

“Are you sure that this is the place?”

“Positive; that’s what the crystal locator said.”

It was understandable how Spyra would be heavily doubtful of the locator’s signal; gem deposits had a tendency to be so shiny that their entire tunnel system was illuminated, the glow visible even during the daytime. With the moon up high and the darkness surrounding them, the entrance to the cave should be as bright as a full aurora, glinting with millions of dazzling colours and beckoning all travellers to come fetch some. Instead, the stone arch was pitch black, a curtain of inky nothingness that almost felt solid when Spyra and Volt approached it; the former in particular was extremely unnerved by it, feeling she could stretch her hand out and it would touch some kind of goopy, sticky material.

“I’m not sure I like this…” she mumbled, taking a step back.

“Hmm…” - Volt was looking at the locator printout, trying to get his bearings in order to make sure he hadn’t gotten something horribly wrong - “No, this is definitely the place… shouldn’t be this dark though…”

“Volt, let’s just leave, come o-*VOLT!*”

Before she could finish her thought, Spyra saw her companion take a step forward into the cave, predictably vanishing on the other side of the darkness when his body was completely swallowed by it. Fearing that the damned thing might genuinely be some kind of portal, the dragoness looked around for anything that could help her, *anyone* that could help her; being in the woods made doing that surprisingly difficult, and with her companion gone, it was up to her to do some rescuing.

If only she weren’t absolutely terrified of the implications of vanishing through solid shadow.

The dragoness held her breath, trying to psych herself up to take the plunge; it wouldn’t be the first time she dove into a potentially unstable portal, and given her luck and history, probably wouldn’t be the last either. Besides, what was the worst that could happen? Having to whack a few mooks with her tail, maybe breathe some fire on a couple of unlucky sods who happened to be in the way… and Volt would be there as well, so that’d make it twice as easy! Yeah!

At least, that’s what she wanted to tell herself. In reality, the only thing that seemed to register with her was the immense dread and incomprehensibly powerful fear reaction that the cave entrance provoked in her, locking her feet and legs into place and not allowing her the

slightest motion, either closer to it or running further away; the blackness had consumed her, taken her hostage in her own body, and Spyra became convinced that she, too, would be swallowed up by it never to be seen again...

... that is, of course, until the curtain of black was dispelled by Volt from the other side, fading away from existence before her very eyes in just a few seconds and revealing a very annoyed-looking, grumpy dragon on the other side of it.

“It was a bust,” he sighed, “whoever got here first took most of the gems and left the illusion behind so no one would think to look for the rest.”

Spyra took a few moments to get herself up to speed on what had just happened, after which she finally took one step forward to join her friend inside the cave, still eyeing the whole thing suspiciously as if expecting it to chomp down on her the moment she went in. The interior was surprisingly dull, however, and a quick scan revealed a series of empty gem clusters where the most precious of the lot had been roughly torn away, leaving behind just enough rough-hewn chunks to provide some low-level illumination. It was far from the bounty promised by the person who sold them the crystal locator, and both dragons couldn't help but feel they had just wasted two days hiking for no good reason.

“We should be able to do something with these stumps... I think,” Volt spoke to himself, “if you want to bother harvesting them. Probably not enough for anything interesting, but you could *maybe* cook up a few simple healing spells out of this...?”

“Unlikely. Did you look further in?” - Spyra pointed at one of the side tunnels, leading further into the mountain. Volt shook his head, prompting the dragoness to start walking towards it - “I doubt they made off with *all* of the gems; come on, there might still be something interesting in here.”

With that, Spyra dove straight into the tunnel, occasionally glancing back to make sure Volt was still trailing behind her; the unnaturally terrifying darkness was dispelled, sure, but the two were still going spelunking somewhere with basically no ambient light, no map to guide them, and no assurance of having anything useful once they were “done”. It was dangerous work in the best of circumstances, and the two were already tuckered out from the trip there, meaning that extra care was necessary to prevent any disasters.

The further down they went, the more things stayed the same. Whoever had swung by the cave had done a distressingly good job cleaning out the gem clusters of anything valuable, leaving very little behind for Spyra and Volt to use; the dragoness nonetheless insisted on

carrying on, truly believing that they'd find something of value if they *just kept searching*. It was borderline self-delusion, but she wasn't about to give up after spending so long tracking that cave down, even if it meant losing several more hours combing through barren stone walls.

