

Something Wicked

Chapter 09- Giant's Revenge

Dark clouds hung over the people of Cornwelton, a small village near the feet of the Kalwain Mountains. The people were terrified and for good reason. Years ago, a giant would tromp through their village, stealing livestock and even the citizens themselves. They had been saved but it seemed that history repeated itself as a giant was once again attacking their village. He smashed down several houses seeming to look inside them.

“WHERE IS HE ?? WHERE ARE YOU, GIANT SLAYER?!” Screamed the giant who's voice boomed like a clap of thunder.

As he smashed through the village, He finally arrived at a large manor. He crushed the front gate with his foot as he walked and tore of a portion of the roof open. He spied an older gentleman with two younger women.

“Alright, Giant Slayer! It's time you payed for crimes!” The Giant said to the elder fellow.

“What do you want?!” the man called back.

“Father! I'm scared!” Cried one of the women.

“Daddy, What's going on?” Said the other.

“Daddy?” Questioned the Giant before gaining a plotting expression, “Hmm, now there's an idea.”

The Giant reached into the house and grabbed the two women, who screamed in fearing calling out, “Father! Help!” “Father, Save us!”

“Let them go!” Cried the Old Man.

“Sorry but this is a fitting punishment, don't you think? After all this relates to family,” Said the giant, “If you're still the slayer you were or you have some kind of apprentice, Come to my home. You know where it is. In the meantime, your daughters shall keep me company.”

“Father please!” Cried one of his daughters as she and her sister were carried off by the giant as he strolled through the town, away from the shattered life of the old man and his own home.

A week later, Mikhaela, Levine, and Uahna were sitting down for tea in a small cottage with another young woman. The woman in question was a young lady of 26 by the name Onaelie, a friend of Mikhaela's and fellow pupil to a sorcerer who helped the two in understanding of plant magic and herbal medicine. While Onaelie wasn't exactly on the same level of bust as her house guests, she was of an average feminine build with a fairly modest bosom clothed in a simple blouse and skirt.

“Thanks for letting us stay here for a bit, Onaelie,” Mikhaela said.

“Hey it’s no problem, Mikhaela,” Onaelie replied, “I don’t mind helping out an old friend. Speaking of friends, where are your other companions?”

“Prince Anthony decided to have a shower and Melon Flower wanted to join him,” Uahna explained.

Levine sighed.

“As for Cyril, he’s in your lab, experimenting with some of the herbs we got from Grenlan,” Mikhaela said.

“Yes, I saw the collection of specimens you had. So many rare herbs and other plants,” Onaelie said, “I’ve have to visit Grenlan some time soon.”

“It shouldn’t be too hard now that they’re no longer staying hidden,” Levine said.

“So Mickey,” Onaelie said addressing her bosomy friend and making the sorceress slightly cringe at the nickname, “I know you guys won’t be staying long. So where are you headed next?”

“Well, we are heading to Varamous and to get there we need to trek through the Kalwain Mountain Range,” Mikhaela said, “We’re heading off to Cornwelton where we’ll get some supplies and winter clothing for the journey.”

The three other women looked at Mikhaela and her bosom considering the idea of winter clothing. Noticing their glances, She stated flatly, “Before any of you comment, Yes, I know I’ll have to go to the tailor for a winter coat to cover up.”

The four companions continued to drink their tea. They were soon joined by Anthony and Melon Flower, both wearing towels looking slightly wet. Prince Anthony smiling and looking sort wearily content while Melon Flower seemed a little satisfied.

“Hello, Ladies. What a refreshing shower,” He said.

“Somehow, I doubt that’s all you did in there,” Levine said.

“If you joined us, you’d find out,” Prince Anthony inviting spoke.

Levine was about to reply when a surge of magical energy and an odd sound came from upstairs. Mikhaela and the others were startled at first before Onaelie realized something.

“That came from the upstairs! My Lab!” She exclaimed.

“Cyril!” Mikhaela frantically cried as she leapt to her feet and ran to the stairs with her bosom bouncing wildly as she ran.

Her companions followed suit and the group ran towards the lab. Mikhaela flung the door open, entering to find Cyril knocked on the ground with his back to her. The rest of the group soon appeared behind her.

“Cyril, Are you alright?” Mikhaela inquired with concern for her pupil.

Cyril turned, “Well, it depends on what you mean by alright. See, I have a ‘small’ problem...hehe”

Cyril chuckled nervously as his peers looked upon the major difference in the young man’s physique as he turned towards them. Protruding from Cyril’s legs and almost reaching his chin was an large penis which appeared to be almost two feet in length, erect and throbbing. Many of the group were in different states of shock, surprise, and awe at this augmentation before Mikhaela asked the obvious.

“What the hell did you do to yourself?!?” Mikhaela asked almost in a shriek.

“This wasn’t on purpose!” Cyril said, “I was trying to make a healing potion.”

“How exactly does a healing potion end up giving you an oversized erection?” Mikhaela asked.

“Mikhaela, calm down. Maybe I can discern what happened here,” Onaelie advised. The young woman turned to Cyril, briefly having her gaze transfixed on his impressive pecker before looking back up at his face with a blush.

“Cyril, please explain what happened?”

“Well, I was examining the herbs from Grenlan and comparing them to the herbs in your books,” Cyril said going over to the lab table, his prick bumping into the table making him wince, “I noticed one of these herbs was Haetheris Offirus, Haethenine’s Gift, which is in a basic enhancer of healing potions’ effects. So I figured I’d try my hand at making a healing potion with it, took a swig of it, and well this happened.”

Cyril gestured towards his large prick, as if most of the party wasn’t already staring at it. None of them has seen such a big cock and they were each experiencing different feeling and opinions of it. Uahna and Melon Flower had never seen or experienced such a massive prick and were lusting after it. Levine while generally restrained from her more base sexual desires, was actually feeling a small twinge of arousal at the oversized genitalia. Anthony who’s ego was generally blown out of proportion suddenly felt inadequate at this particular sight.

“Let me see the book and the specimen,” Onaelie said as she went over to the lab table and looked the book while Cyril gave her the sample.

Onaelie examined the sample and compared it to the image of Haethenine’s Gift. Her eyes went wide

when she noticed something.

“No, Cyril. This isn’t Haethenine’s Gift. The pigment is off and the fringe is wrong on these leaves,” Onaelie explained.

Cyril suddenly became worried, “What is this then?”

“It’s Phallimam Devinius, also known as ‘Nature’s Enhancement’,” Onaelie said flipping through her book and pointing towards an image identical to the herb.

“It’s not dangerous is it?” Cyril asked.

“Well, no. It’s a plant used in herbal medicine to stimulate growth of...certain parts of the body,” Onaelie said a little embarrassed to admit which parts, “It also stimulates sensitivity and sexual arousal.”

“But why would a healing potion with that make Cyril’s penis so...big?” Mikhaela asked.

“Well,” Onaelie said looking at an open book of potion recipes, “It was probably the other ingredients mixed with this one. This recipe Cyril was using involves Holstaurus Milk and Concentrated Orange Extract. Both while having an effect of healing can also stimulate sexual stamina or arousal. Instead of making a potion that would restore and enhance his health, Cyril enhanced his genitalia and sex drive.”

