard and flexible. She could feel the throbs against the walls on her insides, but the way it moved was almost indescribable, the whipping movements of the tentacle stirring her in different angles every time the appendage went in and out, making her squirm in pleasure. As much as she tried to fight back, or even show signs of resistance, everything that came out of her mouth were slurred sounds.

Serena's body tried to instinctively push back, her muscles contracting themselves to fight off the invader, but that only worked against her, as the creature fought back in equal measure, only pushing and stirring her hole from the inside like no other creature ever could. Her resistance was futile, and maybe even more degrading for her as the

unintentional squelching, lewd sounds filled her ears.

She couldn't help but feel shame building up inside her. Eira's icy eyes were fixated on her. Serena was supposed to fight back, to save both of them, she just had to, but now she was at the mercy of that monster, being used her own intimacy bounced up and down, squirting droplets of pre with each stroke.

Little did she know how much raw enjoyment Eira was having with her crude display.

A noble Elezen, born into a prestigious family, having to uphold all their values and traditions, then forced into the role of Primal Slayer, Savior of Eorzea, Liberator of Ala Mhigo and many, many more titles. The walls she had put up to be the ideal protector, the unflinching hero had to be slowly being unraveled by Eira.

But now those walls were now gone.

Even if she couldn't see anything, it was in the air, making the morbol's enclosure hot and steamy. Serena's musk was plastered all over Eira's brain.

The salty scent that lingered on her chest after a long afternoon of sparring, kept tightly trapped inside leather armor; The damp, sharp pitsweat she pervertedly loved to nuzzle against as they went at each other in bed, huffing each bead of Serena's stink; Even the pungent, musty odor that accumulated on the Elezen's cock after days of traveling and riding, all soaked up on her underwear, a potent musk that left Eira almost drunk, desperate to lap up everything with her mouth until Serena was left a sloppy, tired mess after relieving herself inside the girl's mouth.

It was all there, all at once, and stronger than ever before.

But of course, she could see everything.

And what she saw was that brown-skinned Elezen with an obscene body, her child-birthing hips slamming against a monstrous cock, her ass turned into a sloppy, wet fuckhole, making lewd noises that resonated with her moans, just like the woody odor mixed with her sweaty musk into an erotic aroma. What wouldn't she give to put her lips against those steamy armpits, or her painfully erect cock, or that gaping, moaning mouth...

The woman she loved was a depraved slut, and she loved her even more for that. Her love was so intense that seeing her broken down and used finally drove her off the edge.

“I’m... I’m sorry Serena, but... I can’t... I can’t take it anymore... Hng!”

Flocks of birds scattered through the fake hinterlands, startled by the distorted yell of pleasure that left Eira’s lips.

Her whole body shuddered against the prison of tentacles. The calm and focused eyes were nowhere to be seen, now a blurry puddle of mercury swimming on her whites, covered in tears. Her hips bucked forward with force, releasing a torrent of her juices, making an arc across the air, pelting Serena’s body with droplets of her climax.

Even if the silver-haired girl had truly meant that apology, she wasn’t showing it. Her body clamored for that monster.

Serena had to be strong. She couldn’t lose there. But how could she resist? Coated in her lover’s honeyed delight, she was attacked by her stench yet again. Her intimacy, untouched, was mere seconds away from bursting, leaking pearly drops of pre, bouncing uselessly as her ass was penetrated, nothing more than a pathetic cockclit.

“You... Y-You can finish... It’s okay... Don’t be ashamed...”

Eira’s words reached Serena’s ears, the girl with a tired, still numb smile, an angel granting her mercy. The Elezen held off for so long, she couldn’t let herself be broken, but how could she deny such compassion?

However, when she was about to break, a certain kind of malevolent assistance came from the place she least expected.

A tentacle wrapped itself around her base. Tightly, painfully. She winced, but as much as her hips moved and her cock throbbed, she just couldn’t get there. The monster tortured her in all ways possible, denying her even the most regrettable of climaxes.