Volt, at least, was as supportive as he could be for the whole process; not once did he complain about having to help her climb up ledges or leap over canyons, the extent of his annoyance being restricted to the occasional comment about how the glow around them seemed awfully familiar to what it had been half an hour before.

Said comments began to die out when the both of them noticed something changing all around them. Took... a while, but the familiar dancing light of pure, untapped gems began to play at the edges of their vision, directing them ever closer to their prize. Streaks of rainbow flashed on the coarse stone around them, occasionally highlighted by a bright flash whenever one of the crystals had a small magical discharge. Neither of them said anything as they walked closer to the source of the glow, finding it to be far more powerful and brighter than anything they'd ever seen before. Whatever they were approaching, it had to be big, which is why it only surprised them a tiny bit when they finally emerged into a gigantic open cavern, wide enough to easily fit their house, and so tall that they couldn't even see the ceiling!

The tunnel just *opened* into it, no indication of what was about to happen; one moment they were struggling to get through a narrow passage, the other they were staring down a vast, gem-encrusted crystal cluster covering what had to be *miles* of wall all around them. Spyra could hardly speak, entranced by the sudden discovery, while Volt's eyes had glazed over just thinking about the possibilities.

The gems themselves were slightly different from normal; usually, those things kept to fairly similar shapes, cut in much the same way by both magical currents and just regular geological processes. The ones in there, however, were oddly misshapen and came in wildly different sizes, something neither of the dragons had ever seen. Each crystal pulsated with power, their glow fading and growing stronger on a heartbeat-like rhythm, filling the air around them with a beautiful spectacle of phantom lights. It was a treasure trove, a fortune in gems just waiting to be plucked... which brought up the question of why they were even there at all.

Up until then, every gem cluster they had found was empty of anything but scraps, right up until the end of the corridor leading into their current location. It was very unlikely that whoever had gone through the trouble of clearing everything else out had just randomly decided to leave the biggest slice of the pie untouched, which had a whole lot of worrying implications that neither Volt nor Spyra were in any proper position to think about; all they cared was getting as much of that sparkling treasure back with them as they could carry, and to that end, the

dragoness fell on her knees to start cracking apart some of the crystals closest to the ground. Volt, meanwhile, looked back to see what he could help with, only to see something that somehow managed to divert his attention away from his draconic greed.

Now, Spyra had never been skinny or lithe; though not necessarily as well-endowed as she would've liked herself to be, the dragoness nonetheless had a stunning figure and could easily fill out a dress in all the right ways if it was *just* the right size for her. She still sometimes wished for a little something more, only to blow off the idea of learning the immensely complex magic required to perform successful alterations to her body; it was a dream, a silly one, and she was happy to keep it that way.

This made it somewhat surprising for Volt when he saw his friend's jeans begin to bulge out, and the belt keeping them up start to fray and rip, without Spyra noticing what was happening; the dragoness had the faintest idea of something digging into her belly, but figured it was just residual tiredness from the hike, and thus ignored it. Volt, meanwhile, could only watch in confused, slightly-aroused bemusement as his companion's pants began to tear open at the seams, allowing her soft flesh and glistening scales to pour out from the rips and quietly beg to be squeezed. His own undergarments were getting immensely tight, what with his girthy rod suddenly seeing something it wanted to get *very* closely acquainted with, and much as Volt tried to control himself, the sounds of ripping fabric soon filled the cave, too loud to be ignored.

"You alright back there?" Spyra asked, not bothering to turn around and thus failing to see how her rotund rear had all but destroyed her pants and was well on her way to getting rid of her underwear altogether, "Did you think about Cynder again~?"

The question came with an amount of baggage so heavy that it'd need a freight train to carry it all; both dragons were very well aware of how attracted Volt was to the other dragoness in his life, a sore spot for Spyra if there ever was one. Cynder's genes had been far more generous with them than her own had been, resulting in a body that the dragoness in the cave had to actively try not to be jealous of. It was a difficult task, especially when she caught Volt openly ogling her and stuttering every time he wanted to tell her anything; part of her wished that he'd have that exact same reaction with her, especially since the two *did* live together and it was difficult on her end to withstand the sight of a hunk of a dragon carrying a cock that nearly reached the ground when it was flaccid.

Volt never seemed to understand the effect that his package had on her, which frankly made it significantly worse than it had to be; Spyra always felt like she was doing something she shouldn't whenever she tried to catch a glimpse of its girth, every time her eyes were drawn to its obvious contours, stretching out the fabric of whatever her roomie happened to be wearing. The

dragon being blissfully unaware of it at least reduced the amount of times she had to apologize, and the few occasions she *did* ended up being more confusing than anything to the well-endowed male.

