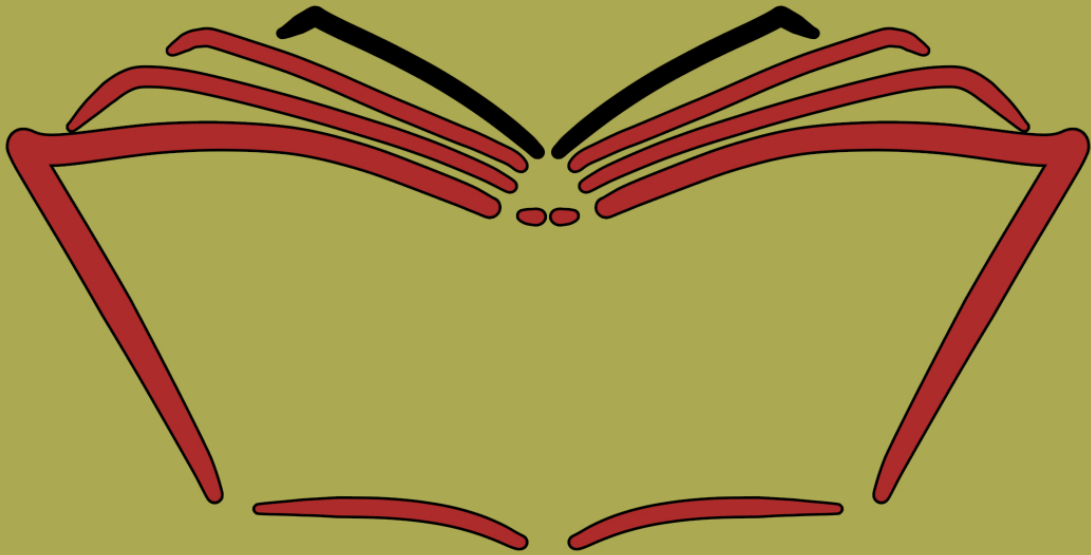


Power Trip



A Novella
for Adult Readers

Victor Waite

Contents

[Power Trip](#)

[Charlie Introduces Himself](#)

[A New Normal](#)

[Changing Chemistry](#)

[A New Lifestyle](#)

[Vic's Galleries](#)

[Copyright](#)

Power Trip

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A Commission for ShantyShack

A story of expanding horizons! Alice and Brian have reached a critical point in their relationship. They both love each other, but both agree something is missing. For better or worse, that missing piece is fully prepared to insert himself. With a hyper-sized member and personality, what kind of potent spices can he bring to their bland bedroom?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Commission, Novella, Adult, (ShantyShack), Male, Horse, Goat, Female, Dragon, Couple, Teasing, M/F Sex, M/M Sex, Exhibitionism, Hyper, Hyper Cock, Hyper Balls, Inflation, Cum Inflation, Cocksleeve, Size Difference, Growth, Transformation, Stretching, Pregnant, Hyper Pregnant, Oviposition, Immobile

Charlie Introduces Himself

The dull thump of heavy bass pounded through the air, rattling the bones of the club's patrons. Fog machines pumped a steady stream of smoke from several stages, creating vast plumes to be illuminated by a light show. Dance floors flashed to light and dark with the beat, filling the warehouse-like space with no shortage of dazzling displays. Despite the nature of the effects, the dancers upon those floors commanded the attention of onlookers. The dress code was more tattered than the revelers' clothing, and any garment or lack thereof was allowed. Between clouded patches, the air was thick with scents of pleasure and sex, not-so covertly introduced by the most enthusiastic of patrons. Those factors swirled together in an atmosphere of freedom and rebellion, the core of the club's ideals.

In other words, a very strange place to celebrate a fifth anniversary.

Alice wore that thought on her face as she sank back into her seat, wholly out of her element. Hoping to adapt or cope, she reached for her drink and took a deep sip, one that drained the decorative glass to the bottom. Across from the dragoness, her partner relaxed and bathed in the strange sights and sounds. The goat's gaze glided from dancer to dancer, a survey that left him feeling distinctly overdressed. Brian unclasped the top button of his shirt and aired out a tuft of chest fluff, aiming to integrate more with the clientèle. In truth, he would need to remove much more of his garb to succeed. Still, A grin spread across his muzzle as the music

Charlie Introduces Himself

shifted to his tastes, and the leather of his seat creaked when he sat up.