“Yeah. I didn’t really wanna say given the situation but since you opened the door...I’ve been really horny,” Cyril said.

Mikhaela looked at her student with an embarrassed expression, “Onaelie, can you reverse it?”

“Not really. Healing potions don’t really have an antidote, even botched ones that turn into sexual aids,” Onaelie explained, “It would also take a while before I could have it finished. Probably the fastest and easiest way would be to satisfy Cyril’s arousal.”

Mikhaela’s expression spoke of a mixture of embarrassment and uncertainty. True, she always felt men was more enticing based on their stamina and ability to satisfy a woman, not the size of their pricks. However, she had to admit that she occasionally felt a small desire for a large prick, but a more manageable size like maybe a foot or so long. Not two feet. Her vagina wouldn’t survive, at least not unless it was enhanced too.

“You are a handful sometimes,” Mikhaela sighed as she discarded her top and knelt down in front of Cyril.

“M-mistress?” Cyril asked.

“What? I can’t have you in my pussy, not without another spell. so I’ll just have satisfy you like this,” Mikhaela said as she wrapped her breasts around his cock with his tip actually sticking out between her

cleavage, “Besides you do love my big boobs so.”

Mikhaela then began to bounce and grind her tits up and down Cyril’s pecker. With the aspect of Cyril’s tip staring her in the face, the redheaded sorceress began to lick and suck on the young lad’s head. She slurped and suckled while her breasts stroked and ground his shaft. Cyril moaning with pleasure, at the different sensation. Mikhaela’s bosom was normally so big compared to his cock that Mikhaela’s titfucks overwhelmed him simply as his cock was surrounded by nothing but titflesh. Here though, it was almost like getting this kind of service from a woman with a normal sized pair of breasts but sensationally different as his prick was so sensitive. Mikhaela seemed to take advantage of this, as she started to squeeze his prick tighter, rub her breasts faster, and suck on his tip harder. She wanted to build up his pressure so fast that perhaps he’d be easily and quickly satisfied. Mikhaela seemed to pour on the pleasure more and more, making Cyril squirm and moan until finally he could take no more and came. His cock head shooting off a big load that splattered in heaps on the floor of the lab. Mikhaela seemed a bit pleased and happy in the assumption she’d fixed things.

“Ok, well that’s tha-,” Mikhaela stopped as she removed her breasts when she noticed that Cyril’s enhanced erection was still large and hard. At best, it may have lost maybe a centimeter or two in height but was still quite lengthy.

Cyril sheepishly smirked, “Guess it’s not over yet.”

“I hope you don’t expect me to put that in my pussy,” Mikhaela said.

“You may not have to,” said Melon Flower as she and Uahna approached.

Cyril’s jaw dropped as he noticed that not only was Melon Flower in her human size but she and Uahna were now packing breasts equivalent to Mikhaela’s. The massively endowed mage was surprised too.

“How did you?” Mikhaela asked.

“Master of Shapeshifting Magic, remember?” Melon Flower said, “Gave me and Uahna a boost. Maybe if one set of super huge tits can’t get Cyril’s cock back to normal, How about two at the same time?”

Before Mikhaela could protest, the two had come to both sides of Cyril and began to give him an immense double titfuck.

“Mmm, your cock is so hot, Cyril,” Melon Flower said, “And so big.”

“Yes, I’ve never serviced such a big cock before either,” Uahna said as the two women titillated the boy at once. Cyril could only moan with pleasure.

Mikhaela slightly annoyed by this, came up to the three saying, “Like your augmented breasts will be enough to satisfy him.”

She joined the group, adding another set of mammaries to barrage Cyril with bliss. As the four went about their spontaneous foursome, Anthony looked enviously while Cyril was in the middle of the gigantic triple titfuck. However, he was led away from the scene by Onaelie and Levine who decided to give their friends privacy and have a cup of tea like nothing was going on.

Back in the lab, Cyril was in heaven as he had his cock bombarded with three sets of titanic tits. Each girl took turns licking and caressing his tip with their tongues. It was a fantastic sensation to say the least. Cyril could slightly feel a difference in each. Melon Flower seemed the most practiced with her breasts but was more forceful in her methods, while Uahna being soft and gentle in her style of titfucking was a tad bit clumsy, probably based on the fact that she'd never had such a large amount of titflesh to work with. Mikhaela though, had almost just the right amount of pressure and pace as she had lived with such immense bosoms for at least ten years.

For Cyril he could really care less as combined efforts of the three were so stimulating and pleasing that he had trouble holding back. Though the girls focused on their titfucking styles, they themselves were getting a little more turned on as things went on slightly thanks to the heat radiating off Cyril's cock. Finally, though, Cyril came. This time though cumming in several big thick loads that splattered on the girls and the floor of the lab making a rather large mess. The three girls removed their breasts from Cyril's cock and began wipe off some of the cum from their bodies.

"Well, that was actually kind of fun," Mikhaela said.

"I'm sure it's over yet," Melon Flower said pointing to Cyril's hardon.

However rather than being almost two feet long, The cock had reduced by a few inches and became a much more manageable size. It was still hard, erect, and ready for more.

"Jeez, I guess should've seen this coming. Well, at least I can actually take you up my pussy," Mikhaela said, pulling down her skirt and underwear.

"Not so fast, Boob queen," Melon Flower said pushing Mikhaela aside and pouncing on Cyril. She shoved her still massive breasts in his face.

Mikhaela got up a little annoyed, "What in the Abyss, Melon Flower?!?"

"You keep Cyril all to yourself. Since he's still so horny, Why don't you let us each have a turn?" Melon Flower said as she raised her pelvis and then brought it down on Cyril's cock. She groaned with delight as she felt that large hard prick inside her pussy as she rode Cyril hard and wild. Cyril really couldn't argue as Melon Flower's massive tits were in his face preventing any way of giving his own two coins. However, even if he could, the sensation of big boobs and hard riding from Melon Flower clouded his judgement in a way he probably couldn't disagree with Melon Flower's suggestion. He even started to fondle and snuggle Melon Flower's breasts.

Mikhaela was starting to get a little angry by her pupil's lack of will and restraint in the face of massive

breasts. However, before she could try to break up the pair, Uahna stepped in.

“Hold on, Mikhaela. Let me get you ready,” The elven cleric said.

“Get me ready for what?” Mikhaela asked.

“for your turn with Cyril,” Uahna said placing her left index and middle fingers Mikhaela’s waist, just above her pelvis.

Uahna then sketched a crescent moon-like symbol with her finger tips on Mikhaela’s waist and sent some mana into Mikhaela. The buxom redhead briefly glowed with a white aura before it faded.

“What did you just-wait, was that the Chaste of Melo?” Mikhaela asked.

“Yes, how did you know?”

“Malkivor told me about it while he was teaching me. He couldn’t teach me it but he told me about it,” Mikhaela explained, “But isn’t the Chaste of Melo a ward spell that prevents vaginal penetration or sexual contact and used to maintain the virginity of some sects of Meloan Priestesses and Priests?”

“Normally, but when you’re a skilled enough light mage like myself, you learn how to bend some of the effects,” Uahna said with an impish grin, “My variant of the ward merely prevents pregnancy and contraction of sexual diseases. I’ve cast it on myself and Levine several times.”