Unbeknownst to her, Volt wasn't as clueless as he might appear; quite the contrary, as his act was very much a deliberate play on his end. In his mind, someone like him could easily assert himself without having to bother too much about it; just drop his trousers, present, and odds were good he'd dominate the room just by standing there. But he had grown tired of the same-old routine, yielding the same-old results for the same-old methods; he craved something new, something *exciting*... and living with Spyra granted him his wish. There she was, such a beautiful dragoness, constantly staring at him and trying to size up his length, all the while thinking its owner wasn't completely and fully aware of how attracted she was to him. It was a different kind of dominance, to be sure, but one that he revelled in to no end... at least until her ass started to grow.

There were a lot of things Volt could do very well, but controlling his libido was not necessarily in that list, at least not when confronted with a gorgeous beauty like Spyra suddenly developing a case of the growth spurts. Even better, the dragoness didn't even realize what was going on, happily breaking off gem clusters and only adding even more pudge to an already-fat bottom and rapidly-swelling thighs. It got worse (better?) when the weight became too much for even the unaware Spyra to handle and she decided to sit down, managing to end up *higher up* from the ground than when she was kneeling, her asscheeks having ballooned to such an impossibly delectable size that Volt was certain he could dig into them with his hands and have them vanish within its soft folds.

And it just kept growing! With each gem harvested, several pounds were added onto it; the dragoness' lower body had become an empty mold into which more and more pudge and flesh was poured, destroying what remained of her jeans and widening her figure until Volt was quite certain she wouldn't be able to fit in the tunnels to get back home. His own body started to shift its center of gravity forward, when blood began rushing below his waist to feed the rising beast destroying his own pants with the same ease as he would take a step. By that point, he was used to feeling his shaft slap him across the muzzle when it got released like that, and the resulting grunt was enough to draw an irritated sigh out of Spyra.

"Listen, I don't care, just... go jack off in the corner until you calm down, I won't have you covering the gems in your spunk."

How *dare* she... how *dare*...

... he couldn't.

Volt *wanted* to get mad at her, *wanted* to feel irritated at the dragoness for daring to talk back to him like that, like he was some kind of thoughtless animal that couldn't control his own emotions and had fallen victim to his own base predations. But much as he might want to disprove that, it was entirely correct; it's just that Spyra had gotten the object of his lust completely wrong.

His cock continued to swell when he took the first few steps towards her, Volt controlling his hyper abilities to keep it at its "normal" erect state. It was already massive enough as it was, taller than him and about as wide as his torso; even with the dragoness' ass being so wonderfully bloated up, it'd still be a hard fit, even if it *was* still growing. Unfortunately for the both of them, the gem's transformative powers weren't restricted to Spyra's butt alone, and when she leaned forward to try and grab some of the more difficult-to-reach ones, unknowingly pinned down as she was by the weight of her own rear, the growth spread to her upper body.

The first thing to go was her bra; surprisingly, even that wasn't enough to draw the dragoness' attention to her body's enormous changes, making Volt wonder if the gems weren't having some sort of mind-altering effect on her. Even when her breasts began to take up a good half of her chest, Spyra seemed to not notice... though there was something odd about her blush. Looming over her, the dragon began to see things he hadn't before: the odd trembling, the stuttering, the eyes darting downwards to check how big she was getting, even the occasional gasp or stifled moan. With a wide grin on his muzzle, Volt realized that his soon-to-be-lover was far more keenly aware of what was happening to her body than she had let on, and had probably been doing the exact same thing to him as he had with her.

Delicious. Futile, but delicious nonetheless.

"I dunno, Spyra, I don't think Cynder's got anything on you anymore," he teased, letting it be known how aroused he was by unashamedly pressing his rod against the dragoness' back.

"O-oh? What do you mean?" - the incredulity in her response was so strained that it made Volt laugh; truly, her ability to keep her own eagerness hidden was breaking apart quicker than her clothes did - "I thought you liked girls that were a bit... a-a bit..."

"Bigger?" he completed the sentence, leaning forward until Spyra was forced to do the same, biting her lips when she felt the full brunt of the dragon's shaft bearing down against her, "You're absolutely right~"

Spyra had stopped collecting crystals, but the changes to her body kept piling up. Soon, it wasn't just her ass pushing her upwards, but her very frame itself that grew, inch after inch, until she could very easily tower over Volt if she were standing; even after both of her hands dedicated themselves fully to groping her navel-covering bust, she still found a way to keep growing, empowered by whatever odd magic had created those weirdly-shaped gems.

