

Bound for Breeding
By holodrom

Twin columns of stone pillars descended into the earth, holding back walls of dirt that would otherwise swallow the stairs leading to the subterranean dungeon that had recently awakened in the Hardwood Forest. A preliminary survey team sent by the Adventurer's Guild had found that the dungeon was a spawning ground for monsters, and if left unchecked, the beasts would soon spill out of the depths and ravage the forest ecosystem and the nearby towns.

This was why Holo and Zanna were now examining the dungeon's antechamber. Zanna was rummaging through rubble, fishing around for the key to the dungeon's proper entrance. The fluffy dragon's crystalline horns gleamed under the magelight that filled the room, and their deep red hair and mane looked like a trail of rich flame atop their earthy-brown fur. "Ooo, I got something!" They pulled out a glass bottle of faintly glowing reddish liquid. "Catch!" They tossed it to their partner, who caught the bottle in one huge hand.

Holo was twice Zanna's height, adorned in steely red scales with thick yellow scutes across the front. His outfit consisted of a cropped robe that draped over his shoulders and barely covered his chest. For his lower half, he only bothered with a silken black loincloth that covered his dick but left his balls peeking out.

The nearly nude dragon mage turned the bottle over in his hand. "...We're not seriously keeping this, are we?" He gave it a small tap, and an information window popped up like a sort of magical hologram. "It literally says [Dubious-Looking Health Potion] on it, just like the last three you found." He gave a deep snort and tossed it back.

Zanna caught it and slipped it into their bag that acted as a shared storage space for the pair of them. "It'll be fiiinneee, better than not having any healing potions on hand."

"We'd have some if you bought some." Holo said flatly as he tapped a claw against his bare thigh.

"The more we spend before going in the less the job is worth! It's way better to gather supplies on site." Zanna wandered over to a rusty suit of display armor and searched through it. "Oh! Found it!" They pulled a key out of a rusted gauntlet and showed it off.

"Pfftt. Good job, maid knight~" Holo rumbled with a smirk.

Zanna frowned as they were reminded what they were wearing, and a blush crossed their face while their wings folded over their front to try and obstruct Holo's view of them. "I-it's the dungeon's stupid rules!" they protested.

Contrasting Holo, Zanna was well dressed in what could only be described as maid-knight armor. The body of the armor consisted of a chest plate that was finished with a white sheen and gold accents, along with matching greaves and gauntlets. The catch was that the armored pieces were adorned with frills of white lace, including a short and frilly black skirt, a cute choker, and matching adornments for their wing tips and head. The skirt hugged their wide hips and the chest plate was formed to show off the curve of their sizeable bust.

"Right right, 'No amor shall be worn in this place.'" Holo repeated what the survey team told them before assigning them the mission. "Which is why I told you to get some cloth armor, or enchanted robes..."

"And dress like you? No way." Zanna snorted and tugged at the skirt, trying to get it to cover at least their knees.

"Well, you insisted on trying to come in here with your full body armor, and now look at you. The Favélian Maid-Knight Corps would welcome you with open arms." Holo snickered and swished his tail over the stone floor, flattening some weeds and kicking up dust.

"I wasn't going to give up my best armor, the stats are too good!" They insisted with a stomp and an irritated twitch of their tail. They winced as they felt the lace of their tail band brush against the floor, reminding them how much their beloved armor had changed. "Besides, it'll be back to normal when we leave so *whatever*. Ugh." They muttered under their breath, "Favélian Maid-Knight Corps my ass... Like you're not fit to be on stage at Staghorn Tavern?" they pointed out as their green eyes looked Holo over from horns to talons.

Holo's muzzle pursed into a small frown, and he set a hand on his hips, cocking them to one side and making his exposed balls sway and his gold-embroidered loincloth flutter, nearly showing off his shaft. "I *like* skimpy male armors, okay?"

"Uh huh. We'll see how you feel about that loincloth when some ogre takes a warhammer to your balls." Zanna said as they let their gaze linger on those golden-scaled, head-dwarfing tanks.

Holo snorted. "I don't have to worry about that, you're the tank."

A tongue of blue flame sparked from Zanna's snout. "I am *half* your size."

"Hasn't been a problem yet. Not on the battlefield or in the bedroom," Holo said without hesitating.

Zanna's face turned red hot under their fur. "HEY." Their tail went rigid and they stood up on their toes to appear larger.

"Hey what? I can tell you're not meeting my gaze~" He set both hands on his hips and swayed in place, making everything swing like a pendulum.

Zanna stared shamelessly but cupped their hands under their metal-clad bust and pushed it up. "I know where you're staring too, big guy."

"Erk-" Holo's gaze flicked to a nearby patch of mossy stone wall. "Fine. Truce. Go open the door."

The key that Zanna had found fit into the lock and turned smoothly. They pushed the metal door open and came face to face with a wall of fur and muscles and a snarling maw full of wicked teeth. "Gh-!" They leaped back into a defensive stance as claws raked at them. They were struck on their side, but their armor deflected the blow.

Zanna touched two fingers to their right palm, instantly summoning their gigantic axe from the guild's armory. The huge greataxe was constructed with sharpened, hardened bone for the blade, and the haft was smooth, braided wood. The weapon was easily as big as their entire body. "Get back!"

Holo's talons clacked against the stone floor as he backed up. The visage filling the door was some sort of snarling, bipedal wolf beast covered in mangy dark fur. It howled and chomped at Zanna as it tried to slam its broad, armored chest and shoulders through the narrow doorway. The stone arch cracked from the force, and it lashed out with its one free arm to try and maim the two dragons. "Holo! Bind it!"

"Right." The dragon stretched out an open hand, then twisted it and balled it into a fist. Shadowy chains sprung from the ground and wrapped around the wolfman's body before they

anchored themselves into the wall and floor. The wolf snorted and its eyes were wild as it strained against the chains. "Holding!"

