

# The Bearer (Woman to Pregnant Giantess TF)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Jorgamund

*Prav is a mercenary who has been given a cushy, well-paying job: all she has to do is escort the mysterious religious acolyte Kala to a newly-founded village in the hinterland, no questions asked. Kala is meant to be a 'Bearer' for the village, whatever that means, but when a magical storm triggers this function early, Prav is astonished to find her charge growing not just in height, but around her belly as well. The mercenary must get Kala to the village quickly before she gives birth, but this is complicated by the feelings she begins to have for the woman.*

## The Bearer

Sometimes the radiant gods just smiled down upon you. Prav's work had thrown some hard jobs at her the last year - protecting violent orcs, helping bring down nasty wyverns, dealing with crime syndicate rackets - but now she finally had a cushy bit of work lined up that was also promising to line her pockets nicely. It was an escort job, but not through hardy territory or goblin infested swamps or rugged mountains. No, all she had to do was take some weird religious acolyte out to the Western Hinterland to some new village that had been founded. The roads weren't necessarily entirely safe there, but they weren't exactly full of danger either. In fact, they were pretty much empty. No money to be had by taking up the life of a brigand. So when the Sisterhood of the Founding Fruit came to Prav with the offer, she was happy to accept it. Sure, they were weird religious fruitcakes with some exclusive worship of an 'All-Mother' that they didn't tell outsiders about, but a deal was a deal, and money was money.

And these fuckers paid *up front*. Damn, they were trusting. It was a good thing she always saw a job through. Of course, one could tell that just by looking at her. She was only twenty seven years old, and quite a looker in a rugged, tough-woman sort of way, but her dark olive skin had many lighter patches where dragon burns, sword cuts, and other injuries had been marked upon her body. The most prominent of these was a knife cut that went over her left eye. It was still a perfectly good eye, but the brow above was missing a section in the middle, and her cheek bore the cute too. She rather liked it; it gave her character. With her leather armour and wild black hair, it completed the look of a young, competent, yet weathered mercenary. It certainly shut the fools up who thought that the job was beyond a woman. And if the looks didn't, *she* shut them up.

Still, she didn't anticipate any difficulties with this job. She had been told to wait outside the city gates of Braenost on the main road at dawn, where the Sisterhood would meet her. She had been waiting less than ten minutes, playing tricks with her throwing knife on the edge of her finger, when they appeared. They were all women in their fifties, adorned in heavy cloaked, their hair covered, except for one among their number who looked to be far younger, perhaps in her early twenties. Certainly younger than Prav, though perhaps it was simply because the girl's dark features were free of any blemish or hardship. She wore a hood like them, and a thick cloak that obscured her body.

*A shame, Prav thought to herself. She looks rather hot. It's not often I get to escort such a lovely sight.*

She lost the grin quickly though, and assumed her professional stance.

"This is the girl?" she asked.

"This is the Bearer," the oldest Sister said. "Her name is Kala. She must reach the new village of Lathen before the full moon comes. This is crucial. No harm must come to her. Her mission is holy, and will spread the fruit of civilisation. She has the magic of the Founding in her."

"And that means?"

"It is not for you to know."

Prav smirked. *Of course not. I'm just a lowly mercenary.* "Gotcha. Well, is she supplied? The hinterland journey has no established roads. Mule will only get us so far, the rest will be by foot; the journey is rough."

The girl winced, and Prav felt a bit of compassion for her. "It's not dangerous though. Too lacking in population for any banditry. It just means some extra walking, girl."

She nodded, looking to her older Sister.

"This is acceptable," the woman said. "We have been informed of your skills and competence. You must succeed. If you do, an extra payment can be organised. The growth of the hinterland is a holy thing. We portend many great events there that can only be achieved with a great Founding."

*Right. Lots of big Proper Nouns with Capitalisation here. Love these fruity religious groups.*

"Sure," Prav said, adopting an easy swagger. "If it's that important, we best be going quickly. I'll get her to Lathen, don't worry. It's not on my map, but I've pencilled in and memorised where you said it should be."

"It will be on every map in years to come, after the Founding."

"Uh-huh. Well, I've got a pair of mules, as you can see, and packs galore. Anything else I need to know?"

It was then that the girl piped up. "I'm allergic to oats."

Prav tried not to roll her eyes. These soft nun types. "I'll make sure to take that into account. Okay then, let's get you mounted up—"

Kala winced, looking a bit embarrassed.

"Something I said?"

"N-no. Nothing. Sorry. Could you help? I haven't ridden a donkey before."

"A mule. They're tougher. And sure."

She got the girl up onto the donkey. She was lighter than she'd imagined; she must have been small as a bird beneath that cloak. Once she was secure, Prav went over the last details again with the Sisters, and then bid them farewell, taking their mounts away from the city gates and the sea, and into the deep inland that was so lightly settled. The girl was silent, practically meet beside her, and Prav decided that this was going to be a very easy job indeed.

*Just me, a practical mute, and my thoughts. How lovely.*

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Things weren't as lovely as all that. The girl asked them to stop several times. Riding the mule was making her sore, and she needed water quite often, to the point where they had to go off-track and refresh their waterskins. The first two days had saw them leave sight of the city, but Prav's charge tossed and turned by the campfires they set up, and despite her wanting to save money Prav had ended up spending some well-earned coin on an entirely unnecessary stay at an inn just so the girl could have a soft bed. She was evidently not used to sleeping on hard ground.

"I'm s-sorry," she said demurely, looking down. Her head was always covered. Prav thought it rather a shame. "I'll just need time to adjust. I'm not used to such a mission. I didn't believe it when I was chosen. It's a great honour, of course."

"Sure sounds like you feel that way," Prav quipped. "Just what is a Bearer anyway?"

Despite her dark skin, the girl managed to blush. "It's not for me to say. It's not for outsiders to know."

"Uh-huh. Well, I don't really give that much of a shit, girl."

"It's just . . . the Sisters wouldn't allow me to tell you. It is a sacred rite of the All-Mother."

Prav just shrugged and mounted her mule, watching the girl struggle with hers.

"Well, like I said, I don't really give a shit."

"You should. It means something. It's just . . . exclusive. Surely you have your own beliefs that are sacred?"

Prav scoffed. "Sure, sure, beliefs in getting paid and getting jobs done on time. Listen girl, I don't go in for religious stuff, or magic or whatever. I'm here for simple coin, and that's it. Now we better pick up the pace to get to this Lathen village before the full moon, because that's just a little over two weeks away and we've got ground to cover. So I need less religious mumbo-jumbo and more getting hardened up so you can weather the journey, alright? Think you can handle that, girl?"

"Kala."

"Huh?"

The young woman gave her an unexpectedly determined and steely look. "I may be naive when it comes to matters of travel. I may not be used to sleeping on dirt and surviving in the wild. But I have a name. It is Kala. I would ask that you address me by it."

*Damn. Girl has a bit of fire in her. Good.*

Prav grinned. "Very well, Kala." She extended a gloved hand, pulling her mule up beside the young woman's. "Then let's reintroduce. I'm Prav."

Kala hesitated a second, then took the hand and shook it. "It is good to 'meet' you, Prav."

"Likewise, Kala. Let's be heading off. We've got ground to cover. Think a dainty cloistered nun can handle it?"

Kala actually laughed. It was a surprisingly sweet sound, one that made Prav feel a little funny before she had to remind herself to be professional.

"Trust me, I am no nun. The Sisterhood is . . . well, you would be surprised."

"But it's all hush-hush, right?"

Kala smirked. "Very exclusive. I can't say a word."

"Ah, well I shall just have to imagine the secret orgies and copulations behind closed doors."

Kala coughed laughing. Evidently, she was not used to such talk. "You are very different from the normal company I have kept, Prav."

"Well, I come from the real world. You've spent your twenty years behind walls, as I understand it."

"Actually, I know my city well. It's beyond it that's different to me. And I'm twenty three, by the way. Hardly a child. How old are you? Thirty three, perhaps?"

*Wow. I've had some sword strikes in my time but that goes straight to the heart.*

"I'll have you know I'm only twenty seven, thank you very much. I've just had a few, eh, let's call them *encounters* in my time. Think of them as proof that I'm good at my job, and don't let them intimidate you."

Kala held her pretty head high. "I'm not intimidated. In fact, I rather like the scars. They give you character. I almost wish I had one."

“Live long enough in the wild and you’ll find them, girl - Kala. But maybe not if you live your whole life in baggy clothing.”

Kala looked down at her cloak, adjusting her hood. “It is part of the Sisterhood’s rules. We only remove our vestments in private, or during a Founding.”

“Which I can’t know about.”

Kala laughed. “It’s very exclusive!”

The pair actually chuckled as they continued to ride. It was an odd pairing, but Prav was finding herself enjoying the other woman’s presence. A curiosity was building within her too. Perhaps it was just because she liked the look and personality of Kala, but for the first time she actually wanted to know more about the secrets of her client, and not for her own safety or because she thought something was suspicious. Still, she tried not to pry. For once, she also found herself respecting a client beyond her own desire to keep the job. The girl was hardy, in her own way, and she was adjusting quickly.

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Over the next few days, Kala continued to adjust. Prav was astonished; the younger woman was a damn *sponge*. Far from complaining and whining like some entitled city-goer, she showed a big investment in getting to know her surroundings, how to properly treat her mule, what rationing system was best, what danger signs to look out for, and so on. It was a stark contrast to Prav’s first impression of her as some delicate flower. Well, she *was* a delicate flower, but she was doing a damn good job of trying to shed the ‘delicate’ part at least.

