

Thrice Tamed Mud Elves

Written by Septia.

“Oooooaah,” the elven rogue grumbled; he rose his head from the intimate exchange with the swamp, a tuft of dirt and fern jammed in his maw with trickling streams of murky fluids coursing along the creases in his armour.

“-ptwwwhi- whaz a tumblu,” Zevran stated, rising up to all fours, “Zuch vivid memories of Antiva rushing back to me. Tho, back then was not I on the receiving end-...”

-Frrhooorrft- A moist snort rippled with the force of a crashing cart, just behind him. The sight of the grand stallion graced Zevran's vision: an equine clad in leather skin sagging in droves across its body, pitch black in all but its amber eyes honing in on the elf, specifically the voluptuous, pristine bubble butt peeking through the tapestry-styled armour; visions of a stripper teasingly peeking through the curtain before the show is to begin.

“You are still here? Knew it was zomesing who wrecked our car. You know, you are pretty sneaky for a demonic steed.”

At this, the stallion stepped out of the veil from the treetops, exposing a pose riddled in gashes, rends into green purple sinew... and most of all, the cannon between his haunches swarming in a cocktail of chubby larva swimming in pale spunk and drenched of sweat – rotten to a mossy hue.

“Aah... zombie-demonic steed, that mistake was on me, Zhtill, zneaking up on me like that, you'd make an excellent former-assassins's steed. What dou you zhay?”

The stallion huffed a cloud of soggy vapours, and galloped into the swamp, charging with its missile throbbing as it neared its target.

“O-soh what you seem to have misunderstood the offer of who mounts Whooooaahufh,-.”

-Twth- The horse was upon him, flared cock-head clapping onto Zevran's hindplates, drumming his plush thighs under the straps of reinforced leather. -Twmp- Each slam made his armour creak, battering a rusty clockwork whilst jabbing Zevran deeper into the mud, his collar scooping up sluggish slop to plaster underneath his armour.

“Mfmpa, ammw, y-you'd have mmf, better luck, if you were zo remove my-.”

He was interrupted by the reverberations of a massive spring snapping into a bowl of thick gruel, the stallion's member bending the folds of the fanny fortress right in between the plush cheeks along with the beat-stick.

“Mfmgha, ahahs, guess, mms, ya didn't n-need thatmmag, arkc, agagah my pride.” The mast burrowed into his rear, pitching a tent of his armour inside his own bowels, the growing grind of the meat creaming in past 3 deci into his rear, his abdomen bulging around the flared pole driving through his intestines, shuffling his belt upwards in the necrotic steed's rampage. Zevran felt the sensation of a colony of maggots dispatched through the pre alone, chubby, writhing bodies sandwiched between the thrusting member and his own tunnels spread to a taut skinsuit around the twenty-kilo stake. Sweat poured down his forehead, the strain sending bolts of tension through his spine, rippling from the pressure waged upon his contorted rim and bloating gullet, his belt buckle curved around the bulge of the stallion member ramming up and down his midriff, cracking latches and breaking apart the iron, the instance which the band whipped off of Zevran's torso, the cockbulge billowing forth in its stead.

“Phahaoa, hgga, Mma, z-zdon't get me wrong, I would msm, aa, take my rear for a romp were I in your psosss-... sisztion, but this force, this fmms... fma mpaha... fervour, I am surprised all the mares aren't draping you in worship, aside from the ugly mug an infeztedmamnga,” Zevra's face smacked into the bog.

The horse stepped forwards, abdomen sagging over Zevran's back, brushing aside his armour as it rammed the length of his member through his bottom, moving with a throb that matched the pulsations of the meat, pumping with arousal and the rotten hive of critters.

“Cc-C-course the-teh mzeh most well-endowed stallion, had to gho after mfm. Mamapahaa.”

