A Deal With The Void

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A Deal With The Void

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Summary

Iridikron thought she had a deal with Xal'atath. Xal'atath didn't tell her she didn't only want the Dark Heart.

Notes

Crosspost from AO3. Inspired by this fem! Iridikron fanart.

Iridikron moved quickly. Despite her taunt to the impudent Bronze, she wasn't unaware that Titan puppet and her mortals wanted to stop her. Better to not give them the chance, and leave immediately with the Dark Heart.

Xal'atath was just on the other side of the portal.

Once this deal was done, Iridikron could wait as long as she needed to. She was a patient dragon. But there was no waiting about handing this off, particularly not when the only reason the Titan puppets and their pets hadn't stopped her immediately was the presence of Deios. And now that he was a lifeless pile of flesh and bone?

An arrow zipped past Iridikron. The portal closed not a moment later. That was a bit close for comfort, perhaps.

Iridikron approached the floating figure in the darkness. "I have your weapon."

The Harbinger turned soundlessly, studying the artifact. A smirk formed on her face. "Excellent," she said.

Iridikron expected that to be the end of it. The bargain had been simple enough.

Xal'atath lingered. Several moments passed in silence, before she approached. Her body never moved a muscle as she glided. "Now, my *payment*."

They hadn't spoken of payment. They had only spoken of an arrangement. A convenience for both of their plans.

In an instant, Iridikron's wrist flicked outward —

— a tentacle rose from the earth in a coalescing inky mass of Void. In the blink of an eye, it lashed around her torso, and Iridikron immediately threw her weight into her step. The tentacle squeezed tighter.

Iridikron snarled, struggling against the tentacle. It held tight, and she bucked again in an attempt to dislodge it. The primal dragon glared at the Void entity.

"You should be aware one's secrets cannot be left for discovery," Xal'atath chided.

Iridikron spat - or, tried to. Another creeping tendril of Void took that opportunity to jam itself into her mouth, and the dragon bit down. Yet the tendril didn't give way, resisting her fangs. Several more crept up her stone skin, and she writhed and bucked again.

Xal'atath watched, disinterested. "You do so like to struggle. I suppose you are a denizen of this world, after all. Violent. Stubborn." A sweeping gesture caused the tendrils to tighten their hold, before they jerked Iridikron off her feet. "Come," Xal'atath ordered, and the tentacles dragged Iridikron in the Harbinger's wake as she crossed through another Void rift.

Whatever was on the other side, it was dark. Iridikron struggled to make out shapes as the tentacles wrestled her into submission. It was inside, that much she was certain. The earth below her was warped, and she shuddered involuntarily at the taint. It reminded her, for a moment, of the Shadowflame she'd sent Fyrakk to absorb. Around her, she could hear faint, muffled chittering.

"This will do for now," Xal'atath mused. The Harbinger surveyed the still-struggling Iridikron, before nodding ever so slightly - and a pulse of Void energy crept along the ground, spawning more tendrils.

Iridikron tensed, preparing to resist - before the tendrils whipped into action. They coiled around her arms, pinning them. The ones on her legs pulled, and Iridikron strained against them - ultimately, to no effect, as her legs were pulled apart. Another tendril pulled her robe aside, and Iridikron heard a ripping noise.

She was *exposed*.

No sooner had that thought crossed her mind than a tendril jerked her. She hadn't felt the chill of unease since before she'd become earth incarnate. Yet, it crept through her body, chased by whispers of what was coming. Her mind was running too fast for it to fully sink in -

She cried out involuntarily when *something* forced its way into her pussy. Something smooth and pulsating. One of the Void tendrils —

Her mind didn't want to comprehend it. Yet the sensation of being violated didn't go away. The tendril pumped into her as the ones holding her legs open tightened their grip. They didn't need to keep Iridikron from struggling as more smooth tendrils climbed her legs. The texture was plain, even for a dragon like her with skin of stone.

At the same time, that smooth, wriggling feeling crept up her chest. Were there more?

There were. Iridikron didn't think she could still feel sick before this. Yet the sensation of tendrils exploring every bit of her body didn't end. Didn't.

The sensation of her pussy being stretched again made her jolt. More wriggling smoothness. More of the tendrils. The sick feeling gnawed at her as the tendrils pumped into her. And yet. And yet her body betrayed her, clamping down on the tendrils violating her.

Iridikron jerked, a visceral shiver running through her. She shouldn't be doing this. Her body shouldn't be doing this. These - these *things* were violating her, and yet pleasure ran up her spine.

A low chuckle reminded the dragon that she was being *watched*. Watched in the moment she'd been rendered useless, restrained, laid out like this —

She gagged against the tendril in her mouth, and it responded by plunging deeper. Silencing her.

Another throbbing in her nether regions. Her body wasn't finished betraying her - she shouldn't enjoy this, but yet her body *was*. Iridikron would have cried out, would have retched, but the tendril in her mouth kept her *quiet*.

The sensation of the smooth tendrils pumping into her was overwhelming. Wrong. And the tendrils only grew more frantic - until she felt them throb. A chill settled into her gut. Something was happening —

— and in an instant, the throbbing came to a head. The tendrils in her pussy jerked. Iridikron's cry was muffled by the tendril in her mouth as the ones in her pussy spasmed and released ropes of cum.

More pleasure ran through her gut, swiftly chased by a sick feeling. Iridikron tried to pretend it wasn't happening. Yet the pleasure spiked, her pussy pulsating. Squirting. Iridikron thought she'd be sick. She wanted to be.

The tentacle in her mouth forced its way deeper, thrusting into her throat. She swallowed on pure instinct, and the thrusting increased its pace. Iridikron, already wrung out from her orgasm, couldn't muster much of a resistance - and soon enough, it too came. Without even being able to think, Iridikron swallowed the cum gushing into her throat.

It was all she could do.

Xal'atath floated past, face impassive. Her expression hadn't once changed this whole time. "Hm. Adequate. Now then, the *insurance*."

At those words, the tentacle in Iridikron's pussy jolted. Once more, it pounded into her - quicker and harsher than before.

Iridikron shuddered. She didn't think about why her body was shuddering. She couldn't bring herself to.

The tentacle's merciless pace only increased until she felt it ripple. It plunged deeper, eliciting muffled yelps. Faster, and that too brought more yelps. Then the slick length pulsated more fiercely.

Iridikron wasn't sure if she would have screamed. Or if she would have been stunned silent. She wanted to believe she wouldn't moan. But her body, her muffled voice *betrayed* her as more cum filled her pussy. Had she not been held up by other tentacles, she would've slumped then and there.

"Good. We won't waste time testing." Xal'atath's voice remained casual. "You flesh beings take long enough to reproduce and mature."

It took Iridikron several moments to understand the words spoken. Once she finally pieced them together, dread-pain-fear sounded in the back of her mind. She couldn't be hearing this. She couldn't be stuck here.

She couldn't be breeding stock.

Yet that was what Xal'atath had just implied.

A gnawing thought asked why the Harbinger had agreed so easily. Another gnawing thought told her she was helpless. Iridikron did not want to answer. Iridikron couldn't answer, not with her mind reeling, not with the taste of betrayal still on her tongue. The tentacle had not left.

"Let us find a more suitable building." Xal'atath did not move a muscle, again. She floated off, and the tentacles dragged Iridikron after her. The one in her mouth stayed put, but the one in her pussy didn't - and Iridikron felt its seed leaking from her abused pussy. The sensation made her sick.

Trapped. She was trapped. She couldn't — she was. She didn't know where she was. She didn't - she couldn't leave.

Once again, the thought made her sick.

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