“Care to get out and dance with me hon,” he questioned. “I think I know this one well enough to lead.”

The dragoness shrugged. “I don’t think so,” she sighed. “I still don’t feel comfortable here,” she admitted. To underscore her point, a pair of particularly amorous swayed passed their table, utterly tangled in one another.

“I know, I felt the same when we first got here,” the goat admitted. “Maybe a stronger drink might help? That usually lowers my inhibitions.”

“I know,” Alice declared. “I learned that very well when I took you to meet my parents.”

The goat blushed fiercely. “I’m still sorry about that, by the way,” he murmured.

The dragoness crossed her arms and changed the subject. “I’m still not sure why we thought this was a good idea.” She scanned the building once more, and once again spotted no woman in anything passed their knees. Alice’s long dress rendered her unique in all the wrong ways.

“Well, we both agreed that we need some change, right? I hoped this might be one of the first steps to that.” The goat joined her in looking around, and once finished, unbuttoned and shrugged off his shirt entirely. “I wouldn’t mind coming back sometime, honestly.”

“I must admit there’s a certain charm to it,” the dragoness smirked. “I don’t think it’d hurt to try again with adjusted expectations.” A loud moan rang out from the crowd in the following instant, earning a

Charlie Introduces Himself

surprised wince and reluctant blush from the reptile. “Maybe not that often though. Special occasions.”

“I think we should at least try to meet some regulars,” Brian suggested. “And who knows, maybe one of them could be the person we’re looking for.”

“Let’s take this one step at a time,” Alice countered. “I think we should wait until we have some possible candidates before we go that far.”

The couple’s conversation continued while the music pounded on, never quite crossing beyond the edge of their table. That didn’t mean the pair went unnoticed, however. The well-dressed dragoness stood out among the crowd with ease, and it didn’t take long for Charlie to take note. The sparkling sequins of her dress naturally drew the horse’s eye, and the curves of her figure ensured it stayed there. That glittering garment left just enough to the imagination to tantalize, and the bulge in his pants pulsed with potential fantasies. The towering equine imagined securing a place in her life, in their lives if necessary, and the magnetic pull of lust at first sight guided him to the edge of the dance floor.

Given his statuesque stature, his migration was not unnoticed. Clad in tight leather pants and shredded tatters that barely passed as a shirt, he matched the outfits of his peers well. Well defined pecs and abs peeked from the holes in his wear, hinting at his many trips to the gym. Where Charlie truly stood out, however, was his height. Pushing eight feet tall, there wasn’t a soul in the crowd that matched him. The plastic floor subtly bowed under his hooves as he passed, and the writhing crowd parted for him once they sensed his intent. A collective motion that snagged Brian’s eye. He noted the lust in the horse’s eye during his approach, but thought nothing of it until he stepped down from the raised platform.

Charlie Introduces Himself

Once clear from the crowd, the equine's arousal became clear as day. While thick cologne masked his natural musk, there was no hiding the monster tucked into his pant leg. The tube of his shaft was unmistakable, and his need made all the more obvious by the lust soaking through the garment. The goat's words caught in his throat and a maelstrom of conflicting emotions swirled in his chest, the most potent of which was a mutual attraction. Hesitation crossed Brian's eyes as the horse continued his march, and he fished for the words to voice his apprehensions. He couldn't exactly hook up with the horse in front of his girlfriend so suddenly. That conflict reached a peak when he stepped up to Alice's back, towering over the seated dragoness.

Fortunately, the goat's perceived problems solved themselves in an instant.

He watched the horse crane his neck and check Alice's wristband. Realization flashed across Brian's face when he watched Charlie's expression illuminate. Alice registered the horse's presence with Brian's change. The color of that band was all the consent Charlie needed to proceed, and before a greeting left any of them, the needy horse lifted the back of her dress. Alice's cheeks blazed with arousal and indignity while Brian sat stunned. The couple's gaze met while the horse slid her panties aside, exposing the heat of her sex to the chill of the club. She offered no struggle or dispute as Charlie slipped his fingers into his muzzle, then slipped them deep into her entrance. Alice's eyes fluttered and a moan tumbled from her snout, a sound she quickly curtailed when she realized it.

