

Red/Blue

Everyone had those moments they felt like God Himself had His eye on them. A particularly good day, where every little thing went right. Or a particularly bad one, where the universe seemed to have conspired to make everything go wrong for entertainment's sake.

For most, it amounted to just that: a feeling.

Adelonda knew for a fact God had an eye on her—both eyes, rather intently. He had been checking her out, and He had very much liked what He saw.

The red dragoness slipped nude into their hot tub. Its contents gave dim light to the otherwise black chamber. There was no water inside, though the substance somehow felt and churned the same. Ran just as Jacuzzi-hot against her skin.

Spirals. Ellipses. Disks. *Galaxies* of every shape blazed bright in the tub, crashing together amidst ink-black space to form brilliant sparks. Clusters of stars lapped at her flesh in waves, homing themselves in ridges between scales like fiery glitter.

Her sensitive parts burned with a vague but constant pleasure. The heat of entire worlds revolving around her nipples, massive breasts half-submerged in stardust. Constellations reformatted around her clit, but this goddess by association resisted the urge to finger herself.

“They only make you look more magnificent.”

Adelonda's boyfriend crashed into the pool to join her. Space rising around Him in black waves. Stars fringed the oranges and whites of His fur like colorful embers. A fox who could make a dragon feel small, He reached a titanic arm across galaxies to wrap it around His reptilian trophy's shoulder then crush her against His mammalian side.

There were perks to going steady with God Almighty.

He lifted a hand from the cosmic soup, forming a crystallized wineglass that brimmed with space and stars. Guided by a nod, Adelonda produced her own glass. Her golden eyes met his. “Happy birthday,” he said in his bass timbre. A new Big Bang sparked like tiny fireworks with a toast between glasses.

Together they threw their heads back and drank reality. Miles didn’t begin to describe their size. She and her boyfriend were measured in metrics greater than lightyears. They were cosmic. Multi-versal. World-swallowers with stars flecking spaces between their predator teeth.

Existence tasted like fine wine.

“You’re right,” she said, swirling galaxies together by stirring her finger through the surface, “this *is* a surprise.”

“This isn’t the surprise,” Andy said.

“Oh?”

“You and I are going on vacation... except we won’t know it.”

“We? Isn’t it dangerous for God to forget He’s God?”

“Relax, it’s just for a lifetime.”

“I’m not quite used to thinking on that scale.”

“It’s fun,” said God, “to grow a universe from scratch.”

Adelonda arched her brow. “Only to destroy it?”

Laughter shook through Andy’s chest, the heave of His pectorals obliterating a trillion stars. All exploding in a line before going dim. “Obviously. You don’t grow a vegetable in your garden and then *not* eat it. The only question is...” Holding His right fist above the pool, He unfurled it palm-up to free a floating object no bigger than a baseball. Oval-shaped, with a blue

film that reminded Adelonda of a balloon's skin. It tinted whorls of light inside—galaxies, each a million times more compact than the ones breaking over their bodies.

“A universe,” Adelonda gasped, eyes reflecting its blue glow and all the infinite possibilities inside.

As anyone would, Andy liked to use His omnipotence to play with existence, but He remained a businessman at heart. Most realities stayed under lock and key in His office. Supervised. Regulated. Kept apart and orderly.

Until he decided to let the beast out.

“I know I can make you cum at a word,” Andy said, brushing the back of His index finger alongside Adelonda's snout. She clenched her thighs together as He exerted His presence, like invisible rays of sunlight across her skin. “But it's more fun when you think we're playing for keeps.”

Adelonda closed her eyes, yet she could still see. “I'm a scientist,” she murmured in a trance-like state. “I'm—not smart, a *genius*.”

“In some ways.” Through this other Adelonda's unaware eyes, she saw Andy. That universe's rendition. Slim. Small, the way a fox should be compared to a dragon. Easily crushable beneath her massive body. “But you're about to make a *big* mistake.”

Crumbling walls. An ear-ringing roar. Clouds breaking apart for a grin that could swallow the sky.

Adelonda opened her eyes, gasping as if waking from a nightmare—or a wet dream.

“I'm... *she's* going to make you a monster.” Adelonda retreated to the other end of the tub, not from fear but excitement.

“*If* you choose this universe...” Andy crooned. He pursued exactly as she wanted Him to, heaving through space and stars. “...you... the world... ev’ry-*thiiinggg*...” He lowered Himself until their snouts hovered close, room for just one blue universe to hover between. “It’ll all be there for that ‘monster’ to do with as he pleases.”

God had asked Adelonda out for a reason.

The Almighty carried quite the world-shattering libido. She was one of His perfect matches, found at a whim then plucked from her place in the multiverse. Like a grape, a tiny morsel for His pleasures. Size. Power. Taking more and more until one person had it all, leaving nothing for anyone else: they happened to have similar wavelengths on the kink spectrum.

“Wh-what’s the other universe?” she stammered.

Andy drew back; even God could be surprised. “For a second I was sure you’d take it then and there.” He closed His hand around the universe. When His fist unfurled, a red universe floated in its stead.

No lab. No monster-in-the-making. Adelonda saw herself sitting at the head of a throne room. “A queen,” she said with a smirk.

“And her king,” Andy added as this other Adelonda looked to her side. Jealousy panged red as the universe’s shell, this dragoness’s majesty undercut by a greater ruler overflowing in the throne next to hers.

But Queen Adelonda had a plan...

“So I’ll be the one dominating you?” She opened her eyes to tease God by sticking her tongue out. “Flattering that the man who runs everything would want to drown in me.”

Andy’s brow knit. “It’s your birthday,” He grumbled.

“*Mhm.*” They left it at that; even a fox who reforged planets into cock rings experienced brief moments of submission.

She and her divine boyfriend would inhabit those bodies, those lives—and Queen Adelonda could hatch her plan. Eclipse a king, eclipse a kingdom. Eclipse *everything*. A dragon’s greedy yearning pulled at her heartstrings.

Then present Adelonda thought about the perfect man she’d be leaving in the dust. As literal dust at her feet. Her submissive side mewled, needy for Andy’s massive self. Insatiable to the point that she wanted her God in unlimited supply. More to worship. More to finger herself to. Simply *more*.

Maybe it was wrong that their bedroom play had reached this point. Where whole universes needed to get involved for them to get their rocks off. But at the same time, Andy dictated right from wrong—and to this fox, getting bigger had always been a virtue.

“So, what’ll it be?” Andy extended both His palms. In them two universes floated, awaiting her decision.

Adelonda bit her lower lip. She extended her hand towards one, the other—then she snatched her hand back to clasp it against her chest. “I thought devils tempted, not gods.”

“*God,*” Andy corrected with all the arrogance His station afforded. “And He can be a little devilish when He feels like. Now choose.”

“Mm.” Adelonda’s heart wasn’t the only part of her that quivered. Red, blue, red, blue. Her eyes darted. To be a goddess, or to worship a god.

“Three...” Andy counted down.

“Don’t put it on a timer,” she whimpered.

“Two...”

“Fuck.” She really couldn’t decide.

“One...”

“Fine!” Adelonda reached out, feeling the sleek texture of another reality, head bursting with memories from a life she never lived. Memories of...

...*the blue universe*, neurons firing as she became a super genius. Formulas. Equations. But no amount of intelligence would stop her from making Andy into a domineering monster.

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...*the red universe*. Her gentle disposition sharpened with royal haughtiness. Fiery passion in her chest burnt to red-hot jealousy for her husband and his station. No one could be her equal, especially not some *fox*. (page 51)

Project Fenrir-Blue

Adelonda's toes scraped claw marks in rust as she thudded down the steel corridor. A typical scientist would have looked petite heading her four-man security detail. But for a woman of science, she was as far from typical as her IQ was from the average person's.

Square-rimmed glasses a size too small rested atop her snout; a level glare penetrated half through their frames and half above. Locks that could spill past her scaly shoulders had been tightened into an officious bun. But no amount of secretary-esque touches could downplay her species—a red dragoness, 8'6'' of one—nor the excessive figure that came with her birthright.

Anyone coming from the way she was going wouldn't be able to see the four men behind her. Where they advanced two by two, she took up the hallway all her own. Obscuring them with her height, curved horns just shy of the low ceiling. Width, too: wall-spanning woman-hips bound in a buttoned-up lab coat which her voluptuousness stretched into a thigh-baring skirt dress.

Her men tromped forward in military gear, needing to jog to stay close to their boss—though never too close. Her meaty tail was more dangerous than any of their batons. Sinewy weight gonged against the right wall then heaved aside to hammer the left. It served as her outlet for excitement.

And she was *very* excited.

The government hated what she did, but they loved her results. It took a supra-genius like Adelonda to appreciate their proposal—skirting those pesky international “crimes against anthrokind” conventions that would see her arrested in sovereign territory.

They had sent her... “abroad.” The government got some shiny new toys here and there, and *Doctor A.*, which her gold-clearance pass so advertised her as, got a lab with all the components she would ever want.

The station looked like an aircraft carrier from above. And that was the official story. Fenrir Base, a nautical world away from any shore. It inhaled and exhaled a buzzing hive of cadets in their taxpayer-funded fighter jets. So long as there were no dogfights in her airspace, Doctor Adelonda didn’t give a damn what they did. She kept to the lower deck anyway: her kind liked the dark; they called these sorts of places “lairs.”

Like an iceberg, the drifting station hid its bulk underwater. She was currently sauntering through B-1, a network of aged steel tunnels. An occasional groan from the outer hull strained through its innards, seafaring tonnage buoying below calm waters.

She walked past rows of riveted prison doors, all hatch-sealed from the outside. C-04... C-05...

C-06. She turned to face it.

“This is the one?” she asked in her businesslike manner.

“Yes, doctor.” The head guard, a tall panther who came up to his boss’s chest, acknowledged. “Let us get that for you,” he added as she grabbed a hatch that would have taken two of them to open.

“I can manage,” she grunted through clenched fangs, the hatch creaking as it resisted her initial attempt. But it soon yielded, and she began rotating the wheel left.

“It’s our job to protect you from any potential criminal element.”

A rare smirk flickered along the edge of her muzzle. “Thanks, soldier, but I’m a big girl—I can look out for myself.” The door’s foot-thick steel girth wailed against its frame as

Adelonda pried it towards herself. Her silhouette spilled over the dark cramped cell and its single prisoner, seated on a steel bench to the left. Too short even for someone his height to lay across.

He lifted his handsome head and cracked a playful smile. Adelonda hated that her heart still skipped a beat for him—this scrawny red fox three feet her inferior. Their kind were consummate charmers, able to slither their way into bed with the proudest of species.

“Hey, doc,” he said in his smooth voice. “Here to let me out?” Met with a scowl’s accusation, he added: “I thought you’d be flattered. It means I like you more for your mind than your body.”

She ducked inside. One floor-ringing stomp had Andy on his paws. Up against the rear wall in a cell overflowing with woman. Forced to crane his neck so he could see above the jut of her imposing D-cups.

Adelonda gathered his chin in her palm. The way she used to in the office, seated at her desk chair with him between her parted ruby thighs like a priest at an altar. He was so very small, but his silver tongue negotiated quite well with her clit.

“I’d be *more* flattered if you became my little turncoat by telling me who sent you to steal my formula. Was it Rysing? Another country? Is your last name even real?”

“I’m no spy, doc. Everything we’ve done is real. Everything.” His eyes were just as gold as her own. Just as calm, too—he smiled like this was another game of domineering dragoness and her submissive vulpine plaything.

It was time to disabuse him of that notion.

“What’re you doing?” The first sign of panic came when she bunched his orange jumpsuit’s chest in her grasp. His fists glanced off her much larger one as she dragged him against the back wall. Up to her prodigious height.

“Congratulations,” she told the squirming fox. “You, Mr. Andy Renard, are now government property. And seeing as we have a dearth of willing subjects for alpha testing, they’ve relegated you to *my* care.”

“Doctor.” One of the guards sounded concerned—more for Andy than her.

“Kinky.” Andy’s flirt came out strained; he couldn’t sweet-talk his lungs from the weight of a dragon’s fist.

“I hope you don’t mind if I’m the one pricking you this time.” With her free hand she rummaged through the exposed shelf of her cleavage. Out came a fresh syringe. Andy eyed the needle as she pinched its cap off with her front fangs. Exposing its fine point.

“What are you going to do with that?”

“A shame you’re a political prisoner.” She lowered her voice so the ship’s murmur would mask her words from the guards. “All that squirming is getting me riled. Ah well...”

“Adelonda,” he said warily. Eyes crossed to stare down the needle point held between his eyes.

“*Doctor* Adelonda. And don’t you recognize what’s in this? You went to such trouble to try stealing it.” The syringe’s payload was sky blue. Trace amounts of radioactivity made it glow in the dark.

Andy’s struggles slowed. “Compound 38,” he whispered in awe.

“So you did know its name. Though the official title is Fenrir-Blue.”

“You’re—”

“Giving you exactly what you came here for, you little spy.” For how huge she was, no one could call Adelonda clumsy. The needle slipped into Andy’s jugular so fast he didn’t gasp until after it exited. Her guards made disgruntled sounds, parting from the door to avoid the

emptied syringe she chucked over her shoulder. Letting go of her prisoner, he hit the floor then fell to his knees gasping.

“Observe, gentlemen,” Adelonda said. The syringe shattered underneath her foot as she backed out of the cell. “You’re here to see history in the making.” Resting against the wall allowed her four guards to peer inside like curious students.

“I presume you’re aware of Fenrir-Blue’s purpose, Mr. Renard?” Adelonda talked over Andy’s continued pants. His skinny back shivered through the wrinkles of his orange prisoner jumpsuit. “Would you like to tell my men what I’ve been brewing here?”

Andy only managed a grunt as he swung his right arm upwards, over the bench to brace himself into a kneeling pose.

“No? Well, I won’t spoil the surprise.” With her men staring at Andy, Adelonda slipped a hand between her breasts and brandished a tape recorder. “Subject 01 is showing distress at initial exposure,” she reported.

“It feels like my heart is going to explode.” That’s what Andy tried to clutch with his trembling left hand. His stunned-wide eyes stared off at nothing. “It feels...” The weight of his body brought him forward again. Onto hands and knees, staring down at the floor.

Adelonda’s men moved at once to help him. “Don’t,” she snapped—and they obeyed. Maybe they thought her calloused, but no.

This was for their safety.

Gasps turned to low animal growls. Wet spots formed on the floor: flecks of saliva streaking from his mouth.

“...goooooood,” he forced out, the word almost mistakable as another one of his growls.

In a rare moment of stillness from the ship, the corridor's ominous silence allowed a quiet rustle to be heard. It came from Andy's outfit—those wrinkles on the jumpsuit hanging from his slender frame ironing out.

“Subject is exhibiting signs of compound reaction.” Adelonda's excitement was plain in her voice.

“Like a bag of popcorn in the goddamn microwave,” whispered an awed soldier.

However unscientific, yes—Andy's body filling out the jumpsuit resembled the slow-rising paper pouch. Once-baggy sleeves fastened around his wrists as though someone had tightened them with a bungee cord. The same happened with leg openings crumpling around his ankles.

They tightened further and from there climbed; furs along exposed calves and forearms sprang upright as his receding outfit let them free. The claws that crowned elongating fingers thickened out of their former elegance. Curved to tough, rending blades that traced a nails-on-chalkboard screech through the floor.

It took the guards until now to grasp what had happened. Adelonda smiled as she saw them mouth the word. What was going on was infinitely more complex, but it would suffice to these laymen:

Growing.

“Subject undergoing hypertrophic alteration well over projected rates.” Adelonda's hand shook. It was happening. “Awaiting evidence of—”

A tearing sound interrupted her. The formerly sagging jumpsuit now hugged every contour of Andy's frame. The guard's popcorn analogy became all the more apt as defined muscle popped against a once-smooth back.

Each spasm that racked Andy piled on more. Biceps. Triceps. Trapeziuses. Adelonda had names for every piece of anatomy bulging before her eyes. An athletic fox hardening into a bodybuilder. Sleeves clenched halfway up his forearms could peel back no further; they formed v-shaped tears that deepened with their wearer's growth.