"Thanks, I'll get this thing out of the way." Zanna slung their axe over their shoulder. The head hit the stone floor with a weighty clunk, and Zanna tensed the muscles in their arms and dug their heels in. With a shout, they swung the greataxe in a arc over their head and slammed the blade into the top of the wolf's skull.

There was a sickening crack of bone splitting bone as the axe's blade split the wolf's upper body in half. Blood sprayed from the gouge and soaked the walls and floor as the body collapsed in a bloodsoaked heap.

Zanna's weapon was stuck deep in the mess of flesh and bone. They lifted one leg and placed their foot on the haft of their axe, and with a grunt, they stomped down on it, slamming their weapon the rest of the way through the wolfman's body, freeing the axe. Blood sprayed over Zanna's front, making them sputter and grimace as their pristine armor and lace were stained red.

They pulled their weapon free with a crunch of bone and squelch of flesh. The head was soaked and dripping crimson. An annoyed huff and spark of fire escaped their mouth as they flipped the axe upside down and rested it on the ground so the blood could drip off onto the floor. "Ugh, geeze. That thing was aggressive."

Holo nodded. "Yeah. If that's the kind of beast this dungeon is threatening to spill out into the forest we're going to have to be sure to smash the Source today. No return trips. You okay?" He looked over the blood-soaked maid knight, looking for any sign of injury.

"Yeah, I think so. Mind getting me cleaned up?"

"No problem." Holo formed a diamond shape with his hands, and framed Zanna in the center. A faint greenish-blue orb formed between his hands, and he clapped them together, making the orb pop. A watery aura of the same colors washed over Zanna with a splash, clearing the blood off of them and their greataxe.

Zanna looked over themselves to make sure they were clean, and that's when they noticed a large wolf's claw protruding from the side of their chest plate. "Oh hell, I *thought* I felt it get me right when the door opened." They grabbed it and pulled it out. The armor was dented, but it hadn't been pierced. "Phew, well that's good." They slipped the claw into their bag to pawn it later.

"Uhhh..." Holo squinted and pointed at the dent in their armor. "Did it uh, always do that?" he asked in a puzzled tone.

"Do what? Eh?!" Strands of red thread were dripping from the dent like blood from a wound. As they watched, the threads braided themselves until they were as thick as rope. The ropes then knitted around the dent, covering it completely. "Huh... No, that's uh, that's new."

Holo and Zanna each touched their thumb to their index finger to pull up the magical stat window for Zanna's armor. A new line had been appended to the bottom. [Reinforcing Tidy Armor: Apply DEF Buff Stack but REDACTED on every hit.] They both paled.

"It's cursed now??"

"It's cursed now."

Zanna scoffed. "The audacity to make it look so stupid AND place a curse on it..." They tugged at their frilly wrist cuffs indignantly.

"Well we can't to back now, so-"

Zanna cut Holo off with a snort. "I'll deal with it. It'll be fiiinnee." They echoed their earlier sentiment about the dubious potions in their possession. "Come on, let's move deeper, we've gotta destroy whatever is spawning monsters in here."

Holo sauntered past Zanna and his steps splashed as he walked through the spreading pool of wolfman blood. The mangled corpse nearly filled the doorway, so there was no good way to step over or around it. Holo stood between Zanna and the corpse of the wolf and held both of his open palms out towards it. "Mind if I get our bloody roadblock out of the way?"

"Ugh, it's gonna reek, but sure." Zanna let go of the axe and brushed their palm again, unsummoning the weapon now that they were certain the immediate danger was clear. They backed away to a pile of stone across the room to take a seat and stay clear of Holo's body disposal technique.

Holo was even less covered from behind. Loose lengths of embroidered cloth unfolded from the top of his tail and draped around his thighs before rising to meet the loincloth at the front. This meant the only thing covering his ass and back sack was his thick tail, which had a tendency to sway and shift even when he was standing still. Zanna smirked and whistled at him from across the room. "Looking hot!"

"Thank you~ If you think this is hot though, you're gonna love this spell."

Zanna knew what was coming of course. Holo took in a slow, deep breath, making his chest rise and stomach puff out. He held it for a moment. When he released the breath, a blinding geyser of fire exploded from his hands and scorched the wolf's corpse with bone-charring heat. Zanna looked away from the brilliant flames as they reduced fur and flesh to ash and cooked bone into lime. Within a minute the doorway was clear, and the only trace left of the wolfman was the ash and scorch mark on the floor.

Holo let out a shaky breath and slumped forward. His arms and legs trembled, prompting him to reach into the cloth folds of his bottoms and pull out a bottle of gleaming blue liquid. It was from his shared storage with Zanna, so he quickly checked its description with a tap of his fingers. Thankfully, the label read [Greater Mana Potion] with no side effects. He popped the cork and emptied it in a single gulp. "Oohf, better."

"Recharged?" Zanna rejoined Holo and scrunched up their snout at the acrid smell of incinerated fur and flesh.

"Yeah, it's taking effect. Let's see what's up ahead."

The pair of dragons moved through the doorway, dancing around the larger ash piles where possible. The dungeon's main chamber had a high ceiling and stone archways that supported a raised second level. Rotting banners with forgotten emblems on them hung at the sides of the arches, and much of the old decor and furnishings had been knocked to the ground and crushed by what they assumed was the burly wolf from minutes ago.

Holo let out a thoughtful rumble as he looked at the old banners. "Lemme see if the guild database has anything on this." He pinched his fingers together to bring up the information hologram, and he centered the display on the most intact emblem.

[Searching Guild Database for match... Searching... Searching... Probable match found with 97% accuracy to the Order of Lumaria, known for performing fertility rituals for the benefit of the land and its people. The Order declined in popularity and eventually dissolved about 240 years ago.]

