

It probably wasn't the best of ideas for the two dragons to be standing so close to the budding disaster area without at least some kind of magical protection, but it was always fun to watch when the sparks began to fly in every direction, even if it did end up leaving them scorched in the process. Besides, Spyro and Volt very rarely got to hang out together, so it was important to take advantage of any given opportunity as best as they could... even if it was only there because their mates were engaged in a bit of an uncivil discussion regarding topics that were best left to the privacy of their respective homes. No one there knew exactly *how* the argument got started; maybe one of the dragonesses had bumped into the other and set off a chain reaction of size measurements that ended with them in the state they were, or perhaps one of the male dragons had misplaced a compliment that triggered some kind of escalating competition. The latter option was less likely though; if that were the case, then both women would be openly flaunting their curves towards the two men sitting on the couch watching the discussion unfold, rather than towards one another. It was far more likely that what Volt and Spyro were seeing was just yet another of the many "size spats", as they came to know them, that the two dragonesses often had.

What made it especially confusing was that neither Ember nor Cynder were particularly flat to begin with; quite the contrary, in fact, as years and years of both self-experimentation, magical augmentation and constant contact with growth-inducing cum on the part of their chosen mates had left them significantly above average in the curves department, so much so that they occasionally had genuine trouble squeezing themselves into tight spots, be it through doors, narrow corridors or, very rarely, small elevators. Perhaps worst of all, this only made their size lust grow as much as they themselves did; every time they inadvertently got their ass stuck on a doorframe, they used it as an excuse to wiggle it around and gently ask for their partner to come help them by making it just big *enough* to break through. Whenever they were immobilized by their own girth, they would inevitably make some comment about how wished they were even bigger, so they wouldn't have to walk everywhere and end up in those "awkward" situations. It didn't help that their enthusiasm for extra size was about as large as they were, and even when they didn't have an ample supply of protein to turn into additional mass for themselves, they would just find a replacement somewhere; it wouldn't be the first time Spyro or Volt came back to their homes after a full day out to find their mate was already there waiting for them, a couple of cup sizes or several handfuls larger, depending on which side of their body they felt like enhancing.

The end result? Even when magic wasn't being flung around in some odd attempt at one-upping one another, both dragonesses were about the same size and proportions as one another: roughly eight feet tall, carrying a set of breasts big enough to cover most of their chest and still jut out a couple of feet to each of their torso, and an ass with cheeks about as large. Their flared hips required extra-wide doors installed in their homes, and the sheer amount of jiggling involved was so much that even they succumbed to it at times, unable to resist the allure of simply plunging their hands deep into their own pudge, biting their lips at the prospect of

adding just another pound, just a few more inches... and, day after day, these small adjustments added up until they resulted in the gorgeously oversized mini-giantesses that were threatening to tear down the entire house with their incensed arguing. It was something about one of them being bigger than the other, thus clearly trying to “show off” for one of the dragons or another, an accusation that could be just as easily levied from Ember to Cynder as it could in the other direction; the whole *point* of the four draconids’ relationship was that they could engage in wanton lovemaking whenever they felt like it, without any regard for hard limits or boundaries, apart from those they themselves imposed within the bedroom.

In reality, it was far less an argument over territoriality as it was an attempt by the two dragonesses to monopolize their lovers’ attention, even if for just a small amount of time. If only they could achieve some sort of upper hand, they could then claim both Volt and Spyro purely for themselves, without the need to share them with their main perceived “rival”; that this could be done at any given time if only they cleared their schedule didn’t seem to register with either dragoness, but then again, when hormones raged that wildly and bodies transformed so easily, it wasn’t exactly simple to keep a close lid on one’s emotions, doubly so when it came down to the animalistic act of rutting. The two male dragons knew that, ultimately, whoever came out on top in the discussion, they would both have a long night of strenuous physical exercise in front of them, potentially a broken bed or three; whenever Ember or Cynder got that red-faced about anything, the only way they had to vent that anger was through vigorous pounding and enthusiastic hip-thrusting.