“G-gods, I don't know what's happening to me...” she whined, eyes half-lidded and scanning her whole body every second.

“Do we need to know?” Volt mused out loud, “Or do we just need to shut up and enjoy ourselves while it lasts, honey~?”

“It's not n-normal!” the dragoness complained, even if her voice was using a whole different tone altogether.

“Oh, who cares,” her partner scoffed, wrapping his arms around Spyra's back to grab at her expanding bosom, “I think we should just appreciate it while we can~”

Truthfully, Spyra didn't actually *want* to complain or put up any resistance; her mind had been flooded with sensations best left undescribed from the moment she first began harvesting raw material from the crystalline clusters, and everything after that had just been her trying her best not to let it be known, hoping it was something temporary and easy to mask. Even when she felt her pants rip open under the assault of her own body, the dragoness maintained that it would all just end if only she could keep her wits about her. “Sadly”, no such thing came to pass, leaving her in a position in which she very much *wanted* to turn around and demand worship from the massively-hung dragon pressing his greater-than-body-sized cock against her back; it was only the last remaining segment of her rational brain that still refused to go along with the new plan, insisting on reminding her that it was probably a bad idea to let her mind succumb to the effects of whatever that magic was.

That alone was the single reason why Spyra didn't dive headfirst into what would probably be the best several moments of passion in her life; took a while before the dragoness successfully convinced herself to stop worrying about it and just go with the flow, after which it became markedly easier to appreciate how her ass had ballooned to several times its original size and her breasts seemed to have grown large enough to scrape along the ground... had her whole body not also jumped up several feet in height, making her about as tall as the gigantic shaft of cockmeat that Volt was pressing against her. She couldn't even reach the gems she'd been picking up before, her hands far too large to get into the tiny crevices where the most potent ones liked to hide. In fact, any attempt at gathering crystals ended up in her crushing them into dust,

coincidentally allowing the pulverized magical material to seep into her skin and further fuel whatever magical reaction was causing her to grow that large herself.

It was a vicious cycle she knew exactly how to break, but lacked any of the willpower required to do so, not to mention the desire; most of her *wanted* to go through with indulging a little and experiencing how life was like for someone who was plus-sized, even if she'd already matched Cynder's size and blazed right past it like it was nothing. The effect it was having on Volt was immediately apparent, with the dragon tapping into seldom-necessary powers in order to grow himself beyond his already absurd size; he had never expected to need more than a cock that naturally filled out to over eight feet in length when turgid, but then again, he had never expected Spyra to grow thicker than a millennial oak tree and then some, so they were both full of surprises as far as he could see it.

With the cavern filling with the sounds of the dragoness moaning and her body creaking gently as it struggled to keep up with the demand for *more dragon everything*, Volt figured he should throw his own lewd noises into the mix when he began bucking his hips, rubbing his member against Spyre, who had by that point turned around and given him the honour of stuffing his erect manhood in between a set of breasts that were each about twice as big as he himself was. Volt lost himself in a sea of soft scales and softer skin, finding nothing but bosom wherever he looked; the dragon didn't even realize that he'd been flattened against the ground after Spyra toppled over from the weight, being completely encapsulated in the dragoness' warm flesh as he was. Spyra, with her tits suddenly growing even faster from the stimulation, was just one step away from being immobilized by her own chest, even then reduced to little more than heaving her body back and forth in an effort to allow her lover to feel even a *fraction* of what was going through her head. Inside her cleavage, Volt certainly got a ride and a half when his full-body covering of breastflesh rocked him about with such ease that it, itself, became yet another source of arousal: the knowledge that Spyra was growing so big that even someone like Volt could easily just *vanish* into her.

That didn't mean he wasn't going to *try*, though; the dragon was nothing if not tenacious, and it wouldn't be his companion suddenly becoming a giant for him to give up being the dominant force in their relationship. It was his role, after all, as the only "natural" hyper in the room, to be able to surpass anyone in size at a moment's notice! He'd never had the chance of showing off to Spyra, being more than content with his natural size already being so ludicrously overblown that it drew everyone's eyes when he walked into a room, but with the dragoness being infused with the mysterious magic, he felt it was time to let go of his secrets and finally do some good with his own ability to grow on demand.