Andy was saying something. Adelonda almost mistook the word for a primitive grunt. His voice used to flirt silk-smooth past his lips; now it rumbled like a distant storm. Rolling closer, more forceful with each utterance.

"We have to help him." The panther decided to be a hero. He stepped inside. Adelonda didn't stop him for curiosity's sake. "Hey," he said, stooping down to touch Andy, "are you—"

"*More,*" Andy growled, his chant at last discernible as he snapped his head up. The sight of his changed face recoiled the panther upright.

"In addition to toughened claws, Compound 38 has caused an exaggeration of predatory features," is how Adelonda described her masterpiece's new face. Lips pulled back into a permanent snarl, displaying interwoven cages of pointed fangs—the most prominent being a set of sabers that plunged steep over his lower lips.

His eyes looked smaller inset within an enlarged head. Pindot pupils altered to keener animal slits. Claws, teeth, muscles: the killing machine grew as he eased himself to his exaggerated paws. At his full height he rivaled the surprised jungle cat, then grinned a feral grin as he surged a head taller than him.

"I've never felt this strong in my *life!*" Andy reveled, flexing the sleeves of his jumpsuit to ribbons. "Like this much of a man."

“Subject appears to be experiencing heightened euphoria.” Adelonda narrated with her own euphoria heightening. “Perhaps endorphins play a part. Physiological compensation for the immense pain of having his cells divided and bones repeatedly broken.”

“Look at all of you.” Andy leered down at the trained soldiers he dwarfed. “You look like *boys* playing soldier from up here.” A deep chuckle rocked through his pectorals as they burst free of their confines. “*Fuck,*” the 7’ fox panted. Adelonda knew that change in tone from their dalliances. “There’s no other feeling like this in the world. I can barely stand. Barely *think*. Barely...” He tottered on his paws. “Barely...”

Thoughtless instinct brought his hands to the crotch of his jumpsuit. The hyper-masculine exaggeration of his form didn’t stop at muscles or height. Adelonda’s breath caught as she saw the virile shapes stowed beneath his outfit. *Testes*, the scientist in her wanted to classify them as.

The woman in her called them *big fat thigh-knocking balls*. A fox over seven feet, hands broadened to the size of catcher’s mitts yet his testicles overflowed in his grasp.

“Subject is displaying a violent increase in libido,” she murmured into the recorder. Needing to pause to compose herself. “Most likely... ah, a result of an overproduction in testosterone.”

“Doctor, he’s still growing,” one of the soldiers urged. They fell back to Adelonda’s sides, knowing she was the only one large enough to protect them.

Andy’s great creaking body shuddered and pitched. Knees buckling, thigh muscles tensing to uphold him. He looked to be in a fugue state. Possessed by rapture as he continued to stretch towards the ceiling.

“Come on,” he coached himself. The way a man might on the verge of climax. “Come on, come on, come *on!* You can do *better* than this.” But he wasn’t trying to get himself off.

He was trying to swell larger.

“Close the door, doctor,” the panther said. “We don’t know what the hell he’ll do.”

But Adelonda stood in silence. The tape recorder still to her lips as Andy’s demands for more were answered. As her voluptuousness was matched inch for inch by the doubly dense thickness of her ex’s muscles.

“Just...” Andy clenched his fangs, pounding a frustrated palm to the wall. Steel squealed against his claws as he braced himself. “...a few...” His body pulsed. The last gasps of his outfit held on. He looked to be locked in such fierce concentration that his head would burst.

“...*mooooore!*”

Orange streaks of fabric flew from his body. Baring the sculpture-esque anatomy Adelonda had created. Her experiment loomed. Her equal in height, this primordial example of manhood. Powerful a dragon as she was, the gaping doctor had no delusions she could come close to his strength.

His chest heaved in the aftermath of his bone-breaking, pleasure-inducing growth. Arms broad as these stomach-high soldiers’ torsos swung at his sides. The extent of his erection drooled a musky puddle into the space between his paws.

He looked more lucid now, and somehow less. His stare carried over inferior men towards the only woman among them.

“Subject...” Adelonda trailed, *truly* seeing her hulking creation. As they stared at each other—like a person who had fallen into the exhibit of some dangerous predator at the zoo—it seemed to occur to them both there were no barriers between them.

Andy’s tongue furred around the side of his muzzle. Intent obvious in tightening limbs. Might spring-loaded as he prepared to pounce. All remained still for another of the hull’s

corridor-droning creaks, then in the silence he lunged. Claws bared. Maw open. Knot at the ready. Prepared to inflict his newfound strength upon Adelonda. To ram her to the wall, rip her clothes off, and shove that enormous cock straight inside her tight red—

Bang.

The brig door slammed shut. It rang with the ramming force of Andy's interrupted trajectory. Then it rang again as Andy tried to smash his way out. The door shaking again and again and again.

But if it could hold against a grenade, it could hold a fox.

"A-are you alright, doctor?" gasped the panther who had slammed the door.

"Fine," she said—though her answer came shakily. Her retinue might have mistaken that as a fear response. It wasn't. "This way. I need to get a team of diagnosticians in there with him."

"Yes, doctor." With a halfhearted salute, her men fell in line at her back.

More feral grunts. The fox's guttural voice calling her name. No doubt jerking himself off as he did.

Adelonda should have been thrilled.

In minutes she would be—her super-soldier serum, *realized!* There would be tests to run. Parameters to inspect. Preparations to be made for further applications.

For now, though, the sounds of Andy's animal noises following her down the corridor, she could only frown from a more puzzling emotion. The same emotion which had possessed her to give the panther who had saved her life a petty shove while passing him:

Disappointment.

*

Adelonda saw him but he never saw her. For the next several days she and her research team observed from behind a one-way window that looked out on the medical center. From there they put Andy's body to task.

He was strong—of course he was. One dose gifted him the body of an Adonis.

But he was stronger than that.

They paraded him out in shackles. Those and his elephant-sized jumpsuit didn't diminish his grandeur. A beast, kept caged for everyone's protection.

He didn't seem to mind though. There was a certain showmanship to his actions. He yawned while lifting weights, demanding greater challenges. Proper tests for the impossible strength of armor-dense muscles that could blunt a knifepoint. He smirked down at nervous men forced to work in teams to achieve precise measurements of thighs broader than their own bodies.

And he certainly didn't mind giving up sperm samples. That had become a mandatory part of his examination process. With how over-productive his new organs had become, if he didn't orgasm at least once each hour he couldn't concentrate on the scientists' demands.

Andy stood there in his chains, smugly observing a flustered doe scientist unbuttoning the fly of his jumpsuit. Letting his testicles spill free to hang in the cool air. His stare roved to observe the reactions of guards and doctors and the accompanying team devoted to him and him alone.

Each second grew his smirk and his erection—swelling out its sheath like a red balloon. A bloated penis that outclassed every male in his presence: then kept growing to leave them in the dust. Female scientists reddened, covered their mouths. The doe had to be escorted out.

It was during one of these showings that Adelonda currently watched through the window. She stared unblinking at her life's work. Her creation.

That she never blinked while his foot-and-a-half cock flared to its full knotted glory was because she wanted to capture every moment.

...for research. Of course.

“With all due respect, doctor, don't you think we should find the next candidate?”

“Next candidate?” Adelonda stiffened. She had forgotten there were others in the room.

Atop the table to match Adelonda for height stood Doctor Vermillion. The mouse was everything Adelonda wasn't: small, frustratingly ethical, and a government sellout. Here to make sure the higher-ups stayed happy with their investment.

“The serum is a demonstrable success,” the mouse argued. “I can't see what benefit continued observation of 01 provides. We need to select a candidate for position 02. Someone we can trust when administering the second dosage.”

“He's taken well to it.” Adelonda had yet to look away. Andy reveled in the attention as he jacked himself off. “Exceptionally well.”

“He's no better than an animal in heat.” Doctor Vermillion's small rope of a tail slashed the air behind her. “And the woman employees need to be... detoxed every time they leave the room.”

Adelonda could hear the doe who had undone the crotch of Andy's suit “detoxing” from the adjacent locker room. Moaning in agony as if she were undergoing surgery while awake. Except it wasn't pain.

“Fox pheromones are known to be potent,” Adelonda agreed with an indifferent shrug. “His growth has intensified the effect. Quite useful for rendering male soldiers docile, and the females—”

“Doctor,” the mouse interrupted, “he’s a *spy*.”

Said spy orgasmed in less time than some men needed to take a leak. Magnificent ropes of fox semen jetted sloppily to fill the transparent glass container beneath him. It had been wheeled out hurriedly like a circus prop for a performer.

“A spy... yes. Yes, you’re right, of course,” Adelonda answered absentmindedly. Staring at the gallon of sperm. More samples to take under the microscope—though she herself couldn’t. Women were barred from the storage facility; they kept nicking pheromone-laced samples for their own devices.

“So you’ll review the candidates?” Impatience archly heated Doctor Vermillion’s voice.

Adelonda went rigid. If she had the fur of a mammal it would be on end. She swore Andy was staring straight through the window to meet her eyes. Impossible, of course, but even so...

“Doctor Adelonda?”

“Didn’t you hear me the first time?” she snapped, whirling around to avoid Andy’s stare. “Yes, I said. Send them to my office immediately.” Hurried strides let her avoid the sight of him, but that didn’t mean much when he dogged her thoughts.

It seemed like such a waste.

This wolf—too scrawny.

A badger. Police officer. Pot-bellied. Middle-aged. Too fat and much too old. She shuffled that manila envelope atop the growing reject pile.

“A *gerbil*?” Adelonda’s simmering rage reached boil. Did Doctor Vermillion think they were making super-soldiers or giant plushes? With a swat of her hand the envelopes’ contents scattered across the floor of her office.

She heaved herself from her desk and stormed down the hall. If Doctor Vermillion refused to see things her way, she would prove herself with a demonstration. *For science*, obviously. There could be no higher calling. Their fling, his *body*... that had nothing to do with it.

He had to get bigger.

Now.

*

A stern glare proved sufficient to send guards scurrying off on a cursory patrol of the perimeter. They assumed she could handle herself—which she could, of course.

But then why was her heart beating so fast?

The door to Andy’s new cell was situated at the end of the hall. Larger on the inside than the previous one. A necessity when dealing with so much fox.

She found him on his knees at the far end of the room. Shackled to the floor by his calves, arms strung overhead and latched against the wall by their wrists. The bonds would hold, but they somehow made Andy look even more powerful—that he needed those measures in place to compensate.

His bowed head swung upwards. He grinned seeing Adelonda linger at the cell’s threshold. “Hey, doc. Couldn’t keep away, huh?”

Adelonda’s tail flicked in annoyance. She nudged her glasses up the bridge of her snout then strode into the room. “It’s time for your second dose, Mr. Renard.”

“My second dose?” For a moment Andy’s cockiness subsided. His slitted pupils showed a different side of him, clenched to predatory bars. Then his calm returned with a chest-shaking chuckle. “Shouldn’t you be moving on to less insubordinate test subjects?”

“Your vitals are nominal. You’ve passed every examination perfectly.” The longer Adelonda reasoned with him, the more confident she became in her decision. “Your body is incredible.”

“Why thank you.”

“The point being…” She glared. “It would be an *immense* waste of resources to steer course now. You’re my test subject.”

“Uh-huh.” Chained to the wall and at Adelonda’s mercy, yet he remained the cocky one. “And you had to be the one to administer it?” His stare shifted an inch past her, over to the vacant threshold. “Alone?”

“I think I can handle a single prisoner.”

“I dunno… a lady alone in the fox’s den?” Andy traced the perimeter of his lips with his tongue. Painting them with a glistening lacquer.

“You mean a fox alone in the dragon’s lair.” Adelonda walked up and caressed the side of his big, beastly muzzle. A reminder he was her creation. “You’d best remember that.”

“Have you been watching my examinations?” When she snatched her hand back, Andy’s eyelids drooped: “That’s a ‘yes.’”

“Remember who has you on a leash.” The glower Adelonda wore didn’t penetrate Andy’s crotch-height smirk. “Further research leads us to believe that the compound can be ingested for similar results.” She fished out his next dose, contained in a glass vial the length of her finger.

The instant she revealed C-38, a change came over Andy. Tension creaked from his ironclad bonds. Bulging muscles rustled underneath his jumpsuit as he fought to pry imprisoning rivets off the wall. After a few seconds the creaking stopped, wound-up muscles slack as he accepted his body's limits.

Its current ones, at least.

He stared firmly into her eyes and said, "Feed me." It wasn't a request.

"What, this?" Adelonda smirked, swirling the glass's contents around.

"Yes." Annoyance snuck into his tone. Not so silver-tongued when he wasn't getting what he wanted. "*Now.*"

"Oh dear. The increased aggression and libido were obvious from your psych eval, but do I need to add dependency as well? You're hyperventilating like an addict without his hit."

Again Andy flexed against his bonds. His fangs gnashed the air in a vicious impression of an alligator—teeth narrowly missing the hem of Adelonda's lab coat. "Did you come here to taunt me or grow me?"

"Can't it be both?" She stroked his head, folding his velvet ears down. That seemed to calm him. "Such a beast..."

"You're still attracted to me," he said with dawning certainty.

"Don't get confused as to why I'm here, traitor: you're my crowning achievement."

Corded shoulder muscles unraveled as Andy calmed himself with a sigh. "Then give us what we both want. Make me bigger."

After uncorking the vial, Adelonda ran her hand beneath Andy's chin. Coaxing him to look up at her. "Open wide," she ordered. The compound lit the interior of his maw all the way

down. If dragons didn't have a baseline body temperature of 115 degrees, she might have felt chills watching the radioactive material flush down the length of his tongue.

Fangs interlocked as he bit the air. Her life's work went down in a single gulp.

"Hit the spot," Andy said.

"How do you feel?" Adelonda took out her tape recorder again.

"The same." He flexed his fingers, forming fists. "Do you really think these bonds are going to hold if I get any stronger?"

"The rivets designed to restrain an industry-standard station wagon? Yes. I think I'll be alright. Again, subject 01: how do you feel?" His stare emptied out, eyes open but not registering anything. "Subject 01?"

A ferocious burst of energy jolted through him. He attempted to rip himself from the wall, but his restraints barely made a sound. Powerful breaths, jaw unhinged. He ran his tongue across his chin to lap up a fresh stream of drool.

"*Adelonda*," he gasped—spittle flying with the four syllables that made up her name. He lifted his snout to the air. "You smell amazing."

"Subject 01's predatory senses are escalating. Exhibits an almost feral hunger towards—"

"I don't want to eat you." Andy's grin was savage as his body tremored. Lines cut across his sleeves, like a pillow slashed open so the stuffing came out. Except this was all flexing, pulsating, *swelling* muscle. "I want to..."

Another diamond-shaped tear burst straight along the dimple between his rising pecs. "...to eat you..."

In a circumference around his shoulders. "...ooouutt."

“Th-the subject’s libido is showing a considerable spike in activity,” Adelonda reported, trying to keep her tone clinical as she eyed the dampening crotch of his jumpsuit. That conspicuous shape tenting his outfit then climbing the heights of his abdomen.

“So is yours.” Andy’s words were breathless. His jaw shook as he licked his lips again. “My senses. They’re going wild. I can see the way your muscles are tensing. I can *smell* your cunt like I’m nose-deep in it already. Fuck, you’re like a bitch in heat! No wonder you came back. You need me in there so bad.”

Adelonda took a step back. “S-subject is...”

“*Stop!*” he bellowed, his yell echoing into the corridor. Adelonda found herself frozen in place. Staring into those eyes: half-person, half-snarling, horny beast. “There’s no guards around. Turn off that recorder and give me a taste.”

The tape recorder’s stop button clicked off at a press from Adelonda’s thumb. He was right, there were no guards around. And so long as his shackles remained she was in control. Slipping the recorder back between her breasts, she sashayed towards the slavering fox-creature. Resting a hand atop his head, she pressed the crotch of her lab skirt into his snout.

