

Her Hoard

“All that fighting and *this* is what we got?” growled the woman pacing her shabby parlor. A few bruises darkened a sizable set of thighs unused to the amount of exercise they’d gotten in a day. “Adventuring *sucks!*”

“For a first time, I think we did good,” came her companion’s less fiery reply.

Any onlookers to their private encounter would have been transfixed by the color of her skin.

Not the predominant part—her rich tan was quite normal. However, red scales adorned the backsides of her biceps, and most women met on the road tended to lack that particular quality. Other, unsubtle touches, too pronounced to be concealed by way of clothing, further cast her humanity into doubt. They would be half-right, half-wrong. Adelonda was human... on one side of her family.

Key clues on the other half could be found head to toe. Literally. Her exposed toes demanded sandals for support; they didn’t handle socks well with knife-like claws tipping them. A thick, red tail, half-long its owner’s height, trailed behind her, tipped with a wick of lustrous chestnut hair the same color as her own long locks. Lastly, crowning her visage: a curving pair of black horns that sprouted from the forehead.

It didn’t take townsfolk three guesses to realize they shared a village with a half-dragon.

And if they got all three guesses wrong, Adelonda would happily inform them that was the case. Fiercely proud of her bloodline, despite living like a peasant. Short and fiery-tempered, though she would simply call herself assertive—she continued her pacing.

Watching Adelonda wear her already weary legs down was another half-dragon. Less fierce-looking, more fully-formed in the scale department. His human skin was pale, accentuated

by orange-gold scales fully coating his arms and legs—down to clawed, digitigrade feet. His sleek white tail twisted with sinewy anxiousness. And atop his head, his own horns, antlered and blunt.

He was a willowy blond. A full head taller than Adelonda, yet narrower. If there was one thing the frustrated half-dragoness remained proud of, it was her figure.

“If I was a *real* dragoness, we would’ve been able to blow down to the bottom floor in seconds,” Adelonda fumed, breaking the silence with more grievances.

“If you were a real dragoness, you wouldn’t fit in a dungeon to begin with,” Tyler assured, putting his hand on her shoulder.

“So you agree!” She shrugged his hand off and whirled around, glaring up at him. “I’m *not* a real dragoness.”

“I didn’t mean it like that!” Tyler showed his palms.

“Yes you did.” Adelonda sniffed, tracing a hand up and down the bases of her stubby horns. “Look at these stupid things. So small—I should just chop them off.”

“They’re big!” Tyler said in an unconvincing tone. “...ish.”

“Yeah, for a *teenager*, maybe.” Adelonda thumped her tail against the floorboards. “How many half-dragons do you know that live in a *village*?”

“Uh, me?”

Adelonda rolled her eyes. “You don’t count, you’re a *guy*.”

“Hey! I’m still a half-dragon.” Tyler crossed his skinny arms.

“Yeah, but that’s all you’ll ever be.” Adelonda glared towards the center of the parlor, where an opulent display on the floor juxtaposed her average living arrangements. 37 polished gold coins—she had counted five times—and a ruby-encrusted goblet. They had risked their

lives fighting monsters for that haul. More wealth than most in this village would ever see in their entire lives. For a dragon's hoard? A pittance.

She kicked the pile, sending coins scattering away. "No!" she yelled, dropping to her knees and diving for a coin that fell through a small crack in the floorboards. It escaped her grasp. "*Dammit*," she growled, pounding her fists and tail against the floor.

Make that 36.

"Does it matter that much?" Tyler said.

"Yes," Adelonda hopped to her feet and began stomping towards her bedroom. "Anyone with a drop of dragon blood looks at me and thinks—'when is that girl going to start sprouting some more scales?'" The bed creaked as she sprawled on her back, glaring at the ceiling. "What sort of self-respecting guy would be interested in a dragoness who can't even grow her hoard?"

Tyler stood by the doorframe, glancing around her room but proving too timid to pass the threshold. "I mean..." He cleared his throat. "I'm sure you'll find *some-one*."

"Ty." Adelonda sat up, crossing one leg over the other. "I don't know a single male dragon. Each year, mating season comes around and I've never been approached *once*."

"Do you have to call it 'mating season.?" Tyler grimaced. "It's got a name. And, hey—I'm a male dragon!"

And you're clearly not interested, was the bitter reply Adelonda bit back. They had known each other since childhood. Knowing her damned luck, he probably thought of her like a sister or something maudlin like that. Instead, she sat at the foot of her bed, swinging her short legs back and forth.

"Hey, it's alright," Tyler soothed, at last stepping inside and sitting at the foot of the bed with her. "I'm sure your luck will turn around."

“Oh, it will.” Adelonda pounded a fist into her palm. “First thing tomorrow, we’re going back there to kick that skeleton’s *ass*.”

“Maaaybe wait on that.” Tyler gently pinched her fist from her palm, then hastily snapped his own hand back into his lap. He massaged his thighs for a few awkward seconds before hopping upright. “I’ve got a feeling I’ll figure something out soon.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Just leave it to me,” Tyler replied, a mysterious smile tugging at the edges of his handsome face.

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Someone pounded on Adelonda’s door. “Hello?” She opened it a crack before a bald, burly man forced it the rest of the way and ducked inside. He looked distressed, muscles bulging to sustain the jangling burlap sack slung over his shoulder. “Hey! What are you doing?”

The bald man replied with a grunt. He looked over his shoulder and nodded—a group of four other men worked together to carry in a massive, wooden chest. After them, a sixth man dragged another sack inside.

“Get outta my house!” Adelonda snarled, pointing emphatically outside.

“Here alright?” one of the men asked, peering right over the short half-breed.

“Anywhere is fine,” came a voice laden with far less testosterone than any of these men produced in a single day.

“Huh?” Adelonda looked between Tyler and the men, who put the sacks and chest onto the floor in the middle of her room. “Ty, what’s going on?”

“Thank you for your service,” Tyler said, hurrying to one of the sacks. Adelonda’s eyes bulged as he opened it to reveal that it was brimming with gold pieces. He grabbed a handful like

they were coppers and shoved them into the man's hand. "For all your trouble. Please, take them."

Any gruff attitude disappeared as the men pored over their fraction of the bounty.

"Anytime, boss." And with that, they headed out the door.

"Ty," Adelonda breathed as Tyler gave them some privacy by closing the door. "Where did you get all of this?"

"I may have gone adventuring on my own," Tyler said with a sheepish smile.