The beast whinnied, rising to its back legs, thrusting its shaft forwards, upwards, hoisting Zevran's head out of the swamp with a sickening pop, Zevran hanging as an extension of the stallion's rigid meat, bloats across his abdomen throbbing along with the spelunking hose burrowed within. The whinnying culminating with the splashes of reeking, rotten roquefort cum gushing into the elf's abdomen. Bumps danced and moulded between the areas of sundered and splayed armour, under the waves of spunk flooding his intestines, a maggot cocktail hosing his walls sticky with mutilated mucus, maggots rupturing from the pressure milling into a mince that churned with the frothing gunk pooling inside his untainted rear. “Mpwhaha, pmmghrha,” Zevran cried out in a trembling moan, the stallion huffing with its front hooves biking in the air from the gallons of relief if was decanting straight into the nethers of the snarky elf.

-Ghrlrlslth- the mast withdrew from Zevran's rear, squeaking as it peeled off the sinew condom. Zevran laid panting, slumped over, a child's ragdoll tossed in a corner. When the flare uncorked itself from his rim, it left a gape broad enough to fit a buckler shield through, the very edge of his rim rippling and oscillating, in need of staying together, but unable to recover from contracting properly, left moulded in a perpetual yawning by the jet black member. Inside, one could see a lake of cum plastering his colon, with stalactites of spunk hanging down and tethering to the worm-infested semen-gruel in chubby tethers. Zevran's underwear – now stretched thin as a toothpick – slid back over his distended bottom, creeping back into position, a single string left on a cum-drowned guitar.

The stallion snorted up a maggot lodged in its left nostril, and sauntered out of the mud, its limp shaft dragging a grove in the mud on its way ashore.

“Phhwaaa,” Zevran gasped fresh air, his face grimaced in a crumpled smile;” Th-thasz certainly more boisterous than back in Antiva.” He called out, limbs shaking, his pristine buttocks sullied in grease, fermented sweat and bugs crawling with cum-trails streaking behind them as they surveyed their new home. The elf stumbled, trudged, and sloughed his way through the swamp, following the track left behind by the horse's shaft, with it he smelled that pickled stench of rotting flesh, peppered with the odour of fresh elf dung.

“Oh ho now, you aren't getting away, a beast able to actually hump the crud out me, msms... that is one impressive beast to zham.” He crawled ashore, seeing the stallion now busy chomping through flora and bark, with its flank turned right for him, displaying a pristine pair of plump haunches with a tubby, winking pucker sandwiched between them, crusted with congealed globs and clusters of swamp mud, both from the bog and from the zombie stallion's personal forge. Zevran snorted out clots of mud and cum in streaks of a pale mocha, licking his lips. “Oho, tru, I know how you must've felt, irresistible.”

~ 1 ~

-Mrftffh- The beast huffed, its tail whipping to weave in with the elf's hair – dampened by dirt.

“I know I know, you thought I'd expect to find myself here when I woke up? Thiz morning,” he said with his nose buried in the clutch of the horse's cheeks, scraping up dunes of gaunt grit with his nose and, the twitching pucker dabbing his face in heinie terracotta. Zevran washed the rugose pit of flesh while the stallion made toilet paper of his face.

“Mwa, aah, zo revolting, yet alluring my very being.” He paused as the horse trotted forth, clinging to the hind, “ah ah, konzider zhis paymant, iz only fair, no?”

The brim rippled, a moment supple as a silken pillow, the next tightened around the elf's face in a leather belt. -PPFbbrwrh- A puff of noxious fumes fanned over the elf, heralding the avalanche in waiting. With squelches of submerging meat in boiling tar, the brim of the horse contorted to the bile bulked up in its nethers; the force of falling mortar clubbing into Zevran's face.

He saw the mulch close in, marking out the wriggling shifts of maggots burrowing between furrows in the chunks of manure. It appeared as rugged as rock, the mulch moulded like the swamp's mud over his face, engulfing in the clutches of bile, rotten hay, and redolent tissue swathing over his face, burying him to let the elf feel every crevice, every fracture between the slime-dressed bulwark, the muddy grime given texture by the wriggling sausage maggots.