And yet, her abuse was far, far from over.

The monster finally dislodged itself from Eira’s hole, making her juices splatter loudly on the floor, the girl on the edge of passing out. That appendage moved towards

Serena at a leisurely pace, like a cocky duelist about to land the coup de grâce on an already defeated opponent.

It was right against her face. The very thing that violated her girlfriend, taunting her, beckoning. Serena's taint flexed futilely, trying to pump out whatever she could as her nostrils were now invaded by the raw stench of Eira's cunt.

Before she could even think, her mouth moved. The monster could invade her throat and much more, but it stood still, every movement coming from Serena, her lips wrapped around the crimson tentacle as she sucked with force, her tongue feeling the berry-like texture as she drank Eira's remains like a vagrant in an oasis.

The utter defeat made her eyes water, but she couldn't deny herself the pleasure of at least tasting the half-Hyur's once more.

The sight of her lover servicing the monster that had assailed her only made Eira's brain go more feral. The girl squirmed in place, but not to release herself. She wanted to reach out to Serena, to share that filthy mast with her, to snowball the taste of her own juices between their mouths.

The morbol did give in to her intent, but in a much more nefarious way, its tentacles suspending Eira on top of Serena. The couple was closer than ever, but permanently unreachable, fated to watch as the monster played with them.

Almost as if to make things fair, it dislodged itself from Serena's hole, leaving the Elezen winking and wanting. Eira's eyes were fixated on the ruddy appendage, like a dog waiting for a treat, and who could deny a little obedient pet like the mindbroken half-Hyur?

The silver-haired girl lunged at it with the best of her abilities, her nostrils puckering at the scent of Serena's ass, her tongue stinging with the taste of her sour juices as she cleaned the monster almost dutifully. Her elegant face turned into a disfigured hole as she sucked with force, making Serena's crotch dull with pain, desperate for release as she watched that shameful, erotic display.

*I love you* were the words that silently left Eira's mouth, recognizable by Serena even as the girl was used like a common hole.

*I love you too*, she mouthed back with cum-covered lips.



Tendrils moved around their bodies, teasing sensitive spots, twisting nipples and pinching ears, even somehow finding spots like the back of Eira's knees, making her shiver. The couple's eyes gazed onto each other as they were used, the final hints of shame melting away like the last Winter's snow on the hinterlands.

Its prey broken and defeated, the morbol could now do as it pleased, but its permanent, gruesome grin didn't seem completely satisfied.

More tentacles surged, but their true intent would only be revealed as they blossomed again, red tips giving way into a deep purple in the shape of a needle.

The lovers were too distracted to notice the new trappings slithering towards them, but they couldn't ignore the pain once their skin was pierced.

Eira was attacked right above her crotch, while Serena's taint got penetrated right in its center.

The effects took only but a few seconds to show, the morbol's poison now circulating freely inside their bloodstream.

Serena felt like her heart would break her ribcage from the inside out, her oral service interrupted by gasps of pain.

Eira's panicked, breathing like she couldn't get enough air inside her, like if her body was consuming more than she could ever sustain.

But it wasn't only that.

The Elezen's cockhole winked madly, desperate to finish. The morbol stopped her, now wrapping her entire length in a vine vicegrip, making her leak a continuous stream of colorless liquid.

The half-Hyur rained down the Elezen with her revived fluids, her entire crotch almost cherry red, like if the few remaining droplets of blood she had in her brain now circulated furiously in there, seeming like nothing more than an animal in heat.

And for the morbol's motivation, that was exactly what she was.

The creature bellowed as the earth beneath itself trundled, two of its bigger tentacles near its base joining the writhing mess that toyed with the couple. Girthier than anything it had used before, its fiendish form was revealed as it blossomed.

Shedding the mossy outer layer revealed another shining, berry-like surface, but the holes at their tips were grotesquely oversized, almost like mouths drooling its sweet syrup.

