

Golden as the giant treasure troves of Erebor, clear as flowing waters of the river Anduin, brighter than the golden light of Laurelin's last fruit, a brilliant glimmer from the moonlight reflected against the surface of an unassuming shiny ring held within Lady Galadriel's hand. It was the shine of a ring of power, the shine of... The dreadful One Ring, crafted by Sauron himself to bring the entirety of Middle Earth beneath his heel.

Idly twirling the object of unfathomable power in her fingers, Galadriel admired the ring in her hand, unable to avert her gaze from its magnificence. It was quite ironic, that a ring so beautiful and precious could hold such horrible power. Galadriel and the ring were quite alike in that aspect, fair as they were terrible. The main difference was that Galadriel's appearance was as pure as her intentions. Smooth skin white as snow, a face like that of angels with long elven ears. Her long blonde hairs was thin like the strings of harps, and a supple, womanly figure were all accompanied by a compassion and caring of all the creatures of Iluvatar. Meanwhile, the ring's true nature was that of evil and destruction, wishing to corrupt everything and everyone it came across.

Why then, had she taken command of such an awfully, malicious tool? When first the ring-bearer had insisted she take it, she had vehemently refused. 'Instead of a Dark Lord you will set up a Queen' were her words. They seemed so silly now... And yet, the ring-bearer cared little for her warnings. Overcome with fear and uncertainty, they begged her to take it nonetheless, wishing dearly to return to a life for normalcy. It was pity for this poor creature which had driven Galadriel to ignore her better judgement and accept his burden, pity which would metamorphosize into her downfall...

The more Galadriel kept admiring her new ring, the more she could feel its corrupting nature poisoning her mind. This was not the first time Galadriel bore a ring of power. Being already familiar with the sensations of ecstasy and strength they filled their users with, she already knew that the One Ring itself would feel many times better than its lesser brothers. Hungering to finally get a taste of the ring that had doomed the line of Isildur, Galadriel slowly began to slide the ring down the entire length of her left ring finger... Her heart thumped at the cold, metallic sensation of the ring as she waited for the power to fill her.

And she waited.

And waited.

Yet, no matter how long passed, there was naught a single reaction. How utterly strange. For an eternal being like Galadriel who no longer cared much about the passage of time, the few seconds after she placed the ring on her finger felt like a horrifying eternity. She had not remembered the last time she'd felt as impatient as this.

Confused and disappointed, Galadriel sharply removed the ring from her ring finger and placed it on her left middle finger. Perhaps the ring was tied to a specific finger, is what Galadriel initially thought. But her suspicions were quickly dashed as it did not seem to work on her middle finger, or her index finger or her pinky or even her thumb. Desperation began to settle in. Galadriel switched to trying the fingers on her right hand, placing the ring in each one of her fingers. And still it brought nothing. If Galadriel had known nothing about the ring-bearer and their journey until now, she would have thought that she'd been tricked.

Galadriel's fist tightened in anger, filled by an uncharacteristic jealousy brought on by the ring. Why was it that Isildur could bear the ring but not her? Why could monsters like Sauron and that beast Gollum wield its power? Even the small and unassuming Hobbits gained some benefits too! It was unfair! She was Galadriel! Princess of the Noldor, Lady of Lorien! If anyone should be allowed the ring's power, it should have been her! Galadriel's anger had grown so suddenly severe, that she'd clenched her fist too fiercely, and the coveted One Ring had accidentally slipped from her grasp.

In an act that was entirely instinctive, perhaps even coincidental fate, Galadriel's hips shot forward as if to catch the ring. Of course, there was no way Galadriel could have caught the falling ring in such a manner. However, as the ring accidentally pushed against her crotch, the woman let out a gasp of arousal. The instant its cold metal gently touched the area around her folds, Galadriel's clit sparked with a flame of heat hotter than anything she'd ever experienced.

The ring gracelessly fell onto the floor a few seconds later, giving out a meager plink as it bounced against the stone floor. But Galadriel did not instantly dive down and get it. Instead, she stood there for a couple of seconds, gasping and panting with her eyes wide open while she basked in the strange lightning sensation that had blazed her whole. What had that been, she wondered. The explosive ecstasy and surge of heat was unlike anything she'd ever felt before, all from no more than a simple graze. Could it be that... The true power of the One Ring could only be unlocked by placing it somewhere *other* than a finger?