"MMFpr, fppfmwht," Zevran's grunts laid muffled on a batch of stallion-stewed sewage, clogs of mud breaking down over his face, smearing down towards his opened maw to cake his face in layers of gruel, piling past his lips and delving to the depths of his gullet. Zevran's head was held in place by the cheeks, clamped by a vicegrip as an outhouse extension for the beast, who huffed and snorted whilst driving kilos of dense grime onto and into the elf.

The grime crinkled against the pucker and pistoned Zevran outside of the realm of the haunches, his face enveloped in the dung pillar that kept crawling out of the brim; the umber snake an extension of the elf's neck going right up the rear quarters of the stallion. Drove of muck sloughed off the hunk, weeping their way down his collar, his plump pectorals providing a wide gap for the tendrils of manure to crawl into, seeking their way to the inside of his armour, staining leather in damp mulch and staining steel in husks of clay. The elf's neck laid bloated a hand-length outwards, struggling against the chaff holding his breastplate shackled, warping it around the bloat of packed sludge and prying the gateway to his armour wide open for the deluge of mud to jam its way inside.

Suddenly, Zevran clutched a hold of the undead's cheeks, steadying himself with the handles of sagging flesh as he cranked himself forwards. His neck retracted and expanded in hefty gulps, gobbling down the manure as it pumped into his maw. Despite his efforts, the thigh-girthed raw umber surpassed his lips, swarfing in coils to muddy his face and neck; clumps of manure plastering into his ears, caked in his eyes, and seeping into every nook and cranny it could find.

"Mmfmp, mmmf, Ghoshs, zzhal underhestimaded whou again," Zevran mumbled, cooing as bales of the oil-drooped fertiliser plastered itself to this skin. His mind trapped in a haze of fermentation; he saw a corrupted honeycomb of auburn wax, crawling with its citizens in elaborate hollowed hives and housing drove of filth extracted syrup – sweet as honey, or to Zevran, the aroma of elusive truffles.

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"Mfmmgs, phaa... You know you should count yourself lucky," Zevran huffed as he cradled his abdomen, stuffed with the bulbs of a feculent cocktail, "yes iz tru, were, mm, it an uncultured brute, who found you, one who wouldn't mmf, recognise your beauty. Zen, you'd be dead and flayed." Zevran huffed, his breathing set globules of manure squeezing out the cusps of his breastplate, the inside of which laid packed in enough filth to make him a walking compost trove. His frame rattled in the caress of sludge creaming its way through the chinks in his armour and smearing across his garments. Though, each breath was a struggle with the capacity of the mud blocking his chest. The elf stumbled backwards, landing on a smooth rock as he fiddled with his chest straps. "Mfms, yes I notice you won't budge, I'll play your game then," Zevran tensed his muscles, gritting his teeth in concentration; his armoured sleeves tensed, creaking as the leather and fabric stretched, his elbow pass shuffling up his forearms to the protruding bulk of his biceps swelling in solid, bending forwards, the elf sucked in a deep breath, ... then threw himself back with a decisive cry. -Snnttch- The belt criss-crossing his chest strained and snapped, the elf's buff pecs inflated with muscles thrust forth to fling the armour down and launch the belts aside. The scoop of manure held under the breastplate lobbed onto the ground, showering patches of grass with the undead's infestation. Pops – that of crunching into a battered snack – accompanied the motions, as Zevran's pecs bulldozed maggots stuck in the gaps of his steel assets.

"Huzza, fret not, I can breathe once again," Zevran assured and dragged himself off of the ankle-high rock his gaping rump had enclosed in his fall, paying no mind to the now colon-polished boulder he left behind. "Wer waz I? Ah yes, we are lucky both," he positioned himself underneath

the stallion, trailing his palm across the length of tarnished mauve flesh, frosted in whipped spunk and his own gunk, the previous rutting having de-clogged his pipes something fierce.

