

Bonus Scene: The Womb Worship Ritual

Aeloria no longer walked.

She **floated**—bare, dripping, divine—above the altar carved from the bones of collapsed stars.

Below her, **they knelt**.

Hundreds of them.

Acolytes cloaked in void-black silk, mouths stitched shut with threads of reality. Some still human, most no longer. Their heads bowed, their foreheads pressed to the stone. And still, they *trembled*. With hunger. With reverence. With fear. The Rift hadn't been sealed. It had been *opened*. And she was now its **keeper**.

Her body was no longer mortal. Her skin shimmered with celestial oil, streaked in shades of violet and gold. Her **womb glowed visibly beneath her navel**, the sacred sigil branded into her flesh now **pulsing softly** like a second heartbeat. Like it knew what was coming.

Because tonight—**he was returning**.

Above the temple, the Rift **shuddered**. A thousand cracks of dark light splintered across the void like veins of hunger. Aeloria moaned softly, her head tilting back, hair floating around her like a coronet of smoke.

The acolytes didn't stir.

They knew better.

This was the moment of descent.

And then—**he emerged**.

Not all at once. Never all at once. That would break the world.

First, a single tendril.

Long. Thick. Glistening with cosmic fluid that steamed against the cold air. It slithered down from the hovering Rift like a declaration, coiling once in midair—then descending toward her trembling, open body.

Aeloria **spread her legs** in offering.

Her inner thighs were already slick with anticipation. Her nipples peaked in the charged air. She was bare, oiled, and aching—a **vessel ready to be refilled**. And when the first tendril **touched her**, the sigil on her belly **flared like a solar flare**.

She gasped.

The crowd below moaned as one. Unified. Bound by the sound of her pleasure.

Another tendril followed. Then another. Then ten.

He did not arrive. He unfolded.

The Void Prince descended in pieces—tendrils, limbs, shadowed ridges, glowing eyes without number. His form was ever-shifting, and yet tonight, it was **focused only on her**. For the first time, he **manifested fully**. Not just as a god of chaos, but as a **worshiper—a lover—a devoted breeder of the altar-mother**.

His voice whispered through her mind.

You called me back. You ache. Let me witness you.

Aeloria's lips parted. "Breed me," she whispered. "In front of all of them."

The void **screamed**.

The temple shook.

And the tendrils surged.

One wrapped her throat—not choking, but claiming. Two more lifted her thighs higher, spreading her wide to the congregation. Another coiled around her breasts, squeezing until milk beaded across her nipples, glowing with starfire.

The thickest tendril approached her sex—**still dripping from their last encounter**. It didn't hesitate.

It **entered**.

Aeloria's scream echoed through the temple like a hymn. Her back arched as her body **stretched around him**, walls clenching, womb pulsing, the rune on her belly *glowing hot enough to burn*. She was already wet. Already open. But this wasn't just sex.

This was **worship**.

Another tendril slid into her ass, pressing in deep as her body adjusted around the double intrusion. She sobbed—**not from pain—from devotion**.

The acolytes moaned again, louder this time. One collapsed, writhing on the floor. Another **came untouched**, their robes dampened as the **sacred act of breeding** began.

And above them all, Aeloria floated, legs trembling, holes filled, **divine and ruined at once**.

He spoke again.

Let them watch you break. You are the altar now.

And she—**moaned louder**.

Because she **wanted them to see**.

Aeloria wasn't just moaning anymore.

She was **singing**—a guttural, sacred melody of wet surrender that throbbed through the walls of the temple.

Every thrust from the Void Prince echoed through her core like a **cosmic drumbeat**. His tendrils moved in perfect rhythm—one slow and claiming in her slick, swollen sex, another deeper, hungrier in her rear. A third pressed against her womb from the outside, rubbing slow circles around the burning sigil as if **coaxing it into labor**.

Her belly bulged with every deep thrust.

Her body twitched in midair—**legs still spread, holes still stuffed, milk leaking from her nipples like sacred oil**.

And still, **he hadn't come yet**.

He was preparing her.

Stretching her.

Milking the altar.

Below, the acolytes writhed like fevered animals. One had collapsed into a pool of their own desire, mouth open in silent prayer. Another clutched their thighs, sobbing uncontrollably, overcome by the **holiness of her ruin**. They could feel it—**every orgasm she screamed into the void fed their delirium**. She was their conduit. Their priestess. Their offering.