“So panderfruit isn’t good during the fall season then?” Kala asked. “We ate them year round, though?”

Prav shrugged. “City mages have their little tricks, as do the local growers. But out in the wild, you don’t want fall season panderfruit, unless you want your belly to bloat out like crazy and to deal with stomach pains. Seriously, you’d look pregnant, even beneath that cloak.”

Kala went quiet for a moment. There was a knowing sort of look to her, and Prav had a good instinct for recognising such things.

*Wait. No way. Surely not.*

“Hey, I gotta ask, exclusive information or not. You’re not pregnant, are you?”

“Wh-what would make you think that?”

Prav raised an eyebrow. “You keep touching your stomach, and you’re hiding yourself under that cloak. It makes me curious. Besides, the term ‘the bearer’ has certain connotations when it comes to us women, does it not? Is this some religious whacko thing

where you're expected to give birth to some great prophet or some other mumbo jumbo future person of importance?"

Kala hesitated. It was clear that she had been caught off guard. *If you're not pregnant, I'll eat my hat*, thought Prav. To her surprise, the woman took a long time to respond, though her face was not shy. It was as if she were searching for the right words to say.

"I am indeed pregnant," she said. "Though the fruit of my womb is held at bay until the right hour, which will be upon the full moon. That is all I can tell you, outsiders, and as far as I can speak without breaking the bonds of my Sisterhood."

Prav scoffed. "Oh, I'm an 'outsider' now, am I? Should I go back to calling you girl, then?"

"No, it's just . . . you can't understand. The sacrifice I am making will be immense - literally. It cannot be conceived of. Except for, um, the conception."

"Yes, I imagine that was quite typical."

Kala scowled. "Hardly. It was a crucial ceremony."

Prav shrugged easily. "Still just sex. With a member from some Brotherhood, I assume?"

"Don't presume to know how my order functions, Prav. Just lead me there, and I will concern myself with my duty alone."

*Huh. She locks up tight on this subject. Even goes quite authoritative. Maybe there's extra money to be made here.* It was a dark thought. She wasn't much into fixing. Still, when things got all secretive and hidden, Prav could always work out ways to make a little extra coin, sometimes in exchange for silence, other times by simply implying that she knew more than she let on, or otherwise delaying success until the escort was quite desperate. And with pregnancy and some full moon rite on the horizon, perhaps this was her chance.

*I'll just have to find a little more about this 'Bearer' duty nonsense. See if I can't pry her open. Alas, I can't give her alcohol or other forms of liquid honesty. Even I wouldn't stoop that low.*

She rubbed her aquiline nose, considered her next move.

*Butter her up then.*

"Well, let's get off the topic. I respect your privacy, Kala. I'm sorry for overstepping."

Kala's scowl faltered, then easily broke. Clearly, the cute woman had been putting on a tough act as best as she could. "Th-thankyou. I'm sorry, I just didn't expect you to figure it out. You are quite good at this."

"Always have been. We can talk about other things, like what it's like to grow up in the Sisterhood. Or, if that feels like prying, I can tell you of some of my own adventures, and

other ways to get along in the wild. You might need to know it if you intend to live in Lathen for a while.”

Kala nodded, clearly relieved to put aside the topic for now. “That would be marvellous. Please tell me, Prav. I know so little of the woodlands.”

“Well, if you’ll indulge a small side trip that still takes us on the way, I can show you a bit about hunting. Don’t worry, I’ll deal with the meat. Wouldn’t want your sensitive self smelling it and throwing up your guts due to morning sickness.”

Kala laughed. “Oh, don’t even joke!”

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They did indeed go hunting. Kala could barely hold a bow to save her life, though it was pretty cute to see her try. But always there was a flurry of questions, a parade of interest in Prav’s life. She’d never had a client or escort or anybody show such interest in her, and she almost felt like she was someone important by the way Kala continually thanks her for imparting knowledge to her.

*I really hate how cute she looks when she asks me all these questions. Makes me feel like I should be damn responsible.*

Still, the buttering up was working. Prav discovered that Kala adored eating deer despite her diet being largely vegetarian.

“I used to sneak some from the markets, when the Sisters weren’t looking. I shouldn’t feel too guilty eating some now, right? I’m pregnant, and I should eat what my body wants, right?”

“Can’t say I’ve ever been with child,” Prav said, chewing on some deer around the campfire, “nor do I want to, but yeah, that sounds about right.”

“You don’t want children?”

Prav passed her more deer and then bit down on some herself. “Oh, I could see myself having a child down the line, though I’d want someone else to have it for me. Or I could end up with a gorgeous gal who was baby mad, that would work well.”

Kala paused, mid-bite. “You like women?”

“That is a vicious understatement, acolyte. I *adore* women. Besides, pregnancy is a pretty thing on another, though I shan’t be having it on myself.”

Kala rubbed her flat stomach beneath her thick cloak. “I’m pretty nervous myself. It is such a responsibility, and I shall grow so big. So very big.”

“Well, that’s not a bad thing,” Prav said. “Hell, you might even have twins. That might be fun, yes?”

*Woah now, you're veering a little too close to admitting something yourself here, Prav. Calm down on the discussion of your kinks.*

The truth was, she rather liked the sight of a pregnant woman, and now that Kala had admitted she was such, it had entered her mind how arousing she might look sans the cloak and with a nice fertile belly. It was true, Prav didn't want to carry babies herself, but she often admired the look on other women, and imagined having a partner who could look so full and fertile and beautiful.

"Twins," Kala said, looking down. "I wish . . ."

Prav coughed awkwardly. "But anyway, how good is this deer? Tomorrow, I shall catch you more. Once this wound on my hand is less bitter. Those sharp antlers . . ."

Kala shifted over. "Can I take a look?"

Prav undid the bandages slightly. The wound looked a little worse than she'd prefer it did. It was seeping a bit.

"Infected," Kala said.

"Don't worry, I know how to treat-

"Not as well as I do. Hold still."

Kala retrieved various components from a little pouch around her waist. In it were a number of berries, ointments, and little droppers. She set to work crushing some leaves and then mixing them with an ointment, then places them over Prav's hand. She rubbed the ointment in slowly, making Prav grunt a little from the bitter pain.

"Sorry, but it will sting just a little."

"It's fine," Prav said. Sure enough, the stinging went away. She looked up at Kala, and saw that in her rush a few curly black hairs had escaped from her cowl. They were shockingly beautiful. Not particularly long - perhaps long enough to form a natural bob were the rest of her hair released - but with a shiny vibrancy to them. She didn't tell Kala at first, instead allowing the other woman to rub in the ointment. It was a surprisingly intimate act as she massaged it in, then covered it over with fresh bandages.

"There," she said, drawing back. She was trying not to smile too much, it was obvious. "Now you will heal properly by tomorrow."

"You may not be one for survival in the wild, but you know your healing, Kala."

The other woman shrugged. "I am a woman of many hidden talents. We're not all ascetics, you know."

Prav just chuckled. "Well, that's good to hear! I'll owe you quite a deer tomorrow, then."

"Good, because I reckon I'll be hungry enough to eat a whole one. Gods know how I'll be when my Bearer form begins to . . ."



She paused, immediately realised her hair was coming out of her cowl, and gave a cute 'eep!'

"I've said too much!" she said. "I should be going to be anyway, ha ha! Long day tomorrow! Thanks again, Prav. You are a great escort. I mean, not escort in *that* way. You know what I mean."

She moved quickly to her tent, almost diving into it, leaving Prav amused and confused all at once.

*Well, a Bearer form then? Interesting. I'll see what more I can discover.*

She flexed her hand, feeling just a little bit of guilty. It was already feeling better, the pain numbed, and some kind of magic working life back into the cut.

*It seems she has hidden talents too. Not nearly as naive as I thought. Good on you, acolyte girl.*

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Prav woke to madness. The wind was whipping all about, and storm and thunder was hurling down upon them. Even through the white fabric of her tent, she could see bright hues of orange and blue and red and violet streaking all around in strange colours. Someone was shrieking, and it took her a moment to realise it was most definitely Kala.

*Shit, a magic storm. Just my luck! I haven't encountered one of these since I was five years old, and that was the end of Uncle Corter!*

She leapt into action, knowing that time was of the essence. Alien warbles and odd whistling whipped through and around the tent, accompanied by what sounded like strange musical instruments all playing out of order. She quickly got on the clothes she needed and shoved the rest of her belongings into her pack, then fled from the tent. To her horror, the storm was right over them. It must have manifested almost immediately over them from some kind of rift; even a deep sleeper (which Prav wasn't) wouldn't be caught so unawares.

"Kala!" she cried. "Come to me! We need to get the mules . . ."

But the mules were gone. They had snapped their tethers in fear, or perhaps the magical storm had unwound them. Their tracks went up the rocky path, so at least they had fled in the right direction. Still, it was a disaster. Prav grimaced and ran to Kala's tent, opening the flap. She extended a hand to Kala, who had tears in her eyes. She didn't have her hood on, and it was the first time Prav had seen her hair. She looked shockingly beautiful, her curly black bob looking elegant and adorable and quite striking even among the chaos of the purple sky and violet winds and blue mists.

"Kala, it's okay! Come with me. It's a magical storm, the tent won't keep us safe. We need to outrange it before we turn into a frog like my Uncle."

"I'm scared!" Kala cried.

"Me too! It's a good response. But let's be scared and smart and safe together, okay?"