“Wait Levine? But she’s generally not interested in sex isn’t she?” Mikhaela asked.

“Not when she’s drunk.”

“What?”

“You’ll find out later,” Uahna said.

“Did you cast it on Melon Flower too?” Mikhaela asked.

“No. She’s told me that her shapeshifting abilities can make her vagina infertile at times to prevent pregnancy. Come on, let’s join the fun,” Uahna said as she and Mikhaela returned to the pair.

For the following several hours, The girls alternated in their time with Cyril in their attempt to expel the remainder of the enhancement potion’s effects. However, things changed as the sex continued. What started as manner of wearing down Cyril’s enhanced sexual stamina quickly devoted into a wild night of hedonistic pleasure. The girls getting off themselves as Cyril used his skills to massage and fondle the girls in pleasurable ways from teasing their breasts to thrusting his fingers into their vaginas. The girls of course responded in kind with their own methods of pleasing Cyril’s perverse nature. Orgasmic cries and pleas for cum could be heard outside the laboratory along with the fumbling of bodies colliding with each

other in sexual release on the floor.

In the middle of the night, Cyril awoke on the floor of the laboratory. His mind was still fogged in a mire of exhaustion as he started to rouse.

“Oh man, what a wild ride,” He said as he inspected his genitalia, now returned to it’s normal state albeit as limp as cooked noodles.

He then looked around the laboratory, seeing large heaps and puddles of cum splattered on the floor. He knew he would probably be responsible for cleaning this up, as well as lighting some scented candles to reduce the odor of sweat, spunk, and sex. Of course, he also looked upon his handiwork with pride as he saw all three of his partners asleep on the floor as well with satisfied smiles on their sleeping faces. His voluptuous teacher was the closest to him and he was happy to see her beautiful slumbering visage with such contentment. He found some cloths in a closet and placed them over his companions like blankets. As he did so, he looked over the alchemy set and his bag of herbs from Grenlan. A devious grim came to his face and he approached the table.

The next morning after all of them had baths and the laboratory was cleaned, the group prepared to set off on their journey. They packed up their bags and began to load up. Prince Anthony noticed that Cyril snuck into one of his bags a few bottles. When everyone was set, They said their thank you’s and farewells to Onaelie before getting back on the road.

A few hours later, Prince Anthony spoke, “So where are we going next?”

“Well, the nearest town is Cornwelton,” Mikhaela said, “It’s not far from the foothills of the Kalwain Mountains. We’ll need to pick up some supplies and appropriate clothing for the trip.”

“Cornwelton? Isn’t that the town of that famous giant slayer?” Cyril asked.

“Louis Gamsen, yes,” Mikhaela replied.

“It would be interesting to meet him,” Cyril said.

“We could stop by and visit him perhaps,” Mikhaela said.

While they walked their with hope, they quickly found themselves in front of Cornwelton which was not in the best of the shape. The town was in shambles with large gaping holes in people’s walls, caved in roofs, and some buildings were utterly destroyed. The sign at the entry of the township was hanging by a single nail. The group walked cautiously further into town and looked around the damage.

“Not exactly in the best of shape right now, is it?” Melon Flower commented.

“What do you think happened here?” Uahna asked.

“This much damage and particular kind of destruction,” Levine said as she surveyed the ruined buildings, “I can think of a few things.”

“Why don’t we ask someone?” Mikhaela said as she approached a man picking up broken timbers and boards, “Excuse me, sir? What happened here?”

“What happened? A bloody giant, that’s what happened,” the man replied frustrated.

“A giant?” Cyril said.

“That’s right. As if we haven’t had our fill of giants in the past. Now, some new giant’s comes to town and makes a mess of the place,” the man said picking up more lumber.

“When did this happen?” Uahna asked.

“About a week ago. Giant came to town in the night and rampaged, looking for Gamsen,” the man spoke, “Called him out and after he found Gamsen’s house, he took the guys’ kids before disappearing.”

The group looked amongst themselves as they heard the story.

“Where is Louis Gamsen’s home?” Cyril asked.

“His house is down the way. Walk past the next five houses and take a left. The fool is looking to recruit people to go to the giant’s stronghold,” The man said, “Not that anyone will be crazy enough to take him up on the offer.”

Each member of the group smiled and followed the man’s directions to the letter. They found the Gamsen house, it was a sizable house that if need be could probably house several people even having a small stables with a fine garden in front of the building. It would have been quite a nice place to live and settle if it weren’t for the large hole in the roof. As our heroes approached, a young man clad in sparse leather armor came walking out with an older fellow following behind him.

“Sorry, Mr. Gamsen but I have to say no,” said the armored young man.

“Please. I need your help,” said the old man, “My daughters have been kidnapped by the giant and I need someone to rescue them.”

“I understand your loss but I’m not going to go fight a giant. He’d crush me,” the armored man said, “Go recruit an army. Maybe then you’ll have a chance.”

The armored man then walked passed our adventurers who walked up to Gamsen.

“Mr. Gamsen?” said Mikhaela.

“Who are you lot?” He asked looking at them.

“I’m Mikhaela,” she said introducing herself then the rest of the group, “This is Cyril, Anthony, Uahna, Levine, and Melon Flower. We’re travelers. We arrived in your town and heard you were having trouble. We’d like to help if we can.”

Gamsen smiled at her, “Thank you, Miss. Why don’t you come in and we’ll talk?”

The group took the invitation and entered the well furnished home, though it was somewhat a mess. Mr. Gamsen heated up a kettle on a fire place to make some tea as the group took places in the living room.

“Nice place you have,” Uahna said.

Anthony thought it was a nice place but as he looked around he noticed the large portrait over the fire place. The portrait was clearly of Gamsen but beside him were two beautiful voluptuous women, which of course drew Prince Anthony’s attention. A smile came to his face.

“Who are those two beauties?” Anthony asked.

“My daughters,” Gamsen said.

“Oh,” Anthony said, eagerly considering the idea of being rewarded for rescuing the two girls.

“Mr. Gamsen, what all happened here?” Cyril asked.

“We should probably start at the beginning. It started about 50 years ago when I was a young lad, around your age,” Gamsen said, gesturing to Cyril, “I was a blacksmith’s apprentice but like many young men, I wanted more out of life. Inspiration hit me since it was at the same time that the region was being terrorized by a giant. This giant ransacked keeps for treasures and stole livestock from farms. Many people had tried to find him but to no avail. I decided to seize the opportunity, although I have to admit my intentions were less than pure.”

“What do you mean?” asked Mikhaela.

“I had heard of the giant plundering fortresses and figured I could get some money if I found the giant’s keep, perhaps telling the closest noble of the giant’s location. With the knowledge of giant sightings, I discovered a fact that the giant was always seen near Cornwelton before disappearing. I prepared myself and waited for him, eventually getting lucky enough to find him. He used a spell to conjure an enormous beanstalk and climbed it up to a manor in the clouds,” Gamsen recounted.

“An manor in the clouds? Sounds absurd,” Prince Anthony said.

“Not necessarily. There is a spell called Sky Soil, which turns clouds into solid masses rather than bodies of vapor,” Cyril explained.