Andy was her creation. She could use him however she liked.

Fabric tore loudly as his fangs found their mark. Gnashing through the hem of her lab coat, reduced to a ragged chunk of spit-drenched cloth and buttons which he spat onto the floor. She gasped as he dented her damp velvet panties with his mouth—thick forefangs scraping downwards, slicing the crotch of her underwear like damp tissue. Her knees buckled, suddenly needing to rely both hands atop Andy’s head to remain standing.

He ravished her slit in a way his smaller self never could. This brutish cousin to foxkind licked broad and blunt. Wolfing down a stream of ejaculate she couldn't contain. As Andy pried her folds apart with his snout, Adelonda humped against him. "Fuck," she hissed.

Fenrir-Blue's effects were beginning to percolate. His elongating snout stretched her wider, burrowed deeper inside. Tongue ramming more of her sensitive inner walls. Between intermittent gulps of dragon cum he bellowed out deepening grunts. And as he did, shudders beat through his massive body in waves. Each time Adelonda managed to strain her eyes open a crack through the arousal, she was exhilarated and terrified to discover *more* Andy below.

"*Grow*," she ordered her creation. "B-become my perfect specimen. More perfect than you already are!"

Muscle brimming. Size increasing. Body spreading. His jumpsuit had been ripped to halves across the stomach. As the angle between his head and her pussy steepened, Adelonda refused to relinquish his tongue. She hopped atop Andy, sturdy enough to shoulder her voluptuous thighs as a bench might. Both her hands found the back of his lap-filling head and pushed.

His shackles must have hurt at this size. No matter how much he grew his bone and muscle remained weaker than cold artifice. They bit at the slimmest points of his bulk, emitting constant protests while they warred to stay intact.

It excited Adelonda all the more—this awareness that the fox glaring up from her entwined thighs, the fox who had surpassed her and any other species' height, was giving all he could to get at her. She could feel it in each effortful bunch of shoulder muscles beneath her legs. Every flexing quake as his primal side yearned for a mate.

Oh, she would be *doomed* without these shackles. His tongue alone left her with palpitations. The girth of his snout enough that she ached. Andy's cock would obliterate her.

But she was safe, so she still smiled. Panted. Tongue lolling.

Too lost in the sensation to notice the first *crunch* of a rivet ripped off the wall. Sent clinking across the floor. She didn't register it the second time either. Even if she had, she wouldn't have believed it. These restraints could hold a speeding car in place. There was no way Andy would break free.

A forward heave of his head parted Adelonda's vided thighs. Flung backwards across the prison until its steel floor rang with her sprawled heft. Her glasses flew off her snout and slid out into the hallway. She propped herself by an elbow, another hand to a crotch matted in spit and ejaculate.

The floor shook her back to reality.

Andy dominated the back of the prison with a body like a slab. He had heaved himself onto one knee. Another floor-pulsing tremor brought him fully upright, the remains of his jumpsuit falling from carved shoulders with an almighty shrug.

Arousal alone couldn't turn Adelonda's brain off. When she saw the world, she always took measurements. The sort of calculations most needed a computer or tools for, she performed easily as breathing.

So when she saw Andy looming over her, his ears half-bent by the ceiling—a ceiling she could only tickle with the absolute tips of her claws—it took seconds to come to a simple estimate.

She was looking up at a 12'3'' fox.

A *crunch* like a car over gravel came from beneath Andy's skin. Shoulders exaggerated as a padded quarterback's widened to bang against opposite walls at once. As he continued to creep upwards, Adelonda recognized the sound for what it was: a big body, growing bigger.

The bulk of his neck craned forward, the rising mass of his shoulders burdening him into a primitive hunch. His head sloped low, as though he was always poised to charge.

13'.

One of his paws crashed to the floor on Adelonda's immediate left. Wide as her draconic torso, its bone-breaking weight tattooed a print into steel. Calculations abound. Those muscles, that height, the exaggerated girth of his appendages... he was stronger than a car, heavier than a *truck*. Not a ton of fox. Tons. Enough to bend steel. Enough to crush a grown man's skull underfoot.

She yelped as he bore his tonnage downwards, knees denting the floor to her left and right.

If not for the fur, the warmth, she would have thought she was frantically patting a pair of I-beams that had fallen through the ceiling. They weren't. They were Andy's thighs—spread to encompass her entirety.

His descending form had pounded her prone. Cries for her guards were muffled by a blanket of skin. Furry warmth that spilled over her snout like a facemask.

That patch of skin was the dimple between two testicles on the bloated scale of prize watermelons. Above towered Andy's monstrous erection. Palmed upwards by both hands, gliding along the pre-slicked underbelly.

From above the jut of his pecs he leered with a cruel god's beady eyes.

Technically, this position made him the vulnerable one. Size didn't save his testicles from being the only weak point left on his tank-like physique. Adelonda could still resist. She had fangs. She could *bite* like a cornered animal to get out from under him.

...if she wanted to get out from under him.

The idea of resistance became as fanciful a notion as defying the laws of physics. Urgency behind her pats ebbed to admiring caresses tracing the muscles of inner thighs. With each breath she took, she grew more sedate.

As she had explained to her colleagues, a typical male renard exuded powerful pheromones. The kind that aroused olfactory inclined mammals. Andy was an atypical renard in every sense. One whiff of him at his previous height had driven her female subordinates mad with lust.

Now here she was, forced to huff an even more potent alpha.

A scientific assessment of the situation played out in Adelonda's head. Rationale behind the sexual urgency welling between her legs. But logic became a blurry thing. She was like a patient made to inhale nitrous oxide. Her eyelids fluttered, heartbeat slowing.

Until two words from the creaking goliath rattled through her skull:

"My turn."

He let his cock fall forward. Its pulsating underbelly blotted her view. Cast-off droplets of pre forced her to squint each time they plinked her forehead, between her eyes.

For the first time in her life, proud Doctor Adelonda whimpered for another man. Her pleading expression went unseen. Want for Andy became need. *Use me, use me, use me,* screamed a simpler Adelonda—less mighty dragon, more quivering woman.

The mask of his heady balls peeled away. Stout fingers pried her maw to its widest.

“You never let me put it in you,” Andy growled as he repositioned himself. Arching his grand form overhead, knot poised before her face like a cannon ready to blow. “You never cared about my needs. So long as you got off.”

Still his body creaked like a miraculous cathedral erecting itself higher. Even in her most urgent moment—voluptuous thighs thrashing from lust and existential terror—she still thought of Andy as hers. Her cathedral.

“Consider this making up for lost time.”

At first shove, his cock yawned her jaw to muscle-aching limits. Plump red skin glided against her teeth. Somehow not sharp enough to scathe, only please. The tip of his cock pushed straight for the back of her mouth.

A lesser woman couldn't have taken it. Her intelligence, her strength. That Adelonda could survive this monster's hip thrusts was the only benefit left of her birthright.

On hands and knees, pumping his hips. Her maw was his. She choked. Gasped. Wheezing strained breaths through her nostrils.

“*Moore.*” Already back to his greedy mantra, Adelonda a mere supplement in his sexual apotheosis. Genius-level intellect; a model's body. Nothing more than a tight fleshlight for her growing experiment. Lifting her head off the floor, fucking her to the ground.

“*Moore!*” he bellowed, as though he could Adelonda somehow decided how much more he would grow. Her cheeks bulged with his pre. Syrupy excess gushed around her lips. The rest she had to guzzle.

If he hadn't fucked his way into her mouth earlier, he never would have been capable of getting it this deep now. It was swelling larger inside her. She would have been terrified if she wasn't high off his balls.

“Bigger, dammit!” His savage fists swung down and beat dents in the floor. Over and over in an erotic tantrum. “*Big-ger!*” Tremors through his body became tremors through Adelonda’s.

“Oh god!” A voice from the door. Through Adelonda’s swimming vision, she saw silhouettes. Armed soldiers had arrived too late to investigate the commotion. “Hold your fire, he has the doctor.”

“Oh, I have her alright.” A rippling ceiling of muscle went rigid above Adelonda. As concrete settled into its hard final state, she could sense his elastically changing body had solidified at its next milestone. Even now, choking on cock, mewling and debased for her guards to see, she made the final calculation before he buried his load deep inside her.

15’.

The measurement made Adelonda cum, a puddle spilling between her thighs. Then Andy came. A hot, gushing, never-ending load. Her throat bobbed. It was like taking a pitcher of sweet, hot fluid and being forced to down it nonstop. Sliding down her throat. Causing her stomach to slosh, a cum-bloated hill cresting her breasts.

Andy thrust himself upright, pulling Adelonda a foot off the floor by her muzzle before his erection reeled loose. Aftershocks of cum sputted from his shaft, carelessly falling across her face.

“You think those toy guns can hurt me?” Andy asked, already forgetting about the dragoness he had utterly ruined.

“Don’t fire,” Adelonda whimpered. Too aroused to feel the future shame that would be there when she woke.

But they did. The report of bullets didn't ring through the halls. Their guns emitted air-pressure sighs—darts plinking across his chest. For every ten fired per second, one found a home in the contours of his chest. He grunted in discomfort, brushing the needles aside as he took a ponderous step forward.

Then the room shook as he collapsed onto his side.

A dozen tranquilizers designed to get elephants drunk flooded his bloodstream. An even more potent tranquilizer lulled Adelonda. The cum-drenched dragon shivered one last time for her guards to see, then she was out.

*

“I can-*not* believe you would pull a stunt like that!” Doctor Vermillion scolded for perhaps the hundredth time this past half-hour. The sylph of a mouse paced atop her desk—one fit for a normal-sized anthro and therefore much too large for her. “I knew you were a mad scientist, but I didn't expect full-blown insane! You should be committed.”

Ironic that Adelonda now sat in the same jumpsuit Andy had. Her body dominated the rodent's cramped office space, two armed guards at her back. Excess hips spilled over two chairs set together while she sat upright, eye-to-eye with this feminine scrap who had been chewing her out.

“You still haven't denied the efficacy of my results,” she said calmly.

“*Efficacy?* Everyone in the facility thinks your experimental boyfriend knocked you up!” Doctor Vermillion gestured at the dragoness.

Shame burned hot through Adelonda as she gave her middle a pat. Her new uniform made the small belly bump obvious. No, she hadn't gotten pregnant. But she *had* been forced to

metabolize over 80,000 calories in protein in a single evening. Not bad for her. Healthy, in fact—a superfood.

But far, far too much of a good thing. Andy had left a permanent mark. Padding her thighs and butt with firm fat. Making her go up a full cup size. As though to mold her into his concubine.

“We’ve already had to seal away five drums of... *that* since his second exposure to 38. The compound is an obvious failure. We can’t have our elite military on routine patrols if they need to relieve their libido in oil tankers.”

“I just need more time,” Adelonda said.

“No. I’ve already decided we’re pulling the plug. We’ll send the compound to an on-shore facility where we can refine your work.”

“You’d fire me? Take me away?” Adelonda rose to cast an indignant glare down at the mouse. “From Andy—ah, Subject 01?”

Doctor Vermillion folded her arms and smirked in triumph. “You’ve been compromised, doctor. You want him more than the compound.”

“He’s my experiment,” Adelonda growled. “And I demand to see him.” Since regaining consciousness, she had grown increasingly antsy. Drumming her claws, bouncing her legs—lifting her snout for a trace of *his* scent on the air.

“A whiff of 01’s... anatomy is enough to leave a woman effectively comatose for half an hour. You received enough exposure to permanently stimulate parts of your brain. Your body has reflected the behaviors of an addict since waking.”

“I have the highest-recorded IQ of any living person,” Adelonda said. The guards made a move for her when she showed teeth, but Doctor Vermillion waved them back. “Do you really

think my willpower is that weak?” Her tone was one of grave offense. Not because she disagreed. This was frustration. Furious denial over what her instincts told her.

All the scientific brilliance in her head and she couldn't scrub Andy out. Whenever a thought strayed too far from him, she recalled his touch and lost track. As if he could grope her from any distance. Then she would picture the immaculate cut of his body. The girth of his—

“You're drooling,” Doctor Vermillion said.

Adelonda swiped a knuckle against her lower lip. “You can't do this!”

“Don't worry, we'll be shipping your boyfriend overseas. Back to where he can be interrogated over who he's working—” Though her lips continued to move, a blaring alarm rendered her inaudible. The room's nautical ceiling light switched from pale yellow to dire flashing red.

“What's happening?” Doctor Vermillion shouted to her men, who seemed to know as much as her. The mouse reached a hand up to her left ear and the conspicuous earpiece embedded there. She frowned, straining to listen to a report while the alarm carried on.

As an answer came, her eyes widened. “He's escaped!” she shouted.

“Escaped,” Adelonda repeated. Breathless. Imagining his bulk reconfiguring corridors as if their steel were tinfoil. An unstoppable force stampeding towards the honeyed scent of Adelonda's—she shook the image from her head. No, no, no. Those weren't her thoughts. She wasn't Andy's plaything. She was a genius!

“How is that possible?” she asked. “We have prisons strong enough to secure someone twice his size.”

“We had Sergeant Langley and her men—”

“*Her* men?”

“Dammit! The one time the military decides not to be sexist.”

“Where is he headed?”

“The payload.”

The thought made Adelonda collapse back into her seats. Rational horror warred with her musk-addled libido. If Andy had made an addict out of her, she had done the same to him—except where she yearned for another taste of his body, he was jonesing for his next growth spurt.

He needed to get bigger more than he needed food. Water. Air. His 15’ body must have felt like a straitjacket. Restrictive compared to whatever sizes Fenrir-Blue promised to deliver. So it made sense his keen nostrils would sniff out their refining station and its stock of Compound 38. Not these little vials’ worth—whole churning *vats*. Enough to make an army of Andys, or if ingested by one man...

“Let me come with you,” she said, rising back to her feet. “I can reason with him.”

“Like you ‘reasoned’ with him in his cell?” Doctor Vermillion’s cocky expression broke, flinching as someone yelled into her earpiece. After a pause, she meekly asked: “What do you think will happen, if he gets access to the vats?”

“A very ribald end-of-the-world scenario,” Adelonda said bluntly.

“Then I have no time to waste.” As Doctor Vermillion went to leap down from the desk, Adelonda caught her by the underarms like a child. She looked up in confusion. “Huh?”

“Catch,” Adelonda said—whirling around to throw the mouse at one of her men. The tiger shouted as Vermillion collided with him. Adelonda knocked the other soldier aside on her way out. She slammed the steel door shut before they could draw their weapons, then ripped the handle off.

“Apologies!” she yelled, ignoring bangs from the other side of the steel door. “I can’t let you get rid of my experiment, no matter how dangerous you think he is. I’ll solve this problem. Don’t worry. He’s my creation. He’ll see reason when I explain the situation.”

With that she turned then strode down the flashing red halls—fists clenched, glare determined. This was her job. This was her base. Most importantly, this was her experiment.

She would solve the problem by herself.

*

Alarms dulled with distance as Adelonda descended into the bowels of Fenrir Base. Her ears popped from underwater pressure. She swallowed to regulate, adjusting her gasmask then fiddling with the trigger of a tranq gun almost too small for her finger to thread through the guard.

The elevator platform lacked walls, allowing her to witness the scene before arriving at the bottom. Here the ceiling carried to its highest so that trucks could freely come and go along the four-lane corridor. At the other end, over a dozen armed soldiers stood in a semicircle. Their guns hung impotent from slack grips. They were men, all—none wearing a gasmask. Ears flat to their heads. Tails between their legs. An alpha male’s lingering scent had neutered them.

The blast doors they were guarding had been sealed. That hadn’t deterred Andy. Where they should have met, steel instead crumpled outwards. Deformed into an oval-shaped part for a huge *someone* to step through.

With a conclusive boom, the elevator settled onto the bottom floor. Hugging her gun to her chest, Adelonda crept through the crowd of zombified soldiers. They flinched from her. She must have still carried traces of Andy’s scent.

