Author’s note: Men and children do not exist at all in this world, nor in any of my other worlds. Every single person is a woman with some or other arrangement of nethers, and women are born as full-grown, talking, and thinking adults after a ten-year pregnancy (unless pregnancy lasts thirty minutes to achieve the same results, for reasons).

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    Back, you, kind villagers--stay your forks, your hatchets, your machetes! I mean you no harm, I truly do! May the bars of this cell be proof enough of that, for I have willingly arrested myself!

    I only ask that you hear me!

    You call me the Bothered Locust, do you? The Snatcher Waif? Oh, good grief, what wretched things to call me! Well, I have a name, I do! I am--or was, if you, too, refuse its memory--Illudeira. Illudeira, of Reitanshay and the Fir-Hollow clan.

    The Land rings no bells? Alas, I have come to accept as much, given this unnatural longevity of my life…

    Very well. Reitanshay was a dreary Queendom, hounded by a cruel and stern Queen by the name and title of Imperatrix Zazzinella--I beg you, do not laugh or doubt my truth! She was a Queen of Sperm, and chose the name herself!

    The Imperatrix is no more, in any case. I’d almost pity her, were she not responsible for my dreadful condition… Ah, but nay-she was no Sporurge, nor Vitellumancer, nor any other manner of mage. The means by which I am thus compromised are beyond even me, and presumably her as well.

    Pardon this rambling. I should start from the beginning.

    I was the youngest true daughter of the Fir-Hollow clan. Middle child, if we count bastards. We were farmers, cursed with a deed to ungenerous soil. I remember, as I was born, Hesya--er, my mother--interrupting me, as I was about to ask her my name, to hand me a sickle and order me out to harvest millet, with my other Ma--Vivya--and my sisters. I remember, alas, how, when I’d lollygag, she’d complain that the ten years she bore me were wasted.  Vivya was the one who named me, as she taught me how to harvest crops.

    We were a large family, unfortunately. Both my mothers were hermaphrodites and nearing middle-age, so I had four other full sisters. Their names were Mya, Cyzi, Asta, and Llyu.

I mourn that I had only the time with them to learn their nicknames.

I was born the day after tax collection, a monthly activity seen-to personally and enthusiastically by the Imperatrix. She relished the taking, for she eagerly awaited the opportunity to punish those who could not provide. Her law was the base law of many Queens: “I do as I please, because I am the fucking Queen. I am thrice as tall as you, and if my pheromones cannot exact your fealty, then the rest of my body shall.” Pardon the expletives, but those are her exact words.

She preferred not to be inhibited by written law on what punishments she could hand out. That’s how my three half-sisters came into this world: on the tax day of my second month in this world, we came up short, and Imperatrix Zazzinella made us all watch her bloat Mama Vivya’s womb up against our front door with so much of her signature Humor that Ma couldn’t get up until Zal, Erna, and Uza crawled back out, half an hour later, each with half of Zazzinella’s sharp-angled face.

    They were a lot nicer than their sire, and I miss them dearly.

    I was an impulsive newling, you understand. I didn’t know to just let it be and try to avoid incurring her wrath next time. I… pardon my blushing, for I am deeply embarrassed by this. More than anything else, this was the sin that made me into the wretch before you.

One night, when I was maybe two months old, I decided I knew how to end the Imperatrix’s reign of terror. I stole a sickle from the shed and marched along the riverbed, into town, and up to her castle. She had two Thralls stationed outside the main gate, to whom I presented myself and demanded to see the Queen, waving my sickle like it’d do anything to her.

They took me straight to her bedside, where she took my sickle, bent it into a pretzel with her bare hands, and laughed at me before I even had a chance to speak. I would have just said something embarrassing, anyways.

Then she asked me, “Hey, thou’rt the Fir-Hollow newborn, aren’t you?” She laughed again. It was the kind of laugh engineered to ensure she got a little spit on your face. “Well, I guess not anymore. How’s the triplets?”

The best I could stammer out was a meek, “They’re well.”

“That’s good.” She wasn’t paying attention. Just a way of ending the subject.

