

The whole area had been tainted.

There was no other word for it.

Everything surrounding the Red Mountain had acquired a similar tone. The forests had entered a state of eternal Fall, with their leaves in all tones of the flames and their barks dark red like the soil they grew from. The only exception were the lakes. Those seemed to have been contaminated by a white, thick substance from which the local fauna could easily get sustenance, but at the price of all sorts of perverse mutations.

Tracking the source of all that had lead the mage into the Red Mountain itself, and to climb up to the glazed peaks in look of answers. Halfway through the climb, she stopped to rest inside one of the many caves that provided shelter from the untiring winds, and found it to be much deeper than originally expected. Much, much deeper. Descending it, not entirely on purpose in spite of what she would tell the guild later, took her almost all the way back to the base, to a much larger cave filled with hills upon hills of golden coins. The dragon's lair.

There was a tangy scent in the air as the snow leopard beheld the glittering cavern, light glowing from an indistinguishable source and reflecting off the vast wealth littering the expansive cavern. Something was amiss, if the reports were true then the dragon's size should've been clearly visible despite the golden hills. Yet she could easily smell his strong presence, and faintly hear a soft panting. Creeping forward, and extinguishing her magelight, she snuck her way through the cavern in search of the dragon, cautious of any tricks or traps he may have employed.

With only her sense of smell and hearing to guide her, she could tell that she was getting closer. The hidden dragon's panting was mixed with low growls and snorts, and his musk was now distinguishable as the smell of sex. However, despite her care she made a mistake. Her foot slipped on a golden platter as she made the final climb, and she sent it clanging down the sparkling mound, its metallic ringing bouncing loudly off the cavern walls.

As she lay on top of the mound of gold, she considered turning around and running full speed back up the mountain tunnel, but she new it would be futile. The metal ringing gave way to silence. No panting, no snarls, no growls. She had been noticed, and she knew all she could do now is prepare for her encounter with the beast. Drawing a deep breath, he got back onto her feet and looked down into the next valley, but nothing prepared her for what she saw.

As far as bodily dimensions were - head to hindlegs, feet to top - he wasn't all that larger than a horse. But that was where the normalcy ended. For one, that creature was incredibly muscular. The arms in the front were thicker than younger trees, the swollen biceps larger than her whole self if she curled up. Titanic pectorals forced his arms to spread, making the broad shoulders that looked ready to carry the mountain itself look even broader. His back was a landscape of muscle that ended in the twin hills of his rear, toned and muscular like the legs they were connected to. He had no wings, but he probably didn't need them. The barrel thick thighs seemed to have all the strength needed to carry him anywhere. The tail was almost as thick as his pillar of a waist, and longer than his body. It rested peacefully atop what she first assumed to be a pair of boulders, until she realised those massive rocks were covered in the same ruby colored scales that stretched to contain the whole of the dragon's body. His gonads were large enough to lift his hindlegs from the ground and sufficiently heavy that cracks spread on the solid rock below, a web around the massive testes. A sheath, matchingly thick and overblown, spread his legs and let forth a member that could easily act as holster for hers and the rest of the guild's staves. And probably some of the mages as well. The absurd member lodged between the slabs of pectoral muscle, which the

dragon seemed to have been using to please himself along with his own large, burly paws. The tapered tip was agape, letting a constant stream of pearly pre that flooded the space around him with his potent musk, besides literally flooding the floor due to the sheer amount. Even without that canon sized dick, she would know the dragon was a male looking at his face. His head was crowned by a pair of golden horns that curled regally behind him. Spikes trailed down the middle of his head and his surprisingly thick neck all the way to the tip of his tail. His jaw was large and squared, his muzzle sculpted to perfection and dripping with the same sticky substance that issued from his cock, suggesting he had been using his lips as well, not so long ago. He licked them clean with a large, cherry colored tongue, before resuming grinning at her carnivorously.

"Hello there," the dragon spoke with a twisted smile, "don't bother running because despite my.. predicament, you wouldn't even come close to the exit. But, I'm in a particularly good mood today, as you can see, and I'm willing to cut you a deal. I know you're smart enough to figure this one, so go ahead and undress. After all, this is a deal you *can't* refuse."

The dragon was right, if there was any chance of her surviving this she would have to accept this deal, and hope that he either honors his bargain or she can somehow gain the upper hand.