Sound thundered through the opening as she drew closer. Percussive thuds that could have been mistaken for machinery. Bellows of ecstasy that made her heartrate quicken. And between echoing gulps, wet sighs, a sound like a voice—*like*, because no anthro could speak at such a volume:

“*Moooooore*,” it droned.

Shuddering breaths came filtered through Adelonda’s gasmask as she stepped over the dilated opening. The hallway yawned into a dark and cavernous space the size of an aircraft hangar. A mechanical hum reverberated underfoot, produced by giant refrigeration units that left the air crisp.

The military had a budget the size of a first-world country’s GDP. Higher-ups saw something they liked, they bought it, made more of it, then doubled the supply for good measure.

Sight-unseen, they had decided they quite liked Fenrir-Blue.

They liked it a *lot*.

Industrial glass vats the size of swimming pools sat in ordered rows by the dozen. A Geiger counter would have had a field day in this place. Light from the tanks’ contents contaminated the otherwise dark room with a pale radioactive glow.

And across from her, faced away while down on all fours at the nearest vat, was a musclebound silhouette she had first mistaken for abandoned construction equipment until its immense tail swung through the air.

Andy had gotten big. *Really big*.

“Andy?” Adelonda had meant to call out in a commanding voice, a master demanding her pet heel. Instead the name limped out as something like a plea. She was too late. He was... terrifying. Magnificent. *Perfect*. The pinnacle of all her work. A feast of muscles and maleness.

If Andy heard her, he didn't care. The bus-sized fox had gone to the closest vat and tossed its lid halfway across the room. There it laid like a giant steel Frisbee. His massive form was hunched over the vat, a starved animal at its trough. Enormous tongue rolling out to lap up more of Fenrir-Blue. For a while Adelonda watched him like living pornography. Then he grew... then she remembered she had to somehow stop this behemoth.

New curves clapped and wobbled within her tight jumpsuit as she sprinted towards Andy. She cursed the crippling voluptuousness he had inflicted upon her body.

She arrived at his left thigh and pounded her fists against it. Curly furs thick as grass yielded, but the underlying wall of muscle answered with stone's indifference. It produced the low grumble of an avalanche, crackling towards Adelonda as Andy continued to indulge in his unstoppable growth spurt.

She gave the perimeter of his body a generous berth. Passing hyper-masculine testicles that sagged from upraised hips to spill across the floor. Tensing, bloated, virile ovals both larger than Adelonda herself. His erection sprawled all the more impressively. A pulsating log of flesh that sloped towards the ground, where its tip fed a puddle of pre spreading to slick the floor.

Two at a time, Adelonda hurried up the vat's scaffold steps. They led to a grated steel walkway that banded around the back of the vat. In the middle of the walkway, she stopped to brace herself on the guardrail—what she saw left her weak at the knees.

"*Andy!*" she shouted, vying with bass groans and the slopping sound of this great glutton's tongue churning the vat's contents. His eyelids hung low, golden eyes reflecting Fenrir-Blue's glow. Compound spilled from the sides of his muzzle, dribbled off his chin. He announced each mindless guzzle with an exultant, *Glp!* and then creaked to new heights. Would

he even notice if Adelonda fell in? No. He would lap her right up. Swallowed before licking again to slake his bottomless addiction.

“Andy, please!” she cried. “I know you’re in there. There’s no telling what will happen if you keep drinking. The compound was never meant to be taken in such amounts. You need.” She beat the butt of her gun against Andy’s thick skull. “To.” Again. “Stop.” And again. “Growing! Andy? *Andy!*”

Andy’s appetite may have been bottomless, but the vat certainly wasn’t. He swirled his tongue to polish the inner walls for any remaining droplets. He spanned the floor with a lick, draining one final puddle.

He let his muzzle hang above the rim. His lips parted, drool and compound raindropping in the slobber-matted basin. Panting breaths became humid blasts of fog that clouded the glass. Eyes the size of hubcaps rolled upwards. Adelonda’s pulse stopped at the same time as his gasps. She had been fighting for his attention—now that she had it, she didn’t want it.

Her grand experiment aimed his dripping-wet maw upwards, voracious grin hanging past the guardrail. Jet black lips curled back to flaunt fangs long as her forearm. The gun fell from Adelonda’s grasp. Assuming its darts could penetrate his toughened hide, it would take an army’s worth of tranquilizers to make him so much as yawn.

“*Adelonda,*” rumbled from the god.

His breath fogged the plastic goggles on her gasmask. Knuckling them clear, she stammered, “I-it’s time to stop, Andy.”

“*No.*” His grin didn’t waver.

“I’m...” Adelonda paused to puff out her chest. Stand her tallest. “I’m *still* the one who created you! Deep down, y-you need me!”

“No.”

“*Someone* has to regulate your body. You could lose your mind to your libido! I need to find a regimen that will keep your hormones in check.”

“No.”

“There’s no telling if you’ll even be able to survive if you get any larger! What will you eat?”

“Whoever I want.”

“Bodies weren’t *meant* to reach this size.”

“Mine is.”

“You need to listen to me for your own sake. *Please.*”

Again he grew, as if in defiance. “*No!*” he boomed again—loud enough to make her ears ring.

“You don’t understand!” Adelonda almost sobbed. “The government wants to contain you now, but if you get too big they’ll just neutralize you. You can’t beat the military. Did you forget there’s an entire aircraft carrier on the surface level? D-do you think you can survive against a fleet of fighter jets?”

“No,” he repeated. A long, low *crunch* emanated from a hill of shoulder and back muscles rising above him. Heaping higher by the second. “Not yet, at least.”

“If bullets won’t work, they’ll use bombs!”

Unbothered by her doom-saying, Andy began to pull away from the vat. Heaving his stories-spanning stature upwards. 50’ and gaining, the lofty ceiling still out of this living building’s reach.

“Warheads if they have to. *Andy!* Do you hear me?” she shouted after the fox as he erected himself like a monument. Gallon-sized droplets of precum dripped off his shaft and gonged against the catwalk. One 10-pound droplet punched Adelonda’s shoulder and left her jumpsuit damp. “Warheads!”

“I’ll just outgrow those too.” Andy lifted his right paw into the air, the view of its underside settling their argument. “I’ll get so big a nuclear bomb is nothing but a mosquito bite.”

“Th-that can’t... you can’t...” Adelonda trembled in the shadow of his foot.

“*I can.*” Andy’s paw whistled down, reducing the vat to foot-thick shards of glass that sprayed through the air. Adelonda shrieked over the metallic screech of the catwalk. Stomped clean in half, terminating abruptly at arm’s length to her left—replaced by a short drop to the top of Andy’s rubble-caked paw.

His stomp shocked a tremor through the floor. Adelonda flailed for traction, grasping the guardrail only to have her grip break. She fell backwards over the catwalk’s edge, left sprawled atop the bony, brown-furred perch that was Andy’s paw.

“I can do anything, now.”

Andy kicked forward. Glass shards flew. Chunks of steel rolled across the floor. And Adelonda sailed dozens of feet. She tumbled through a rough landing that ended with her sprawled sideways. Left staring at a ponderous pair of paws booming her way.

He wasn’t slowing down. She scrambled to move aside. By the time she found her footing, Andy’s main pad was upon her. Incontestable weight beat her flat onto her back.

Enough woman for most men to drown in and Adelonda had been reduced to a curvy indent suffocating beneath a fox’s foot. He was going easy on her. She knew because she was still alive—a sincere stomp would have obliterated any dragon. Any car. Any truck. Any tank.

Buried in the lightless black of smothering flesh, Andy's growth became all-encompassing to her.

The repeated firewood *snap-snap-snap* of finer bones reshaping themselves.

The endless *creak* of ropy muscles tautening then stretching themselves longer.

The *rustle* of doughy pad flesh, like a giant beanbag sighing outwards.

Together these sounds mocked her squirming efforts. She sensed his increasing weight, the gaining volume of a paw more inescapable by the heartbeat.

Andy dragged his paw back. Sweat-slick pad skin smeared dampness into Adelonda's clothes. Seeping through to oil her scales. Between parted toes plump as her torso, blue light spilled through to illuminate her face.

From the lowly floor to the lofty ceiling, Adelonda and Andy stared at one another.

...though his erection made for a distracting intersection. Pre ran goeey rivulets from tip to knot, an occasional strand falling off. Some landed on the floor, others gushing across Andy's paws. Matting furs atop his toes then spilling into the groove filled by a dragon.

"For what it's worth, I was telling the truth when they took me in for questioning," Andy said. "I'm no spy. I'm not here to help some other country or business or whatever." He bent forward. Adelonda craned her neck to stare out across the floor. She watched him reach for another vat. Wrapping both hands around its sides as if handling a barrel.

"Don't do that!" Adelonda tried to yell, but the weight of his paw reduced her words to wheezes.

An effortful grunt reported from the giant. Biceps bulged high as hilltops while he wrenched the vat left and right. Jostling it up from pinioning rivets. "I did this..." The vat

squealed up into his hands. A plume of frosted air rose from whence it came, spewed by the refrigeration unit it had been ripped from. "...for me!" he roared.

Andy rotated the vat in his hands, admiring tons of Fenrir-Blue that would soon be inside him. Fuel for a fiery growth which had yet to subside.

"I used to be even more pathetic than you." The steel lid wailed as he impaled a hole with one of his forefangs. "I saw a chance to fix that mistake. I wanted to stop being a runt. I wanted to be big—and after I got big, I realized I wanted to be *bigger*."

Throwing his head back, Andy cracked his maw wide and angled the vat towards it. Fenrir-Blue washed across his muzzle. Million-dollar gallons of the compound spilled down his chin and neck and shoulders, dyeing white furs between his pecs blue.

"*Needed* to be bigger," Andy grunted through a mouthful of C-38. Horrific whines scraped from the floor. Tortured by Andy's mammoth toes, curled from arousal and raking strips of steel like shredded cheese.

"And *bigger*," he repeated. His growing paw heaved off the floor. The pad peeled Adelonda up with it. All her genius, all her strength; her reward was to be nothing more than detritus beneath her fling's foot.

She slipped off, landing on the floor. Rolling over as his paw hammered down in the distance.

"*And bigger!*" Scaffolds snapped with the resistance of twigs as Andy's ears flicked them apart. They somersaulted through the air before clanging across the floor, beams narrowly missing Adelonda.

"I don't want to impress anyone. Being huge is just that fucking *awesome!*" A clap of Andy's hands reduced the emptied vat to a shower of shards. Adelonda was running now.

Wiping precum from her goggles. Zigzagging to avoid fallen scaffolding and chunks of glass large enough to flatten her. “I don’t care if dragons look like fire ants from up here. My *dick* is the only company I’ll ever need.”

Another creak. Andy ripped vat three off the floor like a can of beer, washed it down like an alcoholic. He tossed it across the room then grabbed himself another.

“Can’t get enough...” Every growth-drunk step Andy took shook through the hangar. Intact rooms on higher floors began to fall through the ceiling.

“Never be small again...” He had grown too high for the ceiling. Collapsing to his mighty knees produced a tremor that made Adelonda trip over herself. Hundreds of feet of fox loomed behind her. Gasping. Grunting. Moaning.

Growing.

“*More...*” Glass crunched between his bestial fangs as if he were chewing through wafers. He didn’t even bother popping them open to drink anymore.

“*More!*” His claws scraped up a handful of floor along with the vat. He ate it all indiscriminately.

“*Moooree!*” Adelonda dove through the exit. She scrambled upright in the entryway, bounding over toppled soldiers in her breathless sprint towards the elevator platform. She hammered the top-floor button over and over with her fist.

Even now mental math circulated through her horny and terrified brain. The volume of his body. The rate of growth in exponents. Vat one compounded with vat two compounded with vat three, four, five. Dear god, if he gained height at even half the projected rate...

She would have to hijack a plane.

Fly far, far, far away. Except he would be able to outgrow the speed at which a plane flew soon. If her projections were correct, Andy would be able to reach any countryside within an hour. Not by walking, but *literally* reaching.

Within a day—

The platform produced a stalling click.

“No,” she whispered, continuing to wail on the elevator button. “Nononono.”

“*Adelonda.*” Her name would be heard across every floor of the facility. A feral voice loud enough to make topside cadets stand at attention. “Where did you go?”

Silence, then: “...Adelonda?”

Titanic shapes heaved beyond the blast doors until something black and glistening filled the hole between them. When Adelonda realized what it was, she gasped at the futility of it all.

The hole had matched Andy’s size when he forced it open—now it matched one pupil.

Both doors produced a clangorous whine as he crumpled them apart with his bare hands. At last, the elevator decided to judder to life—but Adelonda had forgotten how painfully slow it moved. It forced her to play audience while arms the length of the corridor spilled inside, swatting stupefied soldiers aside to make way for Andy.

A passage built to convey four trucks side by side couldn’t compensate for his shoulder span. They distended the entrance with a shrug as he soldier-crawled through. Muscle and flesh and fur poured inside the corridor.

And the elevator platform had only crept halfway towards the shaft.

Shaken off her feet, Adelonda scooped back to the farthest point of the platform. Trying to create as much distance as possible between herself and the cavernous maw hanging beyond

the other end. She had a lexicon the size of her intellect, but with all the words of the dictionary at her disposal, none fit better than “fucked.” Because that’s what she was. Well and truly.

“*There you are.*” Deafening words sprayed an apex predator’s saliva across the platform.

A wall of teeth dominated her vantage, high enough on their own that she couldn’t see his eyes. It was the equivalent of being talked at by a hurricane. Each soundwave erupting from his gullet a tremor down to her bones.

“I thought you’d want to see what you created—I owe you that much, for making me into a *god.*”

The elevator climbed into its shaft. That didn’t stop Andy. Iron bars bent. Granite broke to boulders which became cargo for the elevator platform. Everything in the way of his rising head got out of it. His growth spurt kept him apace of Adelonda’s ascent.

“It’s never going to stop!” he roared.

Screaming employees landed atop his snout. Rubble cascaded down his shoulders. The entire facility was coming apart—incapable of containing so much fox. Adelonda could imagine the base in all its layers. Offices. Cells. Labs. Systematically replaced, floors overgrown with tendrils of fur sprouting upwards like vines.

“I’m going to keep growing...”

Adelonda ascended another level.

“And growing!”

New shrieks came from the facility’s infrastructure as Andy erupted into view. Bits of concrete flecked his fur and caught on his lips like crumbs.

“I’m too strong to be stopped. The super-soldier you always wanted—am I big enough now?”

A widening shaft of light began to spill through the ceiling. The hatch was opening up above. Still somehow intact despite the base's failing power supply. "Yes!" Adelonda at last shrieked. "Y-yes, Andy! You're big enough!"

"Too bad." Whether or not he heard her, he rambled on anyway: "I'm just going to get *bigger*." That word stunned Andy's expansive grin away. Hot streaks of wind hissed through his clenched fangs. "*Bigger*," he repeated with a different intonation. A determined mantra. A primordial grunt from an animal who could imitate speech but didn't understand it.

Powdered stone and scraps of steel followed Andy as he ducked his head down. The devastating hole he had grown through was suddenly devoid of him. He seemed to have forgotten about Adelonda the way she might forget about a gnat in passing. Though he sank back into the bowels of the ship, she heard his demand just as clear through the cavernous pit.

"*Big-gggeerrr...*"

Daylight poured over Adelonda. She wiped spit from the gasmask's goggles, blinking at the aircraft carrier's main deck. Clear skies and sea spray made it feel as though she had just awoken, godlike Andy an erotic nightmare safely stowed in her subconscious.

"Don't move!"

But she was too smart to delude herself.

They had her surrounded. Armed soldiers stepping over detritus to reach Adelonda.

"What the *hell* happened down there?" Doctor Vermillion forced herself out from a packed crowd of evacuated personnel. The little mouse stormed over to confront a still-seated Adelonda.

“Doctor Vermillion!” Adelonda grabbed her scrawny shoulders and shook. “We have to evacuate. Now. You. Me. E-everyone! Call your boss. Call the president! Andy... he’s unstoppable. The carrier is going to sink any second.”