Its purpose was unknown to them, but it didn't matter. As soon as they felt its warmth near them, their hips bucked wildly, like trapped beasts slamming against their cages, desperate not only for its touch, but to see their loved one be touched.

Tentacles wrapped themselves around Eira's thighs, putting an end of her maniacal rocking as the monster approached. She panted like an overexcited puppy, desperate for her new toy, but the smile quickly turned sour.

It was just too big. Even the indentations that resembled rolanberries seemed more like ridges now, plateaus she had to traverse on her way to bliss, stretching her beyond her limits.

Even through her half-conscious, intoxicated mind, the sharp pain of the monster's impossible penetration was felt with wincing and gasps. It was like losing her virginity once again, each of those ridges stretching places she didn't even know were possible to reach.

The last of Eira's clothing, the tightly wrapped corset that didn't hide her body at all, was finally being unraveled, but not like before. The knots and belts that kept it tightly wrapped around her body weren't being deftly undone and unbuckled, but pushed and frayed from the inside out.

It wasn't long until they all snapped, and Serena finally got a look at what caused such outburst.

The morbol's new toy wasn't even halfway inside her, and yet it already made itself known on her ivory skin through a clear outline on her belly, Eira's athletic body now carrying a bulge that pushed inside her. The otherworldly violation made her tear up, but her misty eyes still met Serena's.

As her lover's body was defiled, the Elezen's expression didn't have a single hint of

fear, sadness or regret.

Even through the gut-wrenching pain of denial the monster's edging grip gave her crotch, she still wanted more. She didn't need to ask.

The morbol retreated just enough to let Eira catch half a breath before invading her again, the absurd penetration knocking the air out of the silver-haired girl's lungs like a punch, and yet she still gushed and moaned, her body used like a toy.

The sloppy, wet sounds tortured Serena's ears, every bump and ridge in that thing stretching Eira beyond belief, her pinkness sticking to it like a jilted lover not wanting to say goodbye.

In the heat of the freakshow she watched, Serena almost missed the tender, heated touch of the tendrils against her backside, oozing more of its syrup right against her hole, an amount to rival Eira's natural lubrication.

The monster wasn't nearly as kind to Serena as it was to Eira, if you could even call that treatment kind. Somehow it knew Serena could take much more before breaking.

Her ass was split open by the same large, oozing appendage, going inside her like a battering ram. The corners of Serena's vision went dark as she fought to keep her consciousness. Being that close to the brink of death wasn't a new experience to the Warrior of Light, she just wasn't used to wanting even more of it.

Their mouths were filled once again with the creature's juices, its nauseating sweetness briefly cutting out the taste of the other girl's used holes. The bubbling, vegetal semen was absorbed with unnatural speed, loosening them up even more for the morbol's brutal tentacle.

Serena's asshole was stretched like never before, the monster's visceral attacks displayed in her bulging, toned belly as she screamed in a mix of pain and pleasure, but that was nothing compared to the battle Eira fought inside herself.

The morbol's gaping cockhole knocked right against the entrance of her cervix, the two now joined in a profane kiss, swapping aphrodisiac nectar and brackish cuntjuice like lovers would swap saliva.

Nothing was ever supposed to reach that place, and every touch felt like Eira was being electrocuted from the inside, and yet she moaned, asking for more with her hips with the little freedom the tight tentacle grip allowed her.

As much as it tried, it would never breach a place that tight, but that was never the creature's intent, as Eira would soon discover.

The massive girth seemed to expand itself inside her, making her grit her teeth, and then she felt it.

The cockhole widened itself and, aided by an abundance of syrup, spewed a mossy green egg directly inside the girl's womb.

Eira's fuzzy irises disappeared as they rolled upwards, her voice cracking in a tone Serena had never heard before, a supremely painful but exhilarating howl. Unbothered by her cries, the morbol continued, letting a second and third egg slip inside.

