

Treetop Shorts Collection  
Surrogate Daughter

By Smokescale Aquatos

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The sounds of moaning filled the halls of the grand palace. The stone pillars and floor forced the grunts and cries of elation to echo quite a ways made by a jade serpent laying on her back and her partner. Her legs were hoisted and wrapped round the waist of a handsome, strapping wolf thrusting away into her passionately. She hissed and gasped each time he plunged in, filling her so nicely before she felt the latest in a long series of heated bursts filling her womanly passage. She panted until her voice caught in her throat, finally releasing as a loud scream of orgasm. Her belly surged outward nicely, sloshing with the most recent male to fill her, making it an even dozen. Already she looked as though she were about to drop a sizable clutch, and this only added to it. As she came down from climax, she hissed in pleasure, the cobra stroking her hands across the pliable sphere resting just below her breasts.

"Mmm, good boy... you've been improving."

"All the better to please my queen." He grinned, leaning down to give the supple dome a kiss. A scaled hand reached up and caressed along his cheek, granting him more than just the chance to slake his lust, but the affection she held for not just him but all her 'subjects'.

"And please her you have. Now... all this bumping, grinding and screaming has left me a bit peckish... do think you could find your mistress something to eat?"

A broad grin passed across the wolf's lips as he nodded vigorously. Without another word he leaned forward to offer his beloved snake a firm kiss. That was his answer. She grinned and parted her lips after dizziness took him... a covert application of that glorious, euphoric venom of hers, and began to ease him in. She was hungry indeed, finishing the lupine off in short order, his feet slipping out of sight just before she sighed in satisfaction, her stomach now a good deal larger.

"Ahhh... lovely... who else wishes to help sate their queen's hunger?" She grinned at the others who had come to please the sorceress they all considered royalty. Each and every one slipped in close to offer themselves as a 'sacrifice'. Sure they would be back... but not until after they left, "Oh so many willing meals... you've no idea how this pleases your mistress."

After a great deal of gulping and swallowing and groaning, the cobra inexplicably pulled herself from the pile of cushions she frequently lounged upon in the center of her palace, grunting in exertion as she hauled her massive stomach back down the corridor. How she was able to carry so much without becoming completely immobile... well, she was a sorceress after all. Eventually, she squeezed through the doors to her bedroom and crawled her way laboriously onto her bed, laying atop her tremendously bloated gut. Oh how she loved stuffing herself. All

the movement, the groans and moans, the life filling her; she absolutely adored it. It took her mind off of certain unpleasanties and for that she was grateful.

Sleep took her as her servants all wriggled away, grinding against one another, pumping and shifting, making her stomach gurgle and writhe delightfully. She would have wonderful dreams tonight. Or at least she thought she would. Unfortunately, the dreams that came were heart wrenching for the snake. She saw herself surrounded by women, each gravid, expecting, some with children standing around them, while she was just as slender and alone as ever before. She cried in her dream, dropping to her knees and sobbing as the images passed by and eventually faded, drifting back towards the waking world.

Soon, she was back home in bed, the sun shining in through the open space above. It would have been a window had there been any glass. She was trim about the middle once more, all her passengers having digested away, no doubt waking up back in their own rooms. Even the seed she had collected from so many of her boys had vanished, absorbed completely, never to conceive a child. The snake ran a hand across her smooth, flat stomach as she sighed longingly. It wasn't often she was overcome by these emotions, but when they came, they pounded down upon her like a deluge. Immediately she curled up about herself and began to sob, trying her best to keep her sorrow from being heard past the walls of her bedroom. It wasn't an impossible wish, to be a mother, but for her, it would be difficult.

She would get only one chance, only one child... and there were so many things that could go so very wrong. As her line continued on, it grew more and more difficult to conceive, and then each pregnancy came with complications that threatened to end the infant's life before it began. It was only by the skill and wisdom of her mother that she herself was born a healthy little girl. The gods must have foreseen this. The bargain her ancestor had struck was soon to end. Part of her wished it wouldn't end with her. The other part could not bear the thought of passing that burden on to her daughter. It was awful. She wanted to be a mother so very badly, to have a grand family, so many children. It was a desire that would never be made possible. Not so long as the curse remained. And so she let the despair wash over her as she cried.