“I thought that too, but we somehow haven’t taken on any water.” Doctor Vermillion’s glare deepened. “I thought you said you’d take care of this?”

“It doesn’t matter now! This is bigger than that. *He’s* bigger than that. Arrest me. Send me to trial against the government. Whatever! But we *really* need to...”

Silence fell across the carrier as everyone listened to the abyssal creak of steel walls peeling apart underneath them. “Wait,” said Adelonda—now realizing something. “You said we *aren’t* taking on water?”

“No.” Doctor Vermillion gave her an uncertain look, not following at first. Then the same terror dawned across her face as she grasped that was impossible.

Shouts started near the carrier’s antenna, soon drowned out by an ocean rumble. The carrier rocked over churning waters that should have been peaceful as the blue summer sky.

A wave thrashed portside, washing over empty fighter jets and knocking people prone. Disciplined soldiers and untrained scientists alike fled from the head of the carrier while shouting something. Adelonda didn’t blame them for breaking rank.

There was no protocol when dealing with a sea monster.

An island breached the surface. Water roared off Andy’s head in sheets that rivaled cataracts. Ivory fangs that dwarfed any sea stack threatened to gnash through the carrier like a wafer. Vast shoulders shrugged curtains of the ocean back to its rightful place, their stillness indicating he wasn’t paddling to stay afloat. He didn’t need to swim.

He was simply standing up.

Pilots leapt into fighter jets that could never achieve takeoff. Not while this fox's ascent made the entire base quake, pitched side to side by apocalyptic waves. The antenna end came clean off, lifted up with everyone still on it. Cradled by the muscular cleavage of his rising pectorals. Castaways clung to strands of fur thick enough to support their weight.

Andy's shadow engulfed the carrier as he became an eclipse—sunlight dimmed to an orange glow that outlined the slopes of his shaded body. Fighter jets zoomed around him; pilots returning from their flights to find their base besieged. Shelling didn't elicit a reaction, their efforts unnoticed as Andy kept his leer fixed on the carrier.

As the matted white furs along his midriff became a horizon, the craft creaked. Water sighed from its sides as it began to rise from the sea. They *had* taken on water, Adelonda understood too late. They simply had support to keep them from sinking.

In all directions, a plateau of red flesh supplanted the sea below them. Andy's cock made for a leviathan in its own right; he had fucked a hole straight through the underwater base. The girth of his erection alone supported the carrier, unburdened by its weight.

A single throb halved the craft, the landing strip kicking up a cloud of asphalt debris. Another throb tremored it to individual islands distanced from one another by ever-spreading skin. The ground bowed into a slope, sending Adelonda and dozens more into a sprawl atop Andy's landmass manhood.

Body heat evaporated the chill seawater, creating a pall of obscuring mist that limited her view; the world now seemed comprised entirely of dick. An incomprehensible sound droned from the skyline. Only when it echoed into the distance could Adelonda comprehend the cry:

“Mooore!”

Sighs and whimpers rose around Adelonda. She was the only one wearing a mask that could filter out Andy's scent. His musk suffused the mist, making it a palpable force. It overwrote survival instincts, rational thought. Replaced by pure pleasure.

...so it didn't come as a surprise when Adelonda found Doctor Vermillion humping her leg like a bitch in heat. The uptight scientist whined with need. Dozens more were taking off their clothes. Kissing the ground in an act of worship.

Adelonda kicked the doctor away. She didn't seem to mind or even notice, laid out on her back while prodding her crotch with abandon. So consumed by simpleminded lust she seemed to have forgotten she could strip herself.

Another pulse ran through the ground as it spread further outwards. A single vein at Adelonda's back swelled to the size of a hill. One throb of Andy's organ wielded an earthquake's strength, shaking her onto hands and knees again.

She did the mental math, grimaced. His cock was growing faster than she could run. Farther than a fighter jet could fly. He had become inescapable. Not only an island, an entire world unto himself. Soon he would exude his own atmosphere. Exert his own gravity.

She'd be huffing her experiment's dick for the rest of her life. Forced to shelter in his sheath with the rest of the lust-broken crew. At this rate, everyone in the world would join them.

Miles-long shapes shifted through the mist, sliding across Andy's erection—his fingers, she realized after a long time staring. He could see sights no one else would, achieve things no one else could.

But he didn't care. He only wanted to pleasure himself.

If you can't beat 'em...

It was a relief to toss aside her gasmask and breathe the air. To have the privilege of inhaling the muggy atmosphere laden with a god's scent. It only took one breath for Adelonga's genius to be pushed aside. A shudder ran through her as she came on the spot. All her old faculties were meaningless. She forgot that she created Andy. She forgot everything *except* Andy. And Andy forgot about the mites atop his cock—he became their careless, infinitely growing god rising up from the sea. A moaning mountain. A country-crushing continent cumming across the known world.

If there was an upper limit to his growth, Andy would find it—and even when all the stars were lost in his fur, he'd still be roaring into the cosmos.

Demanding more.

The Ruby Tyrant's Rampage

On the flat hilltop which demarcated the western border of the Canis Plains, Castle Renard stood dour vigil. In the day it cast a sheltering shade across the kingdom. Tonight it stood as a turreted silhouette framed by the imminent pale fullness of the Moon.

Clawing marks across the balcony's balustrade, clubbing dents into the marble floor with each impatient lash of her tail, Adelonda stood her own sort of vigil. Glowering over the miles, surveying distant rooftops and a tangle of tiny cobblestone streets that flickered bright with bonfires. Imagining herself as a dragon of yore—so enormous she might swat the sight away with a wave of her hand. Singing carried up the hill to displease her ears, festivities promising to continue until morn. Here were miles populated by her royal subjects.

...subjects she had wanted as much as a farmer wanted locusts.

Every soul at the foot of this hill knew her tale. She had heard it at least fifteen times that evening, which was good. With thinning patience she had resolved to *flatten* the sixteenth teller—had it been her fool husband, all the better.

They told the tale to their children, looking across the plains and pointing up at the snowcapped mountain which had once been titled The Ruby Tyrant's Spine.

For a farthing any bard would strum one of their whining string instruments and sing that horrendous ballad:

The Dragon Queen's Hand.

They had, at least, scoured the part about the size of her breasts from the lyrics—on pain of being broken beneath them, should Her Majesty be in earshot.

The tale was cast in a celebratory light. Victors wrote history, after all. And Adelonda was the loser. Sore as one could be. Though the foxes did not laugh at her. They did not mock

their celebrated and terrible Her Majesty. But history's laughter dealt far worse a sting to her pride.

The Lady of the Mountain.

The Ruby Tyrant.

The Scorcher of Selibim and the Devourer of Detraide.

Adelonda had once been known by such a profundity of titles her heralds resorted to reading them off a scroll. Lest they forget in her presence and contend with her legendary, fire-breathing wrath.

Now she was permitted mere "queen." Queen Adelonda of the Renard Lineage. And a queen was respected, yes. Feared, rightly. But a queen, in this backwater land of scurrying little foxes whose tallest failed to crest the vertiginous slopes of her hips, was subordinate.

For every queen served a king.

Five years ago she sat upon the mithril throne carved into the depths of her mountain kingdom. Adelonda was the largest dragonkind thoroughbred in generations: something closer to the old myths. Such that she could stand taller and see above the thatched rooftops of villages which she led her kobold hordes to plunder.

She was a warrior queen. A *giantess*. 13 feet tall, bestowed of suppleness that belied lethality. Each titillating pound of excessive hip or thigh or breast or buttock compounded into her crushing tonnage.

A mere squeeze of her plump thighs could crack a seasoned warrior's skull and the helm he had encased it within. One swing of her backside could batter walls apart with the force of a siege ram.

In those days, she had been free—a tyrant terrorizing every battlefield. Savoring the breeze against her bare and Amazonian frame. Covered by the finest silk loincloth, mammoth breasts restrained by the shields of felled foes.

That had been when the world feared her. When they trembled for the Lady of the Mountain, instead of bowing and fawning and calling her that dreaded, “Your Majesty.”

Before this day became the anniversary of a grand queen and a frustratingly grander king, it had been *her* day. The day she opened the mountain halls each year, allowing all the kingdoms to send their greatest warriors against her. Princes. Knights. Heroes of legend.

For whoever bested her, as was draconic tradition, would have her hand.

It was a farce, of course. Who could fell a dragon in one-on-one combat? Those she defeated were sent on their way. The fetching ones she commanded stay, accessories in a harem she prized as much as her hoard. And considering the only thing she was legendary for other than ferocity was beauty, well—she had plenty of contenders who came to forfeit themselves willingly.

Fear.

Riches.

Carnal men.

There had never been a more successful dragon in a thousand years.

...and then *he* came along.

When a particularly terrified kobold bumbled into her throne room to inform her there was one late challenger, Adelonda had at first refused. This somehow made the kobold more nervous. He informed her it was the representative from the Canis Plains which sat in the shadow of her mountain. Home to the pitiful fox-folk.

She decided she could use a laugh—and someone to smother beneath her body, foxes were fetching despite their pathetic sizes. Thus she waved the trembling kobold on. Drums beat fanfare for the final challenger, bronze doors groaning open. Their great weight slowly pried apart by eight of her servants pulling on ropes.

The kobolds went flying, knocked aside as the doors boomed open from the other side.

He stepped inside. *Thudded* inside, a description which Adelonda had once used only in reference to her own movements. What seemed a demigod straight from myth, hand-sculpted by fate to punish her hubris, thundered into her midst. He shrugged the fur cloak off his titanic body. He had been told to come alone, yet here he thundered into the arena with legions of muscle.

From the floor, he met her lofty gaze.

“By the Sun,” he said, his jovial thunderclap of a voice filling the vaulted ceilings in a manner only her imperious speech was intended to. “You’re more beautiful than I expected.” Then this fox’s leonine nobility became leonine ferocity with a wild grin. “I look forward to taking you back as my prize.”

For this audacity, she roared down the steps of her throne. For another audacity as well. That this man, *a fox* of all the races, dared to tower larger than her—a dragoness. Thee dragon. Greatest and fiercest of her kind.

The fight lasted less than a minute.

By the end of the evening, the foxes under the flag of the Canis Plains had come. So sure were they of their victory that they had camped at the foot of the mountain then awaited the signal from his lordship’s horn. They entered hallowed halls of dragonkind, making off with her treasure and liberating all her precious concubines—no matter how much they pleaded *not* to be liberated.

And Prince Andysius II became King Andysius II. *King Andy*, as he so insisted his people and his wife call him. Carrying his blushing bride down the mountainside in crag-like arms. Turning her day—the day she reveled in her power—into their wedding anniversary.

Which the people of the Canis Plains celebrated the fifth of tonight. An excuse to get drunk. To sing. To dance their *ridiculous* folk dances. These small people she had once raided raised glasses to her in cheers while she headed their feasts, looming cross-legged at a wooden table lower than her lap.

Gone were the loincloths and scant shield-bras she ached for. Now was a life of gowns and claw varnish and pomp and ostentations. Only the shape of her overwhelming figure could be intimated in her ankle-dusting dress: a royal blue to her red. An affront; clothes were something dragons looked upon with general disdain. Fashion existed to aggrandize one's appearance. Perfection could simply not be improved.

She felt a woman tamed. Her palm traced the cold curvature of the golden wedding band around her right horn. Its polished twin glinted bright about the bulk of her husband's wrist.

He would retire from the festivities soon and begin to heave himself up the hill. He would do this before his castle servants and cooks and soldiers returned to populate the castle. He preferred to make the fulfillment of their compact a private affair—to best the Lady of the Mountain once did not mean to own her for all time. Each victory won him another year of her.

That first year, Adelonda had assumed his victory some fatal error. She told him such at every opportunity. Sneering with arrogance at King Andy, assuring him he would be the crown jewel among her concubines.

Because for all she loathed about the Canis Plains, His Majesty's womb-piercing sword was not something she could part with.

Yet he always remained calm in the face of her threats. When the second year came she saw why, facing defeat faster than before.

The third year ended faster, vivid seconds before she knew she had lost.

Year four, it ended in the blink of an eye. His victories had grown more decisive each time, and Adelonda knew with dread certainty that not only was he growing larger, stronger...

But she was becoming weaker as well.

Spoilt by his charms. Seduced by his body. When they first consummated their marriage, the king had to move their bedroom from the second story to the first—that was after they had fallen through the ceiling mid-coitus, giant entangled bodies filling a servant's much smaller chamber.

She was becoming his sow. Tamed by her king's regal red rod. Content to be taken by the wrists and laid flat against their gargantuan bed. Shaking the castle as they indulged in roaring, cataclysmic sex.

Tonight he would come a fifth time to best her. His hand about her neck. He would beat her to the wall. "*Surrender*," he would command, vicious claws digging into the scales on her neck.

She would, alleviating King Andy's snarl. A snarl that made him no more fox than she was a lizard. If there were a dragon equivalent to fox-kind, he was it. With his most tender and infuriating of smiles, he would give her a kiss. "Then let us christen another year."

And Adelonda, massaging her sore throat, would follow the train of his fur cloak. Already burning between her legs. Eager to indulge in His Majesty's godlike body.

“No,” she hissed. A handful of the balustrade came up in her fist. She tossed it mightily across the empty courtyard. With some satisfaction, she watched it sail over the front gate, hit the wooden drawbridge, then plunk into the moat.

“No,” she repeated. Calmer. To get her heartbeat under control.

That was how tonight *would* have gone...

The sound of wings at a clumsy flit drew her lips into a smirk.

...had she not sought to alter her fortunes.

Adelonda looked towards the Moon to see a silhouette struggling through the air. His slender feet stumbled along the balustrade; he pitched back, swung forward—fastening himself with a clench of toe claws. His perch elevated him shy of her chest, as opposed to her waist. Not a fox but a brown bat. The narrow creature sighed relief before enrobing himself within his leathery wingspan.

“Your majesty,” he said with a cursory amount of respect in his reedy voice.

“Wizard.” Though she knew the court wizard was no wizard at all, just an exceptional liar. Adelonda suspected King Andy knew that, but the bat made up amusing stories on the spot—which kept him in his good graces as a court jester might. He was, however, inexplicably well-connected. “You have something for me?”

Hazel eyes shielded behind round spectacles shifted to their corners. “I... may have something to your liking.”

Feigning disinterest, Adelonda teased claws through her flowing tresses. Those, at least, King Andy had allowed to run wild. “And what might that be?”

“This... *is* going to stay between us, right Queen Adelonda?”

Adelonda continued to comb through her hair. “When I depose of your king, it will matter little who—”

“If.”

She went still, fingers frozen where they nested in her hair. “What did you say?”

“*If* you depose of—” was all she tolerated before she gripped the bat’s lower legs like the haft of a weapon. He yelped as she swung him upside-down, forcibly dangled before her glowering visage.

“Do you doubt me, bat?” Adelonda snarled—the warrior-queen coming to the forefront.

She shook him to and fro while he cried, “No! No! No!”

This stilled her hand. “Good,” she said with a sniff. “Then show me what it is that you’ve found.”

After a reluctant pause, her turncoat “wizard” parted his wingspan. Immediately a diamond-cut ruby large as his head spilled from his grip. Here was the reason for his troubled flight: the weight must have been an incredible burden. It was encased in a golden shell, hung about his neck with a golden necklace thick as rope.

Adelonda gaped at the ruby. It spun on its chain, catching the moonlight such that it appeared to glow.

“The Heart of Gygithranc.” Uttering the name, she almost dropped the bat and the Heart.

“Yes,” the bat said.

“And you dare wear a draconic artifact about your neck?” Adelonda’s glare returned.

“I didn’t have much of a *choi-oi-oi-oi*—” The word juddered out of the bat as Adelonda began to shake him up and down. The necklace slipped off and landed in her outstretched palm. “Choice,” he grunted, laid out on his back across the balcony floor.

“You actually found it.” Adelonda held the necklace up to her eyes. Mesmerized again by its brilliance. She could feel heat emanating from the ruby core. *Gyithranc*, a dragon among dragons. In the age when her kind lumbered on four regal legs instead of a paltry two. Their bones had become the mountains of this smaller, frailer era.