Thus, they were more than happy to sit the argument out and wait for some kind of resolution. It wasn’t the best of solutions, but neither dragoness seemed particularly interested in dragging them into it, so best not attract attention and just fade into the background instead; besides, it gave them an opportunity to watch as both Cynder and Ember began to alter themselves in an attempt at gaining any sort of advantage over the other one, alterations that were inevitably sexual and proportions-based in nature. If one of them believed the other to have a bigger bust, they’d pump extra mass into their own; if they thought that their “rival’s” asscheeks were plumper and fatter, the flow of size would be directed downwards. All while they smushed their bodies against one another so much that their curves appeared to melt into one another, breasts and thighs squeezing into one big pile of soft, supple flesh and poor, stretched-out scales; it made both Volt and Spyro restless, knowing as they did that they were just wasting time until they were allowed to actually touch those glorious forms, not to mention the... side-effects that being an observer for that fight were having on them.

The two males were, at the end of the day, *very* sexually active young men who craved nothing more than the ability to rut to their heart’s content, something that their mates were more than happy to provide, being very much in the same position. Volt and Spyro went the extra mile in that they kept themselves at a more “reasonable” size compared to the dragonesses they were

in a relationship with, at least overall; they still had very clear bulges that required special pockets in their pants to keep the fabric from tearing, and were more than capable of growing much larger if they wanted to, but rarely made use of that ability. It was much better to let their partners be the bigger ones in the bedroom, as very few things were better for them than the idea of being smothered by a living pile of curves and softness, the very incarnation of comfort come to lay itself over their bodies. The dragonesses were always eager to play this role as well, hence why even their smallest forms were always a couple of feet taller than their lovers'; it was important to keep the size discrepancy at a maximum, so that pleasure too could be driven up as high as it could go.

And indeed, the two women weren't the only ones engaging in a competition of sorts, though the one shared between Volt and Spyro was nothing if not friendly; being stuck on opposite sides of the couch for as long as their mates decreed it, all they *could* do was watch as their bulge pockets grew increasingly tight, the cocks hidden inside of them being pumped larger and larger with each heartbeat, gallons of blood having to be produced just so they'd remain as turgid as necessary for the fuck frenzy that was sure to come. It was a testament to how out of it the dragonesses were that neither of them heard the sounds of fabric tearing nor the cloth ripping apart, and neither did they notice their two mates had their dicks hanging freely... though "hanging" might be the wrong word, given how erect both males already were. They idly stroked themselves, one hand barely enough to even manage half of their shaft's circumference, growing even bigger in the process as they allowed their bodies to go absolutely insane with both size and productivity; within seconds of them revealing their manhoods to the world, so too were their nuts flopping out of the tattered remnants of their jeans, gurgling loudly enough that Ember and Cynder *should* have heard them, but instead they kept on with their pretend fight.

It was hard to tell at which point the confrontation had stopped being sincere and turned into theater; neither dragoness was ever sure of what their tipping point was, nor where it was supposed to be, only that after a certain amount of time was invested in their spats, it always ceased being anything remotely genuine and became part of the fiction that they collectively crafted. They, the four of them, because now the male dragons were going to get involved whether or not they wanted it, and with the Cynder and Ember close to twelve feet in height and carrying busts heavy enough to smash concrete if they were to be dropped on top of some, there wasn't a lot of wiggle room for either Volt or Spyro to back off. Not that they'd ever do that, of course; with their cocks reaching a state where they were about as long as their owners were tall and as girthy as the males' torsos were wide, the *want* to breed had turned into a *need*, and it was running straight at the dragonesses' own instincts quicker than an out-of-control freight train. But still they held back, figuring that if they were already lost, they might as well have some fun with what they were doing.

So the two growing beauties continued to “argue”, slinging increasingly juvenile insults at one another as an excuse to continuously smush their bodies together, giving them a good reason to try and “push” the other one off with half-hearted dislodging attempts that looked far more like they were deliberately groping and squeezing one another while occasionally sneaking glances at their lovers on the couch; if asked, they would vehemently deny this, insisting that they were well and truly pissed off at one another, even after they very clearly started trying to dock their nipples while simultaneously kickstarting their milk production in a deliberate attempt at initiating an inflationary cycle that they’d be unable to break out of. It would take an almost record-breaking five minutes before either of the two dragonesses did or said anything that would even remotely imply they were interested in anything other than fighting, and even then it was just a simple request on Cynder’s part for Ember to lift her right breast up a bit more so it wouldn’t weigh down on as much on her own head. From there though, it was far too easy to fall down the same rabbit hole as usual: one foot stepped closer to the couch, leading to yet another step, then a series of tumbles before both dragonesses collapsed on the upholstery and promptly flattened the whole thing into ruined wreckage.