All Spyra would get in terms of a warning would be an ominous rumbling within her cleavage, which she initially chalked up to her own tits being productive enough to start covering the crystals in the cave in a thick layer of creamy white; but with the sound growing stronger and the vibrations emanating from a very specific spot in her bosom, she began wondering if it couldn't be... but it couldn't, could it?

Such thoughts entertained for a couple of seconds before she felt something truly enormous begin to push her colossal mounds apart, face burning brightly when she understood what was going on inside that squishy marshmallow haven she had built for Volt; a few short seconds later, the tip of a draconic cock emerged just underneath her chin, big enough that whoever was sporting it *should*, by all means, be as big as Spyra herself was at the time. But with no one to be seen, there was only one possibility, and with that realization, all the dragoness could really do was open her mouth and eagerly await for that shaft to grow large enough to fit right into it.

She got her wish a few moments later when a large spurt made that thing gain several extra feet in length and at least half of that in width, slamming into her eager lips and stretching her jaw out the moment it was inside; while Spyra could be excused for thinking it was just a “normal” part of her lover's hitherto unknown powers, in reality it was Volt completely losing control after finding someone who could take him at those sizes for the first time in his life. He could've gotten away with just growing at the same rhythm as the dragoness, but after allowing his rod to bulge out to a point where the rest of him accounted for a single-digit percent of his body weight, to suddenly be blessed with a mouth that could *take* him, at *that* size?

Well, it was too much for him to resist, really.

It was a miracle that he didn't cum his brains out right there and then, though his couch-sized balls certainly made enough of a racket that one could be excused for thinking he did; the sheer amount of precum pouring out from his tip was such that even Spyra's firmly-plugged mouth was still drooling thick ropes of it, splattering loudly against the stone floor, then onto the crystals when the dragoness's body grew to cover everything else but the walls. It was hard to tell if his production was having any real effect on her body, or just served to egg her on further, what with him still being trapped inside of a pair of tits that were each as big as their house and collectively formed a rack massive enough to make the cave rumble whenever they moved around; the only thing that Volt knew was that the cracking of stone and rumbling of disturbed earth was getting louder by the minute, and judging from the increase in pressure all around, it was very likely that Spyra was getting slightly too big for the place she picked for her private fun time.

The dragoness, meanwhile, was beginning to panic, even through the thick layer of all-consuming lust that was constantly one step away from devouring what was left of her conscious mind and leaving behind nothing but a ravenous void desiring of naught but *more*. There was still a small part of her that could understand basic concepts like “space” and “volume”, and that remaining shard of sanity was shouting at her at the top of its lungs that she was going to end up outgrowing the cave; and while a house could be torn down rather easily from internal pressure, they were probably half a mile deep into a mountain and covered by gods know how many tons of dirt and stone. If Spyra was to grow any more, it would be the end for her, she knew it.

And she didn't care.

That small part of her was just that: small. It may be very loud, but it was still only a fraction of what the dragoness had become, and while it couldn't ever be shut up completely, it was easy to ignore after a while, allowing Spyra to cast aside whatever doubts she still had. In that moment, only these things mattered: growing bigger, growing fuller, and making her lover Volt grow thicker still; the three “G”s, if you will. Those were her priorities, and *by the gods* she would do everything in her power to follow through with them.

There still remained the small inconvenience that was the cavern she was filling; while the dragon kept snugly in her cleavage couldn't see it, her body's proportions had grown even more obscene than they already were, to the point where it was doubtful if she could even stand, in spite of her tremendous boost to height. Her ass and tits together made up a good three-quarters of all the room she was taking up, body occupying the rest and buried beneath so many layers of softness and warmth that even Spyra was having trouble concentrating. She needed it to change, for her growth to not only focus on one specific aspect of her, but to also have one *very* big burst, if she was to have any kind of chance of leaving that cave alive.

Finding the concentration and focus needed to do that, however, was a different story altogether. Her experience was that of sloshing and groaning, moaning and begging, all combining to weaken whatever was left of her conscious self's foundations; her mind, previously sharp and ready to tackle whatever dangers confronted her, had become a house of cards, ready to be blown away by the slightest breeze... but it wasn't it, not just yet. It would soon *become* it, sure, but as long as it was standing, even if just for a moment more, Spyra was still herself.

The dragoness' knowledge of magic wasn't as good as it could be, being circumscribed mostly to “focus” spells meant to redirect magical energy in one specific way or another, rather than wielding it properly. For the situation she was in, however, it was the perfect solution to her

problem; with such an abundance of raw power to draw from, she didn't *need* to do anything special with it.