She then rose from her bed and stood. She may have been only thrice my height--by no means the tallest of Queens, out in the Dream, but she felt thirty-fold.

“Listen, I’ve had it up to here with thy clan. Missing rent every now and then,”--I’m told she was a landlady before her Royal Metamorphosis, and habitually called taxes rent--“I can forgive. Thy Mama’s coochie was oh-so-snug, and I always feel merciful after blowing a load. But here thou comest, to what? Trim my leg hair with this little toenail-knife?”

She threw the mangled ex-implement somewhere behind me and pointed at it, barking “Go, fetch.” I took the bait and turned around, only for her to wind a hand around my waist. Suddenly, the hardwood floor lay my height and a half below my feet.

I twisted my back to get her back in view.

“Thralls?”

Her loyal guards bolted back to attention. In unison, they replied, “Yes, Mom?”

“Don’t let me forget to deal with her kin tomorrow. I got myself an idea.”

With that, she lurched backwards into her gargantuan canopied bed, shutting the curtain. Here, she finally twisted me around, and between the fear and womanhandling, I almost hurled. I dread to think what she might have done, had I not held it in.

She moved to clamp my arms in one palm and dangle me over her rod. I’d noticed her stiffening during our prior conversation, but I had, I suppose, been so subconsciously afraid it was for me that I had blocked the possibility from my mind. As befits one whose Humor is Sperm, I suppose, her shaft was as long as her thighs--somewhere around three-quarters of my height, and wide enough I could hide behind it.

“If I hear a peep from thee, cocksleeve, I’ll roll over and crush thee. Thou don’t wantst that.”

She didn’t taunt me long. I was the last of my sisters--even counting the half-sisters--to remain a virgin, and this is where I lost it. She slammed me down and impaled me dry. I’m not sure if she missed my flower, or simply sought it not, but I felt her force my innards into linearity and settle into my stomach. I could scarcely breathe; it so obstructed my lungs--I was certainly in no room to scream and thus defy her order.

True to the rumor, the phallus of a Queen can fit into crevices far smaller than spatially sensible. This may seem like a minor detail that downplays my credibility, but I assure you, it is not.

I was no longer considered, then, a living, fragile thing, but a toy. She made no effort not to bruise me as she gripped me and bade me ride. After several day-long minutes, she’d release into me, but first, alas, her seed had nowhere else to go but out my mouth; and second, alas, this would not be the only such session. Though she’d always fall forthrightly to sleep after, to use her vulgar speech, “blowing her load”, she woke often in the night, and each awakening, she’d need my conscripted services again. I would get no sleep.

I regret to state, as an aside, that she tasted divine. Inhuman, but pleasant. I took small comforts where I could.

I had hoped, when morning came, she would have forgotten her plans for me and would release me. Sadly, she had not and would not. Nay, though drowsy, pheromone-dazed, and still in active use, I watched her relay orders throughout the morning to her doting Thralls.

Then, she strolled, leisurely, to my home, where I was roused from my stupor by the sight of my mothers and seven sisters tied naked to stakes along the dirt path to the door. They were too confused and frightened to deduct that I had brought this punishment upon them.

A pole had been prepared for me, to which I was tied, after being dismounted and permitted to drain onto the dirt. I, too, was stripped--did I mention I was wearing trousers when she had her way with me? Forgive me.

What I then saw first prompted me to mumble, unintelligibly, what I thought I observed: that Imperatrix Zazzinella was as unimaginative as she was cruel. Good grief, was I so utterly wrong!

She began with the triplets. Uza, she skewered first, right through her nether lips--as she would for the rest of my family, for none of us were pure sires. Zazzinella worked slowly--almost sensually, as though reconsidering the plan she came up with in the dead of night while half-asleep once she’d hilted in her own newling daughter.

She got over her apprehensions well before she’d finished with Uza, of course. Far be it from her to back down on depravity. Just like our mother, Uza’s abdomen ballooned and blushed with the Imperatrix’s batter. I recall, in my naivete, reckoning that the Queen would simply repeat for all ten of us and perhaps take me back to the castle for further punishment.