“You said to ‘search far and wide,’ and I did,” the wizard said. As Adelonda went to thread the necklace about her own neck, he waved his arms: “Wait! Don’t do that.” He flinched as she swung her head in his direction. “It is the Heart, yes, but its wearer will endure a terrible fate.”

“A curse.” Adelonda grimaced. Of course. All magic came at a price. “What will it ask of me? Ten years of my life? My firstborn?”

“It will grant you your heart’s desire, but in exchange it will also give you Gyithranc’s heart. Symbolically, that is. He was the most avaricious of dragons. A tyrant. He was the reason the gods struck your kind down. He wanted to be greater than any of them. To be worshipped above all. You’ll inherit his hubris. You’ll have ambition to cover the world in... uh, your majesty?

“...your majesty, are you listening?”

“Yes,” Adelonda said plainly. Patting the Heart now seated atop her collarbone. While the wizard had been explaining the curse, she had been putting the accursed artifact on. It looked good on her. “And truthfully, that already sounds like me. So we won’t have any problems.”

“R-right, well, the artifact can be... ah, *quite literal* when granting wishes. So whatever your heart’s desire, I’d recommend you use the correct verbiage?”

“Worry not. I am dragon. Dragons, for all our complexities, have simple desires.”

Adelonda walked past her wizard to stare out at the courtyard. Her heart leapt at the sight of King Andy, his silhouette unmistakable as he passed beneath the front gate.

It wasn't only *her* heart leaping. Her fingers traced the icy contours of the Heart's cage. Her thumb caressed the rough cut of ruby, emanating live heat. She felt a pulse underneath. Its heartbeat moved by her own.

Gyithranc? Who was that but an old legend?

It would be called the Heart of Adelonda by the time she was through.

Envy burned hotter than the fire in her breast while spying on her husband. The one man in the world who had galled her with his objective superiority. “I wish to be the strongest, grandest, most powerful being in this land,” she hissed, clutching tighter to the stone as it burned hotter at her touch. “Such that no one, nay—*nothing*—will come close to rivaling me. All will be motes before my glory.”

The bat sucked in air through his teeth. “I did say *literal*?” Regret for his choice in monarchs sang through his tone.

“And I meant that in the most literal sense.”

“Yes... Queen Adelonda.”

“*Lady*,” she corrected. “Of the Mountain. Scorcher of Selibim and Devourer of Detraide. And soon...” She licked her lips as she watched her husband ascend the terraced steps towards the castle's main doors. “Soon the Conqueror of the Canis Plains.”

The bat flapped off. Adelonda considered the fear in his eyes a good thing. She did not consider that he was flapping far, far away from the countryside—trying to escape the consequences of her avarice.

*

Regardless of the exaggerations flattering these soapstone figures which represented his long line of noble ancestors, their statues paled compared to His Highness—the highest Highness to ever grace their bloodline. Their unfastened foundations scuffed the marble floor as they quaked to the rhythm of King Andy's ton-unloading steps. Never was he to be called Your Grace, for he didn't delude himself that there was a lick of gracefulness to be found on a man his height.

Where he went, the world moved.

Their stony countenances had intimidated him as a boy. Back when they towered on their stands, judging eyes demanding he surpass them. Then his 13th birthday had arrived with its impossible gifts and he *did* surpass them.

Each year thence he surpassed them further. As Castle Renard's ceilings rose higher and higher to accommodate their budding monarch (Who, much to his wife's chagrin, continued to bud well into adulthood. Forever, perhaps. Physicians believed he may one day stand taller than trees.) the statues themselves appeared to shrink within the ever-grander hallway.

King Andy had no delusions he had earned his grandeur, but he didn't complain. From political to literal stature, the 15' king had been born to greatness. Taller than rooftops—smitten subjects flocking about his knees. He could lift their carriages out of ditches and heft their heftiest livestock over a shoulder. Tiny wooden doors along the walls indicating servants' quarters struggled to crest his knees.

He thundered down the main hall of his emptied dominion. He was in a good mood. Likely thanks to the five flagons of ale burning hot beneath his breast. A cloak which could carpet an average chamber trailed him. Due for a let-out, royal vestments meant to bestow their

beastly king a civilized touch instead framed swiveling muscles which had blunted a thousand blades.

He was loath to leave the festivities and praises, but he had an appointment to keep.

At the end of the hall, his vulpine nostrils flared to draw deep the pleasant perfume of smoke. A scent he had come to associate with his wife—and sex, to an extent. It slipped from the crack beneath gold-filigreed doors which preceded his throne room. Doors only he and Her Majesty were mighty enough to open without a battering ram. From that same sliver, he saw dancing flames.

He smirked. *How romantic.*

Queen Adelonda was no just ruler. She was petty and tyrannical and quick to send any who wronged her to the dungeon. Many whispered doubts as to why a king would take such a fearsome beast as his queen.

Politics aside, there were reasons to court a dragon. Before her defeat, The Ruby Tyrant's Spine had been popularly referred to as The Ruby Tyrant's Waistline. Only slightly an exaggeration.

Beneath his winsome grin and a laugh which could shake dust off a ceiling, King Andy had needs. His pelvis could thrust apart beds. His hands could grope walls to pieces. Shorter women among his species were the size of his tumescence. They could not lift it, let alone survive it.

His passions were those only a dragon could endure.

He flung the doors wide. Where the main hall had been lit by moonlight spilling through its glass ceiling, Adelonda had rendered the throne room opulent. Each of its braziers and iron chandeliers lit by puffs of dragonfire.

“My queen!” His voice sang to the cathedral ceilings, arms thrown outwards to cast his embrace across the sprawl. The chamber felt empty without its dozens of courtiers. Immense pillars flanked the carpet which trailed to the head of his throne room.

“There you are, ‘king.’” Adelonda’s answer came with a coldness that gave him pause. He stopped to open his eyes, and his smile fell a fraction on finding his wife atop his own jewel-studded throne. Swinging feet which could not reach the floor. “Though I believe I will not be calling you that for long.”

“Adelonda,” he said with a chiding lilt as he resumed his stride, “it seems you have settled your regal haunches in the wrong throne. You’re only permitted to sit there if my lap is already present.”

“Hm?” Blue silk drawn taut of any wrinkles creaked as Adelonda slung one colossal thigh across the other. “No, I don’t believe so. This, you see, is to be my throne soon. This kingdom is to be mine. You, too, will be mine.”

Like his own garb, Adelonda’s attire could not mask her true self. If Andy epitomized all a man dreamt of being, she was the envy of her sex. The waist of her silk dress, intended to flare independent of her figure, instead fought to contain her hourglass shape.

She typically met this night with red-hot rage. Which made it odd that she drummed calm claws along the right armrest—left hand fondling a ruby which hung by a golden chain roped about her neck.

“If you’re looking to rile me before we retire to my bedchamber, you’ve no need.” Andy had arrived at the last of the pillars, where supplicants would kneel before the thrones of their king and queen. “You do that with your body alone.”

A snort loosed smoke from Adelonda's nostrils. "How they let an animal like you take a throne is beyond my ken."

"Please, wife. Rise from my rightful seat so I can keep from sullyng it during our spar."

Adelonda uncrossed her legs only to pile them atop each other in reverse order. "Make me."

Andy's chuckle echoed. "It's alright to admit that you like when I'm rough with you in bed, dear." His cloak sighed off him with a shrug of a right shoulder broader than his own head. "You don't need all these histrionics. Just ask."

That comment earned him a snarl of teeth. Her tail lolled over the right armrest, heaving up then ringing a smack from its side. "I expect this much bark from a dog, not a king."

Bone crunched as Andy limbered his shoulders one after the other. "Very well," he sighed—then lunged. It took two bounding strides to clear the distance between them. Surprise flashed across Adelonda's face as her husband arrived in a blink. He seized her underarms, pivoted on one paw, and heaved her far from the throne.

Her Majesty tumbled across the floor. Landing on her seductive side whence Andy had charged from. He dusted his hands with a loud clap then turned to grin over at her. "Do we need to continue?"

A low growl answered. Adelonda brought herself to all trembling fours, locks rich as the silk she wore obscuring her furious expression. "What right does any *fox* have to be stronger than even the lowliest dragon?" Muscle bunched beneath the sleeves of her dress as she shoved herself upright. Her knuckles trembled from the possessive grip she kept on her necklace. "Your kind were meant to yip in terror in my wake. When the weight of my hips plunge down to devour

your length you should have a priest on-hand to give thanks to every god that your hipbones endured!”

Over the crackle of flame, Andy’s ears perked at a faint hiss. It came from Adelonda’s fist. Smoke poured between her fingers.

He gave a curious frown. “My queen, you—”

“I am the Lady of the Mountain!” she bellowed. More smoke wafted from the collar of her dress. Silk flashed away with small embers, receding to ash at the touch of her necklace—the air around it shimmering a forge’s heat. “And I am through looking up at a fox! To be greater than you is my birthright.”

She hissed as the ruby’s golden case melted. Molten gold poured between her fingers. The ruby itself continued to sizzle, burning into the ribbed and vulnerable flesh of her pale collarbone.

Whether in pain or pleasure or determined rage, Adelonda tensed both her hands into quaking fists. Her lips snarled into a grin.

The sizzling ceased.

“Magic,” Andy rasped. “Adelonda, what have you done?”

“Nothing I’m not entitled to.” An evil red light pulsed from within the ruby. It protruded out of her sternum like a part of her. “You wish for a dragon bride? *Fine.*” She punctuated that one word by swinging her right foot off the carpet and stabbing it upon the marble floor.

It crunched beneath the heft of her sole—digitigrade, such that her every step seemed an attack on the earth. All the concentrated weight from the ball of her foot sent an impact ringing

through the throne room. In the ensuing silence, a scrunch of her toes raked obsidian claw points through the floor's cracks.

As they unfurled, a change occurred in them. Their joints produced a loud sequence of pops while they splayed and stretched longer across the floor. The ponderous ball of her foot spread outwards to cover the fanning radius of fissures it had formed.

“You shall have a *dragon* bride.”

She brought her left foot forward and the impossible alteration repeated with this extremity—the stiletto plunge of her arch lengthening.

“Cease this.” Wariness tinged the king's voice. “I will not have a queen who dabbles in magic.”

“You will have no queen *at all*, fox.” As Adelonda strode, it became apparent these changes affected far more than her feet.

Scallops of a flowing skirt hem no longer teased glimpses at her ankles. Their bunched curls stretched to a circular opening, hiked back to expose the reflective red scales festooned along lower legs.

Silk around the swell of her hip and the curve of her chest creaked dire portents. Gemstone-bright ruby erupted in swaths through blue fabric. With each step Adelonda advanced, these divides snarled wider apart—unable to dam the excess woman spilling out from her attire.

“This is unnatural,” Andy murmured.

“A dragon outgrowing a fox?” Adelonda taunted. “This is as natural as the sun rising.”

The height bestowed upon King Andysius II over years' time, Adelonda gained within greedy heartbeats. *Growing* a quarter of a foot in height each time he blinked. Sudden, drastic

pulses sculpting her form upwards to rival his greatness. Straining apart a dress which had been a feat of tailoring tantamount to architects building battlements meant to endure sieges.

Breasts rounder than her own horned head ripped freer by the buxom bounce. Hips sashayed—a theatrical swing to the left sending a ragged swatch of silk flying. A swing to the right repeating the process, the sides of her dress now ruins. Front and back hems severed into waving knee-length cuts. A formal rendition of the waistcloth she wore when she was once a warrior.

Except the warrior had been here all along.

Andy felt the tremor of her strides intensify as she lumbered towards him. Gaining in speed, a charging animal who had spotted someone trespassing in her territory—claws raised, causing him to respond in kind.

They collided.

Her stride broke as a galleon against rock. Soft breasts squashed into the uncompromising hardness of his chest. Hand in hand and snout to snout these savage monarchs grappled. Smoke fumed from Adelonda's nostrils while she glared into Andy's calm eyes.

It had been an age since he stood across from anyone his own height. But that did not change a simple fact—where her arms shook, his own remained stalwart. Firm as those of his ancestors' statues.

“I must admit, I'm disappointed,” Andy said. “You resorted to magic, yet even now you aren't close to my match.”

“*Quiet, fox,*” Adelonda hissed. “I'll surpass you yet.”

“You are my peer in height, but your strength pales.” He stepped forward, his uncontested advance dragging Adelonda’s feet backwards across the floor. “With that said, your new body is ravishing. I look forward to having *more* woman to tame.”

“I cannot *be* tamed!” Rage sparked in Adelonda’s clenched brow. She bowed forward. Teeth gritted as she struggled to prevent herself from being bullied any farther backwards. “I will grow untamable. I will grow so terrible that you and your kingdom quail in my shadow.”

Thickening fingers filled the gaps between Andy’s. Elongating claws traced the backs of his hands. A loud tear resounded from the rear of her bodice, back bursting free.

Adelonda wore a wild grin as her head rose above Andy’s. The struggling tremors in her own arms ceased, transferred to his.

“*Yield!*” she roared. Golden eyes flashed with the same red light as her gemstone. Her form rose, cleavage striking Andy in the chin during its sudden ascent.

Surprise more than anything broke his grip. He staggered backwards, thrusting a hand behind himself to brace on the throne’s backrest. His combative glare subsided in the shadow cast by this looming lizard.

“Is something the matter, my mighty husband?” she mocked. “Though I might need to retract that title. You are beginning to look less mighty by the moment from up here. My ‘small’ king? My ‘little’ king? My ‘puny’ king?”

It looked as though whatever delicate woman that dress had been intended for had been devoured. Afterwards the beast which had eaten her decided to don it. Only the midriff remained much intact. Both birthing hips bulged from ruined hems, mammoth thighs thicker than Andy’s torso bared in formidable shapeliness. Hem scraps in the shape of fangs guarded an ill-concealed crotch.

“Or perhaps,” Adelonda purred, “you are no king at all. Look up, subject—and see someone greater than yourself.”

His Majesty had to crane his neck to gaze higher than the underside of her chest. The dress clung by nipples each prominent as his fists. Silk produced the strenuous creak of a rooftop with failing columns. Fighting to defy the natural desire of her titanic breasts to let their weight sag.

From this vantage he could not see the whole of Adelonda’s face. Only her red eyes, gleaming with mockery. “Shall we skip the formalities of our battle, my *whelp*?” she asked, fingers probing the half-broken wedding band about her horn. “Or must I—” The band produced a brittle crack as she tore it in half. One part fell off the side of her head while she flicked the other away. “—teach you the order of things?”

“You will not. Take. My. Throne.”

“You want it so badly?” A single shove beat the air out Andy’s chest. “Take it.” The throne shuddered beneath his muscular haunches. Before he could rise, its armrests gonged as Adelonda slammed her hands atop them; bracing so she could throw her upper torso forward. Pendulous breasts bounced into Andy’s lap, hot as stone baked beneath summer sunlight. Her snout smashed into his own, beating his head against the throne.

“I hope you savor this moment, ‘your majesty.’” Each gloated word came with a puff of smoke that rose into the air between them. Black haze emphasized her glowing red eyes. “This will be your last time upon this throne. Or any, for that matter.”

“You expect to conquer my kingdom? You? Alone?” Andy squirmed beneath her sexual heft, struggling to force himself to freedom.

“There is no need to be so cross.” Adelonda’s harsh speech turned to the sultry coo of a lover in her bedchambers. Her eyelids drooped in a mixture of lust and mockery. “Losing to a dragon is natural to your kind.

“And there will *always* be a place for you.” Gathering handfuls from the chest of Andy’s decorated red garb, Adelonda slammed his back hard against the throne. “At the foot of *my* throne, as pet. Plaything.”

Her fists tightened, tearing bunches of Andy’s outfit apart. Assertive hands explored his muscles, hungrily tearing his wear to scrap. She sighed. “Now that I have achieved my victory, I must confess it is bittersweet.”

