

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation

By

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Kobold Crimes

The best things in life are free. That was a motto Skyler learned to get behind after acquiring a free headset, bedsheets, cookies, and shoes in one trip. They didn't fit, but that just meant an easy fifty dollar pawn shop visit after Christmas. No skin off her dark colored back, unlike the poor guy that needed a man's size sixteen. That'd be Amazon's fault for not paying their delivery drivers better. Maybe then they'd try harder to hide their drop offs.

"And you thought this was going to be hard?" The young woman smirked shamelessly at her reflection in the rearview mirror. Anxiety had almost killed her on that first porch snatching attempt. But then she got back into her car with no alarm bells or angry shouts. Hell, the gal walking her dog didn't even cast a suspicious glance. They had smiled and wished Skyler a good morning while they climbed into their car.

After taking a free moment to adjust the loose bangs of her raven hair, she made a turn onto the back highway that led home. Nothing but back country mansions and farms to worry about for a half hour now. While the rush that came with successfully committing crimes for the first time had almost consumed Skyler, she still had the sense to quit while she was ahead.

"Hmmm?"

Well, watching an Amazon truck pull out from a side road made the young woman think one more couldn't hurt. Looking out through the misty open acres of land, it was easy to see this dirt trail lead briefly to two fairly fancy houses a short distance away. People rich enough to live out in the countryside were bound to order some nice stuff for the holidays.

Reaching the house in question threw that criminal enthusiasm into serious doubt. Skyler turned the car around to face the exit road again before stopping at an iron gate left partially opened. The wall itself was an unimpressive two feet of stone, probably just meant to keep wanting animals out of the garden patches currently bare from the winter cold. The house beyond gave her an oddly creeped out sensation. Observing it close

up made the mansion look old. Not in a derelict sense, more like she was staring at a miniature castle with all the stone facing and gargoyle statues.

“Someone had money to burn decorating this place,” she quipped to shake off the unexpected apprehension. The large brown package was practically waving at her from the landing and clearly this rich bastard couldn’t afford cameras in their unique gothic renovations.

Skyler left the car running as she hopped out and wrapped her scarf up around her mouth for concealment. Amazingly, the gate didn’t squeak while she swiftly strode up to the landing and grabbed the Amazon labeled box for her latest present. It wasn’t too heavy for her scrawny arms, but there were clearly several small things shifting inside. Good. She loved when people ordered her things in bulk.

Such self congratulating thoughts came a bit prematurely when she straightened up just in time to see the closest window blind snap shut. Skyler’s blood ran colder than the air around her.

“Shit!!” She bolted back down the path so fast her scarf flew off. Concealing identity no longer mattered, just keeping both arms clenched tightly around her prize with frantic steps back to her car. It was flung into the passenger seat with her ass following close behind. She barely took enough time to close the driver-side door before speeding full gas back onto the highway. Skyler’s golden brown eyes couldn’t stop glancing between the road and mirrors, expecting any second for an angry old man in a shotgun to come running out, shouting obscenities after her.

That didn’t happen, although her split attention almost resulted in a collision with one of the area’s few chestnut trees. Once safely plunging back down the interstate towards home, she let her heart rate slow down along with her vehicle’s speed. The last thing she needed was a speeding ticket after a scare like that.

“Fucking hell!” she declared with a relieved giggle. It was hard to tell which was more awesome; that daring escape, or imagining some poor schmuck fuming up and down on their porch.

Before long, Skyler’s surroundings transitioned back into her normal small town neighborhoods. She was so glad to conduct her first heist far away in the big cities now. A few more twists and turns brought her back to the fabulous complex that hosted her even more amazing studio apartment. It wasn’t some fancy two story fortress, but at least she had sweets and a new headset to enjoy some movies with.

The first order of business after depositing such an amazing haul into the storage closet, was taking the newest addition inside. Skyler at least wanted to see what she had gotten caught red-handed over. Placing it on the dining-slash-gaming table, she made quick work of the packaging tape with an exacto knife.

“Oh!” Soon as she opened the box, fresh light glinted off something right into Skyler’s unprepared eyes. She took a moment to blink the colored spots away and glanced inside a bit more cautiously. The offending object was quickly identified and her delicate hands eagerly pulled out a fine leathered collar. Sim fingers traced over the gemstone studs along its length, marveling at how her lamp lights reflected off their multiple sides. “Holy shit! Are these rubies?”

Forget Christmas dinner. A haul like this might feed her for months if it was genuine. Skyler popped her head back into the box, only to size up the other contents with a fair bit of disappointment. Her free hand pulled out a bundle of black cloth that unfurled into a short skirt dress with white frilled trims. Its small size probably meant it was for a tiny person, or maybe a teenager. Complementing it were a pair of high platform boots with the ends removed to expose a person's toes and elbow-length gloves, also lacking finger coverings.

“A maid outfit?!” Skyler mused while laying the garments across the table in confusion. It was probably best not to think what kind of person such a gift had been intended for. Instead, she focused on undoing the clasp of her new collar for a better view. All the gems practically glowed when held on full display. “Whatever. You’re going to give me a real payday. I might not even have to do this... again?”

The woman's thoughts trailed off as she slowly realized the expensive accessory in her hand was really glowing. A strange warmth filled her hands where they held the collar, feeling the fine leather vibrate with a building intensity. Before she could make sense of what was happening, it flew from her grasp with blinding speed towards her face. A startled scream was cut off as the collar actually aimed slightly lower. It wrapped around Skyler's neck with a tight squeeze until the latch locked into place and went slack enough for her to take a gasping breath.

“The fuck is this shit!” the young lady swore bloody murder. Her hands flew to the collar immediately, only to find the latch no longer there. Fingers fumbled blindly in desperate attempts to yank it off, especially as the warm sensation began oozing into her neck down across her entire

body. There just wasn't any kind of release mechanism anymore, just a soldering metal block connecting the strap around her.

Skyler was about to consider applying the exacto knife when all the frantic movements caused a lot of short black threads to drift past her vision. Skyler froze in place for a few seconds, letting the horror of what those were run through her mind. Both hands shook as they shifted direction to run through her shortcut hair, which offered no resistance as it caught between her fingers. Her eyes grew wider than saucer plates, letting out a scream while staring at the two thick clumps of black hair she now held.

"No! No! No!" Bolting to the bathroom left a trail of even more lost hair in Skyler's wake. By the time she reached the mirror, almost her entire head was already bald, with one disbelieving touch of her fingers plucking out the last bundle of her bangs.

That wasn't the most terrifying thing happening to her head, unfortunately. The first thing she noticed was that her eyes had gained their own bright golden shine and now possessed pupils that stretched vertically like slits. From there, it was just noticeable things that became more pronounced the longer she watched. Her nose was swelling out, growing wide and protruding disgustingly further from her face. Ears were losing their lobes as they sunk into the sides of her heads. A dull ache in her lower jaw caused it to fall open in a pained groan, exposing teeth that were all gaining a drastically sharp tip.

Worst of all was that the collar's warmth was escalating into a fire that made Skyler's skin itch like crazy. What little remained of her hair was quickly pushed off with frantic scratching across her scalp. Fingers racked every inch of dark skin they could cover, providing very little relief to the small areas affected. This damn collar must have some kind of virus or something. An allergic reaction was the only way to explain the horrible mutations distorting her face.

RIIIP!

Okay. Tearing off her own skin was going to be a lot harder to explain away. The itching got so unbearable that on one particularly hard scratch Skyler could feel her face loosen as though she were wearing a mask. So much so that her nails unexpectedly pierced through the surface of her scalp and split it open like she was unwrapping a present.

Thankfully, there wasn't any skull bone or brains underneath. Nor was she spurting out heaps of blood. As her head split away, unwittingly caught on her fingers, Skyler was astonished to find her head shimmering in the bathroom light coated in sapphire blue scales.

"What the actual fuck!?" she sputtered and then coughed. The muscles in her throat shifted to give her voice an animalistic, snarling tone. An oddly fitting choice given the way her head looked with the last bits of dried human skin peeling away. Everything above the neck was just a smooth round cranium with her ears reduced to simple holes barely visible on the side of her head.

"GYACK!" Skyler caught herself on the sink, another scream coming out in a hoarse gagging noise. Pressure surged through her mouth, causing it to protrude even further with a loud crackling of jawbones. Pain came in abrupt pulses as inch by inch her face stretched before her eyes. The bridge of her nose became nearly a foot long while cartilage melted away to leave her nostrils flaring at the end of a wide snout. "I look like a fucking Godzilla if he had taste!"

Bringing a hand up to feel the new muzzle blocking her lower peripheral suddenly made Skyler aware it wasn't just her face suffering a problem. She raised both hands into her view, eyeing the way sharp black claws protruded out the front tips of each point like they'd ripped through cheap gloves. Fingernails decorated the bathroom sink after popping off with harmless ease. She took the curved claw of one pointer finger and poked at the tattered skin of the opposing digit, finding it broke even on light contact.

"Aah!" A wave of dizziness caused Skyler to stumble back. Her body slammed into the bathroom's door frame before gravity sent her forward across the sink counter. In the process, both her snow pants and panties slipped off into a tangled mess on the floor while the sleeves of her sweater suddenly seemed to grow an extra foot longer to engulf her altered hands. "Oh, shit..."

The fact she was literally hanging halfway off the edge of the bathroom sink quickly explained to Skyler her clothes weren't experiencing unexpected growth. Her bare feet dangled in the air for a second before she reluctantly slid off to stand properly. The molting woman's eyes could barely peek over the counter to see themselves in the mirror anymore, effectively making her height four feet, at best.

Skyler scrambled to yank it off her now constraining sweater and groaned upon succeeding. Her once perfect skin hadn't shrunk too, instead hanging off her tiny form resembling a baggy jumpsuit or something. The last thing she wanted to do was tear off what humanity she had left. However, the extra slack began escalating the itching underneath to a painful degree. For a few seconds, the cheap apartment was filled with nothing but sounds of ripped tissue paper punctuated by hisses of a very inhuman nature.

When the last bit of epidermis was stripped, Skyler had to admit at least she looked fairly pretty. Every inch of her reduced body was coated in blue scales so smooth and polished she felt more like a gemstone than the ones on her still tightly fitting collar. Even more interesting was how her breasts and hips hadn't diminished with her body's size. If anything, they looked much larger than someone of such low stature should possess. Good lord. She really did shed skin like some kind of lizard. Were lizard monsters supposed to have breasts?

There was precious little time to contemplate biology. Jolt's rocked through Skyler's hips, sending her smacking face first into the sinks lower cupboards. Gravity slowly asserted its dominance to drag her laying on the tile floor with a shining butt lifted high in the air. Each little twinge added a small amount of extra mass, bones broadened with strengthening muscle only to be coated in thickening layers of fat. The sensation was both tense and almost pleasant. The transformed female could do little but gnaw on her fallen toothbrush as her rear and legs inflated into a rich child-bearing curve.