“Whatever sorcery he employed, I found the giant’s home and slipped inside his manor. I searched through his home while sneaking the best that I could, eventually finding the treasure vault. Unfortunately, he discovered me before I could escape with what I had managed to obtain. Using my wit and skill, I managed to outmaneuver him. I wounded him by striking him in the shin with a sword then as he bent down to tend it, I struck his eye with a spear. While he was distracted by his pain, I managed to get out of his fortress but he soon followed after me. In my escape as I climbed down the beanstalk and he followed after me, I tripped him up and he went to the ground like a felled tree dying from the impact,” Gamsen described, “With the giant dead, I was proclaimed and celebrated a hero. I received rewards from the nearby lords which added to what I had taken from the giant’s trove and had managed to return with. The Mayor of Cornwelton rewarded me as well with the hand of his lovely daughter, Ilsa. We married and later were blessed with our two daughters, Aurora and Giselle. I have had peace for several years, acting as a celebrity of the town and telling people of my adventure. Then last week, the giant’s brother arrived in town. He came to my house requesting a challenge but I was too old to fight him. Instead he thought a more fitting revenge was taking my daughters. So here we are. I’ve talked to many people. Your group is my last hope for rescuing my daughters.”

“We would be happy to save your daughters,” Mikhaela said, “However, in return, we would like enough money for a tailor and supplies needed to pass through the Kalwain Mountain Range.”

“Why are you going that way?” Gamsen asked.

“We have our reasons. Do we have a deal?” Mikhaela asked, offering her hand in agreement.

“Of course. Anything to save girls,” Gamsen replied, shaking her hand, “Your group can stay here for the night and then head out for the giant’s keep in the morning.”

As such the group took refuge in The Gamsen house. With quite a few guest rooms, Most of the group had their own rooms to rest. Cyril was going through his books in his room and pulled out a bag which was clinking with the sound of glass bottles. As he did this, Prince Anthony arrived in his door way.

“So you made more of that potion?” The Prince asked.

“I’m not sure I know what you’re talking about,” Cyril replied.

“Of course, you don’t but I’m sure Mikhaela would be interested in knowing about that,” Prince Anthony said, “Why did you make more of it and when?”

“Well, it was certainly an interesting experience and like any guy, I have my moments where I feel inadequate,” Cyril explained, “I thought this would be something to shake things up from time to time. As for when I made ‘em, it was in the middle of the night back at Onaelie’s.”

“I see. Well, I could possibly be persuaded to silence, in exchange for a few bottles of your potion?” Anthony suggested.

Cyril cocked an eyebrow at his companion's request, "And why would the great prince Anthony have need an enhancement elixir?"

"Well, even a man of royal blood like myself has his insecurities," Anthony admitted, "I'd like a few bottles, just in case."

Cyril smirked slightly, finding it interesting that the pompous prince was willing to admit his own worries about not being up to snuff in the bedroom. Then again, if he was trying to woo Mikhaela, he was going to need more stamina than he did have.

"Alright, in exchange for your silence and I wouldn't suggest you try this when attempting to woo Uahna or the others," Cyril said grabbing a few bottles from the bag and handing them to the Prince who nodded at him.

The Ebon haired Royal took the bottles and noticed their yellow-green color. He smiled perversely at the idea of the various wenches he planned to conquer with these potions.

"However, I'll have give you a warning and a rule I've discerned from my experience with them," Cyril said, "How your genitalia expands depends on how much you consume. The swig I took of the original gave me the two foot long behemoth that it took three super buxom girls and several hours to reduce it to normal. A sip or two should be enough to make your cock a bit larger than average and increase your stamina by a few good hours. I wouldn't try drinking the whole thing cause I don't know how well a person could take that. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do," Anthony said being vaguely curious about the maximum but still heeding Cyril's warning, "Good Night, Cyril."

"Sleep well," Cyril replied back as the prince left and went back to his books.

After a hearty breakfast the following morning, Louis Gamsen led the group to a spot of interest: the place where he followed the giant up to his fortress. He brought them to an empty meadow near to the foothills of the Kalwain Mountain Range. It seemed no different from any ordinary field to most who saw it and certainly not too different to most of our heroes. Melon Flower of course was the most vocal about it.

"So we came all this way...for a meadow?" The fairy sniped.

"This is where the stalk that reached the sky stood," Gamsen said.

"Then why isn't it standing here?"

"A little while after the giant was died, the stalk faded away and went back into the ground," Gamsen

said.

Prince Anthony looked at Gamsen like he just said he saw a pig fly overhead. Levine however, was not as skeptical, and approached the place the elder spoke of. She crouched down and moved her hand across the soil. Cyril, Mikhaela, and Uahna approached after her with Prince Anthony following them.

“What is it, Levine?” Uahna asked.

“I feel...a presence here,” the bodyguard said, “Something very old and dormant.”

Cyril and Mikhaela went to the ground too, placing their hands in the soil.

“I can feel it, too,” Mikhaela said, “And I think I know what this is. How about you, Cyril?”

“Yes, teacher. I think I do as well,” Cyril replied.

Mikhaela stood up and began giving directions, “Cyril, you stand over there across from me. Everyone else, stand back.”

The group did as directed by the endowed enchantress and Cyril stood several feet across from Mikhaela. The two then lowered themselves to the ground, Cyril placed the tip of his staff to the ground while Mikhaela placed both her hands to the soil, as both spoke in unison, “Oh life of ancient root, we call upon thee to awaken again and reach for the sun. Raise again and grow with the energy we give thee!”

As they repeated this phrase several more times, they both glowed with a green aura and then that aura began to pour into the earth. After a few moments, the ground beneath them began to tremble and the two stopped their recitation. Suddenly, the soil erupted with a large stalk which shot up and went up even further. The group huddled together in awe and fear as the earth shook and quaked. Finally, the quaking stopped and there stood before them a large plant which seemed to go past even the clouds. Prince Anthony was stunned with an awestruck look.

“How did you two do that?” Prince Anthony asked.

“How else? With magic. There was an ancient seed in the ground which had a dormancy spell upon it. The giant and his brother must have known about it and knew how to awaken it,” Mikhaela explained, “Luckily, Cyril and I knew the spell to awaken it as well.”

Cyril went to his pack and pulled out some climbing gear from his bag and began to distribute it to the group, “Ok, it’s time to do some climbing. Melon Flower, we need you to go to the top of this stalk and scout it out for us. You got it?”

“You got it, Cutie,” Melon Flower said before flying off at high speed up towards the clouds.

Prince Anthony looked up at the stalk and the daunting height then looked back to Cyril and Mikhaela,

“Why don’t we just use a flight spell to get us up there?”

“We’d need some kind of transport for it and most flight spells we could use would have a time limit. We don’t know how high this thing is so if we spend too much time and run out, we could fall to our deaths. So do you want to risk flying or climbing?” Cyril asked.

Anthony sighed dejectedly, “Climbing.”

As such the group bid their farewell to Gamsen and promised to bring back his daughters before beginning their climb. Our heroes trudged and climbed for quite a long time as it took the better part of the day to get up. As they came further up the stalk, some of them were contemplating the idea of actually using a flight spell. While some of them considered that, Melon Flower finally returned, gleefully flitting up to Cyril.