Kala nodded, and Prav was impressed with how quickly she composed herself. She took Prav's hand and fled the tent, only to stop.

"What is it?"

"My hood! I need my-"

The tent was ripped up by a localised wind and erupted into a shower of green and pink flames. It spiralled like a midair tumbleweed before eclipsing into what appeared to be a miniature sphere of annihilation.

"I think it might be too late for that," Prav said.

"But it represents my devotion! It covers my-"

"No time for shame now! Be devoted enough to escape! Come on!"

She pulled Kala along, trying to herd her to safety in the woodlands. Kala was clearly distraught about the loss of her hood, but Prav had bigger concerns.

*Need to get out of the centre. Need to get to the edges where the chaos is thinner.*

"Prav, please don't tell me that's what I think it is!"

Prav looked up, and indeed saw it. It was bright and luminescent and *huge*, far bigger than it had any earthly right to be, as if it were about to crash into the material plane and render it asunder. It was also ethereally beautiful, its white surface sparkling with violet streaks of magic conjuring it forth.

"Yeah, I'd say that's the moon alright!" she yelled over the commotion. "Don't worry, it's not real. Well, it *is* real, but it's a moon from another dimension. Or from the future. Or magnified from some event. It won't hurt us."

"B-but it's the full moon, right?"

"Right, and -"

She didn't even get a chance to finish that sentence, because the tree they were hiding under exploded into a series of bubbles and snakes, the former of which whipped about in the wind before popping into fireworks, while the latter slithered about, conjoining and melding to form an enormous monster snake that Prav definitely had no intention of fighting whatsoever. She grabbed Kala's hand and yanked the woman further away. Their mules were gone, their packs were gone, and the only thing left was to try and run and get outside the barriers of the magical storm; that was the surest form of safety. It was blowing towards them, from the north, the direction they needed to go, so she headed further into it; all the faster to get it to blow past them. But still Kala couldn't stop looking at that full moon, causing Prav to have to pull her away from strange twisting tree branches and warping gravitational effects.

“Focus, Kala!” she cried. “I need you to listen to me! Run with me and do what I say, alright?”

Kala looked at her as they shifted forward. Her expression was full of fear.

“Please! I can’t die here! The village won’t survive if I don’t - I’m the Bearer, and if I’m not there to produce-”

She halted, both from running out of breath, the strange void of silence they entered through briefly, and perhaps her own secrecy. Even in the midst of the chaos, Prav had to crease her brow.

*Produce something? Interesting.*

But then she saw the fear in the woman’s eyes, and the tears stirring in the corners of them. Prav was no softie, you couldn’t be an effective merc if you couldn’t surround your heart with stone when needed, but that didn’t mean she was without sympathy. Kala was, as far as she could tell, a good person who just happened to be an acolyte for a weird group of exclusive weirdos. She put her hand on her shoulder.

“It’s going to be okay, alright? I’ll get you out of here. It’s what your Sisterhood hired me for! Now just run through this snow patch with me and ignore the lava veins on either side. It’s just a part of the storm, but it’s very real while it lasts. Keep step with me, and we’ll make it. Think you can do that?”

“I think - NGH!!”

She doubled over, clutching her gut. Kala stared up at the full moon again and shuddered.

“N-no! It can’t be! It wasn’t m-meant to happen - NGH!!!”

*What the hell is wrong with her?*

Perhaps magic was indeed wrapped up in this, because Kala was gasping and running her hands down her heavy cloak. Prav had no time to deal with this though, so she did something rather foolhardy and necessary: she grabbed Kala and lifted her up in her muscular arms. Kala appeared shocked, though thankful, as sweat ran down her forehead.

“Th-thank you! Wow, you’re - ohhhh - really strong!”

“Ngh! Not that strong, and no offence, you’re h-heavier than I thought you were.”

Kala moaned, shuddering as she bent in Prav’s arms. “Oh Gods, that’s n-not a good sign! I’m not m-meant to be - ahhhh!!”

Prav ran, or at least moved to a light jog. The storm’s edge was near; already the magical blights and strange effects were starting to lessen, except for the annoying wild goat that was screaming “HERESY! COME HERE MY HERESY, FOOLS!” at them over and again. It would have been funny if it wasn’t also breathing fire every time it did it.

*I really, really, really hate magic storms. And this is only my second one.*

Even as she moved, her arms were getting incredibly tired. Prav was tall and lithe, with strong supple muscle befitting a woman of guile and agility rather than a brute. It meant she could easily lift even a heavier person, but not for a long haul. And for reasons she could not understand other than her cloak was made of incredibly heavy material, Kala was much weightier than she had assumed. The woman continued to groan and mumble and grumble almost incoherently in her arms, and by the time she reached a safe edge Prav all but collapsed against the treeline. The edges of the storm were angry violent swirls, touched with frost and fire, but they were passing further south and growing weaker and further. Apart from some lively sprites dancing in the air around them, lingering just a little after the storm, the weirdness had passed, and the danger most certainly. Prav had barely managed to put Kala down gently before she rolled onto her back, panting heavily.

“That - was - something - else,” she managed, heaving great breaths.

Kala was silent, though she could hear her grunting and breathing quickly also.

“Hey, acolyte? Kala? Are you okay?”

“I - uhhh - something’s wrong! The full moon, it wasn’t meant to happen like that. I was meant to have more weeks to p-prepare! It’s - ohhhh, Gods - it’s starting t-too early!”

Prav managed to pull herself up. The sound of the storm was lessening as it travelled, and while she still needed to get their bearings and find the damn mules if she could, at least she could figure out what the hell was wrong with Kala now. She shifted over to her charge, only to halt and go wide-eyed and slack-jawed at the sight that now presented itself. Kala was hugging her form, the smaller woman clenching her eyes tightly in response to the pains or discomfort. The source of them was as obvious as it was impossible and unbelievable: against her heavy cloak was a round bump, one she could not have possibly concealed before. She looked to be about four months pregnant, and the heft of her bosom against her cloak was also more obvious, despite there being little sign of such before. More than that, these things were obvious because Kala was quite literally bigger. Even just looking at her Prav could tell that her height had increased by a few inches, going from her meagre 5’4 to perhaps 5’6 or even 5’7. This was accompanied by hair growth; her bob now fell almost to her shoulders, looking more radiant than ever.

“What the fuck?” she said.

“That’s p-poor language,” Kala said, smirking just for a moment before groaning. Before Prav’s very eyes, her belly expanded out another half-inch, and her height as much too. “Especially in front of a B-Bearer.”

It was at that moment she passed out, leaving Prav to ponder just what on earth was going on.

*Okay, I definitely need to know what weird shit is going on now.*

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Kala came to about four hours later. Prav had had time to examine her, even daring to lift part of her cloak to see the woman's belly. When Kala stirred she immediately withdrew, but the domed flesh she had seen and briefly felt certainly *looked* real. She didn't want to admit it to herself, but Kala really did look rather cute knocked up like that. She knew it was just her own particular curiosities affecting the situation, but the woman genuinely did seem to be glowing with her magical pregnancy, even while snoring unconscious. Still, there was a camp to set up; they both needed food, and time to plan, and to get their mules back. And to find direction as well.

"I'm a-awake," Kala muttered.

"Ah, finally," Prav said. "And just as the stew has come to a good boil. Lamb rations and some rabbits I caught. Don't worry, I didn't range far."

"Thank the Gods," Kala groaned, "I'm so starving I could - oh. Oh."

"Oh is right," Prav quipped, pointing at Kala's belly with her stirring spoon. "I was hoping we could talk about that."

"It's an-"

"Exclusive thing. But now it affects the mission. I need to know what's happening. Kala, you can trust me."

*Well, not really. I could make some mighty coin off of this. But you can trust me to get the job done unless things get really fucking weird.*

For extra emphasis, she placed her hand on Kala's and summoned her most kindly expression. It wasn't hard to do; the poor acolyte really did look quite vulnerable, and Prav was always annoyed that she couldn't quite eliminate a bit of an empathetic side from herself entirely.

"Okay," she said. "I'll tell you. Once I've had some food. I'm starving."

"With a belly that big, I can imagine."

Kala gave a wan smirk and rubbed her mound softly, her expression disbelieving. "Y-yes. You are not wrong, Prav."

They ate, and Prav struggled not to look at her. The heavy cloak still covered a lot of Kala, but with her hair free and her overall stature larger, it could only do so much. The acolyte was ravenous, consuming twice as much as Prav did, and Prav herself was quite famished. When she was done, she set the bowl aside. It was one of the only bits of Prav's kit that she had brought along from the storm.

"I am the Bearer," Kala said. "It is a great honour, but also . . . a great burden. The Sisterhood of the Founding Fruit follow various prophecies and omens to determine where important civilisations will rise or are in danger of falling. When they determine that a new

city or town must be founded immediately in order to avert a future catastrophe - such as forming a bulwark against an invading army or trade link that will bring great wealth at a critical juncture - then they use their connections to help populate the area. But that is sometimes not enough. Sometimes a population increase is needed on a large scale in a short time in order to meet the future potential. That is when a Bearer is called upon, and Sisters brought forth to speak to the people of the founding site. Those that desire children are sourced and their very essence magically sampled. The essences are brought upon and, through a very secret arcane rite, they are placed into the Bearer in the holy place in our city temple. From there, the Bearer must make their way to the location before the full moon. When the full moon rises over them, they go through a significant change.”

“They become pregnant,” Prav said, listening intently and putting two and two together.

“Very pregnant,” Kala said, not meeting her eyes. “More pregnant than you can imagine. And bigger, in order to cope with the pregnancy. Taller.”