The chest was long and wide enough that she could have laid down in it. That is, if it wasn't packed with treasure. Her eyes glowed brightly against the candlelight—bright as the gold, gemstones, bracelets, and necklaces found within.

She blinked from her covetous trance. Dragons liked shiny things on instinct. "You? Adventuring on your own?" Adelonda crossed her arms and gave Tyler a doubting look.

"Okay, okay. I got this as a gift. Mother's side. Dragon. You know. Kind of a pittance to her."

"Oh, so you decided you'd show it off?" Adelonda slapped her tail against the floor and snorted like a bull.

"Nono, no!" Tyler emphatically waved his hands. "I mean, um..." He cleared his throat. "It *is* that time of the year for most dragons, and I've noticed you haven't had a mate in, like, ever, so..."

"So you got me this out of pity?" Adelonda walked up and mashed a finger into her scrawny friend's chest. He may have been bigger, but he was lanky. She bet between that fact and her mounting temper, she could throw Tyler across the room. He seemed to know that, too, because her intimidating chest prods had him backing up until he hit the closed door.

“It was nothing like that!”

“Then, what?”

A deep blush overtook Tyler’s pale face. “I... you mentioned me being the only other half-dragon you know. And we’ve known each other a while now, so, erm, you don’t have to say yes, but—”

“Hold on.” Adelonda interrupted by jamming a finger to her friend’s lips. She scrutinized his flustered expression with narrowed eyes. “Is this a *mating* tribute? For me?” She slid her finger down Tyler’s lips.

“Yes?” he squeaked.

Well, that explained a lot. Adelonda walked back and eyed the treasure. Nothing by dragon standards. A fortune for her. She ran her hands through the coins and a chill ran up her back. “All this, for me?” she said quietly.

“If you say yes.” Tyler hurried next to her, wringing his hands together. “Ah, I mean, even if you say *no*, y-you can have it. I don’t want you to feel like I’m coercing you for—I’llshutupnow.”

Adelonda giggled. Now *she* was blushing. She always ran naturally hot. Like this, her body must have been heating the room, though Tyler could have been sweating for any number of reasons. From the chest, she fished out an ancient, gemstone-adorned crown. She put it on her head and found it fit nicely.

“So, this is mine?” Adelonda asked with a smirk.

Tyler gulped. They both knew why his answer mattered. “It’s yours, Adelona.”

Yours. The word hit her with tangible force. Magical laws bound property to a dragon's hoard—either she had to be powerful enough to claim something hers, or, in this case, it had to be given freely.

Her modest sum of wealth had suddenly multiplied. And that meant...

It was the first time she had ever felt it happening. She had read secondhand what the experience might be like: warmth, starting deep in her chest and spreading outwards. Palpitations as the heart braced itself for something only half of its inherited nature was prepared for.

The *tightness*, though—that made her wonder whether she should have picked a different wardrobe.

Black shorts hugging mid-thigh. A cropped black blouse that already showed an excess of midriff and prodigious top shelf. Both naturally ran so taut against her figure that the tailor who made them had blushed. Just a hair more weight. An ounce of added amplexity. That would be enough to push these packed articles of clothing towards their final moments.

Far more than ounces or hairs, Adelonda gasped as her clothing pinched and hugged every inch they could cover—and there were more inches in need of coverage by the second. Seams split around thighs, plumped-up and elongating. Her blouse transformed into a revealing bra with breast fat bulging through growing tears.

Tyler stumbled backwards. “No way. Already?” he said.

“That was incredible,” Adelonda whispered, beaming down at the shredded tatters of an outfit that barely restricted her burgeoning body. She looked up from her bulging bustline and her eyes went even wider as they traveled straight ahead, meeting Tyler's.

They were both the same height, and considering the differences in their builds, that made Adelonda seem much bigger, much stronger by comparison.

Bursting with excitement over a growth spurt that almost had her bursting from her clothes, she threw her arms wide and forced Tyler into a hug that squeezed the air out of him.

“Thankyouthankyouthankyou,” she gushed.

Then the sound of shredding fabric filled the room. Her blouse blew apart at the front, the bare flesh of her freed breasts spilling forward—catching Tyler’s face directly between.

Adelonda gasped, releasing Tyler and staggering backwards, her panicked footsteps thumping with newfound weight. “It’s still going?” Black strips of cloth rained to the ground, leaving her body exposed.

“You’re big,” Tyler murmured.

Adelonda stared from her exposed breasts to the shy half-dragon eye-level with them. She would have burned with embarrassment on any other occasion. Now that she was so much larger, she only gave her cute friend a smoldering smile—one he finally dared to meet.

“A-and you don’t have any clothes,” Tyler added in a much meeker tone.

“Sure don’t.” Adelonda stepped forward, bullying her chest-high friend back towards the wall.

“Maybe I ought to go and get you a blanket from your bedroom?” His suggestion was joined by a flustered grin. He stood with his back to the wall, cornered. Adelonda must have seemed even bigger, dominating the space ahead of him with magnified feminine wideness.

“Oh, no, Ty.” Adelonda shivered. A pleasant tingling had started up her arms and legs: her scales were growing in. Banding around her arms. Running from the base of her tail and claiming her buttocks; she brushed a hand against one cheek. The scales were plush. Smooth, sleek, and shiny. Naturally warm to the touch. “*You’re* the one who did this to me.” Her voice grew huskier by the syllable—her entire body expanding, perspective inching upwards while shy

little Tyler kept his back welded to the wall. “It’s only fair you get to experience the change firsthand.”

Intimately firsthand. She enfolded Tyler’s scrawny back in her powerful arms and lifted him off the floor. She kept his face buried in the soft depths of her breasts as they became plumper and heavier by the second.

Adelonda was changing in so many ways, she was almost dizzy accounting for them. Scales clothed her thighs, arms, and butt. Her horns groaned like trees growing in the span of seconds versus decades. Her ears elongated and ended at fine points.

Her height. Her curves. The room was starting to seem more fitting for a child. The floor, so fragile. Every footstep was met with a faint creak from the floorboards. Her full weight produced a mighty *thud* as she kept going towards the center of the room.

At last, she unfurled her arms and let out an exultant gasp as the transformation came to a close.

Tyler had to push against her bust for freedom. He landed with a much less majestic, “Oof,” on the floor.

Room-dominating, ceiling-scraping—Adelonda loomed, blocking out the dim candlelight and leaving a very flustered-looking Tyler sitting in her shadow. His legs were spread, an obvious erection tented his britches. She didn’t blame him.

She. Felt. *Glorious*.

Her scales. Her horns. Her feminine shape, which had already been nothing to scoff at, was now downright matronly from flared hips to breasts bigger than her head.