Zanna tugged at their lace collar as they read through the guild brief with Holo. "Fertility huh? I wonder if that's why this place got twisted up with the 'No Armor' rule." Zanna took the lead down the central path between the archways that held up the second floor walkways. Holo's magelight floated ahead of them, illuminating the dark corners and crevices of the stonework to chase out anything that might be lying in wait.

"There's usually some correlation. The beastman we fought likely took its shape from Hardwood's local wolf population, after all. Let me see though..." Holo followed behind, taking a single footstep to every two of Zanna's, giving him time to skim the Guild's full report on the Order of Lumaria. "Looks like land-based bounty rituals fell out of favor as agriculture techniques improved. The rituals required a lot of resources to perform. Good if you really needed food and had a lot of something else to exchange for it, but too inefficient by today's standards."

Zanna couldn't keep their curiosity under wraps. "What about the fertility rites?" They took wide steps over wooden debris and shattered old bones that littered the floor while lifting the skirt of their armor so it wouldn't trip them. The stone walls were covered in claw marks from where they had been furiously scratched by the room's previous occupant. Their pace slowed as a rattling sound met their ears. It was faint and hard to discern the direction.

"Mmhh... Looks like the individuals who asked for those services were ceremonially bound, since they couldn't move much for the ritual to work properly."

"Binding? That's weird." Zanna stopped and held up a hand as they reached a crumbled altar at the end of the room. Holo stopped in place at Zanna's signal as Zanna's ears flicked and their brow furrowed. "Mmhh... Nah, it's clear."

"Got it. And yeah, binding rituals are basically nonexistent nowadays. Magic and tech have come a long way." He wobbled the hologram for emphasis and then separated his finger and thumb, closing the window. "Did you hear something earlier?"

"I thought I heard something just ahead, but it's gone now." Zanna looked over what remained of the altar. The bottom half of a statue was prominently displayed behind the stone altar, and it seemed to depict a pair of intertwined bodies dressed in loose robes. It was hard to be certain, as the statue only went up to the figures' waists. The top half had broken off at some point and been reduced to the rocky rubble that was piled up around the statue and altar.

"Huh, it broke right in half." Zanna ran a hand over the stone. The break was so smooth it was almost eerie, and it made their fur puff up. "Blegh... You know, since this was a fertility temple, do you think the top half had big tits?"

"Not as big as yours." Holo opened his mouth before thinking about his words. His flat expression lit up only after he finished speaking. "Er, uh-"

Zanna turned their head away to hide the blush that flooded their cheeks. "G-geeze, well thanks." They were genuinely grateful for the compliment despite how flustered it made them. They coughed as though to clear their throat, and then changed the subject before Holo could blabber on. "Eh-hem... Man, it's wild how stuff like this can see so much use through an age and then just... End up abandoned." Zanna poked around the base of the statue, looking for anything of historical or monetary value.

"And then become a problem for us. Latent energy and magics congerating and swirling and mutating until-"

Both dragons snapped to attention as some stone fell from the upper walkways and shattered against the ground. Historical musings would have to wait. "Let's head upstairs, we still have to find the Source and get rid of it." Zanna led the way, and Holo followed.

The stairs led up to the second floor, which was a good twenty or more feet above the ground level. It mostly consisted of narrow catwalks that would have been used for maintenance, like changing out the banners and light fixtures when this temple was still in use. Alcoves carved into the side walls at the top of the steps were set with rusty metal doors that led away from the main room.

"Nothing?" Holo had to step carefully up the stairs that were a bit too narrow for comfort given his size. "I swear there was something up here. Maybe it's just crumbling from age, hrn..." He didn't like the idea of putting all of his weight on the old walkways. "I'll uh, duck in here and check the side passage. You wanna check the one across?"

"Sure thing, we wouldn't want the weight of your fat nuts to make these pathways crumble under you~" Zanna teased as they headed across the room, taking Holo's magelight along.

"H-hey!" Holo thought to protest, but he'd been thinking the same thing. He stopped himself and conjured a second magelight. The rusty lock on the door crumbled at his touch, and the heavy door creaked on its stiff hinges as he pushed it open. It led to old sleeping quarters that obviously hadn't been used in ages. He poked around the room, but didn't find anything of note.

Meanwhile, Zanna's door opened to cooking and dining quarters. As they searched the room, they fiddled with the rope knot that had bloomed from the dent in their armor and tugged on the lace frills that unnecessarily decorated them. They couldn't wait to get out of this place. "Hey, find anything?" they shouted across the temple.

Their call was met with the telling *BWOOOSSSHH* of a gout of flame from across the walkway. "Oh shit! Idiot! What did you do?" Zanna sprinted out of the room and summoned their weapon as they crossed the walkway in a blink. An unfamiliar shadow stood in the doorway between them and the room Holo was in, and they swung without hesitation.

A choking howl was accompanied by a spray of blood as Zanna's axe cleaved their target clean through the waist. The wolfman fell to the ground in two halves that slid off of the walkway and splattered to the floor below. They stepped over the blood and entered the sleeping area to find Holo looking annoyed and standing over a scorched corpse.

"You okay?" they asked.

"Yeah, they just caught me by surprise. More wolfmen."

"Damn. Well, I figure since you got jumped you found the Source?"

"Nnnnno. I was hoping you did."

"I did not."

They cursed in unison as the temple filled with growling and howls. "Shit."

"They must be spawning on the lower floor, but we checked there!" Holo brought a pair of flames to his hands for combat as the sound of snarling pounded up the stairs.

"Then we missed it. But given how the energies in these places surge and gather, the most likely place it would be is..." Zanna recalled a feeling that made their fur stand on end.

"The statue! It must have cracked when the Source formed inside of it!"