"Good morning, mistress. Would you care for breakfast?" A dark feline, just as sleek and slim as the cobra, and just as generously endowed, pushed the heavy door open and closed it again. Her voice fell quiet as the sound of her queen's tears reached her. She frowned and moved quickly to the snake's side, wrapping her arms around the snake, "Mistress... is it the dream again?"

The serpent nodded, quickly embracing the black cat and holding her close, "Yes... it's been months since the last one. Forgive me, Isis. Forgive your queen for being so weak."

The feline simply purred and pressed her lips to the snake's cheek, aching so very badly, wanting to take away her pain, "It isn't weakness, mistress. It isn't weakness at all. I'm here. Let me help however I can. What do you need?"

A quiet snuffle escaped the supposed queen, not official but certainly an enjoyable role she played. She returned her pet's kiss affectionately, finding great comfort in her presence.

"I would need a child to cure me of this agony. That is something you can't give me, no matter how much you try, dear Isis," She sighed and looked into the feline's eyes, caressing her cheek, "Dearest Isis... you know how much I care for you, don't you?" She had broken character, unable to maintain the appearance while so broken. The feline nodded and leaned in to kiss her mistress again, lips meeting in a delicate, tender moment of belonging.

"I know, Elizabeth. I have always known since the day we met. I meant what I said when I told you I would do anything for you. If it's a child you need, then it's a child you'll have. Even if I can't give you one, I can at least be one for you. Use me however you need to make the heartache go away."

"You want to be my surrogate?" The feline nodded, bringing a still sorrowful smile to the cobra's lips. She kissed her again before pressing the cat's cheek to her chest, her chin resting against Isis' forehead, "Thank you. Thank you so very much, my love. May I keep you longer than last time?"

Isis giggled quietly, nuzzling down towards her beloved queen's chest, licking and kissing those grand breasts. She knew the serpent adored attention to those pert, ample swells.

"You could keep me inside you forever and I would be happy. But... something tells me you don't mean that long. Perhaps we should try for a full term this time?"

Elizabeth cooed and stroked along the back of her feline's head, quite taken with the sensation of affection to her bosom. It was a grand idea, one she was eager to push forward with... but not until the fire already building inside was extinguished again. At least... for a little while. It was one thing about her curse the snake enjoyed... being insatiable. She carefully guided the dark feline towards her groin, turning her so that Isis' lovely hips came up towards her nose. With the two of them properly adjusted, the cobra leaned forward and lapped softly at the cat's delicate petals. A delighted feline cry rose from below just before Isis pressed her nose against her queen's folds. They both traced their tongues about, knowing one another's bodies so well they didn't need direction. They simply fell into place and drove each other towards climax, but not swiftly. No, they each knew how to tease and pinch and nudge the other ever so gradually into a fit of pleasure.

Fingers danced across fur and scale, exploring those lovely curves they both knew so well. Their respective scents mingled, giving the room a perfume of arousal that would drive almost any male to ache between his thighs. The moisture that trickled forth, sweet and fragrant, was quickly lapped up by both ladies, each one drinking so deeply of her beloved's flower. Flesh warmed and tingled as a soft writhe claimed them both. It felt as though all time had stopped around them, that nothing mattered but the one they longed to please. As they pressed closer and closer, a tremble claimed them both. They had synchronized.

Faster and faster they rushed towards the oncoming storm until at last, the two quivering ladies gasped and moaned, their forms tensing as a wave of intensity rushed across them both. And still they drank away! Even while in the midst of climax they continued to pursue one another, but with a more subdued passion, waning away to a gentle caress here and there. Both Isis and

Elizabeth panted, the feline turning about again to face her mistress properly, kissing the snake firmly. The cobra returned the affection in kind, her arms wrapped tightly around her dark kitty.

"That's my sweet little girl... now, I think it's time we went ahead and actually got started."

Isis nodded, sliding down just far enough to nuzzle into her queen's breasts, finding great comfort there, "I'm ready."

The snake's delicate hands guided her pet down along her form further, down to the very crevice she had already pleased so well. The moist folds smelled so very strongly of arousal and release, hungry for more. Isis nuzzled into the womanly cleft before her, purring deep in her throat. A soft kiss came and she began to press in. Her muzzle, short and blunt, wedged its way into her queen's supple form, giving way to the dark, fleshy tunnel beyond that she was already so familiar with. Elizabeth gasped softly in delight, a hand resting against the back of her servant's head, helping to encourage her in. The emerald thighs parted and laid flat, spread wide to make the going easier. The heated passage squeezed about the feline's nose before relaxing again, expanding and softening to permit her further. A quick forward press saw her vision engulfed in pink, then black, as her head slipped into the snake. A hiss of approval was the result, as well as a visible bulge in the lady's abdomen. Her free hand moved to stroke the cat's head through her scales, already giggling.