That thought was interrupted by my heart almost stopping, as I beheld Zazzinella lifting my sister up, cinching her feet together, and slotting them into her urethra. Though her gut was something of a problem, she nonetheless ushered Uza down to what I only presumed then was her grave. The arcane devilry that is Queenly physiology--you know what I mean. The unnatural translation of flesh into hypervirile semen, with which to populate their Lands.

In retrospect, I should have noticed her visit to the court Sporurge. Zazzinella had covered my eyes, I believe, but I still heard the lackey’s voice.

She was just as slow and tender with Erna, and here it occurred to me that she was working through my family by order of youth. She was not present for their delivery, of course, for she had taxes to collect; her Thralls simply coerced the information from their mouths.

As she came inside Erna, I saw the queer sight that most haunts me. She pulled out half-way, perhaps to show off. There, the base of her shaft ballooned with the body of dear Uza, before immediately compacting. Remember what I said about the ability of a Queen to fit into any hole--as it applied to objects within her phallus as well. Erna’s belly ballooned not only with seed but with her minutely-younger sister, herself heavily-pregnant with what must have been sextuplets.

The wombs of us mundanes, alas, possess capacity indeed, but not this capacity. Some Hex or Hone, presumably, of Sporurgy or Vitellumancy, had been cast to compel her womb to endure.

And, dreadfully, once more, the Imperatrix took Erna and fed her to her shaft, before continuing on to Zal. Here, she made one of the only comments that I remember from this phase of our punishment. “It’s gonna serve you ungrateful bitches right for naming my gifts to you lot ‘One’, ‘Two’, and ‘Three’.”

Her rod should not have been capable of swallowing Zal. Even Queens have limits to their inhuman elasticity; this, I know. And yet, it did--almost easier than the prior two. It was here that I remembered that the court Saliurge is mute. She must have been present when her liege met with the Sporurge.

My turn was next, I saw.

It was not my turn. She flicked a bead of seed at me before turning away--she skipped me for the next-youngest sister of mine, Llyu. With her, she was nowhere near as tender, for, presumably, she was not so closely related. Of course, Zazzinella was some grandmother of ours, too, some dozens or hundreds of generations back, but she could neither tell nor care.

Asta followed Llyu. Cyzi followed Asta. Mya followed Asta. The nested dolls of my pregnant sisters had grown as tall as our house.

I figured, once more, that I was next, only for the Queen to move on to our mothers. First Vivya, who sired me; then Hesya, who bore me.

Only, once all nine had been shunted back through that fell tube, was it my turn. The Imperatrix approached me, her jewels deceitfully seeming empty as they rocked towards my eyes. She buried my face therein, such that I could feel Ma’s subtle, agonized writhing upon my eyelids.

I could blame her pheromones for altering my judgement, I suppose, but… I must admit, fear and lust had intertwined in this realm of discarded convention, even as I recollect it. Never did I ever prior want something more than I desired her to plow my fields and plant my family within me. I tried to state this desire to her, but my voice was weak and muffled by her flesh.

I could not tell if she was untying me slowly on purpose, or if my perception of time had simply turned and fled to let me savor the moment.

Her meat was red and raw, under the glaze of semen. Yet still, it throbbed so eagerly. I felt guilty for hanging so helplessly limp and not mounting her myself.

This time, oddly, she was… almost gentle to me. Such insertions are incapable of being gentle, but she crept into my flower as though she were checking the temperature of a bath with her glans. It still ached and knocked the wind from my breast, but the difference now was that I relished it.

She did not, however, continue as before. Instead, secure on my mounting, she strolled into the marketplace as though she did not have a bruised, battered, and batter-soaked farm girl upon her knob.

“Citizens of Reitanshay!” she bellowed, snapping all to attention who had gathered to trade goods. “I stand before you with the last of the Fir-Hollow clan--or, at least, the last upon whom the sun still shines! You see, dear public: this scoundrel, Miss Illudeira Fir-Hollow, committed a grave crime last night! She thought she could fuck with yours truly!”

I think I rasped out a “Please” at the last part, misconstruing it as an offer.

