

More Dragon than Fox

Pools of wine gushed from gem-encrusted fountains. Giant goblets skimmed the soporific surface, gathering ruby gallons to the lips of their reptilian owners. A string orchestra's symphonies played to the vaulted peak of a glass ceiling that framed the full moon's cloudless sky.

The gala drew the most influential of the city's families together. The oldest families; the richest families; by far the largest families.

Large in every sense of the word.

Andy Renard had spent much of the night with his head held high. Not thanks to pride—hard to feel much of that in the collective shadow of the night's exorbitantly-sized guests. No. He looked up as an act of necessity.

That same necessity forced him to keep his footwork exhaustingly fancy these past two hours. Thank goodness he was a fox, some species couldn't cut it here. For waiters, servers, and fancily-dressed servants of any kind, these soirees were the big leagues.

If he failed. Lingered too long. Didn't premeditate a scaly leg swinging his way. Then some immense man or woman twice his height would bowl him over. His platter would fly from his hands, and he would go from pointedly ignored to glowered down at.

That would be it for the gig.

"I swear, they keep us around to have people they can look down on," Andy growled under his breath while restocking his platter with hors d'oeuvres from the tiny servant's pantry. Tiny insofar that their hosts couldn't fit inside the front door—it was twice the size of his apartment.

A particularly gluttonous guest had picked up his platter and dumped all its contents into his maw. An uncouth belch later, then Andy received his emptied platter without so much as a thank you.

Dragons.

Red, blue, gold, silver; the scale color didn't mean much when the shortest among them stood 10-feet tall. The great, thumping 20-footers could at least be *felt*, offering plenty of time for a knee-high fox to become a russet blur and get the hell out the way.

It was scary work. Dangerous work, in the sense that running around on a busy highway would be. But above all, it was profitable work. Everyone knew dragons paid well. When it came to the phrase, "generational wealth," no mammal could compete. Long lifespans plus a gold-hoarding instinct led to big, fat inheritances.

So with his platter well-filled, he exited with a sigh—bracing for another hour of that lost-animal-on-the-highway feeling.

"I'll have one."

Andy braked fast, so used to keeping his view high he hadn't thought to look straight ahead. Her sardonic smile said she was used to shocked expressions like the one he wore. "Of course, ma'am," he said, presenting the platter of pastries.

"I see the way you're looking at me." Her serrated claws wiggled over the platter while she debated which one to eat.

He gave his most diplomatic smile. "You're certainly less of a workout for my neck."

"That so?" The comment pinched her brow.

"I meant it in the best way possible. You're... not like the rest."

“Of course not.” She plucked the middlemost pastry and popped it into her mouth. He waited to be shooed along. Instead, she swallowed, gave an approving nod, then said, “Adelonda.”

“A pleasure.” Andy bowed low, and for the first time that night, it was because he wanted to.

She looked radiant. Literally, with the way the light hit her crimson scales. Counter to the stillness that marked her ladylike poise, her voluminous, fur-tufted tail playfully writhed in the background. Quite the set of ebony horns curved up from her head, and—far be it from a professional like *him* to notice—quite the set of *breasts* curved out from her chest.

Her knee-length dress commanded his eyes to explore. Sheer white, they provided an intimate blueprint of her voluptuousness. More than voluptuous, she was *strong*. That fact was on full display outside the dress. With its sleeveless make, she boasted broad arms he couldn't have matched even as the world's strongest fox. Skull-crushing thighs pushed against the skirt of her dress as though it was the only thing keeping them at bay. Maybe it was: they both ran thick as his narrow torso.

She made for a sight and a half, yet she remained the slightest sight at the party—measuring only to Andy's height. And Andy, as a tall fox, was an inch shy of the six-foot mark. A tall lady, but a newt of a dragon.

“You didn't tell me your name,” Adelonda said as she started circling him. Making no mention of the impolite interval where Andy's eyes roved down, up, down in a way that made him half-certain she was playing with her food...

Before firing him.

“Andy,” he blurted as she completed her circuit. “Ah, Andy Renard.” He gave an apologetic chuckle before adding, “You’re the first dragon to say a word to me tonight.”

“Don’t take it personally,” she said. “Your kind just happen to be beneath us.”

“Then why, Miss Adelonda, are you talking to a lowly fox?”

“Because.” Adelonda paused to pop another pastry in her mouth, scowling eyes flitting over to the gathering of giants. She swallowed before saying, “I happen to be beneath them.”

“There’s extra waiter outfits in the back.” Andy nodded towards the door.

The dragoness started with a snort, then flashed her fangs as though they could dam the laughter that followed. “Sharp as you look, fox—” She reached over and gave his uniform’s tie a tug. “—I think I’ll stay a dragon.”

“You think I look sharp?”

“That would be all you heard.” Adelonda took his platter and placed it onto the counter next to them. “Follow me.” She snapped around in a blink and carried herself away with quick, purposeful strides—not bothering to check if he would follow.

“Ma’am?” He bounded after, and not just because her raised tail helped flaunt the sway of her heart-shaped butt.

...though it did contribute.

“I do have guests to serve,” he added upon arriving at her side.

“I am a guest.” Adelonda straightened herself out—as if that would remotely help her close the gap to her colossal cousins. “Ergo...” She tilted her head towards him, angling an expectant look.

“I serve you?”

“In any. Way. I. Want.” Her fingers walked the side of his arm while she spoke.

“If I didn’t know any better, ma’am, I’d say—” Andy cut himself off to clear his throat. That, and never, *ever* finish his sentence.

“Say what?”

Say he’d overstepped, for starters. Their immense statures were only for show, money made the world move—this ruby-red knockout could have been a billionaire for all he knew.

Still, nothing ventured.

“...that you’re coming onto me?”

She gratified his response with a mysterious sort of smile that told him nothing. Her eyes carried past him, and the mystery gave way to a girlish sulk. “Oh. There’s my sister,” she sighed.

Easy to spot despite the crowd. Same red scales, only on a ten-foot bombshell. Yet he preferred the figure of the meatier, compact version down here. With him. “A big sister,” he commented.

“No.”

“Ah. Your tone tells me I shouldn’t have called her that.”

“A little sister. We’re only five years apart.” The way Adelonda grumbled this fact made it sound like she was talking to herself. Assuring herself.

“*She’s* in high school, then?” Andy glanced back at the giantess. A sharp—dare he say, jealous?—tug to his tie forced his pace back into line with Adelonda’s.

“She’s 46.”

“Oh.” Andy blinked at the dragoness leading him along, processing this information.

“You look *incredible* for your age.”

A derisive snort fired tendrils of smoke out her nostrils. “Dragons live centuries, little flame.”

“Little?” Andy arched his brow; he didn’t care much for dragons, but he was starting to enjoy her company. “You are aware we’re the same height, right?” After a beat, he added, “Ma’am,” with a smirk.

“You *will* be little.” Adelonda threw her head back. A flowing mane of autumn gradients gracefully spilled down her back. “I’m just a late bloomer. Someday soon, I’ll be up there.”

“And I’ll be here. Waiting on you.”

“*Serving* me,” she corrected. “What is your opinion on dragons?”

Andy stopped breathing. Not for the question, but the fact that Adelonda had come with it. Drawn close so their hips and shoulders rubbed. He quickly glanced away, heating up underneath his fur. “Your people run the world, what’s there to think?”

“You can be honest. I see you’re an opinionated man.”

“You’re an interesting woman, ma’am.”

“I’m interesting. As for dragons...”

Andy loudly exhaled through his nose. “I do think it’s a little strange, how life works.”

“Oh?” She hurried to walk ahead of him—backwards, so as to keep her eyes on his.

“Yeah,” he said, so mesmerized by this woman that he was hardly aware they had broken from the party. The din grew distant. Their lone voices carried to the high ceiling. “I mean, it’s all random, right?” he said. “I was born a fox, so I have to be this...” He patted his suit down; they had given him the tightest fit available. It still hung loose at the arms and legs. “...this *scrawny?*”

“*That’s* what your kind worries about?” With lilting laughter, Adelonda spun on her heel; the furs of her tail tip tickled Andy’s cheek.

“Not just that, but... I mean, think about it. I’m born like this and have to work my way up from nothing. How’s a guy like me supposed to get the attention of a woman like...”

“Like...” Adelonda had come to a halt in front of a door on their right. She challenged him to finish that sentence, playfulness flirting the edge of her muzzle. When he didn’t answer, she said, “Get up on my shoulders.”

“Ma’am?”

“I want to get in here.” She pointed up at the thick steel beam of a door handle built for someone more than twice their height. “I’m not much of a jumper.”

“I don’t want to ruin the shoulders of your dress.”

“I could take it off, if that would help hurry you along.”

Andy decided to assume she was joking. “A-anyway...” he stammered, beginning the awkward process of scaling her—she made it rather easy, her hands plenty strong to support both his paws. “Gods, you’re powerful.”

“Comes with the territory,” she boasted, unbothered as he balanced atop her shoulders.

“That’s what I was talking about.” Andy tested the strength of his skinny arms against the door handle. It was made for someone twice as tall, but multiple times stronger than that.

“Hm?”

“B-because you were born a dragon...” He grunted through clenched teeth while upping his efforts. “...you get to be *strrrrroong*—” His arms trembled. “—er.” But the handle refused to budge. “...than. Me. Richer than me. Bigger... than...” He panted. “This isn’t going to work.”

“I have an idea.” With that, Adelonda stepped away. Andy lost his support and dropped. “There.”

Only with the sudden introduction of his entire weight did the door handle swing down. He held on while dangling from the six-o'clock position, then dropped as the door began to swing forward.

"A warning would have been nice." Andy patted his tail down. It had fluffed up in alarm.

"Ma'am?" she said on the way inside.

"Ma'am," he murmured, following after. There were a few snide comments in his reserves. She had gotten him thinking. About dragons. Foxes. Being stuck like this, down here. While she would be destined for bigger, better...

Bigger...

Better...

The train of thought had to be chalked up as a runaway; he was too busy surveying the opulent bedchamber. If it could be called that. More like a vault that happened to have a bed at the center. A bed massive enough for two full-grown dragons to do their business, all while surrounded by piles of gold.

Adelonda grunted through the effort of forcing the door shut. Andy would have helped, if he wasn't so busy staring. The door clicked, boomed with a final echo that filled the chamber.

"Well, I can't change the fact that you're a fox," Adelonda said as she sauntered past. Her claws clacked against the floor and announced her presence to the room's lonely sprawl. Her destination wasn't the bed proper, but a bed of gold. Coins clattered as she gave them the privilege of touching her body; she spread her arms and legs, forming an angel in their jangling excess. "Just as I can't change the fact that I'm a little whelp, slumming it with a mammal."

"Slumming it, are you?"

"You don't sound too hurt," she said during his steady approach.

“You could have had any guy you wanted on staff.”

“Yes, because I’m a dragon.” When he drew close enough, Adelonda sprang like a predator in wait. She seized his tie and forced him towards her until their snouts hovered an inch apart. He was startled to discover both their eyes matched the room: the color of gold. She gave him a quick kiss on the lips, then purred, “...and that means I get everything. I. Want.”

Her draconic hide was hard in some places. Coarse armor along the tight ridges of her abdomen. Along her lower legs. But at her breasts, her thighs, the mouthwatering butt that bounced atop his lap while she rode him into their hard, cold bed—so, so *supple*.

It was a night like cocaine, or whatever the draconic equivalent was. Partway through the entanglement, Andy knew he would walk away a changed man. An addict.

Decadence; a dragoness’s sinfully excessive body; her voraciousness swallowing his rigid knot, cunt still dripping while she howled for more...

The coins at his back felt pleasant for their chill contrast to his sweat-slicked back. Andy ached in ways he didn’t know he could, eyes fixed on a blurry ceiling. His uniform lay tattered around him.

Lying on her side and looking him over, Adelonda was barely winded.

Andy had learned something about himself.

“I...” He breathed through his mouth a few times. Then, each word labored, he announced: “I want... to be... a dragon...”

A giggle hammered him back to reality. “Sorry, dear.” The hoard clinked as Adelonda sifted her claws through it; she traced a solitary coin down his chest and let it lie there. “Still a fox, I’m afraid. There’s your payment, by the way. A tip, on top of whatever they’re paying you.”

“I didn’t do it for gold,” Andy said as he sat up.

“That why you’re holding it?”

“I’m still a fox paying off my student loans. Not about to look a gift dragon in the mouth.” He rolled the coin over in his hand. Closed his fist around it.

“I’ve got plenty of other places for you to look regardless.” More wealth jangled as she rolled over to majestically arch her back. The perfect mix of womanly meat and fearsome muscle—shown off in a way that left Andy breathless.

He wanted her. Not just tonight, but tomorrow. The next day. *Forever*. His hand hovered, and before he could work up the courage to feel her warm hide, she sat up. “Though I suppose I do need to get back to the party.” On her feet, she looked around at his scrapped uniform. “And *you* need a new outfit, servant.”

“Will we see each other again?”

The question wiped Adelonda’s smirk away. “Sorry?”

“You and…” Andy was having a hard time articulating himself. “You and me. I mean, we could—” She cupped his jaw in her mouth, clamping it shut.

Her eyes gleamed with something. Maybe there was a spark that night. But above all the emotions simmering behind her eyes, he knew the one at the forefront crushingly well. As she smoothed his whiskers down in her grip, he saw *pity*.

“You’re a fox.” Adelonda bowed forward, planted a kiss to the bridge of his nose.

When she let go, Andy murmured, “You’re a dragon.”

The twinkle returned to her eye. “And it’ll always be that way.”

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Months passed without Andy seeing a hint of Adelonga's cherry hide. Not that he expected to. She had paid him, after all. He was a cheap lay—worth the draconic equivalent of a quarter. She probably forgot about him the day after.

So it chagrined him to know he'd never forget her.

The gold coin could have made a nice dent in that month's rent if he pawned it off. Instead he punched a chain through it to keep as his good luck charm.