That wasn't nearly as impressive as the pushing sensation welling up at the nook just above her impressively jiggling glutes. Skyler cried through clenched teeth, eyes rolling into the back of her head thanks to the very nerves of her spine being stimulated to grow and entangle with budding new plates of vertebrae. A little tent of blue scales erected itself above the tiny lizard girls, quickly pushing further and wider with ample amounts for strong muscles growing inside it. By the time the intense fire faded for good, Skyler looked heatedly over her shoulder to see a short, but thick, scaled tail bouncing along with her bloated ass.

"Oh great. I'm a pear-shaped lizard freak now?" She slowly forced an unfamiliar weighted body back into a standing position, becoming aware of paw-like feet that now ended in the same sharp claws as her hands. Skyler rubbed at her throbbing temple and also discovered several horns had also

erupted from her skull during the last bits of her transformation. At least they looked stylish, unlike having a chrome dome.

Walking out of the bathroom in such a state nearly sent the freshly turned reptilian falling back to the floor. Skyler snarled at her sloshing breasts and backside, thinking these proportions would be ridiculous even on a normal sized human. It was hard just to walk with the girth of her tail and thighs, wanting to push against everything. The hell was she supposed to do waddling around like this?

A sudden warmth from the collar would both stop Skyler's internal fuming and answer a few questions, much to her dismay. Without any self compulsion, her body did a sharp turn to sashay over to the kitchen table.

"Like **fudge** I'm putting that **junk** on!" Skyler snapped when her arms picked up the maid's dress of their own accord. The fact that the words leaving her muzzle were more watered down than the colorful swears she'd wanted to use left her too confused for further protests. Everything moved in a robotic fashion to quickly dress her in the provided uniform with an expertise Skyler definitely shouldn't have. It was only when it was on that she realized the front bodice lacked several upper buttons, so her cleavage bulged out in a proverbial sea of aqua colored scales. Between that and an obvious lack of panties had her starting to long for a quick death instead.

At least being properly dressed convinced whatever forces in charge to restore motor control to Skyler. She took a second to fan out the black skirt to confirm it wouldn't fall much further than her thick upper thighs before crossing arms under her soft bust with a snort. Like she had any clue what to do now that she looked like some weird fantasy porn star.

Knock! Knock!

A split second of squealing escaped Skyler's snout before both hands promptly clamped it shut. Having a visitor rapping at her front door was certainly top of the least expected list at this point. She inhaled a deep breath through her nose before releasing the lizard snout in a relaxing exhale. Yeah. She wasn't about to answer that thing for anyone, either. Though maybe if she smiled with fangs, it'd look scary enough for a practical joke.

"What the... HEY!"

Of course, Skyler was so lost in thought she hadn't noticed her body casually strolling towards the door until it was already turning the handle. It flew open before she could even try mustering a resistance and she closed

her eyes, bracing for whatever reaction the person on the other side might have for a short scaled bombshell.

No screams or sounds of mad panic were forthcoming. Instead, Skyler felt something flutter atop her head and partially draped across her front and back. She slowly opened her eyes and, having control of herself once more, pulled the object off and immediately recognized it as her scarf.

“Ah! So, this is the right place. I was really hoping to find you before you went snooping into my collar.”

Skyler blinked, looked up at the masculine voice speaking, and recoiled with a startled growl. Looming over her so big his horns threatened to scrap the ceiling was another lizard man covered in rich brown scales. His horned snout twisted into a warming grin as their green eyes met her golden orbs. It was surprisingly disarming since his frame bulged with fit muscles wrapped in a casual polo and jean shorts.

“Y-you’re a...”

“Dragon! Yes!” The humanoid monster finished Skyler’s struggling sentence. “And you’re a kobold, although I’d wager through no desire of your own. Guess you have to learn a lesson about stealing other people’s orders at my expense, eh? May I come in?”

The shock on Skyler’s face twisted into one of pure rage, despite facing something twice her already shortened size. She put a hand on the door, intending to slam it in this supposed dragon’s face, only to find her arm wouldn’t flex the muscles demanded from her. **“Like F-f-f-fun I’d turn you down, master. Please, make yourself comfortable so pet can serve you!”**

The dragon man couldn’t hold in a laugh while he strode past a flabbergasted Skyler into her apartment. He had to hunch his shoulders and bend forward just to fit through the door frame, lengthy spiked tail swishing lazily a few on the way over to her couch, where he flopped sideways across the cushions to observe the blue kobold with head resting in one hand.

Slowly Skyler regained her senses enough to close the door, turning cautiously to face the unwelcome guest. “Okay. What the... what was that just now? And what did you do to me?”

The dragon laughed again. “I didn’t do anything! The collar, which was meant to be a surprise Christmas gift for my boyfriend, is just doing its thing. I’m Tom, by the way.”

“Charmed,” Skyler said behind her murderous stare. “How about you get this thing off me before I **r-r-r-ready a big meal for you, master?** Arrrgh!”

“Yeah, that’s not as easy as either of us wants,” Tom explained. Some of the amusement at Skyler’s anguish left his expression. “That thing’s enchanted to make the wearer a perfect, polite, and diligent kobold maid. As you probably guessed, it even comes with, and I’m quoting the wizarding website I got this from here, a behavior correcting failsafe to provide training as they work. Lucky for me, cause it sounds like you got a bit of a mouth on ya.”

She responded with a wordless growl back. Fingers absently tugged at the collar with no sign of the strap budging. A thought suddenly had her looking back at Tom in disgust. “Wait. Your boyfriend wanted to become some short lizard slut slave?”

“I don’t need my mates’ kinks being judged by a lowlife thief!” It was Tom’s turn to look angry as he shifted into a proper sitting posture on Skyler’s couch. “Do you have any idea how much it costs to get a maid’s outfit tailored to a kobold with an hourglass figure? It might surprise the arrogant human to know that was more than the magic collar they pilfered on a whim.”

“Look. I’m sorry. Okay!” Skyler gulped at how fast the atmosphere inside her home had changed. Bracing her courage, the kobold adjusted her bodice with an intentional bouncing of boobs before approaching Tom meekly. “I can give you money and everything back in compensation. Can we please just turn me back and get on with our separate holidays?”

“Ugh! If only it were that simple,” Tom spoke partially muffled with his face buried in his thick hands. Seeing the confusion on Skyler’s face, he waved dismissively at her neck. “That thing is condition activated, meaning it will only come off and end the enchantment once you’ve been a ‘good maid.’ Which means completing one of several pre-assigned tasks.”

“I’m fine with some free labor if it means deflating my **a-a-awesomely lap filling posterior, sweetie!** That... is so annoying.”

“Yes, you are.” Tom ignored the glare Skyler shot him, taking in the simple furnished surroundings.

“So what do I have to do?”

“Well... cleaning my house, washing my car, getting some groceries.” Silence filled the void between the two Draconian humanoids. Skyler offered no commentary aside from some perplexed blinking, so Tom continued. “The garden also hasn’t seen any maintenance in a few months. It’ll be spring soon...”

“I don’t want to spend days wobbling about in your house,” Skyler whined, more to herself. Hands rested on her hips, still unable to comprehend how pear-shaped her lower half had blossomed. She looked ready to bear an army’s worth of children. A thought that was strangely horrid, yet sent a tingle of warmth across her naked loins. “Any way we can speed up this sh-sh-**special pet’s condition a little faster, master?**”

Tom coughed, his demeanor faulting slightly with a blush. Not that it was noticed over Skyler partaking in another angry tangent, attempting to rip the collar off and failing again. “Well... there are always the sexual pleasure chores I had the wizard program in.”

It was like he had struck Skyler’s off button with how the fuming kobold stopped mid-step and partially turned away from the dragon. Her stumpy tail became so erect, it hoisted the back of her dress to flash a jiggling blue ass for Tom’s benefit. After a second of being locked in a pose of mid-motion, she slowly twisted her neck to a slightly inhuman degree in order to meet his flustered gaze. “Say what now!?”

“I did say this present was for humoring my boyfriend’s kinks. What did you think we were going to do after he transformed into a sexy short stack maid?”

“Oh, my god.” Skyler let her tail relax with the rest of her body. One hand lightly raked claws across her scalp and horns with pure exasperation. “Seriously? Fu-fu-**frolicking in the sheets with master** is the fastest way for us to get back to our normal lives? Freakin weird perverts in this world. I swear. Or I wish I could swear!”

“Oh, for... this isn’t exactly my first option either, you know.” Tom straightened out, letting irritation override his embarrassment. “It’s not like I just bait pathetic snatchers to steal my stuff for a quick bang. I had a very romantic Christmas Eve planned for my mate; the whole cliché of strawberries, chocolate, and even letting him lick my paws. It’s going to be a pain getting your smell off that dress before... what are you doing?!”

The dragon had been so distracted thinking about how he was going to salvage his holiday plans that he never noticed Skyler waddling her way over. At least, not until the tiny female's scaly hands began fumbling with the belt of his trousers. Having sharp sickle claws clearly made working the simple latch very difficult.

"I'm doing what I have to if it gets you the **fu-fu-funniest way** out of my apartment. Now lay back and stop whining."

"Like you're one to talk. Ack!? Hey!"

Skyler wasn't really thinking too much about her next course of action. All that mattered was getting this damn collar off and shrinking back to normal sized tits before the day ended. So it was a surprise when she hefted the big dragon hunk by his hips and yanked their shorts off in one fluid motion. She tossed them and Tom's underpants over her shoulder, watching the much bigger dragon fall back onto her couch cushions.

"How many magic fetishes does your guy have?!" Skyler giggled while flexing her thin, yet sleek, blue arms. The complete lack of any muscles tension to the motion belied an obviously hidden strength to her hourglass figure. Some more ridicule would have been tossed Tom's way, but then her eyes glanced south, unable to avoid locking on the dragon's now naked crotch. "O-oh... Is it supposed to look so... pointed?"

Tom's gaze followed hers to the mostly flaccid member flopped against one chocolate scaled thigh. It was a far cry from the few human cocks his transformed maid had ever dealt with. The tip jutted out acutely, almost like a fleshy spear, while the series of rounded barbs along its shaft looked almost alien. He was unsure if her uncertainty was amusing or offensive.

"Look, I'm not even at half-mast yet. If this is all it takes to intimidate you, we can head on back to my place and have you clean out the rain gutters."

"Nuts to that. I got a better gutter right here."

Skyler knelt between the dragon's legs without giving him a chance to comment on her lousy retorts. It was way more distracting when she pulled open the front of her bodice with a loud popping of buttons. At this range, the massive mounds it contained gushed forward and engulfed Tom's cock and balls with their warm blue scales.

“Hnnngh! N-not bad,” Tom said between surprised gasps. He was still pissed off that this couldn’t be done by his boyfriend. Still, having such silky tits blanketing his lap quickly got the blood flowing. More so when Skyler gave him a dirty look and kneaded her breasts from their outer edges, grinding Tom’s crotch in their cleavage. The phallus buried deep within swelled erect against the heavy weights, twitching its way into a wedge between them.

“God damn!” The short kobold gasped when the stiff dick emerged from her bust, fully erect. A thick musty scent from its presence itched at her new draconic nose, imposing feelings that made her pussy start leaking. Her thick tail slapped the floor with the hungry shaking of her hips. “And your boyfriend is supposed to take this whole ham bone?”