“She came, alone and clothed only in her farm-girl rags, with a dinky little sickle she must have convinced herself was a sword! Well, as you can see, the tables have turned! Now, you might ask, ‘Where is her family, then?’ Fret not, for they live! ‘For how long?’ Who’s to say? ‘Where are they, then?’ Hah! Allow me to show you!”

She paused.

“Back up! I need space! Thralls, seize that rug and lay it out for me!”

After they carried out her order, at the meek complaint of a weaver, she knelt and laid my back thereupon. She drove me near through the fibers, pounding me so vigorously. Had I been able to keep air in my lungs, I would have thanked her. It would have to wait.

She came too soon, of course--though it’s hard to say when I would have been ready. I had no idea my family were on their way until the sun had already vanished behind my belly. Whatever spell permitted me to receive such a burden, it nullified that particular pain, leaving me only with feelings of bloat and bliss as she pulled out and let me settle down.

“Behold! The Fir-Hollow clan in its entirety! Two mothers, five full-daughters--counting Miss Illudeira herself, and three bastards--oh, who am I kidding! Well in excess of three bastards, sired by myself in all ten of them! All packed within the daughter’s womb, safe and secure! Perhaps too secure--the Hone that stretches their wombs so taut does not apply to the…”

She struggled to find a less vulgar word, and failed. “The pussy! The only way for her family to walk away from this, dear public, is for the innermost-nested to birth the new bastards and climb out in that crowded, dark hole. A tall order, indeed! This”--she turned to face the crowd--”is what happens when you challenge your Imperatrix!”

The crowd stood pale and silent.

“Come on. Applaud! Bow! Do something!”

They complied, their stun broken but their fear intact. I wheezed out a thanks which I’d thought barely audible.

“Now, then. I see the lout has yet to buckle under the veil of consciousness! What’s thou to say for yourself, missy?”

“More...” I groaned.

Her surprised mien was fleeting, replaced with a predatory grin before anyone but I could notice.

“Repeat that. Louder.”

It wasn’t a yell, but I did as best as I could.

“Do you hear that, my subjects? The whore can only think to demand more!” She guffawed, as though the absurdity of my begging had only just hit her.

She singled out a peasant from the crowd with one imperious finger. “You still owe me rent. Can you pay up right here, right now?”

The woman turned linen-white. She had her twins with her, both bastards as well. “Not on me, my liege, but I can return home--”

“Nah. In thou goest. Thralls!” A pause, as the royal guard advanced. “The bastards, too.”

She looked like she was about to cut and run, until her daughters were threatened. One of the Thralls tasked with guarding the marketplace took a wooden knuckle duster beneath the barbute and dropped before the peasant could be restrained.

“And the idiot who let herself get sucker-punched.”

Zazzinella leaned and sat upon my gut as she mechanically bloated, led her serpent to swallow, and incepted the next--the struggling peasant, her shaking daughters, and the limp Thrall. Each, rounder and rounder, vanished through the same--Saliurgy? Sporurgy? Vitellumancy?--that had hidden my whole family.

“I need more,” she muttered, before hollering at the top of her lungs, “Oy! Corral!”

A contingent of Thralls marched from her castle and converged on the borders of the marketplace. With billhooks and shields, they boxed the marketplace in, preventing anyone from fleeing.

    “That’s right. I don’t wanna see no running, nor no fighting. Accept thy bloody punishments!” She then started pointing out faces in the crowd, and her bodyguards seized the marks. I didn’t see all of it, of course, because of the one flesh-hewn boulder constantly blocking my view, and the rapidly-gaining second which popped in and out of its full size.

I heard the Queen mutter and yell again. First, a “Fuck it,” under a stilted breath she labored to minimize the apparent impatient ecstatsy in. Then, “Corraliers, advance!”

The box began to close, and the crowd murmured, themselves afraid to acknowledge what was going on.

“All’a you owe me for letting you live on my Land! And now, I intend to exact my damn payment! Bodyguards, gimme a hand, would you?”