As perverted thoughts began to pour into the elf's mind, Galadriel bent down to pick her ring back up. She gently lifted the long white hem of her gown until Galadriel's soaking panties were exposed to the cold forest air. Her fingers tenderly pulled down on her thoroughly soaking panties. Even though the ring was nowhere near her cunt at the moment, Galadriel's labia throbbed and oozed with a sensation of excitement that could only be called obsessive, as if it was calling for something. Pleading it closer. Beckoning it to come.

With a heated breath and twitching fingers, Galadriel began to push the ring against her quivering clit. At first it felt like the ring was too large, that it wouldn't fit her tiny pinkish clit. However, the moment the ring pressed against her crotch, it began shrinking around Galadriel's clit until it wrapped around her entire nub snugly. An indescribable heat instantly engulfed Galadriel's pussy in response, burning hotter than the fires of Mount Doom itself. The woman cried out in sheer ecstasy, her pussy shuddering as it began to blast squirts of ejaculate out of its tightened slit. This was the true power of Mordor.

Fueled with arousal and magic's beyond that of the mortal realm, Galadriel's clit started throbbing uncontrollably. It bulged forth with every single shiver, absorbing the mind-searing heat of the ring that surrounded it as it added to its expanding mass. Like a slithering snake, the member stretched forth into a girthy cylindrical shape. Thick, throbbing veins surged throughout its length, and its tip bent forward into a bulbous, conical arrow of pink. Though the ring had remained stuck against her crotch on the base of her engorged clit, blackened, corrupted skin grew from it and encased the rest of her member in a veiny, coarse blanket.

Further below, Galadriel's pussy continued to squirt and tremble as if it was caving in on itself. Her damp, vaginal flaps shifted closer and closer together, pushing her organ inwards. They seemed to somehow meld with each other, skin magically stitching together until there was nothing left. Galadriel could still feel the innards of her pussy, she knew it was being changed. All of her feminine energies

were corrupted by the ring into savage, masculine hormones. Her ovaries pulsed inside her womb. They grew fatter and larger with evil dark magic, pushing outwards in anger against the body that had once housed and created them. Galadriel let out a pained grunt. Her womb was collapsing, and all she could do was groan and push until-

*POP~! POP~!!*

Like a cork shooting out of a tight wine bottle, two little lumps exploded from the hole that used to be Galadriel's pussy into a large, saggy, heaving sack that was many shades darker than the beautiful white skin of her body. These two protrusions were incredibly heavy and thick. As large as oranges, fat enough to fill her whole hand, and with the shape of round, elongated testicles. Instead of pure, feminine fluid, each one of her nuts contained hot, virile evil seed that could corrupt the purest of maidens. And they were filled to the brim with both arousal and jizz.

Thick brushes of pubes began to decorate the perimeter of this brand-new member, as if to celebrate the arrival of their master. They were much different than Galadriel's own smooth, slender golden locks however. Each hair was short, scraggly, coarse, and most importantly, they all took a pure black tint. While most of Galadriel's figure had come from the blood of pure, elven descent, her newest additions bore the fell markings of the Dark Lord himself.

Galadriel looked down to gaze upon its greatness. Galadriel's clit had grown into a massive, heaving, 12-inch cock with pitch black obsidian-colored skin and girth so widened she could barely wrap her hand around her. In the place where her pussy should have been, there was a large, swelling sack containing two fat testicles made from her corrupted womanhood. In order to wield the One Ring, Galadriel's femininity had been twisted into a masculine member of conquest.

And Galadriel was enjoying every second of it~ Without even thinking twice about it, Galadriel wrapped both of her hands around her new, throbbing shaft and began to masturbate in absolute desperation. Her breathing was erratic, her face morphed into an expression of perverted insanity. The previously composed and calm lady of the Galadhrim looked completely deranged in this bestial bout of cock rubbing, as if all of her purity and divinity had been abandoned in favor of greedy pleasure and lust.

Her nuts trembled at the delicious, jerking motions of her hands, which felt so soft and pleasant gripping around her girthy cock. Not only was her body pulsating with the pleasures of her brand-new phallus, but her very soul reverberated with the true power of the One Ring. She felt so potent and virile, as if she would be able to topple anyone she desired without the slightest of struggles. Both her mystical powers and her physical strength were enhanced, as were her mortal desires of domination and lust.