Nearly impossibly to hear over the background of the bass, soft schlicks sounded out from between the dragoness's thighs. Her tail flagged when Charlie coaxed her to stand and bend over the table, a reflexive gesture that sparked a hint of turmoil in her eyes. While not opposed to the horse's actions, Alice could only wonder what

Charlie Introduces Himself

her partner thought of her, especially after so much hesitance to bring a third person into their bedroom. Reading her expression, Brian only smirked and leaned over the table. The goat planted his elbows and rested his chins in his palms, savoring the sight of the horse warming her up.

“And here I was worried about moving too quickly,” he chuckled. “You don’t need to put up an act hon,” he offered. “I’m more than happy to watch this stud work his magic.”

Alice bit her lip and stifled a moan when Charlie introduced another finger into her sex, then offered the goat a thumbs up.

“I don’t mind sharing, but that doesn’t mean I want to get shut out,” Brian continued.

The colossal horse gestured and invited the goat to his side, but Brian wasn’t quite ready to join him yet. Instead, he leaned over the table and planted a kiss on Alice’s snout. She moaned into his muzzle and returned his affection, but even that vote of confidence didn’t completely absolve her of hesitation. Still, she fought back her inhibitions and tried to savor the moment until Charlie withdrew his hand. Thin strands of lust connected his fingertips to her desire, and the horse made a show of licking them clean. Satisfied with his relatively hasty foreplay, the towering equine took a step back and unzipped his pants. The sound of that fly dropping pierced the pounding dance music, spurring Alice’s apprehensions to surge forth.

“I can’t do this! I don’t even know this guy’s name!”

Charlie leaned over the dragoness and introduced himself, a gesture that did not at all help things. Fortunately, Brian stepped in.

Charlie Introduces Himself

"It'll be fine hon," he grinned. "Everyone here is clean, and we just want to make sure you have a good time."

The dragoness mustered a puzzled look. "We?"

"I want you to enjoy this too darling," the goat offered. "Maybe this is what we need. It might not be, but there's only one way to find out."

"This is so fast though!"

"Life moves quick sometimes," he offered. "It can be fun to roll with it, but you'll never get to do that if you don't let go and embrace the moments when they arrive." The goat reached across the table and took Alice's hands into his. "I won't let anything you don't want happen, and if you decide this isn't for you, this will be the last of it."

The dragoness took in a stabilizing breath, only to let it loose in a waving moan. Alice squeezed her eyes shut and rolled her head back as Charlie brought the flared head of his shaft to her entrance, sweeping its rounded tip up and down her lips. Their lusts mingled and dripped down between her thighs, and each time he grazed her clit, Alice's inhibitions cracked. They crumbled entirely with a breathy "yes," and the horse wasted no time delivering that desired pleasure. He grabbed his length with both hands, failing to hide it completely in his grip. Regardless, it only took an instant to align himself, and he plunged into her warmth with a single, languid stroke. That titanic intrusion stole the dragoness's breath, almost literally by filling her chest, and the pair savored that intimate connection for just an instant.

Before Alice acclimated to Charlie's girth, the music took him. He drew his hips back with a sharp tug, freeing the bottom inches of his shaft, then quickly buried them again to the rhythm of upbeat music. That second hilding staggered the dragoness, but fortunately she was more prepared for the third. She braced against the table

Charlie Introduces Himself

and took Charlie's upbeat pace, struggling to process the pleasure brought on with such a pounding. Alice managed something between a breath and a moan as she forced her eyes open, where she found Brian watching intently. Another breath carried the distinct scent of the goat's arousal, and in the back of her mind, the dragoness wondered just how much her boyfriend enjoyed her situation. As if reading her thoughts, the goat stood and revealed the answer to that question.