She stepped away from me to start mounting townsfolk onto her tool herself. By the time the crowd’s self-preservation had kicked in, so had her pheromones. Their attempts to organize and fight their way out were clumsy and easily-neutralized. I don’t think anyone even had to be killed; only concussed, at most.

It was almost dawn by the time she had processed the market square--and then, she gave new orders. “Thralls, you’ve served me well, but I can and will make more of you. Give your Mama some love, would you?”

Thralls, of course, psychologically cannot disobey the Queen that birthed them. Each eagerly and willingly clambered onto her mother before returning inside.

“Righty-ho! Miss Illudeira, thou’rt fuckin’ in for it now!”

She shouldered my gut out of her way before gracing my flower once more with her nectar. This time, I was too full for her to dash out my lungs directly, and instead it was my own weight that pressed my chest flat, silencing me once more.

Her insertion this time was as methodical as the last. At first, I had thought she was simply growing fond of me, and perhaps this was indeed partially the case, but then I gathered her true motivation. There was a structure to her punishment that she intended not to break. She wanted to continue the nesting of the dolls. Every pause and adjustment she made, she made in order to discover and wedge herself into the next-outermost member of my family. Vivya, then Hesya. Mya, Asta, Cyzi, Llyu. Zal, Erna, Uza.

Something was amiss. Perhaps a Hone had started wearing off, perhaps it was simply not powerful enough, or perhaps the nested marketgoers were getting caught in tighter and tighter corridors, for it took her five orgasms to bury them inside of Uza, each doubtlessly impregnating my poor youngest sister further.

So spent was she when she finally finished her project that she stumbled and fell backwards as she pulled out, panting and showering the empty court--primarily myself--with her Humor. My stomach hit the cobbles with a thump and, for what it’s worth, I thank the Dream that there was enough semen in there to cushion the fall for whoever was inside.

The architects of the Reitanshay were wise not to erect any buildings too close to the market, for the mountain I became would inadvertently have razed them.

And, of course, no longer on the verge of suffocation, I cried out for more.

“I don’t got more, bitch. If thou’rt still here tomorrow--and thou’d better be--maybe we can do this again, my mad whore. Hell,” she mumbled, her voice dropping in volume, despite the absence of bystanders, “If you make it through this, we can talk about employment. I’ve decided a cocksleeve is a good look for me, and hey! You have the skills!”

I thought about it. As low as she spoke, I figured she meant it, and I was about to agree wholeheartedly, before a strange sensation came about me. At first, I was afraid the spells allowing me this elasticity had worn off and the marketplace was about to become a shower of gore.

Nay, and alas; this is where my story may begin to sound familiar.

The mundane womb is not designed to digest. It has no such acids or enzymes. Such is the domain of Queens, who melt their prey into millions of eggs, awaiting insemination.

I am no Queen, nor Princess, nor Lady, nor any breed of Dream-blessed Royal. I haven’t the height, nor the strength, nor the pheromones, nor any other capacity for vore.

And yet, I began to digest them, completely by accident. Every last one of them. From the bastards that I was fit to soon birth, to my mothers, to my sisters, to my dearest half-sisters, to the Thralls, to the townsfolk. And not only did I digest them down, bones and hair and all, a feat alone impossible even for a Queen, without Acermantic assistance; I managed to melt everyone’s clothes and plate armor as well, all in the span of no more than ten minutes.

“Oy, what gives? Thou’rt a fucking Princess? Nah, thou’rt way too young for that--what in the Dream are thee?”

And, I am loath to admit, digesting everyone and everything felt… wonderful. Such pinnacles of want and sensation were reached that day…

I could only mumble my need for yet more as I stumbled to my feet. I think I nearly blacked out, right then, as a dizziness came over my already-addled head, and perhaps so much of the ensuing horror could have been prevented, had I only then fallen and been disposed of.

She started to back away, crossing the bridge over the moat, and returned to her formal tone of voice. “Well, alright, then. If you’re actually an early-blooming Princess, then… er--forget the cocksleeve offer. I need to repopulate the Queendom--how’s about I make you my first Consort, huh?”