“Like, six feet tall?”

“Perhaps twenty.”

Prav’s jaw fell. “That’s . . . you’re yanking my chain.”

But Kala was incredibly serious. She looked down at her rounded belly. “It is rare, and always a sign of things going wrong. I will certainly be quite tall indeed, but the change will continue until I am able to give birth. But I can only birth at the site of the Founding, so that those who have requested children there may have them. I . . . I am set to birth many. Quite many.”

“How many?”

Kala blushed. “Over two dozen. Perhaps three.”

Prav blinked, paused, blinked again. “This is one whacko religious group you follow.”

But that was the wrong thing to say. Kala stood - albeit a little awkwardly. “Don’t insult them! It is a mighty calling, and one I was proud to answer! I volunteered, though I was incredibly nervous. I’m still nervous, and scared, and - and - nnggh!!”

She clutched her mound as it absorbed what she had eaten. Right before Prav’s eyes, the changes continued again. Kala grunted and groaned as she took on a couple more inches in height *and* breadth. She gritted her teeth, cloak drawing tight as she expanded. Even her bosom seemed larger, no longer flat-chested though not massively endowed either. Her hair grew also, now certainly reaching her shoulders.

“OHhhhhhhh, it’s t-toooo m-much! Ahhhhh!!

Prav blushed. *Is she - is she enjoying this? She almost sounds like she’s moaning in pleasure. Gods, why is that so fucking hot?*

“Kala, is there anything I can do?”

“Ngh - nothing! If you could g-give me more of the s-strew! It’s sapping all I’ve eaten! Ahhh - ah - ah - yes!”

*By the Gods, she is totally getting off on this. By the Black Mountain, she’s getting tall as well. And round.*

“I c-can’t stop it!” Kala moaned as she took the ladle from the shocked Prav and consumed yet more of the stew, devouring it earnestly until it was practically empty. “N-need to g-grow! It’s - ahh - too early though! MMHHM!”

Something gave way in her cloak, a seam or thread. Then another, followed by yet another. Prav couldn’t even give Kala the dignity of looking away, she was so fascinated. So it was that as Kala grew to be literally six feet tall and now perhaps six or seven months pregnant around her midsection, the clothing she was wearing was not nearly enough to contain her. Her cloak parted a little at the front to reveal the underside of her brown belly. The collar ripped open too, as Kala was also growing in size overall - not just in height but in breadth - exposing what had to be fresh cleavage. There was no way Kala was so . . . ample, before.

*She’s growing a not bad set of tits either. By the Gods, this is the weirdest job I’ve ever had. And yet not all bad to the sight either!*

Kala fell to panting as the changes stopped. She was now, impossibly, taller than Prav, and at 5’9 Prav was fairly tall for a woman. But Kala now had to be 6’2 or so, and while her cloak was quite long it no longer fell near her ankles but went slightly above her knees.

“Founding Fruit, give me strength,” she muttered, collapsing against the trunk of a nearby tree. “I can f-feel them within me. S-so many.” She took another few breaths. “Do you b-believe me now?”

“Oh, yes,” Prav said, fixated on her charge’s strange changes, and also her incredible beauty. “Definitely.”

“G-good. Because now we’re on a timer. I need to get to Lamien in double time. Triple. Or else we’re going to be d-dealing with a lot of babies. Oof! They’re k-kicking. A lot of them!”

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They did indeed do double time, though triple was too tall an order for now. Not that *something* wasn’t getting tall also. Well, *someone*, to be precise. Prav was still astonished at the truth of what the ‘Bearer’ role actually meant, and while Kala had known all along, even she seemed astonished to find herself at six feet of height. Well, make that seven feet. Seven and a half, really. With each meal and each day of travel, she seemed to be shooting upwards, becoming ever more noticeable, her figure ever larger. Just as Prav had noticed

after the first visible expansion, the pregnant acolyte was not just growing vertically like a tall person; she was *literally* becoming a giantess, a woman whose entire form was growing in size.

"It's to account for my, well, my pregnant belly," she said, looking uncertainly down on her now six-month looking mound.

"You can't possibly tell me you're so far along already," Prav responded, eyeing it, even with magic."

Despite her dark features, it was obvious from Kala's expression that she was blushing. She looked away, bit her lip, and spoke in a squeaky, embarrassed voice.

"I'm not. I think I'm probably only the equivalent of eight weeks along, perhaps less."

*No.*

"No," Prav said aloud, giving voice to her thoughts. "There's no possible . . . how!?"

Kala rubbed her stomach, which pushed outwardly against her thick cloak. "As I said, I am likely carrying two to three dozen children, if not more. The Sisterhood cannot even tell me, because multiples to the same birth couple are likely. Moreover, there were many who were eager. You see, Lathen requires such a population boost precisely because there was a plague there a few years ago which has caused fertility issues."

"By the Black Mountain. And you have to give birth to them all? I can't imagine the pain."

Kala began to look even more embarrassed. They were walking the northern route, tracking the path of their mules while also heading roughly towards the direction of their destination. The poor woman now had to duck to avoid the low hanging branches hitting her in the face. Prav felt it looked rather cute.

"Um, there is no pain, actually. In fact, the Sisters have assured me that though the process will no doubt be uncomfortable and strange, it will also be, ahem, deeply pleasurable. In that way, I mean."

Prav was drinking from her waterskin at that point, so when she spat half of it out and began gasping, it was pretty understandable.

"Now you're definitely yanking my chain!"

"This is just what the Sisters told me! I don't know much of it myself. I have always been secured away in their service, so I have never known the touch of . . ."

She faltered off.

*Very interesting*, thought Prav. She smirked to herself. She was learning more and more of this Bearer role and this secretive Sisterhood. No doubt some gossip hound or book writer would pay dearly to get the information for this after the job. Prav decided to do some delving.



“But you’ve known the pleasure part, right? You’ve experimented . . .”

“With myself? N-no! I would be forbidden.”

“Then with another Sister-”

“I - there was one, but I didn’t let it get that far.”

Prav chuckled. “The world you have missed out on, Kala. Gods, the things I could teach you and show you. You’d know bliss you hadn’t . . .”

She petered off.

“Sorry, that was a bit much.”

Kala swallowed. “No, it’s okay. I understand the outside world is different. I just . . . it’s a bit embarrassing to admit, that’s all. And now that I’m changing, I know that I will not find such tenderness ever. I accept that.”

Prav stopped walking. The mules had turned further west anyway. “Wait a moment, stop right there. So you’re going to turn into a giant, pregnant, er, *giant*, but you don’t revert back?”

Kala shook her head, leaving her longer curls of hair to shift about. She’d tried to use other articles of clothing she’d managed to take with her as replacement hoods, but they didn’t work, and with her growing stature and Prav’s casual company she was obviously feeling a bit more daring.

“No, it is a great sacrifice. Besides, I will likely Bear more than once in the years to come, to ensure the village grows. I can even help establish a new Temple of the Founding Fruit and serve as one of its Anointed Ones, provided my body is up to the task.”

“Jeez, they’ve asked a lot of you.”

“I am giving a village its children, ones they cannot have themselves. It is a great honour and a great good I am doing.”

Prav sighed. *Damn, I actually feel sorry for this woman. This . . . increasingly tall and pregnant woman. The poor thing hasn’t even had sex before and she’s going to give birth to a village worth of babies. Talk about a bad roll of the dice.*

“Well, I can’t argue with that,” she said. “You know, when I first met you, I thought you were a shy, fragile little thing, Kala. You’re tougher than you look, and not just because you’ve got two feet of height on me now.”

Kala smirked down at her. “It’s a bit strange, being so tall. I’m used to being the small, ignored one. I . . . don’t know how I’ll go being the centre of attention.”

“Well, I’ll just have to acclimate you to being the centre of attention then,” Prav said, before slapping the other woman rather daringly on the backside. “C’mon, hurry up! You’ve got much longer legs now, so let’s keep up the speed.”

“You know, I am very pregnant! And please don’t slap me on my buttocks!”

“I didn’t slap you on the buttocks, Kala. Where I come from, that’s called a slap on the ass. And it’s a nice gesture. I know that, because you’re trying not to smile right now.”

“I - I am not!”

“C’mon, acolyte.”

They continued on, ascending ever higher up the forest slopes, an increasingly unusual pair.

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“Ngh! Ohhh, Gods, it’s another g-growth spurt!”

Prav looked up from her morning bowl of stew. She’d done a good hunt that morning and let Kala sleep in; the poor woman was increasingly pregnant and definitely feeling it. But now she had eaten a massive fill and then some. Prav had even given up part of her own dish, which was entirely uncharacteristic of her and showed how much she at least had come to like Kala). The end result was almost immediately after consuming it down Kala had begun to writhe and groan, and now no force in the world could keep her robe together. It was already ludicrously tight against her, coming up to her thighs at the hem and barely containing her expanding bosom. But now she squirmed, grunting and groaning and rubbing her thighs together in a reluctant - and humiliatingly powerful - ecstasy, all while her body expanded. Prav stared, and once more the fascination came over her, one that was warm in her loins.