The pelvis-bruising sex could have been what put that extra spring in his step over the next few days. And, hey, maybe those nighttime workouts had started paying off? There had never been much definition beneath the orange furs along his biceps—against the cream white of his chest furs, he detected an added hardness.

...or maybe there really was something to his charm? A thought he always dismissed, though he never stopped wearing the trinket. Never stopped tucking it underneath his shirt when he went to work.

Or when he hit the bar.

Women noticed the extra broadness of his shoulders. The way his wardrobe snugged up around the arms. They found his jokes funnier, batted their eyes in a way that said they were interested but really didn't want to listen to him *talk*.

He always took them back to his place. Good luck? Maybe the coin was cursed. Naked, another satisfied woman asleep next to him in bed, he always found himself restless. Staring at the ceiling. Comparing them to his night with her.

I want to be a dragon.

As stupid a wish now as it had been then. What he wanted to be and who he was were two different things. He belonged with the throngs of waiters scurrying in the shadows of their scaly superiors. Picked up by Adelonda, put down like a toy.

That dragoness was the most attractive creature he had ever seen, heard, touched, tasted. Much as these new fantasies said he wanted everything... he wanted *her* on top. The curvaceous, crimson cherry of his hoard sundae.

So he always assured, "I'll call you," to whoever had flirted his way into disappointing him in bed. Then he didn't.

Then he gave up on the bar scene altogether.

It was late that night. Andy meditated on these thoughts alone, running his fingers along the bumpy contours of his golden keepsake. His vibrating phone pulled him from his thoughts. He groped for it and groaned, "Hello?"

"Come outside," came a playful voice that had him out of bed in a flash.

"Is this—" The phone interrupted with a conclusive beep. Andy hopped into a pair of jeans on his way down the hallway. That and his white undershirt would have to do. He left without locking the door then raced downstairs faster than the elevator could go.

A parking lot this shabby was unworthy of the limousine waiting in it. The regular-sized front looked comically tiny compared to its rear cabin, which had a roof higher than a bus's. In front of the sliding passenger door stood a chauffeur in uniform. Coincidentally, also a fox.

As Andy approached, the chauffeur said, "Right inside, sir," and turned around to grab the passenger door handle. Built for someone larger and stronger than himself, his scrawny arms struggled.

Before Andy could volunteer to help, the chauffeur sighed in relief as the handle clicked, the door sliding open to reveal a dark-lit interior, like a lair.

Not like, Andy reminded himself.

The way in was unaccommodating for a fox his height—forcing him to lift his legs over a several-foot gap. When he got inside, the door slammed shut behind him so fast he had to snap his tail away. Looking back at that close call, he didn't register the hulking presence sharing a space with him.

Not until her feminine voice husked, "Hello again, fox-boy."

She sat at the back of the limousine—though "sat" that would be an understatement. Dragons didn't sit, they *luxuriated*. Her broad hips, barely pinched into a thigh-high skirt, devoured seats that could have fit three Andys. Her tail needed its own space, stretched over a row of seats to her left.

Adelonda was enormous. Everything about her, in fact. From pear-shaped hips and thighs to a monstrous bust barely contained by two silken strips that formed an X shape across her chest. Constricted so tight it only left the color of her nipples to the imagination.

She slouched tall in her seat as Andy stood.

"Congratulations," he managed in a dry voice—fighting for a sliver of the playful confidence from their last encounter. "You finally had your growth spurt."

"One of them," she replied in a bored voice. He swore nothing in the world could tear his eyes from hers. But a familiar clink attracted his gaze to her left hand. To the ruby-studded goblet fitted into her cup holder. It brimmed with gold coins, which she gathered up in handfuls and let fall through her fingers like water.

“But you, it seems,” she continued, “did *not* become a dragon.” Her tongue peeked out in a tease that said, despite her height, she was still the same woman he had met. “Come here.”

When he didn’t immediately comply, she reached for him. His forearm disappeared into her hand, and she yanked him towards her—halting his stumbling trajectory with her other hand. Cupping his chin, forcing his head up. Their lips met, her voracious tongue barged in and filled his maw. She lifted him onto her lap. Spread legs straddling her right thigh.

“I take it you didn’t invite me here to catch up,” Andy panted after their lips parted.

“No. But I am glad to see you. Even if there’s less of you to see than last time.” She gripped the strap of fabric crossed over her left breast; a tug unveiled a plump pink nub the size of an apple. Seizing him by the back of his head, she forced his face into her breast. Probing his lips with her hardening tit. “*Suck,*” she rumbled—her voice guttural, truly draconic.

It conveyed a fur-prickling hunger that Andy knew all too well. His lips parted, allowing sensitive skin to fill his maw. Fox nursed dragon, testing her weak point with a loving nibble from his fangs. One that became a vicious bite at her command: “*Harder.*”

Her sighs filled the limousine. The longer Andy suckled, the more he tried to squirm. He pressed his hands to the hard, warm ridges of her abs—not wanting to escape, but to do more. His jeans were tight, tented by an aching knot. A knot he so badly wanted to pump inside her again.

But she wanted him there, so there he would stay. Sucking *her* off, as it were. Forced to submit while her other hand pumped relentlessly underneath her skirt, wielding multiple fingers the size of his cock to pleasure herself.

He tried his hardest to keep himself from cumming. He hadn’t been horny a few minutes ago. But exposure to Adelonda and her radiant warmth left him desperate with lust.

Her titanic curves shivered with the rest of her. She let go, and the moment she did, Andy found himself too weak to remain upright. He thumped down hard onto his side—panting on the floor as he stained his jeans with an orgasm. It wasn't anywhere near as impressive as the one dousing Adelonda's leather cushion. At this new angle, he discovered she wasn't wearing any panties. Nothing dammed the glistening stream that gushed from her, trickling down the seat to pool on the floor. The scent of sex pervaded the limousine.

“Worn out already?” she cooed, drawing his chin up with one finger.

“I. Can. Go. Again,” Andy managed between breaths.

“Mm, no. I don't think you can.” The moment Adelonda withdrew the support of her hand, he wilted to the floor. He felt so frail. He *was* frail. Only a fox—a fact he'd never minded.

Not until he had a taste of dragon.

“Just let me—”

A gentle, “*Shhh*,” silenced him. Adelonda sat upright, tossing one thigh across the other, inner legs glistening deliciously. He had the urge to leap up and pry those legs apart. An urge he knew better than to act on. One leg was packed with enough sinew and womanly fat to outweigh him.

Andy could stare all he liked, but he couldn't have her—not unless she was in the mood.

And judging from her coy smirk, she was finished with him.

“Now that I've started to fit in with my kind...” Adelonda paused to pop each of her sex-slicked fingers into her mouth. She smacked her lips once they had all been polished, then continued: “I can be less of a wallflower at their functions.”

Andy's pupils pinched to pinpricks as she reached for her goblet. Each tantalizing clink of coin sifted over coin made his ears twitch. He wasn't sure why the sound excited him, but it did.

"I'll admit, I looked for you several times at the latest gatherings," she said. "I got fed up and checked the registry of servers—I was disappointed to see you hadn't made the cut for some time."

Andy held his breath as she gathered some coins into her fist.

"I expect..." she began, holding that fist over him.

Plink, plink. Two coins fell as she began to unfurl her fingers. One pattered at Andy's side. Another made him flinch as it bounced off his snout.

"...to. See. You."

Plink, plink, plink. With her every word, another coin fell around him. Like a queen flaunting her wealth to a pauper. He snatched each one where it landed.

"There."

The last one, he grabbed before it touched the ground. He held his payment in his open hand. Not such a cheap lay anymore; six gold coins pawned off totaled a month's work at least.

Her huge yet gentle hand broke him from his trance. She touched his cheek, and their golden eyes met. Whatever Adelonda saw in him—desperation, love, need—it made her smirk faintly. She knew he was smitten.

"It's a date," he breathed.

"It's your job." A kiss to the bridge of his nose and it was like she held his heart in her talons. When her lips lifted, he could breathe again. Think again.

The side door slid open. They hadn't even driven away from the parking lot. Andy blinked at the world outside, then looked up at Adelonda. "Let me stay with you," he said. When she giggled, some harshness went into his voice. "I mean it. I—"

"You're a fox, dear. Act like one," the dragoness interrupted, reminding him of his place by grabbing the scruff of his neck and lifting him to his paws. "There'll be plenty more payment where that came from."

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He had exited the limousine in a trance. By the time he turned around, it was gone—like a dream. A wet one. He stood in the parking lot with a very visible cum stain on his pants.

"Shit."

But it wasn't a dream. The evidence was there in his hand.

He wasn't sure how long he'd been staring in the dark of his bedroom. The small stack of gold coins glinted against a crack of hallway light he'd neglected to turn off.

Cold to the touch, somehow hot on his skin. They clinked as he rocked his palm. For whatever reason, the sound took his breath away—like beautiful music, rather than the jangle of spare change.

The songs they sang hypnotized. Vivid memories of their brief, intense fling played. Her thighs. Her *breasts*. The goddess-like way she carried herself.

He salivated, but the vision soured as he remembered those supple thighs sealing shut. He enveloped his payment in his fist, flexing the pitiful muscles along his right arm.

It would take a carjack to pry her legs apart. He wasn't big enough to do it on his own. Wasn't strong enough. How could he face her after a night like that? Basically forced to suck her off. Demeaned. Used.

He struggled with himself. The fox in the mirror wasn't what he wanted to be. He wanted to be enough for her. To be *more* than enough. To be...

"I want..."

Slants of sunlight struck through the slats in Andy's blinds. They pricked against his eyelids, causing him to groan awake.

For someone who passed out and spent the night on the floor, he felt incredible.

Lugging himself onto his paws, he also deduced that he felt very heavy. Like someone had tied weights to him. He lifted his arms high in a stretch—cracking his jaw in a booming yawn. The sound of tearing threads stopped his yawn prematurely. He kept his arms hoisted, not to stretch, but to crack his tired eyes open and stare.

Shredded white cotton sleeves greeted him. They framed arms wide again as the ones he'd passed out with, hard and cut with the sort of definition that eluded foxes. Another way his species was lesser compared with dragonkind. He lowered his new, broad arms; they drooped mightily at his sides, supported by broad linebacker shoulders.

After taking in one arm then the other, he looked up to meet the golden-eyed stranger in the mirror... after stooping to greet him, that is.

Anyone else might have called an ambulance.

Andy busted out the measuring tape.

He had grown. Not a couple inches, but a *full foot*. 5'11" to 6'11".

Taller, and with weight to back it up. He knew that much from the way his paws thudded against the bathroom's tiled floor. And the plastic scale's creak of distress before informing him of the startling leap from 140 pounds to a muscle-packed 373. No one would doubt that number.

The back-and-forth swing of his arms in the mirror showcased bloated biceps. Calves that had hiked the legs of his taut jeans and split their hems.

With a body like this, he could—

The idea sent furs pricking along the back of his neck. He traced a hand up his abs. Drew a claw into the crevice between his pecs.

“*Adelonda*,” he growled her name, his first spoken at his new height. In a new, gravelly voice.

The living room shook as he ran for his laptop. It took a few attempts to log in—fat-fingering through the keys. His gigs were lined up for the next month. Serving at minor functions for businesses or weddings; he hadn’t made the cut for any draconic events.

Then he saw the e-mail.

Sent out last night: an emergency dismissal from the latest Draconian Gala. Somehow, the coordinator had come across his name in search of a replacement. Andy came highly recommended to the agency so could he please consider a last-minute offer for that night? The e-mail came with the added implication that, if things went well, he would be able to clear his schedule for the next couple of months.

Dragons were always in need of good servants.

Andy could have offloaded a gold coin to pay for the wardrobe he had in mind, but he couldn’t will himself to part with a fraction of his small collection. His hoard, he referred to it jokingly... half-jokingly. He instead dug into his savings to purchase a new outfit. Serving at fancy events, half the job was standing around looking sharp in a tux. He had never much appreciated his appearance. *That runt*—funny he could dismiss his old self so easily—always looked like a boy playing at a gentleman.

When he arrived that night, there would be no mistaking him as anything other than a man. He brimmed with such confidence that he almost forgot to use the smaller servant's entrance. The usual penguin-suited bustle didn't corral him like it used to. His unhurried pace forced his shorter coworkers to stream around him, like a boulder in a river.

He went through the same recitals as everyone else. Lectured on how to address dragons, the correct posture to take, the hurried yet refined footwork that would keep them out of stomp's way. All *yadda yadda yadda* to him.

The second they were dismissed, Andy was the first to grab a platter and duck into the main hall. Up to that point, he had vibrated with excitement. He had rehearsed the moment so many times in his head.

He couldn't wait to show Adelonda the new him.

See? his body would tell her. *We can make this work. I'm big enough. I can handle you.*

But the moment he entered the decadent sprawl of the main hall, his unshakeable predator's grin waned.

He was the tallest mammal in the servant's quarters... smaller than the smallest reptile clacking their claws against these polished floor tiles. For a little while, he had felt like a dragon—now, he remembered he was a far cry from one.

Smaller servers nudged his back. He muttered an apology and stopped blocking the door.

With each dragon he had to serve, his ego dwindled. He repeatedly reminded himself that these were fully grown dragons. Adelonda, for the time being, was not. Last night, he would have put her at eight feet tall. He was about a foot shy of that, but musclebound in a way that would make her golden eyes widen with lust. She'd beg him to fuck her, and he'd stuff her to the knot until she was leaking fox spunk.

“I was starting to worry I wouldn’t recognize you.”

Or so he thought.

Adelonda towered behind him. Above him. He craned his neck as the shadow of her bust dimmed the chandelier lights. Breasts that could swallow his head into their cleavage quivered against the start of her black gown. Strapless. Flowing. Black silk pooled elegantly around her.

Andy turned and took a step back. “Another growth spurt?” he said, deep voice cracking.

“And I don’t think I’m close to done.”

His fantasies were dashed as she led him from the party. Muscles that could flex his old wardrobe apart were nothing against her grip. He had gained a foot to catch up, and she’d lapped him.