“Where have you been?” The young sorcerer asked.

“At the top of the stalk and what’s beyond it,” Melon Flower said, “you’re almost at the top and you’re not gonna believe what’s up there.”

Melon Flower then sat on his shoulder. Cyril smirked at her already remembering the tale that Gamsen told them.

“I think I have an idea,” he replied.

It wasn’t too long from that moment that the group reached the peak, going passed even the cloud. The party arrived and found what they were looking for and more. On top the cloud rested an giant-sized acre of vegetation and a large looming manor home. While they had heard of this from Gamsen, Cyril and his friends were in awe at the sight nonetheless.

“By the Gods,” Uahna said.

“I wonder if Stratokus himself has a place like this in Elasvaine,” Prince Anthony said.

“We’ll have to find that out some other time. We’ve got a job to do,” Cyril said as he walked forth with his friends following behind toward the manor.

The company walked passed the enormous crops, astonished by the immense size and how they could grow in such a way. Cyril and Mikhaela putting forth the hypothesis that the giant either used a spell to enhance the plants or perhaps even that the mixture of soil, cloud, and magic was enhancing them. Eventually, they arrived at the front doors which were of course enormous. Briefly it looked like they wouldn’t be able to enter until they spotted a crack in the bottom of the doors which they used, albeit it was still a tight fit for most especially Mikhaela. They entered the manor and viewed the large furniture, however, Mikhaela found herself stuck.

“Will one of you give me a hand?” She pleaded as her titanic teats caused her to be lodged in the door crack.

Cyril grabbed one of her hands to pull her out while Levine who was behind the busty sorceress began pushing her out of the crack. They managed to dislodge her and she fell to the floor on her breasts.

“Your boobs are going to make it difficult to get out of here,” Melon Flower sighted.

“Stow it,” Mikhaela said as she picked herself off the ground.

The group started to stealthily look around the fortress. As they explored, they heard a voice.

“Hello? You down there!” said a voice from up above.

Cyril and the others looked up to see a face above them on a desk. Prince Anthony grinned as he noticed it was a female face.

“Isn’t that one of Mr. Gamsen’s Daughters?” Uahna pointed out.

“I think so. Let’s get up there,” Levine said taking a grappling hook from her bag, hooking it on the table top, and started to climb.

Her companions followed her with Cyril getting his own grappling hook and climbed up. When they arrived at the top of the desk, finding one of Gamsen’s daughters but different from the portrait. The young woman had long curly hair, an average build with a modestly large bust and slightly wide hips. However, her body was now a shade of gold with a harp jutting out of her back. Everyone was rather surprised by her look, granted the girl-turned-living harp was surprised by the misfit group of adventurers.

“Who are you people?” The girl asked.

“My dear girl, I’m here to rescue you,” Anthony said coming up close to her.

Despite, rolling their eyes at Anthony attempting woo her, The group decided to introduce themselves.

“We came in your father’s stead to rescue you,” Mikhaela said.

“Thank goodness. I’m Giselle,” The girl introduced herself.

“What happened to you?” Cyril asked.

“The Giant, Phemus, is a powerful mage,” Giselle explained, “After kidnapping us, He used his spells to warp me and my sister Aurora. He transformed me into this living harp to perform for him, singing for his amusement.”

Cyril walked up closer to her, examining the harp protruding out of her back, “How does this work any way?”

The curious conjurer ran his hands across the harp cords. While the cords released a melody, Giselle let out a chorus that was perfectly pitched to the notes of the harp. Cyril and the others jumped at the spontaneous singing. Giselle put her hands over her mouth and shot Cyril a scowl.

“That’s how that works,” She said.

“Sorry,” Cyril said backing away.

“Where’s your sister?” Levine asked.

Just as this question was asked, the group heard thumping sounds approaching them and getting closer to them. It almost felt like an earthquake as it came closer. Giselle got a frightened look on her face.

“It’s him. He’s coming,” She said causing the others to get worried as well, “You have to hide!”

“Where?” Cyril said.

Giselle pointed towards three gigantic books on the desk, “Hide behind those.”

The group quickly ran over to the books and took cover behind it. Peeking out from behind it, They saw a door swing open and the giant enter the room. The giant appeared as an enormous humanoid being with dark peach skin and short brown locks. He was dressed in a flowing sleeved tunic and brown pants. He looked down at Giselle who tried to put on a smile while obviously being nervous and afraid.

“I heard a noise. Was that you singing?” The Giant asked.

“Y-yes, Master Phemus. I was just practicing so I could better entertain you,” She strummed the strings behind her and sung, “Aaaaaha~ Laaaalluula~”

Phemus cocked an eyebrow but pulled up a chair and sat down.

“Very well,” Phemus said, “I was concerned that someone had gotten into the manor as the ancient stalk was awakened when I got back.”

The group and Giselle suddenly froze in fear.

“They’re probably hiding in a mouse hole or something. I’ll find them eventually,” Phemus said as he relaxed in the chair, “Though, later perhaps. I’ve been out all day and I’d like to relax. Aurora!”

His bellowing voice carried through the manor and rung in the ears of the young travelers, especially

those of the elvish persuasion. Answering his call came soft thumping footsteps and an apparent female giant entering the room.

“You summoned me, Master?” said the giantess to her master.

Our heroes gazed upon the giantess in surprise. The giantess was a large lovely with long golden hair, beautiful sapphire eyes, and a rather curvaceous body. She was clad in a meager dress that while seeming a bit grubby did not detract from her beauty and it's tightness merely accentuated her bosom and hips. Cyril felt a minor pang for the woman finding her attractive but Prince Anthony stared at the colossal cutie with intense perverse desire. Something donned on the group.

“Wait, he said Aurora,” said Cyril.

“That's the other daughter of Gamsen? How?” Levine asked quietly.

“Phemus must have used a spell to change her into a giant,” Mikhaela sighted.

Phemus smirked at Aurora and pulled his pants down, exposing his monolithic manhood to her.

“I've had a long day and could use some release,” Phemus said, “Would you please help me with that?”

“Yes, Master,” Aurora said approaching him, her massive melons bouncing in her feeble dress as she walked.

Prince Anthony watched those mammoth mammaries jiggle as she came closer to the table. She then got down on her knees in front of Phemus and began to lick his prodigious prick. Her tongue caressing his glans and underside before putting her whole mouth on it. Her head bobbing up and down the shaft while her hand stroked the base. Phemus moaned from the pleasing skills of the transformed giantess servicing him. His right hand resting on her head while she continued sucking him off. The group looked on with peculiar surprise and confusion at Aurora's compliance with her captor.

“Why on earth would she suck that brute off?” Uahna said, “She was kidnapped by him!”

“I don't think she's doing it of her own will,” Mikhaela theorized, “Let's wait until he leaves and then we can figure out more this.”

