

The dingy cave reeked of brimstone with moss sprouting across the ground until it disappeared into darkness. Only the rugged, jagged rocks from the earth giving way to fine marble told those foolish enough to venture inside where they could or couldn't step. Anybody with enough smarts would simply turn on the heel once they smelled smoke, but for Thelonious the Kobold however, it was simply another reminder that any wrong move could seal his fate. If nothing else, the glimmering lights at the opposite side of the cave were simply his way of fighting through the shadows towards a better future for himself.

His puny back ached as his legs shook underneath the pressure of dozens of clinking trinkets all tied up in a burlap sack. He must have been carrying those treasures on foot since he first left home, but he couldn't stop now. The moment Thelonious' jagged feet stomped onto the ground again, coins clashed before him and the faint reflections of light nearby warped and twisted carefully; tawny eyes slowly stretching wide mere miles ahead. When they went from halfway open to completely shot, that was when Thelonious threw his bag over to his chest and set it on the cavern floor before hugging it tight.

If someone were outside at that moment simply passing by, the guttural roars and cracks shaking it within would have been a sign to call for help assuming someone might be stupid enough to go spelunking during a cave-in. But Thelonious didn't dare budge. He sank to one knee as a jet of fire shot through the and sprayed against a hanging chandelier, turning black to bronzed as embers spewed from the metal contraption above. The swinging lights hovered above the head of an enormous purple dragon, whose vorpal snout reached Thelonious' chest; nostrils widening from sniffing his acrid scent. The dragon's guest could have easily fit between her teeth yet they didn't dare so much as yawn until Thelonious dared to pick the knot around their bag.

He would be the next of many to try and please the dragoness Orinthia.

"Sssssstate your business, little one," she bellowed with smoke rising from her plump lips.

"Oh, great Orinthia! I come with treasures fit for you and you alone in exchange for a fraction of what you have accrued over the years!"

Thelonious waved his arm before the dragon's claw swiped across the front of the bag in a single clean cut. The trinkets spilled onto the piles of gold coins at him and Orinthia's feet in an array of blinding colors that reflected from the candlelight illuminating the cave. He took a step back as a monstrous paw scooped some of the treasure in front of him, easily grabbing Thelonious' offerings alongside them.

Rising to the very top of the cave, Orinthia squinted her eyes the closer she brought his gifts to her face. A cardboard box here, some glass bottles that reeked of liquid caramel there, and about

twelve stacked books awaited her amidst the cash and occasional jewels throughout the lair. She opened the gaps in her fingers slightly then and shook the change out of her grip as Thelonious brought his arms over his flat head. The coins showered him like drops of rain until only his own humble presents were left in Orinthia's clutches...

...just for her to throw them to the wall and stomp her foot inches from where Thelonious kneeled.

The ground shook and sent him falling on his ass with a jolt up his back. With Orinthia leering from above, Thelonious' heart stopped dead as the fire cast a gleam behind her, highlighting her illustrious curves and most of all her shapely hips supporting the massive butt grafted onto her. Years of laying on her sagging belly, itself swaying and roaring like the chandelier Orinthia lit, lead to the majority of her weight going to her thighs with her back arched inward to accommodate what laid beneath her tail. Now it jiggled like mad as she carefully turned on her heel then aimed her ass towards Thelonious and curled her toes up to her feet.

“IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A FEW MEAGER BOTTLES OF ROOT BEER TO HAVE A TASTE OF MY TREASURE!!” Orinthia grunted and flared her nostrils as Thelonious threw himself up before running from the words that came for all those that disappointed her.

“MY FOUL END HAS DEEMED THAT YOU WILL SUFFER A TASTE OF MY HELLISH STEAM!!”

*THRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPBBBBBBBBBLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBB
PPPPPPPPPPPPBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!*

The last thing Thelonious remembered before his feet left the floor and the dank cave roof drew closer to him, his lungs were filled with rotten cheese, staining the inner walls up to his throat, with an angry cry bleeding into a devilish foghorn. Sweat flew off his forehead as he tore through the air like Orinthia casually tossed him from one side of her lair to the other. His hearing gave out seconds after his head started throbbing. He couldn't remember if he screamed or not, but he knew within time the far plains of the outside world were stretching around him again. And soon enough, Thelonious sailed through the clouds above.