Just throw it at the right spot.

Spyra closed her eyes, allowing the roiling currents of magic swirling around and inside of her to take over and lead the way; her body was no longer a recipient, but a conduit, guiding the immense power inside of it in the direction it needed to go. Doing such a thing was dangerous even with regular magic; an untrained practitioner could very easily lose themselves completely when they tapped into that kind of primordial essence, and what the dragoness was currently poking with a mental stick was anything *but* regular. She felt her mind crumble like loose dirt underneath a high-speed sandstorm, turned to ash and broiled alive, and yet she carried on, commanding the same force making her grow to do so in a *specific* way. She was holding onto the knowledge that, were she successful, then she'd have all the room in the world to become even larger; *this* was her focus.

The results were... mixed. Spyra had intended for her growth to halt altogether, only to then use the "stored" mass to have her jump to about five or six times her already-gigantic size. Instead, her body must've interpreted that as simply "growing five or six times faster", as rather than quieting down, the earthquake caused by the dragoness' swelling body was growing even louder than before. Spyra feared it had all gone wrong, that she would end up flattened against the cavern walls, forgotten as much as Volt would be... until she heard it.

The distinct sound of *crumbling*.

The quaking caused by her burgeoning form had finally begun to give way to collapse, the mountain they were buried under starting to give in and recognize just who was in charge. The dragoness could feel her flesh infiltrating the cracks, desperate to find room to fill, eager for more space to occupy and relieve pressure. She knew that the moment she burst through the whole thing, then it would be over for her; one climax and her body would grow out of control, she just *knew it*. And all that time, she was still happily suckling away at the still-growing shaft stuck halfway down her throat, gulping down hundreds of gallons of pre and later cum, after Volt's mind broke in half and his apparently-endless orgasm was triggered. Spyra had hoped that her lover's seed would turn out to be magically infused as well, but it was "unfortunately" just regular old spunk; just in absolutely massive quantities.

Didn't take long after that for the dragoness to suddenly find that she was under a lot less pressure than before, what with her body exploiting every fault that it was creating in order to utterly destroy everything above and around it. She could only hope that either the forest was

deserted or whoever happened to be there could find cover, because she was about to create a shower of debris of such a scale that it'd probably make the news. Without even thinking, she channelled even more of the gems' power into her, for one final, magnificent growth burst that would end up not only shattering the mountain they used be under, but utterly pulverizing it into fine dust, carried away in the wind and slightly obscuring the sight of the dragoness' plump, thick, hyper-proportioned body finally seeing the light of day.

A few minutes passed in a blissful haze, when Spyra collapsed backwards and stretched herself out, tits falling to either side of her torso and at last giving Volt some room to breathe, even if he was still busy pouring the contents of his by-now-cave-sized orbs into his lover's stomach, already feeling the bump created by his filling pushing against him. It would take both of them a good hour or so before they finally calmed down enough that their ascension could *stop*, at which point Spyra had become a good one and a half times the size of the mountain they'd destroyed and Volt was half-certain that he had locked himself at his current size from overuse. Not that he minded, seeing as it was unlikely the dragoness would ever shrink back down... and *gods* did it feel good when she came back to a more wakeful state and began squishing her town-sized tits against him...

Such lurid, loud noises they made that they failed to account for the possibility that someone might actually be watching them. At their scale, it was impossible *not* to be seen, of course, but there was another dragon, or more accurately *dragoness* that had bore witness to everything that happened and had been spending the past hour sulking, awash with poorly-contained jealousy and already drawing up plans for how she'd get back at that scrawny upstart giving *her* man a titfuck of such a scale.

Cynder had been having such a wonderful day; for *months* she had been working on mastering the kind of magic required to safely alter her body, all for Volt's sake. She knew how much her curves activated him and had been eager to discover a way to make them stand out *even more*. And, for all intents and purposes, she had very much succeeded: tits wider than her torso and reaching all the way to her navel, a pair of asscheeks bigger than those were and a set of thighs wider than *even that*, meaning that any motion from her part not only automatically turned into a sashay, but caused so much aggressive jiggling that even Cynder herself was distracted by how her body moved.

And it was all for Volt. All for her precious dragon. All for him to grope and knead and rub and *fuck* until neither of them could walk properly, only to go at it again, and again, right up until the bed broke and they *kept going*.

But now, *she* had taken him from her. Probably used forbidden magic to do it as well!

Something had to be done.