"Then we blow up what's left! I can handle that, you handle the beastmen."

Armed wolfmen crowded into the door, brandishing anything from swords and shields, to axes, to hunks of temple debris. Zanna used the head of their axe as a battering ram and slammed into them with all of their strength, pushing the monsters back onto the narrow walkway. The wolfmen crashed together and barked at one another in a rage, shoving at each other and even knocking a couple down to the ground floor. Unfortunately, they landed on their feet unharmed and dashed for the stairs to rejoin the fight.

"Holo, cover the walkway! I'll carve a path down the stairs!" Zanna ordered.

The mage nodded. He stood at the top of the stairs to cut off the monsters dashing across the stone catwalks. They could only approach in a single file line, which made Holo's job easy. He cast twin jets of flame from his hands to the floor a few feet in front of him, and a wall of flame just slightly wider than the walkway burst up from the floor, cutting off any avenue of approach. The beasts on the other side made moves as though to lunge through the fire, but every time they approached they shied away from the heat that singed their fur.

Meanwhile, Zanna fought their way down the stairs as the gold on their armor glowed from the flames dancing at their back. They shoved at the beastmen crowding up the stairs with the head of their axe, pushing them back and making them tumble and fall over each other. The oversized nature of their weapon made it impossible to get around it, so they easily kept out of reach of the enemy's weapons while working towards the ground floor one step at a time.

Holo backed down the stairs, pulling the flame wall along as he followed behind Zanna. His magic reserves were slowly depleting, but Flame Wall was a low cost spell, and he wagered he could keep it up long enough to reach the ground floor with energy to spare.

An crossbow bolt whizzed across the room and nailed Zanna right in the shoulder. It shattered against their pauldron but not without denting the metal and causing them to curse as splinters of wood flew past their face. "Fuck! Holo, archers!" Zanna shouted their orders and drew back their arms to take a more aggressive stance to fight to the floor where they could get cover under the arches.

A sudden tightness gripped the shoulder that had been struck. Blood red ropes sprayed from the impact point, and then retracted and tightened with a sharp, elastic snap. The ropes twisted over top of their torso, above their boobs, and wrapped under their opposite arm before knotting together at the impact point. The result was a crimson wrap of rope, almost like bandages around their shoulder and upper chest. This would have been fine, but the ropes around their shoulder limited their movement, forcing them to strain against the ropes to get a full range of motion. "The fuck??"

As Zanna struggled with their armor, Holo's right hand crackled and electric sparks jumped between the tips of their claws while his left hand maintained the fire wall. He could see the archer on the upper level across the room in the glow of the magelight. He took aim and fired a bolt of lighting from his fingertips like a shot from a pistol. The ruined temple was illuminated by the flash of light and shook with the boom of the thunderclap. The bolt arced right for its mark... And missed at the last moment as it was drawn to the metal chestplate of a beastman standing guard for the archer wolf.

The struck wolfman collapsed into a convulsing heap, but that didn't stop the crossbow-wielding wolf from reloading and taking another shot at Zanna. This shot hit them in the leg and bounced off the greaves, but their armor responded aggressively to the injury. Ropes sprayed out in an exaggerated simulation of a severe injury, and then swept back to bind

around the struck point. The ropes swung wide and tangled up both of Zanna's thighs, cinching them together. Their skirt pulled up, becoming shorter as the fabric was exchanged for material for the ropes. They wobbled in place as their next step forward was caught halfway, and they missed the step down. Their wings fanned out to try and catch themselves, but it was too late. They tumbled right into the fray with a yelp.

"Zanna!" Holo grabbed for them on reflex but missed, and he unfortunately lost concentration on his spell at the same time. As Zanna tumbled down the stairs, Holo turned back towards the beasts his flames were holding at bay, just in time to see one of them swing a keg-hammer right at his exposed nuts. "Oh crap."

The reinforced head of the barrel hammer slammed into Holo's sack... and exploded into wooden splinters, leaving the wolf holding nothing but a short, splintered stick. Even standing on lower ground, Holo towered over them, and his eyes burned bright under his dark hair. There was a crackle and a spark, then a flash and a thunderclap, and a lightning bolt blasted from his hands and arced through the disarmed wolf before him and the two standing behind it, frying them to death in an instant.

Holo just rolled his eyes and let out a snorting chuckle. "I swear, people see a brightly-colored weak point and forget mage armor exists. Never gets old." He turned to face down the stairway and picked his way down the narrow steps steadily but slowly. "Alright, time to fetch my tank."

Zanna tumbled ass over tail to the foot of the stairs, bowling over a half dozen beastmen on the way down. They collapsed on top of the pile of armed, fluffy bodies that had thankfully cushioned their fall, and they struggled to get back to their feet before the beasts could recover. Their thighs were still bound, and their left arm was partly bound near the shoulder. They rolled so they were flat on their stomach and used their free arm to push themselves up so they were standing again. With a moment to breathe, they frantically checked their armor's stats again to get an idea of what the hell was happening.

[Reinforcing Tidy Armor: Apply DEF Buff Stack but apply BIND Debuff Stack on every hit.]

That explained the armor's unusual new behavior, but it didn't offer any solutions. Their wings twitched in annoyance, and their ears flicked as a faint whistling reached them just ahead of another crossbow bolt. The hologram screen for their armor vanished as they used that same hand to catch the bolt before it could strike them. They tossed it aside and leaned their axe over their shoulder with one arm, reared back, and hucked it with a roar.

It spun through the air with a reverberating whoosh and splattered into the crossbowman, splitting them vertically in half and sending a waterfall of blood running down the stonework. Zanna tapped their palm, and their weapon unsummoned from the bleeding corpse and reappeared in their hand just in time to block a strike from a sword with the haft. They pushed back, struggling to balance on bound-up legs when a blow struck them square in the back.