Andy’s glower deepened. “You haven’t won any—” His words turned to muffled nonsense as Adelonda flooded his maw with her reptilian tongue.

She left Andy gasping at the end of her kiss. “If there is one thing I will miss—” Adelonda interrupted herself to taste his mouth again, humming in sensual delight. “—it is the way you rocked the earth below me each year of our christening.” Her speech was accompanied by a repetitive tearing of fabric. This time it came from Andy’s clothes, clawed into ribbons on the wind—upper torso unwrapped.

“*Weeks* spent suffering the abject boredom of this wretched castle waiting for *your* return.” Another throat-probing kiss. The inescapable, grinding weight of breasts heavier than grown women. Groping, starved, *powerful* hands admiring the cut of his body.

Andy was a ruler, but he was also a man. It was that part of him which bellowed a reciprocating groan into the hollow of her maw.

“No longer,” Adelonda whispered. Crossed eyes weighing their intensity upon him. “You will spend your days leashed like the dog you are. Existing only for my pleasure.” She continued

to swab his maw while dragging her breasts against his body. No longer pinning the king's lap but instead moving to eclipse his upper torso, soft cleavage cupping his chin.

A king's pride warred against a man's need. But Adelonda cared little which won out. The throne complained beneath their combined tonnage as her colossal buttocks poured across his lap—hemispheres so prominent they exceeded both armrests.

She crossed her legs about the back of His Lordship's throne while smothering him in herself. Andy conjured all his might to budge her oppressive weight. Fists which could dent steel bounced harmless off plush hips.

"*Yesss,*" she hissed while grinding against his lap. "Struggle. Try to 'slay' this dragon while you drown in her, little king."

Again Adelonda assailed Andy's mouth. Where their maws met, commingled spit gushed—dribbling off Andy's chin and landing in thick droplets across exposed cleavage. Her swarming presence coaxed his manhood free from its sheath. Laughter shook through her gullet into his own as his excitement became palpable.

As was true for Adelonda's wardrobe, King Andy's tailors worked scarce materials around the complexities of his physique. There was no conceivable way for his tailors to construct legwear that would account for an unexpected erection.

"At last," Adelonda gasped into Andy's lips. "*You* will be the one to tremble beneath me."

His Majesty's excessive manhood pierced the front of his britches uncontested. Its swollen red flesh lay pinned beneath Adelonda, throbbing with each graze teased by a dragon-hot, sex-slicked crotch. Unprotected beneath her skirt's tatters.

“If you do not accept my total victory, very well.” Adelonda placed her hands upon Andy’s shoulders. Her claws bit into his hide while she leveraged her hips overtop the throne. This allowed Andy’s erection to heave upwards as a ship’s mast—which it was about as thick as. “Let *this* be our battle!”

Her hips descended in a hammer-blow. Embedded gemstones flew from the throne’s insets, cracks skittering down golden armrests. The king’s knotted cock vanished from view, rendered an obscene bump bulging against his queen’s taut stomach.

No woman, not even Queen Adelonda, had been endowed a body grand enough to take King Andy’s length to the knot. The disproportionate girth of his cock would have made it of average length to a man twice his current height.

With the fall of her hips subsided, rear quivering still like water settling after an ocean wave, a soundless gasp wheezed out Adelonda’s maw. Half-buried in her, Andy snickered up from her cleavage. “That much larger and you still can’t handle me?”

“Sh-shut your mouth, *mammal*.” Adelonda went to pull herself up only to yelp. Pleasure. Pain. Both at once. She had never been knotted by the king. Now that she had been, as was its ancient purpose—she was stuck. Impaled on a cockhead prodding her womb.

Where her cruel expression became subdued, Andy teased with his own grin. “You can be tamed yet, my queen.” The fists he had loosed upon her hips unfurled to fondling hands. He sank his claws into the doughy heft of her reptilian backside and began to knead.

“I...” Her claws fled from his shoulders. She exerted more of her breasts’ weight against him, the throne’s backrest protesting as she hugged it. “...c-can-*nnnnoot* be tamed!”

“If you surrender now, I’ll forgive this transgression.” What little movement his hips could accomplish sent aroused jolts through Adelonda. “And I might even go easy, breaking in your new body.”

“I can’t lose like this...”

“Lose?” Andy’s seductive glare met her faltering eyes. No longer red—subdued back to their natural gold. “I would say there is no greater privilege. The only thing you might lose is consciousness. From sheer pleasure.”

Air shimmered in an aura around Adelonda’s bare skin, body temperature climbing to a draconic fever. Each receptive roll of her hips ended with a premature stiffening. Gasps that hiccupped smoke past her lips.

“I did not expect our yearly battle and our sex to become so intertwined.” Andy’s gropes grew more assertive. His heartrate quickened. This whale of a woman—his. All his. To toy with. To draw moans from as his instrument. “But I’ve no complaints, my queen. This is quite the... creative anniversary gift.”

“Nnnnnn,” Adelonda whined, fangs clenched as she verged on surrender. On giving in to His Majesty’s knot. “Nnnnoo!” she at last roared—throwing her head back to spew a defiant plume of flame towards the ceiling. “I *refuse* to depend my satisfaction upon a mammal.” Her incisive speech gnashed apart smoke. As she bore her glower upon Andy, she intoned: “Gyithranc, you call this power? This pittance *grandiosity*? When I said I wished to be unrivaled by anything...”

Andy’s vantage was such that he glared ahead at the ruby embedded shy of her neck. Its red light flashed in time with the heart thrumming beneath Adelonda’s breasts. Faster and faster as something began to transform within her.

“You can’t wield this kind of magic.” He attempted a stern tone. “No one can.”

“...I meant...” Adelonda grunted out.

Strips of bodice twanged apart and whipped at Andy’s face. Breast flesh bubbled upwards from confinement, seizing him by the cheeks then engulfing his snout. “It will wield you!” he warned under intensifying weight. “Adelonda! Adelonda, do you hear m—*phhh*.”

Mounds of flesh interrupted by flooding his maw, too abundant to spit out and too thick with feminine fat for his fangs to chew through.

“...aaaannnyyy...” The longer Adelonda tortured the word out, the deeper her tenor plummeted. What remained of her dress flew apart. The liberated heaviness of her breasts heaved forth in a tide. Soft but forceful weight bludgeoned Andy’s back against the throne.

“...thiiing!” The outline of Andy’s manhood disappeared. Adelonda had grown, and continued to grow until she could be knotted without writhing in bliss.

The throne and its rightful owner could scarce be seen. Only his lower legs remained visible—the rest of his lap smothered in luscious crimson buttocks, each rotund cheek measured wider than the seat they settled across.

Encompassing breasts forced Andy to stare upwards at the ceiling. They quivered against him, synchronous with echoing gasps. As Adelonda’s nude form trembled, the man and the throne beneath her were forced to do the same.

Andy’s cock ached against his wishes. Forced to savor spacious inner walls slick from arousal seeping across his lap. Glowing red eyes climbed down Adelonda’s chest to leer at the sliver of a vulpine snout protruding from their cleavage.

A grin dawned at his helplessness.

“Did you doubt me, king?” Her timbre droned huskier, more commanding. “Did you think this was not *precisely* where you belonged?” She hugged the throne against herself, pressure deforming her breasts outwards so as to smother Andy whole.

He could not speak, could not move. His only answer was a strong exhale through flared nostrils.

“Yes. *Seethe* for your mistress.” Jostling hips sundered new cracks through the throne. She would feel Andy’s every admission of pleasure in the form of his shuddering body—teased towards climax as she moved his buried cock to her rhythm. “Writhe helplessly as I have for *years* and learn your new place.”

Hard veneers of muscle bulged beneath padded thighs. An animal grunt of exertion came as Adelonda heaved herself into a squat. Foot by foot she liberated Andy’s drenched cock from her honeyed insides—stopping when only the tip remained embedded.

“And this is but a genesis!” The weight of a house in female form rushed downwards, the whole of Andy’s cock disappearing back inside her in an instant. Impacting hips boomed, the heft of her cheeks mimicking a thunderclap. Jewels sprayed off Andy’s throne, popped from deformed insets. Cracks crawled first through a sturdy base of gold then fanned out around the marble floor—the entire throne cratered a foot deep.

Andy’s grunt was nothing compared to her moan above. Adelonda drew her deadly weight up again. Weight enough to break any mortal man. And with it, assaulted him a third time.

“Once I have bedded you into submission, it will be my time to reign.”

Again.

Each siege-engine plunge was less sex act, more an attempted assassination. She conducted a lustful concert which filled the throne room: creaking gold; crackling marble; clapping curves; clanging chandeliers sent swinging against each other.

And always Andy's guttural grunt, always her more guttural moan. Always the tremendous *boom* of her plummeting backside, pounding this throne-crater deeper.

"A true dragon," she gasped. "A leviathan. A scaled tyrant!"

As she humped her husband into the ground, dread welled with his arousal. Close to climax, Andy spasmed. Trying to buck her body as it began to *grow*.

"Adelonda!" he tried to get the dragon's attention. "M-my qu—*mmphh!*" Only to be silenced in the tyranny of breasts swelling in his face.

Rapidly.

Carelessly.

Destructively.

Adelonda grew. And with her eyes closed, claws abusing her swollen nipples, she didn't appear to notice.

"*You will be mine!*"

Andy couldn't help himself—he came inside his tremendous and terrible lover. Servants who quartered in Castle Renard found it custom to wear earplugs after sunset. They knew their king's roars of pleasure would soon be heard from every chamber.

But the sound he produced tonight limped out. More whimpers than roars. The relief it brought his libido did not carry to the rest of him.

"This castle—*mine!*"

That possessive outburst drew her hips down all the faster.

Andy's orgasm went unnoticed. Secondary to the legendary lusts of a dragon. She remained unaware of her growth on a conscious level, but her primal subconscious understood—her mate was feeding her cunt less satisfaction when she needed it most. The only solution she could consider in this state was to rut more ferociously.

“This kingdom! Mine! Mine! Mine!”

Three rapid hip-drops from an Adelonda over twice Andy's height pummeled his throne into a golden sheet. Only the king himself with his iron bones remained intact. Pounded onto his back in a rubble heap modeled after the shape of his wife's vast hindquarters.

Chunks of throne and marble sloughed off her rapidly swelling rump as she heaved it skyward again. Hips hung poised. No longer was she centering herself on his erection—now too large to be penetrated. Heat shimmered around the sex-inflamed gape of her cunt. It drooled as a hungry predator, ejaculate glazing Andy.

“*Miine!*”

Clerestories cracked from the volume of her shriek. Its loudness stirred Andy out of his torpid afterglow. Feeling burned back into his tender legs and he dove forward, narrowly escaping behind Adelonda before her backside could rut him flat. Flying chunks of marble pelted his back, her floor-quaking sit enough to send him onto all fours.

Sighs rumbled through the ceiling and disseminated about the chamber. A sinuous shape shifted on Andy's left, startling him onto his paws. He ceded ground to a serpentine mass—thick as he was tall at the base, then tapering with each gap it threaded between pillars.

Her tail. A monster in its own right, the hair-tufted tip dusting the throne room's entrance.

A sigh came from above. The sort made on waking. Fresh cracks spread at the faintest shift of Adelonda's weight. If this was her tail, then the ruby wall faced from him was the whole of her.

His throne had been demolished. Adelonda's too. Her growth had concluded with an impressive final showing. But it *had* concluded—the only scrap of good news he could thank the gods for.

He had always joked that her rump would only grow fatter if she refused to cut back on the feasts. A prophetic claim, now that he stared back at himself in the mirror sheen of her left buttock. Its lordly heft mocked, his impassive rival for height. Meanwhile Her Majesty's slouched back and waterfall of regal hair soared above.

Draconic claws raked through the wreckage of Andy's throne. Adelonda lifted a handful of debris then poured it out between her fingers. A frustrated huff escaped, as a spoiled girl who had broken her toy. Accompanying this frustration was a swing of her tail. The tip lashed a dent in the far wall.

Andy made a sound—the closest a man his stature could to a fox's yip.

Muscles stiffened along Adelonda's back. Her spine swiveled, golden eyes peering over her shoulder. The moment they settled on her former lover, a red glow overtook them.

“There you are, pup.”

The chamber quaked. Queen Adelonda's leviathan limbs worked in concert to heave the whole of her upright. Andy backed away, padding the carpet with caution.

Her rising horns and back ripped rows of iron chandeliers from their chains. They gonged, bouncing across the floor then rolling like wheels. The length of Adelonda's tail roiled

upwards, lugged by the hilt to join its mistress. She swung it recklessly behind her, coils piling in on themselves to fill the back of the throne room.

Her feet staked dents through the floor on turning. It took much for King Andy to feel awe, but in that moment—unable to crest her knees; watching ejaculate gush in a singular stream to salve cracks in the floor; staring up at the shaded underside of her mammoth breasts, which she peeled apart with both hands to simply *see* Andy—awe is what he felt.

“Look at yourself, Adelonda,” he said, voice atremble. “This magic has rendered you a monster.”

“A monster? You are mistaken.”

Adelonda grasped the nearest pillars within her reach. They shook but held, as bars on a cage—cracks spreading where she dug her claws.

“I...” she began. While her cruel grin grew, so too did her form. The points of sprouting horns shearing rubble off the vaulted roof.

“...*am*...” Her fingers wound further around both pillars. Clawed fissures burst wider then crackled towards peak and pedestal.

“...*a*...” Then her hands clenched to fists, reducing sections of pillars to chalky dust. As their share of the ceiling began to give out, Adelonda burst through it. Boulders streamed through her hair, down her shoulders. Cool summer breeze breathed through the hole to snuff all the room’s surviving flames. Cold moonlight supplanted their warm glow, casting her hourglass silhouette in pale luminescence while leaving Andy eclipsed.

“...*dragon!*”

Celebrants in the streets below would first hear collapsing stone. Next a cry which might have been mistaken for thunder. All the singing and dancing and drinking would halt as foxes

turned towards Castle Renard. Necks craned to its lofty hilltop where they witnessed a cloud of flame lighting night bright as day.

Higher than the ceiling, Adelonda peered into the wreck. Her red eyes alighted as she spied Andy.

“What troubles you, my king?” She let her haunches whistle downwards without caution. Mortal architecture would no longer tolerate her; the throne room trembled as she landed, forcing Andy to stagger for a nearby pillar and hug it for support. She kicked one mammoth leg forward, spanning the row of pillars on his left. The other she arched up, resting an elbow to her knee while she angled her hand over her crotch. Fingers grazing its swollen lips, demanding the satisfaction she had yet to receive. “Is that... fear I see? Don’t tell me you’re trying to abscond from your royal duties?”

“You need to *resist*, Adelonda.” But Andy could not negotiate with her growing body. “It’s obvious this magic is exerting its influence on you!”

Her laughter shook the air itself. “Years in my presence and you do not know your own wife when she talks down at you?” She was slowly overtaking the throne room—hips broadening to fill its span. The joyous swivel of her tail sliced apart the wall at her back, frolicking havoc through more of their chambers. “There is no manipulation here.” She jammed her fingers knuckle-deep into her insatiable cunt and shuddered another earthquake through the floor. “Just me. Your *tyrant*.”

“You can overcome me, but what of my armies? There are *legions* at the ready. You can be stopped, you’re just one woman.”

“Just *one* woman? Have you seen how *much* woman you’ve to contend with, dear? I will outgrow your armies. I will outgrow your castle. I will outgrow your kingdom.” The longer

Adelonda gave her rumbling sermon, the more believable her threat. “Now, come.” She ripped her hand from her slit, threads of ejaculate glistening between log-thick fingers. “Your royal prick might not be large enough to satiate, but *you* can likely provide some sensation before you’re too small to see.” A hand the size of Andy flew between pillars to grab him.

From battle...

From his throne...

Most shameful of all—from his wife...

For the first time in his proud life, the king fled.

Racing into the main hall, he threw his arms wide to grasp both the throne room’s doors then slammed them shut as he exited.

