

**“Hmm... Such a pitiful display. It would be an understatement to call this a woeful disappointment.” Vaunt sighed, watching a bunch of kobolds offer bags and pouches of gold, each wishing to appease the golden dragon. He was waiting for a fun kobald to keep as a pet, though all just seemed like pitiful thieves wanting a purpose. A few seemed especially thrilled with the potential of becoming a pet for him, though most didn’t last past a mealtime of his. There were 5 Kobolds in total, fighting over one another for Vaunt’s affection.**

**“Not even your accumulated efforts hold a candle to a percent of my hoard. Surely the lot of you do not intend to impress me with such measly attempts at accomplishment?” He growled, causing the kobolds to shutter with either fear or arousal.**

**“Vaunt? I come bearing an offering for you newest pet position.” A new voice called, turning the corner. He was a smaller dragon, having wavy fur in place of scales, his coat looking like the hardened bark of a forest, deep and brown. His horns didn’t grow very high either, instead curving to the back of his head. The golden dragon smirked, only really expecting kobolds to strive for a master, though this dragon didn’t seem close to Vaunt’s size, he still towered over the Kobolds that he strutted past, kicking a duffel bag of clanking metals as the opening bleed forth dozens of decorated gold coins as well as a few mystic weapons. The new dragon sat by the side of the kobolds, each staring in disbelief as the dragon confidently smirked.**

**“Finally, someone worth my breath. Introduce yourself, Dragon. Once I’ve dismissed your name, you can introduce these items to me and hope it’s enough to buy your purpose in life.” Vaunt smiled, a paw under his chin as he watched the kobolds shuffle in place out of discomfort. They wanted to appease the godlike dragon, though the clear winner of gold forced them to resign their hopes. The dragon knelt low to the ground, making sure to show his fealty to Vaunt.**

**“I’m Veles. I have taken this gold from the king of the southern domain, the one most notorious for hunting dragons weaker than you.” Veles kept his head low, though his words made Vaunt excuse his tardiness. Vaunt couldn’t count the number of dragons who ran to him in hopes of protection of the dragon hunters. Most added to his plentiful muscles, but others gave his own cock more lining and gave his balls for filling. Though he wouldn’t say it, Vaunt had no intention of keeping an actual pet. This was only an exercise in how many lesser creatures would have the mindlessness to appear in front of the Proudful Gold himself. He already**

had a pet after all, a feeble fox that spent his days in Vaunt's sheath until he had a job to do for his master. Vaunt often forgets the small fox's name, so he simply refers to him as 'Libido' for convenience. The fox wears this name with as much pride as Vaunt in his own immaculate body.

"How amusing... If I am to be honest, I only expected humans and kobolds to be selfless enough to come to me for a master. Tell me, whatever your name is, why do you want me to own you?" Vaunt asked the question with a lowered head, his eyes aiming to lessen the dragon's guard and urge him to offer himself as a meal, being the only viable excuse for his existence until this point. Veles smiled and looked away from the enchanting eyes.

"I simply look at you with a pride that I haven't found anywhere else. Seeing such a magnificent body... a-and voice too... I'm sorry... I've gotten too ahead of myself, Vaunt... Or shall I say... *Master?*" The furred dragon certainly had a way with words that inclined Vaunt to open the position of a second pet. Vaunt smiled for but a second, greedy kobolds nearing his lowered maw with intrigue and reminding Vaunt of their current worthlessness.

"Veles. Before I take you in, I ask that you consume these kobolds. I have no use for them." The golden laced dragon arose and glared at the kobolds in disgust. The small lizards fought amongst their instincts to allow themselves to be eaten. Veles wasn't an unsightly dragon, but having to be eaten by Veles when Vaunt was just one step away was certainly a disappointment for the kobolds. The first kobolds stepped up to Veles, admittedly finding his fur to be lusciously soft.