They barely felt it due to the increasing defensive power of their armor, but the Bind curse intensified as the armor bled rope and tied itself up to protect itself. The cords lashed around Zanna's wings, binding them tight to their back so that they could no longer open. Their chestplate receded as the metal was eaten up and converted into bindings, creating a boob

window that their cleavage readily squished through. In spite of the battle, they felt their face warm as their chest bulged through the opening in their chestplate.

"I'm not done!" Zanna lashed their thick tail across the ground, sweeping the opponent at their rear off their feet. Before it even finished falling to the ground, they turned and plunged the blade of their axe into its body, killing it instantly. "Come on! Over here!" They shouted and pounded the ground with their weapon to draw attention as they backed away between the archways and towards the entrance, drawing the beastmen away from the altar. They were in the open and would soon be surrounded, but they only had to hold out until Holo destroyed the Source.

Holo pushed his way to the altar at the back of the temple, incinerating the straggling wolf warriors that blocked his path. If Zanna was right, the Source was within the base of the statue. He stood before it and pressed his hands together, forming a triangle between his fingers. He centered the base of the statue between his fingers, and surged his magical energy. "Shatter!"

A pulse of pure force blasted from his hands and cracked the base of the statue.

"Shatter!"

Another pulse shook the ground and caused chunks of stone to fall away from the statue as a miasma seeped out from the rock and began to coagulate into more beastmen.

"Sha-erk-!" The massive dragon collapsed to one knee as his magic reserves bottomed out. He couldn't wait to recharge, so he dug around in the robes that covered his junk and retrieved a potion from his stock.

[Dubious-Looking Magic Potion]. He hated to admit that Zanna was right, but right now, any magic potion was better than none at all. He swigged it without a second thought and focused his magic without even bothering to stand up. A strange warmth pumped through his blood, but he pushed the worry aside. He could manage the side effects later.

"SHATTER!"

The base of the statue exploded into chunks of useless stone, and within the crumbling lower half of those two bodies was a pulsing black orb that seemed to distort space around itself. Holo struggled to his feet as his magic bottomed out again, but he still had an ace up his sleeve. He dragged himself over to the flickering orb and raised his joined fists above his head.

Even without magic, he was a ten foot tall dragon.

His balled fists slammed on the Source like a hammer, and the orb froze for a second before cracking from top to bottom. The nearly-formed shadows of beastmen seized and vanished into a black mist as the orb shattered like glass and evaporated. That would stop more from spawning, but there was still the remaining forces to take care of.

Clang! Ka-SPLAT! A furious horizontal swing of Zanna's greataxe sliced through a snarling wolf and crushed another two into a crumple of bodies and limbs that splattered against a wall. Their arms and legs burned from exertion, leaving them panting as they tried to keep up with the monsters crowding around them.

They were struck on their open side and their wings before they could recover from the momentum of their attack, and their armor continued to eat itself, showing more flesh and wrapping up their left arm, leaving only their partly-bound right arm free.

Their skirt was now only a few scant inches long and their greaves and chestplate had receded to the point that they barely had on armored panties beneath it. Their legs wobbled as

they shuffled, trying not to trip themselves with the ropes binding their thighs as they were forced to fend off attackers with one arm.

Zanna managed to splatter another two, soaking their axe and themselves in blood. It pooled in the cracks of the stone floor, making it wet and slick. A shove from behind was all it took to bring the dragon down. They bounced on one foot to try and keep balance as they tripped over their bindings, but their paw slipped on the blood-slick floor. They tumbled forward and landed face-first on the ground, smashing their face into the stone and splatting their muzzle with warm blood.

The impact didn't hurt, but it still triggered another stack of Bind. Their lace-frilled headband slipped down over their eyes and stretched into a tight blindfold. Before they could protest, the decorative lace collar and choker crawled up over their muzzle and bound and gagged them, making them sputter and choke as the fabric morphed into metal and rubber and swelled in their jaws.

Something grabbed their weapon and tossed it away, and they soon found themselves on the receiving end of a relentless assault by multiple different weapons. The strikes bounced harmlessly off of their exposed skin thanks to the magical defenses provided by the armor, but it continued to wrap and bind them.

Their arms were wrenched behind their back and wrapped into a double column so they couldn't even bend their elbows. The material needed for this exhausted the rest of their top, leaving them in nothing but a blood-red rope harness that crossed over their chest. They gagged out a yelp as their ankles were winched in until they pressed against their thighs before their legs were bound from top to bottom, leaving them spread open and totally exposed as the last of the armored bottoms unraveled.

The fluffy dragon was tied up like a display piece, unable to move, or see, or even speak. They drooled around the gag that invaded their mouth and throat and thrashed their tail to try and ward off their attackers, to no avail.

The beastmen were too occupied with trying to smash up the bound and nude dragon that they failed to turn their attention to Holo as he shattered the Source. His magic was recharging, but not fast enough to deal with the remaining threats before they turned on him and overtook him.

The ground was soaked with blood from Zanna's battle, and the warm liquid spread out under Holo's talons. He took a half step back without thinking, then stopped and looked over the shimmering pool of crimson that filled the hall. He expelled a steamy breath, closed his eyes, and lifted his hand to his mouth.

He bit down hard, and his sharp teeth punctured his scales and cut into his palm, drawing out a healthy flow of blood. He kneeled down and placed his injured palm into the crimson pool and let his own blood seep into it for just a moment. He grimaced as he focused, and choked out the spell.

"Kazikli!"

Blood magic didn't require any magic to cast, only blood and an incantation. Holo shuddered as he felt his fluids drain from his arteries and gush out through the wound on his hand. The blood shimmered for a moment, and then burst upwards into a forest of coagulated spikes that impaled everything within range. The beastmen had no time to react. They were

lifted into the air and speared though, leaving them gasping for breath as they choked on their blood.