Sometime later, authorities would find him having crashed through the roof of a barn where he landed in the goat's den. Thelonious would be treated to years of psychotherapy and rich-smelling showers that left his body reeking of aphrodisiacs to bring people to him rather than away unlike the rotten dairy stench that stuck to his skin. But mentally, he would never be the same.

Orinthia exhaled sharply and fanned the acrid fumes behind her when another set of footsteps stomped from nearby. She kept her ass aimed outward, assuming the kobold survived her assault, until a sheen of white played in her eyelids, bouncing off a stalwart knight lifting a treasure chest to his biceps. Once again, the familiar metallic clinkering Orinthia came to know returned as the knight dropped the chest to the ground without saying a word. He simply took one step backwards as she kneeled before him and carefully dragged a claw across the wooden top of the chest, not even bothering to pick the lock when she flicked the lid open. White knights were always ready to make the most basic of tasks easier for someone anyway.

A burst of golden light bathed Orinthia's raven snout with its warm glow as she brought her wings over her face. At first, she squinted her eyes shut, reeling from the banging pressure in her skull. Then the light gradually faded until it emanated only a few specks from the chest, and the darkness returned to her domain. White dots littered her field of vision as she rapidly blinked them away, all the while the sound of crunching metal added to her headache.

The knight craned his head over his shoulder when his legs finally turned to stone. Upsetting a dragon without a weapon on standby may as well be self-enforced suicide, not helped by the constant gurgling he heard from Orinthia's pudgy belly. It swayed about until she laid down flat on her stomach, leaving the white knight fidgeting where he stood. Her eyes were halfway open, her lips twisted to a perpetual frown. Already the knight's lungs were full of the acrid scent of burning metal and cow meat. He simply hoped it wouldn't stain his armor for too long.

PRUMBBPT!! BRPPT-PPT!!

The stone club pounding away inside the knight's chest stopped. One eye opened gently as Orinthia gnawed her lip and stuck her massive butt to the roof of the cave, shivering nonstop. Her thighs rippled from the terrific trumpeting toots she let loose while the silly goose before her fell to his knees, practically melting into juice. She reached within the chest and clasped at a large pink bottle by the very tip, then closed the lid shut.

“You mortalsssss... say this drink can cure any stomach ache ever known?”

Orinthia held the bottle to the white knight who leaned away when her garish hand grazed his chest. Even her spindly fingers alone were long enough to go to his neck, yet the words on the label were as clear as day.

“Th-the Peppy Tastic can work wonders, quite certainly,” stammered the knight. “I-it's perfect for c-curing cramps, dia, uh, d-diarrhea, or in your c-c-case... i-indigestion?”

For a few seconds, neither Orinthia nor the white knight moved. Then as soon as the knight blinked, Orinthia shoved her entire claw inside the chest and pulled a glut of similar pink bottles that fell to the cave floors. Each of them bore the same bright red logo on them promising the same cures for each: *'Good for all sorts of stomach problems; keep reach out of children!'* Scooping a handful of them in her clutches, Orinthia couldn't help but smirk. To think that humans advanced so far with updating their potions like this.

She wriggled her claws as the bottles fell below and exploded like water balloons bursting at the seams. Technicolor splashes stained the knight's armor as he brought his arms up to no avail. His shining suit was a gaudy shade of pink that dripped down to the cape he wore from behind and left raindrops falling off his body. He would have been ready to apologize until Orinthia turned on her heel with her ass facing the knight. Before he could even get a word in, she flicked her long, scaly tail at the chest and sent it flying against the wall, then parked her ass before the knight, leaving him to squirm in front of the large crack that rode up the spine.