*Oh. Wow. Okay. I always knew that I liked pregnant women. I always knew that I liked tall, strong women. And big busts. Who doesn’t? But this . . . this may have woken something up inside me. Shit. But also . . . nice.*

It was a funny feeling, but then given how much Kala was clearly struggling not to enjoy the experience herself (her hands kept wandering to her bosom or between her thighs before she stopped herself, much to Prav’s disappointment and probably her own), perhaps it wasn’t that ridiculous. Still, she grew, and this time her breasts were the clear winners along with her belly. Her mounds bulged forth, tearing her clothing asunder. Kala actually shrieked, falling back against a tall tree and trying to hide in the recesses of the shadow and failing miserably. Her cloak and underrobe were broken along the back, split utterly, and any underwear she might have been wearing had also torn to shreds as well.

“Ohhhhh! I didn’t mean - ahhh! MMHM! PRAV, IT FEELS TOO GOOOOOD!  
YESSS!!”

She managed to stand, holding her enormous belly even as it tightened and grew, tightened and grew. Her breasts bulged, and Prav could see her front now in its full nakedness, her enormous nipples now full and dark, distending as if wishing to gush forth

life-giving milk. Her round stomach was a full, taut dome, large enough now that it could almost house an adolescent, or perhaps exactly that large. Her dark skin was flawless, without even a single stretch mark, and there was the hint of her womanhood and bush beneath the curve of her delightful belly, easily seen because of her greater height. Kala threw back her head, her lengthening hair flipping about, as she let loose a ragged cry of bliss. She groped one of her breasts without meaning to, trembling at the obvious sensitivity.

"Wow," Prav said, as the other woman slowly calmed down, sliding against the tree trunk to sit almost naked on the leaves below. Her bosom trembles, her belly shifted slightly; movement? Perhaps simply more growth.

"I'm - oh Gods - I'm sorry," Kala managed, furiously embarrassed.

But Prav's mind was the furthest thing from the subject of embarrassment. She couldn't stop looking at this woman who now had to be over eight feet tall and heavily pregnant and - and - and . . .

"You're so beautiful," Prav said out loud, before she could stop herself.

Kala heard, because she snapped her head in Prav's direction. Thankfully, she was quickly distracted by the sensations of the last few moments of growth.

"Euuughh . . . ahhhh . . . mmhmmm."

She settled, but it was clear that something would need to be done about the poor, increasingly large woman. Clothing, for one.

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Kala and Prav argued about it for nearly half an hour before a compromise was made. The nearby farmhouse indeed had large sheets that were used for bedding, and they would be the perfect temporary clothing until the mules could be recovered. As far as Prav was concerned, that was the end of that, but Kala had 'moral objections' and 'behavioural concerns' and so in the end Prav had agreed to leave some of her coin (*my coin, damn it!*) as payment to the farmers they stole from, left in some visible place with a small apology note. Prav would *never* have agreed to such before, but something about Kala's situation, her own kind yet unexpectedly determined nature, and Prav's own softening towards her had led to the decision.

In the end, it worked out for all parties. The farmers got more money than the sheets were certainly worth, and Kala got to cover up. Not that Prav minded seeing the gorgeous giantess naked now that she was over eight feet tall and positively *glowing* with life, but it was the hinterlands, and the weather could get quite cold. Besides, who would really want to be so exposed, even on such an untraveled road? She wore the sheets like a sort of jury-rigged toga, but her curves were clearly quite outlined, something which made her

further embarrassed when she grew into the sheet over the next day, by which point she was over nine feet tall and looking seven months or more pregnant besides. Her belly had a magnificent swell to it that Prav couldn't stop gazing at, and her legs were divine.

*Gods, what a strange job this is. But such alluring sights. I could make good coin off of describing this to the right smutty dwarven printing press. The Great Watcher already knows I had such wonderful dreams last night. Those long legs traversing the continent like shapely tree trunks, mhm . . .*

She was snapped out of her distracted reverie by Kala asking something. Her voice boomed a little more now, and while the woman still held much of the impression of a dainty, shy acolyte, her increasing size and large belly and chest was starting to give her the authority of a goddess, at least in Prav's eyes.

"S-sorry Kala, I was distracted. Nearly back to these mules. You were saying something?"

"I was talking about yesterday. When I changed again. Got bigger. You said something. You said I was 'so beautiful.'"

Prav had to look away - pretty easy when the other person is looking down on the top of your head. They can't always see your expression easily.

"I'm sure you were just hearing things, girl."

"Hey! Don't give me that 'girl' stuff! You always go back to talking to me like that when things get awkward between us."

"There's no 'us', acolyte. I'm just your escort, remember? On a job that's gone blundering wrong, at that."

Kala stopped walking. It was easy to tell, because her footsteps thumped the ground quite audibly now. Prav had to halt and, rather embarrassingly, look *up* at her formerly diminutive charge. Kala had her hands on her hips, leaning back a little to compensate for her boulder of a belly. Prav could have sworn she could see small ripples of movements within it; from the wincing the acolyte showed in response to it, she was likely right. Still, her changes were greatly evident: her breasts were now full and ripe, easily the size of Prav's own head (*Gods, what pillows*), and her hips had widened even in proportion to her growing figure. Her hair had stopped growing rapidly for now, but hung in curly curtains down over her back to the bottom of her shoulder blades. Once again, Prav was taken aback.

Kala's expression softened. "I know what you said, Prav. And if I can be so forward, I see it in your expression right now. You said it, didn't you? You said I was beautiful."

Prav scoffed lightly. "Look, I may have said it. I may have even meant it. It was a way of cheering you up, and it's not half wrong. You *do* look very beautiful, even growing into a literal giant as you are, and one pregnant with so many babies. Just think of it as a genuine compliment from someone who doesn't give them very often, Kala. Nothing more."

*That's all it was, she lied to herself. Just a little compliment uttered more out loud than intended. Nothing deeper.*

Kala nodded. She released the tension in her shoulders, which had the effect of making her round breasts wobble in her bedsheet toga. Her large nipples were quite obvious against the fabric.

“Okay, well, if that’s all you’re going to say, I understand Prav.” She paused, as if on the cliff edge of making a decision, held back by her natural shyness. She looked away briefly, then spoke in a quiet tone (quiet for a giantess, at least). “And for what it’s worth, I think you are quite beautiful too.”

And with that she strode forth, easily surpassing Prav’s gait, leaving the mercenary shocked and not knowing what to think. She ran a single finger down the scar over her eye.

*I've been called many things, but never beautiful before. Huh.*

It made her stomach feel warm and gooey. She loved it. She hated it.

*What is wrong with me?*

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They found the mules right at the point that they were practically unnecessary. Prav had had the wonderful pleasure of seeing Kala grow several more times over that period, and the changes appeared to be accelerating. It made both women concerned - after all, Kala had hoped not to grow *too* big if everything went to plan, but now she could only stop once she actually reached Lathen which was still days away - but at the same time, there was an excitement in the air when the growth occurred.

For one, Kala had stopped fighting the bliss of the change, and even started to revel in it a little. She did so privately at first. When she felt the churn of growth begin, she bounded off into the forest, and Prav sampled the sight of her prodigious backside tight against her bedsheet as she retreated. Seconds later she could hear the echo of the woman’s moans as her pregnant belly surged forth and her overall size increased. Her breasts continued to grow, something which embarrassed Kala, but Prav had it on good authority that they were obviously quite sensitive, because using her skills in stealth she did indeed spy on the growing acolyte and saw something amusingly appropriate: Kala had finally given in to her natural womanly urges and began to feel herself.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned on the morning they found the mules. “Y-yessss, like that. Mhmmm. T-touch me.”

She had her eyes closed, and was grasping her breasts, having removed her bedsheet so as not to tear it during the change. Her body seemed to groan audibly as it expanded, muscles and tissue and bone all expanding. Her tits - for they were not *tits* in

Prav's eyes, not simply breasts or boobs - bloated outwards, increasing in deliciously soft mass so that they were enormous even on the woman's immense frame. They were the kind of tits that Prav would have gotten on her knees and worshipped if she had spotted them as a brothel she'd visited or on an easygoing tavern wench. They were fully the size of Kala's *own* head now, and as she felt them up, Prav was astonished to see that small streams of milk (probably half-litres by an ordinary person's standard) were leaking from them onto her enormous belly. Said belly could easily contain an adult human by now, and it was obviously shifting with the numerous life within it. Kala groaned in unbridled pleasure, squeezing her large nipples and letting the milk free, and then lowering her hand between her thighs.

Prav did the same, biting her lip.

*What the fuck am I doing? This is wrong.*

She retreated, feeling immensely guilty. Kala was a good person. Someone going through something strange and weird and . . . and wonderful. And she didn't deserve having some cynical merc spying on her, especially given that the miracles of self-pleasure were so new to her. Instead she left, trying to calm herself down, and happened upon the trail of the mules again. Both were not far off the trail, happily eating away at apples from a nearby native tree.

"Well, two miracles in one morning," Prav said, amused.

By the time she led them back, Kala was dressed again, though now her bed sheet could barely contain her. She was over ten feet in height, perhaps eleven; almost literally *double* Prav's own, not unimpressive height. Of course, a great deal of growth was now in her stomach. Her stride was immense, but soon it would be likely that it would slow down considerably, given how much life was rapidly developing within.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, rubbing her stomach like she was always meant to be a mother. "S-so many. I can f-feel them, Prav. So much life. It's . . . you were right. It's beautiful."

Prav blushed a little. She didn't like being reminded of those words. But she also did. It was confusing as hell. "Well, it seems you're adapting to giant motherhood well. Seems they chose you well as the bearer."

"And the Sisters chose you well as my escort, Prav. I couldn't have made it so far after a magical storm triggering this early without you. Oh, and you found our mules! By the Gods, they're so small! I couldn't remotely ride one now!"