The crown she wore must have looked comical, now.

It was easy to grasp how massive she had become when Tyler got to his feet. He immediately took a few timid steps back. Again, she didn't blame him. He was no taller than her waist—a single, scaly thigh was his superior in girth.

“You grew in, ah, *nicely*,” Tyler politely put it, bringing his tail around front to tweak it.

Adelonda may have been a hothead, but when it came to bedding someone, she had never been the boldest of women. It felt natural, now. Snaking her man-sized tail along her side and bringing its fluffy tip up to handle Tyler's chin—forcing him to meet her lidded eyes while she ordered:

“Bedroom. Now. *Mate-uh*.” She made a point of pursing her lips while sounding out that last word. Tasting it. Savoring it.

“Right,” Tyler murmured, scurrying ahead of her.

Adelonda had to duck through the narrow hallway. Her plush hips grazed its walls, making her move slowly enough that Tyler had time to outpace her superior stride.

He smartly waited in a corner of the bedroom while Adelonda fought to force her hips through the doorframe. She at last thundered inside with a series of furniture-shaking stomps, then turned her back to her bed, snickered once, and dropped backwards.

Usually, losing a bed would have been grounds for a string of curses. But Adelonda enjoyed a rush of excitement as her weight splintered the bedframe's legs without a moment's resistance. Now, she *was* the bed. Substantially larger than it, in fact. She giggled, propping herself up by the elbows. A pointed wiggle of her hips produced a satisfying crunch.

“I guess this is what I signed up for.” Tyler tugged his shirt collar. “I've never seen a half-dragoness transform.”

“Well, you gave *me* a bounty.” Adelonda reached down to her snatch and parted it with two fingers. Pink made for a delicious contrast to tan. “It’s only fair that I give you one, as well.”

All dragons grew in size with the hoards they accrued. Half-dragons, the men were stuck in a state like Tyler: always out of reach of their mighty heritage.

Adelonda, though... Of course she had been frustrated all these years, knowing she was always capable of becoming something greater. Accumulating a hoard to become a genuine dragon—it had always been her lofty goal.

She may have still been more flesh than scale, but she didn’t mind for now.

Evidently, neither did Tyler, as he removed his shirt and then shimmied his pants off. He still looked nervous over exposing his creamy human skin, but Adelonda’s bountiful body was too grand to be denied.

“Somehow, this isn’t how I imagined it,” Adelonda said, laughing as she watched Tyler go onto all fours while clambering atop her legs. His hands deformed the fresh scales that decorated her enlarged thighs. He had his eyes cast downwards. Her outgoing nature always overshadowed his fae-like tendencies, and now that she had a body to match, he looked more intimidated than ever.

“I thought a foot or so, at most,” Tyler murmured, staring down at tight and narrow half-dragon pussy lips capable of swallowing his head.

“Guess that means you’ll need to put in the extra effort, dragon boy.” Adelonda stuck her tongue through a set of fangs she hadn’t even realized she had developed until now.

“Dragon boy?” Tyler puffed his scrawny chest out. His look of indignation broke as Adelonda’s giggle fit almost toppled him.

“Less talking, more fucking.” Up from between her legs, her thick tail curled inwards; it delivered a hard *smack* to Tyler’s back, causing his arms and legs to buckle.

He collapsed and let out a yelp muffled into Adelonda’s cleavage. She had him in the perfect position, his cock sliding straight into the roomy interior of his mate’s waiting snatch.

“Mm,” Adelonda sighed, crossing her arms around her stomach and keeping Tyler’s head enveloped. He was helpless—just the way she liked it. Being a red dragon meant inheriting some domineering personality traits. Feeling her lover’s prick slip in up to the hilt made her shiver with delight.

But as Tyler began the desperate act of rutting, the thrill of being Tyler’s better became more a novelty—an insufficient substitute for a fat cock when transforming had left her with a dire *need* to have her canal filled.

“Can’t you thrust any harder?” Adelonda unwound her hands; Tyler dug his hands into the undersides of her mountainous chest, parting them so he could pull his head to freedom.

“I’m trying,” Tyler gasped, scrawny arms trembling as he fought to stay aloft. Working his girlish hips with great effort, he penetrated Adelonda. His cute gasps of frustration showed how much he was enjoying her—but for his hulking mate, the sensation remained a mere pleasant tingle.

“I think I know what you can do,” Adelonda said. The bedframe further crunched apart beneath her as she began to move. Tyler yelped as she heaved herself upright, unfettered by his fractional weight. He landed on the floor, his twitching cock lubed up with her juices.

“Follow me, love.” Adelonda turned, a feat in itself with so much of her to sustain. She gave Tyler’s cheek an affectionate tickle with her tail tip before loudly crashing out of the bedroom, shouldering the door off its hinges without even trying.

Gods, she *loved* this. Being huge felt so much more natural. Deep down, some part of her brain had always been draconic. It explained her sassy, sometimes bossy attitude. The fact that she picked fights with people bigger than her—she had been living under the notion that she was bigger than *everyone*.

Now, it was reality.

Pattering footsteps obediently followed. Tyler took great care to hop or duck when her great tail swung, un beholden to his presence.

Crashing into the parlor, Adelonda turned around and dropped her monstrous ass upon the open treasure chest, sending gold coins spraying across the floor. She sat facing Tyler and spread her tree trunk legs wide. “On your knees,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am,” Tyler blurted, hurrying his skinny butt over to the matron of the house and kneeling within the warm span of her thighs.

Adelonda pinched her snatch open. The appetizing sight had Tyler licking his lips. She held her breath. This *had* to be a dream. Everything she wanted, now hers in a single day. Her crush. Her crush-crushing body.

And to top it all off: a slobbery tongue tracing the perimeter of her folds. Her curves quaked as she gasped, “Deeper.”

Tyler obeyed, his ministering tongue discovering new, sensitive areas. Each audible gulp he produced gave her a twinge of domineering pleasure. He was eating her out and swallowing what he could.

“*Deeper,*” she said, more urgently.

Tyler planted his face against her muff. His writhing tongue made Adelonda sit up straight and clamp her thighs together. There was struggling. Hands clapped the scaly bottoms of her legs to no avail.

“Don’t worry,” Adelonda crooned, seizing the undersides of her breasts and giving them a good grope, “you’ll come out once I’m satisfied.”

There was a pause. Then, Tyler began his work—and he did *work*. Passion was always good. Desperation, though, that drove his little tongue deeper than she thought possible. Her pussy must have swallowed close to his entire face. She clutched at his antlered horns, barely poking out betwixt her thighs, which she squeezed tighter.