“Ten feet tall,” she boasted, putting a number to the ton of woman above him. To the rest of the party, Andy had disappeared: trapped in a corner of the room blockaded by hips that could flatten a couch.

After a lazy lick of her chops, Adelonda purred, “It was too dark to notice last night, but it looks like someone’s been working out. For me?”

“Something like that,” Andy replied. Not a word about his height, though. She was too tall to notice—or too tall to care.

“And how do I look?”

Arrogant. Full of yourself. Like you need someone to fuck you back down to earth.

But a clench of his jaw silenced the bitter half of his emotional spectrum. There was another side that answered with equal sincerity: “Like the most beautiful creature I’ve ever laid eyes on.”

The compliment made her draw in a quiet gasp. “Silver-tongued, for a mammal.” She looked over her shoulder at the party, then back down to him with mischief in her twinkling eyes. “Let’s see if you can put it to better use: get under my skirt.”

“What?” Andy said, sure he’d misheard.

Adelonda casually gathered the pastries on his platter two at a time. She popped them into her maw at the same rate, efficiently gulping without a single chew until his hors d’oeuvres were gone.

“You want me,” she said. With one step forward she eclipsed his world, black dress further blackened by the shade of her bust. It folded his ears down; he wore her breasts like a hat. “Don’t you?”

“Should we go somewhere more private?” he murmured.

“This is plenty private.” She hiked the front hem of her skirt up a few feet.

“Wait. Adelonda... ma’am. Can we talk first?”

“I’ve had to talk so *much* since my growth spurts.” When he didn’t make any move towards her, she said, “Oh, fine. We’ll talk. *After*. ...if you have the energy, that is.”

Andy had no choice. He crawled down and hunched in the dark, intimate space. Hidden between her legs.

If anyone suspected that there was a fox eating her out underneath her skirt, they showed no signs of it.

Adelonda made smalltalk with her fellow dragons in the meantime. Resentment grew while Andy groped. A dirty secret tucked away, pawing at her gorgeous legs, unable to stop from rubbing his crotch against her. His mouth was full at all times. His snout fit perfectly into her

deep, sopping cunt. Janitor wasn't a part of his job description, but he had to play it—swallowing to ensure there were no unsightly leaks that might give him away.

Her composure barely broke when she came. Forcing a deluge down Andy's throat as he struggled to catch gallons of nectar.

"You'd best get cleaned up." The skirt lifted away. Andy blinked at his bright and sterile surroundings. The air had been sweltering down by her nethers, now his surroundings upgraded to a sauna—literally, she had snuck him into an empty room filled with hot tubs fit for dragons.

A heavy hip bumped him into the nearest tub. He vanished underneath then breached with a gasp, draping himself over the edge.

Gracefully, Adelonda shrugged her gown off then eased herself into the tub next to him. Nude, scales glistening with a fresh coat of water—delicately tickling a claw down Andy's spine.

"Let me see it," she said.

"What?" he rasped.

"Your knot."

Andy complied without thought, arms slung over the side of the tub to stay afloat. He gave her a smile which he hoped conveyed confidence. She cupped his butt and lifted him until his soggy suit pants breached. The pants—plus the erection they held back.

"You really are obsessed with me, aren't you?" she cooed.

"I could ask the same of you. I don't understand all the games."

"Games?" Adelonda inserted her claw into the waistband of his pants. In one tug, she guaranteed part of his paycheck would be going to a tailor: the crotch of his outfit came clean off, erection pouring loose.

Like the rest of him, it had grown impressively.

“I don’t play games, Mr. Renard,” she went on. Not making a move to put him inside her. Instead, a massaging claw probed the flared red skin of his shaft.

Andy clenched his teeth. He was pent up. Raw with a need for release after half an hour being closer to Adelonda than any other man had been. “You’re so full of yourself,” he hissed, causing her to giggle.

“And you’re not?” she spoke coyly through pouted lips, carrying on the tantalizing rhythm of her claw stroke. “I saw you peacocking, fox-boy. You came here because you somehow assume you and I are equals.”

Twisting his head from side to side, curling his toes, testing the strength of his hands by grasping nothing. “*Because you want me,*” he hissed back—all his efforts channeled into resisting the urge to cum.

“Want you?” His writhes turned rigid as she enveloped his whole cock in one hand. “Why, Andy...” A few pumps was all it took. He could handle shame if it meant the end of that agonizing sexual pressure. As he came all over himself, lowered to simmer in bubbling waters that would destroy the erotic evidence, she assured him:

“I already *have* you.”

*

A tip came from his generous patroness in the paltry sum of two gold coins. He had intended on turning them down out of principle, but the second gold flashed in front of him, some drive took over and he held out his hand without thinking.

The next day, he grew.

It wasn't the same overnight explosion. This time, he swore it was his imagination. There weren't many points of comparison left in his apartment—his legs *already* hung over the edge of his bed; he had started ducking through doorframes yesterday.

But something told him to take out the measuring tape. When he outpaced its 7' limit, he grinned ear to ear.

That was when he started notching the walls. They could take it out of his security deposit. He needed some physical marker of the fact. 7'2." He clawed the measurement into the paneling. Three inches in one night. What was wrong with him?

Was he sick?

Did he have... what? An overactive pituitary gland?

And why wasn't he worried?

His next meeting with Adelonda—that was to say: the next night he would be working a function for dragons—wouldn't be for another week. He used that time to test his new body. Pushing his muscles to limits he didn't yet know. He imagined the oppressive weight behind the squat machine as her ass bearing down on his shoulders. Barbells as one of her rotund legs.

He wanted to be sure he could handle her.

The bespoke penguin suit framed him like a porn star in disguise. No one with a body like his would be caught dead as a manservant. He could have been an actor. A model.

But he didn't want to be those things.

What he wanted was to be in this cavernous hallway. Walking among these overgrown lizards as an equal. To be made way for how he made way for them.

On his way to Adelonda.

She had no interest in admiring his inches, his incredible physique—she had grown again. A realization that almost made him go down on his knees and beat his fists into the floor. 7'2''? Try 10'5''. Where he had been so eager to narrow the gap between them, she widened it. Even if the rest of the world seemed smaller to Andy, *she* loomed large as ever.

“I want to show you something,” she said—yanking him from the crowd in a way that told him his efforts at the gym had been for naught. Adelonda didn't need to exercise, she simply grew stronger by *existing*.

Past the double doors, into a sprawling and intimately lit chamber—what she showed him made his heart sink. Her dress came off with a shrug; she sauntered inside nude. Men and women rose from the sea of pillows at the center of the room. Scantily-clad wolves, cats, foxes. Mammals.

They hurried towards her on cue. Hugged her thighs and kissed her hips. Got down on their knees to grovel while she watched with vague amusement. Her tail became a scarf around Andy's neck, the furred tip tickling his cheek. Drawing him back to reality.

“I thought I was the only one,” he said.

She gave him a sad look. “I'm a dragon, dear.” She walked, and her concubines made way. Andy recognized the looks on their faces, all mesmerized by this woman.

His woman.

“They're too small to satisfy you,” he snapped.

“And you aren't?” Adelonda feigned shock, twirling around and thudding down onto a long stretch of pillows. Showcasing her enticing form. While propped by an elbow, she drew a finger along the sides of her hungry inner folds, tugging it open to give him a peek at her glistening prize. “Someone sounds jealous.”

“Y-you’ve been leading me on.”

The accusation caused a scowl to sully her beautiful face. “I told you from the beginning, we’re different.” Two male attendants approached and began suckling her breasts. She threw her head back and gasped. Women at her sides kissed along the lengths of her thighs. Worshipping a dragoness who would always be more femininely endowed than them.

Andy’s fists ached from how tight he clenched them. For all his lividness, the view also had him hard.

“Prove it, fox.” She beckoned with a curl of an ejaculate-lubed finger. Andy’s legs obeyed. Hands, too. Undoing his to-the-skin suit jacket’s buttons. Tossing his outfit aside. Naked in front of her servants, with a cock bigger than every other man’s in the room combined.

But he didn’t give a shit about measuring up to them. He only wanted to measure up to her.

He gave it his all. Plunged his dick to the knot. Fought and pumped to elicit at least a moan.

When his muscles ached and he was close to orgasm, her immense thighs crossed around his back. Her arms weighed into his head, drawing his entire head into her breasts.

“My turn,” she whispered before rolling over and demolishing him.

Andy was a wreck by the end. Only one of them had orgasmed, and it wasn’t Adelonda. He came three times before she let up. She finished herself off while he watched, two of her fingers more satisfying than his foot-long rod. Her servants clamored. Groped and kissed and did all the things only *Andy* should have been allowed to do—and their worship ended with a puddle-deep pool of ejaculate glistening between her unparalleled thighs.

Afterward, she paid each of them two gold coins apiece—Andy included. Muscles sore, recovering on his back, he looked up as Adelonda’s shadow spread over him. She offered that smile of hers. *Plink, plink*. Both coins should have been cold, but they ran hot where they met his skin. He snatched them into his fist, as if she would take them away. Then, smug as ever, she sashayed back to collect her dress.

“Back to work, fox-boy,” she called before leaving him alone in the room.

Like an addict, his life became centered on Adelonda and these parties. Each week they encountered each other, and each week, without fail, his height went up after the party. As if being near dragons was enough for him to learn their size by osmosis.

7’5”, his measurements read next.

“Have you noticed? I grew three more inches,” Adelonda boasted when they met again. 7’8”. A meaningless number. He was caught in a race where he always lagged inches behind.

Notice me. See that I’m trying to grow like you. Tell me that we’re equals.

But the next time they met, Adelonda made no comment. “Can you believe it? *Eleven feet.*” She laughed on the moonlit deck. So enamored by her height that she had no clue Andy was trying to catch up.

8’. Freakishly tall. Freakishly *large*. The milestone woke Andy up, the wooden frame of his bed giving out underneath his weight. Big as Adelonda had been that first night she visited him outside his apartment. Floorboards creaked with his every step. Any mammal he came across looked up at him, made way for him. Dragons noticed Andy at events, now. The shortest among them still overshadowed him. He barely crested the knees of the vast alphas, but they noted his stature. He was “quite the mammal,” they observed with infuriating condescension.

At this height, she *had* to notice him, and she did—from across the room. Her eyes *had* to light up, and they did. She *had* to get closer, and she did, each movement swinging one thigh ahead of the other, swaggered steps flaring hips that beat on his brain like a drum. It played the same sound each time, the same word:

Mine.

Mine, mine, mine, he thought throughout her progress. Waiting for her praise. Her love. Her lust.

The day had left him feeling massive. Too heavy to take the elevator at the local mall. Huge enough that his paws couldn't handle the pedals on his car. All eyes on him when he crammed himself onto the bus.

But when night fell, he found himself the same as his coworkers: small, insignificant.

That one-word tune to Adelonda's procession guttered out at her arrival—head, shoulders, and bust above Andy.

He had grown a little over three feet since their very first encounter. She had grown seven.

He wanted to hate her for it. To resent the natural gifts that elevated her to a world of luxury and wealth and sex servants.

But height had made a goddess out of her. The unapologetic thud of her heavy feet. The curves flaunted in a to-the-figure dress slung around one shoulder.

Adelonda didn't seem ready to make the first move. Only a coy smile as she took whatever was on his plate. He refused to wait. The crowd gasped, whirling to gape down at the fox who dared grab one of their kind.

His hand lingered limply, half-wound around her forearm. Adelonda gave a quizzical smile, the sort feigning ignorance over his identity. To everyone else, they were strangers from different worlds. “Is there something I can do for you, fox?”

Aghast murmurs ripped throughout the court.

“Marry me,” Andy said.

Astonishment turned to laughter that thundered to the ceiling. “Quite a compliment,” she said, saving face with her own delicate laughter. “Unfortunately—”

“I mean it,” he repeated at a growl.

The laughter fell to baffled silence. Andy felt their eyes on him, but he didn’t care.

Her expression grew stern. She swept her eyes across the crowds of her peers. Then she grabbed Andy by the wrist and tugged him along. “Come with me.” His platter hammered the floor, a clattering punctuation to her strict tone.

“What are you thinking?” she hissed as they hurried down the hall. No fancy chamber this time. Just a deck overlooking the central garden. She blocked his path through the exit, her crimson bulk black on a moonless night.

“You heard me the first time,” Andy said. “Let’s get married, be together.”

Her annoyance melted away. Matronly laughter purred out. “You’re serious, aren’t you? Dragons marry *dragons*, fox. I understand that you’re quite smitten with me—” While she spoke, she reached for Andy. He slapped her hand away.

“*You’re* smitten with me,” he shot back. “And I love you, Adelonda.”

Her expression softened further; it was a rare look—she may have been young for a dragoness, but she was older than him. Wiser. More experienced. “You only love the thought of me being yours.”

There was some truth to her words, but that only annoyed Andy further. That she could know what he was going through better than himself. “You’re not better than me,” he said. “I’m not some plaything for you to keep around.”

“Of course not,” she cooed, squatting down and cupping his cheeks. “A fox your size...” While appraising his latest developments, she traced her tongue across her lips. “God, I want to ride you until you pass out.”

“You’re not taking me seriously,” he snarled as her large hands traced his pecs. Claws dismantled the buttons on his suit one by one.

“Can you blame me? You’re the largest fox in the world, and I could pin you down with one hand.” She opened his suit jacket then leaned in to sensually nibble his dress shirt off. Chewing off buttons. Patches of fabric.

The longer she teased him, the harder Andy found it to concentrate on his anger. She bared his muscles. Planted gentle kisses onto his pecs. His abs. Then came up and let their snouts touch—his wide eyes met her lidded, assured ones.

“Let me take you to one of the pleasure chambers,” she whispered.

The sway of her heavy ass was enough to keep him close behind. Unable to fight the animal hunger that came with his growth. Only when they entered the chamber did he manage to stop himself from staring. His nostrils flared as he picked up on scents. Mammal scents. Concubines hurrying close.