Prav laughed. "Yes, I'm afraid it's walking for you. At least you're giant, so your steps are longer."

Kala chuckled. "Not that I can see my feet anymore. How do regular women stand it?"

"No idea, never been pregnant myself. Always admired it in other women though."

*Why the fuck did you just say that, Prav? What is wrong with you?*

To her surprise, Kala gave a grin that could be described as uncharacteristically mischievous.

“Is that so?” she asked, still smiling. She rubbed her belly for emphasis. “Including this one, Prav? I’ve seen you looking. Did you want to tie up our mules and feel?”

Prav hesitated. “I suppose I could-”

“Great! I’ll see if you can feel all these babies kicking. But first I need to retrieve something.”

She stood to her immense height, strode over to a very intimidated mule (thankfully Kala’s kind manner won out over the initially frightened beast), and retrieved a large package the Sisters had placed there.

“I’ll be back in a moment. *This* is what I needed. Gods, I hope it fits.”

She retreated behind the treeline for a few minutes, leaving Prav to twiddle her thumbs. When she returned, audible from her stomping steps, Prav’s jaw actually fell and she gasped loudly.

“Holy hells,” she breathed. “Kala, you look . . . magnificent.”

“Do I?” Kala said, twirling a little like a noble girl at her first palace dance, “I think it fits much better than a bedsheet.”

Apart from the freak magical storm, the Sisters of the Forbidden Fruit had certainly thought of everything. Kala was wearing what appeared to be a gorgeous vestment of a priestess, one that was dark blue in colour with a golden trim. It pulled tight around the swell of her belly, though the material looked quite elastic, and it had an impressively low neckline that showed a great deal of dark cavernous cleavage. Interestingly, Kala had not done up the ties to cover this. A slit on each side of the dress allowed for her legs to be shown. All in all, it was more revealing than Prav would have expected, though some of that was Kala’s own choice on how to wear it.

*This is the most fucking arousing sight I have ever seen by the Gods by the Gods by the Gods by the Gods.*

Kala giggled. “You’re star struck!”

“No! I’m just . . . I didn’t expect it to be so revealing! Was there not a hood? Don’t your Sisters go big on hoods and cowls?”

Kala giggled again. “I, uh, decided to ditch it. It was lost in the storm, I decided. I’ve come to rather like my hair. It’s grown again, see?”

It was now to her waist, and utterly lush. Prav agreed with the assessment.

“Well, I’m glad of it. I mean, I’m glad you’re glad, Kala. You look much more, er, comfortable.”

"I feel it. More revealing than what I'm used to. But thanks to you and your advice Prav, I'm starting to feel a bit more daring with how I put myself across to the world. Another thing to thank you for. Now let me repay you by letting you feel my belly. Come on, I know you want to."

She thundered forward before Prav could put up a fake objection. She carefully found a good space to lay on the grassy ground near the road, and then lowered herself a little awkwardly.

"Oof! S-so pregnant. Mhmm, but it feels nice, actually. I was nervous about being a Bearer, but now . . . feel."

She reached out and practically *scooped* Prav over. Prav actually squeaked a little, embarrassed, as she was placed right up near Kala's enormous breasts and the upper curve of her belly.

"I, uh, see the belly isn't the only thing that's grown."

Kala had a sheepish expression, as did Prav.

"I'm now used to being so . . . forward. And not just in my belly. I knew I'd be making milk to feed all these babies, but it's ridiculous! And they're always bouncing! Gods, I look like a cow."

"Nonsense. You look like the kind of tavern wench I'd go for."

Kala smiled. "I'll choose to take that as a compliment. In fact, I rather like it. I trust your tastes after all, Prav. Now feel."

A moment of terrific intimacy followed as Prav extended her hand and felt over the smooth surface of Kala's stomach. The tension increased even further as the giantess moaned softly, shifting in position a little to allow Prav greater access.

"Wow," Prav said. "Yeah, okay. Definitely amazing. I won't lie."

"It feels amazing," the other woman moaned. "It's burdensome. Heavy. Awkward. But . . . it feels right. Like this was always meant to be. Does it feel like that to you?"

Prav couldn't help herself from saying it out loud. "It does, Kala. Wow, yeah. It really does."

Her dome was tight, but also softened a little at the touch. Several movements within were detectable, and as her hand hovered upwards Kala spoke.

"Wait, let me shift the dress so you can feel for real."

She did so, undoing the stays and buttons at the front and opening it up in full so that only the wrap around her breasts and her underwear prevented her nakedness. Prav had to swallow. Her heart was beating rapidly.

"Um, Kala . . ."

"Shh, let me be the forward one for once. Just feel. Trust me, it's amazing."



She did indeed feel, her hand upon the woman's soft, taut skin. She felt over her belly button, down to the lower curve of her belly, and then back up again. But then she reached to where the woman's chest loomed, and Prav decided to be daring.

"I could go further," she found herself saying.

Kala paused. As forward as she had been, she was still the shy acolyte at heart. "I won't s-stop you," she murmured.

"I'll only go further if you want."

There was a brief pause, and then: "I want, Prav. Ohhh, I want."

So Prav went further. She ran her hands over the tremendous breasts of the woman, feeling their softness. Kala groaned, and then helped release them from their wrappings. They drooped further, but were unbelievably ripe. Prav let her hands sink into them - they were easily twice the size of her head or larger now - and then leaned forward and placed her mouth over Kala's enormous nipple. She sucked away, nursing from this gorgeous giantess, eliciting whimpers of delight from the woman. Milk expelled in great amounts and Prav swallowed greedily. She began unbuckling her trousers with one hand, feeling herself up and moaning as well.

"D-don't s-stop!" Kala said through clenched eyes. "This is . . . ahhhh . . . I've never felt like this. Please keep going!"

Prav pulled back. "Far from stopping, I'll show you a true woman's pleasure, Kala."

Over the next ten minutes she did so. She kissed the woman on her lips, enveloped by their larger size, and then returned to her tits. But then she lowered past the woman's belly and made Kala adjust so that she was on her back, her boulder of a stomach raised up high. Spreading her legs, Prav was given entrance to her womanhood. They slid back the woman's underwear, and Prav did what she'd been dreaming of for days now: she dived in and began to lick and feel and touch and experiment with this woman. Her entrance was large, and it meant that Prav could stick her whole hand inside Kala, thrusting in and out and causing the other woman to groan tremendously. Her swollen clitoris was easy to find, and Prav took the time to suck upon it, making the acolyte seem positively *sinful* from her groans. The ground trembles as she writhed, drawing closer to climax.

"This is - this is more than anything I've - ohhhh, Prav! You're amazing! I love this! I love - oh Gods, you are so perfect! You're s-so beautiful, Prav! So very beautiful! I thought so as soon as I met you. You're s-so strong and knowledgeable and experienced and - Ohhhhhh! Yesssss, you're amazing! You're - OHHHH YESSSSS!!!"

She exploded into orgasm, and Prav met her only seconds later, using one hand to pleasure herself all the while. Afterwards, she managed to stagger around and collapse against Kala's belly. The woman was already grunting with growth, shuddering as her body

expanded inch by wonderful inch, her bustline blossoming yet further, her belly surging outwards.

“Ohhhhhh, Prav,” she moaned, drawing her inwards with both hands and clutching the smaller woman easily against her prodigious chest. Prav was in heaven as Kala expanded, practically suffocating in her giant bosom and happy to die there. “You’ve m-made made me grow. By the Gods, you’re life energy . . . I can f-feel it. Mhmmm . . . amazing.”

Prav didn’t even know what to say. Instead, she simply relished the comfort of being held by Kala, an unusually submissive position for her. She stroked the woman’s skin and smirked.

“Happy to be of service, my charge,” she said.

And then Kala brought her up for a kiss, and it was one of passion, and perhaps something more too. It was only then that the expansion ended, and Kala relaxed.

Prav didn’t let go.

*Well, this became rather complicated and wonderful real fast.*

The movement of Kala’s many babies within her belly only made that all the more obvious. There seemed to be more of them than before, somehow.

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The journey was almost over, though Kala had certainly grown more than even the Sisterhood would have expected. Thanks to the magical storm triggering early, Kala had grown to thirteen feet tall after that first copulation with Prav. The phrase ‘first copulation’ was important here, because like any repressed acolyte from an exclusive religious order, Kala had taken to sex like a fish to water after her first encounter. It didn’t hurt that pregnancy was making her system go into overdrive, nor that the very experience of growth brought such unbridled bliss that was positively addicting. Once, the prospect of becoming such a giantess had brought very mixed feelings to her. But it was clear to Prav that she was now a different, altogether more confident woman, one who was even taking pride in her literally huge status.

It was also a huge status that was only growing each time they made love. After that initial first experience, Prav had assumed it was a one-off. She had even tried to get all professional again with Kala, distance herself, even remind herself that she planned to make some extra coin off of revealing the Sisterhood’s secrets down the line. But instead, she couldn’t look away from Kala, and Kala couldn’t look away from her, and instead one thing led to another and they had sex yet again. And then again. And then in the mornings as well. The poor mules had to put up with the sound.

So now Kala's growth was caused not just by her meals (poor Prav was doing a lot of hunting, but at least they had the supplies from the mules again), but also by their intimacy, which took on increasing variation as Prav showed her the many ways a woman could be pleased.

"I had n-no idea anyone could f-feel this w-way!" Kala whimpered at once point, all while Prav showed her the finer points of how one's nipples could be stimulated. "I didn't realise I could, ah, c-climax just from - just from - MMHMHM!!"