"Alright, I accept," she pouted as she shed her robes and tossed them to the side, placing her fate in the dragon's claws. The now naked snow leopard sauntered towards the dragon with her tail swishing lazily from side to side, stopping before the titanic tapered tip. The sheer smell of the dragon's emissions was making her feel light headed, not to mention spark a burning need in her loins. Grabbing the tremendous cockhead by its sides, she ground herself up against the tip in a futile boobjob, her generous chest failing to encompass even the tip of his spear. She had to hold on and close her eyes as the cumslit spilt wave after wave of pre over her chest, drenching her fur in the musky fluid and ensuring that she's probably smell like him forever.

"You're going to have to do better than that," the red dragon growled, thrusting his hips forward slightly to get some extra stimulation on his body sized cock.

The mage gulped, she will have to lift her game. Releasing one of her hands from his glands she then proceeded to ram it down that gaping slit, using her claws to scratch at the insides of his tunnel and spark every pleasure nerve she could. A sudden snarl from the dragon egged her on, and so she magically heated the palms of her hands to provide extra pleasure. The dragon was in absolute heaven. His tail thrashed above the hills of his trembling testicles as he lifted both his forepaws to rub over his expansive length, effectively forcing his entire body to be suspended by its generous girth. Although the mage's ministrations were blissful, it only intensified his need to breed.

"It's still not enough, once again I will have to take it into my own paws," he snarled to himself, "Let's see how much you can hold, shall we?"

And with that the dragon forced the mage onto her back, her view entirely taken up by the looming shaft. The dragon roughly grasped her legs and pulled them to the side, "Don't worry, this will only hurt at first," and with that he mashed his tip up against the folds of her exposed snatch. No matter how tapered that tip was, getting in was an exercise of patience. The dragon humped forward trying at least a dozen times before the mage did something about it. A spell muttered under her gasping breath, a warmth encompassed her nethers and it stretched around the massive tip. He seemed pleasantly surprised for a moment before arousal erased everything else on his expression.

"That is one valuable trick," He rumbled deeply as he started pushing in. The rest of his shaft went in, one inch at a time, which was not as easygoing as it may sound. Not only because the sheer size of the thing

made it feel like she was trying to take a whole train into her womb, but also because of the featureful nature of it. Spikes populated the underside and at one and two thirds a thick ridge protruded around the whole circumference, making the mage see stars as they popped inside of her. And as if that wasn't enough, once he finally seemed to have bottomed out, after what had seemed like an eternity pushing his massive pillar of manhood, distending her midsection bit by bit not only with the sheer amount of cockflesh but also with copious pre that leaked nonstop, the dragon kept pushing. She failed to realise before what was now obvious: he had a pseudoknot nearly twice the shaft's girth. And it was going inside her.

Her strangled shouts of pained - but undeniable - pleasure mixed with his grunts as his powerful legs exerted uncontested force, mashing the enormous thing against her opening, stretching her magically enhanced hips wider and wider, forcefully reshaping her body to his needs until finally, with an almost comic pop, he hilted her entirely. His hands ran over her distended belly, feeling the overly snug pressure around his member and making the dragon rumble in an equivalent of a pleased purr.

"See? That wasn't so bad. Now to the fun part," His front paws tightened his grip around her as his back toes splayed against the surface of his titanic gonads. His balls gurgled loudly as in anticipation. With one loud grunt, he pulled out. Everything at once, every inch and foot of that gargantuan shaft up until the very edge of his wicked tip, then slammed back in. If not for the copious lubrication, the pain might have been unbearable. But since he leaked like he hadn't gotten off since the previous century, the act had a certain smooth aspect to contrast with the violence. And the pleasure was the one to threaten to send the woman into a coma and make the dragon start foaming.

Very quickly he built up to a fast, urgent pace made of those long and violent thrusts, only manageable due to his sheer musculature. The lewd squelching of penetration, already so frequent echoed in the walls, as if another dozen of pairs like them were going at it simultaneously, when in fact was just him making the piles of riches crumble with the force of his humping. Though the dragon would never admit it, he was very quickly growing addicted to that feeling. The all too tight embrace of her womb stretching impossibly around his pride, her warmth combined with the heat of his own seed and the overpowering desire to fill her up.

As for the mage, she screamed in pleasure as she repeatably stretched around the shaft that was many times her body's girth, forcing her to lose her form with the apex of each mighty thrust. In a moment of clarity she realised it would take some serious alteration magic for her to enjoy any sort of sexual satisfaction again. Not to mention she could feel every discharge of pre that gushed from tremendous shaft, the dragon's rough pounding bloating her body more and more as his mating continued. The dragon could feel his nuts boiling, his production levels elevated beyond that of breeding season, and with the combined feeling of him filling the tight fleshy cocksleeve larger and his swelling cumtanks grinding along the floor the dragon was beginning to lose mental control, something much more primal and feral taking over.