And they were watching her **fall apart** in the arms of a god.

Another tendril coiled around her breasts and **squeezed**—hard. Her nipples sprayed glowing milk that arced into the air before raining down on the altar steps. The crowd **gasped** as droplets landed on their faces, their tongues, their hands.

They reached for her milk like it was salvation.

And she gave it.

Because she was **overflowing**.

The tendril inside her cunt began to pulse, **inflating** with sacred pressure. Her walls stretched wider—more than before—**farther than human**. Her hips bucked involuntarily. She was beyond full. She was **stuffed**, every inch of her body trembling with the effort of holding his mass.

Her womb burned.

Her clit throbbed.

Her mind—**blessedly blank**.

The Void Prince snarled—not in sound, but in thought. His voice seared through her skull like starlight:

You were made to be watched like this.

Milk them. Show them what it means to carry my reality.

And then—he **bit her**.

A new tendril curled around her throat and tilted her head back, exposing her neck. He didn't need teeth. He simply **pressed**—a suckling force of heat and gravity, and her skin **gave way**.

She screamed as glowing fluid pulsed from the spot—not blood. **Starfire**.

Another orgasm tore through her like a collapsing sun. Her sex clenched down **hard**, gripping the tentacle so tightly it **throbbed with resistance**. Her ass spasmed in tandem. Her nipples shot another arc of milk straight into the crowd—one acolyte caught it in their mouth and **shook violently**, convulsing in sacred bliss.

She was **losing herself**.

Becoming **nothing but an altar**—a gateway, a **holy conduit** dripping with his presence.

Her thoughts fractured into moans.

Her belly clenched—**round, swollen, glowing**, as if already ripe with something divine.

And then...

He paused.

One more opening, the voice murmured.

And then I'll seed you in front of them all.

Aeloria's eyes fluttered.

What was left to open?

The answer came as the next tendril slid **up her slit**—already stuffed—and began to **press against her urethra**.

Her scream cracked stone.

The acolytes **howled**.

And Aeloria—**open, sacred, soaked**—couldn't stop moaning.

Because yes.

There was more of her.

And he would fill **all of it**.

Aeloria couldn't breathe.
Couldn't think.
Couldn't *stop*.

She floated in a spiderweb of tendrils—**arms limp, legs bound, mouth wet with moans she no longer controlled**. Every part of her had been **opened**, every hole filled. Her pussy throbbed with pressure, **stretched around a tentacle so thick it pulsed visibly against her lower belly**. Her ass clenched as another curled tighter, grinding in slow, worshipful circles. Her throat swelled around a third, her lips suckling instinctively as her head lolled.

And then—her **urethra gave way**.

She wasn't supposed to feel it. Not like that. Not with this much pleasure.

But the Void Prince didn't obey anatomy.
He **rewrote it**.

The thin, impossibly hot tendril slid inside—**not violently, but inexorably**—until she was **triple-stuffed from below**, her sex spasming around one, her ass squeezing another, and her slit now **stretched around a third**, her whole body a wet, leaking altar of submission.

The crowd was no longer silent.
They were **chanting**.

Low. Feral. Ecstatic.

Breed her. Breed her. Breed her.

The air in the temple **vibrated**. Stone cracked.
Aeloria's eyes rolled back.
Her body arched.

And then, without warning—**he started thrusting**.

Not one tentacle.
All of them.

In sync.

Her belly bulged and retracted, bulged and retracted, a living rhythm of possession. Her holes rippled around the alien lengths inside her, juices and milk dripping, **splashing against the stone altar below her suspended form**. Her nipples sprayed. Her throat pulsed. Her sex—soaked, stretched, sacred—clung to him like a vessel refusing to be emptied.

She wasn't being used.
She was being **prepared**.

And he told her so.

I will fill you in front of them all.

I will make your womb the beacon of our reality.

And they will watch it grow.

She sobbed.

“Yes,” she choked out. “Yes, seed me. Make me—”

Her voice cracked.

“—*eternal*.”

He surged deeper.

Her sex split wider. The tendril in her ass twisted upward, brushing something devastating. The third one—buried in her slit—**pulsed like a vein ready to burst**. She came *violently*—again—her walls spasming, her stomach cramping, her milk spraying in rhythm with the wave tearing through her soul.