“Mmph! You’d be surprised what magic can do.” Another round of boobs squishing around the tapered tipped shaft sent Tom’s head rolling back emitting a low growl. Hands clenched at the cushions, accidentally slicing them with some impressively sharp claws.

Instincts shaking around Skyler’s brain were making her too horny to care about her furniture at that moment. After a few more rounds of jostling Tom’s member in a boob sandwich, she couldn’t ignore the burning of her changed loins anymore. She pulled away, much to the dragon’s annoyed confusion, only to clamber up and straddle his thighs.

“At this point, I don’t know if I hate or love what magic can do,” Skyler admitted, blasting Tom’s blushing face with heated breaths. One hand clamped onto his shoulder for balance while she reached down to aim the thick dragon stick properly under her maid skirt. With another hard flick of her meaty tail, she let gravity do the work, settling her ass’s full weight across Tom’s lap.

The dragon’s mighty dick impaled her dripping folds with ease, stretching the aching walls so amazingly taut. Both scaled creatures growled their arousal at each other, taking a moment to adjust to the tight squeeze of their loins joining. Tom’s hands slipped under Skyler’s dress, getting a grip on her ass both for balance and an excuse to reciprocate kneading her shapely glutes.

Once the changed kobold caught her breath, she draped her own arms over the dragon’s broad shoulders. Leaning in nearly crushed his chest with the tight press of her breasts before they found a good balance. From there, it was a simple matter for Skyler to rock her thick rump back and forth across against Tom.

“Ah fuck yeeeeeah!” she hissed into Tom’s neck. The explosions of pleasure rocked through her small body, driving her knees weak and forcing her to lay more of her weight upon the dragon. Still, her lust fed humping only quickened. Having such a thick dick constantly grinding along all the right tender spots of her tunnel was only complimented by the rocking motion pressing her butt into his greedy, powerful hands.

“Aah hah haah! RWAR!”

Skyler couldn’t help feeling smug that it only took a few minutes of playing cowgirl to get this intruding bastard off. That was until Tom’s penis convulsed violently, still lodged deep inside her, and proceeded to fill her insides with a running new kind of warmth.

Everything quickly became stuffed with fertile dragon spunk until she felt queasy, like eating a big meal. A few more jiggling humps even made some of it leak out across their scaly thighs, almost like some natural polish. Skyler gave a surprised squeak when Tom’s hands squished her rear cheeks hard in orgasmic bliss and then cried harder as it set off her own convulsing climax.

There was a soft click that almost went unnoticed until Skyler felt the collar splat across the shelf of her bosom. It quickly slid down their slope for a second, landing on Tom’s stomach. A tired grin crossed his snout as he snatched it up.

“Well, not the best angry sex, but I’m just glad to be done with you. Also, I’m going to need that dress back, please.”

“Whatever, you sick fuck,” Skyler grumbled, just glad she could speak freely again. She hefted herself off the dragon’s deflating spent member, releasing another small glob of their mixed juices across their legs before hopping off the couch. The effects of their romp proved more exhausting than expected as her heeled platforms hit the carpet and promptly collapsed under her own minor weight.

Tom rose to retrieve his own pants without offering the kobold any aid. Apparently laying in a heap on the floor was as good a place as any to strip. By the time he was somewhat decent again, the maid dress, gloves and shoes were tossed in a heap at his pawed feet.

“There!” Skyler sat up propped against her couch, still winded and legs feeling like noodles. Even then, she found it hard to not admire the shine of her naked blue scales now. “I’m sorry I took your perverted stuff. Now get lost.”

“Heh. Don’t go stealing other people’s presents again. Next time you might not get rewarded with a good lay.” Tom took his time collecting the material before returning it to their original shipping box. Tucking it under one arm, he turned to give Skyler a tip of his non-existent hat. “On the bright side, after seeing what all this baby does, I know my boy is going to have a real Merry Christmas.”

An inaudible grumble, moaning noise escaped Skyler’s pursed muzzle lips while she waved Tom out her front door. She wanted to say a lot of vulgar things, only to uncharacteristically decide it might not be worth the trouble. However, one thought managed to strike her seconds before Tom’s departure.

“Wait a second, ass! When am I going to change back?”

“Hmm?” Tom had stopped with a hand on the door handle. His noises feigned a quizzical nature, but the toothy grin and happy tail wag implied he’d been waiting for that. “Oh? I’m sure that magic will wear off once you’ve laid your clutch of eggs in a few weeks.”

Any comfort of pleasurable afterglow evaporated from Skyler’s senses after repeating the dragon’s words three times in her head. “My what now?”

“Yup. Another of the collar’s many functions for my mate’s interests. He’s really into oviposition, and lots of it. Don’t worry. They won’t be fertile. My seed is just the catalyst to start some mass production. I doubt any of us are interested in kids, anyway.”

Skyler’s jaw dropped into her cleavage, still unsure what to make of this final revelation. Both her gaze and hands moved to study the shimmering surface of her stomach. It was hard to see around the swell of her massive bust, but her hands were feeling a bit more firmness. Surely it was just her imagination that the once flat stomach was now pushed out with the slightest hint of a bulge.

She looked back up, hoping for some assurance this was just an extra prank at her expense for being a thief. Unfortunately, the front door was now firmly shut with no sign Tom had never been inside the apartment. Well, not counting the tears and cum stains decorating her couch. Skyler could only flop against the furniture with an exasperated cry.

“Why is Christmas never easy?”

Breaking the Rolls

It seemed like a strange direction for the mall's long-standing curios shop to start selling tabletop board games and dice. Apparently unusual, and reportedly magical, objects of dazzling wondrous design didn't make enough bank to pay the rising rental fees for the space. More likely the shop owner got bored with the usual routines and wanted to attract a fresh generation of naive twenty-somethings. Nothing does that better than D&D miniatures and custom glowing dice.

Even then it took four hands to drag Toni across the entrance threshold. For being a tiny lightweight the black-haired lynx was a heavy anchor to drag around when social anxieties took hold. It was like crossing a portal into another world for her. The peaceful mall with its classical music turned into a cave roaring with the rapid chatter of gamers. She did find it relaxing to see such hobbies brought together everyone from late teens to early retirement ages.

Dawn and Gene, her tabby cat friends, were equally thankfully for a breather from all the coaxing to get Toni into their weekly D&D session.

"Well, if it isn't some of my favorite kittens." It didn't take long before the trio's arrival was noticed by the store's owner. Another cat padded between tables towards them, putting an emphasis on her hip sway for the tabletop players staring after her. Having snow white and hot pink fur patterns made her easy to spot in a crowd without the extra effort, especially in a hot pants bikini combo. "I take it this is the new player you mentioned bringing in?"

"You know it," Gene replied, placing a hand on the lynx's back to halt an instinctive retreat. "Toni, this is Sorsha. She's a bit of a nutter, but knows how to run a party."

“Damn straight! It’s the sane people that makes this world boring.” Sorsha removed her purple witch hat revealing a bush of unkempt green hair and reached out her other hand for a shake. “Welcome to the magical realm of antiques and dragon slaying.”

A soft cough from Dawn prompted Toni to shake the offered pink ‘gloved’ paw. “Why are you wearing a bikini in the middle of winter?”

Not what she wanted to say for a good first impression. Toni was just glad it got a laugh out of the cats surrounding her.

“We’re pretty sure Sorsha is a nudist at heart,” Dawn explained with a noticeable blush on her snout. “She’d be prancing around in just the pointy hat if it didn’t mean getting kicked out of the mall.”

“How many times do I have to explain that clothes interfere with the flow of natural energy?” Sorsha rolled her eyes, smiling in spite of trying to sound grumpy. “You can’t draw on the powers of mother earth through fabric that easily.”

“I was starting to wonder about your lack of shoes.” Toni said meekly looking down. Sorsha’s bare pink toes wiggled back in hello before the lynx resumed quivering eye contact. “Although I think it’s cool how dedicated you are to the larping aspect of tabletop gaming. No wonder everyone likes coming here.”

“Yes... larping...” A dark shadow crossed over Sorsha’s innocent smile, inciting feelings of dread to those gazing upon her. It passed just as quickly, leaving only the bubbly candy-colored cat girl smiling warmly at Toni once more. “Well, you’re not the first to assume such incorrect things. You’d think I’d have expected it with this remodel, but what can you do? We’re here to live out fun fantasies and adventures.”

“Ugh. Gah. Buh?” In just those ten seconds Toni had formed a million questions and the worry she’d pee herself in fright for reasons she couldn’t

fathom. Some small part of her mind thought it best to not pursue this curiosity and wisely agreed with it.

“Speaking of which,” Sorsha continued with a turn to Gene. She reached into her hat and handed off a small bag into the male tabby’s hands, a soft clicking of objects came from within. After which Sorsha returned the hat onto her head in a flourishing spin. “There’s the custom dice you ordered. They’ll do exactly what you asked, so take care how often you roll them.”

“Tell that to Toni, since I got them for her.”

“What?” Toni was still trying to process the unnatural aura Sorsha projected that she barely noticed her friend turning to present the velvet bag as a gift.

“We all know you don’t have a set of dice yet, newbie,” Dawn chimed in. Toni glanced to the female tabby, only getting a cherry tail wag back. They were sporting that kind of grin that made the lynx feel left out of a joke.

“I’m not a newbie, you guys. Sheesh!” Toni snatched the gift bag with a pout. “I’ve read all the rule books and even made my own character for this. I’ve just... never played a live game yet.”

“So, total newbie,” Gene affirmed with a nod.

“Hey!”

“So, what are you playing?” Sorsha asked. Her own fluffy tail was twitching in peeked interest.

“A barbarian going barehanded hulk style. I was going to try fighter, but I feel the rage mechanics make more sense for Misha.”

Sorsha slowly blinked. “You mean that eldritch horror cat from Canada.”

“Should have known you’d base a character after a fellow lynx,” Dawn said, elbowing her friend.

Toni yipped back, rubbing the area of her ribs that got hit. “I’ll have you know she’s a national heroine. Don’t think I didn’t notice her merchandise over there.”

Everyone turned their attention to the store section Sorsha set up for shirts, hats, and Funko pop displays. The witchy feline turned back to Toni with a dismissive shrug. “Hero merch sells, and villains. Shame getting licensing rights from them is a bitch. I got some more... on-model Misha’s in the case if you’re interested. You know with the hulking muscles and enormous...”

“I think we’re digressing here,” Gene said reluctantly. Everyone could catch Sorsha’s meaning from the way she held her arms in front of her chest as if holding a heavy load. “We should probably get to our room before Toni loses any chance for a decent session.”

“A good point.” Sorsha dropped her arms somewhat disappointed. “Your DM is already in room two, so I’m going to start the charge timer. I’m sure you buncha chaotic neutrals got loads of fun planned for her. Enjoy the dice dear.”