Thankfully, Spyro and Volt were built of sterner stuff than couch stuffing, and though they were very obviously sore from having to soften the fall, they were just as ready to go as before; readier, perhaps, given they just had their dick and balls smushed by such a vast amount of soft skin and slick scales that the only thing left in their minds was an almost animalistic, definitely primal need to stick their cock into something and *breed it* as hard as they could. Of course, getting *up* was always a chore, especially since Ember and Cynder insisted on maintaining their boundaries during what they counted as foreplay: Spyro with Cynder and Ember with Volt, each pairing dutifully squeezing their curves together as the dragonesses effortlessly picked their lovers up and moved them into their cleavages for safekeeping, giving them something to think about and thrust into while moving towards their shared bedroom. The house itself belonged to Spyro and Cynder, but both theirs and the other couple’s abode were built such that they could easily be used by all four of them should the need arise, and given how horny they had a tendency of being, this need arose on a near-daily basis; it was a wonder they even managed to keep jobs at all, rather than getting run out for accidentally flooding yet another floor with cum or milk.

A flood that manifested itself almost immediately after the four draconids were off towards the nearest bed, with all of them in full, uncontrollable flow. There was a very good reason why they had drains installed on the ground, not to mention an extra-durable plumbing system with vacuum pumps powerful enough to go through even the thickest of coatings; even then, they occasionally managed to clog the whole system for hours at a time, and more than once they considered expanding it whenever they had the time and resources to do so. They were, after all, still constantly growing, still demanding more and more from themselves with each encounter, so there *would* come a day where even what they had then wasn’t enough; hell, there would come a

day when *nothing* would be enough, but that was (presumably) far enough away that they could pretend like they could afford to ignore it. Best not think too hard about what might happen once they reached that magical tipping point where they'd be literally unable to stop themselves from fucking like animals at every point of the day, or else they might very well end up accelerating their descent towards such a bestial state... though, whenever they stopped to think about that, they could never come up any good reason why they *shouldn't* dive off the deep end that didn't involve external responsibilities to some degree, and surely, if they simply kept going for so long that they became a force of nature unto themselves, then electrical bills would just sort themselves out and stop being important. Surely.

The bed creaked hard enough to make their ears almost bleed when all four dragons collapsed onto it, with it remaining intact being nothing short of an actual miracle. Wouldn't remain that way for much longer though; the two couples had a tendency to go so overboard with their ministrations that they'd end up on the floor regardless of whether or not the sheets and mattress agreed to that, and it wouldn't be the first time they managed to rip the latter in half without even noticing that it happened... though it might just be the last, at least if they got away with what they were thinking right then and there. Not that the thought of giving up trying to live a normal life and just embracing their powers hadn't come to them before, but most of the time it was just that: a thought. It was a dream, something unattainable, a fantasy that they occasionally allowed themselves to indulge in because it made them horny, not a goal that could be realistically set in the world that they lived in. It had been like this over the course of several months, all the way back from when Ember and Cynder were both person-sized and didn't have to worry about getting stuck in doors, back when Volt and Spyro didn't actually *need* to have bulge pockets, as they could still control their size well enough. Much like a frog in the pot, none of them truly realized just how much of a change they'd gone through in such a relatively short timeframe... up until right then, of course.

It felt right for them to cut loose, for once. They were always so worried about whether or not they'd spill into adjacent properties or flood the town with their fluids that they could never really enjoy themselves to the fullest extent that their bodies and capabilities allowed; there was always something there, even if it was a more subconscious block than anything else, that kept them from taking that extra step needed to truly dive off the deep end and appreciate the finer points of their engorged and growth-capable forms. Now though, now that the two dragonesses got into yet another argument and ended up nearly filling an entire room before realizing how pointless it was, now that the two dragon lovers of theirs came to truly understand just how absolutely ludicrous their entire situation was, it was highly doubtful that this collective voice of caution would still be strong enough to overpower their lust; figuring out just what triggered this change in mentality would be a question for the ages, and one that none of the four dragons were remotely interested in answers, because if they did so, they might just be forced to go back to

their previous state, where their inner selves conspired to keep them from becoming as glorious as they could be.