“YOU PATHETIC HUMANS ARE ALL THE SAME!” Orinthia bellowed. “I SHALL NOT PARDON MYSELF FOR MY FLATULENCE WHEN IT IS THIS GLORIOUS GAS THAT GIVES ME *POWER!!*”

The white knight brought his arms over his head and cowered before her. “I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY!! I'M SO SORR—”

“YOU'RE ONLY SORRY YOU FAILED ME, SCUM!!”

With her ass still aimed at the white knight, Orinthia grinded her teeth and heaved with all her strength. A million universes exploded as he started running towards the entrance of the cave only for his hearing to give out at the cataclysmic eruption that sent him flying off the ground.

PPFFFFFFRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAABBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRTTTTT!!!

A raspy fart echoed throughout the cave and sent the knight tumbling onto his back before he flopped over to his chest where he slammed face-first into the ground. Orinthia's scaly cheeks jiggled like a plate of flan as she wiggled her hips side-to-side. Whenever her sphincter softened, another toot slipped free, pushing the knight another few feet away, all the while throwing him on his back again. He couldn't move an arm amidst the nonstop winds that left him sweating profusely, not helped by the heavy suit of armor weighing him all the while.

He slammed against the opening to the cave when another scrawny kobold, wearing only a loincloth around his crotch sprinted past him holding something in his clutches. Both hands were clamped together as his feet levitated off the ground momentarily. The deadly echoes of a cannon

blast continued on the farther the kobold ran, but no foul smells were enough to stop him. As a thief of the night, Chiruz regularly huffed his own acrid body odor while staving off the acidic aftershock that spurred within him seconds later.

Much like how Orinthia herself smelled worse things out of her own big, round ass still puffing out smaller farts up until the next kobold reached the halfway mark of the cave. His little gasps rose as if he were a train ready to ram inside of her. The notion would have been touching were it not for the lump that prodded at Orinthia's stomach. She didn't have to see whatever pathetic offering Chiruz might have when her thighs locked in on themselves, ready for a second wind. Nevertheless, she wrapped her tail around her hips when Chiruz fell to his knees, wheezing profusely, unable to stop gasping for air while also retching at the fetid miasma that lingered.

There were white oxygen dots sprinkled across his face as he raised his azure finger to Orinthia before allowing his heavy arm to collapse to his side. Another gulp of tainted air had tears beading at the corners of his eyes. Chiruz ran his hand over his face and smeared his sorrow down to his lips when Orinthia cleared her throat. And all at once, the pressure in his chest was swallowed by a black hole that threatened to extend to his stomach depending on what he dared say next.

"Hmph, a new kobold?" Orinthia narrowed her brow as Chiruz rattled his fingers along the edge of his hidden treasure and chuckled.

"Uh, speaking?" Chiruz murmured.

Orinthia uncoiled her tail before it flopped to the ground with her apathetic scowl hidden behind her large, heart-shaped cheeks. The bubbles in her gut continued to boil and pop further.

"Ssssspare me my time now and tell me what you have brought," Orinthia demanded, "elsewise, you too shall stink along with the others."

"Trust me," said Chiruz, "I'm sure you'll enjoy what I have to offer."

Peeling his hands away, Chiruz got down on one knee and held his prize to Orinthia with a shuddering breath. Her head extended over to him until her snout was inches away from grazing his chest. In the palms of his hands laid a large, red apple that glistened in the glow of the few wisps of fire swirling through the cave. There were no additional oddities to go alongside it, nor even a whiff of poison in the air. Orinthia saw to that herself as her nostrils exhaled and she smelled only the toxic fumes of her own brew instead.

Her tail slithered across until it coiled around the apple, yet Chiruz never left her sight. His legs

were crossed together, shaking ever so slightly from the rush of the moment rattling him down to his feet. The world was ready to explode when Orinthia swiped the apple and pulled her tail back to her mouth. She licked it once with Chiruz swallowing hard. Neither he or Orinthia moved in the last few seconds, yet it felt as though a year had gone by. Now her tongue slurped across the shiny red surface again before her head craned back, allowing Chiruz a few merciful inches of space.

“Is thissssss... ssssome kind of joke?” Orinthia finally hissed.