And then—**he began to fill her**.

The first pump of seed hit her like a comet—**hot, heavy, thick**, so dense she *felt* it slam against her cervix and **curl inside her womb**. She screamed as her belly **bulged**, the rune glowing white-hot with the overload. Another pulse came. And another.

The crowd **roared**.

Seed spilled from her ass, her thighs, **her pussy too full to contain it**. The tendril at her urethra pulsed once—then gushed—**injecting sacred essence into every sacred channel**.

She *should* have blacked out.

But instead—**she laughed**.

A beautiful, broken, holy sound.

Because her body was no longer her own.

It belonged to the void.

To the god above her.

To the cult below her.

And her womb?

Was just getting started.

Aeloria's body was no longer shaking.

It was **pulsing**.

Glowing.

Becoming.

The Void Prince still hadn't stopped. His tentacles **pumped** into her—slow now, reverent. Each motion a declaration. Each thrust a vow. Her sex was gaping, overflowing, stretched beyond anything human and **still clutching** him with desperate, velvet hunger. Her ass leaked sacred fluid in thick rivulets down her thighs. Her urethra throbbed, still pulsing open from the invasive worship, her belly **rounding now** with the impossible pressure of how much he'd poured into her.

She wasn't just full.

She was sacredly swollen.

The crowd below had collapsed.

They were on their knees, faces streaked with tears and milk, chanting in fractured ecstasy as the temple cracked above them. Some writhed. Some wept. A few came just watching her belly swell and twitch with the divine heat of his seed.

And through it all—Aeloria floated.

Suspended. Glowing. **Transcendent.**

The sigil on her womb burned white-hot, then violet, then gold—then black.

Her eyes shot open.

The Void Prince's voice flooded her skull, ragged now with need:

You carry my future. My empire. My rift-born children.

Now take the rest.

Take it all.

The final flood began.

Aeloria's body **convulsed** as the first of the **final surges** hit her womb. She screamed, the sound warped and holy, her nipples spraying thin, glowing milk as her back arched like a bow. The tendril inside her pussy swelled—thicker, wider—**and released**.

It wasn't a burst.

It was a **torrent**.

Her belly ballooned with the onslaught—**inch by inch**, visibly stretching beneath the radiant skin as her womb accepted more than it ever should have. The rune on her abdomen split open into **a ring of stars**, glowing like galaxies behind her navel. Her cunt clenched tight, sucking it in. Her ass twitched, locking around the slick thickness still moving inside.

And then—**every hole opened wider**.

Her mouth.
Her sex.
Her soul.

Tendrils coiled around her throat, her breasts, her wrists, her ankles. She wasn't bound.
She was crowned.

The Void Prince formed fully above her now—not just limbs, not just heat—**but eyes**, burning
suns fixed on her from within the Rift. His voice crashed down on the temple like thunder across
the stars:

Behold her.
The Mother of New Realities.
The Altar Made Flesh.
The Womb Eternal.

And with those words—he came again.

Inside her.
Through her.
Into the next world.

Seed erupted in her womb, **filling her until her belly rippled and shifted**, not with pain—but
with movement. Something inside her fluttered. Something *grew*. Her clit spasmed. Her throat
trembled with a broken sob as her body **accepted the impossible**.

And then—she came.
One final time.

Not as a woman.

Not as a sacrifice.

But as a **goddess**.

The orgasm detonated through her, tearing across her womb like lightning. Milk sprayed. Her
cunt milked the tentacle buried inside her. Her ass rippled, leaking with every breath. Her
belly—**massive now**—glowed like a star about to be born.

The Rift roared.

The altar cracked.

The temple shook.

And she—**smiled**.

Softly. Blissfully.
A woman who had nothing left to give—
Because she had given **everything**.

The Void Prince whispered through the ruins:

You are no longer the vessel.
You are the source.
And you will never be empty again.

The tendrils slowly, reverently, slid from her used, overflowing body.

Her holes gaped.
Her thighs trembled.
Her belly churned.

The crowd wept.

And above them all, floating in the pulsing air of a new reality, Aeloria opened her eyes—
Black stars burning in their centers—
And whispered:

“Begin again.”