Though it was the mage that felt it first. At first she thought she had triumphed, mistaking the dragon's erratic thrusts as a sign of orgasm, but it quickly dawned on her it was not the case. With every insertion of the dragon's cock she could feel her hips being pushed further and further apart, stretching her furred flesh further with every push. *By the gods*, she thought, *he's growing larger!* The dragon's hide creaked and muscled popped as his form swelled, a feral roar leaving his maw as he lost control of his size. The cave echoed with the cracking sound of his form expanding. Limbs stretched, popped, and bulged with boulder crushing power while the reach of his thrashing tail extended with each swing. Every throb of the beast's mighty heart resulted in a surge of mass added to his expanding cockflesh. Every pulse of his virile orbs causing them to creep along the floor as they churned with more seed. Every jet of pre

crashing into the snow leopard's womb and filling her like an absurd water balloon. Bigger and bigger the dragon grew, doubling then tripling his previous size to the point where he could rival a large house. All the while the poor mage was forced to stretch further and further on a cock that could ram down a castle gate. She could barely look down as her entire view was already dominated by her enormous belly, filled completely with the dragon's throbbing girth, and still the dragon continued to grow.

The twin orbs stretched his sac, spilling further away from him, rising from the hills of gold like a perverted dawn. His jewels were already larger than any mound of treasure found in his hoard, but it was if they would not stop growing until their volume surpassed the sum of all riches under the mountain. Or maybe even the mountain itself. As they grew with churned as loud as thunder, they pumped him full of testosterone and power. Not only his body doubled and redoubled in size, masses of muscle literally fighting for space on bones and under scales that seemed not to be able to grow fast enough to contain the beast's strength, but also he was filled with more virility than any mortal creature should be able to handle. His titanic limbs flexed and swole larger in bursts, biceps and quads bloating to the size of bastions with the power to crush castles whole, yet they could not compete with the massive shaft that burgeoned forward, the sheer volume of meat and pre pushing the snow leopard's head further and further away. His pectorals, massive boulders of muscle that could crush a ship in between without more than a light flex and large enough that he could dip his nose and hide his face in the deep crevice, was still not enough to give his absurd member more than a slightly pleasant massage. And although the output that bloated his cumpipe was filling the woman faster than a river could, still his pent up gonads became even fuller.

His whole being was slowly consumed by the burning urge to breed, mixed with the rather pleasing ache that emanated from his colossal factories. His paws grasped at the enchantress' gravid flesh, although at that point it was purely a gesture of dominance since she could not hope to move, and started slamming himself into her stretched cunt with a ferocity never before seen in this world. The whole mountain shook with his mating. The pinnacle of each thrust sending tremors that could be felt throughout the entire region, all the while the piles of his impressive hoard crumbled beneath his ever-increasing tonnage. The same spell that kept her body from breaking also continuously attempted to return it to its original shape, forcing her womb to constantly compress the enormous amounts of fluids surrounding his shaft, while her lips gripped his girth all the vice-like force that their combined magic allowed. It was all the snugness of a cocksleeve, with the warmth of a living being and the slickness of an abused condom.

It was understandable that he was getting driven insane by the pleasure.

"I'll cram you so full of seed you'll forget what it was like to be without child!" he hissed evilly, lowering his head closer to her own. Which allowed her to gauge just how much he had grown.

If not for the massively distended belly, she could easily disappear between his fangs and down his gullet without ever touching his flesh. The dragon's head was as large as a three story manor. Which in turn meant the massive neck that connected to an absurdly strong back rose like a mountain of its own above and a chest that nearly matched it below. His upper body could now carry a village and then some. And still he could not touch the floor with his rear paws, each massive toe now large enough to flatten a barn, and capped with wicked claws that were easily several times his starting size. The titanic shaft that stretched pretty much all the way to one end of the vast cavern threatened to leave him unable to stand on his front legs, but his bloated sheath and the absolutely prodigious orbs rendered his toes useless for anything other than rubbing himself even hornier. Which he did with gusto. Those gigantic orbs were filling half of the cave by now, pressing dangerously against north, east and west walls. They could easily house the population of a small city inside them.