"Well, now you know," Prav teased. Then she took her own pleasure, sucking on her lover's immense nipples and guzzling down the sweet milk. It was positively addictive. Kala was positively addictive, in all her immensity. She was getting ever bigger, ever more giant, and more than once she had actually dared to tease Prav by picking her up unexpectedly with her much larger arms and pressing her against her belly.

"Stop that!" Prav protested, laughing. "I'll have you know I'm a cynical, dark-hearted mercenary who has, in fact, gotten into some pretty bloody skirmishes."

"Yes, but you're also very cute, if I may say so."

"My Gods, how the worm turns. *You* were the cute one when I first showed up. The small, naive young acolyte who was too small for her own cloak. Not exactly the case now, huh?"

Kala grinned sheepishly, brushing her hair behind her ear. "I feel like I've changed in more than one way, Prav. Physically, that much is obvious. But you've also helped make me much more confident. I feel like a woman, instead of the girl I was."

"You certainly moaned like a woman just before."

Again, that gloriously sheepish grin. Prav hoped she'd never lose it.

*Wait, am I imagining I'll stick around? That's ridiculous. This continual tryst is fun and all that, much more than simply fun in fact. But I'm not staying in Lathen. That would just be . . . preposterous!*

"Well," Kala said, unaware of the battle inside Prav's mind, "I have you to thank for that as well. I can't believe I never experienced such things. I know some Sisters gave in to temptation, but I always thought I should remain chaste."

"Please, remaining chaste while being literally one of the most pregnant beings imaginable is just plain sodding stupid. Far better to have the fun that would have gotten you there in the first place."

At that, Kala pressed her lover against her bosom, and Prav rested her head against the magnificent and massive curve of her breast.

"I agree," she said. "And besides, I know you like the way I grow afterwards. Thirteen feet and counting I'd say."

“Closer to fourteen,” Prav replied. “And yes, I like it very much indeed. I’m no longer embarrassed to admit that.”

“Or that you like my belly?”

“That I have been appalling at hiding. It’s a thing with me. I have no idea why, but I always liked the look and feel of it, even if I never really wanted it for myself.”

“Then I’m happy to carry the burden twice over for you.”

The pair laughed, and Prav just relaxed against Kala, her metaphorical armour around her heart almost entirely doffed. She hadn’t felt like this in a long, long time. Oh, she had savoured pleasure with quite a few women, and had the occasional girlfriend. But she hadn’t experienced such a connection with someone like Kala . . . ever.

*The strange walks that life takes us. I won’t be able to enjoy it forever though. The cynical merc in me will have to return once this mission is done.*

The thought made her frown, and Kala caught it.

“What’s the matter, Prav?”

“Oh, nothing. I don’t want to talk about it right now. Now you better put me down. The mules are going to drive themselves, and it’s best for me to ride one. We don’t all have legs the height of a full person you know.”

“And we don’t all have a giant bloated stomach full of dozens of babies that require such legs. I’m starting to slow down a bit here!”

“Well, you signed on to it,” Prav teased, mounted her mule once more. “So let’s get you to Lathen so you can slim down a bit. Well, slim down for a spell, given that this is your new role. I’m glad you’re enjoying it at least. Sounds like a lifetime commitment.”

“Yes,” Kala said, rubbing her ginormous mound and looking quite content despite the numerous kicks within. “It is.”

*And you look beautiful that way. I’m so damn happy for you, you wonderful fruitcake.*

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When they reached Lathen, Kala had reached a stunning sixteen or so feet in height. She was a true giantess. No, in Prav’s eyes she was a damn *goddess*. A lot of that was Prav’s doing: they’d taken up residence in one another’s arms that very misted morning, a kind of final savouring of one each other before Kala had to complete her responsibilities. Prav had teased at her sensitive folds, using both arms to manipulate Kala’s large and wet womanhood, driving her to ecstasy. She almost imagined herself climbing up within it, though she was not so large . . . yet. Instead she licked the acolyte’s throbbing clitoris all while rubbing and caressing her vulva with her entire hands. It left Kala in unbelievable ecstasy, and Prav looked up at the enormous swell of her belly and at her huge thighs in

wonder. Afterwards, Kala had placed Prav up on her chest as she lay back, and allowed Prav to 'help' alleviate her of her huge milk supply. The mercenary offered no complaints whatsoever; she loved the sweet taste of the milk, and given that Kala was eating up everything she hunted and cooked, lately the milk had quite literally been her main intake. It left her feeling refreshed and full of vitality, with more energy than she'd had in years. Energy that was best used for round two, when the mismatched lovers went at it again.

The end result was the glorious sight of Kala once more grunting and moaning and whimpering in orgasmic bliss, her body expanding to yet greater proportions. Far from being an acolyte, it was easier for Prav to see her as the Bearer now.

*Or as a Goddess*, she thought to herself, drinking in the arousing sight of her lover becoming an ever-larger giantess. Not that Kala thought of herself as such; she was as humble and slightly nervous as ever.

"I'm glad I've come to terms with it, but soon I'll have to meet them all. The people of Lathen, I mean. What will they think of me? I doubt they're expecting a woman who literally looms above the treetops? And this belly - it's getting a little ridiculous! I'm glad we're almost there because I'm just about immobile!"

It was true. While her height had consistently grown, her belly was beginning to outpace it in terms of expansion. She literally couldn't reach her massive arms around her pregnant orb anymore. When she lay down, she had to place herself near trees to have something to haul herself back up with: Prav had to use a rope pulley system crudely put together at one point, with the mules helping drag it. The woman was literally taller than some trees now, and her belly could have contained more than one oxen, it was so impressively round and large. Even if she were to shrink down to the size of a regular pregnant woman, she would have looked overdue with quadruplets or more. When she sweated from overexertion and long travel (she was barefoot too, not that Prav minded those lovely, somehow dainty-yet-huge feet), massive droplets fell.

"Not to mention the actual birth part scares me."

"You said it was pleasurable?" Prav asked, rubbing her lover's stomach under the shade of a particularly tall tree. Kala was sitting cross-legged, her womb so overly-full that it almost made her legs entirely covered. Prav felt pretty damn small against Kala, but something about that was strangely comforting. She'd always tried to be the strong one of any pairing she was a part of. It was a relief to not have to worry about that. Besides, she could still be the tough one. Certainly the provider of food on the table, if any table would actually fit Kala.

"It's meant to be," Kala said. "But it's also so . . . confronting! I have to lay back and give birth to so many babies, and then do it again in the future. I'm so annoyed the storm

activated my magical sigils early, but . . . I'm also glad at least. Otherwise I wouldn't have learned so much from you, and . . . you know, the other things as well."

Prav laughed. "The other things? You can say 'sex', Kala."

"It's more than sex, I think." She paused, lowering a large hand to brush Prav's back. "Do you think so? I believe it is, and I think it's the same for you. There's a connection between us, and don't tell me it's just because I'm some naive religious recluse who doesn't know better. I'm still a grown woman, with a woman's intuition. Tell me you feel the same, Prav."

Prav had not known what to say.

*I do feel a connection. It's the strongest I've ever felt. You are so beautiful, and I love the sound of your voice, and your optimism. It's been a long time since I ever felt this way, and I can still scarcely believe it. By the Gods, why am I waiting so long to speak?*

"I feel something, Kala," she decided upon replying with, "but we can't talk like this. Not with Lathen just over the next hill. We need to get you where you're needed. Things can't last forever."

The Bearer was obviously disappointed, but agreed. They made their way over the final leg of the journey, and it was indeed the longest leg at that. As if her body recognised that birth was so very close, her expansion began to speed up, and the poor overburdened woman groaned in combined frustration, discomfort, and no doubt a lot of impossible-to-stop pleasure as her breasts and belly grew. Rivulets of milk dripped through her priestly garment while her belly began to stretch even its loose confines, revealing more of her dark and lovely legs. Her womb was massive, and Prav had to keep encouraging her to thunder forward, even as her height shot up another two feet across the day, reaching nearly eighteen feet in total. She was the most gravid individual Prav had ever seen, and even her particular kinks were overridden by concern for poor Kala, who was sweating and grunting with each step. Her belly now hung down to cover parts of her thighs, and was wide enough that it formed a deeply rounded shape, bloating at the sides with gallons of amniotic fluid.

"J-just one m-more h-hill," she moaned, hair growing down further until it reached the top of her thighs. "I can d-do it."

"Yes, you can!" Prav shouted. "You're so close!"

Indeed, the village loomed into view just at that moment. It wasn't particularly large, nor tiny either, possibly having two or three hundred inhabitants at the very most. It was located at the base of a mountain from which flowed a number of clear rivers, and a large lake was on its west to provide fishing space and further water access. Oxen, sheep, and numerous other creatures, livestock, and agricultural plantations all populated the space. If this was to be a major city in the future, it had a long way to go, but it was ideally situated.

"We're here!" Prav declared.

Several villagers who were on carts or travelling on foot saw the looming woman on the horizon and looked about to scream. Prav took point, moving ahead and spreading the word that there was nothing to worry about, the promised Bearer was here to bring fortune and prosperity to the village; the babies were not far from arriving. Thankfully, the Elder's Council were quick to take action, and as Kala managed to stumble forward, waddling on her last steps, she was directed to the outskirts of the village where a large place had been made for her, including a huge shaded area and the start of a large cabin that could contain her. For now, it was enough; she collapsed slowly but surely, breathing heavily and panting again and again, nearly naked from how much she was stretching her clothes.

