

A stiff breeze blew across the rooftops of the textbook metropolis on that sunny day, nary a cloud to be seen in the sky. The warm concrete felt pleasant beneath the scales of the silvery-blue song dragon, seated before his newest creation.

It stood a solid three meters high, and gleamed like metal, though none seemed to take on such a vivid turquoise tone with blue accents. Tracing his eyes up the metal creation, one could easily make out calves, tremendously curvy thighs, and a set of wide, broad hips. These bore an almost impossibly-large metallic ass bearing a long lizard-like tail, only eclipsed in size by the chest of the statue, so large and round as to leave little more than the slightly rounded abdomen visible of the creature's torso. Its arms hung to its sides, one resting upon a gleaming hip, while the visage of the creature looked decidedly reptilian, a coy grin upon its rounded muzzle, two broad fins arcing from the back of its head, one for each side.

Marjask nodded in approval of his new work, and leaned forth to etch at the pedestal that this goddess-like creature stood upon. Several minutes later, he blew the shavings of metal away, revealing four delicately carved letters: SKEA. This was the name of the being that, for the most part, matched the statue almost perfectly in the flesh. Well, give or take a few hundred feet in any given direction.

The frilled reptilian-creature uttered a sigh of relief as he slid back upon his rump once more, legs lazily crossing as he gazed up and down the new metallic statue---a shrine of sorts, though at the moment it needed a bit more in order to qualify for that status. At least the centerpiece had been created---the rest of it could be done another time. After all, it was starting to get dark.

...Dark? Marjask's brow furrowed; he recalled just glancing up at the sun---it couldn't have been dark already! His answer soon came as he gazed upwards and caught sight of the wall of turquoise scales before him, eclipsing the sun and overshadowing the statue. Squinting, he could make out two familiar tremendous orbs, and a lizard-like head grinning down at the rooftop; she had come.

The song dragon had no idea how she had crept up so stealthily upon him---or perhaps, he was just tired from his work. Either way, he was glad she had found him so quickly, watching her body lower itself as, no doubt, she had to get on her knees in order to be eye-and-chest-level with the statue. Her head alone was twice as tall as Marjask himself, and despite the creature's immense size, he could hear a decidedly feminine giggle rising from her lips, eyes seeming to widen as she fully made out every curve of her new statue.

"I---It's beautiful!" She blurted, and much to his surprise, the macro creature's cheeks were tinted red with a deep blush. At the same time, the tremendous breasts upon her chest seemed to creak ominously, before swelling outwards in a rather fantastic manner. Several seconds later, they were almost past her abdomen, were Marjask able to see that far over the edge of the skyscraper.

A cheeky grin spread across his face as he watched her bust swell, "Well, good goin'---now the statue's not in proportion!" He teased, standing and brushing himself off as he walked to the edge of the rooftop, "Ah---no worries, of course. I certainly can't complain," He reassured as he saw the glimmer of embarrassment in her eyes, lest she apologize for growing so suddenly.

"Say..." He hummed after a short period of thought, "It was a pretty long elevator ride up here; think you could help me down?" He asked with a wink. From the look in her eyes, he knew she caught on to what he meant, as a bright grin spread across her adorable face. He felt the air rushing past him as her gentle hands scooped him off of the roof, only to deposit him upon her warm, titanic bust. He felt himself sinking into the supple flesh, though only by about a half a foot. It was just enough to encompass him in the warmth of her bust, flat on his back, allowing him to gaze up at the shining light that was her beaming smile.

"Thanks, Skea---is it alright if I rest here?" He asked, to which he saw her nod, a large finger briefly raising to stroke over his frill, flattening it down only for it to bounce up once more, "Sure thing, Mar; you pleased your goddess," She giggled, raising her head as her rumbling steps soon echoed around the city once more.