Cyril and the Girls nodded in agreement while Prince Anthony watched, noting Aurora's skill at cock sucking. Aurora squeezed her lips tighter around Phemus' cock, giving the giant a bit more pressure as his pole was gripped in the neo-giantess's mouth. Her head raising up and down as she caressed this shaft with her tongue, coating it in saliva. So the giant couldn't hold back much longer and he finally came, shooting his load into Aurora's mouth. Aurora almost gagged from the cumshot but managed to stifle the cum from spraying out of her mouth. She removed her mouth swallowing the giant's juices, and then began licking his cock clean with her tongue. Phemus sighed with pleasure from his release.

“Very good, Aurora,” Phemus complimented, “While, I’m a little hungry, I could use a bit more stress relief in the bedroom.”

“Yes, Master,” Aurora said standing up with him as they left the room and headed towards Phemus’ bedchambers.

When they had gone, the group came out from their hiding space and came out to speak with Giselle. The golden harp girl looked at the heroes as they approached her.

“So that was your sister?” Cyril asked.

“Yes. The Giant used a spell to make her a giantess,” Giselle said.

“We gathered that,” Melon Flower commented.

“But that’s not all. He placed some enchantment to make her obedient to his every whim,” Giselle explained, “No matter what it is, if Phemus suggests or requests it, My spellbound sister will do it. I can’t even convince her to leave or fight Phemus because of that spell. I can’t imagine what she’s going through. We both just want to be free.”

Despair lingered in her voice when she spoke. Mikhaela came up to the young transmogrified woman to comfort her.

“Hey, we’re going to get you and your sister out of here and free from the giant,” She said in a motherly fashion.

“We need to formulate a plan first,” Cyril said with the group beginning to gather into a circle to consider their options.

As they discussed their plans, Phemus and Aurora entered their shared bedchambers. Since Aurora had become Phemus’ slave, he had her sleeping with him and having as much sex as he possibly could. After entering his room, Phemus stripped off his tunic and pants before climbing into the bed with Aurora who has also stripped down to nothing but her skin. Phemus embraced Aurora, groping her bosom and putting his cock into her pussy. Aurora groaned as she felt her pussy being penetrated by her mountainous master. Her folds squeezed around his shaft as he entered and began to rhythmically thrust into her. She moaned lightly as her breasts were played with and Phemus continued pounding with his pace slowly increasing in speed.

“Mmm, I never get tired of this lush pussy of yours,” Phemus said, “You’re just as good as a true giantess! Umph~!”

“Th-thank you master! Ah! Ah!” Aurora said as he continued to ravish her.

Aurora was compliant to his sexual pleasures and she did feel some sexual gratification from him

truthfully, but she longed for the day when she wasn't his unquestioning slave again. She remembered her time back home in Cornwelton with her father and her sister. The happy times spent with them. Not to mention time spent with her potential suitors. Many of the single men in town were of course attracted to her and she felt some attraction to a few of them. She had actually one or two boyfriends but when it came to introducing them to her father, it became difficult as her father was very scrutinizing about their accomplishments. Of course, she didn't always stay the good older daughter and had a few rolls in the hay with her boyfriends.

She longed for those days of freedom rather than this; the love slave and housekeeper to a giant who couldn't even fight back. Granted he did have a pretty good cock. It was felt most in times like now when he was pounding her pussy and caressing her body as they fucked. She cried out in a mix of pleasure and winced from her tight pussy being filled by the large meatpole. Phemus continued to ream her pussy harder and faster. Aurora's juices coating his cock as he repeatedly and rapidly jabbed into her.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Aurora moaned grasping the sheets as Phemus fucked her harder and harder.

Aurora didn't want to admit it but she was enjoying this and Phemus was certainly enjoying this. From one aspect, the idea that he was fucking a giantess when there were few giants walking around and another aspect was that he was having sex with the man who killed his brother; the perfect kind of revenge. However, he still felt sorrow and a little guilt. Still, he pushed it aside and continued to pound the young woman's pussy.

His large hands began to get more vigorous their fondling of her tits. He squeezed them and ground them together, feeling the wonderful softness in his clutches that he assumed few men had the chance to touch. His fingers found their way to her perky nipples and began playing with them. He tweaked and pinched the stiff nubs of flesh between his fingers making the woman squeal.

"Aaaah~! That hurts!" She cried feeling a little pain mixed in with the pleasure.

Phemus was feeling mainly pleasure as he played with her and continued to pound her pussy. He thrust his cock harder and deeper into her vagina. He groaned and moaned himself as he felt her pussy clench and squeeze his shaft while continued pounding away and his sexual pleasure grow. He could feel himself getting closer and closer until finally he knew he would cum. He thrust harder and faster before giving one last hard thrust inside her and he came. Ropes of spunk shot from his cock and painted her pussy and Aurora cried out as she felt the release inside her. Her body quivered with pleasure she felt from the cumshot.

"OOOOOOOoooooh~!" Phemus moaned.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh~!" Aurora cried in response.

As his stream of cum died down, Phemus pulled his now half soft cock out of the neo-giantess's pussy. It was coated in his and Aurora's juices. The giant sighed in relief.

“Very good, Aurora,” Phemus said, “Now, clean my cock with your mouth and tongue.”

“Yes, Master,” Aurora agreed as she shakily rose from her position on the bed and moved to Phemus’ waist.

She knelt down and licked his cock, swallowing the cocktail of his and her juices. Phemus let out a moan of pleasure from her tongue.

“Oooo, wonderful, Aurora,” Phemus said, “Keep that up and we’ll be ready to go again soon.”

Aurora complied with her master’s wish but inside she wanted to go home. She wanted to be free.

The two continued to alternate between oral and vaginal sex through out the night. While downstairs, Our heroes and Giselle had formulated and finalized a plan. Cyril of course decided to explain it as night got on.

“Ok, so let’s make sure we’ve all got this straight,” Cyril said, “Our plan will go into action tomorrow. First, Melon Flower will act as a distraction for Phemus by taking the form of a sexy giantess. She’ll approach him with the proposal to fuck a ‘real’ giantess instead of one he made himself and have a wild ride with him.”

“Hm, always wanted to try a giant’s cock,” Melon Flower said playfully.

“Then when Phemus has been fucked into unconsciousness, Mikhaela and I will remove the spells placed on you and your sister, Giselle,” Cyril said gesturing towards Mikhaela and the harp girl, both of whom nodded, “If we need to, Uahna and Melon Flower can use a sleeping spell to keep Phemus asleep. If worst comes to worst though, we can use our skills and size to confuse and fight him.”

The group gripped their weapons and tools a little nervously at the thought of going up against a giant but knew they all had tricks and skills to outmaneuver him.

“When he’s defeated, we’ll escape down the ancient stalk and if he tries to follow, we may have to...slay him,” Cyril paused unsure about the idea of killing someone. He’d never aimed to kill someone. Even if that someone was unequivocally evil and the concept got him nervous.

Mikhaela read it in his body language and put her hand on his arm, “It’s ok. We’ll get through this.”

Cyril smiled feeling a bit better. Melon Flower yawn and stretched on Cyril’s shoulder.

“We should probably get some rest,” Levine suggested, “We’ll need diligence and our wits about us tomorrow.”

“Indeed,” Cyril said as the group got out impromptu sleeping equipment and prepared for bed.