Was this what she had been missing all these years? For millennia, Galadriel had sternly believed in the righteousness of her cause, of love over hatred, of understanding over subjugation, of good over evil. Why was it then that the true power of Mordor felt so good~? Why did her penis shudder with utter ecstasy the more she squeezed and rubbed it? It was in this moment that Galadriel understood that her acquiring of the ring had not been a mistake. No longer did she feel any sort of inhibition wielding it. From now on, Galadriel would use the power of the ring to establish a righteous rule over all of the land. She truly would become the dark queen of Middle Earth.

Cock trembling with fury and lust, Galadriel began thrusting her hips forward along to the motions of her pulsating member. Her urethra began to tighten, a litany of blissful moans slipping out of her throat

while pleasure filled her balls. Aiming towards the Mirror of Galadriel, the same mystical device she'd used to show the ringbearer his possible fate, Galadriel spurted out thick blast after blast of her ejaculate all over the basin's insides. The corrupted, fell jizz sizzled as it made contact with the water, sullyng its clear surface and tinting it a shade of ashy gray. The only future it would show after this would be that of the terrible cocked queen Galadriel, for this was the only future that was left in store.

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The oaken halls of the grand court of Lothlorien grew lively with curious whispers and idle chatter. All of the most important and highest-ranking elves of the forest were currently present, packed together about the throne room full of intrigue. It had been quite a while since Lady Galadriel had called for a meeting that required all of the elves to be present. A gentle ruler like Galadriel was not one for boisterous speeches or grand announcements after all. The only thing anyone knew about this summons, was Galadriel's promise that it would 'change everything'.

Lady Galadriel herself stood in the middle of the room with her usual star-white dress, looking as sparkling and beautiful as she ever did. Behind her, Galadriel's husband Celeborn sat on his throne in support, though he was just as clueless about the reason for this meeting as the rest of his guests. Galadriel's face was serene and calm, her body standing in contained and unassuming manner. To all of the unknowing elves, Galadriel seemed exactly as she had always been. But the Galadhrim were soon going to receive something beyond their wildest imaginations...

"To all here, who have faithfully stayed by my side for so many years. I come to you today bearing an important message." Galadriel spoke softly but clearly. Her angelic, silky voice did nothing to dissuade the serious and firm nature of her words. "The time for inaction has come to an end. For too long, we've refrained from participating in many of the battles of mankind. Now, Sauron keeps growing stronger and stronger."

"The Dark Lord holds no affection for anything living. Escaping to the Undying Lands would merely prolong the inevitable, and lead to unnecessary suffering of all these mortal creatures." Galadriel's every sentence oozed with a passion that was able to move every single one of her listener's hearts. "And even if man is to somehow defeat Sauron without our help, what sort of corruptible domain would they create in its stead?"

Galadriel took a pause, letting an eerie silence punctuate her thoughts. Like cracks growing in a pane of glass, bits and pieces of Galadriel's façade began to crumble. There was a palpable anger and jealousy in her demeanor, an uncharacteristic hatred that had never been there before.

"That is why... Starting today, we will form a new force to fight against Sauron, and bring an era of peace to Middle Earth." Galadriel's words rang out stiffly, more of a command than a suggestion. She looked throughout the crowd, before signaling to three different women.

"Elirien, Mildis, Limhel, please come up here." The lady called towards them in a pleading tone.

Suspecting nothing of their gracious Lady, the three elves stepped forth with brilliant smiles. First there was Elirien, who formed part of Galadriel's personal guard. The elf was almost as beautiful as Galadriel herself, with long flowing blonde hair, a slender but shapely figure. Wearing a set of shiny, military

armor, she stood before her Lady with a respectful pose. Beside her came Limhel, a renowned female elf with slightly darker skin and long, brown wavy locks. Limhel was one of the great artisans of the forests, able to craft the finest pieces of arts in the entire woods. And finally, there was Mildis, a gorgeous gal with long, smooth black hair that was a bit heavier than most other elves. Unlike the previous two, Mildis was no important guard or grand artist. But what she lacked in recognition, she more than made up for in her dutiful life as a faithful wife and the perfect picture of femininity.

“Strength...” Galadriel motioned to Elirien. “Arts... Love...” She pointed towards Limhel and Mildis respectively. “These are all of the best qualities of the Galadhrim. It is for this reason that I want the three of you to be the first ones to experience our rise to greatness.