His entire head must have reeked of her sex. A scent-marking shampoo soaking his face. All he could smell, taste, see, and hear: *her*. Dragons were possessive creatures, and it was only in utterly owning Tyler that she found herself at the peak of pleasure.

Adelonda threw her head back, tongue lolling. So caught in the throes of passion, she almost snapped poor Tyler’s antlers off.

The moment she started gushing, her thighs unfurled. Tyler fell on his back, hair matted down with her arousal, a stupid smile on his face while his chest fluttered up and plunged down in a rapid series of gasps.

There between his legs, his hardon looked ready to blow five minutes ago. The sight made Adelonda’s pride swell. “You did a good job down there, Ty.” Her voice projected with newfound confidence. Fiery. Flirty. Excited. She got up and excess droplets of ejaculate pattered down onto the floor—in the space between her lover’s spread legs. “Now let me—oh. Woah.”

The moment she got up, Tyler had clenched his teeth and let out a strangled, “*Ghh*.” She stood there and watched him blow his load without even having to touch himself.

A floor-up view of Adelonda had done the trick.

“Wow,” they both said. Tyler, breathlessly. Adelonda, much louder and in awe of herself.

Tyler fell onto his back. Adelonda chuckled. A few minutes, and he was already spent.

“I guess you’ve earned some rest after that,” she said in a gentler tone. Squatting down, she heaved Tyler up and held most of his body beneath the swelling curve of her obscene bust. Taking her tuckered lover to the bedroom, she sprawled out on her back and laid him down, his butt nestled squarely atop her crotch, the back of his head resting against her pillowy breasts, and spread legs laid into her hot, scaly thighs.

“I’m guessing it’s alright if I spend the night?” Tyler asked, breaking the silence some minutes in. His weak little hands roamed Adelonda’s sides; only fully outstretched did they find the limits of her torso.

“The night?” Adelonda scoffed, reaching down and exploring Tyler’s slender body. Enfolding his sticky crotch, balls and all, into her grasp. “Try your life. This is where you live, now, dragon boy.”

“Ah, right…” Tyler squirmed, her touches already getting hard again. “Er, could you not squeeze so tight?”

“No,” Adelonda breathed.

“Th-that’s fine too.”

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Another successful day of adventuring had come and gone. Adelonda had never been much of a fighter—now, she could barrel her way through the deadliest of dungeons. That is, if their structural integrity accommodated plus sizes.

Pit traps that could send regular adventurers plummeting to their doom were plugged by the expanse of her hips. Arrows peppering her buttocks bounced off the scaly outer layer of protective fat. Her femininity could bring a man to his knees—either in the bedroom or battle.

With each successful adventure, in which her loyal consort tagged along as both treasure tracker and stress reliever, her hoard grew.

And each time her hoard grew, she was happy to grace the world with more of herself to ogle. Especially an increasingly pliable, flustered companion. Still her friend, now also her lover-on-demand.

Furniture had no place in Adelonda's abode. Walls to other rooms, demolished. There wasn't much space for anything except the village's local dragoness.

She had to lie on her side, considering she was taller than the house. The doorframe was a horribly deformed hole with a stone lid only she could roll aside. The entrance had undergone drastic renovation these last few weeks—from Adelonda having to turn sideways so she could squeeze inside to having her hips wedged within the doorframe.

They had both enjoyed that brief window of her steady growth spurt.

“A little help?” she would coyly ask, curling her heavy tail around Tyler's shoulder and using it to tug him into close quarters with a jutting, scaly red butt that rose a bit taller than himself.

His hands obediently sank into the backside of her scale-pleated skirt, riding higher by the day—exposing cheeks individually wider than the span of her scrawny mate's shoulders.

But that butt busted out to fatter and wider and heavier proportions by the day, putting increasing demands on an outfit that left a team of tailors baffled over how to keep up.

That growth kept on until, at last, when she had to crawl into her home on all fours, she simply hadn't stopped crawling. A deafening *crunch* later and the doorway was a splintered hole twice as wide as before.

That was the day when the last of Adelonda's furniture met its demise. She had to pluck splinters from the floor—Tyler had the privilege of pulling them from her backside.

So her modest house became the village's first dragon's lair. A dubious claim to fame, though few could argue the economic value of such a presence. Her little errand boy carried coin all around town, constantly on the move to keep up with her insatiable appetites.

No amount of money could change the fact that, when she emerged from her home or returned to the village with a fresh loot haul, she was dangerous.

Her swaying tail dented homes with an errant flick. Considering her mounting wealth, it didn't cost her so much as an inch of height to pay for damages—and being able to afford reparations for any destructive act, she grew cavalier when it came to throwing her weight around.

Even from the front, she was dangerous.

A scaly red set of thunder thighs taller than a full-grown man clapped together whenever she stomped through town. Exposed legs led up to exposed nethers peeking out the bottom of her skirt—honestly, where was a girl like her expected to find undergarments?

It was usually that bottom-up view that kept an onlooker rooted. Locked into an inevitable collision with a curvy thigh that buffeted the day's imperiled onlooker backwards.

“Watch where you're going!” Adelonda reprimanded, always with a smirk whoever she had knocked to the ground couldn't see. Not with that massive, cloth-bundled bustline obstructing her field of view. “*I* certainly can't.”

Leaning forward to better see whoever was beneath her sent the person into a panic, scrabbling back to avoid any possible smothering beneath those rotund mammaries barely bitten back by tied-together sets of bedsheets that only just qualified as a top.

She then picked the day's accidental victim up by the collar of his shirt, dusted him off, then sent him on his way, smirking as she watched the scurrying human scramble.

To put it lightly: Adelonga *loved* being huge.

She loved her cramped, uncomfortable house. She loved the way its floorboards creaked and occasionally snapped, creating a new pit beneath the foundations for the lavish hoard contrasting her home's cheap construction.

And most of all, she loved how, even on her side, her bust—one end squashed against the floor while the other threatened to graze the ceiling—outstripped her adorable mate for size.

As always, she had carried their latest haul back. The wrecked floor of her home glittered. Her hoard would go unseen, windows curtained by walls of scales. She occupied every room, rather, the one room that her house had been revised into, walls busted apart to make way for her hugeness. Her ebony horns had thickened and grown branching mates. Scales coated her magnificent body toe to neck, with only a few tan splotches remaining, save for her still-human face.