His bloated urethra could swallow a merchant caravan whole, but still it struggled to cope with his output. Even more as wriggling volumes started pushing through the stream. She panicked feeling those enter her, pushing through the invading shaft in alarmingly fast increasing numbers. It felt like fish, warm and slick, swimming inside the veritable lake of cum she now housed, looking for something.

Something to fertilize, she understood suddenly.

Those had to be the dragon's sperm cells.

"You, like your sisterhood, have barren yourself magically, have you not?" The dragon asked wickedly, already knowing the answer. "Worry not, my seed is potent enough to impregnate even the most sterile of wombs."

Each individual swimmer was larger than her own head, with tails several times as long as their body. The alien feeling was terrifying at first, but from a moment to the next, as they started to work into her system, it became just terribly arousing. She moaned in ecstatic agony as her breasts started feeling sensitive, only to suddenly bloat, gushing milk atop the plateau of her own belly. It was insignificant at first, but they expanded quickly, in preparation to feed the dozens - no, hundreds or maybe thousands - of dragonlings she could feel starting to form inside her, encased in eggs that kept them safe from the vicious breeding being applied by their father. Soon enough he got ahold of one of the behemothic mammaries and brought it to his mouth, guzzling the copious milk as a form of both refreshment and dominance. All the cat could do was silently gasp in ecstasy. Her swelling breasts were almost in pain as they swole to a size where they became more than a mouthful for the gargantuan beast. But despite the minor relief the Dragon's thirst provided, it did nothing but worsen the feeling of extreme fullness in her womb.

"Do you think this is too much?" He punctuated the question with a deep, machiavellian laughter, only to answer it after the next strained grunt of pleasure, "Wait until you feel my orgasm."

Feeling refreshed after guzzling unreal amounts of the snow leopard's milk, the dragon resumed his brutal mating, snarling with enough volume to momentarily cause the cat's ears to ring as his form once again began to expand.

"You'll soon behold my true size," the Dragon growled, "The size in which I claimed and marked my territory." She suddenly understood, the pearly lagoons she found on the way there were his ever hot seed. He seemed to read her thoughts, because he continued. "Those were just mere *drops* of my potential. A mere *taste* of my virility. Normally I don't work myself up so much, but your flesh just feels too good to pass up. Too bad about this mountain, I thought it was fine landmark."

Indeed it didn't look too good for the mountain. Already the dragon's expansive back was grinding against the cavern roof, along with his tremendous testes that caused the rock to crumble against their rippling might. She felt an external pressure as his sleeved cock began to force itself against the cavern's entrance, which it then proceeded to force the opening wider with its expanding girth. Loud cracks could be heard as the rock protested against the dragon's might, sending boulders crashing down onto the dragon's scales to little effect, as if they were mere raindrops. With the surge of power flowing through his form he once again roared his dominance over the very earth itself, the pitch deepening as his body suddenly doubled again in size, obliterating the cavern walls while stretching the mage until she was but a mere speck on a bloated, blimp sized body.

Those living in the mountain's shadow were in a panic, frantically collecting treasured possessions and necessities as they evacuated their homes and hovels. For the past half hour they've been suffering the most ungodly of tremors. What had initially began as a slight shudder, with ripples disturbing calm water surfaces, had over a short time built into rhythmic thumping that sent Doomsayers yelling excitedly down the town streets only to be drowned out by the occasional distant roar.