While nowhere near the horse's in scale, Brian's cock was nothing to scoff at. It easily filled the front of his pants and crept down one of his legs, where it saturated the slacks with a growing spot. The goat traced a hand down Alice's back while he circled around the table, sauntering to Charlie's side. There wasn't an ounce of jealousy or malice in his posture, and Brian made his intentions known with a gentle stroke of his fingers. The horse stifled a knicker when the goat gingerly traced up the backside of his sac, teasing the tender area behind before turning his attention to that sculpted ass. A sharp crack sounded out from the trio when Brian clapped his palm against that toned muscle, earning a huff of approval from its owner. The two met eyes and exchanged a silent question, and with permission granted, the goat crouched behind Charlie.

Charlie kept his pace regardless of the grip on his pants, complicating the task of pulling them down. Brian only managed to lower them a few inches, just enough for unrestricted access, then buried his muzzle against the back of Charlie's balls. The horse threw his head back with that pleasant, unexpected touch, and his rhythm stumbled for a beat. Brian bobbed his head to the beat as well, and together with Alice, quickly ushered the horse toward climax. The dragoness dug her claws into the table and shredded its cloth while her own pleasure mounted, unused to such a potent and enthusiastic breeding. The thought of her boyfriend helping that

Charlie Introduces Himself

equine stranger pushed her over the edge first, and her heated passage seized around Charlie's length.

The grip of her slick tunnel ruined the horse's rhythm, shocking his nerves with a swift jolt of bliss. Despite his bravado, Charlie found himself unable to resist such an invitation, and his eagerness led to an orgasm in the following instant. Brian received only the briefest of warnings, the quick rise of Charlie's balls, before the horse filled his girlfriend with an appropriately colossal load. The dragoness roared in rapture as her belly swelled, a cry of bliss that echoed from the walls and overpowered the thumping music. Every eye in the club tuned to her as her belly filled and spread across the table, adding the weight of Charlie's lust to that of her body. That unfortunate furniture creaked and groaned as it reached its limit, then let loose a thunderous crack when it finally failed.

The dragoness's chest dropped atop the ruined table, though her hips remained elevated, supported by the horse's spire. The last shots of his load packed into her belly, filling Alice until the plates of her middle subtly parted. She sloshed with his lust when Charlie withdrew, leaving her beached atop the fluid swell. Alice rocked atop it, only able to reach the ground with either her hands or feet, but not both. While she situated herself, Charlie wiped his residual seed on her cheeks, then reached back and grabbed Brian's head. A quick push gave the goat his fill of the horse's scent, and his head buzzed with that potent virility. Brian stood on weakened legs and slumped against Alice's belly, equally satisfied with their encounter. Charlie joined him a few seconds later, already hardened and ready for the next round.

A relatively quiet moment hanged between them, until the horse spoke up. "So when do I move in?"

A New Normal

Clouds rolled across the morning sky, blunting the heat of the rising sun. The bedroom dimmed back to darkness as the figures within stirred, listing between the worlds of waking and dreaming. Alice moaned softly in her sleep, the memories of the night before guiding the path of her sleepy inner visions. Her thighs squished together as an indistinct, spectral lover hit a particularly sweet spot, sending a lazy pulse of bliss across her nerves. The dragoness's arms and legs tensed, and she bit her lip with a whimpering moan as climax rolled through her. Far from the repeated lightning strikes of that half-remembered session, it was a relaxed, rapturous wave that gently washed over her. The soft haze of afterglow faded to the dim light of her bedroom, and a yawn tumbled from her muzzle as she properly woke.

The carnal warmth that suffused her form receded while she wiped the sleep from her eyes, concentrating in the core of her middle. Alice stretched her arms and flexed her toes, savoring the last of that lingering pleasure before it faded completely. An indulgent groan tumbled from her lips as she rolled over to face her lover, only for the fluid weight of her middle to stop her half way. Faint sloshing filled the room with the jostle to her cum-bloated belly, a sound and sensation that rekindled the heat in her cheeks. The tip of her tail flicked as she realized that dream was more than cobbled-together desires and memories. Her cheeks flushed with heat at the shamelessness of that night, and she cradled her middle to complete that roll over and speak with Brian about it.

A New Normal

When she finally succeeded in facing the other way, Alice realized she was alone in bed.