A wide grin exposed fangs thick and sharp as some of the swords in her hoard. It was directed at Tyler, her knee-high friend, mate, and enabler, standing before the panorama of her sideways-sprawled beauty.

They had already dumped out the extra gold pieces. They weren't the crux of her haul, however. The *volume* of a dragon's hoard paled in comparison to the value of its treasure.

The more expensive goods had yet to be formally added to her hoard. They remained in Tyler's pack, which he put on the floor before opening.

First, he held up a stunning sword. An ancient artifact—ironically, once belonging to a dragon slayer.

“And whose is *that*, hon?” Adelonda asked with a voice that filled the room then pushed beyond its walls—whenever the couple fucked, near everyone in the village knew.

“Y-you, Adelonda,” Tyler stammered. Though he sounded nervous, his eager expression told the story of someone who wanted his lover to keep swelling.

“That's right,” Adelonda purred as the blade was put down on the floor. She could feel a growth spurt coming on. Her gaze flicked down to her bosom, spilling out beautifully, but still coming shy of squashing into the ceiling. In the space of her cleavage, those last tan gaps were filled by beautiful ruby red.

Only a spurt of transformative strength, however.

It was already over.

“And that pretty collection of ruby sculptures you've got there. Who does *that* belong to?”

“Nnh...” Tyler fidgeted. He always got like this when helping Adelonda grow. He knew he shouldn't have been indulging her—really, he was indulging himself. “*You.*”

The game continued. A queen's brooch. An emperor's gauntlet. Honestly, if humans didn't want dragons to get so big, they shouldn't have had so many kingdoms rise then fall.

At the end of it all, Adelonda had hardly added a few feet to her height. “That's all?” She pouted her lips, drumming claws along her lamentably still-human cheek.

“You sound disappointed.”

“Oh, not in you,” Adelonda cooed. “I guess it was stupid to think I’d just keep exploding in size forever.”

“Y-you’re already huge.”

“Most women would take that the wrong way.” Adelonda smirked.

“You’re certainly not most women.” Tyler’s eyes explained that sentiment as they roamed her near-bare body.

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” Deciding the trajectory of her mate’s eyes for him, Adelonda pinched Tyler’s chin and effortlessly forced him to hold her gaze. She leaned in closer, eyes crossing as she began to make out Tyler’s finer details—and the adorable flicker of nervousness that he could never shrug off around someone who only ever grew larger.

Before Tyler could fall under her spell and they could begin another noon of debauchery, he said, “Wait!”

“Hm?” Adelonda let go, rearing back a bit as he rummaged through his pack.

“I, ah... *did* find one more thing.” Tyler produced a necklace; it looked to be made from black beads. She knew they were much more than beads, of course. They had trekked to old Fallowmere Keep for this particular item. It was ancient. Enchanted. Rare.

Very, very valuable.

“I was going to give it to you later, as a surprise, but—”

“*This* got in the way?” Adelonda interrupted, prodding the obvious tent Tyler had developed. In the warm enclosure of a room near-flooded with dragoness.

“Maybe we should wait until we’re out in the fields before giving you this one?” Tyler went to put the necklace into his pack, only to have Adelonda slice the pack in half with a stroke of one claw.

The necklace fell through the bottom. It looked so natural as a part of her hoard. She could have taken it by force, but why bother?

Tyler always gave her what she wanted.

“No better time than the present.” Adelonda extended her index finger. Her polished claw, so pointed and thick, waited. “Well, Ty?”

Her room-shaking voice brooked no argument. Tyler met her eyes and his throat bobbed. “Well, what?”

“You want to give it to me, right?”

It was obvious he wanted to give it to her in more ways than one. “Yes,” he finally resolved.

“Then put it on.” Adelonda nudged him with her claw tip then held it up expectantly. “It looks like it will fit.”

He bent down and picked the necklace up. Chewing his lip, he eyed it and Adelonda’s claw. Then, he said the perfect words to make a greedy dragon swoon:

“It’s yours.”

Crash. Adelonda’s horns sprouted to new heights, carving two holes through the ceiling.

“Woah,” she gasped. “I can *feel* this one.” Giddy energy filled her body, both because that was how it felt to grow from adding to her hoard and because she *was* growing.

“There’s a reason I wanted to wait.” Tyler ran a hand through his hair, eyeing an exit he knew he was too weak to budge on his own.

“How much is that thing worth?” Adelonda grunted. Another crash followed, this one joined by tinkling glass. Her tail had smashed through wall and window, emerging outside her home.

“A lot.”

“So is everything in here.”

“A *lot* a lot,” Tyler corrected, glancing around. “Could I, ah, maybe...” He yelped as the roof began creaking. Though Adelonda angled her head to resist skewering any more ceiling, laying on her side had her breasts and hips acting as supporting pillars—pushing up against the roof and forming cracks where they touched.

Hot flashes at her collarbone. Her neck. Some of those few places with skin spots between scales were now filled, and the tickling sensation carried up her neck. Her chin. Her cheeks and forehead.

This was it.

“Oh, you’ve been waiting to make your mate a monster, haven’t you, Ty?” Adelonda leaned forward and pressed him to the wall not with her nose, but her rapidly developing *snout*. Yes, yes! She could feel it. At long last, the small, tan bump of her nose elongated, coordinating with her mouth and jaw— inching out towards Tyler, scaly lips peeled back to reveal an array of fangs locked in an eager grin.

An affectionate snort flared her nostrils and blew Tyler’s blond hair back. Smoke poured out and sent him into a hacking fit. When it dissipated, Adelonda didn’t give Tyler a chance to speak. She wound him up into a velvety world of red. Her forked tongue, the size of a carpet, coiled around him, poking up underneath his shirt and polishing his skin like he was a piece of candy.

While he was gasping and twitching, his arms too weak to push out against the flexible bonds of her tongue, she poked the forked tip into the waist of his pants then tugged. His clothes ripped right off.

“Hey!” Tyler cried, at last freed from the tyranny of an overwhelming tongue bath. Drenched in spit, she confined him from foot to hip in her growing fist. She felt a small bump throbbing against the bottom part of her middle finger.

“Good,” she whispered, breathing over his bare body. “All. Lubed. Up.”

“What’re you going to do?” Tyler whimpered.

“Keep you *niiice* and safe until I’ve blown these walls down.”

“Safe? You mean—”

“Mhm.”

They had begun their time as mates with a unique disparity in their sizes. Tyler’s prick had never been up to the task of pleasing so much woman. It was cute and easy to appease, but insufficient when it came time for Adelonda to satiate her urges.