Later that night as the moon began to fall and our heroes rested on the table near Giselle, one of them awoke from their sheets. It was Prince Anthony who as quickly and stealthily as he could got off the table and made his way up to the giant's room. The prince hastily climbed up the stairs to their chamber and slipped through the crack in the door. He saw the large bed and the large forms resting atop it. He was not far from his goal.

He hurriedly climbed the bed finding the massive form of Aurora facing him. She was quite a beauty, a woman he would love to woo and have a great night with. However, he had come for a chance he wasn't sure he'd again: Titfucking a giantess. True, Aurora wasn't a natural giant but Anthony couldn't resist those tits. He viewed them hungrily, literal hills of boobflesh right in front of him and barely covered by the sheet draped over Aurora and Phemus.

Prince Anthony reached into his pocket and pulled out one of the bottles of the enhancement elixir Cyril had given him in exchange for his silence. He pulled out the cork from the vial.

"Bottoms up," He said before quaffing the entire contents of the bottle.

He quickly pulled down his pants and underwear just in time as he felt his body quake strangely. His knees shook slightly then suddenly his already hard cock shot out in length and size. Prince Anthony fell back onto the bed and stifled any sounds he would've made that might awaken the gargantuan goddess and her master sleeping in front of him. After he felt his body settle, Prince Anthony gazed upon his mighty mast now almost five feet long and almost as thick as a tree limb. There's no way this would fit in a woman's snatch but it was perfect for a giantess' cleavage.

He stripped down completely, climbed onto Aurora and situated himself in between her breasts. When he was sufficiently snug in her cleavage, the perverted prince began thrusting his cock between her breasts. It was a bit of a struggle but he managed surprisingly well. He thrust his cock more and more between her big soft tits causing the colossal cantaloupes to jiggle and shake around. His body was buffered by feeling of her massive tits bouncing around him.

Prince Anthony was in heaven. To be lodged between such humongous breasts was like something out of a dream. A wonderful dream he never wanted to wake up from. He continued to thrust his hips in his lustful state, jabbing faster and harder in between her cleavage. His body continued to mash and squeezed between her cleavage as he continued. Her soft supple flesh pressed around his shaft while he drilled between the immense orbs.

Aurora's expressions were shifting slightly while she slept. The unwanted titfuck began to effect her dreams as she dreamed her breasts were bouncing all on their own with no rhyme or reason. She wasn't sure why this was happening from her dreams perspective. In the waking world, Prince Anthony continued to pound her pleasure pillows more and more. Finally Prince Anthony couldn't take much more. The sensation of her breasts surrounding him and his enhanced enormous erection seemed too much for the prince. He felt his body quiver and his cock released his cum into a large geyser burst which shot from between Aurora's assets and awoke the sleeping giantess.

Aurora woke with a start as she felt the sticky sensation of cum in between her breasts. At first she thought it might have been Phemus who decided to give her an early morning surprise but opening her eyes revealed to her that a spout of sperm shot from between her boobs and she could see no visible giant penis confused and worried, she responded with a scream.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!”

This scream of course awoke her slumbering bed partner but also the other unknown occupants of the manor. Downstairs, our heroes jumped awake at the sound of the scream.

“What was that?” Cyril asked.

“I know that scream. That’s my sister!” Giselle said, “Why is she screaming?”

“Wait a minute, where’s Prince Anthony?” Uahna said.

“Oh no,” Levine said.

Stomps came towards the room causing the group to hide in a few places. Phemus stormed into the room holding a scared yet satisfied Anthony in his fist.

“Where are you lot?!?!?” He bellowed, making our heroes shudder a bit in fear.

“I know your type! You’re adventurers, out for me, my treasure, or my servants,” Phemus said, “It’s rare that one comes to face me and strange that one of you would have the guts to molest my Aurora in the middle of the night!”

The group collectively face palmed at the fact that Prince Anthony would jeopardize their mission to snuggle up in a giantess’s cleavage. However, they kind of knew he’d do something like that.

“I’ve got your gutsy mate right here and I’m not very fond of intruders, even less fond of would-be giant slayers,” Phemus said, “I’ll make sure though that this friend of your’s doesn’t make the same mistake again...I’ve never really tried raw meat, especially not human.”

The group froze as the ridiculous way they were found out changed to concern at the realization of Phemus’ comment. The giant looked at the young prince with a grin before licking his lips. Suddenly, Prince Anthony felt even more scared than before. Phemus started to raise the prince up and prepared to drop him down his gullet.

“I always like to try new things,” Phemus said.

Just as he was about to devour the prince, A fireball was thrown at his head. Phemus’ mouth closed and he almost dropped Prince Anthony. The giant looked in the direction of the fireball finding Cyril and his party standing on the table. The tip of Cyril’s staff glowing with a slight hint of smoke.

“Drop him!” Cyril said.

Phemus smiled, “Gladly.”

The Giant released the Prince from his grip, causing him to fall.

“Mikhaela!” Cyril said thinking fast and regretting his wording.

“Got it!” Mikhaela said as she suddenly flew off the table coming just in time to save Prince Anthony from making a mess on the floor.

The rest of the group moved in their own ways to attack Phemus. Levine speedily climbed down the table and began striking at the giant’s feet with her swords and spear, stabbing into the flesh, while Uahna began throwing light orb attacks at his chest. Melon Flower looked at Cyril.

“I thought our plan was use me as distraction, fuck his brains out, and then escape?” Melon Flower asked.

“Plan’s changed. We’re going to give him everything we’ve got, beat him into submission and we’ll convince him to remove the spells on Aurora and Giselle,” Cyril explained throwing a few lighting spells at the titan, “Now give us a hand.”

“On it,” Melon Flower said before taking on the form of a juvenile red dragon and flying off the table to breathe fire on the giant to fight him.

At that same time, Mikhaela and Prince Anthony returned to the table. The prince was of course coping with his near death experience rather well thanks to being able to snuggle up against Mikhaela’s massive mammaries without fear of retaliation. As they came to the table, Mikhaela dropped him onto the surface.

“Ow! You don’t have to drop me,” Prince Anthony said.

“You couldn’t wait for us to get back to Cornwelton to sate your libido, could you?” Mikhaela scolded, “We’re going to have to try and figure out a new plan thanks to what you did.”

“But those huge boobs... I couldn’t pass up this opportunity, especially since Cyril gave me some of that potion,” Prince Anthony blurted out.

“What Potion?” Mikhaela asked.

Cyril and Anthony suddenly froze. Their brief silence helped Mikhaela quickly put it together.

“Wait- You mean you created more of that elixir?!?” She asked incredulously towards her pupil.

“I wasn’t going to use it like he did!” Cyril said.

“Oh really? Then how are you going use it!?” Mikhaela demanded.

“Is this really the best time?!” Cyril asked.

“Enough of this!” Phemus said conjuring a fireball and throwing it to the ground towards Levine who just narrowly dodged it. Phemus then directed a fireball the trio on the table. The three managed to narrowly escape the flames and managed to land on the floor without any significant injury. Of course, the near brush with death helped remind them of what was going on around and the situation.

“We’ll argue about this later,” Mikhaela said.

“Yeah,” Cyril agreed as they ran out of the way of another attack from Phemus.