Serena only realized the disgusting origin of Eira's climax once she saw the bulge on her belly grow larger.

It grew, this time not only shaped by the monster's cock, but by a new weight that didn't disappear when it pulled its tentacle back. A pudgy bump right on her lower belly that seemed to get bigger with each stroke from the morbol.

Eira was being impregnated right in front of her eyes.

The Elezen's balls contracted, desperate to spew the content of yet another climax, but only releasing a stream of uncolored, piss-like precum. She thought she couldn't feel shame anymore, but watching her lover used as breeding stock for a monster brought that pang back, hurting in the back of her head, crushed by the obscene pleasure it brought her.

Her lover's maniacal moaning echoed in her head, but it was yet again ruined by the morbol. It went deep inside Serena, far enough inside the Elezen's asshole to secure a tight, taut place as a makeshift womb before cursing her with its brood.

She felt their weight deep inside her, and even though she humiliatingly tried to push them out, she just couldn't. She was loosened by drugs and the ovipositor's sheer size, but even then her struggle did nothing but release boorish, lewd noises with her ass

into the enclosure.

Her struggle was emaciated as she noticed Eira's nectar-addled gaze. The half-Hyur hung right above her, her belly now heavy, and the only pleasure greater than having her hole used to breed monsters was watching her lover go through the same exact torture.

And as their bloated, pregnant bodies were filled, the lovers were finally reunited again.

Their bellies, stretched as if they both were at the edge of a full term, touched. They had lost track of time long ago, but it felt like an entire umbral age had passed since they last felt each other's skin.

It wasn't the sentimental touch of fingers interlocking, or the carnal union of their intimacy, but something impure, born out of the violation of their deepest places, but it didn't matter. They smiled at each other like they've finally found each other again, much like they've done in the past.

It didn't matter what the monster did anymore, as Serena was satisfied, but it finally released the cage of tendrils around her nether, and her body reacted accordingly, the endless torment it had put her through appearing as a geyser of her semen, covering both impregnated bodies in ropes of thick, steamy, off-white cum, a peak of bliss that made her entire consciousness fade, Eira's exhausted, satisfied smile being the last thing she saw.

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Serena's eyelids were heavy, but she could feel something calling her. Something warm and cozy, almost loving, if it wasn't wrapped right around her crotch.

She opened her eyes, letting the faint tones of the afternoon's golden hues that invaded the mossy cave color her view, then looked down, her gaze meeting Eira's half-conscious gaze as the half-Hyur sucked her cock.

Serena knew Eira had a penchant for her natural musk, but was still impressed by how she still buried herself in her crotch regardless of the noxious cockmusk that had built up in the past days, maybe weeks they were inside that cave.

The morbol's aphrodisiac still made her senses keen, and she could smell that rank, sour stench from up there. She could barely imagine what Eira was feeling, her nose buried in her overgrown pubes as her tongue worked madly around Serena's shaft.

How much of that obsession was Eira's, and how much was just her nectar-addled brain erasing her inhibitions? Was there any difference?

"Serena... It's gonna happen again..."

The details her brain managed to retain were sparse, but some memories were extremely vivid. Turns out morbols only need an incubator until their eggs are developed enough to survive the outside world.

Serena looked at her, brushing the sweaty, unwashed hair out of Eira's face, the pale skin almost permanently ruddy under the monster's effect, then nodded.

Eira stopped her service, crawling away on all fours, then presenting herself to her lover.

Even though she had given birth to quite a few eggs by now, her body was still painfully bloated, and the girl could scarcely get around on her feet, partly because of how badly the morbol's poison had affected her. Serena wasn't much farther behind, but her fighter build helped her immensely.

Serena could see the mossy green bulb pushing against Eira's insides, splitting her pink lips, begging to be released. She got up with difficulty, struggling with her own belly, but she would go to the ends of the universe and back for Eira, as she had done before, in fact.