He had to use his head—at first, literally. Then, figuratively. Puzzling out how to pleasure Adelonda, and fast. Growing kept the libido raw and needy.

A well-placed hand had done the trick. Then an arm. Then *both* with some crafty maneuvering. They had experimented with a battering ram somewhere in there...

Whenever she suggested that he play the role of the brave hero delving her dungeon, he had always gotten cold feet.

Impossible for them to be cold where he was now—they slipped in effortlessly past her hungering pussy lips. Gliding with his legs along sex-lubricated inner walls. One manhood wasn’t enough. She needed her *whole* man.

His little hands tried to clutch at her smooth thighs as he was slurped deeper inside. Crammed in up to his knees. His waist. He could do nothing to stop this. Only his head poked

out, now, and that went in with a single, unceremonious tap. She squeezed her thighs together, locking her mate's entire being within those walls and allowed pleasure to wash over her.

Oh, her little toy could *move*. Kicking. Squirming. Thrashing. Escape attempts only heightened her lusts. He was soon forgotten, however. Meager kindling compared to the fire building inside her.

Though she would spare her love's ego, the truth was: he couldn't compare to the orgasmic sensation of her transformation.

Adelonda's swelling figure gobbled up more of her house's remaining interior. She took space with great pleasure, in a way only a dragon could—greedily. She occupied it. Dominated it, immovable by anything save for her own whims.

Floorboards snapped beneath her increasing weight. The walls shrieked with distress, as though they saw the butchery their kin on the floor had suffered through and now knew their time was coming.

It was more than the rush of filling her house—it was the thrill of filling *out*. Height didn't play into the absurd heft of her figure. The colossal curves heaping on were only sustainable by the strength of a dragoness. Mighty calves and back muscles were necessities ensuring this leviathan of a woman could ever walk upright.

The walls bulged outwards. Snapping in parts and sending scaly red bits of bust and butt bubbling outwards.

She kept balling herself up tighter, like she was a hatchling again. This house was her egg. One that would break by the time she was done. Eyes closed. Fists clenched. Body folded inwards. She held this pose, willing herself to keep growing. Building up personal anticipation

for that moment when everyone in the village looked up and beheld the *true* Adelonda, shorn of long-since shredded clothes. Nude and grandiose.

Then, Tyler got her attention.

He swam for a surface blocked by crossed thighs, scrabbling hands poking from her slit and finding the slimy pink foothold of Adelonda's clitoris. The sensation made tons of woman unravel to sit upright. The house went with her. In every direction, walls crashed outwards. The roof howled down, its splintered ruins sullyng regal locks of hair and vanishing into the depths of her cleavage.

With her emergence, Adelonda threw her head back and let out a monstrous roar heard throughout the village. A great gout of fire spewed from her open maw and lit the sky. Majestic wings erupted from her back.

It all made for a dramatic prelude to her orgasm. Thighs thick as her former home spread to unleash a clear stream of the sharply-scented fluid. It gushed freely, ejecting a soaked and limp Tyler with it; he laid dazed in the inadequate space afforded by thighs squashed out along the road.

Adelonda didn't comfort her lover. Tyler knew what he had been getting into, after all. Giving her that first gift, unlocking the greed that existed deep down at the heart of every dragon. Devotion was *expected* of a mate, no matter how great the disparity between them grew. She merely chuckled, then began the arduous process of rising to her feet.

Even standing provided its own unique sort of ecstasy. Adelonda savored the sheer heaviness of her red, clawed feet cratering the road. Watching her perspective sweep to dizzying heights as she discovered her newfound height for the first time.

Even sitting, she had been taller than her previous, daunting stature—now, with her stance spread wide, clawed feet sinking into the ground on either side of her hoard, she *towered*.

Everyone in the village could see her, and she could see them. Humans, the tallest among them lucky to measure from the start of her wrist to the tip of her middle finger. They were rooted, necks craned—no doubt wondering what such a scaly creature’s grin meant for them.

If they had been cruel to her, this would have been a dark day. The ascent of a vengeful beast who could have charred and flattened every last home in a casual stroll.

But this had been her home. A good one, so far as human settlements went. It had leveled no crimes against Adelonda save for the fact that it was now too small for her reside within. She had outgrown it and every person who resided within its chafing borders.

Save for one.

“Get the gold gathered up for me, hon,” Adelonda’s own order chilled her. The voice that came from her throat and resounded through the village was a stranger’s. Undeniably a woman’s, despite its booming quality. It had the deliberate monotone suited to a queen issuing a royal decree. “I’m going to find us a den.”

She stepped over her lover and began stomping through the streets. Stone crunched. Buildings trembled. Carts wheeled aside, making way for the tonnage packed into her footfalls.

“Just follow my footprints,” the scaly titaness called back, playfully swishing a tail as long as her entire body—and whipping up a light breeze in the process.

Or my other trail, she refrained from adding with the last vestiges of her decency. In the spaces between clawed footprints, an occasional gob of ejaculate stained the ground.

Adelonda gave a conscientious nibble to one of her claws—she was well aware of the eyes on her bare body. And if the perpetual, post-orgasm leakage was any indication: she *liked* it.

They could stare all they wanted. It wasn't every day the countryside had a new dragoness.

*

The first cave Adelonda found was much too small. The second, collapsed when she set foot inside. She was less than optimistic upon number three, especially since the front entrance barely fit her head. However, after replacing it with a rubble-strewn, dragoness-scale crawlspace, she soon discovered that it dove down to a roomy natural cavern—packed with enough ancient rock formations to support her ample weight.

That night, it was decided: this would be her lair.

The second night, her gleaming hoard sat as its centerpiece.

With the cavern boasting naturally curving ceilings, it had headroom enough to fit a dragoness thrice her height. Adelonda had thus assured her hand-high half-dragon suitor that she still had *plenty* of room to grow.

They had christened their lair with a roof-rumbling, countryside-disturbing night that tested Tyler's limits, helping him learn his lover's new, immense body inside and out.

Within the week, Adelonda had become something of a blight upon the countryside.

It wasn't *her* fault she was so big, or that the cattle on the farmstead south of here were so succulent. She wasn't one of those *vegetarian* dragons that munched on trees.

"Tell the nearby kingdoms that I won't exercise my wrath." Adelonda gave a leisurely stretch. "That is," she reached down and swept Tyler off his feet, hanging him upside down before the draconic visage he had helped create, "if they are willing to pay a modest tribute."

“Aha, well...” Tyler gave a sheepish grin, poking his fingers together. “I guess that is better than having a kingdom wage war with you. N-not that they’d ever have a chance at winning!”