“The zthings growing up in a brothel will do to an elf, few performers could say they reported tzhis impressive meat...” He massaged along the cock, down to the sheathe, tugging and painting it in strokes of saliva, to the stallion's huffing amusement. He worked his way down, suckling and smooching up filth and smearing off dunes of the grime plastered to his cheeks, making it down to the flared tip and opening wide. “Mmf mfm, phoaa,” he tugged back, spitting out a maggot, “that won't do, I know I know, it is simply too big-gmmhph, mfmpgth.”

The undead beast was, surprisingly, not open to compromise at this stage. Its looming cockmeat thrust into the elf's mouth, cramming in past his maw and down his throat, stretching his throat thin around the sprawling bulge ramming down his now-cleared chest, the sudden dance triggered Zevran's acid reflux, yet the stallion merely used the fountain of mud and pasty puke as lubricant to ram down the elf's throat, threading more and more of his dick through him, spearing them in the convulsing, rotted spire. Mossy puss leaked from the cock's cavities, dripping in an amalgamation of their fluids, an ensemble of bodily filth dressing one another, the vacuum of the rhythmic humping spooling out bundles of odious paté. The lack of air took its toll on the elf, sensation draining from their muscles in each throb, drifting off as they heard a voice calling their name.

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”Zevran, ‘least show me the decency of knowing whether you can walk, or if I am to cart you home.”

Zevran blinked and focused his vision until his eyes fixated upon the platinum strand framing Fenris's gruff countenance.

“Uurhgh, gm, always so cautious about asking me to ride you hmm? You would need only say the words,” Zevran grimaced in a chuckle, grasping Fenris's arm to be helped up.

“Sardonic as ever, are we?” Fenris curted with a ghost of a smile.

“Zhat, is for you to decide. Ooah, have not passed out like that since Antiva.”

Fenris raised an eyebrow. “There were beast mounting you there as well,” he cast a glance to the beast, tied up and sedated.

“My ztables are always open,” Zevran teased whilst Fenris scraped off some mud from his shoulders, going behind him, and once at his back the elf paused. Hies eyes traced the yawning gape, and his fingers soon followed, listening to the quivers Zevran couldn't contain.

“By my judgement, the experience left you pleased, rather than distraught.” A rumble choked inside the broad gape, brim warping and twitching to seal shut. Fenris hooked his arms around to Zevran's front, and cupped his pecs, grasping a firm hold of the plush munches, digging his fingers deep so bloats of flesh morphed in the interspace of his fingers.

“Mmwa, oaoh, Fenris, is that your way of saying, you want a ride?”

“I've deemed the offer of significant worth,” Fenris muttered, to which Zevran turned and planted their lips together, Fenris meeting his kiss, exchanging saliva and tongues as frogs and critters serenaded them in the swamp.

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Fenris's fingers fondled the flushed thighs, roaming between the bundles of plush muscles and firm flesh, settling his palms over the cheeks to the pronounced posterior. His fingers dug into the flesh, groping droves of juicy rump steak and kneading into the stuffed, battered bottom.

"I have yet to see you flirting, iz this whether you begin wooing?" Zevran posed, relaxing in the bog, his stomach and chest buried in the muddled silk, with Fenris splayed over his legs, nuzzling his cheeks to Zevran's buttocks.

"I simply strive for what I desire."

And today, that was me, oh mm, certainly an honour," Zevran said with his cheeks tensed, glutes stiffened firm against Fenris's, whose massage had his brim gradually contract. "You realise zis shant halt me from taunting you after the operation?"

"With the state I will leave your tight ass in, I would consider us even."