So they threw themselves into it, their entire stores of energy being externalized the moment they felt the soft touch of the mattress on their back and sides, even if it was replaced by a somewhat painful fall not a minute later. It honestly didn't matter anymore just what they broke through, or what they had to completely wreck in the process of growing bigger; whatever it might be, it was a necessary sacrifice for their ascension, as all four of the lustful draconics inside that bedroom no longer cared about anything other than themselves, the group, the one foursome that they'd always dreamed of but never dared execute. Not that they hadn't had their fun as a full party before, but never before had they done so with the express intent of using it as fuel for something; they might've grown, might've expanded, might've even caused a bit of overspilling that required hours of mopping, but they had *never* mutually decided that they wouldn't stop beforehand. Now though, this occasion was different. There was something inside all of them that let them know that, regardless of what happened, there would be no putting an end to it; they would keep going until they physically couldn't.

To that end, what better way of getting the celebrations started than to have both dragons give their mates exactly what they needed to start bringing the house down? Spyro and Volt both just had to lie there with their backs to the destroyed wreckage of their former bed, their cocks standing proudly as they slowly rose towards the ceiling, and the dragonesses that had up until then been smothering them suddenly had something else to pay attention to. As they felt those rods creep up and hotdog themselves in between their asscheeks, how could they resist taking a look back; and, with that done, how could they resist the allure of a shaft that was already big enough to stretch *them* out, even when they couldn't sit on it without having to bring both hands to the ceiling, so tall they were? It made for a difficult time bouncing around, given that Cynder and Ember both had to hunch over just to fit inside the bedroom, but with plenty of grunting, groaning, and accidental destruction of the ceiling, they somehow managed; it might've taken them bringing a large section of the house down upon them, showering all four in debris and dust, but at least then the giantesses had *plenty* of room in which to move... at least until their endless, unstoppable growth made them too big to fit in there, even with the extra space.

That was alright though. This was, after all, just *a* house, a limited amount of room in which to work with, and now that all four of them had collectively agreed that they wouldn't hold back anymore, what was a house to them? What was a building, when they had the entire world as their playground? If it turned out that the dragonesses needed to outgrow entire town centers just to be able to ride those cocks properly, they wouldn't hesitate to do so; after all, it gave them an excuse to engorge their assets even more, completely burying their lovers in the underside of their colossal busts, or giving themselves so much junk to their trunks that those cheeks wouldn't stop bouncing and jiggling even long after they stopped moving, assuming they would ever be

still ever again... or all those things, all of them and more, multiplying upon themselves until even their spacious bedroom started to feel slightly cramped from all the dragoness filling it. Granted, it wasn't the first time that Ember and Cynder exploded with *that* much size, but it *was* the first where the thought of stopping it was nowhere near their sense of self-control. Or, to be more precise, it was; it just so happened this self-control had also been discarded somewhere quite far away from where they stood then.

It didn't take long before the house began to suffer the consequences of this boundless growthsplosion, and not just upwards either; seeing as both dragonesses were determined to keep up with the cocks they were bouncing on, and the dragons to whom those shafts belonged were more than happy to focus all of their growth in their packages rather than the rest of them, this kickstarted a vicious cycle that could only really end with the walls being knocked down. There would be no slow filling spaces, no hour during which Ember and Cynder very gradually expanded their curves so that their butts would take up one half of their bedroom and their tits would take the other; rather, they allowed themselves to burgeon outwards with renewed size without any care nor concern for whether or not they were putting themselves, their lovers, or anyone else in danger. As long as they felt the two rods inside of them continue to grow, that was the sign that their lovers were still as engrossed in their ascension as they could be, and as long as they sensed the growing, stuffed balls underneath them become larger still, then the promise of an explosive release still held up. Only the gods themselves knew what would happen when those gigantic orbs were emptied and drained *into* the dragonesses bouncing on them, and quite literally so; they, the four of them, would know, and in doing so would become as gods. No more waiting around for divinity to come bless them, they'd take it for themselves, and damn the consequences.