“No,” Andy growled, lumbering over to one of her concubines and shoving him away. “She’s mine.” Another shove. “*Mine.*” On the third, hired whores slinked back. Gold was a nice incentive, but so was keeping their necks clear of Andy’s bared fangs, his hooked claws.

“What has gotten into you?” Adelonda huffed.

“I’m enough,” Andy growled. “You know I’m enough.”

“Is that so?” Adelonda advanced towards him, bumping him backwards without trying. Until he eventually settled onto an ornate throne fit for a dragon. “Andy, you’re an interesting fox, but I think this minor growth spurt of yours has gotten to your head.”

She stripped herself. Clawed him out of his remaining clothes.

“You’re not enough for me,” she purred in his ear. “No matter how hard you struggle. No matter how much you grow. You will never be a dragon.”

They shared a bitter kiss before Adelonda slung her legs over opposite arms of the throne.

“You’re mine, Adelonda!” he barked. “You’re mi—” Her breasts swarmed his snout in melted marshmallow softness. She forced him inside her, riding him down into the throne.

By the time she was done with him, there would be cracks running along its base.

He finally gave her that orgasm. It came after ten minutes drowning in her womanly weight. Humped to the throne. Each bruise-inflicting impact from her hips causing him to kick his leg forward. A weaker man would have broken underneath her.

Andy only fell unconscious.

*

His contract was terminated the following day. He assumed it was going to happen. After his outburst in the main hall, dragons would talk.

It wasn’t just Adelonda he missed. It was the pay. Not cash: *gold*. He had amassed quite a hoard. Nowhere near a dragon’s, but for a fox, the glistening stacks on his dresser were quite impressive.

He tried to contact her. Impossible, of course. Dragons were on a “don’t call us, we’ll call you” basis.

He was a junky without a fix. He measured himself each day, capped at the 8' mark. He counted his coins, as if there would somehow be one he missed.

Why couldn't he get bigger? If he could impossibly grow to this height, what stopped him from growing larger? Bouts of frustration sent his too-small furniture sailing across the room. Not even his landlord dared ask him to keep it down.

A month out. No Adelonda. No gold. No growth.

"*Why?*" he asked his inadequate reflection in the mirror. He seized its sides; his claws punctured glass and sent it spraying across the sink. He took deep breaths, staring down at a fractured army of himself.

He needed answers.

*

"This contract guarantees your silence on the subject."

Spending time around dragons, around the wealthy... you learned things. How money moved. How businesses gained and lost generational fortunes overnight. And in the rare instances that Andy and Adelonda cuddled, sharing lazy, post-sex chatter, she sometimes let little things slip.

"Isn't that illegal?" he had asked, frowning up at the ceiling—using her breasts as pillows.

"Oh, dragons write the laws," she explained in that bored manner of hers, idly tickling her claws through the contours of his muscle. "He's done it a dozen times before that. So long as no one outside the family finds out..."

The two men looked like they and the mahogany table between them had been through a teleporter accident. Taken from an executive office to a dingy warehouse. Andy in his new,

tailored suit, and a similarly dressed 12-foot dragon across from him. Slivers of moonlight snuck through windows close to the ceiling, adding a pale gleam to his polished bronze scales.

For how wealthy Gezdormu was, he had come alone as requested. Considering his size, he didn't exactly need bodyguards.

Nor witnesses, for that matter.

He frowned at the tiny pen in his hand. "If you asked for any more," he said in his measured baritone, "I would have come here to disembowel you, fox." He leaned over the table and placed his signature next to Andy's. "Luckily, your kind are never very imaginative." He slid the document across the table.

Andy took the paper and folded it into his breast pocket. "And my payment?" he asked.

"Your hush money?" The blackmailed dragon shook his head, chuckling to himself. "A pittance. You can't imagine the kind of wealth a man like myself commands." Clacking toe claws echoed throughout the room. He arrived at a hatch door and heaved it open, revealing a tarnished square of a room with a steel container on the ground. Larger than a refrigerator, but about the same shape. Thrice locked from the outside.

"Evidently from extorting others," Andy said.

"Not that you care, so long as you get your cut." Gezdormu ducked and inelegantly forced his way into the room. Andy followed after with four feet less of difficulty. With its reinforced walls, it looked like a room in a high-security prison. "A shame you're a fox. Someone ruthless as yourself may have made for quite the business associate." Gezdormu unlocked the trunk then stepped back. Andy almost tripped over himself to get in front of him and stare down at his contents.

His surroundings dimmed. He felt the way he might after spending the day famished then walking into a buffet. His joke of a hoard back home was a tiny fraction of what laid here.

Enough minted, pure gold coins to retire. Enough for his grandkids to retire.

Enough for his needs.

Gezdrormu's throaty chuckle woke Andy from his trance. "All yours." His mighty hands enveloped Andy's shoulders, claws digging in until they stung. "...enough for a fox like you to bathe in," he concluded. "To drown in."

With one hard shove, Andy stumbled and tripped over the edge of the container. Coins spilled out where he made contact. By the time he rolled onto his back, Gezdrormu was looming over him, perfect white fangs exposed in a snarl of a grin.

"Enjoy," he said.

Andy made no move to escape. The lid slammed him into darkness. A *click* followed by him testing the lid told him he was locked in. He listened for the heavy sound of footsteps. The creak and slam of the rusty hatch door.

Trapped. He closed his eyes, drew in a deep breath...

Then grinned viciously in his tomb.

*

"Smart, for a fox." Gezdrormu took a suitably sized phone from his chest pocket and dialed. In one ring, the call was answered without a word. "It's done," he said. "Idiot worked alone. He'll have suffocated by the time you've arrived to dispose of the evidence."

"The river?" came a deep, modulated voice.

"Yes." The thought brightened Gezdrormu's expression. "I'm uncertain how a *fox* found such valuable information, but I suppose he wasn't an ordinary one."

Bang.

“What was that?” asked his associate.

Gezdormu turned head towards the sealed door.

Bang. The room he had imprisoned the fox in was soundproof. The steel door itself was not. It rattled on its hinges as a fist-shaped dent formed on the other side.

Even he couldn't have managed that.

Another blow and the door flew off its hinges.

An unsettling quiet fell over the room. A gravelly chuckle gave him the impression that he shared the warehouse with a monster. A monster that slung its massive arms out through the door. Flexing, grunting, crumpling the doorframe like tinfoil until it could better accommodate a musclebound frame.

Thud, went the first, brown-furred paw.

Thud, followed the next.

Hunched, muscular bulk unraveled into an upright position with a guttural sound of satisfaction. Spine straightening to the crackle of bone. Rearing to a height that made Gezdormu look up and drop his phone.

“No,” he whispered, taking a terrified step back. For the first time in his life, he experienced shock. Awe. Terror. Emotions that made his faint voice waver as he said, “Not an ordinary fox at all.”

*

The doctor would regret offering his patient a seat—it nearly broke in half beneath him.

Eight feet, the skunk informed Andy after some skittish measurements. Skirting the room as if the fox was going to eat him. A record-breaking 600 pounds, most of that from muscle.

Andy hadn't come for a checkup, though he was pleased to be called the picture of health. He had sent his bloodwork away to several clinics. Specialty clinics. The kind that, though it pained him, required spending several of his gold coins.

"I'm not sure if I should bow or run away," the doctor said while eyeing the chart. "I hadn't expected to be in the presence of ancient royalty."

A very rare recessive gene had been found. One the doctor was hesitant to explain the significance of.

"Tell me," Andy said. He had gotten used to addressing other mammals that way: to-the-point speech, dealing with someone beneath him.

It was a recessive gene... only found in dragons. Only *theorized* to be found at all.

"But why is it making me bigger?"

"Have you..." the skunk paused, eyeing Andy. "Of course you have. How *much* gold have you acquired lately?"

The gene had been bred out of the draconic population millennia ago. Contemporary dragons were not *real* dragons. Not the dragons of yesteryear. They were *Draconus Vulgaris*, an offshoot of *Draconus Gargantis*.

Draconus Garganti used to rule the world. And for good reason—they grew entirely based on the sizes of their hoards. The doctor struggled to explain, because this was much biology as it was old dragon magic. What he did know was that, when a dragon of old was in fresh proximity to recently acquired gold, cell division occurred at a rapid pace.

But the world had changed. Titanic wyrms had little in the way of meaningful meals. They weren't efficient enough to carry on at those heights. Dragons remained the dominant species, but only the ones who abstained from becoming world-swallowing monsters.

Their descendants lost the ability to grow. Still very large. Still very strong and intelligent and long-lived. But unable to push past their natural limits. Draconus Vulgaris.

“Naturally, we have several promising serums that will counteract the gold-reactant growth,” the skunk continued. “We don’t want to inconvenience you, after all.”

“How big can I get?” The seat creaked, bowing deeper beneath Andy as he leaned forward. His doctor went rigid, confronted by a maw that could fit his head.

“Pardon?” the skunk squeaked.

Andy made himself clear by grabbing the scrawny doctor’s underarms and lifting him off the ground. “How. Big. Can. I. Get?”

The doctor’s clipboard clattered to the ground as he flailed. “I... I don’t know! I’ve never seen a live case of the hoarding gene! No one has!”

Andy tightened his grip. “Guess.”

“This could be your limit. Or it could be a dozen feet. Two dozen. You could grow forever!”

“Bigger than any dragon?”

“Yes, yes!”

Andy let the skunk fall to the ground just as a nurse came to check on the commotion. She shied back as he came towards her and ducked out the door.

“Mr. Renard, please!” the skunk called after. “We should treat this. There’s no telling how big you’ll get.”

No.

No, there wasn't.

Which was why Andy grinned from inside his coffin. Of course he'd known this was some form of trap. But if there was one thing he'd come to learn over these months, it was that dragons were proud.

Any blackmailed wyrm would have to rub defeat into the nose of a puny mammal who dared oppose them, and they just *loved* to show off their wealth.

Dragons still had their hoarding instincts, but whenever they made money, they received the same thing any schmuck off the street did after earning a paycheck: a hit of dopamine. Andy felt sorry for them.

He got so.

Much.

More.

He felt the precise shape of each individual gold coin touching his skin. His immediate senses told him the fine ridges and engravings were cold to the touch, but his nerves ran hot. The clatter of coin on coin coincided with new sounds. Ferocious snarls as sections of his outfit first strained, then burst.

“Oh, fuck,” he groaned. How had he *ever* slept through this? His body throbbed. That was the only word that could describe it. The sudden, pulsating twitch of an erection gaining blood—only over his entire body. And once he swelled, there would be no flaccid state. No softening for his hardened sculpture of a body. He could only pump bigger, harder, and never, *ever* come back down.

Surrounding coins clattered as he spontaneously dominated more of the container's limited space. Piling higher, forced to make way for him. His shoulders hammered opposite

walls of the steel container. Buttons flew off the front of his suit jacket. Pants tore up the lengths of his lower legs.

“*Again,*” he commanded with a grunt, and his body obeyed. Another euphoric throb forced his prison to bulge at all angles. From the outside, it must have looked like someone set off a grenade in there.

He took up so much space that his hoard piled until it buried him to the tip of his snout. He drew ragged breaths in the scant inch between it and the lid.

“*Come on.*” His surroundings shook. Steel battled his body, trying to maintain its shape while he demanded more room than he was allowed. “Just... a bit...”

Another throb.

“*Mooooore,*” he sighed into the room. Riveted segments of his prison blew off and clattered piecemeal around him. Gold sputtered out free as water, covering the floor.

Tatters of suit clung to Andy. Each move he made produced a concussive thud as he drew himself onto all fours, then onto one knee.

One last spurt for good measure.

The room itself rapidly shrank. Walls close in to the point that he could touch opposite ends while reaching out from the center.

He wore a wild grin. The kind that could make a dragon flinch in terror. His body hadn't only gotten bigger. His face... he felt the difference in the fangs biting into his lower lip. Teeth pronounced enough to put any predator's to shame.

They made him fiercer than any dragon.

No. Drawing himself upright, then hunching to avoid hitting his head, Andy concluded: he *was* a dragon.

A dragon, or something better.

He brought his fist back and punched the door. He felt invincible, and he had every right to—his hit dented solid steel. Screws popped out from curling hinges.

His deep, manic laughter sent his chest quaking. The movement tore more seams along the remains of his outfit. Gentleman turned monster, the thousand dollar black-and-white rags only emphasized his corded definition.

He punched one more time. The door shrieked off and skidded across the floor, echoing loudly as it did. Silence followed until Andy advanced. Bowing forward, ruining the inadequate doorframe to tear himself free.

Thud, went his left paw.

Thud, mimicked the right.

It felt good to stand up straight. Unwinding his fearsome mass as he leered down at the bronze dragon—more like a whelping—gaping up at him. To be met with shock only widened Andy's grin. He remembered all the haughty lizards he'd waited on. Forced to flee their steps.

"Hello, dragon," he rumbled, his voice barely recognizable as a person's for how deep it had become.

Their heights were reversed. A chest-high Andy now gloated over a chest-high Gezdormu.

"If you think this is supposed to intimidate—" was far as the dragon got before a shove sprawled him out onto the long wooden table. It collapsed to splinters beneath him.

Andy had spent so long thinking about getting bigger that his actions came naturally to him. He strode without hesitation and planted his paw first over Gezdormu's chest, then against his face. Weighing against his left cheek. Making his entire head disappear underneath.

Grasping claws raked harmlessly at his calves. As if his leathery hide were thick as scale. For how heavy Gezdormu sounded, flailing legs smashing up more tabletop, nothing could budge Andy.

He calmed the dragon's tantrum by insisting his weight. Pressing down harder until the centuries-old reptile mewled a, "*Please.*" His limbs fell impotent around him. "Please, I'll do anything."

"Where's your pride now?" Andy basked in the effortless echo of his voice. The sound of it caused Gezdormu to flinch beneath him.

"Anything."

"Anything," Andy coolly agreed. It didn't trouble him, forcing his paw down—he could have crushed this dragon without a hint of remorse. Popped his head beneath his tonnage.