“Good.” Adelonda’s forked tongue slithered out to taste Tyler’s front—sharp with the runoff of her own sex, which he had just been spewed out from. “Get to it, dear.”

Pillaging the countryside? Killing kings? Kidnapping princesses? Not her style. Adelonda’s ancestors were morons. Why go through any of the trouble when people would hastily raise taxes to make her bigger and more powerful because she *was* big and powerful?

The tributes started rolling in. The once-spacious cavern had made her initial hoard look like a pittance. But each day, that hoard grew.

Each day, *she* grew.

Meaning Tyler, her miniature diplomat, lover, and sex pet, always returned to her looking smaller.

And smaller.

But the little pervert’s smile grew almost to Adelonda’s hulking size each time he laid his eyes on her and found there were new places for him to roam. Breasts he could sleep between. An ass he could drown in.

Oh, he might have looked innocent, but Tyler was as greedy as the gluttonous giantess he had bound himself to. They shared a common goal: they always wanted more of her.

Even with the absurd proportions she already had, she welcomed breasts more massive than the house she had busted out of. Acres of buttocks that pounded the cavern floor a bit deeper whenever she deigned to kick her legs out from under her and sit.

Tyler welcomed these changes with his own erect eagerness. He could hardly keep calm around Adelonda, even as she became more than he could ever physically handle. When they first started living in her lair, he had started at that perfect sex toy stature.

But each day, he had to put in increasing efforts.

Until, finally...

Adelonda, closer to mountain than woman, did what she did best: luxuriated.

Braziers swung high overhead, dancing with flames spat from her own maw. They caused her shimmering coat of scales to gleam bright as the polished coins that made up her bed.

Protruding from between thighs that put siege towers to shame, her enormous tail swished about. Its movements dug a persistent groove through her hoard, the clamor of clinking coins music to her ears.

She had foregone the minute motor skills required to pinch up a single coin. Now, they came up like water in her palm, entire fortunes spilling through her fingers like sand.

Gold cascaded down her body as she put momentous effort into heaving near-crippling curves, all so she could lay on her side. The satisfied sigh she released came out at her new, bellowing volume. There was nothing delicate about her—womanly, yes. But never delicate.

She would never go back to her old life, living amongst the humans. Shorter than her mate.

She. Was. A. Dragon.

A dragon with a visitor, she realized. The smirk she wore was all for herself; her guest couldn't see it all the way back there.

Even a lone, curving ass cheek had the mass of an entire tavern. Even with several stories stacked to its width, she could recognize that tickling touch anywhere. Only one person in the world would dare to lay a hand on her grandiose behind.

At least, one sane person.

Whether it was him or not, the results would be the same, albeit in different meanings of the word:

He was going to be *so* fucked.

“Who’s that pawing through my hoard?” Her sing-song words roared up to the ceiling and reverted back, doubling in sonorous force. Her movements earned the teensiest cry of terror as she rolled onto her back.

Her intruder’s tiny body was indistinct from the countless other priceless artifacts squashed beneath her rump. Adelonda shoved her hand under the vast mound of her cheek, tracing her fingers through its contours. Near the crack she palmed the familiar outline of a cute half-dragon immobilized by her rump.

“There you are,” Adelonda said to a comparative inch of half-dragon.

Tyler sat in her palm, elevated above her chest while surrounded by a king’s ransom. A bejeweled crown hung comically from one of his antler-horns. He appeared unharmed. For something that could flatten a hill by sitting on it, his mate had the plushest posterior of all dragonkind.

It also helped that he was a half-dragon himself, of course. A regular human couldn’t survive the affections of someone so massive.

“I was only trying to get your attention,” Tyler said, legs hanging over the edge of Adelonda’s palm, which provided a stable floor for him. Her latest growth spurt had made it so even her fingertip could serve as his sumptuous bed.

“Well, you succeeded.” Adelonda nestled deeper into her bed of coins. Tyler had said that her words could be difficult to comprehend at times, so she made sure the tone behind each ear-ringing utterance was unmistakable. In this case, her words were husky, eyes lidded with lustful significance as she said, “What do you intend to do now that you have it?”

Tyler didn’t have the chance to reply with anything save for a yelp. Adelonda’s tilted palm sent him spilling downwards with the rest of her treasure. He made a comical landing, facedown on the jiggling surface of her left breast—a few paces from the nipple adorning its hilly peak.

Flecks of gold could be found stuck throughout the partitioning ridges of her scales. The peak of her breast, though—a nipple engorged by a few innocuous tweaks that allowed it to match Tyler for height—remained its pure, pink self.

“Can I?” Tyler asked. Always deferring to her. Shyly looking away as though she couldn’t see his meager prick.

“I *expect* you to,” Adelonda corrected, pinching Tyler to her tit, smoothing them both together by thumb and forefinger. As she always did when pleasuring herself, she quickly got carried away, tweaking both of her nipples and letting out a moan that sent a warning stream of rubble trickling from the ceiling.

Only when a few rocks—boulders to humans, pebbles to Adelonda—splashed her face did she remember to release Tyler. He dropped to his knees atop the bumpy mound of her areola, panting.

“Overwhelmed so soon?” Adelonda cocked her brow.

“No, ma’am!” Tyler leapt to his feet and puffed his chest out. The seriousness of his reply made Adelonda giggle—then giggle harder as her initial burst of laughter bounced her breasts and forced Tyler to hug her nipple to avoid falling into her cleavage.

“Then get to work,” she whispered, playfully nudging his back with her claw.

When she released him, a faint but pleasant tingle started up her nipple. The result of tiny hands groping its grooves. Searching for more sensitive spots to properly please his monstrous mate. She had to squint to see Tyler in motion—there would come a day when even that wouldn’t be enough.

Until then, she would happily watch the loyal half-dragon lose himself in her sensuality. Chomping down on her nipple with teeth too feeble to penetrate the skin. Working his pants off to reveal his excitement. This was one of the few places on her entire body she could still feel his dick grinding up against her, hot and eager.

The more passionate his movements, the less patient Adelonda became.

Red dragons had little interest in foreplay.

“Okay, Ty,” she said before hastily pinching Tyler by his feet and hanging him upside down. He didn’t bother covering up the bobbing erection so obviously meant for her. “Let’s see that same affection further down. I think I need you somewhere a bit more sensitive.”

Adelonda’s kind were known for their natural body heat, and nowhere would it be more sweltering than her lower lips. She ferried her fingertip-tall mate to where her arousal’s beginnings produced a faint heat shimmer and dropped him off.