Galadriel’s arms spread wide open towards the trio of women. Though there was nothing specifically wrong with her words or her expression, for some reason the elven women couldn’t help but shiver in dread, as if they were about to be horribly cursed. Limhel specially started panting and gasping uncontrollably. Sweat poured down her mocha skin, a terrible heat torching her muscles and simmering her mind. Strange sensations bubbled from the depths of Limhel’s loins. As Galadriel slowly approached her, Limhel could feel them growing stronger and stronger.

“Hrnggg~ H-Heat-! Overpowering! Feel-! L-Lust~!” Limhel moaned out in desperation.

Both Mildis and Elirien looked at their companion with terror, having no clue as to what was happening to her. Galadriel on the other hand, stopped before Limhel with the calmest expression on her face, almost like she was gaining pleasure from Limhel’s writhing. The tanned elf’s crotch began to thrust forward of its own volition, her tight dark green pants shuddering and trembling with every passing second. An intense sensation of pressure surged from within her undergarments, one which kept on growing and palpitating until-

*RIIIIIP!!!!*

As an enormous hole tore right through Limhel’s clothes, a huge, erect, darkened cock sprung forth from her crotch, accompanied by a set of fat heaving balls full of pulsating jizz. Mildis and Elrien gasped loudly, utterly horrified at the sight of such a garish member. Limhel herself was wrapped in a mixture of confusion, horror and heated lust. But Galadriel showed no sort of exaggerated reaction. Instead, she wordlessly knelt before the throbbing cock, wrapping her slender fingers around its girthy shaft, and began to suckle on the titanic member with her plump, silky lips.

Limhel let out a yowl of pure arousal in response. At first, she tried to push Galadriel away, not wishing to indulge in the strange pleasures of this organ that had grown without her knowledge or permission. However, as Galadriel swallowed more and more of Limhel’s cock, all of that resistance seemed to die off in favor of greedy acceptance. Galadriel’s slurping was absolutely masterful. Inch after inch she took in more of Limhel’s fat, 8-inch cock without even showing the slightest of struggles. By the time Galadriel’s soft lips were pressing against Limhel’s crotch, the artist elf had no idea why she had been resisting.

Placing her hands atop Galadriel’s head, Limhel began to violently thrust into her lady’s mouth. Moans of utter debauchery poured out of her throat in a melodic tune, sounds that would put any of her beautiful music to shame. Not only was the tight sensation of Galadriel’s throat heavenly as it wrapped

around her cock, but the very thought of dirtying and sullyng her beloved lady aroused her more than she could ever imagine.

Balls tightening and cock throbbing with ecstasy, Limhel was more than happy to dump her entire load down Galadriel's packed throat. Squirt after squirt of hot, freshly produced jizz blasted from her urethra, and Galadriel dutifully swallowed it all. Without taking a second to breathe or even think, Galadriel hungrily slurped up every last drop of Limhel's cum. Only once Limhel's balls were properly empty did Galadriel finally release the shaft from her mouth, leaving it all sticky and twitching with bliss.

Even then Limhel's arousal did not seize however. As Limhel's damp cock sprung into the cold air, it continued to throb with a needy erection. It needed more pleasure, and Limhel was more than happy to get more herself, for she began to desperately masturbate her penis right in front of the entire crowd. All of her graceful elven morals had been much too twisted by now.

Content with Limhel's changes, Galadriel turned her attention towards the plump Mildis. Slowly she walked towards the frozen elf, bearing the same beaming smile as before, even though her lips dripped with saliva and precum. Only now did both elvish women realize the sort of danger they were in. Mildis struggled and gasped the most, body shivering uncontrollably in a desperate attempt to flee from where she stood. But no matter how hard they tried, it was as if the two had been frozen in time.

"H-Help!! Somebody help!!" Mildis cried in desperation, tears of fear forming in her eyes.

But none of the elves around her made a move. They didn't even react. Galadriel giggled loudly, stepping before Mildis with a sadistic expression completely unfitting of a lady.