Holo stood up on shaky legs, and the spikes returned to their liquid form, splashing across the ground and dropping a half dozen fresh corpses onto the stone. He picked his way over the bodies until he found Zanna, bloodsoaked and bound, but unharmed.

"What the hell happened to you..." He grumbled and wrapped his hands around their waist to lift them.

Zanna could still hear him, but replying was impossible with their mouth stuffed. They could feel his big hands grip them around the waist and lift them off the floor, and they huffed as their breasts bounced with each of Holo's heavy steps. They were placed down on top of the altar at the back of the temple, putting them at waist-height on Holo so that he didn't have to stoop down to fuss with them.

He fished out a healing potion from their storage. Then another. And another. He frowned slightly more with each one. All of the ones that Zanna had brought displayed as [Dubious-Looking Health Potion]. He popped one open and swirled it around, eying it suspiciously. "If this kills me you're gonna be stuck like this until the guild sends a rescue team." He let out a hot sigh to try and cool off. His body still felt hot from the earlier magic potion, and the feeling was growing stronger and gathering in his lower half.

He glugged the health potion and put the bottle away as the self-inflicted bite wound stitched itself together. A shiver ran down his spine, and an odd tingle started in his fingers and toes and crept inward. "Eugh. Alright, time to get you out of this mess..." The first thing he tried was the cleansing spell he used earlier. Magical waters washed the blood off of Zanna, but failed to wash off the binding debuffs.

Next, Holo felt around the ropes, trying to trace them to a point where they were tied so he could undo the knots. His claws raked over Zanna's exposed fur and skin, making the bound and gagged dragon shudder and squirm. Holo felt his shaft twitch and rise as he felt up his tank. It was... distracting. Now wasn't the time to be getting worked up over something so slight!

"Damn, no way to untie this. Maybe I can just-" He slipped one of his claws under a rope that was lashed around Zanna's back and pulled to try and slice it. He didn't manage to cut even a single strand, but the rope pulled tighter with a snap like a whip crack that made Zanna yelp into their gag. "Definitely not." Holo grumbled in irritation and tried to push his dick down with one hand as it continued to rise, now almost perpendicular to his waist. "Not now, I'm busy!" More steam left his mouth on the exhale, and his face was flushed with heat.

"Okay, think Holo. Maybe if I heal them it'll go back to normal?" He spun Zanna to face him and frowned a bit at the gag filling the smaller dragon's mouth. Drool was leaking from the corners of their jaw, and they were trying to gnaw at the gag. "Damn this thing. Alright, trying it anyway."

He pulled a second [Dubious-Looking Health Potion] from his and Zanna's shared item storage and popped the top before leaning Zanna back and pouring it into their open mouth. As soon as the potion touched the gag, it shifted into an open ring gag and let the potion flow down Zanna's throat. They gasped and sputtered, choking down the potion to the last drop. The minor wounds they had sustained healed, but the armor—if it could even be called that in this form—remained as-is.

Zanna tried to vocalize, but the ring gag made their words unintelligible. Worse, a few moments after finishing the potion, the ring gag morphed back into its previous shape, jamming their throat until it visibly bulged, making them gag. "Glk-!"

They could hear Holo talking mostly to himself as he fussed with a way to free them. Their muscles burned, not from exertion in combat, but from the strain of being bent and forced to hold position. Their boobs were squashed against the stone slab under their weight, and their legs were pulled wide so they couldn't close them. This wasn't a problem to start, since they and Holo had *more* than seen one another nude before... But there was a warmth growing in their belly and their pussy was getting wet, making their thoughts hazy.

"Guh..." Holo's head was swimming with arousal. He rubbed his face and growled into his hand, trying to clear his head, but the tingling warmth the potions had spread through his body were taking him over. His shaft was near fully hard and had slipped free from the cover of his loincloth. His balls were bubbling like a pair of cauldrons. He swallowed the drool pooling in his mouth and made a shape with his hands, pointed at Zanna. "S-sorry babe, I'll make this up to you later!"

Zanna felt Holo cast a familiar on them, and it made them nervous and excited in equal measure. Feeling the familiar magics wash over them, they could tell what was coming, and in their heat, they welcomed it. Their body loosened up as the elasticity charm settled on their skin and seeped into their bones.

They would need it.

Zanna's legs were already spread, but Holo grabbed them and pushed them apart as far as they would go. They felt the tension in both their thigh muscles and the ropes, and they trembled in their bindings.

Holo was panting as he tried to hold himself back and not ram into his dragon. He let out a slow, shuddering breath and pushed his hips forward while pulling Zanna against him. His shaft was thicker than their thigh and as long as they were tall. He pushed his tip against their slit and had to grind against it to stretch them out before he was able to push in.

It was a tight fit, but that was always the case. Zanna's body clenched around his shaft more than usual, and as he pushed his dick in deeper he could feel an extra squeeze from the rope harness that was binding their waist and torso. Zanna tried to relax, but they couldn't get any tension out. Their arms strained to claw at the stone altar, but they couldn't budge, and the blindfold made every touch and motion a surprise, intensifying the sensations. The ropes bit into their skin as their stomach was stretched, drawing the ropes tight around the dick bulge rising toward their chest.

Holo pushed in halfway, and then pulled out most of the way. His claws dug into Zanna's skin but didn't pierce it thanks to their overflow of defensive buffs. A low growl built in his throat as he pushed in again while his shaft twitched and poured out precum that pooled at the entrance to Zanna's womb.

It was a critical hit.

That gush of precum caused the heat centered in Zanna's stomach to bloom out to the rest of their body. Their breasts swelled from the rush of warmth and propped them up on the altar. They shouted into the gag, their words unintelligible but their intent clear as they writhed their body to the extent that they were able, trying to push their body down on Holo's dick and grind their clit against his hot length.