Tonnage. Andy liked the sound of that scale-splitting unit of weight.

Going down onto one knee, his paw inflicted more punishing pressure. A lesser species would have broken. Gezdormu only squawked and shuddered.

"You're going to tell me one thing," Andy growled, taking his time to deliver the message.

"What?"

"You dragons all seem to know each other." He curled his toes. To knead Gezdormu's cool, scaly head—and out of pleasure. This was new to him. Overpowering anyone, let alone a dragon. He wanted to savor it. "I need an address."

"I'll find anyone for you," Gezdormu rasped. "Anyone."

"Does the name Adelonda ring a bell?"

*

Her lingerie was made of bubbles. Adelonda bathed in a small pool, letting out a relaxed sigh as she cleaned herself.

Well, that might not have been the most apt way to put it. Cleaning herself implied action to lesser species. She didn't lift a finger. Arms propped along the tiled floor past the back rim of the pool, she laid there while servants did her dirty work. But, really—they were cheap to her as soap and washcloths. They might as well have been inanimate objects.

Servants manicured her hand and toeclaws to lethal sharpness. Where she leaned against the back of the pool, her expectantly upturned maw received grapes by the vine.

Another day in paradise, for a dragoness who would spend her centuries in paradise.

At her command, two more manservants rushed to opposite flanks of the pool. They knelt down and reached out for her buoyed breasts. A few idle tweaks to her nipples and they plumped to their full lengths. She always needed a few men on hand to satisfy her idle carnal urges.

Growing did that to a girl.

Shame what had happened with that waiter. But he would never be enough.

“—londa!”

Young, naive. Asking to marry her? The memory made her chuckle. Poor boy. He'd understand when he was older.

“Ada—”

And she refused to let him humiliate her in front of her people. A fox and a dragon? He might have been charming. Cute, in that mammal way of his. But dragons could never be the equal of anything except dragons.

“Lady Adelonda!” the servant's cry came in clear as he crashed through a mammal side entrance. He doubled over and gasped.

“This better be important.”

“You have...” the servant gasped.

Her attention turned towards the main entrance. One only a dragon could open. She heard heavy steps down the hall. “A dragon? Here? I didn’t invite anyone to my estate.”

“Not a dragon. It’s...”

The engraved door swung inwards, ruining the washroom’s quiet with a pair of ear-stinging bangs. With the doorframe custom-built for a dragon her stature, her guest had to duck to get inside.

“...a fox.”

*

Outside their social gatherings, dragons were solitary creatures. Wealth bred a certain paranoia, and their height required space. So they spent a great deal of their time in lavish homes suited to them.

Adelonda’s baroque manor sat on the city’s outskirts. Nestled in the middle of the woods like an old ruin. Only any hikers would know if they had stumbled too close to her private property: she always had a full security staff of mammals.

They didn’t do much when a 15-foot fox built like a tank stampeded from the trees. The sealed courtyard gate blew open against his shoulder, not so much as interrupting his charge. Guards’ pleas for him to stop were ignored. Guns meant to deter lesser creatures smoked the air. Bullets glanced uselessly off his hide.

Then he was in through the front entrance. Stomping past the main hall.

Even for a fox his height, Adelonda's home was massive. He would get lost looking for her—if not for the fact that he knew her scent better than anyone. Lifting his snout, he sniffed the air like a bloodhound.

A thick fog of perfume led him down the hall. Running water had muffled his arrival. He opened the ornate doors and steam wafted out to greet him. Paws dirtied by his trip through the woods; ruined outfit further nicked and shredded by the branches he had snapped apart; fur disheveled; fangs bared... Compared to the elegance of this place, he was a lycanthrope stomping in from a full, moonlit night.

Here for his unsuspecting prey.

He hadn't been able to keep himself away. The moment Gezdrormu gave him an address, he had bounded for hours. His muscles never tired. If anything, he ran faster the longer he went. During that time, he had one thought—the same four syllables pumping through his head.

Now he saw that thought in the flesh, her glistening majesty diminished as she stared up at him from her pool.

"*Adelonda*," he growled.

Servants fled at Andy's approach. Not fast enough for his liking. These little creatures barely stood taller than his knees. No wonder dragons didn't tolerate people who got in the way. Other mammals just seemed so... *slow* down there. He bumped one aside with his leg, sending it skidding across the floor.

"Andy." Adelonda did not sound pleased to see him.

Water roared down her appetizing body as she rose to confront him. Leviathan curves heaved out the water.

From where Andy stood, they didn't seem quite as massive as they used to. He looked down, unimpressed. Waiting for the dragoness to do something more. Standing up sternly may have been enough to intimidate her servants, but they were much smaller than him.

Almost childishly, she shoved Andy in the stomach. It wouldn't have been enough to budge him, but he humored her by taking a single pace back from the pool. Giving just enough room for Adelonda to step out and rectify her position. She must have known he was bigger. It was obvious. But some haughty, draconic part of herself clearly assumed it was just the pool's depth that gave him a height advantage. She had always been bigger, stronger—that hadn't changed in her mind.

When they stood on even ground, her scowl slowly unclenched. A revelatory look crept up her face as she started at his feet and worked her way up. Staring forward at his chest, then craning her neck.

Dragons were fiercely territorial. Adelonda would share her home—and her bed—with a thousand mammals before letting a random dragon inside. Meaning this was the first time a man larger than herself ever caught her naked. Ever ogled with unapologetic eyes.

The two giants stayed in that protracted moment. Adelonda, too intimidated to progress. Andy, to savor it.

“Big enough to handle you now?” he asked.

“I don't know how you ended up like this...” Adelonda's attempt at maintaining a level voice was undercut as she tried to take a step back, forgetting about the pool behind her. Her smooth sole squeaked against the floor tile. She gasped as Andy caught her wrist and stopped her from falling backwards into the water.

A ton of woman, and he held her. Three feet a dragon's better. Head and shoulders taller. She was muscular as ever, but her physique looked scrawny compared to Andy's.

"...but you aren't allowed here," she added harshly, her glare fixed on the powerful claws wound around her forearm. "Y-you're still a mammal."

"I'd hoped you'd say that." He let go. Water crashed out the pool as Adelonda hammered it with an automobile's weight. Her upper back left a crack-riddled dent along the opposite rim—a painless fall for a dragon.

"The truth is..." he continued, falling forward. Left hand smashing a palm print where it hit wet tiles. One knee cleaving straight down through the water to dent the submerged floor. Another hand gripped possessively around her shoulder.

He leaned in until their snouts touched. "...I'm more *dragon* than any man you'll ever meet."

It might have seemed illogical that Adelonda started kissing him. She was ferociously angry. Her golden eyes hid embers. He tasted a hint of charcoal when his tongue effortlessly overpowered hers and intruded on the sanctity of her maw.

But instinct overpowered emotion. The same instinct that once made Adelonda too proud to see Andy as anything other than a sex toy now worked against her.

Because now, she saw a dragon.

That didn't mean she wouldn't struggle. They were both primal creatures at that moment. She was looking for a fight as much as a fuck. He had come to *her* territory.

Adelonda tested his strength, and Andy underestimated her. Until that point, nothing had been able to withstand his new body. She reversed the situation in one shove, his back slamming hard into the tiles along the poolside—breaking them into a mold of himself.

She followed a second after. Roaring towards him and smashing her hands down on his shoulders, deepening the indent left by his upper body. She tried and failed to puncture his armor-thick muscles with her claws. The way she snarled only made her more enticing. Soaked bangs hung over one of her eyes. Smoke spilled through the spaces between her fangs.

“Do you really think you’re holding me down right now?” he asked.

“How did you get this huge?”

“I told you.” Andy locked his hands around Adelonda’s back, fingering scaly ridges. “I’m more dragon than you.” He pulled her into a hug that forced her arms to buckle; she fell onto him, breasts slapping wetly onto his sodden chest.

“But this isn’t possible,” she grunted while Andy groped the back of her head. Trying to force her to resume their kissing. “You’re a damn *fox*.”

“A fox who’s bigger than you.” He caught her lips and kissed. “*Better* than you.” She moaned into his mouth on the second kiss.

“Size doesn’t mean you can handle me.”

“Doesn’t it?” Andy smirked. “Take off my pants.”

“What?” He let Adelonda pull back from him and kneel in the pool. Their wrestling had purged the soapy water out onto the floor. Tub faucets gurgled fresh warm water that provided a clearer view below.

Andy’s pants had held up admirably, considering he was nearly twice the man who had been fitted into them. He’d never have been able to get them on, but growing into them allowed parts to survive. No one would have guessed their price, not when they were degraded to ripped-up shorts fighting for his modesty.

Until this point, they had mostly succeeded. Adding Adelonda's nude, glistening body to the equation was close to a killing blow. An absurd bulge bloated the crotch of his pants. His nuts were the size of watermelons, making a sheath that could tuck a grown man's head away seem small by comparison.

But the beast it hid had woken up. Adelonda had her hands clasped together, beside herself as she stared down at it.

"You want to prove I'm still a fox you can brush off, right?" Andy wanted to pounce and ravage her. To fuck her senseless. He could—so, so easily. It was more fun to slouch back and show off, though.

Adelonda traced her tongue across her lips. He was familiar with that response, usually followed through with a smirk. A devastating meeting of their eyes.

This time, she didn't know what to do. Her eyes remained fixed on the massive tent that looked ready to come out with or without her.

None of her servants had left the room, only retreated to the corners. Watching the scene in disbelief. Andy took a moment to look them over. Locking eyes with some stunned wolf, he bounced his brow as if sharing a secret.

Adelonda took in a sharp breath as Andy flexed his dick. There was no tearing sound underwater. The front of his shorts snapped off and floated to the surface—immediately swatted aside as half his erection breached to freedom.

Whenever Andy grew, his dick grew ahead of him. Beet red, thicker around than Adelonda's fist. This wasn't the red rocket she rode without mercy. This was a red warhead, ready to blow inside her.

"You're full of surprises," she murmured.

“You can’t take your eyes off it.” He made it throb again. Every wet inch glistened in the ceiling lights. More enticing than her scales, he found himself as enamored by his own body as she was.

“Fine,” Adelonda said, weighing her hands against his chest. “But once I’ve *fucked* you into submission...” She began to take a seat on his dick. “You’ll...” At her height, she wasn’t used to anything filling her; she closed her eyes tight, trying to be gentle with herself as she attempted to ease the tip inside.

“I’ll...” Andy had a better idea. He enveloped Adelonda’s hips in his grasp—met with no resistance, only a sudden stiffening across her body as she suspected his plan.

“...n-never come this way—” She never completed her ultimatum.

Her eyes were reminiscent of a fish’s. Mutedly working her jaw, she never closed it. Feeble hands pawed his chest—as if she’d lost the ability to see, and was searching for him.

Adelonda’s cunt used to be roomy for a small fox like Andy. Now, his dick had to *make* room. She was tight as a flashlight. Flexible as one, too. He had tugged her down and forced his entry. His dick was all the way inside; he could still see it bulging against her belly.

“No other man will touch you again,” Andy said. In a forward thrust, he tipped the scales—testing her durable dragon hide again by slamming her down on the opposite end of the pool. Grasping her shoulders. Her shell-shocked expression was starting to give way.

“*Andy*,” she gasped, her face pinched in a way that teetered between pleasure and pain.

“After I ruin your pussy tonight, you won’t *want* another man.”

He delivered that, “*want*,” through clenched teeth. Coinciding a quick, violent, in-and-out pump that sent a spasm through the dragoness.

She tried to say his name again. It came out as a soft, feminine, “*Ah-ah*,” instead.

“Because you’re *mine*.” Another thrust.

He liked that word. *Mine*. It sounded like the sort of thing a dragon could say. Before growing, possession was such a vague idea. How could Andy, previously such a pitiful fox, ever have called Adelonda his?

It simply wasn’t possible. She had been right to turn him away.

“You’re *mine*,” he repeated

Any other dragon could have come along and claimed her. And what would Andy be able to do?

“*Mine*.”

Nothing. He’d be helpless as her servants. Watching while the biggest and best rose to the occasion of claiming their mistress.

“*Mine*.”

Each thrust emptied fresh waves from the pool. Forced running waters to refill the shallows, just so he could fuck them away. His grunts. Her gasps. One followed the other.

“*Yours*.” Until that one word slowed their duet.

Keeping Adelonda impaled, Andy looked down at her. She remained in her own world. Her ferocity had cooled, eyes and fangs clenched. Like she was having a nightmare.

Or a very good dream, judging from the way she cracked her maw open to sigh.

He let his erection pulse inside her. He saw it twitch where it bulged against her stomach. When she traced her hand across the outline, he felt it.

“Don’t stop,” she pleaded.

“Marry me,” Andy said.

“Okay.” Her head feverishly rolled from side to side.

“Beg for it,” he growled. “In front of all your mammal servants. Show them how desperate you are for us to be together.”

“*Please*,” she gasped, her hands roaming him the way he used to roam her.

“*Harder*,” he grunted, taking his own advice and thrusting deep. The way she shuddered, he wondered if he could fuck a woman unconscious.

“*Please*.” Pathetic.

Andy groped Adelonda all over. Brought his maw down on her breasts and gnawed one just because he could. Squeezed her thigh. Grasped her butt. *All mine*, he thought as he flooded her maw with his tongue.

All mine, this greedy new part of himself reveled as he pumped and pumped without a care for the cries she moaned into his mouth.

“All. *Mine!*” he roared as he blew inside her. Her arms braced around his back; they held crushingly tight to one another, in a way they’d never really been able to. With Andy in control.

Then she unwound from him, her arms limp at her sides. Cheek rested to broken floor tiles. Breaths shallow.

“So I did fuck her unconscious,” Andy panted. His excess spunk lubed his cock free. When it popped loose, thick clots of jizz poured from her gaping pussy and spilled into the water. He rose from the pool and her attendants went still, none daring to move a muscle as he looked them over.