"They can't hear you dear." Galadriel clarified in a deriding tone. "I've altered their perception so that everyone else will think what's happening here is totally normal. Do not fear Mildis. Let yourself give in and enjoy~"

Like with Limhel before, Galadriel gently sunk onto her knees in front of Mildis. Her hands ripped a huge hole in the front side of Mildis' long flowing dress, her slim fingers gently pulling down on Mildis' silken panties, all so that she could gain access to the elf's precious mound. Despite all the fear and dread Mildis was experiencing, her pussy glistened with lust in the dim light of the throne room. It was absolutely beautiful, an unmistakable manifestation of an elf's purity and femininity. Galadriel could think of nothing better to corrupt~

There was no sort of warning as Galadriel pushed her lips against Mildis' plump, juicy cunt. Horror and arousal filled the hefty elf woman whole. Never in her life had she ever dreamed about cheating on her husband, yet here he was moaning and shuddering to the sensation of Galadriel's soft tongue twirling around her throbbing clitoris. The entirety of Galadriel's suction concentrated on Mildis' twitching nub. She gently bobbed her head back and forth in a set of soft, rhythmic motions, combining her movements and dexterous tongue to create an absolutely ethereal experience. Galadriel's control over Mildis' lovingly pulsating clit was so thoroughly complete, when the woman began to pull her head back, Mildis' organ pushed forward alongside it.

Mildis watched in utter amazement as her clitoris was elongated in real time. Inch after inch it extended forward, its tip always nuzzled snugly between Galadriel's soft lips. A thick layer of coarse, fleshy skin surrounded it on every side, its girth growing fatter and wider with every one of its pulsations. An array

of utterly perverted moans escaped Mildis' thick lips as she felt Galadriel mold the tip of her penis with her tongue. It was as if Mildis' body was nothing but clay for Galadriel to play with, a fact which melted the woman's concern into utter arousal. When Galadriel finally released Mildis' member with a sopping pop, there now was a thick bulbous cockhead in place of her little clit tip, a fat rounded mushroom tip that was so wide no foreskin could cover it.

Happy with her creation, Galadriel planted a loving, slobbery kiss on the tip of Mildis' cock, making sure to deepthroat the woman's wide urethra. The elder Lady was far from done however. Inching closer to Mildis once more, Galadriel pushed her fingers deep into Mildis' vagina. No, not just her fingers, but her entire fist! Mildis bounced up and down in utter ecstasy as she felt Galadriel's hand travel up her twitching cunt. If there was any sort of inhibition before, it had been all but destroyed now.

Once Galadriel's hand reached Mildis' uterus, her fingers pushed through the womb and held it tightly. All the poor wife could do at the moment was shiver in utter bliss, her cock sputtering copious amounts of precum as pleasure overpowered her every thought process. Then, with one mighty yank, Galadriel pulled the organ all the way down. The further Galadriel pulled, the more Mildis' innards shifted and transformed. Masculine hormones spread throughout her body whole, tainted dark energies corrupting her pure elf composition. By the time Galadriel's hand finally pulled out of Mildis' cunt, a huge, fat ballsack exploded forth from Mildis' folds, sealing her vagina forever in favor of a set of heaving, heated testicles.

It was such an explosion of pleasure, Mildis began to moan out and thrust her hips forward as her brand-new cock exploded in orgasm. Thick loads of dickmilk spouted all over the throne room floor, some of it landing on Galadriel's hands and face. With Mildis' orange sized testicles, she was able to produce a fair amount of seed. But as her orgasm receded and her mind slowly returned to its normal senses, poor Mildis was still awash with utter lust. Her gaze wandered throughout the room hungrily, until they landed on Limhel's exposed and twitching anus. For a second, she thought of her husband, how she'd never cheated on him, how he was right there in the crowd watching her. It was only a second though, for the instant after Mildis raced towards Limhel and slammed her fat cock deep into the artist's tight butt, caring much more about getting her cock satisfied than any stupid vows she might have made before.

Galadriel watched the two with a perverted sense of pride. Here were some of the most respected elves in all of Lothlorien, having public depraved sex with each other as if they were naught but public whores. Limhel and Mildis weren't even that close to each other, yet the way their bodies lustfully pushed together made it seem like they'd been lovers for years.

"Why..." Elirien whimpered breathlessly, unable to comprehend the dreadful actions of that Lady she'd sworn to protect for so many years. "Why are you doing this Lady Galadriel...???"

"Oh, my dear Elirien." Galadriel sighed softly. "When I said that we would bring peace to this land, I meant it. If we are able to defeat Sauron, who then would lead the realms of this land? The race of men? Please. The stout dwarves? Unthinkable. Not even male elves are fit to rule, too poisoned by their lust of tradition."