Just as Zanna's breasts swelled from the critical breeding impact, Holo's balls churned and bloated in turn. In his aroused haze, Holo was vaguely aware that the consuming arousal pumping through his veins and the increasing pressure in his balls were the results of the potions he had consumed. It would make sense that potions found in a fertility temple would have side effects like this. It could have been worse, sure, but this was maddening.

Every thrust into Zanna's slit drove them both wild. Holo's golden nuts slapped against the back of his legs and bloated another couple of inches with every thrust, and Zanna's breasts engorged beneath them until their puffy nipples were flattened to the altar.

It took every ounce of his restraint to not ram into Zanna with everything he had. He pushed into them and stopped himself from spearing them with his whole length. His balls swung forward and bloated until they hit the ground and splashed into a blood puddle, making him shudder. He pulled back and sucked in air through his clenched jaw, wanting to bite into their shoulder just to hear them gasp and whine.

He didn't, though. Even through the horny haze he knew he shouldn't. Not while Zanna was tied up at least. He just needed to get this out of his system so he could think straight again. Alas, he was so caught up in thinking about what he shouldn't do that he lost track of his hips, which were thrusting with ramping force and speed.

Zanna lurched forward with every thrust, even with Holo holding their legs to keep them close. Each thrust pushed deeper than the last, bulging their stomach, and soon, stretching the bulge in their stomach between their bloating boobs and up towards the top of their head. They couldn't see it of course, but they could certainly *feel* the stretch, especially as the head of his dick bounced against the walls of their womb and pounded it into a more accommodating size and shape.

The ropes strained and started to fray as they were stretched. They reached and tried to rebound around Zanna, but there was no material left to repurpose. All of fabric from the skirt and frills had been consumed with the Bind stacks, and all the metal from the armor had been used up to strengthen the ropes for the Defense stacks. There was nothing left to spare, and in a contest between cursed armor and Holo's potion-bolstered passion, there could only be one winner.

Holo's thrusts grew more forceful. He pulled Zanna all the way onto his shaft, hilted them and holding them there, grinding into them as his head and eyes rolled back from the pleasure pulsing through his twitching, pre-leaking shaft. Zanna's stomach was bloating out with pre between the ropes and sloshing with every lunging thrust. Their huge breasts bounced as Holo thrust himself between them. They were gasping for breath through their snout while drool dripped from their open jaws and spilled over the altar.

The lust pouring out from them sparked something else to life in the forgotten ruins. Not a Source, but the Order of Lumaria's fertility ritual, the kind that required a bound recipient and a significant offering. Zanna qualified as the recipient, and the building energies overflowed into Holo through their union. As for the offering, the bodies and blood of the slain beastmen counted as plenty, and their mass was dissolved into pure magical energy and drawn into the pair of dragons.

Zanna felt a new pressure in their abdomen as their body surged with the potential to play host to hundreds of eggs or more. Holo grunted as his balls surged in size behind him until his scales were taut. His thrusting reached its peak, becoming erratic in desperation. Zanna's

bloating middle and sloshing boobs began to snap the ropes binding their body, leaving them hanging lose and defeated as the climax approached.

Holo doubled over and pressed Zanna between the altar and the weight of his upper body. He clenched his jaw and whipped his tail as his balls let out a roar, and a flood of cum bulged his shaft and burst from the head of his dick. Zanna's stomach surged out, bursting the remaining ropes around their torso. With the anchor ropes snapped, the rest of them started to loosen as Zanna struggled from the rush of their body being filled with gallons of hot seed. As the ropes unwound, they shook their legs free and stretched them out for a moment before wrapping their legs around Holo's waist, gluing him to their hips.

Their stomach pushed down against the altar and lifted them up as their fluffy gut and milk-bloated tits spread to the edges and overflowed them. The swell of their gut pushed their boobs up into their face, making them snort as they tried not to drown in their own cleavage. The old altar shifted under their spiking weight, and the eroded legs slipped out from under the slab and crashed to the ground.

Zanna dropped slightly and landed on their stomach, sinking into it before bouncing up to rest on top of it as it sloshed out into a thick waterbed beneath them. The bounce shifted the blindfold off of their eyes and shook their arms free from behind their back. They tossed the cursed ropes off of them and scratched at the buckle for the gag, undoing it and spitting it out with a cough and a gasp.

"Ffffuck! I'm free!" They caught their breath at last and shoved their boobs down to keep them out of their face. They could feel the flesh of their tits stretching under their fingertips and looked over their body in awe at their own size. Their boobs already exceeded their arm span, and their stomach was stretching across the ground with visible speed.

"Oh! G-good! Hi babe..!" Holo gasped as his body rocked with every pump of his climax. He was still doubled over on top of Zanna, though he was straightening out as the dragon's bloating stomach pushed him upright. His legs were pushing into their stomach as it ballooned out behind Zanna's legs, growing large enough to support some of the bigger dragon's weight. His overblown wrecking balls slowly shrank as he emptied his magically bolstered load. "You good? Hrrfff..."

"Y-yeah! G-great!" Zanna's was giddy and their face was burning. A grin was plastered over their face, and their eyes were fixed on the expanding horizon of their stomach and the rising peaks of their breasts. Every pump of Holo's dick surged their diameter out another few feet. They stretched across the ground and buried remaining rubble of the temple's statue and started to slosh up against the stone walls. The old cobblestone floor shifted beneath their weight as the old plaster crumbled.

"S-so, uh-!" Zanna started. "Did you cast that fertility nullifying spell?" Their stomach was bloating with a lake of cum, growing so large that it pressed flat against the back wall of the temple and started to push Holo backwards past the arches that led to the entrance. He shifted his weight so that he was half laying on top of them.