There were a few people outside their large home who had already begun picking up on something out of the ordinary. It was well-known in the neighborhood that the four people currently having fun abusing their magical powers liked to spend hours and hours behind locked doors, exploring their bodies in ways that most decent folk wouldn't even know how to react to; but most of the time, this didn't spill over into the outside world, thankfully remaining *within* the bounds of their domicile. It was loud, sure, loud enough that the neighbors sometimes had to come knocking so they could politely ask them to keep it down, but never so loud that it could be heard from nearly half a mile away, becoming nearly deafening for those who were just passing by on the street outside. It was a series of shockwaves emanating from within a structure that looked less and less solid with each pressure crash that came barreling out from within, one whose windows and roof tiles were clearly rattling, a few of the latter falling as *something* pushed them upwards from within. It was only then that a few onlookers put two and two together, remembering the stories that were told about the creatures that lay within; most had never been lucky enough to actually catch a glimpse of the "action", let alone look at it for long enough to be able to describe, but as they kept looking, as they started to realize that what they

were seeing were, indeed, several body parts pushing out from inside the building... that's when they wisely decided to turn around and start walking away as soon as possible.

Not that any of them would've guessed the sheer destructive force packed into the explosion of size that finally made short work of the dragons' home; by that point, neither Ember nor Cynder particularly cared about how much magical power they put into improving themselves, and the more they kept impaling themselves on a cock of their own, the more they started to let this power slip. It was a combination of feeling tight and cramped, along with an unending *hunger* for more, that led them down a path that could only truly end in one way: them practically doubling in overall volume once they figured they'd run out of room. Not that they didn't have the rest of the house to grow into, but that would need them to change their positions and readjust their whole bodies in order to contort themselves into an increasingly unstable series of rooms; better to just get rid of the whole thing altogether, emerging from within their cocoon like beautiful, fire-breathing and impossibly curvaceous butterflies. Granted, it was a shower of wooden splinters rather than tightly-packed silk that came flying out, but by that point there were very few people still there within the blast radius, and even those realized it was time to start running once they heard the rumbling begin in earnest.

This gave them just enough time to get away from the worst of it, especially considering that, once the dust had settled, the house had been almost entirely replaced by Ember and Cynder, both of whom continued to enlarge themselves far past the point where they *should* be able to feel anything inside of them... and yet, if anyone bothered to look in their general direction (and there were plenty of people who did), they'd be able to see that both of their bellies were very clearly stretched out by something long, something wide, and something that seemed to be pouring out with countless gallons of what looked to be cum. Now, this couldn't possibly be true; no one had ever been that large, not even the mightiest of dragons, and two cocks of that size would need to be attached to some suitably large draconics; instead, all they saw were the two dragoness-turned-cocksleeves, screaming obscenities at the top of their lungs, begging for more even when it was clear that their bodies could take it. The bulges were big enough to split their tits apart and still manage to poke out from the top of their cleavage, all-but forcing Cynder and Ember to focus their attention on them, giving those immense pillars the best titjob of Volt and Spyro's life... and yet the giantesses begged for them to be bigger, for them to grow larger, for them to split them open and drown their insides in seed, even when multiple swimming pools' worth of spunk were already oozing out from their stuffed slits.

It wasn't enough though, and all four dragons knew it. Though it was far and away beyond anything they had ever done before, it still wasn't enough to reach their true potential; yes, they had broken through the bounds of their own home and left themselves without a roof over their heads. Yes, they had grown so much that it would be impossible for them to ever shrink back down to a regular size, even if they wanted to (which they most certainly didn't). But even as



they kept going, even as they kept pouring more phantom mass into their bodies, to the point where Volt and Spyro had to start giving their bodies *height* instead of just cockmeat, just so they could keep up with all the demands, they knew that this was nothing if not an appetizer. It was a fraction of their true potential, one that they had only just then become aware of; after years of holding themselves back and preventing their instincts from taking over, the two couples had become convinced that they were only actually capable of *so much*, and that most of their divine fantasies belonged firmly in the realm of the impossible. Now that they were living through it though, they knew better; they could feel the power tugging at the back of their heads, trying to force its way through to the forefront of their minds so it could impose itself not just upon their bodies, but upon the whole of reality as well.

It wouldn't need to though, because all four of them were more than happy to welcome this change. Cynder, Spyro, Ember and Volt were beside themselves with glee at the prospect of finally becoming something greater than mere mortals. They would ascend, bringing with them their endless rutting into the halls of divinity, as they became true gods of fertility.

And they would never need to worry about stopping ever again.