“Um, thanks?” Toni stood dumbstruck as Sorsha left towards a pair of dogs browsing the Magic card cases. Obviously getting nothing further from the weird snowball cat, she directed a question gaze at Dawn. “The heck does she mean any of that?”

“Oh, she rents private rooms by the hour. It’s worth it so we don’t have to spend time bumping elbows and shouting over other groups.”

“No. I mean the other things she-ack!”

“We told you she’s a weirdo,” Gene explained after grabbing Toni’s hand for another partial dragging session. He guided the trio through the playing area into a side hallway partially hidden by an extended way. “She also said the timer is starting so we should focus on making the time count.”

“I... I guess?” At this point Toni couldn’t argue further. Getting to play away from the crowds was a world of relief, as she wasn’t about to try roleplaying a fantasy warrior to an audience. It still didn’t help shake off the notion everyone was keeping a secret.

There were five doors in the hallway behind the shop. Three with crayon written signs identifying them as game rooms, one with a heavily doodled sign misspelling ‘manager’ and an obvious exit. Only the second of the game doors was open, which is where Gene guided her in.

“Sorry, we had a hold up with Sorsha out front,” Gene explained to what Toni saw was a red-haired skunk man behind a dungeon master shield.

“Also, a bit of a drag getting Toni past the big crowds, you know,” Dawn added.

Toni shot them both annoyed glares before walking around the small round table to the skunk. Up close she could see he was a bit further in years than this group of cats, but still carried an energetic smile. “Hi. I’m... I’m Toni.”

“Call me god,” he said upon exchanging handshakes with her. Seeing the lynx’s eyes widen in confusion he quickly added, “Or Paxton! Pax if you really feel like it.”

“N-nice to meet you Paxton.” Toni took a deep breath, keeping her gaze at her feet while moving to take the furthest seat opposite. So, it was just one stranger and two friends. She can still play this up like a pro, maybe.

For his part Paxton quirked an eyebrow at the new players' hasty retreat, raising Toni’s blood pressure slightly for a few seconds. Thankfully, he gave a small shrug and went back to arranging papers hidden behind his game shield.

“Did you pick up any dice?” he asked between examining two papers.

“Oh, yeah... Gene got me a custom set.” Toni’s tail wagged, giving her friend an appreciative tail flick. She then became too busy fumbling with the bag’s tie to notice the concerned look Paxton shot Gene.

“Just trying to make her feel welcomed,” the male tabby offered as he closed the door for a bit of privacy. “Plus, I know you don’t like wasting game time on prep stuff.”

“They warned me about that too,” Toni grunted, resisting the urge to tear at the bag with her teeth. After a bit more fumbling, she managed to wiggle the tie enough for a decent opening. “That Sorsha really likes hard knots too. I hope this set didn’t cost you too...whoa!”

Clearly some extra effort had been spent on a simple dice set. When Toni tipped over the bag, she didn’t expect actual crystals to come tumbling out. The clattering they made across the table held a lighter ring compared to hard plastic rocks. What really got her jaw dropping was the different colored cores reflecting off lights in bright flashes when they rolled.

“Holy shit Gene!” Toni brought the twenty-sided die within millimeters of her muzzles twitching nose, awe struck by its glittering beauty. “These feel like real gems. They must have cost a pretty penny.”

“It’s going to be totally worth it, don’t worry.” Gene exchanged a grin with Dawn. “As long as we all have fun, we don’t mind splurging for a friend.”

“Wait, Sorsha made those?” Paxton asked with growing concern. Naturally it went ignored as the other players took their seats.

“So, what’s the adventure today, Pax?” Dawn asked instead.

The skunk’s tail flicked slightly, presenting its white stripes almost like a threat. His neutral stare with Dawn lingered for a few silent seconds before reluctantly drifting his attention down at the stacks of paper and figurines behind the DM shield. “It’s a good thing Toni decided to be a bruiser because as the lord explains his current plight with border disputes, a lack of muscle weighs heavily on your duo. Before setting out to investigate you put in with the adventuring guild and they point you to a very tall lynx woman...”

Despite its rocky start, the game slowly built momentum with Paxton taking on a flare to storytelling Toni admittedly didn’t expect. She never roleplayed with anyone before and needed a little prompting to pick up on everyone’s cues for her participation. That part Gene and Dawn were able to make easy for her to follow along. Within thirty minutes of starting Toni became lost in her own buff barbarian creation. Like most newbies she tried to model a fantasy lynx after herself, just more confident and direct since she had the muscles and curves to back it up.

“Looks like some of the bandits managed to get away, but that ends combat.” Paxton rolled a few dice, listing off loot as his group’s reward for a tough fight. “They do have a chest of higher quality than other containers.

It's got a reinforced steel lining and dial padlock on it. Dawn, are you going to try some picking rolls?"

"Actually, that's going to take a lot of time and we're in a hurry to get to the duke with the peace proposals." Dawn ignored the raised eyebrows Paxton was shooting her, looking to Toni with a grin. "How about you try breaking it open, Misha?"

"M-me!?" Toni glanced up from her character sheet with a yelp. She was too busy trying to decide what weapons from the captured bandits might help her bashing power.

"That's a great idea," Gene agreed. "You've been bragging since we left the guild how strong your cat muscles are. This is an easy chance to show off."

"I... but..." Toni glanced between her two tabby friends, suddenly regretting her acting skills. Her character version of Misha was supposed to be boastful but this was a sudden case of foot in her mouth. "O-okay, I guess I can give it a try. What do I need to roll for that?"

"Huh?" Now it was Paxton's turn to get broken out of his distant thoughts. There was no mistake the tabbies were up to something. Never in years of campaigns did Dawn play a thief and not try stealing everything in sight. She was the kind of player where picking locks was some kind of fetish. Unfortunately, with no way to discern what their end game with Toni might be, he couldn't exactly stop it yet. "That's a strength check. So, roll and D-twenty plus the strength mod."

"Cool! That's a big old six then!" Toni giggled, rolling the largest of her crystal dice in a sea of refracted sparkles. "Eek! A twenty!"

"Nice one!" cheered Dawn.

“Yeah, that’s some display of kitty hulk.” Paxton cross checked the results on his shield charts before looking back to Toni. “So, you...uh...you umm...”

“What’s wrong?” Toni tilted her head in a confusing yet adorable stare. Somehow it never registered to her that the skunk and table as a whole were sinking out of her field of vision.

Gene and Dawn said nothing while they gleefully watched their friend grow in size. The once five-foot nothing lynx quickly became a towering seven-foot woman, easily taller than everyone at the table while sitting down. The hem of her shirt rose with her, unveiling a slim furry midriff with an inward curve Toni definitely didn’t have when entering the store.

Those weren’t the curves distracting Paxton. He felt like he was watching Toni get squeezed like a tube of toothpaste. Her hips spread in a gush of growing bones and piling fat making her jeans audibly creak. The waistband dipped even lower with a bloating in her rear, causing a slight crack to push out under her stubby tail. Whatever mass remained shot up into her chest, causing the shirt covering it to flutter and puff into a shelf several times larger than Dawn’s pleasant C-cups.

One look at either of the tabby cats told Paxton this was the endgame. Both were stuck ogling over Toni’s spontaneous growth spurt yet trying not to openly gush. He could only surmise that was because Toni continued to stare back at the skunk apparently unaware of any dramatic changes happening to her. Dawn was even trying to take cell phone pictures under her character sheets.

“Y-yeah, it definitely works,” Paxton found his inner DM in a sane enough state to continue. Gene shot him an appreciative smile, but he just hoped there wouldn’t be a fallout when Toni realized how thorough her character larping had become. “You take that chest in both hands and rend the top off in a cracking of wood and metal. In fact, you apply too much force and send hundreds of glinting metal discs raining over the area. You

can all recognize the familiar regal insignias on the copper and silver currency.”

“Oops...” Toni groaned. She meekly crossed her arms unintentionally squishing her hefty bosom. “I’m still learning the proper applications of force.”

“It’s fine,” Dawn said, even though she’d usually be irate about mishandling cash. “But we’ll have to spend a long time gathering this stuff.”

“Whatever,” Gene grunted, failing to look annoyed with his eyes glued to the much bigger lynx. “Let’s hurry before we burn more daylight.”

Every instinct Paxton had was telling him to end the game now. This wouldn’t be the first time Sorsha’s magic was used to ‘improve’ a campaign and he hated when no one let him in on the joke. About the only thing stopping him, aside from Toni’s super model curves, was how happy she looked when playing out true to Misha’s character. At least the magical nonsense was over and it certainly got everyone in a good mood. They could do with another two hours for a proper first session. Lucky for the lynx there was a clothing outlet three stores down when this was done.

“So, you’ve all stopped at the town inn tonight. They seem to have a real delicious special on milk ale and lamb shanks.”

“That’s great,” Gene said triumphantly. There was that odd feeling of suspicion again when he turned to address Toni. “I bet I can drink Misha under the table.”

Toni blushed and still hunched down to meet his challenging gaze. “Jokes on you. Milk is Misha’s favorite.”

It felt like declaring the end of the world when Paxton reluctantly stated, “All right then, roll your fortitude saves.”

The clattering of dice soon proved the weary skunk correct in his assumptions. As he watched Toni pick up her twenty-sided crystal for a roll, Paxton realized the glittering it caused was not from the lights over their heads. These flashes were coming from the tumbling rock itself, washing Toni's tall body in magical energy. Within seconds of the roll ending her shirt shifted again, smoothing out most of its creases under the mounting pressure of swelling breasts.

"Sorry, I win!" Gene declared, practically drooling as Toni's inflating melons became almost perfectly defined spheres under the fabric. "Care for another round?"

"Damn straight I do!" Toni was already rolling the dice again before Gene could collect his. Once more her breasts jiggled and resumed bloating with ungodly amounts of fat and milk. So much so the other three friends could see damp spots forming around the peaks of her mounds.

"Oof! That was a weak one on me." Gene laughed at his pathetic low roll. "Come on, I'm far from done yet."

"You're nuts if you think a barbarian can be out drunk."

Paxton and Dawn were all but forgotten as dice were rolled again and again. Toni's tits grew in such fast and hard spurts that they could practically hear the sloshing from across the table. The lynx's poor shirt soon lost the battle for containment, its hem squeezing at the soft furry skin as it gradually sunk its way out. Almost its entire front became wet with excess leaking from her puffing nipples, making them partially visible.

"Ack!" Toni jerked forward when her massive breasts slipped out in full, smacking the table with their weighty hang and a spurt of milk. Absolutely none of this phased the lynx. Her face turned red as she leaned back and pulled the mammaries into her lap, trying to wipe the stray milk

before it warped her papers. “E-excuse me, I don’t even know how everything got so wet.”

“Seriously?” Paxton muttered under his breath, earning an evil smirk from Dawn.

“Okay, where were we?” Toni asked Gene, dice already set for another roll. “I still got way more constitution than you, light weight.”

“Bring it, meathead!” countered Gene.

The white and grey furry mounds were like bean bags hanging off the lynx’s chest. Their girth expanded to the point they aproned over her torso and only continued to spill across her muscular thighs with another dice roll. Milk was oozing out of both their stretched nipples in a seemingly endless trickle, making Paxton briefly wonder if Sorsha would care about the carpet stains.