It was a good start, and Isis wasn't about to stop there. She arched her back, hoisting her rump into the air as she brought her knees under her, using the odd position to gain a bit of leverage. A strong flexing of her thighs pushed those dark shoulders out of sight, stretching the breathless serpent's nethers wide. Elizabeth's jaw parted in a long, needy moan. Before the feline could push again, a 'hiccup' shook the walls around her, a convulsion of that muscular tunnel rippling throughout. In that brief lapse in self-control, the queen's spasm managed to slurp up her pet's chest. The two swells that could catch just about any man's attention gave her vulva reason to bulge. The snake hissed and panted, trying to regain some control over her progress. As she attempted to regulate her breathing, Elizabeth also felt the urge to pull, and pull she did. Without using her hands, she flexed her inner walls and felt several inches of the cat's torso glide into the steadily swelling dome of her tummy. Both hands traced circles across the growing mound, leaving progress to be made by her womanly strength alone. And what progress was made!

Steady breathing brought with it a tempo, a rhythm that saw the snake tug at regular intervals. In only a matter of moments, Elizabeth had managed to consume half of her feline servant, squeezing and pressing lovingly against the firm shapes forming in her stomach. Each spasm saw Isis disappear just a few more inches, the warm and inviting womb beckoning her to slide in the rest of the way. Thighs eased out of sight, as did knees, then eventually a pair of sleek, powerful calves. In but a short while, the snake reached down past her new expansive belly and traced a hand over the two feet protruding from her lips. She giggled and gave them a soft caress before they too were drawn in. And it was done. She felt Isis settle into place as her cervix began to close, not sealing completely shut just yet, but certainly making it difficult to turn around and climb out.

"Oh my dear Isis, thank you so much. I couldn't ask for a better make-believe daughter." She embraced the swollen dome happily, still lounging on her back as she felt that continued thrum rumbling away under her hide.

"Thank you mistress, for letting me pretend to be your baby."

Liz sighed happily, laying there and fawning over her belly as she felt the process start up almost straight away. The soft lumps and shapes began to smoothen out into a perfectly round dome, now with only a hint of yield to it. A cord had snaked out and connected to the feline's navel and her world began to slowly fill with a warm, comforting fluid. Isis began to feel quite sleepy as the effect of her mistress' heartbeat began to wear on her. She heard her 'mother' speak once more before she slipped off to sleep.

"Isis... dearest Isis... my first... my favorite... my darling little girl. I love you so very much." They were sweet words to send her 'daughter' to sleep with. As she lay there, her hefty middle began to shrink, the cat inside growing younger and smaller, finally reaching the point where the snake possessed a modest 'baby bump', a bump that would in time grow back out once more, feeling quite natural. Of course, a little help to get it jump started never hurt.

"Hey there sweetheart, how're you doing?" A lovely sandy colored jackal strolled in, slipping out of the uniform shi wore while tending bar for the blue dragon employing hir. It was an isolated part of the inn, Elizabeth's palace, but it was still quite easy to reach the foyer from there, and the canine did very much love the upgrade from her old tavern. The cobra smiled at her mate, the only person she submitted to on a regular basis.

"Hello Layla... Isis and I thought it was about time for another round of surrogacy. Care to help me get her started again?" She winked and grinned, quite delighted to see the canid again. Layla snickered and tugged hir shirt off, exposing hir own equally expansive bust before unfastening hir shorts and letting them fall away. The bulging sheath they concealed began to reveal hir steadily growing arousal. By now, the cobra knew every curve, every inch, every swell of her wife's glorious member, and Layla was more than happy to let her stay up to date on it.

"I'd love to, Liz." Shi climbed into bed and pulled her snake in close, nuzzling the cobra's neck from behind, chest and groin grinding nicely against the expectant 'queen'. In short order, the lady's ample girth found its way into the hungry cleft that had swallowed a cat whole, eager to drink the jackal's length dry. Elizabeth hissed happily and melted into her wife's embrace. If only they could do this for real, conceive a child of their very own. And more than once.

Maybe one day... if the curse were ever lifted.