Rather than undertake the strenuous task of standing, the dragoness closed her eyes and opened her ears. The usual sounds of their morning were not present. The bathroom was silent, signaling the completion of Brian's morning routine. The kitchen was quiet, implying the goat had already eaten breakfast. The floorboards failed to click with his footfalls, leading her believe her lover was relaxing somewhere. Alice drew in a breath to call out to him, but before she formed the words, the ground groaned with a heavy presence. The shock of it knocked the dragoness off guard, and she froze as that weight drew closer. Her mind raced with possibilities, until Brian poked his head around the doorway and spoke up.

"Good to see you're up," he murmured. "I thought about waking you, but I decided after a night like last night, I'd want to sleep in too."

Alice smiled warmly. "I appreciate that," she nodded. The dragoness shuffled under the sheets, then gradually drew them down her figure. She watched Brian's eyes widen with delight when she revealed her belly, then open further when she spread her thighs. "I had some dreams that worked me up before they properly concluded," she admitted. "Want to finish me off?"

"Don't mind if I do~"

The goat looked to his side and nodded, a gesture that confused Alice until Charlie rounded the corner. With his entrance, she learned that the goat had not been standing outside her door. A long, flared bulge ran the length of his torso, almost perfectly outlining Charlie's cock. Alice's jaw dropped while she watched it pulse and bounce, pumping a constant stream of lust into the smaller goat. His belly hung beneath him and swayed with its

A New Normal

contents, but no seal on the planet could keep it all within him. A lustful trail marked the horse's path across the bedroom, leaked from the goat's backside, and it followed them all the way to the side of their bed. Brian leaned in and planted a kiss on the dragoness's snout, timing the smooch between the bounces of Charlie's spire.

Concern crossed Alice's eyes and she turned her gaze up to Charlie's. "I'm sorry, but can we speak privately for a moment?"

"Of course!" Charlie reached down and placed his palms over Brian's ears.

Alice was not quite amused. "I meant Brian and I."

The horse shrugged, then uncovered the goat's ears to plug his own.

The dragoness realized that was the best she'd get, then looked to Brian. "Look," she began. "I can admit that I had a good time last night, far better than I expected honestly, but don't you think this is moving a bit too fast? We didn't need to bring him home right away."

Surprisingly, Brian matched her concern, to a degree. "I get what you mean," the goat admitted. "But Charlie can be very persuasive, and I was a little jealous I didn't get to ride him at the club." The goat paused as a particularly strong throb pressed his prostate. "Plus, how will we figure out how compatible we are if we don't spend time together?"

Alice drew in a breath and let it out as a sigh. A moment of consideration passed between them, revealing the goat's point. "I suppose you're right," she offered. "I just worry about losing what we had between us. I know it wasn't perfect, but I still don't want to give it up."

A New Normal

“You won’t darling, I promise that.” Brian wiggled on Charlie’s spire and gained just enough ground to plant a kiss on the dragoness’s snout. “That said, things might be a little different, but different doesn’t always mean bad.”

Alice started to question what he meant, though Brian already began his demonstration. He craned his neck back and waved to Charlie, then gave signals until the horse uncovered his ears. A quick discussion about the “that thing” passed between them, and once they established exactly what Brian meant, Charlie was happy to oblige. The horse carefully climbed into bed with Alice, navigating around the fluid dome of her belly until he straddled her feet. An expression of curiosity crossed her face, and her gaze followed Brian as he reached between her legs. She spread her thighs after a tap of his fingers, revealing the substantial bulge of a toy lodged in her sex. A fierce blush kindled her cheeks when she remembered its presence, and that heat only stoked higher when the goat pulled it free.

The scents of lust and sex filled the air while cum flooded from between her thighs, forced out across their mattress by the pressure of her belly. Brian quickly aligned himself with her passage and gave the signal to Charlie, who wasted no time rolling his hips forward. A thick and sloppy squelch sounded out when the horse hilted Brian in a single, smooth gesture, where they lingered and savored their new dynamic. While the goat remained relatively motionless, Alice quietly reveled in the movement between them. The bulge of Charlie’s cock pressed through her boyfriend and smushed against her sloshing dome, leaving her privy to every throb of the horse’s lust. Additionally, each pulse brought out a sympathetic bump from Brian, who managed to find every one of her sweet spots in the motion.