I was beyond any capacity to take her up on either offer. I was no longer in the state of mind amenable to such… civility. I could only utter the mantra, “More, more, more!”

Her backstep quickened. “Hold! I can give you more! Later, though! Later!”

My need… hasted me, bolstered my strength. Zazzinella indeed tried to fight me off, she did, but she could not prevent me from pushing her onto her back and mounting her once more.

There, she made the fatal mistake of ceasing to fight and dropping her guard. She must have thought I’d taken her up on one of her offers, and she’d hammer out the details after I’d calmed down.

Queens are indeed indefatigable in intercourse, but their other passions force them to take breaks. I did not allow the Imperatrix to rise up and walk away when she was done, despite her many attempts to do so, and her assorted bargains. I know not how many hours passed before the Thrall guard changed and those assigned to the bridge came out to investigate the hollering and fussing just outside the castle.

“Finally!” the Imperatrix moaned. “You two! Help me get this bitch off of me!”

Try as they might, they could not pull me loose. In fact, the opposite result was, sadly, achieved--Zazzinella tucked her legs in, to try pushing me off that way, but instead, it only narrowed the Imperatrix down, that I could take more of her. Were I not so lost in pleasure, I would have joined the Queen and her Thralls in their astonishment as her posterior slipped between my nethers. Zazzinella only belted the words “What in--” before she popped the rest of the way through, like an egg through a candle-lit bottle.

She was completely gone before I’d returned to my feet. Utterly dissolved into fertility.

This is where my memory fails me. I can recall only snippets, and deduce events from there.

I turned immediately on her helpers. I didn’t even bother to undress them; I just forced them straight in, with reckless efficiency. This has been my methodology for most such encounters, and I regret every opportunity for sensuality wasted with my… prey... before satisfying this need of mine, this fell hunger.

I think I turned to the castle proper, then. I spared no servant nor guard, and only briefly halted my rampage when the court mages engaged me in combat. I begged to know what the Sporurge had done to me, in a moment of clarity, but she had not the slightest idea, and so I fell upon her.

Satisfied that the palace was empty, I then ran through the township. I went house by house, slowly, quietly, to prevent my poor victims from calling out and rousing together a mob. Then, the farmlands. Then, the satellite towns and villages.

When I could find no more women to satisfy my urges, I turned to the foundations of Reitanshay themselves. The royal treasury, the armories, the furniture of every house--then the boards and bricks of those same houses. It was never enough. I only calmed once I’d deforested and leveled the whole Land and proven it empty.

Fool that I am, I should have remained there as Reitanshay’s gravestone, and waited for someone to visit. I could warn her away, and mope in solitude until the end of the Dream.

Instead, I sought help.

One thing I have learned about Queens in my journeys is that digestion in the womb sheds her prey’s soul from her body just as any other mode of vore. These souls go to wherever souls go, and do not stick around.

But mine are yet with me. I feel them. Dreaming. Yearning to be born.

I wandered the Dreamscape for ages until I found another Land, and begged whoever I could to help me. Another fool of a peasant thought to solve the problem with simple sex.

This simply reignited my dreadful lust.

Once that Land was depleted, I turned to another. Then another. And another. And another. And another.

All attempts at a solution only awoke the monster of need within me. My bones must contain more absorbed wealth in steel and gold than passed through Great Addashora in its prime, and my nethergate is a trove of more trapped knowledge than Ahrudora ever contained.

Before long, people like you, kind villagers, had heard of me--or at least of my deeds. I heralded only doom, and so often was I driven from Lands before I could even begin to seek a cure. And now, the legend outpaces the name face, does it? And so the new names. “Bothered Locust”. “Snatcher Waif”.

How many times has this happened before?

I beg of you. Cast me out or take me to your wisest wielder of Humors. My quest must continue.

…

Oh?

I see…

You do not believe me at all. You only wish to slay the monster.

My humblest apologies.

I cannot let you kill the trillions of innocents dreaming inside of me.

I beg your forgiveness. Do with me as you will after I’ve reborn you.

It may be tomorrow; it may be a million years from now--but, I promise, I shall birth you once more into the Dream.