“Clean her up,” he said, turning around and plodding towards the door. His paws left wet footprints on the floor. Then the carpet as he exited into the hall. “I’ll be waiting for her outside.”

And in the absence of the woman who hired them—whether out of fear, respect, or the realization that he was now the man of the house...

They followed his orders.

*

The proverbial carrot, always bouncing sultrily in front of him. Never his to have no matter how hard he tried...

Well, like the horse who'd trotted his way to find the whole carrot stash, after months of lusting, a measly bite wasn't enough.

So long wanting Adelonda. Now Andy could have her anytime, anyplace. It didn't matter if she wasn't in the mood. With his fangs on her neck, a finger between her legs, she would be.

An animal in need of training, they fought in those first few days. Not in an abusive way. This was perfectly natural. They were territorial monsters. Adelonda refused to be dominated by just anyone: Andy had to prove his strength wasn't a one-time fluke.

He let her go all out. Lethal claws too blunt to pierce the thick leather of his hide. Bared, vicious fangs of an apex predator. All slack, all weak and useless as he grabbed her by the throat, slammed her against the wall, then stuffed her full of seed.

She reminded him of something—lying there, tucked beneath his arm. The women he kept picking up at the bar, trying to simulate that first high when they had fucked at the same height. Nothing ever came close.

Not even now, with her arms stretched across his chest. Her cheek nestled into him. He owned his obsession.

He had Adelonda.

Why, then, was he not content?

The answer came clearly, the night before their wedding ceremony:

He wanted more.

*

It was Andy's first time entering a dragon's ballroom from the guest entrance. Surreal how a few tweaks to his suit elevated him from a servant to a gentleman.

One of the largest gentlemen alive.

15 feet to the inch. Not the largest a dragon could be, but far from the smallest. He kept his arm candy close at his side, parading her around to his "peers." He had expected to be nervous, flaunting his furry self around a party of scaly predators.

But that was an emotion he could only remember, not feel. He knew what it was like to be nervous. He hadn't forgotten his old life. His new self just... couldn't experience it. Since growing, his emotions had changed. The way he saw the world had changed.

That was what it meant to be a dragon.

Coming from a background of working as a waiter, butler, and any other paid servant position, his old self would have thought him, to put it plainly, a *huge dick* for the way he stomped around the main hall. He didn't wait for anyone to scurry out of his way. He barely paid much mind to the knee-height mammals.

Reminding himself he was a mammal didn't give him a humbling moment. He could admit he was a mammal.

He just so happened to be a better one.

Besides, he had dragons to kowtow with. The ones around Adelonda's height didn't give him any trouble. They curtly congratulated her and then reserved their jealous glares for when they thought Andy wasn't looking.

It was the larger ones he had to look out for.

“Being tall for a fox does not a dragon make,” bellowed the monstrous Beltharian, loud enough for the entire congregation to hear. A 20-footer. The largest a dragon could be. Hide shimmering obsidian, horns curved to a crown atop his head.

He made Andy feel the way Adelonda must have felt around him. And he made Adelonda look like a little girl.

“Of course not,” he replied, conjuring a glib smile reminiscent of his years serving the wealthy. He held Adelonda tighter to him, a wordless reminder that *she* had been the one to announce their wedding.

“For a fox,” she began diplomatically, “you must admit—”

“I must do nothing,” the black dragon scoffed. “Large for a fox is large for an ant.” Other dragons, all bigger than Andy, joined in to express their disapproval. Not in a thousand years had a dragon ever shamed their house with someone outside the species.

In a way, it amused Andy. It was an amusement he kept to himself, of course: that he had fucked Adelonda so many times she was willing to degrade her race’s name to slobber over his fox dick.

The amusement passed, however. Deep down, he seethed, because he was as proud as Beltharian. Or this blue wrym lumbering up next to him. This scowling silver dragon, too.

Part of him wanted to bare his fangs and snarl like a territorial dog. A smarter part kept him from doing that. They were bigger, and therefore better.

For now.

There had been stirrings since his visit to Adelonda. Other dragons were up in arms. Especially those who had expressed an interest in her. Suitors arrived one day at a time, thinking that a fox would be no problem to deal with.

Fabulous wealth aside, none of them would be able to compete. Dragons dueled for their mates. Not elegantly, either. They snarled and hissed and bit and clawed.

So did Andy, and he did it better.

With each dragon he beat, Adelonda became less cold towards him. Falling for him. Not in the way they'd charmed each other when they first met, but in the way he had to seduce her: as a monster.

After the third dragon to visit lost some teeth, they stopped trying.

Adelonda had made her choice, and they were now too scared to contest it. These larger dragons didn't want her. They had larger, more dangerous mates. But that didn't change their love of tradition.

"A few centuries of age sets men in their ways," Adelonda had explained to him in sing-song one night.

"The fact that you're even *touching* a dragon..." the blue dragon said, lip curling with disgust.

Smaller dragons murmured their agreements. None of them would have contested Andy, but they were more than happy to let other, larger men do it for them.

Andy let go of Adelonda. "I don't mean to offend," he said.

"Stop smiling," Beltharian snarled. "This entire evening is a farce. Why have we attended? This is close to bestiality for our kin. He's a simple mammal. He was a *servant* before this." He stooped to pick up an attendant like an action figure—brandishing the panicked squirrel to the crowd. "Easy to crush or eat as this little creature." Then he dropped the squirrel, who hit the ground and scurried off.

"I'm closer to your height than his," Andy reasoned.

Beltharian's suit creaked as a deep breath puffed his chest. He wasn't quite the pillar of muscle Andy was, but an extra five feet compensated plenty. "That does not make you close to a dragon. We need to end this entire affair. Let this *freak* tower over his own kind, rather than deluding mammals into thinking we're equals."

As more murmurs contributed to the susurrus, he knew the marriage was off.

"You're right." Andy shrugged. "I'm hopelessly out of my league."

"That's..." Beltharian's puffed-out chest deflated. He was the sort who'd rather fight than be agreed with. "Yes, that's right."

"Allow Adelonda and I to discuss this in private." Andy bowed low; his anger was building. He didn't deserve this treatment. He was *better* now. No one should have been able to talk down to him. "Until then, feel free to enjoy the festivities. I've paid for them, after all."

"You mean *she's* paid for them," the dragon snapped, gesturing towards Adelonda. "You're a fox. You don't know the first thing about wealth."

"Of course," Andy said. "Yes. This is Adelonda's wealth."

"It's a good thing someone talked some sense into you." Beltharian shook his head. "To think, she was about to mix hoards with you. Your pitiful hoard must have made for a puddle in the trove room."

With that, Andy was dismissed. Walking at a pace that forced Adelonda to hike her dress to keep up.

"What was that?" she hissed up at him. "You've given up? After everything?"

"No." Andy repeatedly clenched his hands into fists. They had broken from the main party. This particular party wasn't situated in one of the ritzy city venues, rather a high-security compound miles from civilization.

Some traditions required an extreme amount of security.

Outside were secret servicemen. Mammals armed and ready to fire with extreme prejudice on anything that didn't have a scaly enough hide. Inside the building, security could be lax. No one who wasn't supposed to be here was getting in.

And only the soon-to-be spouses knew the hoard vault's current combination.

It waited for them at the end of the hall. The bomb-proof vault door stood twice Andy's height. Wide as the front of a house. Its sturdy combination wheel could only be handled by a dragon. Or a dragon-sized fox, in this case.

"If anyone catches us out here—"

"They won't," Andy grunted while turning the wheel.

"You're strong, fox-boy. But that doesn't mean you can stand up to a wyrm like Beltharian."

"Fox boy?" Andy broke from the wheel in an instant. Taking out his frustration by rounding on Adelonda. Gripping her shoulders and walking her back towards the wall to pin her against it. Lowering his snout within an inch of hers, he threatened: "They're big enough to talk down to me. You're not."

"No, of course not," she whispered. The way her pupils took over for the iris betrayed more excitement than fear.

"Not boy, but..."

"Sir," she corrected herself with a dreamy sigh, his assertiveness an opiate to her instinctive search for a strong mate. If he hadn't been holding her she might have swooned.

"That's right." Andy snorted, returning to the vault and continuing to turn its combination.

“But why are we here?” she asked.

“Because,” Andy answered as the door swung forward. The hall, himself, and Adelonda all turned gold, bathed in light reflected off the inner chamber. “This isn’t about marrying you anymore.” He stepped into the chamber; his next words echoed stories above: “This is about me.”

Marriage was rarely about love when it came to dragonkind. It was an alliance. A pooling of resources. Each dragon kept a hoard. Independent of stocks or savings accounts, which they also had an abundance of. As a sign of respect, whenever they dealt with each other, they dealt in gold. Generations of it.

Draconic wedding ceremonies concluded with couples bathing in their combined riches. That was the reason for the armed security around the building: all of Adelonda’s wealth had been transported to this room.

Coins. Crowns. Scepters. Goblets. All gold, gold, *gold*. Hills of it. The sight left him breathless. He stumbled in and gathered handfuls of coins from one pile, letting them spill between his fingers. Cold to the touch, providing none of the tingling warmth he craved.

“I don’t think you’ll be able to steal it,” Adelonda said.

She rarely startled, but the sudden, intense manner Andy jerked his head to look at her did the trick. “Tell me it’s mine,” he said, trudging towards her.

“It’s going to be,” Adelonda answered. “Soon as the wedding ceremony is complete.”

“It needs to be sooner, or those... *lizards* are going to end it before we even start.”

“I don’t see how that’s going to help.”

“Say it’s mine.”

“Fine.” Adelonda looked at her wealth. Then at Andy. Weighing the two. “It’s yours,” was her halfhearted conclusion.

He gathered another handful then tossed it aside in frustration. “Still cold. But why?”

Andy’s gift didn’t come with a manual. He only had the words of a doctor he had stopped taking calls from. This was more magic than an exact science. He owned the gold Gezdrormu gave him because it had been signed over with a contract. He didn’t own Adelonda’s gold because she didn’t believe it was his.

He had to act fast. Someone would come looking soon.

“I want everything,” he said, tone threatening as he loomed over Adelonda. “Your hoard. Your home. You.”

“We’ll have joint ownership once we—”

“Not joint,” Andy interrupted, slashing the air with his hand. “I want it.” The implication was clear. If he wanted it, she would give it to him.

Adelonda’s tail whipped behind her while she gave him an annoyed look. “You’ve already taken more than any mammal ever has. Don’t be greedy.”

Again, she tried to lecture him. She was still a dragon at her core. The thought of willingly giving up her wealth was sacrilege... but he had seen the way she melted at his touch. Had smelled the way his bestial growls thickened the air with the scent of her sex. Had felt her shiver with delight when he called her his bitch.

That was Adelonda now. She wasn’t a majestic dragon. She was his lizard bitch.

And it was high time she learned her place.

He grabbed her silken dress and tore it like tissue. No lingerie underneath. Of course not. She wrapped herself like his present—only the moment she was bare, she threw her arms across her breasts and looked outside, as if expecting someone from the party to be there watching.

“Don’t worry about them.” Andy seized her chin and forced their eyes to meet. “This isn’t about greed.” He massaged his fingers into her cheeks. She didn’t blink once; *now* he had her attention. “That night I came back. I said you were mine.”

A jerk of his hand sent her stumbling towards her mounds of gold. “I am yours,” she assured, climbing until riches provided enough elevation that they could stand eye to eye. “You’ve proven yourself to me. You—”

She went silent, shushed by Andy raising a finger. “We’re not ‘going steady,’ or anything like that. You’re not ‘mine’ because you’re my girlfriend.” His paws left prints in the gold pile as he hiked to her height. He gathered a handful of coins and sprinkled them over her. They pattered down her head; some slid into her cleavage and gleamed enticingly.

Sex and wealth, his two favorite things were even better combined.

“You’re mine the way this crown is mine.” He plucked a crown up and hung it like an ornament from one of her horns. “You’re mine the way this necklace is mine.” Encrusted with emeralds, a necklace now gleamed dazzlingly where it clung to Adelonda’s throat.

“It’s my hoard.” She raised her voice. “I’m still the dragon in this—” Her speech gave way to a squeak as Andy rammed a finger knuckle-deep into her gooey slit.

“*Who’s* still the dragon?” Andy crooned.

“I—” The sentence withered to a choked gasp, Adelonda’s body tensing as a second finger interrupted.

“Wrong. Answer.”

“We can’t do this *here*.” Shaking legs threatened to give out underneath her.

“We can do it wherever I want.” Her juices already soaked his fingers, spilled down to shine her hoard. “You’re *mine*, remember?”

“You were supposed to be mine.”

“But that wasn’t how it went, was it?” Andy coaxed her down to her knees, then her back. He lowered himself at the same time, kneeling down while relentlessly probing fingers inside her. “You said I’d never be enough. You were embarrassed to even be seen with me.”

Breasts heaved. Thighs quaked. Handfuls of Adelonda’s hoard came up in her grasp like loose sand as she arched her back, struggling to find composure.

“And now?” he pressed.

“*Fuck*.” Her back gave out, smacking back onto the gold pile. “It’s yours. I’m yours, Andy.”

“This is my property.” The moment she confessed, it started. Familiar warmth tingled where gold touched his bare paws. “Just. Like. You.”

“Like me.” Adelonda spasmed as his fingers thickened and elongated inside her. Eyes shut tight, she panted—too turned on to understand what was happening.

“I’m going to redefine dragon,” he rumbled as his outfit hugged his frame then began to split apart.

“What is the meaning of this?” Beltharian’s echoing outburst snapped Adelonda’s eyes open. Andy wrenched his fingers out from between her legs and leered towards the vault entrance.

“Was wondering when someone would show up.” More of Andy’s apparel gave up as he heaved to his feet. He stepped off the hills of gold, paws thudding heavily against the floor. Toe

to toe, chest to chest, he stood with a smug smirk to contrast Beltharian's astonishment at seeing a mammal who stood as his equal.

"Some kind of trick?" he spat.