“You would run?” Adelonda’s amusement rang down the main hall. It was already in shambles—where Andy’s strides had caused his ancestors’ statues to shudder, Adelonda had felled them with bodily earthquakes. “Don’t you understand? With this power, I am inescapable. I don’t even need to give chase.”

A terrific crash ensued as the throne room’s doors broke like matchsticks. Tons of cast-molded gold flew over the king’s head, sparking where it scraped across the floor. Floor tiles produced a graveled crunch rapidly gaining at Andy’s back. Peering over his shoulder, he saw Adelonda’s left foot hurtling towards him. Chunks of the floor grinded apart for its advancing heel as water for a ship. Long grooves gouged through the ceiling where toe claws scraped.

“I have been holding back thus far,” she said. “But I see there is more I must do to assert my dominance. I will simply make it so there *is* nowhere for you to hide, because everything around you will. Be. Me.”

Her foot wasn't moving towards him. It was *growing* towards him—at a rate which outpaced his run. He leapt off to the right to allow her foot to rove past him. Before encroaching calf muscles could flood the hall, he rammed his full weight against the wall. Once, twice; then it gave way, allowing him to duck inside one of the servants' common rooms.

His ears stood at attentive points. Listening to the cacophonous collapse of Castle Renard. Adelonda stayed true to her threat. Not bothering to give chase, simply masturbating as she grew to occupy everything: ballrooms, bedrooms, servants' quarters and kitchens.

“*Hus-baaaaand.*” Whatever Andy's position in the castle, Adelonda's threatening singsong retained room-filling clarity. “Have I caught His Majesty somewhere underneath me yet? So many of these little broken objects could be you, it's hard to tell.”

Here in a wing of the castle unprepared for his stature, opulent marble gave way to practical brick. The king was powerful, but he knew his limits: these walls stymied him as they would any fox. He had to swat aside wooden doors, squeezing through their tight thresholds on hands and knees before Adelonda could grow to fill the room he was occupying.

“Perhaps I've snared you beneath my heel and haven't noticed? Or more likely underneath one of my majestic legs? To think you could once heave them above my head before satisfying me. Now a *fraction* of their weight would demolish you.”

It was one of Her Majesty's chambers-spanning thighs which kept Andy at a constant retreat. Powdered brick breathed brown-orange dust against his back. Always a room behind him, supple red flesh broke tables and chairs and beds as it spilled forth—reaching for Andy to bury him in its quivering undertow.

“Or perhaps my fair backside? A fitting place for a former king, now that Castle Renard is becoming the *seat* of my reign. Are they so alluring now, whelp? Would you still have the

fortitude to so much as disturb a ripple through them with your hands, now that they could reduce your subjects' homes to splinters?"

Andy bashed his way into a cramped stone hall. Its narrow walls hedged his shoulders, the ceiling low enough he had to stoop. A terrible grinding sound wailed from the room he had exited. Fingers large as himself crunched their way inside and scraped the room out floor and all. Seconds later, it fell back in an unrecognizable slurry.

"*Husbaaaaand.*" Not a trace of femininity could be heard in her bellow. At such a size, Queen Adelonda would only call thunderclaps and rockslides kin. "The longer you flee, the more onerous your task becomes." A rapturous moan forced Andy to brace himself against the wall as Castle Renard's foundations rocked. He paused to sniff an acrid scent on the air, then he noticed the floor beneath his paws ran damp. "I thought you wished to possess me?" Another moan. "You'd best hurry. My *own* inner walls are more spacious than the crumbling walls of your castle. They're starved for the fox who used to fill them—only I think they will find themselves unsatisfied. Soon they will run so deep that you will be lost inside me. I will need your entire army to feel a mote of satisfaction."

Far behind, the servants' hall began to collapse. The distance between himself and its far end shrank. Dusted apart as Adelonda's flood-inducing vagina grinded forward like an open doorway.

"The only thing you will be king of is my *clitoris!*"

Stones dislodged from the ceiling as Andy fled. Faults along the floor and walls outraced him, preparing for Adelonda's arrival as a servant rolling out a carpet. At the end of the hall—a stained glass window. He had to meet it, shoulders clipped by stone as he smashed into the courtyard.

The world shook. Great boulder chunks of Castle Renard rolled past their former lord. Moan after moan blasted across the horizon, and the sky lit with an occasional streak of flame which cast the evening's tumult into horrific day-bright fidelity.

"I demand *more*, Gygithranc!" Each wildfire attended Adelonda's mad and lustful cries. Bellowed at her accursed artifact as she continued her endless growth.

Swaths of the castle's face fell as rain across the courtyard. Both of her feet thundered free into the world. The air around them moaned as they heaved high into the air, sailing over the front gate's battlements and beyond the moat's span. Her heels conjured grass-laden geysers of dirt where they struck.

"*More!*" she shrieked.

Flanking calves entrenched themselves into the courtyard's brick-laid ground. They roved forward in their relentless growth spurt, sprawling past Andy such that Adelonda seemed inescapable as the land itself. No matter how far he ran, the mountainous Lady of the Mountain could simply sit and watch her former husband's futile withdrawal.

Chest heaving for gulped breath. Heart hammering. Regal fur matted with a dragon's juices and dirtied by debris. An utter wreck, yet the king saw hope in the yawning front gate. So near, then it was a run across the moat, a sprint down the hillside then a rallying cry for his men.

He passed beneath the high archway and leapt for the drawbridge, a final *boom* resounding from the front wall. As though its masonry held where all else failed. But Andy knew better—her growth had subsided.

The drawbridge was damp with muddy water splashed up from the moat. His paws percussed against its spongy wood. He didn't dare look back, stare fixed forward—disregarding the oppressive heat from heaping hills of thigh to either side of him.

“My king...”

The sky spoke to Andy, except that was no goddess. An enormous hand hurtled overhead; rather than collect him, it settled beneath the drawbridge then pulled. His claws raked wood as he scabbled against the steepening incline. One jostle from Adelonda tore his claws free. He tumbled back down, landing back at the front gate.

A final *crunch* resounded from the drawbridge as Adelonda twisted it in half then flicked it onto the horizon. Andy rose to his paws while he watched it go, stranded before the last vestige of Castle Renard.

Before Castle Adelonda.

All that remained of his birthright was the front gate. Its lofty grey walls were framed by loftier inner thighs which they dimpled. Soft as Adelonda’s legs were, their presence exerted constant pressure upon the walls. Cracks formed through grout and stone alike; one clench could smithereen it all to fine powder.

And swallow King Andy whole.

An archway that once passed to the courtyard now came to an abrupt end. At this size, Adelonda’s lower lips loomed like a natural formation. Some sloping stream burbling out a transparent trickle which spread around his feet.

Humid insides yawned as a cave mouth. Its pink flesh was exposed, the lips themselves battered apart after one too many entanglements against Andy’s manhood. Ironic that his entire being could no longer accomplish what his endowment once had.

A moan vibrated the land itself. More of the wall sighed apart. Land rimming the moat splashed into its waters.

“Did you doubt my promise, your lordship?”

Andy stared skyward to behold the Lady of the Mountain. She had bequeathed herself a new crown: the peaks of her horns impaled through Castle Renard's largest turrets. Each breath she took swelled her chest, fresh waterfalls of rubble pouring out her cleavage. Small rocks plunked into the moat, others rained upon Andy.

"My queen, I—"

"*I am no longer yours.*" Her voice neutered all other sound. "You have not bested me in combat. I am once again my own. And now..." She peered beyond what inches of Andy remained for her amusement. Beyond a high hill now more like a rather high seat. And she stared out at the breadth of Andy's kingdom.

Her kingdom.

"...so is everything else."

"B-but you have yet to defeat me!" Andy argued to a woman whose nipples outmatched his size. Pride burned within him. Much as Adelonda had been galled to face a man larger than himself, that same rage burned a thousand times more impotently in his own breast. "And even if you did, your victory would be annulled by magic. You *are* still my queen."

Adelonda's red eyes flared as miniature suns. The ruby which had grown in proportion to her glared with equal fury. Then the rising tempest of emotion calmed with a smirk—thumb and forefinger fastened around Andy's 15' frame, she snatched him to vertiginous heights.

Held before her gaze, for a moment he was certain Adelonda would pop him into her maw like a morsel. Swallowed, not savored. Then she snorted a plume of smoke which left him hacking through the gloom.

"You cannot outgrow your tradition!" Andy yelled. "You cannot outgrow history! Or the gods!"

The great span of Adelonda's body tensed. The evening turned still. Her thoughtful silence spilling over the miles.

"Yes," she boomed, "*I think I will.*"

And then the archway was before Andy once again. Adelonda's parted lower lips slavering for a man who no longer existed. Only the crumb of him remained. She claimed his entire self within her sopping folds. His world became a maelstrom of wet, slurping insides. Mighty fingers rammed him about, pouring in to carry out the task he had become too meager to accomplish. He was lost in her cunt. Soaked in scent and slickness. Her moans became a whale's cry from these depths.

And with King Andy stuffed away for his dethroning, his kingdom's—*every* kingdom's—successor began to grow again.

*

Had the world survived more than an hour after her ascension, the bards would have done away with the old songs about their queen. Drawing comparisons between her hips and wagons, breasts and barrels—now seemed... paltry.

Their voracious new ruler defied comparison, because once any bard might pen a new lyric it would be outdated.

She would have grown by then.

The title, on the other hand, would be rather simple for the authors to agree upon:

The Ruby Tyrant's Rampage.

The people of the Canis Plains watched in terror and perhaps arousal as their former queen earned the tale's title. Fleeing for miles would not have rid them of her ominous moans, and even if they did travel far enough she would inevitably be there.

Always gaining on the horizon.

Becoming the horizon. Because as Adelonda's terrible magnificence swelled above the hilltop that had once been the pride of an entire people, she knew she could stop at no less.

As she overtook Andy, she began to understand that was not enough. *What of his armies?* he had asked. What, indeed? In satiating her desire to out-measure her former husband, the same jealousy flared for other things—his castle, his hill, his kingdom...

And what about other kingdoms? Even if she were to grow mightier than the greatest among them, an even greater one might rise in the meantime. The only sound decision would be to outgrow them all.

At once.

And the land which held them.

And the seas which cradled them.

And the skies which oversaw them.

And the planets.

And the stars.

And—

Gyithranc could not be blamed. The tyrant was long dead. These avaricious feelings had always swirled inside Adelonda; they simply never had an outlet. Now they did, and as the mile-spanning dragon masturbated herself to landscape spans, she made up for lost time.

She had the king somewhere inside her. The front gates of Castle Renard and handfuls of its courtyard too. All being battered by four of her relentless fingers. Dust clouds poured across the kingdom, kicked up by her legs as they avalanched down the hillside. The vulpine armies which had assembled in their king's absence saw the futility of valor too late. So engrossed in

exploring her growing body, their lust-drunk foe didn't notice when she demolished their ranks beneath a single foot.

"*People of the Canis Plains!*" she announced, queenly as ever even while writhing in ruinous pleasure. Her backside pounded the whole of the hilltop flat. Spread legs razed the streets, sweeping aside homes and burying people, civilization supplanted by swaths of dirt.

"Your so-called king is bested! No better than a fleck of dirt in a dragon's regal folds." She tore a handful of the kingdom up into her palm. Streets and houses and the tiny, terrified ants who populated them were held before her growing horizon of a glare.

"By right," she boomed, "that would make me your queen."

With a flicker of a smirk, she poured these people and their homes off her palm. They landed across her breasts. Filled the trench of her cleavage.

"But I do not *want* to be your queen!" she roared. Grasping both her massive breasts and crushing them together, stone and wood broke against her soft flesh.

"You are not *worthy* of serving me."

Gygitranc had squandered his power. Even he had not been so covetous as Adelonda.

"You are not worthy of *worshiping* me." Higher this feminine monstrosity rose, back arching in rapture as her head pierced through the clouds. Her backside's geography poured across the Canis Plains and rediscovered her former home—the Ruby Tyrant's Spine.

The jokes about her waistline were no longer an exaggeration. They were, in fact, an understatement. Adelonda herself had won out, the mountain an inadequate throne. Broken unawares beneath countryside-sized curves.

"You. Are. Not. Worthy!"

Greater and greater, she pushed her body—drinking from the endless trough of her artifact. And as continents became magmatic rubble beneath her cataclysmic form, still she pleased herself. Roaring down at mortal subjects who could not fathom Her Highness’s voice as anything but a sonorous drone.

Her legs were no longer kicked forward: they instead curved. Outstretched to straddle opposing sides of a world which the people of the Canis Plains thought flat. Now she knew it was round—and she, growing to out-measure it, was *rounder*.

From the world’s peak, Adelonda came. Before this, all that escaped her was mere leakage. Here, drowning the world in her scent, came the true flood. Oceans overflowed and cities vanished. Trembling thighs held the world in their clutches...

Then clenched, and did not.

A dragoness—ruler of all, yet also none—floated weightless in the black. Growing outwards towards the object of her draconic ire. *Objects*, which was to say everywhere at once.

Of all her rivals, her glare was set upon the distant Sun. It reminded her of her king. Her king whose name she had already forgotten. That any star could outshine her glowing eyes was an affront.

She would rectify that as she had rectified the disparity between herself and everything else:

With the harshest prejudice.

Epilogue

Time and space snapped back into their proper places. The whiplash left Adelonda gasping. She was *her* again. Her actual self. Here. In the cosmic hot tub.

With Him.

“*Naughty*,” Andy tutted. His hands remained outstretched, no time having lapsed since Adelonda reached for the universe. Universes, their red and blue skin sagging clumps in either fist like pieces of popped balloons.

She hadn’t been able to decide, so naturally she grabbed both universes at once.

Something wriggled in her left hand. Something in her right, too. She opened the left and found herself. Not in the philosophical sense. That was her. Rather, *had* been her. A monstrous queen violently fingering herself—too drunk on lust to realize she was no longer the biggest thing in the universe. That she had gone from all-encompassing goddess to a doll.

In Adelonda’s other hand lay Andy. Roar-squeaking his demands for more growth. Both hands fastened to his knot while he tugged with abandon.

“Let’s put those toys away.” A twirl of God Andy’s finger and these universal offshoots floated from Adelonda’s hands. Scraps of red and blue universal fabric flew towards them, congealing into a new bubble—twice as big as its predecessors. No more red, no more blue. This reality looked purple on the outside, a barrier trapping two universe-sized monsters together.

“You really shouldn’t have taken both at once.” Andy sidled next to Adelonda. “Mortal brains short-circuit after *one* trip to another existence, let alone two at the same time.”

“Worth it.” Adelonda melted into the tub with a woozy smile, only her snout protruding like a crocodile’s above surface-level galaxies. She had felt everything both Adelondas had at the same time.

She and Andy watched their doubles, both too lost in self-pleasure to notice one another.

“What’s going to happen to them?” Adelonda asked.

“Well, once I’ve shrunken them down to a more manageable size, their territorial instincts will kick in and they’ll beat each other senseless.”

“Oh.” Adelonda gave their counterparts a concerned look as they dwindled into their new reality.

“And when neither makes any headway on *that...*” Andy gathered the purple universe in His palm and held it up to Adelonda’s face. The outer bubble zoomed in like a magnifying glass to follow their shrinkage. “...they’ll get to fucking.”

“*Oh.*” Adelonda’s breath caught. She had liked being a tyrant queen.

And she had *loved* being a writhing ruby germ on Andy’s cock.

Andy traced a claw tip between her breasts, tickling down her tender underbelly until He found her cunt. She took in a sharp breath, rigid as He inserted Himself.

“Care to slip into their skin for a while?” He asked.

“You read my mind.”

“I didn’t need to that time, sweetheart.”

Already Adelonda was experiencing that bizarre double-vision. Regaining memories and senses not her own that had somehow also been hers for as long as she lived. Consciousness melting back inside her regal queen persona, a mountain-sized dragoness roaring decrees down at new subjects... only for the clouds to blow apart with the dominant roar of a muscle-laden monster twice her height.

The last thing Adelonda heard from God Andy before falling fully into that lust-drunk megalomaniac’s life:

“*Happy birthday, Adelonda.*”