For having just doubled in size it looked like Toni’s breasts would somehow end up the biggest part of her, but then another kind of groaning noise filled the playroom. With the next dice roll Toni’s whole body pulsed and began stretching further towards the ceiling. She absently massaged her swelling teats while the arms themselves rippled and bulged in rising strength. Hips expanded against the arm rests, forcing them to bend outward while her butt snapped off the backrest with its bubbling girth.

“W-what are you guys doing to this girl?” Paxton gawked at the newly reached eleven-foot lynx.

The size increase was at least enough to get the boulders for breasts off Toni’s lap, but they still continued to drizzle warm lactose over her thighs and shredded pants. In fact, there was plenty more lynx to go around in general. Toni’s shoulders were hefting up in multiple ridges while her back had visibly risen to press up against her neck. Each bicep showed off nearly a dozen muscle ridges that swelled and contracted with so much as

a simple dice rolling gesture. Hulk was a term that didn't do this young woman justice anymore. Not with her ass devouring the chair it was on. Sorsha must have magically enhanced the legs for exactly this kind of mischief.

"Darn, looks like you beat me," Gene declared, despite bearing the expression of a winner.

"Told you I was tough!" Misha giggled. She struck a flexing pose unaware of how that plumped up her arms triple in size, while pectorals bounced her breasts in a spray of milk like a sprinkler.

Paxton was too shocked by the buff giantess to notice a stream hit across his muzzle. "I...a... anything else I dare ask you'd like to do."

"I got a perfect idea!" Dawn squealed a bit higher pitched than she intended. Not that she elaborated to the curious onlookers while scribbling something on a note. It was slide over for Toni to pick up between two pinched fingers. Even her hands were getting too big for using tools, yet she never commented on this.

"Oh. Oh gosh!" Toni put the note down using her other hand to stifle giggles. "Are we allowed to do that?"

"You never know until you try?" Dawn answered way too cryptic for Paxton's liking.

Before he could even start to ask Toni gave another flex focusing on her chest. The twin jets that came out her bloated tits was definitely a sight as it drenched the walls. Amazing how that was her just trying to get kinks out of her now limitlessly defined muscles.

"Okay, um, Pax?" Toni fidgeted in her seat looking a bit unsure about her next words. Ironic she'd be the one looking scared of a skunk literally

so far beneath her. “Can...is it possible to visit the church of the athlete god this time of night?”

Paxton took a deep breath before checking his notes. “They are still open, yes.”

“C-cool! I mean, okay. Misha will go in and eat one of their blessing stones.”

“...she what?”

“Can she...well, eat the blessing stone? You said before it’s like the size of an egg.”

“I. Gah. Wha? How? Mah! I... y-you could eat it, sure, but that sounds like one of the most insane things anyone has ever...”

“Gulp!”

Paxton’s head whipped from his notes up at Toni so fast it gave him whiplash. The rigid mountain of lynx had a silly look back after roleplaying swallowing noises at him.

“I, uh, okay! Roll a constitution save?” The skunk gulped, dreading all his life choices at this point watching Toni roll a dice that looked like a glowing speck in her hand. His friends were no help, they were smiling so wide all their fangs were bared. Their tails stood almost straight up in anticipation. “You withstand the initial rush of the gods divine magic and begin feeling the stone continuously bless you. With it in constant contact with your flesh that means a perpetual strength boosting...OH DEAR GOD! NO!”

“Oh, fuck yeah!” Gene mewed watching Toni’s body rippled and then resume expanding in all three dimensions.

“Ooooo! This blessing feels great.” Toni’s tail flicked rapidly, looking increasingly miniscule atop her broadening ass.

Unfortunately, a chair can only support so much jiggling badonk. After barely a foot into her final growth spurt all four legs snapped under her combined bulk. Not that she had far to fall at such a rapidly filling rate. Her rear hit the floor hard enough that players in the store felt the tremors and then continued spilling out behind her until both cheeks firmly squashed against the doorway.

“This is totally awesome!” Dawn cheered. Both her and Gene had to scramble out of their chairs to make way for Toni’s meaty legs overturning the table. They were like thickening tree logs almost obscuring their view of each other. “How big is she going to get?”

“YEEP!” Paxton cringed narrowly missing when Toni’s paw feet slammed into the far wall on either side of him. A gap of safety he didn’t like seeing fill up with ever expanding shin muscles. “What part of ‘infinite’ strength do you morons not understand?”

Both tabbies exchanged a worried look. As if to help illustrate the point large lynx boobs rolled across the legs to smooch against their faces. Toni was filling up the room fast, pinning her friends unintentionally to the remaining walls amidst milky wet fur and soft flesh. The lynx didn’t even notice when her head smashed through the ceiling, her shoulders spanning out to catch light fixtures and push away metal struts.

“Bow before the mighty Misha!” she yowled in a drunken daze.

That was about the last coherent thing Sorsha heard before the back wall of her shop exploded. The spotty grey bum that slobbered into the room through it shocked most gamers into a dazed sort of arousal. Of course,

when it continued to race towards them tearing out plaster and toppling display stands sparked everyone's flight instincts. The rest of Toni's hard chiseled back tearing away the mall roof also encouraged gaining some distance.

"Wow. I didn't know those dorks would go this far." Sorsha was about the only one not fleeing the scene. Getting a great view of a house sized behind was rather enjoyable for her while debris slid off her magic shield into a surrounding pile. It was a shame that Toni's growth didn't seem intent on stopping past her shop, forcing the cat witch to sigh. "Guess we better take this where you won't kill anyone."

With a wave and a flash, Gene, Dawn, and Paxton were relieved to find they could breathe again. Being a pile of furs struggling amidst a collapsed section of the mall on the other hand was a bit concerning.

"Where's Toni?" Gene gulped.

It was Dawn that got to her shaking feet first. With a clear view of the outside parking lot and beyond she didn't have to try hard to answer that question. "Pretty sure those are her tits. That or volcanos can now spew white lava."

The guys blinked before pushing upright to follow her pointing finger. Off on the horizon towered two round globes of white flesh with puffing pink caps, the latter of which had geysers of milk erupting in spurts to race down the furry slopes. Behind them to a slightly lesser extent was Toni herself.

She was getting to the point even as a little mountain giant her friends could barely discern her anatomy. Muscles piled upon muscle making for dozens of jutting buff ridges across her body. Biceps shoved into tense forearms, making it a miracle they could still flex at the elbow. Rising back and shoulders peaked around her tiny head until it was almost lost among the tight spotted fur. Her knees almost looked like they were sinking with thigh and shins continuing to puff up around them. Somehow it seemed

doubtful she could walk even if they still bent. Not with those hulkish hips creating a third mountain of ass to go with her much bigger tits.

In fact, they realized despite everything Toni's breasts were easily twice the size of her already giant body and seemed intent on remaining so. No matter how big the lynx got, her mammaries continued rolling across the earth's surface, toppling trees and filling lakes with its mushy tender mass.

It wasn't just her friends watching this distant spectacle by a long shot. Toni shot up mile after mile, her billowing cheers of being the best warrior bringing to attention the whole county, and then the state, and then probably the entire nation. News stations were getting remote camera shots minutes before they were crushed under her mass. Farmlands began reporting their wells pumping out the most delicious milk ever witnessed.

Sorsha was just happy sitting somewhere between the lynx's ears munching on popcorn. She totally wanted to tap that rock hard ass, but wasn't sure if a giga-Toni would be into that. Still, those nerds knew how to put on a hell of a show. It made her proud to supply such magic trinkets.

Soon it was getting to the point where shadows of Toni's body were cast ominously over states. While one coast was getting a new view of her foot beans, the others were contemplating the white rain from looming teats. Good thing Sorsha knew a few things about timing. Right before the growing sexy lynx could become a serious problem, she reached the exact size where the planet's very gravity lost its hold on her.

Toni could only giggle as she felt the ground slip away from her very expansive and beefy body. Her body rocked backwards, showing off her boobs underside while the milk floated about weightless in the stratosphere. It was like watching a second moon break away, filling up the sky for everyone to enjoy.

“She’s not coming back, is she?” Gene asked with a pang of guilt. At first, he thought her growth had finally stopped as a planet sized muscle and mammary mass, but then realized that was only relative to how she was floating away into space.

“Infinite strength!” Paxton nearly screamed with his tail frazzled. “Why don’t you google it and ask me that again?”

Dawn gave an agreeing nod. “Yeah. We really should have thought that through before making our friend her own galaxy.”

“Don’t worry guys. I’m still here!”

The trio turned and cried out in a unified shock that almost looked practiced. Standing across the ruined shop was Sorsha once more. Her hand rested on the shoulder of a very normal and dressed five-foot Toni.

“What!?”

“How!?”

“Did you just...break infinity?”

Sorsha mewed with laughter. “No. I’m not THAT good. Poor Toni’s just going to keep growing and milking all over planets though, so I made her an avatar to still live out some life with us mere mortals.”

Paxton slowly blinked, running a hand over his forehead. “That makes even less sense!!”

Toni ignored his declarations practically bouncing in her newly restored shoes. “So, we're playing again next week? I can't wait to see what happens when Misha rages.”

The tabby cats began to laugh, running over to give their friend a big hug. Sorsha was probably the only one watching as Paxton tried to collect what tabletop accessories he had left.

“I'm never going to run a normal campaign in this damn shop,” he mumbled while fussing with his torn DM shield.

Kaijuice

Vesryn arrived at work already wishing to burn the place down. The morning had gone a lot worse than usual. Between missing his alarm and crashing over a wet pile of leaves, the corgra was going to have a hard time smiling at anyone today.

"Rough trip over," his boss asked upon noticing the mud smudging Vesryn's pants.

"Yup," Vesryn said while locking up his bike. It was one of those questions that seemed to beg for an 'I'm stupid' sign. Like he could afford to dent and muddy up his best means of transport on a CVS wage.

"Well, hurry up! Everyone's behind and the ovens aren't even on yet."

"Yup." Vesryn dragged his tail into the break room a bundle of dirty hair and irritation. Of course, no one could be bothered to turn on an oven. They were too busy trying to accomplish the minimal amount of work so he could cover their butts.

Luckily, he was a corgra with a sense of foresight. Inside Vesryn's locker was a fresh change of work clothes for any messy disaster. Changing into them did bring some feelings of morning fresh comfort, but a growling from his stomach soured them. Being late ruined everything, including a decent meal. It would be a challenge in itself to survive the coming five hours before lunch.

"Why can't anyone install a snack machine in these places?" Vesryn grumble over a brief stop at the break rooms own vending machines. They were all for drink related crap because candy bars are too expensive to maintain or something. No way could he get back downstairs to buy a

sandwich without being seen. Every minute in here was another risk of tardy troubles with corporate.

All hope seemed lost until Vesryn caught sight of the Coke machines last three buttons. They were not the usual variations of diet sodas, but an energy drink called 'Static Fuzz.' He read off their flavor listings of Kaijuice, Blonde Bomb, and Tauriffic, finding none of them helpful in making a decision. With a 'better than nothing' mentality, he inserted the bills to select the first option.