"You did it," Prav whispered in her rather large ear. She stroked it lovingly. "I'm proud of you, Kala."

"I'm p-proud of me too. Gods, they thought I was a giant come to destroy them, didn't they?"

"Oh, they just don't know the real you. You're all butterflies and butterscotch. I think a few a scandalised, but they'll get over it. You're their baby delivery service, after all."

Kala grunted amusement, then clenched her teeth for a moment. "Mhmm, s-so many, still. Still growing. God, how far away till I g-give birth?"

"No idea, but it can't be long. Look, Kala, about what you said before . . . about the connection." Prav looked around, and saw that a couple of villagers were hanging around, taking in the sight of their Bearer with astonishment. "A moment of privacy, please? Go tell the Elders that the Bearer will need more food and water, and ask if a new cloth can be made to cover her. We'll also need jugs - a lot of them - if the babies are to get their milk. Got it?"

To their credit, the villagers moved quickly, heaping blessings upon not just the Bearer but Prav as well.

"Blessings be upon you, Bearer and her Protector!" they said, and it seemed to take off as a mantra, as many others kept interrupting to take care of Kala and mop up her sweat and bathe her limbs, until Prav couldn't stand it any more and shooed them all away again just so she could have ten minutes.

"Damn peasants!" she complained. "I hate that they're so nice."

"It's rather relieving for me," Kala said, still breathing slowly as she stroked her enormous gravid mound. "I was afraid they would scorn me, despite needing me. They look at me like I'm-"

"A goddess," Prav said.

"I wouldn't say that."

"I do," Prav admitted. *Here we go*, she thought to herself. *Rip off the damn bandage before you let the wound fester.* "Kala, before this entire village gives us all sweets and

songs, I wanted to tell you that I do feel what you were saying before. The connection between us. I . . . Gods, fuck it. I'll call it what it is. I think I - shit, why is this so hard to say?"

"You love me," Kala said, simply and easily, turning her head to better see her much smaller partner. "You do, don't you? Not just my body, but me."

"Yes," Prav admitted, stroking her wild hair behind her ear nervously. "Look, I don't admit it easily. I just . . . it's not the usual thing for me. I never imagined I would fall for someone like you, even before you started to change. But I have. But now you're also here, and you've got a job to do, and I can't be there for that."

"Why not?" Kala asked.

"Because I'm a cynical, grubby mercenary. Because I was planning to sell your story and the Sisterhood's secrets up the river for some coin after this, only I couldn't live with myself now if I did that. But that's what you deserve to know."

Kala reached out a hand, and before Prav could stop her she was lifted up onto Kala's belly, perched on the enormous dome. It shifted like a nobleman's waterbed beneath her, strangely comfortable. "Prav," she said, smiling, "my hair is uncovered. I have a lover. I have . . . indulged. I am not one to judge you, because I too have broken some oaths. But you don't have to give up who you are. I wouldn't want that. If think the only way is to leave, then I will cry many nights mourning you, and what we could have had. Or . . . you could be my mercenary."

Prav looked down the curve of her giantess lover's belly, over her huge, milk-filled breasts, and to her young, gorgeous face.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you could become exactly what the villagers are already starting to call you: my Protector. The woman who guards the Bearer, who sees her role through, and makes sure she is safe and well fed and happy. It would be a job."

"Our relationship would not be a mere job."

"But it would allow you to stay *you*, my love."

Prav felt tears form in her eyes. *Damn stupid tears, embarrassing me.* She wiped them away. "That would be . . . more than acceptable. My . . . my love."

Kala grinned. "Good, because as much as this is something to spring on you, I'd like you to be present to help raise our babies as well."

"I suppose I could - wait, our babies? *Our?*"

Kala grinned sheepishly. "I just realised it on the final leg here. I kept growing so much after we . . . well, had sex. I was absorbing your essence, just like I have the essence of so many villagers here. Prav, I'm sorry to make this so sudden, but you're going to be a mother. We both are, together."



*The fuck? I'm going to be a mom? And actual mom? With Kala? This is . . . mindboggling! I don't even know how to take this. Gods damn it all, why am I smiling?*

"H-how many?" she asked. "One or two or?"

"I think we may have more than a dozen," Kala said. "I'll be able to tell you in a few hours, I think."

*A FEW DOZEN!?!?!*

"How do you know?" Prav managed to stammer out.

Kala winced, then groaned. She writhed a little, and Prav felt the domed surface of the belly beneath her begin to tense.

*No way, that can't be . . .*

"Because I just felt gallons of water suddenly depart from me and soak up that lovely carpet the villagers put down a moment ago," Kala said. "And because my stomach is starting to go tighter. Prav, we got here just in time: I'm in labor!"

Prav had no response to that, except to leap off of Kala's belly and immediately call for the village midwives. They were going to have the world's biggest delivery on their hands, and many parents-to-be would have the happiest day of their lives.

*And I'm going to be a mother, she thought to herself. With her. With my Kala. My giantess. My Goddess. I think - wow, okay - I think I can do this.*

She shouted all the louder for aid. Kala needed an advocate.

A Protector.

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Kala had not been wrong: the birth was extremely pleasurable. At one point, Prav stopped feeling second-hand embarrassment, because what was the point if your own lover had stopped being embarrassed a while ago and simply embraced being some kind of fertility goddess brood mother? She had spread her enormous legs wide, and half the village turned up before the women shooed the men away. This was a sacred space, and the Sisterhood had explained already what the Bearer's needs would be, which included women to take care of her as she pushed the many fruit of her womb into the world.

And what a lot of fruit it was.

"NGGHHH! I can f-feel them! So many! Oh God, Prav! It's - it's beautiful! I'm s-so full of life and I get to bring it into the w-world! MMHMM! It feels right! H-hold me! I want to feel you while I do this! I want to think of you!"

Prav positioned herself by Kala's face, kissing her cheek and sometimes having Kala's large lips pressed against her face. The woman was in ecstasy, and Prav was too just at seeing her. It was actually rather arousing to see the birth act like this: not some horror

show of blood and pain, but a delightful celebration of life. Child after child streamed from her womb easily, sliding down her tunnel which contracted to squeeze them out. Baby after baby was handed to the midwives, and by the magical sigils that had been invisibly placed within her, Kala called out their parents.

“Mr and Mrs Fanning! Your two daughters and - nng! - a son as well! Congratulations to them! And - OHHHHH - quadruplets. All b-boys. But also a fifth one - a girl - all f-for the Harper family. I know they w-wanted a b-big family! MMHM! And I thank them f-for it!”

Milk sloshed from her breasts, pouring down, and in the end Prav gave the order for her robe to be removed entirely from her front section, and the rivers of milk to fall into large jugs and containers. It would see the children all grow strong, and disease and illness never fall upon them. Kala approved, though she barely had time to note this before her pleasurable contractions started again.

“I’m almost jealous!” Prav whispered in her ear. “You seem to be having a good time of it.”

“You’re w-welcome to talk to the Sisters. I’m s-sure something could be arranged for you to have a baby in this manner!”

Prav just kissed the giantess on her cheek before stroking it. “I think I’ll pass. Seeing you happy like this, fulfilling your purpose, is enough for me.”

“Our purpose, my Protector. Ngh! Ohhhhhh, another one! Oh God, I know this one! Prav, it’s ours! The first of ours! The village is done, the rest are yours and mine - we may - we may have overdone it! MHMMH!!”

Prav *raced* around to Kala’s entrance, practically shoving aside one of the village midwives. She had never imagined being a mother, couldn’t conceive of it - ironically and metaphorically speaking - but now her heart raced to meet her little one. She hadn’t intended for such a child - or children - to come into the world, but now it was all she could think about.

*I’m going to be a mother. Me! I can teach them to hunt! To protect! How to shake down a street scam artist if they ever meet one! I can teach the dagger trick! Oh, and I can love them!*

The first child came; a little girl. Prav began to cry. The next was a girl, and then another, and then they were all girls, every single one of them. Well, it made sense; there wasn’t a man involved in the process. They kept coming to the point where both Kala and Prav were cry-laughing from mixed joy, befuddlement, and amusement.

“Fourteen!” Prav said. “We have fourteen babies!”

“We definitely overdid it.”

But Prav could only look at them, laid out on their mats, which had been moved over so that the recovering Kala could see them all in the aftermath. They were all so beautiful, every single one of them. Already, Prav was ordering random villagers to help use the little stoppers to feed them milk from Kala's reserves.

"No," she said to Kala, "we didn't. We have all we need. I wouldn't want one less, my Bearer."

"It's a good thing," the giantess said, cooing slightly as she rubbed her stomach. "Because this won't be the last load of children I deliver to help grow this civilisation, and I highly doubt our . . . relations are at an end either. We might end up with quite the brood, Prav. Are you sure you're ready to handle it?"

Prav threw back her head and laughed. "Now you're the daring one and I'm the one in over my head. How the worm turns. But I wouldn't turn away for the world now Kala. I'm right here, where I belong."

She rested against the deflated belly of her lover, knowing it would be full again, and likely just in a few months. And they would have their own children to raise and love too. Prav could scarcely believe it; her life had changed so utterly in just the two week journey. Some would say it was too abrupt, but magic had its own way of bringing about revelation. She'd found love, formed a family, and finally located a place to set down her roots.

*And the Gods know, with a beautiful, kindly bearer like Kala, that's a lot of roots to set down. A lot.*

It was a little scary, but then the future always was, when you had something worth fighting for. A good thing the village had a protector around to keep it all safe.

**The End**