Andy let the snarls and twangs of his brimming suit speak on his behalf. Though his growth was on pause, each second unveiled more sections of a bodybuilder's frame. "No trick," he finally said, holding his hand in front of his lips to lick Adelonda's juices off his fingers. "Just showing you dragons your place."

Beltharian slammed Andy backwards into his hoard. Gold sprayed like ocean swells where he landed. Coins clinked together, bouncing with each of the black dragon's advancing stomps. His silhouette dimmed the light, then he swooped down to meet Andy. Savagely pinning him. Baring spit-strewn fangs.

"You're going to regret this, fox," he growled.

"I am?" Andy remained calm. Held in a bed of his own obscene wealth, he gained inches by the second. His biceps popped what remained of his sleeves, flexed to their extremes as he channeled his might into suplexing Beltharian.

Both giants slowly lifted to their feet. Even as Andy rose to his full height, head and shoulders Beltharian's better, the dragon kept his brow tight, fangs bared.

That is, until his eyes flicked down to Andy's feet. Then he went from angry to alarmed in an instant—realizing that the fox who had since exploded out of his dapper suit wasn't standing on a higher hill of gold.

He was on a lower one.

Andy continued grinning down. Further and further down.

Beltharian kept gaping up. Further and further up.

When the gap was wide enough that Beltharian stood tall as Andy's stomach, tall as Adelonda stood to Beltharian, he grabbed the puny dragon by his shoulders and tossed him back towards the door.

His great weight boomed where he hit the steel floor. Before he could get up, Andy lifted his right paw from the hoard and brutally stomped the dragon's chest. Beltharian wheezed, hands wrapped around rigid sinew and bone along the paw's side. Failing to budge it in those first few seconds meant he would never be able to—because it inched larger, heavier. Creeping out to claim more of him.

“Get... off...” he rasped.

Keeping his paw to Beltharian's chest, Andy fell backwards into the hoard and wound his arms around separate piles. He cleaved his hands through them, provoking an avalanche that piled a shallow sheet of wealth across his bare chest.

“Don't mind if I do,” he said, and before Beltharian could bore him with another complaint, he raised his left paw then eased it down. Slowly. Tauntingly. Until the dragon's complaints sputtered mutedly into his main pad.

“If you want to keep your skull intact, you'll lick.” Andy felt like a king lounging on his throne. Crushing his paws into one of the world's richest men—pedaling the air from his chest and forcing it out onto his main pad.

But a dwindling draconic doormat wouldn't suffice. He turned his head to the source of the room's echoing feminine moans. Seeing her briefly shocked him. Not the sight of Adelonda quaking with lust as she hammered fingers between her legs three at a time to compensate for his absence.

It was her *size* he couldn't believe. Her lack of it. A dragon, yet she looked so... so *little*. Like one of the servants he bossed around back at her—*his*—manor. A third of the person he was.

Barely a person at all. Another thing. A ruby trophy to adorn his hoard.

“Stop wasting your time with that,” he boomed, reaching over and snatching her by the sides. A miniature giant in her own right, and she came up without difficulty. Dropped off in the space between his legs. It took her a moment to get to her feet. By the time she did, she stood a foot taller than the highest point of his arched knees—scratch that, only *as* tall after another growth spasm.

He remained quiet, curious how she might react. She was quiet as well, too awed to be anything else. Twisting around, she saw the squirming Beltharian. At her sides, his chiseled, trunk-like thighs: thick as she was wide. Ahead, a ceiling-pointed slab of knot half her height and steadily gaining.

Adelonda met his eyes. He grinned indulgently. “I love you,” she whimpered with a hint of desperation, glistening legs clenched to stem the tide of ejaculate.

“You don't love me.” Andy inserted a claw between her thighs; she gasped as the curved tip intruded on her snatch. “You worship me. So get to it.” The second he withdrew his claw, she obeyed. Falling to her knees and crawling towards him. Her hands ranged his balls. Timid touches devolved into shameless gropes. She plunged headfirst into the crevice of his sac and huffed its potent scent.

He had discovered through his sessions with Adelonda that male dragons didn't have much in the way of pheromones. Being the world's largest fox, that made his sexual scents a

sensory overload she was ill-equipped for. An olfactory drug that left her matting the furs of his balls in drool, desperate for more.

In this case, they shared a common interest. “More,” was all Andy could ask from his hoard. Monstrous groans droned deeper out his chest, filling the vault and carrying down the hallway. He gathered fresh handfuls of gold and mashed them to the sides of his knot—so bloated and heavy that he couldn’t fit his hands around it. Each piece of gold he rubbed into his cock zapped it with an electric tingle, the tiniest spurt of growth.

When the rest of the party arrived, he didn’t stop jerking off on their account.

“You’re late, newts,” he mocked the gathering of reptiles outside the vault door. “Sorry for wasting your time, but Beltharian was right.” He lifted his paws to expose the gasping black dragon—then swallowed his upper torso underneath them. “The wedding’s off. I don’t want to marry Adelonda.”

Parting his thighs made the dragoness between them more obvious to their audience. Debasement in front of all her kin, Adelonda paid them no mind. On her back, she had her head buried underneath Andy’s scrotum. Her bare legs kicked happily while she fingered herself and rubbed his scented folds of skin into her face.

“She’s a little too small for me,” he went on. “More like a slutty ornament on top of my hoard. Fitting for a mammal-chaser like her, right?”

No one in the crowd dared respond. Being too scared was only part of it. The longer they stared, the greater the divide between the sexes. The men remained consistent, shuddering in the wake of the fox who put their supremacy into question.

The women, on the other hand, became less scared—grew more fascinated. *Aroused.* Dominating Beltharian and effortlessly causing Adelonda to submit, Andy catered to their mating instincts better than pornography.

The vault shook as he rose to his full height. His ear tips flattened against the reinforced steel ceiling. He blotted the ceiling lights, shadow stretching across the room.

Claiming Adelonda, who kept fingering herself—a disheveled, horny parody of the mysterious woman who had consumed Andy's thoughts.

Smothering Beltharian, too battered to get up.

Darkening the path of everyone standing by the entrance, showing them exactly how huge the fox they once looked down on had become.

The last traces of the hoard had fed him his well-earned final height. He admired the difference one growth spurt could make. He towered. 20-foot dragons, the absolute pinnacle of the species, would have to stand on his feet and tiptoe just for the privilege of huffing his nuts.

“All the scurrying,” he began. The vault floor dented where his knees struck. “All the bowing.” His audience backed away as he crawled out to meet them in the hall. Dragons could reach his thighs and knees. The cluster of servants keeping a safer distance at the end of the hall looked like action figures.

His paws were the size of cars. His claws could cleave through an aircraft. His knot was a stunted dragon in its own right, the red blimp drooling pre onto the polished, tiled floor.

“Forced to work for your scraps,” he spat, observing dragons shrinking back towards the walls. All dwarfed even as he rested on his knees.

“Well *who*—” He began pumping his shaft with enough force that manmade structures would have cracked.

“—the *fuck*—” He lifted his head to the ceiling and closed his eyes, enraptured by the pleasure of his own body.

“—is the dragon—” Floor tiles crunched beneath his shifting tons.

“—*noooooowwww*?” Any woman who tried taking Andy’s seed would have burst like a balloon. He produced more than enough to fill every single dragoness present. His overproductive balls unleashed virile ropes dozens of feet long. They slapped heavily against the floor.

The sensation was so impossibly intense that he was certain opening his eyes would wake him up. He would be a servant again. In a bedroom that could fit him, as opposed to part of his head. His knot would be normal-sized, not this pulsating monster that made it hard to think.

Slowly, he chanced his fate by easing his eyes open. The hallway stretched ahead, now in desperate need of ten or so wet floor signs. Erotic aftershocks still dribbled down his shaft by the gallon. At his sides, none of his witnesses dared make a sound—terrified it’d earn his attention.

He grinned, an effortless movement that made them gasp in unison.

It was real, alright.

Every last drop.

*

Sunlight streaming through the glass ceiling warmed her scales until she stirred. Stretching catlike, Adelonda raked her claws through silken sheets. Servants roved around her as if she wasn’t there, busy cleaning the room after last night’s romp. A construction crew would be needed for a full fix. For now, they scrubbed out unsightly stains and worked together to lug away chunks of broken wall.

She rose naked from the collapsed bed, aware of ogling mammal eyes. The first couple weeks had been the hardest. Spent reflexively covering herself with a tail that would always be swatted aside, *his* guttural voice chiming that it was no longer her decision to make. She was his trophy, and he wanted her naked all the time. It shouldn't have been such a big deal—the pleasure servants Adelonda used to hire always saw her this way.

But it was different now. A display of submission instead of power. Her former cooks, security staff, maids... *everyone* saw her naked. Not entirely naked, admittedly. Like her—now his—well-dressed employees, she had a uniform.

A scant one clasped around the neck. Brilliant gold engraved with her name. Not *Adelonda*. This was a new title. One she spelled out by tracing the tip of her claw through each letter:

“*Bitch*.” Her collar-branded title boomed down the massive hallway. Everyone in her bedchamber turned to look in the voice's direction. Then at her.

Those insubordinate stares would have ended in someone getting fired if she'd still been in charge...

“*Adelonda*.” Her real name, firmer this time. He didn't like repeating himself.

...but she wasn't in charge. Not of her staff. Not of her life.

She hurried down the incomplete hallway. His palace had taken substantial funding to create. So many stocks sold, companies liquidated, and it wasn't halfway done. Scaffolding framed the towering glass tunnel that fed into the main chamber.

An ornate set of wooden doors waited for her. Typically some servant would be falling over himself to open them for her—not anymore. She grasped the handle and pulled open a meager side entrance. Only *he* was massive enough to open the main door.

What had once been her hoard stretched thin to cover the floor of the circular chamber in gold. Marble walls curved to a ceiling that centered on a glass iris. Sunlight beamed through it in a cataract, causing her former wealth to sparkle. It illuminated swaths of white and brown and russet fur across a field of muscle.

The room shook as Andy heaved onto his side to face her. His shoulders ran wide as she stood tall; he rested a palm to his cheek and grinned—those brutal fangs were enough to make her weak at the knees.

“You’re late,” he growled. This close, his every word quaked through her chest.

He was terrifying. Exhilarating. She couldn’t think straight in his presence. Doubts and resentment gave way, as always, to desire. Dragons were the smartest species on the planet up until their instincts came to the fore—then they became simpleminded sluts.

“Go on,” he said, using his index claw to nudge her back. Adelonda obliged, trotting the length of his body.

A husband wouldn’t treat you like this, argued some lingering resentment.

But arriving at his sheath, she came to a very obvious conclusion: *He’s not my husband.*

He’s my owner.

A heavy golden chain lolled from inside the sheath. She picked up the several-hundred-pound cock ornament and hooked it to her collar.

“Good girl,” he crooned. “It’s been a whole three hours since I last got off.” The opening of his sheath dilated as if on command, his erection barging free. Clamped halfway around the shaft was her collar’s twin: *Dragon*, read the cockring.

Andy clapped his hands, producing thunder that carried throughout the building. Servant entrances swung open around the perimeter of the room. Out poured Adelonda’s former

playthings. Men and women hired to cater to her urges. Since the takeover, that particular sector of her staff had boomed. Tripling to keep up with the master of the house's appetites.

Delicious as the irony must have been to him, Andy didn't use them as a personal slight against her. She simply wasn't enough. His own hands could do more for him than she could with her whole body.

Like Andy had back then, she had at first refused to accept this. How could she, *Adelonda*, not be enough? Instincts made her submissive and territorial in equal parts. She had snarled viciously, fighting off the puny mammal women trying to clamber onto him.

He refused to tolerate her misbehavior. "You're closer in height to them than you are to me," he had reminded. "There's only room for one dragon here, and we both know it's not you." Then he had brought his paw down. His suffocating weight wasn't the real punishment. He abused her by putting the rest of him out of reach. All she could do was watch while her former employees ignored her and indulged in the privilege of polishing his knot with their tongues. Caressing his impossible muscles. She had flailed and thrashed, whimpered and moaned—trying to stop them from touching her fox.

That was, until she realized he wasn't hers. Nothing, in fact, could be hers ever again, because that implied ownership. And property, she knew, couldn't own things. A hard lesson to sell a covetous dragoness, but she had learned to tolerate it.

Then love it.

Giggling to herself, the naked gemstone of Andy's hoard burned away her pride and began to caress his cock. Just another in the throng, except she wasn't being paid.

For *Adelonda*, this was a lifestyle.

Andy had tried to resist at first.

Far as distractions went, pedestrian entertainment didn't cut it. What, was a 50-foot billionaire expected to watch *television*? Browse the internet? Eat barrels of caviar?

Other people didn't help. They bored him these days. At least, insofar as their personalities or thoughts. Why would he strike up a conversation with his washrag? What did he care if the massage toy vibrating underpaw had an opinion on the political climate? These people were closer to the size of *things* than people, so that was what he treated them as.

And with a libido that would make the first kiss of puberty blush, most *things* tended to look like one specific kind of thing.

Sex toys.

With balls his size, he had a lot to give daily. Fortunately, he had plenty of people to help him unload. Adelonda. His hired servants. There was usually someone crawling on him at any given time. Scrubbing down a paw pad. Carting something over to sate his bottomless hungerb.

He lived like a king, or how a king might live for five or so days before his people started finding the curves of a guillotine more appealing than any woman.

A *tyrant*. There was the word. Andy lived like a tyrant. That was perfectly suited to him, now that he was the only real dragon on the planet.

He tried to stay content with his fabulous wealth and unrivaled size. He had more than any other fox in the world, no need to be greedy.

But he liked being greedy. The more days spent indulging in thoughtless pleasure, the deeper his discontent. The same, obsessive feeling set in. Some nights, staring up into the sky, he felt as if he was back at his old height. He felt *small*. Incomplete.

In need of more.

Andy understood his needs better now. The emptiness in him didn't have anything to do with love. His thrill always peaked that electric moment Adelonda placed a couple gold pieces in his hand.