Zevra's pucker constricted to a bouquet of meat flaps, flared outwards from a brewing bout of bowel exhaust, scattering a volley of guttural phlegm into Fenris's face, the elf quivering at the steaming dollops trickling across his features in a tessellated pattern, and dove his head in between the cheeks, clotting it firmly in the confines of the rump. The brim undulated against his lips, cradling a glob of fermented fudge, grime streaking from being baked in two stomachs, reminiscent of the odour from Zevran's filth-encrusted face, warped to new horrors. His warm breaths bathed the crack as it nursed out a growing hill of dung, molten to the touch of Fenris's tongue, so succulent his drool-drenched muscle could sculpt it with mere prods; gruel reduced and baked to a consistency of putty. The mountain oozed, climbing into Fenris's maw, bubbling out around his lips and drooping down the crack in tendrils of hot ass wax, gluing Fenris's neck together with the hind as the manure billowed and churned into his maw.

Zevran peered backwards, panting in the relief of pressure from his congested colon, ferrying the cargo of horse cum gummed into the sewage, cooing to the rhythm of his pucker rattling around Fenris's head, the bubble butt dispensing its well-chewed mud gum right up Fenris's gob. To Zevran, Fenris was just the triangle of a forehead lodged between his buns, with the pressure of the warrior's engorging cheeks swelling to depress into either side of his crack.

"Ooofs, ooh, almost, head-first into battle, could even you conquer a bottom stacked in utter slag?"

Fenris pried himself off the cheeks with a grind of dry glue peeling off of a hide. "Barely any different than your usual behaviour." He taunted, and slowly spread Zevran's legs, dipping into the mud below, due to his stature easily reaching the bottom, with his face framed in the 'V' of Zevran's legs, chin at the crust of the butt crack – a brilliant sculpture of copper, jostling with life and lust – deluging an arc of auburn glue down the tall warrior's throat. Insidious slag poured free in congealed loaves, the once-stiff, crackled texture broken apart and milled with the spoiled maggot sponge, baking the filth into a pastel brown pudding. Gouges from air bubbles tore up the uniform consistency of the mire, dragging broad tethers between grungy clots and canyons. A mocha sludge stream billowed over the elf, growing in girth with an influx of gas parading out the pucker, prying the brim gaping, platforming around the cluster of crinkled, infested dung eking through the brim with the squealing cry of a stripper's first time. The paste soon grew too much for the elf to handle, his maw splayed to the bursting point, packing in gratuitous mounds of the umber jam down his gullet, with the manure building all the faster, compiling tangles of rippling syrup, and toppling over the elf's face. Surges of muck buried Fenris; his hair marinated in the spoilt pepper-rich grime,

"Thisz, mama, forgot just how that stallion had in him, a mighty, mgm, fine load, would you not agree, yes?" Zevran huffed out as his hands joined Fenris' in cradling his cheeks, massaging and tugging apart the elf's bronze hams to allow the muddy deluge free passage outwards, the tangles and curls of the filth sloughing down Fenris's visage, hiding him under a coat of gruel where only vague bulges indicated the elf beneath, along the concavity forming around his mouth each time he suckled in the flow of pasteurised elf nectar. All but Fenris's arms laid submerged under either the swamp or the reeking heap of manure slapped atop its surface. Zevran huffed and brushed down his smoothing stomach. Suddenly, Fenris's head broke the surface, and his cheeks distended to ludicrous proportions, and he dove straight for the perfect rear, slotting his head between the splayed buns.

"Mmhurlallapgh."

"Mcmfmgh," Zevran quivered, steeling himself as he felt his colon distend and warp around a compact column of mud, regurgitated straight from the elf's gullet, packed and condescending to a pillar. Fenris jammed his head into the cheeks again and again, rutting Zevran with his own dung load, playing with his fingers along the rippling buttocks, until he hurled up the whole length, and sent it back into the congested pit.

"Haaa, I am not the authority of judging horse dung, so I shall trust your judgement on it." Fenris huffed and spat out a glob of filth soaked in his own saliva, watching Zevran quiver and groan with his face dunked into the swamp.