Chiruz exhaled messily before shaking his head. “Th-they say even the proudest of spirits can be broken with love.”

Orinthia didn't bother to scoff. With the apple squirming in her grip, she popped her tail into her mouth and sucked hard. The tip quickly pulled free though the apple failed to emerge alongside it. She took the offering hook, line, and sinker as Chiruz's toes curled. But before he could consider running, Orinthia's eyes widened and a groan escaped her lips that eased her fears once and for all.

Drizzles of caramel seeped from the dragon's mouth as she carefully chewed the apple. Its textures fizzled into a soft, doughy delight unlike any piece of fruit she ever ate. She swallowed the last of her meal when a sweet sauce washed throughout her throat.

“What... what is this?” Orinthia pushed Chiruz towards her ass by her tail when her stomach roared and gurgled. The taste was delicious no doubt, far tastier than anything else she ate in ages. But she swore she must have dined on it somewhere else if her stomach ached so dearly.

“Do you like it?” Chiruz asked with his head turned away. “I, uh, made sure it looked like a regular fruit before adding a twist that I thought you might like!”

The enthusiasm in his voice would be quickly shattered when Chiruz squeaked. His eyes were watering thanks to the humidity of the dragon's huge ass, not helped by the rank hint of body odor that ran up her crack, but nevertheless, he refused to leave.

“The flavor,” she bellowed, “tell me! What is it that you gave to me, you pesky mortal?”

“Th-that would be a cake I made in the shape of an apple!” Chiruz confessed. “It's been crafted so that it's red velvet with a caramel filling inside, so when you bite in, it starts to-”

“CARAMEL?!?!”

Orinthia's tail collapsed as gold coins flew high in the air just to fall back shortly after. The floor shuddered, daring to knock Chiruz against his ass now that Orinthia no longer supported him. He stumbled backward on one foot before leaping at her cheeks and hugging them for dear life. His curved snout disappeared within the crevice when Orinthia sank to her stomach; arms and legs completely splayed out. Fast, frantic gasps could be heard beneath the intestinal distress on display. If Chiruz didn't fuck up before, he certainly did now.

There were plumes of smog leaking from the sides of her mouth and nostrils as Orinthia's thighs bunched at the tension. Inside her stomach, her guts were practically fizzling away into hot air that burned her rounded belly to the very ends. Unfortunately for her, the pressure didn't simply end at her stomach. Her entire body shook as Chiruz kept his grip on Orinthia and whimpered when the floor left his feet. She opened her jaws and coughed twice when the lump suffocating her slipped free with a raucous blast.

“GOOOOOOUUUUUURRRRRPPPP!!”

Several jets of orange fire were spewed from Orinthia's jaws and splashed the end of her cave with bursts of dancing flames that disappeared as soon as they hit the wall. Drool dripped off her lips before she took a deep gulp. Chiruz, whose limbs were completely numb, kept one bleary eye open when his foot pressed against the stony floor below. He turned his head down and couldn't help but smile. To think he was sure he would have been splattered across the cave by now.

Chiruz hopped off Orinthia's ass as his twitching legs shivered. He couldn't help but whisper a prayer, grateful that his efforts weren't a waste, and stretch his arms, ready to scoop a handful of gold. But before he could grab as much as his feeble body would allow, another guttural whimper echoed around him with Orinthia rising upward so that she stood on her hind legs. Her gigantic glutes spread apart to reveal her pucker along with the dark stretch of nothingness that awaited Chiruz ahead.

“SSSSSWEETSSSS ONLY ADD FUEL TO THE FLAME, YOU KOBOLD SCUM!!”

Orinthia squatted towards Chiruz before she could fart again. His jaw went slack as his body went numb. Not that she minded terribly if he entered inside her unevenly. In less than a minute, Chiruz would be shoved up her ass and honor his kind by being the first kobold cannonball, provided he didn't mind stinking to high heavens.

Of course, it wasn't like offering a real apple would have helped. Even if Chiruz didn't set off her allergies, Orinthia wanted to try using a butt plug anyway.