Growing richer. Growing bigger.

Those were his *real* needs. His body had always tried to tell him that—he just hadn't been in the right mindset back then.

“What is that?” Andy said, squinting down at the letter in Adelonda's hand.

“This?” The question made her jolt. She hastily folded the letter and held it behind her back. “N-nothing.” His stare punched into her soul. A few seconds squirming beneath his eyes and she admitted, “...an invitation.”

“To what?”

“The International Draconic Summit. Dragons are invited to attend annually.”

“And *we* were invited?”

“Only me.”

Andy chuckled. “They're terrified of seeing me. That's fine.” The room sighed with him as he swiveled onto his back and collapsed into his wealth. “I'm not interested in them. Now come here and leash yourself to my dick, bitch.”

His ears swiveled in search of Adelonda's footsteps. Failing to detect them, he propped himself to his elbow and gave her an annoyed look. “The knot isn't going to wait,” he said.

Adelonda had opened the letter again. “There will be hoard exchanges taking place.”

“Hoard exchanges?”

“Dragons ten... twenty times richer than me all exchanging their valuables.”

Andy got onto his side again and gave his toy a curious frown. “Why are you telling me this?”

Her throat bobbed. She looked between the letter and Andy. He knew that look. She was fighting with herself again, another inner struggle as she decided between loyalty to him or her own people.

“*Talk,*” he bellowed, ending the war with a simple order.

“If you were to go...” She wadded the letter up while nervously wringing her claws. “...it would be an easy way for you to get more wealth. There are only dragons there to enforce the law, and... and you’re, well—” Andy shut her jaw with a fingertip. Though he looked calm, the sound of his heartbeat drumming through the chamber betrayed his excitement.

He had tried to resist.

50 feet was so much. More than enough for him to enjoy.

But all of that wealth, guarded by those weak little creatures playing at dragons...

How could he resist?

*

Every block in a several-mile radius from the city’s central square had been shut down for the most important function of the year. Dragons from around the globe took overnight shuttles with military-class escorts. Armored transport vehicles headed for the same locale.

There was no grander movement of physical wealth than during the Summit.

The exhibit hall was built exclusively to accommodate dragons. No servants allowed. Three pillar-propped tiers made up the semicircular atrium at the heart of center city’s sprawling campus. Each tier was divided several times over—like a mall, except instead of cheap shoes or fast food, each space showcased a dragon’s obscene wealth.

Some dragons brought their priceless treasures along to show them off or attract mates. They wouldn't actually entertain any offers for their crown jewels, only pretend to. Reveling in the desperate desires of their greedy kin.

Others offered their wares for wealth of equal or greater value—never lesser. Though with how conniving dragons were, all sides tended to assume they were getting the better end of the deal.

Gold was the color of the night. Ostentatious jewelry ornamented horns and claws. Goblets overflowed with wine that helped expedite the evening's deals. Swimming pools of gold coins sparkled in individual displays.

Every dragon who mattered was there that night. Except for one furry oddity they didn't count among their kind. The mention of him provoked bouts of nervous laughter and dismissive waves. He wasn't as large as the stories said, right? What fox could rival a dragon, after all?

Conversations on the first floor steadily muted, cheery clamor replaced by unsettled murmurs. Collective attention rotated towards the entrance.

Though most dragons stood taller than Adelonda, she drew eyes out from their corners to feast on her. She had followed the gold aspect of the evening's code. Trinkets hung from her horns and hugged the base of her tail. Fine chains linked threaded her cold-perked nipples.

A collar clenched her throat.

But she took her wardrobe a step further: if it wasn't gold, she wasn't wearing it. That left her naked, another prize to be appraised.

Dragons on the upper floors began noticing, joining everyone else in staring down at her. She had been invited, but no one had expected her to actually show up. They had wanted to snub her husband by making a point of not inviting him.

Adelonda's posture wasn't weighed down with the appropriate amount of shame. Her expression didn't betray any embarrassment. The way she nibbled her lower lip. Traced a hand along the ruined folds of a thoroughly abused vagina. A glance made it clear she was enjoying herself more than anyone else present

The crowd didn't have long to contemplate her lack of an outfit. In the unsettled quiet that fell over the exhibit, a distant rumble sounded off. Views panned past her to the glass wall facing the courtyard.

She had brought a plus one.

Dragons on the first floor felt him approaching. As his paws flattened topiaries and kicked aside fountains, they realized he showed no signs of slowing down and backed away. The lights inside the atrium clarified his shadow. Highlighted a fur coat that said this giant couldn't be a dragon.

Glass peeled in a cascading sheet as he walked through the wall. It shrieked down his body. He stood there and dusted sparkling shards from his fur. After that he glanced up from himself and swung one paw over the knee-high Adelonda. Multitudes flinched as he stomped inside, the polished floor barely sustaining his weight.

He had elected for a minimalistic similar to Adelonda's. No clothes, only displays of wealth: golden bracers fitted to his wrists; bands ringed around his two stalactite fangs; fishnet chains combed through a tail chopping the air behind him, blowing glass shards into the ruined courtyard.

"I'm here for your hoards," his voice cut across any terrified murmurs. "All of them."

*

Andy was here for all or nothing.

There was no other option after an entrance like his. Paws cracking pavement as he stomped through city streets. Flattening cars, shoulder-checking apartment buildings—wrecking anything in his path, all for the fun of it.

50 feet sounded big. *Looked* big, judging from the way the world reacted to him. But he knew he wasn't invincible. Bullets bounced off his hide. A missile made for another story. What about fighter jets? How would a dragon of old fare against the military of today?

Ideally, by the time he was through here, it'd be a non-issue.

As expected, no one fled. Normal people would have—Andy coming onto the scene like a giant monster. These weren't normal people. These were dragons, ready to risk their lives for their hoards. They had made themselves uniquely vulnerable by coming here: their most coveted treasures hid in these walls. More than gold coins, these were golden heirlooms.

“Look at you all,” he said with disdain. “Your fancy suits.” Scratching his bare nuts emphasized the difference between them and himself. “Your posh parties. You're not dragons. You're domesticated lizards!” He straightened to his full height and widened his stance, swinging his colossal arms with as much machismo as he could muster. “A dragon should be proud of himself.”

“We're not *animals*,” one aghast dragon said from the second floor. Smaller than Adelonda—some skinny bronze dragon who looked thoroughly offended.

“No?” A ten-foot dragon measured up better against Andy's knot than his actual self. He thudded over, forcing dragons to scramble out from his path. He rested his chin on the railing and smirked. “I'd say everyone here is an animal.” Only once the bronze dragon had fled towards the wall did Andy slowly turn away. He strolled towards the ruined entrance to leer down at his neglected ruby.

Adelonda looked up at him. A jerk of his head and she scrambled around him. “On your knees,” he ordered, following her path.

The dragons were forced to watch one of their own humiliate herself. She threw herself at Andy’s paws. He lifted toes large as her head, and that was the only gesture he needed to have his well-trained property making out with a toe pad.

“Dragons are slaves to their instincts,” Andy purred. “The men all defer to the alphas. They never contest their choice of mates. And the women...”

The longer Andy spent in their presence, the stronger the effect. Where the males remained rigid, females across each floor clutched to the railings, intent on his every word. Leaning over to give him their hungriest looks.

“...the women want the strongest, richest mate.”

“The authorities will be here soon!” another dragon cried. “The military at this point. You’re breaking a dozen laws by being here, fox.”

As other dragons muttered their assent, Andy shook his head and chuckled over them. It was time to make his move. He looked to the right and locked eyes with an enraptured azure dragoness standing next to her red mate. “Give me your most valuable treasure,” he commanded.

The red dragon said something in protest. The dragoness ignored him, spinning around and hurrying back to the display case. Glass shattered as she punched it open. Outracing her husband, she scrambled for the edge of the railing—hugging a golden horn to her chest. With scintillating adornments of gemstones and embellishments, its value was enough to make Andy salivate.

She threw it over the edge before her husband could stop her. Andy caught it in his fist.

“This,” he said, flashing it to his audience between thumb and forefinger like a magician before his act. “Is mine.”

A statement was enough for everyone to believe it. Gasps came from above and below as they witnessed Andy swell several feet at once. His golden accessories creaked—bracers bulging, fang adornments cracking along the seams.

“This one must be *expensive*,” he gasped. The growth spurt hit suddenly enough to leave him breathless. “If one little treasure can do that...” His furs pricked on end. His grin turned dangerous.

“N-no one let him at your valuables!” someone shrieked from the top floor, finally figuring out the mechanics to his impossible ability to grow.

“Give it all to me,” Andy countered. “Either bathe me in your wealth or I’ll be forced to *take it*.” His order incited a frenzied war between males and females. Married dragonesses obeyed his whims; their husbands’ wishes were suddenly secondary to this fox’s.

“Gold, silver, ruby, sapphire,” he purred as they took their treasures and threw them at him like kindling on a fire. “Your scales make you look like treasure yourselves. You’ll fit nicely in my hoard.” His vantage escalated as he spoke, the second floor of the atrium soon reaching his chest. “The *only* hoard.” His accessories popped apart, worthless scraps incapable of containing him—falling to join the wealth that piled at his paws. “Because everything that belonged to you...” The second floor only reached his stomach; his ears crested the edges of the third floor.

“...is. All. *Mine!*” Each word he belted out came more strained than the last, accompanied by its own violent growth spurt. On the first growth spurt, his eyes rocketed up until they were level with the glass railing of the third floor. Hand-high dragons staggered back in terror.

On the second growth spurt, they flinched at the arrival of his maw.

On the third, his shoulders surpassed them. A floor below, his erection rushed out all at once, as if to make up for lost time—a great red mast that crashed through the second-floor railing. It overtook a dragon's entire body, leaving him to writhe helpless underneath.

More important than the dragons were the treasures they guarded. The moment he spotted something shiny in the background of the third floor, he smashed his massive hand forward—blowing apart the railing and swatting a dragon aside to get to it. What it was, he didn't notice. Didn't care, either. What mattered was that it was *his*.

Cracks formed where his head tapped the glass ceiling. His massive shoulders now bridged the once-wide enclosure of the atrium. Even the men had given up on resisting; they joined the women in throwing their wealth at him. Sure of his victory, Andy smirked at his lesser before throwing his hips back and devastating the ground beneath him.

Tremors ripped through the atrium. Supporting pillars across each level snapped; sections of the second and third floor bowed towards him, forcing dragons to slide down and make the long plunge onto his body. Their displays followed, wealth funneled directly to him.

Though their treasures weren't willingly given, they grew Andy. The basic assumption of every dragon around him was that, if it was near him, there was no getting it back.

“Give me *more!*” he roared to the pitiful lizards crawling around on him—the greatest among them no taller than his fingers. “And if you've given me all you can...” He swept his hand from one side of his chest to the other, gathering up a small pile of his dragons. “...there's other ways you can help.”

The atrium went into total collapse as Andy pumped his shaft. Dragons still scurried through the collapsing structure to lavish him with their wealth. Those who could resist the call

of his body, that is. Women crawled across his nuts. Gathered two to each of his rubble-caked toes and licked. Men braced to his muscular form for dear life.

The most influential men and women in the world *worshipped* him. Catering to his every whim as he brought their world crashing down around them in the most literal and figurative ways possible. The crown jewels of a hundred hoards allowed his growth-starved body to gorge itself.

Adelonda was down there, somewhere. Her name didn't come up in the registry of Andy's mind. She, like all other dragons, had been demoted to a pretty thing. A shiny figurine for his hoard.

As he carelessly mashed writhing dragons against the sides of his knot, as his body burned hot from constant, surging growth, his limbs began to bulge through the atrium. His paws cracked the wall. His head busted out the ceiling. His expanding bulk claimed every dragon attending—and as he took the building's interior to capacity, he touched every last scrap of their wealth.

Giving him one final spurt. It added so much Andy to the world that the walls puffed apart into clouds of dust. The clouds of dust hid less and less of him as he outgrew it. Outstretched limbs grinded up the surrounding area. His hand cleaved through the courtyard. Advancing heels shoveled fresh hills, blowing apart smaller security compounds that sat next to the main building.

Seated, he swelled to become the most massive object visible throughout the center city's campus. His cock took close second, weighed against his chest as he continued to literally rub fox superiority into the miniature reptiles' bodies. Ruining them with the scent of his sex as an afterthought.

He aimed his towering knot forward. In the space between his legs, dragons that appeared inches-tall attempted to scale him to avoid the line of fire.

Too late.

“*All. Mine.*” he declared in a voice that carried for miles. Hundreds and hundreds of feet high, the monolithic fox groaned like an animal as geysers of cum spewed between his legs and shot into the distance. Seed swamped dragons. Flooded collapsed buildings. Shot across the greenery of the courtyard and covered cars parked along the adjacent block.

The proud structure became a ruin of cum-doused rubble. Hands and scaly tails flailed in attempts at swimming for air—marking the unofficial end to dragonkind’s reign.

Ungrateful, indifferent to the upheaval his existence had set into motion, the world’s only *real* dragon basked in the afterglow of his lust. His panting breaths percussed the air, drowning out distant helicopters.

The military was coming, just as the dragon warned.

Former dragon. Andy scanned himself and the wreck. Men, women—their sex didn’t matter from where he sat; he had successfully instated himself as their superior. He dimly registered their worship across his body. It was a pleasant sensation, but one that left a lot to be desired.

It would be a waste of time, trying to distinguish any of these things from each other. Not that he’d bother addressing them individually. The tallest among them were pitiful. Impressive in the same way the longest furs around his crotch were.

He reached into a pool of his own cum and fished a handful of dragons out. They were still struggling against his jizz. The thought made him snort.

As military helicopters closed in, their loudspeakers squeaking orders he didn't pay any attention to, he opened his palm and held a small, cum-trapped crowd of dragons in front of a maw that could lap them like sprinkles.

“So,” he bellowed, their tiny forms flinching simultaneously as he spoke. “Who’s going to show me to their entire hoard first?”