A New Normal

Before the dragoness could acclimate to their threesome, Charlie's patience wore out. He grabbed the goat's broad hips and wrapped his fingers around that narrow waist, wielding his new lover as a toy for his other new lover. He withdrew with a careful pace, grinding Brian's length across her innermost reaches, then pumped him back in with all the power he could muster. The motion sloshed Charlie's lingering load in Alice and slammed their bed against the wall, and he drew on the ensuing recoil to buck himself back out. The horse's nostrils flared as he took in a deep breath laced with scent of sex, then plowed back into his new lovers. Alice and Brian moaned in unison, and they weren't given time to inhale for the next one.

Charlie unleashed every ounce of his lust and desire, bringing his other partners along for the ride. Were Alice a less sturdy woman, her hips may have given out from the ferocity of his rutting. Brian, however, was in no position to handle the horse's desire. His mouth dropped open in a silent cry of bliss, unable to voice the pleasure washing over and through him. Alice's carnal embrace was more than enough on its own, but combined with the sensations of his stretched inner passages, the session burned his endurance at both ends. The goat's chest heaved with an arousal he couldn't vocalize, a need communicated only in ragged huffs and pants. As far gone as he was, it wasn't any surprise he was the first to fall into climax's embrace.

The horse slowed his pace when he felt that tell-tale rippling around his buried passage, followed by Brian's loss of strength. The tension drained from his muscles as he went slack, supported only by the lust lodged in his chest. Charlie withdrew completely and pulled Brian out in the same gesture, allowing his love to leak from Alice's needy lips. The dragoness huffed and caught her breath while Charlie climbed down from his throbbing mount, which left his backside loose and leaking with lust. He retreated on shaky legs to a seat at their bedside, where he slumped back in satisfied

A New Normal

exhaustion. He gave a tired nod and enthusiastic thumbs-up, inviting Alice and Charlie to finish without him.

With that gesture, the horse and dragoness turned toward each other. Charlie wiggled his eyebrows and casually stroked his length, while Alice considered the moment a little more carefully.

The warmth of Brian's love smoldered in her depths, a comforting and familiar sensation, even if it left her with a desire for more. Next to the lingering inferno of Charlie's belly-swelling lust, however, she nearly found it lacking. Her muzzle flushed with heat while conflicting thoughts played through her mind, but her body had long since made up its mind. With an ease that almost worried her, Alice laid back into her nest of pillows and spread her thighs, inviting Charlie to finish what he'd started.

With a sight like that to motivate him, the horse wasted no time seizing his opportunity. A grin spread across his muzzle and the mattress creaked beneath him as he climbed into place, straddling the thick length of Alice's tail. The dragoness spread her legs a little farther in anticipation, only for the horse to grab her thighs and lift them up. A soft gasp tumbled from her snout with that gesture, which turned to a stifled moan when he continued the motion. Charlie framed her bloated belly between her thighs as he folded her legs back, exposing her sex to his bottomless desires. He held both of her ankles with one hand and aligned his flared tip with the other, then plunged into Alice's heated passage with a single, languid motion.

Alice rolled her head back in bliss as his tip kissed the entrance of her womb, a sensation that restored memories of the night before. The bedroom potency that brought Charlie into their home revealed itself once more as he climbed over her, pinning the dragoness in a deep mating press. Her toes flexed and her inner passage clenched in anticipation, and once he was in position, the

A New Normal

horse stated his case once more. The wide head of his cock squished over and passed every fold of her passage on his way out, then slammed back through them when he hilted himself again. The pitch of her moan reached a rare register when he repeated the motion, and each subsequent plunge sustained the note. A lazy grin spread across Brian's snout as he basked in that song, his arousal rekindled by her joyous pleasure.

In contrast to the goat's slow, satisfied self-ministrations, Charlie rutted like a beast long denied. He pounded Alice into the mattress with every ounce of his strength, each stroke dredging up a torrent of dragoness lust. Alice's belly bounced and sloshed with his shameless desire, and the seed within her belly brought almost as much pleasure as what was to come. Her claws carved furrows in their sheets and cut through to the mattress while Charlie overloaded her nerves, spiking her body with pleasure she didn't think possible. The walls of her passage rippled and convulsed with mounting bliss, and as she raced closer and closer toward release, the other muscles of her body joined in. The tip of her tail lashed back and forth, inadvertently spanking the horse with each pass.