Anthony decided to lend a hand to Levine with his rapier, slashing at Phemus’ feet and dodging when the giant retaliated with stomps and kicks. Cyril and Mikhaela threw some lightning bolts towards the giant, striking his stomach and legs. Phemus felt them but continued to fight hurling more attacks at them.

“A little help over here?” cried Giselle who had fallen to the floor when the table was destroyed.

Cyril and Mikhaela came over to aid her, dragging her with their cover behind the fallen books.

“So, since your presence has been revealed, how you plan for our escape?” Giselle asked.

“I’m putting one together,” Cyril said, turned to Mikhaela, “Mistress, do you know any Sound Magic?”

Mikhaela smiled and nodded, “You have an idea?”

“Yeah, I’ll go use an ice spell around his feet. When I say go, Giselle, you play the highest note you can go and Mikhaela will use a sonic spell to disorient him, hopefully enough for him to fall over,” Cyril said, “After he’s subdued we’ll lock him down with a light bind.”

Mikhaela nodded as Cyril ran out from behind the literary cover and ran towards the giant. He began to charge his staff with his energy, quietly chanting as he came closer to Phemus’ feet which Anthony and Levine were continuing to strike.

“Anthony! Levine! Get Back!” Cyril yelled.

The two jumped back as Cyril swung his staff in the direction of Phemus and yelled, “CLUTCH OF WINTER!”

He swung Cyril’s gem glowed blue and following it’s swing was the sudden raise of ice which formed into massive chucks around Phemus’ feet and ankles, holding him in place. Phemus noticed the cold surrounding his feet and the touch of the thick ice against his bare feet. He looked down and snarled.

“You think this will stop me?” Phemus said but before he could appraise his rage, Cyril screamed, “Now!” towards Mikhaela and Giselle.

Giselle began to sing a high note which made a slight annoyance in the ears. However, Mikhaela then started to channel her mana into Giselle increasing her volume and pitch to a point that almost everyone started to have a painful ache in their ears and cringe from it. Uahna and Levine especially felt this because of their elven hearing. Phemus held his ears in pain as it almost felt like his head was going to explode just from the noise alone.

“AHHH! GISELLE! GISELLE, STOP IT!” Phemus said starting to lose his balance not helped by the ice holding his feet.

Giselle and Mikhaela stopped and Cyril noticed Phemus starting to topple over but saw he was close to regaining his balance. Thinking quickly, he called for Melon Flower.

“Melon Flower! Mind giving Phemus a taste of ogress?”

“Gladly,” Melon Flower called down and flew in front of Phemus’ face.

Melon Flower quickly transformed into a zaftig yet strong looking ogress and punched Phemus in the nose with such force that the giant’s nose bled and he would soon be an acquaintance of the floor. As Melon Flower rapidly returned to her fairy self, Phemus collided with the floor. Mikhaela and Cyril scurried on top of him with their companions. The two human mages combined their skills to perform a powerful version of a trap spell.

“LIGHT BIND!” The two said in unison.

Suddenly beneath the giant sprung ropes of light and tied around him, binding him to the floor. To be extra certain that Phemus wasn’t going to get up, Melon Flower transformed into a young adult Great Red Dragon and sat on the giant. The group turned to Phemus, who sneered at them.

“Well, you got me dead to rights, Giant Slayers,” Phemus said.

“We’re not giant slayers and we’re not treasure hunters,” Cyril said, “We came here on request of Louis Gamsen to rescue his daughters.”

“Well, aren’t you a noble bunch? Working for a man who doesn’t have the guts to come and finish his own business,” Phemus said.

“You know Gamsen is too old to face you,” Mikhaela said, “Hell, he probably couldn’t have defeated you on his own when he was in his prime. However, you have no right to hold his daughters here.”

“I have no right you say, Girl? I HAVE EVERY RIGHT!” Phemus bellowed the last, “Gamsen killed my

brother. That man is guilty of trespassing and murder and yet he's celebrated as a hero."

Phemus bit his lip and seemed to become choked up, "My people have almost been driven to extinction. My parents passed away years ago. My brother is dead. I'm the last of the Gigallan family. I deserve retribution!"

Cyril and his friends considered these words, some of them knowing the loss of family and loved ones. However, they remained firm in a certain way as Cyril spoke to Phemus.

"You've clearly suffered in ways of your family and people. You do deserve recompense but the way you're going about it isn't going to make things better. It's going to make it worse," Cyril said in a soft and somewhat understanding manner, "Please return the sisters to normal and we'll help you get what you need rather than what you want."

Phemus contemplated the mage boy's words carefully and decided to go with their plan.

Later that day, Cyril and Co. including the Gamsen Sisters, restored to normal, and Phemus, who took on a smaller form, returned to Cornwelton. Naturally, the people of Cornwelton were shocked to see the giant returned not to destroy their homes, but to negotiate. The current mayor, other authorities, and Gamsen negotiated with Phemus and made plans for an agreement. After much deliberation, it was settled. Phemus would pay for the repairs to Cornwelton and go to prison in exchange for a reduced sentence and reparations made by Gamsen for his brother's death.

As for Cyril and the others, with the return of Gamsen's daughters, they were paid as they had agreed upon with Gamsen; enough money for a tailor to make suitable traveling clothes for frigid areas and supplies necessary for their travels through the Kalwain Mountain Range. Fittings were preformed by the local tailor for the clothing and a small celebration was had with the Party and the Gamsen Family.

Two Days later, they stood in front of the Gamsen house bidding their benefactor and his daughters adieu.

"Thank you for what you've done for our family," Gamsen said.

"Thank you very much for saving us," Aurora said, with a slight bow of her head.

"Please dear lady. The Pleasure was all mi-Ow! OW!" Anthony's suave demeanor was ruined by Levine tugging on his ear.

"Sorry about that," Uahna said.

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Gamsen," Cyril said, "I hope to see you again."

"I hope so, too. Maybe with all that potential, the next time we meet, we could discuss you marrying one of my girls," Gamsen said with a snicker.

Cyril blushed, “Ah no thanks.”

Mikhaela noticed the blush but figured it was just a minor amount of embarrassment, “Thanks for taking care of us.”

“Farewell and have a good journey,” Gamsen said as Cyril and his party walked off.

As they walked, Mikhaela walked beside Cyril noticing a smile on his face.

“You seem pretty happy,” Mikhaela sighted.

“I’m just glad they could reach an understanding and we didn’t have to kill someone like Phemus,” Cyril said.

Mikhaela gained a smile too. She loved his optimism and this was certainly a boost to that.

“Speaking of understanding,” Mikhaela said, “We have to talk about that potion you made. You are going to throw those bottles away aren’t you?”

As Mikhaela turned to face Cyril, she noticed that he had vanished. However turning her eyes forward noticed that Cyril was several feet away from them and running. He yelled back to the group.

“Come on, Guys! We want to make it to the foothills before dark, don’t we?” Cyril said.

Mikhaela’s brow furrowed with annoyance, “Dodging this discussion isn’t going to make it go away you know!”

She started to run after her pupil yelling towards him, “Get your butt back here!”

“Hey guys! Wait up!” Uahna said as she and the other three members of the group started running after their two companions, heading towards the Kalwain Mountains and the adventures that lay ahead.

Chapter End.