Despite having to chug it down in twenty seconds flat, the flavor was rather enjoyable. Vesryn would peg it as some kind of flowery tea base before finishing the can with a loud belch. It certainly had a bubbly aftertaste that left his fur tingling with energy. Tossing it into the trashcan on the way out, the corgra was ready to face what hell this day brought.

"Hrr-ggggkkke?"

Or perhaps not. Vesryn barely got on the floor when a strange tension overtook his jaw. With several loud crunches his lips parted from what felt like having large rocks pressed against his gums. A curious feel with his canine tongue revealed those to be teeth.

Employees had a vanity mirror just above the timeclock that Vesryn rushed over to. The sight of his fangs pronounced in an overbite several inches long made him bark in surprise. Ears perked up at the noise sounding a lot deeper, stronger than his normal yips.

"What the fuuuuuUUUGGHH!"

Pressure welled up behind Vesryn's nose this time, making his face scrunch tight. It suddenly felt like his face was pushing out from inside, filling his folded ears with a cascade of snaps and pops. When it finally passed Vesryn looked in the mirror almost relieved to find his teeth back to normal.

And then he realized that was only because his snout had stretched longer and wider than he ever thought possible. Deep nostrils flared atop a swollen black nose fogging much of the glass from view. The appearance of new purple scale plates along its bridge gave him an increased monster-type appearance.

The notion made Vesryn stare at his deformed snout reflection for a moment before bolting to the trash can. Reclaiming the discarded drink can, it too a bit of muzzle positioning to bring it close enough to read the tiny print.

Warning: May contain fast acting mutagens.

Side effects may include: Monsterism, spontaneous and/or rapid growth, weight gain, flatulence, and a compulsion to yodel.

Consumption of Static Fuzz brand products is a legally binding agreement to waive any liability for damaged structures, property, or people in the immediate vicinity. Please drink responsibly.

"Aah!?" Vesryn had just finished rereading the warnings when a cramp forced his hand to involuntarily clench. "O-oh...oh no."

The poor can groaned in protest as the fingers holding it grew thick with excessive power. Claws extended out from the ends, tearing through thin foil easier than butter. Even the pads on Vesryn's palm and tips bloated twice their normal size. By the time he had the control to relax the growing first, the drink can flopped at his feet a shredded mess of its former self.

Lack of recycling was far from his list of worried consider the giant monster hand he had just grown. Everything from fingers to elbow had bloated thick with muscles, befitting some uneven cartoon character. Twisting the limb back and forth he saw the same hard plates had grown

out of the thick fur as if to be protective armor. They even seemed to be glowing in the dim lighting.

"Ack!"

Another series of spasms raced up Vesryn other arm. He could only hold it up dumbfounded as the extremity twitched and inflated into a matching monster's paw. Suddenly that drinks flavor name and warnings were making a while lot of sense now.

And this was not an idea place to turn into a kaiju.

"Oof!" Vesryn had barely ran three feet when his progress was halted again. This time by a wall of angry boss dressed in a fancier work shirt than usual employees. "There you are. What the hell is taking so...did your face get bigger?"

"Among other things?" Vesryn held up his paws to wiggle jokingly. The glittering of their dagger pointed claws made the man recoil instead. "Listen, I should really be going...somewhere, preferably with a lot of space."

Attempts to dash past were halted by a strong arm slapping into Vesryn's chest.

"Not until you explain what the hell is going on," the boss continued glaring with a complete lose for patience.

With a rising heat in his chest making it hard to breath, Vesryn could relate. "Look, I...I... aye ya!"

The manager did not have to guess what elicited horrified stammering from Vesryn. As the heat rose to an inferno in his chest, the

hand holding the corgra back found itself suddenly meeting resistance. As they watched a pair of soft mounds swelled out of Vesryn's pecs, stretching his shirt into increasingly rounded shapes that distorted the CVS logo.

The growths quickly filled up what little slack the cheap shirts provided, hefting the hem in a rough unveiling of Vesryn's purple belly and orange sides. It was a lot like seeing a tube of toothpaste get squeezed, for every inch Vesryn's waist compacted, equal mass flowed into his chest and hips to expand them bigger.

Seams groaned in protest but there was nothing Vesryn could do to save the work clothes that had come from his own paycheck. A dizzy spell overtook his sense that he quickly realized was caused by a surge in height. His body was growing both thicker and wider by the second, forcing his view of the boss into an increasing stare down his wider muzzle.

With several loud tears his purple breasts bounced free almost smacking the dumb ass in his slack jawed face. The sudden growth of medicine ball breasts was not nearly as surprising as the armor scales forming across Vesryn's collarbone and stomach. Spikes were even starting to sprout out of his broadening shoulders and elbows.

Another loud rip drew Vesryn's attention to his bloating back side. The fluffy tail was starting to get extensively long, running across the floor as if desiring to return to the break room. Feeling a wedgie coming on, he decided to put his new claws to use tearing the work jeans completely off. An action he immediately regretted when that flashed a moist pair of purple feminine lips between bulking orange thighs.

Within seconds the corgra's whole physique had gone from slightly chubby man to porn star levels of woman, with extra implants and eight feet of height to boot. Not that her manager could call those tits his hand was stuck between fake by any extent.

"Um, can you let me go?"

"Yeek!" The manager had completely lost track of how long he had been trapped in Vesryn's cleavage until she had spoken up. Jerking back to reality caused him to stagger away nursing the hand as if it were burnt. "Seriously, what the fuck is happening to you?"

Vesryn growled, which came out an unexpectedly loud rumble. "Look, I would love to explain my amazing diet and exercise plan to get this killer mutant bod in detail, but I'm more concerned if you don't let me out in the next thirty seconds th...Hargh! T-too late, you might want to look into scheduling a renovation for tomorrow."

The fact Vesryn had resumed growing clued her boss that it was time to initiate evacuation procedures. Each word that left her widening snout full of sharp teeth deepened with the reverberating power of her size. Combined with the growling strain of muscles bubbling under her mix of fur and scutes had her catching the whole stores attention.

Things became real tight real fast for the mutating corgra as her head inched closer to the overhead rafters. Vesryn felt her tail crumple against the breakroom entrance seconds before her butt clogged it entirely. Fur flashed in the overhead lights being constantly shifted by the moving corgra flesh underneath. Muscles groaned from building pressure that forced involuntary flexes to inflate them larger.

That was not nearly as impressive as the three sets of horns growing over Vesryn's head. Everything else was so intense that she did not even notice them until a wayward turn tore apart a hanging advertisement for razor blades. Reaching up to feel them accidentally punched two giant holes through some support beams.

The notion of her head rapidly rising towards the roof was lost to Vesryn. She was twisting and turning to glance at all the shinning scutes and spikes spreading across her bulking body. There was even a nice set of plates forming a protective layer around her waist and butt. All the groans and growls she was making from the non-stop tension had well

attracted most of the store, but they were a bit less impressed by the mutating bombshell dog looming over them.

THONK!

"GRWAAARRRR!!"

It was when Vesryn's hardened, more snake looking hooded head, hit the ceiling that people started to leave. The instinctive urge to cry out from the dull pain overwhelming her senses came out a little stronger and... monstrously than intended. Shooting off a green plasma beam from deep within her throat was a bit of a surprise too. It cut clear through dozens of steel supports bringing down a large portion of melted roof as a result.

"Oops, uh, heh." Vesryn blushed, clicking her claws together upon noticing the tension leave her body. Of course, her growth would taper off just shy of getting out of the building. Now she was some sixteen-foot tower of jiggling bulk with her tail jammed into a cheap employee lounge.

An annoyed cough from below the twin mountains of her chest caused Vesryn to lean forward. A loud bang and several curses saw the collapse of another roof section when her horns broke through the beams. Just narrowly missing the debris falling around him was the monster corgra's boss. His gaze was one of mixed arousal, hidden mostly behind seething fury.

Vesryn could only offer her best smile with so many glowing green teeth. "Is now a good time to put in my two weeks?"

Polishing Topaz

There's a fine line between being a skeptic and being a bonehead stuck in denial a lot of people didn't appreciate. Ancient treasures could be thrown at their feet only for them to be claimed as imitations. Translating ancient stone carvings for stories thought long forgotten by history turns them into crazy fairy tales. Show them a freakin fossilized skull and suddenly an average adventurer somehow found the time to also become a great sculpture.

It would have almost been flattery if it didn't earn a bunch of scorn and heckling from the village. No matter how much evidence got thrown at peoples paws they simply refused to accept the fact that not only have dragons existed in their world, but were still alive in very secluded societies. Remnants of their past could be found all over the place if one simply looked past the stubborn fear of the unknown clouding their judgment.

That's how Kiro found that collapsed stone tower in the woods on that fateful day last month. Markings of dragons were all over the place's hand-carved architecture. Then there was the bauble in what might have been a fireplace. Even hundreds of years can't wear away the glint of jewels. Deeper searchings and discoveries found grander treasure that were met with equally grander rebuttal from village elders. It was frustrating enough no one shared his wonder or imagination. What was one arctic fox to do?

Prove that dragons existed. That's what!

Kiro didn't care if he had to find a live dragon and bring it back to those prudes. Getting to gloat over those prudes would be worth every coin spent on his epic escapade. All the clues and discoveries had led him here, deep into the bowls of the mountain range that loomed over his village's valley. The gold tip of his sunrod cracked as he struck it along one of the dryer looking cave walls, mixing together stored components so it glowed with the brightness of a torch.

Okay, so the entrance into the caverns was a bit of a dump. Slime covered so much of the walls it actually improved the fox's illumination efforts. Strong pungent smells of guano teased at his big black nose, tempting gag reflexes. Neither could stop Kiro's snowy white tail from

casting a dancing shadow with its wagging. He had found gold in worse places so far. A few wild bats might make for a decent diner.

That attitude changed an hour or five of blindly traversing caves later. Being stuck underground left little in the way of telling time. But as it continued to march on, Kiro's paw's grew heavy trying to support him on the cold bedrock floors. All manner of wet substances seemed tightly wedged between his thick toes not even a utility spoon could dig out. It didn't help that most of his leather tanned armor gained an equal coating of the vomit colored cave offerings. Truly the brownish green did nothing to compliment his soaked fur coat either.

If dragons lived here they were either complete slobs or wild beasts. Then again, Kiro hadn't seen much evidence of anything alive in this section of caves yet. After a bit more wandering found an open area with semi-fresh air, the fox relented enough to set a camp. By the time his sunrod finally extinguished its six hour live he'd gotten a decent fire going enough to boil a few rations.

Being an experienced adventurer ment coming prepared. Kiro was not so 'free minded' as to expect discovering a long lost species immediately upon arrival. Shoving some warm boiled meat into his muzzle helped get the foxes tail wagging again. There were more than enough supplies to explore these mountains for weeks. Sooner or later he was bound to find something.

"Aw frick! You smell like you fell face first into the guano farm, little dog."