He knelt there, a bug atop her crotch—almost reverential as he stared at her protruding pink love button. The most sensitive part of her entire being.

At this size, an entire wriggling legion of men would be insufficient for her bottomless nethers. That was to say, Tyler's greatest efforts were more likely to end with him drowning than Adelonda orgasming.

However, he had made a discovery along the way. One that suited them both so well. Being somewhere around the size of an insect to his mate made him something of a surgeon, capable of delivering precise affection to any specific part of her.

He didn't need to be given an order. The second he was down there, he knew what to do. It started with a series of tender touches. Appraising hands sinking into the firm exterior of the clitoris. Adelonda tried to keep her quaking to a minimum, but as he threw himself at her clit and bit down, hills of gold poured down her back as she sat upright.

"Sorry," she whispered, giving Tyler a sheepish grin. One laden with fangs capable of chewing through castle walls. "I mean..." She cleared her throat before leaning back, elbows half-sunken into her hoard, propped so she could properly observe beyond her breasts. "Carry on, my mate."

Tyler obeyed immediately. Adelonda might not have been able to feel the little half-dragon underneath the heft of her ass, but she certainly felt him now. Every single touch sent an electric shock through her body. Entire tons of thigh fat rippled. Breasts parted at a chest-swelling inhalation, then clapped together with enough thunderous force to make Tyler wince.

He never stopped, though. That was one of the reasons she loved her tiny Ty. He knew what he had been signing up for—and there was no way to deny that he wanted it. This much Adelonda and more to come. A quivering mountain of curvaceous woman, complete with cliffs and valleys waiting for him to explore. Forget half-dragons, she was grander than most full-blooded ones.

And if it wasn't obvious: Tyler *loved* big women.

He straddled Adelonda's clit, hugging and humping and licking and caressing. It was the closest they could come to sex. Part of her wished Tyler could join her up here and provide proper satisfaction. She had the next best thing at her disposal, however.

She ran her hand through piles of gold until she found what she was looking for. The immense object came up like an ancient vessel dredged from the depths.

One day, she had been touring the countryside when a wizard's tower caught her eye. Despite the protests of its ornery occupant, she took the structure to a very renowned—and very surprised—blacksmith. The heaps of gold she had wheeled to him by the cart weren't payment, rather materials to be cast-mold. In the end, she had the first gem-encrusted, dragon-worthy dildo at her disposal.

The make. The sturdiness. Tyler licked again and Adelonda tightened her grip on the toy. A worthy investment to finally have something she could use to pleasure herself. It slipped right inside, plugging up her depths and giving Tyler a show.

The pleasing sensations his efforts earned faded to a dull pang in the background. Nothing could trump his massive surrogate. At the end of the day, only one person could truly please Adelonda—and that was herself.

Boom. Boom. Boom. Each masturbation-induced shudder elicited another quake throughout the cavern. First, Tyler's contributions were forgotten. Then, Tyler himself. There was only Adelonda in her lair, driving herself wilder with each echoing moan or earth-shaking rumble she produced. Drunk off her own power. Listening for the clap of her thighs and breasts.

Geysers of coin and myriad other treasures erupted as she fell forward. Her chest provided ample support while her burning cheek was cooled by the coins she rested against. She

nuzzled them while her gargantuan rear hung in the air. On her knees, legs spread, she continued the monumental effort of getting herself off.

With each passing day, she got bigger. Each passing day, her sexual needs grew. The natural world was unequipped for a natural disaster of her caliber. Lights began shining through brittle parts of the collapsing cavern roof, cracking open against the force of her shuddering body.

One. Last. Push. That was all she needed before—”*Aaahh...*” She screwed her eyes shut, thighs spread as she collapsed in a blissful heap, drooling maw buried in her own breasts.

Only after easing herself back into a sitting position and peeling her soaked sex toy out did Adelonda remember Tyler. She glanced down at her crotch. “Tyler?” she said, feeling a pang of concern. “Tyler?” She swung her head around, scanning her hoard.

“Down here,” came a hoarse voice.

Her ears perked at the squeaking voice. “Tyler?”

“On your—”

“Oh.” Adelonda turned her sex toy around and smirked. She eased herself back onto the bed of coin, throwing her left calf over her upraised right knee—a casual pose while leering at Tyler, who was glued to the side of her toy by her own ejaculate. “Hello there.”

He looked a mess, but he was *her* mess. As much a piece of her hoard as any coin or golden, stories-long sex toy, and even more valuable to her personally. He was helpless. Slick with her fluids and stuck to a spire exuding her feminine scent.

Tyler struggled, narrow shoulders tensing, slender arms flexing taut, but no amount of effort could extract him. Half-mast, it was impossible for Adelonda to tell if being stuck inside

his mate had already left him sexually spent, or being forced to breathe in so much of her ejaculate aroused on instinct.

Their expressions carried a brief conversation. Tyler's, pleading, asked, "Can you get me off this thing?"

Adelonda's, bemused, answered, "Of course not, my dear, meager mate. Now, keep squirming." She licked her lips. "It makes me hungry."

"Stay right there," Adelonda actually said. She leaned her toy against a natural column jutting out from the sea of gold. She laid her head next to it, enjoying the slants of sunlight now spilling in through the cavern ceiling and illuminating stretches of her body. Now all she had to do was look to her side and she could see Tyler.

He had given up his escape attempts. Limp of body but not crotch, he gave Adelonda a feeble smile, one that could never match her own beatific grin.

"Not quite the woman you thought you'd get, huh?" she said.

"Better," Tyler said without hesitation. "Definitely better."

Adelonda chuckled. "You're the only man I know who would say that because you mean it, and not because I'd eat you, otherwise. Though, now that I think about it..." She rolled to her side, propping her head up by the cheek and leaning in close to Tyler. "You do look quite appetizing at this size."

Before Adelonda could further the foreplay that could end in giving her mate the erotic tongue bath of a lifetime, an uncertain voice called, "Lady Adelonda!" from the cavern's entrance. "The Duchies of Ewarde and Feld have sent me as an envoy. Their men bring tribute to ensure the abatement of your wrath. Though they are lands modest in size, their wealth is unmatched. They have come with a most generous donation to your... treasury."

Adelonda watched intently while Tyler squirmed. They shared another set of knowing looks, his markedly more nervous than her own.

“Bring me their offerings,” Adelonda called in the most imperious voice she could muster. “Then leave whence you came... I fear this paltry cavern will shortly be unsuitable for me.”