"No. The age of males has come to an end." Galadriel's voice boomed loudly throughout not just the entire room, but the entirety of Lothlorien. "Now, it is time for the age of females to begin! We will be

gentle but commanding. Loving yet firm. There will be no more conflict or wars. Instead, the entire world will be inundated in an endless midnight of submissiveness and lust.”

With a sharp sweeping motion, Galadriel yanked the entirety of her hem dress off, finally revealing the entirety of her power for all her elves to see. A huge, throbbing cock protruded from Galadriel’s crotch, having almost doubled in size as her corruption continued to progress. Elirien panted breathily as she gazed upon the monstrous penis. It looked so corrupted and terrible, with skin that was as dark as obsidian, two enormous heaving nuts and a sweaty, veiny length. The ring that wrapped snugly around the base of Galadriel’s dick told Elirien everything she needed to know. Galadriel had been totally corrupted by the powers of the dark lord. And yet, merely staring at Galadriel’s heaving cock filled Elirien with thorough pulsating arousal rather than the rightful dread she should have felt.

“Join us my dear Elirien!” Galadriel pleaded with open arms, her cock twitching greedily for Elirien’s pleasure. “You’ll be my right-hand general. Men will be submissive to you, women will desire you.” Turning herself around, Galadriel pushed her ass back towards Elirien. She spread open her fat supple buttocks, presenting her twitching anus to the elven guard. “You will even be able to take me. Doesn’t that just sound wonderful~?”

Elirien gave no verbal response, instead her body shuddered uncontrollably while her pussy tightened and squirmed with ecstasy. Galadriel’s enormous cock had been beautiful, but her tight, rounded rim seemed to have awakened something within Elirien. All of a sudden, Elirien found that she was no longer stuck in place due to Galadriel’s magic. But she did not try to escape, nor did she try fight against Galadriel. With the utmost of calm and composure, Elirien slowly walked towards Galadriel until her crotch was squeezing between her Lady’s fat cheeks.

The throbbing in Elirien’s loins grew even hotter and more intense. Thorough shaking and rumbling tore through her insides, as if they were seconds away from collapsing whole. Elirien’s hands tightly wrapped onto Galadriel’s hips, her fingers treading down and gently squeezing Galadriel’s soft, bubbly butt. Elirien knew this was wrong, that she was merely being tempted by the powers of the Dark Lord but... There was no way she could resist Galadriel’s voluptuous body~!!!

Like a crazed demon on the verge of losing its mind, Elirien began desperately thrusting her hips against Galadriel’s butt. Of course, there was no actual penetration, but every one of Elirien’s thrusts her organ throbbed harder and harder and harder until with a loud clanging sound, Elirien’s codpiece exploded out of her armor, and an enormous, fat phallus popped free from her folds. Elirien moaned out in bliss as she gave in to the Dark Lord’s corruptive energies. Her cock was absolutely massive, almost as large as Galadriel’s. And Elirien was more than excited to use it~

Wasting naught but a single second, Elirien impaled Galadriel’s anus with her fat spear, sending a wave of unimaginable pleasure through both of their bodies.

“Ahhhh~ Fuck me Elirien, take me whole~!!!” Galadriel screamed with absolute ecstasy, getting turned on by the fact that she was being messed up right before her beloved husband. “Celeborn has never brought me pleasures as amazing as this~ Filthy, worthless males~! It is time they become the submissive breeding sluts~ Rise ladies~! Let’s embrace our new future of dominance and power~!”

As Galadriel’s ring began to glow a brilliant gold, a powerful wave of lust spreading throughout the entire room like a shockwave. In that moment, every single elven lady in attendance began to shudder



and moan in bliss. Their pussies throbbed happily, morphing and twisting until they entirely transformed into titanic, horny cocks. The elven men weren't spared by the magic either. While their wives and their sisters grew huge, ass-tearing cocks, the men could feel their dick's magically shrinking, their size and girth being absorbed by the cocks of superior women.

Within seconds, lustful orgies and sexual encounters began to explode all over the room. Women who'd rarely talked to each other began to sloppily kiss and frot, proud male warriors sank to their knees and slobbered over the throbbing girdicks. Galadriel moaned as she watched it all, her enormous black cock spurting thick seed from her loins in pleasure. The new dawn of females looked bright.