As the people stumbled about, the land, trees, and buildings shook, split, and fell, before an apocalyptic CRACK emanated from the mountain. Those who could afford to turned their heads to see an entire side of the mountain collapse to reveal the god-like form of the Dragon who continued to pound his fleshy waterbed and sextoy. The Dragon's head, now greater than any building the little could construct, lifted itself beyond the clouds before he growled, his gravelly voice thundering across the region, "I hope you're ready for this, bitch. Because here, I, CUMMM!" His roar scattered the clouds as his mountainous balls trembled, visibly expanding as they rumbled with their apocalyptic load, knocking people off their feet and sending their remaining homes crashing to the ground. The Dragon's muscles rippled as he threw his mass forward with a few final erratic thrusts, and with a noise so indescribable even the gods turned their gaze with wonder, the Dragon's balls unleashed their unfathomable load. Lights exploded before the Dragon's eyes as his bulky body strained and flexed with the effort, his balls pumping untold thousands of his enlarged sperm into the barely conscious mage. The first blast was comparable to a volcanic eruption, and whether it was by her own willpower or the Dragon's influence, the mage still somehow managed to stay conscious. She could feel every flex and pulse of the dragon's girth, his enormous orbs loading another shot into the barrel as he dumped lake after lake into her city-crushing belly. The ropes of seed were blatantly visible as they bulged the front of her flesh, and she smiled with glazed eyes as she felt like a perverse hero of sorts as it was her overfilled womb that kept the entire region from certain destruction, but she would have to settle for partial destruction as she continued to fill more and more. The word "full" was an inadequate description for her body. Her old perception of the sensation paled in comparison to what she felt now. She was so full with the Dragon's essence her sloshing girth was actually beginning to lift his mighty bulk upwards. The Dragon's roar died to a mere growl as his face contorted into a pained snarl. All he could think about was the incredible pleasure of a release he had never experienced in all the millennia of his existence, powerful limbs tensing as he gripped and squeezed the ever bloating sphere of the sloshing mage. He loved the feeling of his paws sinking into her squishy flesh, and as he felt her expanding belly push back in return with increasing pressure and the unmistakable forms of eggs, it only encouraged him to grow larger in response. On and on his orgasm continued, the flow not ever slowing and his mountainous orbs refusing to shrink. In actuality they only seemed to proportionally swell larger with his enormous swimmers, their forms having grown along with him to a size where their oval bodies could rival large hounds, each of them frantically writhing as they eagerly waited for their turn to be released. Not all got their chance, however, as the dragon's orgasm started to wane. It was fortunate for the mage as both she and the dragon could feel her magic being pushed to the edge of her limits. Her flesh was stretched drum-tight around the ocean of cum and fluids swimming in her womb, fed by a cock that could cover a small city beneath its girth. Her poor nethers burned as it struggled against his pulsing girth, all too aware of each dwindling discharge of frothy jizz, signalling the last but still potent vestiges of his orgasm. With a huff, the dragon collapsed onto his fuzzy cum dumpster, limply resting his weight on her vast expanse and relishing the moment of feeling his fertility sloshing beneath the mage's skin.

"Has it been a hundred years or a thousand, since I last let myself grow this large?" He rumbled deeply as his paws reached for the expanses of distended leopard he was resting on. "Either way... It feels *glorious*."

His huge, strong paws had grown so large now. If he made sandcastles, they would loom over real castles. The strong, muscular fingers and claws stroke over her plush form, dangerously scratching over the taut flesh that only did not burst catastrophically due to the magic that strained as dangerously as her own body. That same magic sealed the gaping vag once he, with considerable effort, pulled his masculinity

out of her. The burgeoning tool that could easily carve a valley in the earth left her gaping, until her spell pulled her flesh together again and sealed her up tighter than a bank vault. But not before a roaring avalanche of his sperm escaped, spilling from her yawning nethers to cover the land below in a tide of writhing seed. The balls that were their previous home were... Well larger than the dragon's own last home. They would tower over the mountain if it still existed, bloated and churning as loud as an impending storm. Even so, the dragon could move with relative freedom. His balls did force him to widen his hind legs, yes, but he had finally managed to shift them behind hips where their towering expanse denied his tail a place to rest. But the feeling of them churn and rumble with even more seed to give was a more than acceptable trade.

He released a pleasant rumble as he used his rear paws to help massage the mage's obscene mountain of a belly and snuggled his titanic, muscular body into her from, bathing in the buzzing afterglow and pride of his handiwork. When his enormous ruby eye filled the entirety of the mage's vision, she finally understood just how large he had become. The dragon would not be able to regard her even if he wanted to, if not for the ocean of seed he dumped in her womb. She was but a speck if compared to the scarlet irises alone, nothing but a mote of dust that would cause a mere irritation. His breath washed upon her like a summer storm, hot and powerful. Powerful enough to either cast her away or suck her entire being into the endless darkness of the dragon's gullet, if she was not anchored by her own womb.

The red dragon continued to gaze, his eye searching for her actual body, but he gave up after a moment. With a dismissive snort, he gave her a loving lick on a voluminous breast instead. While his loins still burned with desire, his body and mind demanded rest, and there was no better place to lie than the sloshing bed of cum and eggs he had made.

Nonetheless the snow leopard basked in the pleasure of being so unimaginably full, a sensation that no other mortal had experienced in known history. She did not question how the magic had allowed such a thing, by her understanding she should've been torn apart from the first few moments of his initial growth, but now she no longer cared and simply laid her head down onto her soft flesh, letting the steady breathing of her dragon lull her to sleep.

She could ask about the eggs in the morrow.