The half-Hyur looked at her with debauched expectations, and how could she refuse her? Serena embraced her from behind and, lining her already painfully erect cock with Eira's ass, and gave the half-Hyur all the help she needed.

Eira's face was still beautiful, even as she moaned in slurred words, covering herself in drool as their sweaty, dirt-ridden bodies mated like animals. Serena sunk her

fingers on Eira's hips for support, not just for the heated, repeated stabs but for the balance of her own pregnant body, seeing her lover's pale skin grow red.

The effect of Serena's help was immediately visible in Eira's body, her nether glistening as she started to push out that swollen egg. Covered in a slimy, pearly gunk, it stretched her almost like its progenitor did and, together with the leftover effects of its nectar, gave the couple a *deja vu* of abusive pleasure. Even Serena's ass winked and begged as an egg made itself known at the edge of her hole, desperate to get out.

The half-Hyur's nails dug inside her palms as she struggled, praying to any of the Twelve that could hear her, as her push seemed so close but yet so far, and something seemed to answer her prayer.

Not any of the Eorzean gods, however.

It was like a faint whisper to her nectar-infused brain. Serena's voice.

"You're... So tight... Hng... You're gonna make me... Ngh..."

That was just enough to push her over the edge.

The egg dislodged itself with a wet, loud plopping noise as Eira's voice reverberated against the cave's walls, her angelical face disfigured into an obscene expression of bliss, her body contorting itself to push out a second egg alongside the golden contents of the girl's own bladder.

Such contortion was felt directly by Serena and, accompanied an expletive-ridden murmur you would never hear from a noble woman's mouth, she buried herself as deep as she could inside Eira, painting her insides white with plentiful milk, another load that would never impregnate her, but only serve to help her with someone else's lineage, a lineage she too helped birth with her own body, an egg finally passing by her rim, making an echo of the noise her lover's hole had just made.

The couple fell to the mossy floor, exhausted, bodies mired with dirt and sweat, puddles of their own juices right next to them, filling the cave with their foul fuckmusk.

Their fingers interlocked, bellies touching, they exchanged yet another exhausted yet satisfied gaze.

Serena didn't have a napkin this time, but she still wiped the corner of Eira's mouth, tossing away one of her own stray pubes that stuck to her sweaty face.

They didn't know how long they would be there, or if they would ever leave, but they drifted off to sleep, knowing it didn't matter, as they held everything they ever needed closer than ever before.



## OMAKE

Hello! If you're reading this, first of all, thank you for supporting me via Patreon or Gumroad, it really helps.

What's that? Another story set in the world of the critically-acclaimed MMORPG Final Fantasy XIV? Yes it is.

In fact, this story has been in production before that other short story. Getting stuck with writer's block is nothing new, but when it's combined with the "I took so long with this, it has to be PERFECT" anxiety, it's even worse. Fortunately, the commissioner was very patient with me, and I can't thank her enough for that.

I've written a few short things with tentacles in the past, but this one is my first attempt at a long-form story with them. It was a very fun experience, even more combined with the usual suspects of my repertoire: sweat, musk, fluff in the middle of degeneracy, that sort of stuff.

This story was also a joy to write from a setting perspective. I've mentioned before how I like to add tidbits of lore and references to the original material, and I could get away with a lot of that in this one. If you know where the title of this story comes from, you get a lollipop.

As much as I would like to go into detail about that sort of stuff, it's a lot more fun if you understand them by yourself, so better get to playing FFXIV, right? It has a free trial that goes up to level 60 and, unlike me who repeats the same joke from the last omake, doesn't get repetitive until you spend close to a hundred hours in the same raid! (This is a call for help, release me from Dragonsong's Reprise, I beg of you)

Thank you very much for the support!  
**F (@effthewriter)**

A big thank you to all of my patrons! I wouldn't be here working as a writer if it wasn't for them.

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