"Mmh!" Kiro stopped to swallow the bite he'd been working on before giving a proper response. "Not face first! Although, I'd have still preferred not wading through the literal pools of shiiii-EEEEEEEEEE!!"

Enormous hands clasp around Kiro's biceps before he could think of reaching for his crossbow. Light from the fire shined off a coating of fine golden scales while charcoal black claws like knives easily pierced through the foxes protective leather coverings. A warning against putting up a struggle the adventurer more than readily heeded.

It was like the very walls of the cave came alive, an illusion brought on by the fact the figures coming out of the darkness were several times the fox's size. Being stuck sitting down only made the lizard humanoid all

the more imposing while dancing fire flashed partially across their features. They wore very little in terms of clothing, save the occasional decorative trinket. This allowed the array of colorful scales to shine off in the firelight partially illuminating their massive frames. Kiro spotted everything from the brightest white to a blackness stronger than the one around them, and many colors across the spectrum.

The many shining teeth, horns, claws, and wings were a bit more intriguing. Almost every instinct told Kiro he should be panicked for all his worth, especially with the muscular golden male holding him so close their breath dampened the fur on his neck. Yet there was only one thought constantly repeating in his mind, sending his tail thrashing against his captors broad chest. It reached a peak of excitement that he couldn't keep from shouting it out in triumph like a complete dork.

"I finally found the dragons!"

Kiro's words echoed unintentionally far throughout the caverns, leaving a blanket of silence so thick it even seemed to muffle the crackling of his fire. Pointed ears twitched, catching the strain of neck muscles used by the dragons to glance quizzically at each other. The way such subtle movements made the light flash across their scales was almost beautiful.

"You sure did, buddy!" agreed one gruff dragon somewhere to Kiro's right.

It was still too dimly lit for the fox to be sure, but the significantly smaller adventurer looked to be in the company of at least a dozen male dragons. They certainly weren't the bashful type about their stocky muscles and fat, wide lower bodies. 'Pear' felt like a simple, yet very apt way to describe their average build.

Further observations and reflections about this legendary encounter would have to wait for Kiro. Time continued to march on, eventually leading the massive golden hunk grappling him to decide it was time to leave. With apparent effort, the big guy hefted the fox off his seat, slinging him over one shoulder amidst startled yips. Frantic paw flailing kicks against his boulder of a shoulder did nothing to keep Kiro from being carried off deeper into the cave system. Eventually he just gave up with a defeated whine upon realizing how much his struggles entertained the parade of other dragons that followed them.

“So, uh, where are you majestic creatures bringing me, anyway?”

A few dragons among the herd gave the unceremoniously carried fox a passing glance, and little more. Failure to incite a conversation did make Kiro’s ears droop, but he wouldn’t have to wait long to discover their intentions. After only a few minutes of tunnel strolling his black nose began twitching. There was a building sense of freshness taking over the air. Along with a hint of pinewood and grass?

As it turns out dragons didn’t just survive in hidden tribes. Given enough centuries they found a way to build a whole underground city. Coming out of the tunnel’s end was akin to stepping through a portal into a new world. The stone surrounding blossomed into an expansive dome larger than Kiro’s imagination, curving up potentially miles into the sky where an enormous open hole allowed a clear view of the bright blue sky outside.

They must have carved this place from the inside of a volcano. It was the only way to explain all the various plant life growing around the city streets. Kiro found himself twisting and turning as best he could on the big dragon's shoulder trying to take in the many tall stone buildings reaching towards the natural light higher than the trees around them. All around him the structures gleamed in the natural sunlight, covered in plating of precious metals. Ornaments made from gems larger than the fox’s head dangled off walkways and balconies.

If it wasn’t for the implied kidnapping Kiro would swear he’d cave dived into a fairy tail. Being slung over one shoulder like a fresh kill didn’t go unnoticed by the populace either. Dragons stuffed the streets in all manner of colors and builds. Merchants were stopping in mid-sales while street cleaners raised eyebrows during routine plant trimmings. Many joined in the already informal parade curious about the fluffy newcomer until it looked like a sea of gemstones were rolling through the road.

Just as many questions were going through Kiro’s head as they were no doubt having about him. The fox was especially hanging on to the curious realization that every last dragon he saw was male. Even the smallest of them still looked about eight feet tall, with enough mass to equal four of his fellow villagers. Hopefully they existed in this society or else how did it prosper for so long?

Turned out he didn't need to worry for the dragon's sakes while being hefted into an ornate pyramid shaped temple. Being a variable golden mountain within a mountain, the inside turned out to be just as hollowed out. Most of the decor was lined against the walls with the majority of furnishings being large piles of pillows and blankets. Only curtains divided things up into sections, although the towering marble statues of other dragons standing before them were impressive.

At least until their heads turned to gaze quizzically at the fox gently being set before them. Kiro could feel his mouth go dry gawking at the pair of white-scaled dragons easily twenty feet tall. His ears couldn't even brush their knees this close to their massively clawed feet. They were absolute titans among giants and, if their broad fat hips and equally fat hanging chests were any indication, very female.

"What's going on out there?" A voice cracked and coughed from behind the thin barrier cloths. Easily recognized as someone that'd just been awoken, but carried a weight that made it echo off the surrounding stone like a war horn.

"Looks like Frank brought us a guest?" the white dragon on Kiro's left side glancing at the hanging barrier. Her was more soothing, though no less booming, like a rumbling thunder that made the fox grasp his ears to muffle their proximity. An action she didn't seem to care about when shooting him another uncertain stare. "It's a very weird creature too; overly fluffy."

"Oh? Neat!" the gravely speaker said through a yawn. It might as well have been a monster's roar with how it made the ground vibrate under Kiro's paws. "Give me a second."

There was the sound of something really heavy thumping around behind the curtains, vaguely reminding Kiro of footsteps. The two female dragons straightened back into their original ready position, although their piercing gold eyes never left the fox man. Looking away didn't help when the golden male dragon that brought him in also looked on with an emotionless intensity. He was just glad the entire congregation chose not to follow them inside.

"So...your name's Frank?" Kiro said, voice cracking on nearly every word. This was not exactly the way he envisioned meeting dragons for the first time would go. Then again, he also hadn't planned on getting this far.

“Eh,” the big guy rolled his muscular shoulders in a shrug. A faint twist of a smile appeared on his lips despite apparently trying to play a stern guy. “We like things simple, and under three syllables, around here.”

“Indeed!” The curtains were flung back as a steel grey dragon waddled her way between the two white sentries. “Welcome little guy. I am the grand caretaker!”

Kiro’s jaw hit the floor leaving him unable to make any noise outside struggling gulps. This was the biggest dragon yet and certainly deserved the expansive living space her temple provided. She loomed only a couple feet taller than the other women, but made up for it by being excessively thicker in build.

A deceptively narrow muzzle and long neck curled into plump arms and even fatter breasts. They rested like two boulders atop a mountainous round, if tight, belly glistening in pink under scales. It took the fox a second to realize this was not entirely fat. He recalled once getting to see Mrs. Franzah’s stomach when she was blessed with triplets. Their belly had firmed just as round like a ball, though it never got this distended. Untold number of young could be packed inside his lizard gut.

It all poured seamlessly into the immensely vast curve of her hips for a definite ‘pear’ kind of body shape, complete with short stocky legs supporting it all. A thick tail that could wipe out small cottages wagged lazily about with the occasional twitching of powerful wings. Both sported the same pink undersides to contrast her white appearance.

“Grand, huh?” Kiro eventually found his words taking his sweet time scanning every ample inch of the dragonesses body. Like everyone else so far, she was starke naked save for some bits of metallic trinkets. “Yeah. You sure are!”

While that only got cringe reactions from her attendants this apparently important dragon could only giggle.

“For a tiny dog, you have courage to be making quips. I like you.”

The fox’s tail began wagging in earnest after hearing those last words. “That’s great! I’ve spent half my life trying to find proof dragons are still around. This is a dream come true.”

The grand dragoness wiggled her wings, filling the temple with a pleased purring noise. "That's good. It makes what we have to do easier."

"What are you... Aah!"

Kiro watched the dragoness' boobs rise with the intake of a deep breath, realizing her intentions too late for a quick reaction. Her whole gravid body hunched forward over the tiny fox to literally shower him in a gushing assault of green fire. For a moment the fox's being became shut out from the world surrounded by cackling flames, excess oozing around the polished floor before fizzling back into the ether.

Three seconds into the combustible cleansing Kiro realized he felt no pain at all. He almost passed that off as being disintegrated instantly, but that didn't explain why he was still thinking or existing in general. This continued for nearly half a minute, wildfire washing through the foxes fur making his toes and fingers tingle in the wake. The energy she expelled seemed to pass through his skin into his very being.

And then it was over. The grand caretaker ceased her attack, gulping some fresh air back into her lungs. Kiro blinked rapidly, rubbing his eyes to get the spots the fire had blinded him with. Through the haze he watched the dragoness turn away without further explanation to make herself comfortable on one of the pillow piles. Her tail slapped ideally against the stone floor while she rested her head in one hand, looking at the little fox expectedly.

"Arrgh!" Kiro didn't have to wait long for whatever she was plotting. Hands flew from his eyes down to his stomach, trying to clench the sudden pressure building up inside him. Knees buckled completely unprepared for so much tension, sending him collapsing to the floor. It wasn't just his midsection. All over his joints ached and muscles protested as though he was swelling up from under his own skin.

That wasn't too far from the truth. As Kiro righted himself into a sitting position he could tell everything was off. Once snug leather armoring strained against his body unable to completely cover the intended areas. Straps creaked in protest as he watched furry flesh further push the gaps apart to bulge through. There wasn't anything to compare himself with but the fox could tell by the shifting of his perspective and steady inching of his legs across the floor that he was growing at a rapid pace.

“W-what did you... ho... oh gods!” Another cramp seized Kiro’s stomach, making him hug his waist with a meek whimper. It grew so tense that his body could no longer take it. He felt an odd give in his skin before letting out a bark that sprayed spittle everywhere. The fox’s stomach surged out in a rush, pushing back his arms as it formed into a rounder curved bulge like water filling a bag.

Again the developing bulge was easy to recognize even from a personal perspective. It filled Kiro with an odd mix of wonder and shock while hands passed over its crest again and again, feeling it billow out bigger each time. Unfortunately the rest of his body wasn’t done either. The gear he’d spent many seasons working or making himself began to lose the fight for practicality as his body reached sizes that surpassed the finest warriors in his village. Straps broke in a symphony of sharp cracks until his harness fell apart in several large scraps. His pants tore along the legging before a deep gash allowed his thickening rear to escape out the back. Coverings along his paw heels squeezed the worst before he was forced to rip them off with his own claws.

His claws? Kiro staggered to breath staring into his palms. Normally blunt black claws had become a milky opaque while growing into sharp points that beat his best hunting knife. That wasn’t nearly as alarming as the way his puffy vulpine pads smoothed out into smoother skin, becoming encased in a fine coat of glistening white scale.