"Your face is disgusting."

Zevran was taken aback by this, mounting up onto his knees, barely out of the swamp yet.

"Oh now now, you know zhat-." Then his eyes parted wide, witnessing Fenris unwrap a parcel at his crotch – so far looked like part of his leg – which sloughed out in a lewdicous display, it laid as long as the horse's – if not farther – throbbing as the foreskin grazed across the ground before the head shredded its hood and trumped into the mud with a reverberant throb.

"Your face, Zevran, it is uncouth to strut with a face full of mud," he stated, and crackled his shaft, hoisting it upwards, aiming it at the stunned elf, rubbing it up against his lips, dipping his nose through the tip, and positioning it just under his eyes... rumbles tore through the shaft, bloats visibly contoured over its surface, culminating in a fountain of pre oozing out into Zevran's frozen gaze, Spunk glued over his glossed eyes, siphoned down the crevices and spraying off gruel that caked his forehead, the cum soaking into his eyes, Zevran huffing deeply and grinding up against the hefty member, stroking and jerking along the steady length with both arms and snorting up the hosed glue in every orifice he could muster.

"Perhaps, I was wrong, you do pair well with filth, considering your tastes," Fenris noted, and tugged his shaft free from Zevran, dunked it down the muddy bog, to scoop up the swamp paste, just to thrust his shaft right in Zevran's face once more and eke out the globs of sticky dirt onto cheeks and into the elf's eyes. The lustre of the opalescent liquids merging with the filth produced in a glaze to soak into Zevran's awestruck expression, his jaw hanging open with trickles of the reflective elf batter drooling onto his tongue.

"Ripe for taking on your offer," Fenris said, expression betraying his stern demeanour.

"Mm, pha, oh certainly, I wouldn't have it zany other way, exept for, one detail." Zevran set off. "It iz scandalous to not let you have your go, yes?"

Fenris's eyebrows furrowed in confusion, then rose all the while the drenched elf dragged over the bound beast.

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"I am mmmppf, fascinated by a amn, mind such as yours," Fenris admitted, standing barely knee-deep in the bog as Zevran hauled up the bound stallion towards him, wedging the secured muzzle in-between the elf's hazel cheeks. "Iz what z fair, can't let me have all the fun for mymmff, szelf," Zevran heaved, hoisting the horse's head deeper, watching the brim contort to engulf the snout.

"Mmfs, Hoooa," Fenris huffed, hooking his fingers past his rump to pry it open.

"Oho, certainly loved that one, isn't that tru, Fenris's ass?" Zevran teased and clapped a hold of both cheeks, kneading them around the rotten cranium of the horse, which began to stir just the circumference of the taut brim passed over its eyes.

"Mfms, phg, madness," Fenris huffed out, heaving while his abdomen protruded outwards, moulding into the shape of a muzzle belonging to a newly-awakened stallion. His hook-chained armour tensed around the bloat, the stallion kicking and flailing behind him as Zevran scoots up close, hauling up the stallion to its neck inside the engorged bottom, the humid scrapes of soap

against glass squeaking along with Fenris's cries of tensed pleasure. Fabric rips as the hook's attachments tear off the cured leather, a hump from the horse sending Fenris bobbing, his chest bouncing inside his armour, the firm muscles moulding around the edges and creaking the seams and reinforced divots,

"There we are, strung up like my like my second foster mother," Zevran announced, grinding into Fenris's back and massaging his pecs, undoing the seals on the outfit.

"To borrow your expression, it is scandalous to now let you have a go," Fenris huffs, his shaft trembling thick, standing amass with spunk leaking through like a broken tap. Zevran stood in place ahead of him displaying his bottom, roughened from so much abuse, yet winking and gasping after the delicious display of prime elf beef.

"You are just a mmf, good little mutt, is that not true?" Fenris pointed out while he arced his shaft into the gaping pit, feeling the paste of cum and old filth searing around his pillar, the elf feeding decimetres of his cock down the gluttonous catacombs, until he was set for groping distance to Zevran's rear.