Holo starting sweating and hesitated before answering. "Uh! Not... Not exact-"

"GOOD. Because I need you to fuck me into the biggest broodmother your bigass nuts can manage or this heat is gonna burn me alive!" Zanna let out a roar or blue flames and wrapped their tail around his chest and yanked him down against their stomach. Holo yelped

and had to make a final, sudden adjustment to his stance so that he was now kneeling on top of Zanna's expanding middle as it took up more and more of the dwindling floor space.

Being wrapped in Zanna's demanding tail and legs flipped a switch in Holo's head. He grabbed them by the shoulders and wrenched them backwards so their back was pressed against his chest. Even kneeling on top of their body he was towering over them, which put him in a perfect position to tip his head down, and theirs back, and give them a deep kiss from behind. His hips thrust and bounced against their hips, pounding more and more seed into their womb as demanded. His tongue pushed into their mouth in kind, locking them into a kiss that Zanna returned with a moan.

Zanna's sandy brown stomach pushed up against the pillars that held up the second floor, making them crack and crumble. Chunks of the elevated walkways fell on top of the pair of dragons, but they bounced off of Zanna's stomach and rolled to the floor. As their body stretched, the definition of the scaled plates under their fur started to stand out, especially as their flesh began to bulge between the separating scales.

They finally broke the kiss so they could both breathe, the effort of their rut leaving them breathless and aching. Holo's hip muscles were on fire but he couldn't stop, he felt like his balls would burst if he did. Zanna's thighs and waist were sore from keeping Holo gripped into them but they didn't dare let go, as the waves of cum knocking them up were the only thing keeping the heat in their womb from consuming them.

Their earth shaking pounding was breaking the temple apart. The stone catwalks crumbled completely as the supporting archways were bowled over by Zanna's expanding sides, and Holo felt his back press against the ceiling as Zanna's gut pushed against every wall, rising as they filled the subterranean temple like it was an in-ground pool. Even though the walls were backed by soil, the soft ground had shifted and settled over the decades, and the stones pushed apart.

The ceiling buckled upwards as Zanna bloated beyond the confines of the temple. A fraction of their gut bulged out through the doorway that led to the antechamber and the ground above the temple bulged and cracked as the dragons started to emerge from the depths. The quaking of supercharged dragon breeding sent tremors through the entire forest, causing birds and wildlife to flee as the dirt and rock split open and gave way to a flood of sloshing fur and a distinct pair of bloated yellow nuts.

Holo shuddered, and collapsed on top of Zanna with a groan. His arms and legs twitched as his shaft continued to throb out lazy globs of cum, spurred on by the remaining pressure in his balls, but his body was otherwise spent. Zanna was barely coherent. Their eyes were rolled back in ecstasy and their limbs were splayed out over their expansive surface. They were using their bed-sized boobs as pillows to rest their head on as it lolled around with every fading gush from Holo's dick.

"That... Big enough...?" Holo was barely able to get the words out. He tried to prop himself up and pull out, but his arms sunk into Zanna's sloshing surface and he flopped back down with a gurgle.

Zanna's tail and legs finally released him, and they licked over their teeth to wet their mouth enough to respond. "It'll do." They couldn't even really process how big they were. Most of their flooded body was underground, but they could at least see that their stomach was spread out to their front and sides by at least a few dozen feet in all directions. What mattered to

them was that their body was finally cooling off, setting aside the heat of the lake of cum sloshing around inside of them.

"Good! Good." Holo gave another try at pushing himself up and was at least successful enough to push himself upright. He looked over Zanna's expanse and swayed his tail in awe. "Goddamn. You're going to be SO full of eggs." He did his best to ground himself on the fluffy, wobbly surface, and managed to pull all several feet of his shaft out of his loyal tank.

"I knoooooww~" Zanna reached out and grabbed their own breasts. They couldn't reach their nipples anymore, but the firm squeeze coaxed a bit of milk out of them anyway. A pleased rumble built in their throat.

Holo flopped onto his back beside Zanna, sinking into the side of their stomach like it was a water bed. "The guild is gonna be so pissed," he said with a laugh.

Zanna snorted, but continued fondling their swollen bust. "Yeah, we're suuuuper not getting paid for this one. Good thing we didn't spend any money on new armor or potions, right~? Ow-!"

Holo flicked their snout. "I need you to know. I am never letting you live this down."

"Erk-" Zanna grimaced and reached for Holo, but he was laying just out of their reach. "H-hey, we all make mistakes, right? Besides, we got the job done, there was just a uh, curse! That's what we'll tell them." They blushed furiously.

"Sure, we can tell them that, but I'm still going to tease you about this *forever*~" Holo grinned wide.

"Bah, sheesh... Fine." Zanna's fur puffed up in indignation, even as they resigned to their fate. "Well, once your dick stops being hard, go roll off into the trees and call the guild, let them know we're done."

"Will doooo." Holo rolled onto his back and reached a hand over to gently rub at Zanna's wings, carefully massaging them and coaxing them to stretch open wide. He let out a heavy breath to cool his body and propped his legs up on his balls that had returned to a more manageable and squishy size. Meanwhile, Zanna's body started to process as much of that cum as possible into dragon eggs. Lots, and lots, and LOTS, of dragon eggs.

Zanna's body let out gentle creaks as it adjusted to the load it was carrying. They stretched themselves out to relax their limbs and settled in against their fluffy, squishy surface, knowing they would have to get used to being this stuffed and swollen, especially when the eggs started to show. Holo relaxed beside them and waited to work up the courage to report this mission to the Adventurer's Guild. Destroying the dungeon wasn't really a problem—he just wasn't ready to explain how Zanna had blimped up into a repopulation-scale broodmother.