“Ack!?” Kiro yipped, though it came out a lot less foxish than he normally did. All over his now naked body the thick white fur an arctic fox took pride in was molting off with his slightest movements. Patches of sleek, tough scales began to shine through in the many torch lights, slowly spreading across his bloating body to connect with each other. It made it easier to see just how thicker his arms and legs were getting. Tight creases in the thinner exposed skin told him it wasn’t all for fat either. “What’s happening to me?”

“Oh, he’s going to make a great queen. Yeah?” One of the grey dragons was looking to the caretaker, ignoring Kiro’s concerns.

“Truly,” the resting brood mother agreed with a simple nod into her palm. At least she gave the changing fox the courtesy of eye contact, though with a grin that showed plenty of teeth. “Dragon’s are more of an endangered species than you think. Despite our centuries of hiding we still get persuaded and hunted by a great many. You understand we can’t have

the risk of an outsider leaving this place, no matter what the intentions may be.”

“B-but why this? Haah!?” Another growth spurt swelled Kiro’s middle, pushing out his waist with it. Soft clicks reached his shrinking pointed ears bringing another whimper. He instinctively brushed both hands over his massive belly, accidentally clearing off large clumps of fur in the process. The scales all along his front torso were the same bright pink as his pregnant host.

“Well, we’re not monsters! The best course of action is to recruit help, as it were.” The grand caretaker averted her gaze for a moment trying to hide a slight shade of red on her face. “We’ve been the only three females in the city in decades. It really makes breeding a long, painful task. That’s why we’re all pretty excited to have a fourth real soon.”

“WHAT?” Kiro meant to shout, blushing at the powerful roar the word left his fox muzzle.

Not a second later pressure in his hips preceded another growth spurt, sending them and his ass pouring across more of the stone floor than Kiro thought possible. Fat only continued to flow into his thighs until they became thick as oak trees. His paw feet cringed with the wave crashing upon them, puffing out several times in size and flattening out to become solid reptilian feet. Their claws curled out into the same impressive weapons that now donned his hands.

“Y-you're turning me into a dragon!?” Emotions were flying through the now very scaled and giant fox while he watched changes continue to rake through his body. On the one hand he hadn’t received so much as a warning on the matter, but he also couldn’t deny this might have been something he’d have accepted with gusto if asked.

Frantic spasms in his tail drew Kiro’s gaze over one narrower, if plumper, shoulder. The fox tail that used to be proportionally huge now looked comically tiny waving atop a massive backside of white and pink scales. He tried to calm it but muscles spasmed unwillingly to the changes rapidly strengthening them. His whole appendage tensed in a single flex that caused it to expand so fast the dense fur exploded off it in an unceremonious cloud of fibers. It hit the stone floor with a solid thunk as a long snake-shaped log of powerful muscles covered in shimmering scales. Even it’s tapered tip looked thicker than Kiro’s former bicep, and it only got

massive to the point it's base had to squeeze around his butt cheeks to make room.

"Not to worry," the grey dragon that'd previously spoken pipped in. Kiro looked over and gasped again to find their eye level wasn't that far off. In fact, even when sitting down he was sure they were closing the gap in height. All the temples' lavish decorations almost felt like children's toys down around his enormous feminine hips. "As the queens we get treated next to gods by our dozens of devoted males. You will be fed and groomed without a care for the rest of your days like us."

"And the sex ain't that bad, either!" chimed the less talkative grey dragon, earning a look from her two peers.

"That's actually very reassuring," Kiro replied. He would have chuckled were he not distracted by the tingling spreading across his chest. The more dragon than fox knew this was coming since the mention of breeding, but he still whimpered and cupped around his pecs as they began to swell. Flesh shifted and expanded in a fresh downpour of soft growth, brushing off the fur that'd clung stubbornly to the area. Within a minute he was trying to juggle a pair of breasts larger than most wagons. Stretched areolas already itched as the mass inside them began developing milk for future young. "Hrrrk!"

"Oh, I love this part!" The caretaker straightened up, watching joyfully while Kiro's vulpine muzzle twisted like a sneeze was coming.

Instead, his back suddenly erupted with a tearing of scaly skin. Two leathery wings unfurled out behind the gravid growing dragon. Their developing muscles and nerves flapped about out of sync for several seconds until finally making a connection with Kiro's very stunned brain. Like the caretaker, the inside flaps were a beautiful shade of pink.

"AHCOO!"

Another tingle rushed through Kiro's neck, this time making his cringe follow through with a sneeze. His neck popped over a foot longer as it rocked his head back and forward sharply. Blasts of blazing purple flames shot from his mouth and nose, both of which cracked wider in the process. The big black button that decorated his muzzle's tip deflated as a result, losing its color until only the nostrils became flush at the end of a blunt draconic snout.

Kiro shook his head, trying to clear his muddled thoughts. Taking stock of the situation was hard with his ears migrating more to the sides of his head. They had diminished slightly in size but at least never lost their acute points. His headache was only finally relieved when frilly scales rose up from the base of his neck, flowing down his spine in a decorative pattern to his tail.

“Wonderful!” The caretaker clapped her hands as she stood to sashay over to the freshly changed dragoness. “How do you feel?”

“Sore? Bloated? Huge?” Kiro giggled in a bubbly female voice enjoying her new position seated eye level with the other dragons breasts. She might even be the bigger of the two now, but decided against bringing attention to it yet. Instead, she rubbed along the massive curve of her pregnant stomach, now laying in such a distended bulge it forced her legs apart to rest on the floor. “All that changing made me hungry though. When does that pampering stuff start?”

The grande caretaker rolled her eyes with a smile. “Don’t get too excited, girl. You still have to lay your first clutch of eggs before the real breeding can happen.”

“My wha-aaaah!” Kiro’s now slitted eyes shot open wide as the moon. Her rubs turned into a hard clutching as the pink scales across her stomach’s surface drew tight. Her snout hung open in a sloppy display of sharp teeth and a forked tongue watching little bumps appear across the fine surface. She could feel the contents shifting harshly under the involuntary contraction, becoming increasingly alarmed with the sensation of a solid object aligning against an opening she hadn’t noticed develop between her legs. “Oh gah! T-this had better be worth it!”

“Oh, don’t be such a baby.” One of the grey queens rolled her eyes, only to get jabbed by the other’s elbow.

“Don’t mock the new girl. You were whining worse than a meek puppy during your first clutch. And it was only twenty-four eggs.”

“Twenty wha- aah haa haaAAAHI!”

Once upon a time when Kiro was a young kit she had the rare experience of being around when a village mother had given birth. Out of simple childish curiosity she asked what the experience had been like. Now, as tension washed over her stomach before muscles compressed

upon her load, it was clear labor was not as terrifyingly awful as the order vixen had described.

It was ten fold worse!

Maybe it was the magical aspects of Kiro's birthing being imposed upon her in minutes rather than hours that made it so intense. The new dragon queen groaned which escalated into a roar as the contraction reached its strongest apex yet. Her head rolled back exposing the pink scales of her long neck, jaw openly blasting flames at the temple's ceiling high above.

Only seconds passed before the next wave crashed over her corpulent figure. Saliva sprayed from Kiro's teeth in labored gasps trying to keep focused on what was happening. Her body was bearing down against herself, forcing insides to stretch until suddenly she felt something fall through into a pulsing tunnel of muscles.

"Ooooooh! Ah! Ah! Ah!" Kiro gently lowered onto her back, fanning her wings to avoid crushing them. The first egg was sliding through her dripping passage at an alarmingly fast rate, even without the dragon's help. Muscles worked virtually on their own, contracting and pushing like a well lubricated machine, leaving her little choice but to bear through the harsh whirlwinds.

"I dunno. She's taking it like a champ." The first grey said, moving around Kiro towards her legs. With gentle hands she guided the white dragon's meaty pink paws back so their knees bent up and far apart as possible. "Don't worry, hun. It'll be over before ya know it."

A large amount of fluids squirted from Kiro's throbbing vagina, rendering her response as a sharp seething through clenched teeth. The new position alleviated a lot of pressure on her hips, allowing the egg to descend faster. It's mass rent her apart from the inside, stretching flesh to their limits. She'd never been so grateful its hard surface was also grinding against very sensitive alien nerves, sending shockwaves of pleasure to dull the labor.

With another contraction Kiro's slit quivered in another gush of fluids and then slowly began to yawn. Wet smacking noises echoed through the stone walls as a pearly white ovid slowly emerged into the world. She let out a gasp, surprised how easily it forced through its widest point with a wet pop into the waiting grey dragoness's claws.

“Wonderful size and weight!” the older queen declared as she held the egg up for her twin and caretaker. “She’s going to usher our clan into a new era baring young like this.”

“A very lucky turn of fate,” agreed the lazing golden dragon as she absently stretched a breast. “Hope she feels the same way after delivering the rest of her clutch.”

“O-oh!” Kiro’s eyes went wide again, having made the mistake of taking the minute-long pause for a reprieve. Although, if her new dragon sister’s words hadn’t reminded them of the excessive load of ovids needing to be dispensed, the rapid onset of another contraction would have done the trick.

* * *

It was a warm morning despite the sun having to reach the city’s open skyline. A good sign that summer was approaching. The white and pink grand queen dragon loved that season the best, mostly because such weather made waddling the open streets in bare scales all the more pleasant.

Another summer already? How many did that make it now? The enormous reptile didn’t care enough to keep count anymore. With a wiggle of peared hips and thrash of an equally thick tail she rolled off her pillow pile the size of a mansion onto solid stout legs. All that mattered in this morning’s thoughts were the extravagant offering of foods lined along the far wall of her private chamber. She licked her lips, creating small shockwaves in the short walk over to feast. Even without eggs in it, her sagging chunky stomach demanded a lot of calories to stay this regal.

After a few minutes the elegant doors clanked open, needing three of the more beefy dragon males to even work them. She almost felt bad having continued to grow during her time here. Having possibly surpassed twenty feet by the laying of her fourth clutch even the grand caretaker had to gaze up at her splendor.

The green male servant that came in couldn’t even compare to that. If he didn’t stop a good distance away his gaze couldn’t even see past the jutting shelf of her motherly bosom. “Good morning, Grand Queen Topaz. I hope you slept well.”

“Mmh!” The former fox, now known as Topaz, made pleasant growling noises around her mouthfuls of meat. Presumably it was chicken, but she wasn’t sure what tasty things her subjects managed to hunt. “You all work very hard to make even these demanding accommodations a paradise. Thank you. Now if you’d stop being so formal about my presence that’d be better.”

The six foot dragon smirked, unaware she could sit it even from all the way up there. “Afraid even our greatest queen can’t do away with all traditions, m’lady. You’ll just have to get used to everyone praising your godly form.”

“Ugh! Like I need an ego.” She swallowed another handful of food, absently scratching her stomach as the contents settled for a satisfying full sensation.

A moment later her eyes and mouth shot open in a loud burp. Bedrock accustistic easily carried the gargantuan sound well across the city. Draconic residents, many of which were young pups, stopped in their activities to enjoy the sign of approval from their grandest Queen and mother. Life was only getting better with such a large leader to serve.