"I conzider myself a flawless zpecimen, aside from mfmfpg, being house-trained, mfms, aa oom, and getting a bit greedy for that bone," He huffed out, pecs jostling in his trees, full, juicy muscle padding bobbing on his front as Fenris laid claims to his rear, yanking the curvaceous pillow right into the grasp of his lap, slamming his cock through Zevran's straightened bowels.

"Mms, less well-groomed," Fenris humped as he rutted into the crooning elf, slamming and heaving him into the mud of the bog below them in each thrust, his rhythm boosted by the squirms of the undead beast succumbing to his grizzled rear, "a closer stimuli to the dogs of Antiva, mfm, mfms, rotten, mangy pests, weren't they? Mfms, pha... I can mmf, put no blame on this beast, your splendid rear, has no end," Fenris huffed in-between his throbbing slams, pounding Zevran and himself into the mud, whipping up globs of mud and leftover fertilizer from the surroundings and battering them straight into the chute of Zevran's rippling gape.

Fenris felt his sack swell, the bountiful orbs within engorging with batter, whipping and stirring from the thrusting coursing first from the stallion, then through him as the conduit into Zevran. His undergarments ripped, sack spilling out in his reinforced leggings, warping the leather around their broad bulk, the seam curving over the mountainous orbs, quivers flooding from them through his whole armour.

"Mmgmr, gapma, haha, Fenris, F-fenris."

He was brought out of the moment, hearing an uncharacteristic plead.

"I-its ripping me azunder, if you will, allow me just a moment's... rest."

Fenris closed his eyes and grappled the rear tighter. He physically couldn't let this go, his mind and body shackled to this cursed member, he needed this. The elf hammered into the squealing assassin, his cock only broadened, Fenris heaving as he sent the length through the smooth canals, dipping through the luscious frame. He arced his head back,

Hrna -ghah..." The moan caught in his gullet, distracted by the throws of pleasure pulsing throughout his nervous system. The floodgates were demolished, the elongated drove distending from the bottom of Zevran's abdomen through his stomach, rippled and morphed along the bulges of cum spear, bulges appearing on the belly from the spunk surging through, erupting in a geyser of elven plaster.

Zevran cried out, howling to the extreme bulk shifting to his gullet, swelling his abdomen to quickly fill in the concaves formed around the protrusion of Fenris's member, his whole stomach swelling out past his pecs and submerging even the gargantuan cock in the ballooning belly. Mud displaced around him, rising him up to the surface of the swamp as a living buoy, pumped of an endless supply of liquid lust, all the pent up emotions sealed away and left to ruminate in Fenris's heart, now propelled untold liters of frosting-thick batter engorging Zevran's stomach, the gut enveloping the remnants of his tattered skit armour, welling up half an arms-length out by each side of him, his brazen stomach moulding flattened against the mud, compiled in a thick, encompassing dune of cum-inflated skin, girth expanding gradually as the elves joined in a chorus of lead-heavy breaths, 'til they only heard the atmosphere of the swamp.

“Phoa... ha... I do... yes, believe that... should be even.” Zevran admitted, resting on the mattress of a midriff.

Fenris scoffed, still lodged with his shaft down Zevran's drain – though now the creases leaked of cum, warning that Zevran was a corked bottle of cum-champagne. “You do well to live up in your title, as an ass-assin,” he noted, still tracing his fingers along the cheeks.

“Mmfng... still, very uncomfortable, though certainly worth it. You mmft-... Was that, a joke I heard?”

“Must be rubbing off on me.”

“Then debt has been paid, seeing how you rubbed off in me?”

Fenris's lips creaked to a proper smirk, idly fondling Zevran's buttocks. “You have many payments, before that debt is squared.”

Zevran gulped so his pecs rippled, and they exchanged a longing gaze.