Charlie let out a huff with each sharp smack to his rear end, each one driving him to pump deeper and faster. He squeezed his eyes shut and drew upon that primal desire, pushing the dragoness far passed the limits of conscious thought. The internal ripples of her passage quickened until they tripped over each other, culminating in a long, powerful, orgasmic clench. The horse's pace hitched with that squeezed, until she released him with a foundation-shaking roar. That gesture resonated through her lovers in addition to their entire home, and its echoes brought Brian to orgasm as well. The goat let out a comparatively quiet bleat and painted his pre-bloated belly with cum, a paltry sum compared to what the horse would unleash.

A New Normal

Charlie's long, swift strokes shortened to rapid-fire pumps as he approached his own carnal limit, dissolving into a blur before abruptly stopping. The flare of his tip squished against the gate of her womb, and he threw his head back in primal bliss as his balls drew tight to his form. Brian leaned in and marveled at the horse's orgasm, watching his muscles pump and throb while Alice's belly swelled and filled with his second load. A second climax crashed down on the dragoness while her middle filled with his molten lust, a sensation she hadn't felt since the last time she dated another dragon. Where his load from the night before warmed her with blind arousal, the second blazed with a desire more refined by their short time together.

In the back of her lust flooded mind, Alice wondered what he might be capable of in a few days or weeks.

Her expanding belly pushed that thought from her mind before she could dwell on it too long, however. Charlie released her legs and allowed her bloating belly to wash over them, freeing it to spill across her figure and gradually cover the bed. The parted scales and soft hide of her middle climbed the horse's figure while he remained hilted, allowing him to share in the heat and weight of his efforts. The upper roll of her stomach eclipsed her breasts before Charlie lost momentum, and her lower roll sloshed against his chest by the time he spent himself. For a moment the horse appeared entirely exhausted, teetering in a half-awake stupor, until his body recovered and his energy returned. His cock receded into its sheath as he shrugged off his grogginess, and their mattress threatened to break beneath them as he climbed off.

He proved his potency of a lover with little more than a glance to Brian, and the sight of the blissed-out goat rekindled his arousal. Charlie plucked the smallest of them from his chair and stuck him back on his cock, earning a wavering moan from Brian as he sank to Charlie's root.

A New Normal

A mostly quiet moment hanged in the air while Alice wrestled with her belly, sloshing it back and forth until she found the leverage to look over it. A dreamy sigh crossed her muzzle before she spoke up. "Maybe this wasn't such a bad idea."

Changing Chemistry

A sustained heat lingered in the air, suffusing the sleeping dragoness with a persistent warmth. Her mattress groaned while she shifted in her sleep, a pitiful groan practiced over weeks of opportunity. The slosh of Alice's figure soon overpowered it however, brought out by the motion of her breasts sliding along her belly. Her chin only just poked through the resulting cleavage, a testament to her milky productivity. Thin ivory rivers flowed from their peaks, flowing over softened scales and nourishing the valleys of her figure. A soft moan tumbled from her lips as a dreamy lover took her, tinting her inner vision with a sensual hue. Alice's tail curled around her ankle and her thighs squished together, and her back arched with the ephemeral plunge of her lover's length.

The dragoness's building lust saturated both her sheets and the mattress beneath, adding a subtle squish to the motion of her hips. She clutched her pillow to her chest while her toes curled under the covers, matching the intensity of her imagined partner. It wasn't long before her tongue lapped for her muzzle in a shameless display of bliss. Alice's back arched with delight as she crept closer and closer to release, only for the sharp buzz of an alarm clock to shred the moment. Her breath caught in her throat as her eyes snapped open, though she wasn't quick enough to bring herself to finish. Her hands shot into the shadow of her belly and her fingers scrabbled at her sex, but there was nothing she could do to salvage the embers of her arousal. That downward reach only reminded her of the scope of her belly, which remained constantly in her vision. A

Changing Chemistry

shiver ran the length of her spine while the last tremors of pleasure calmed, and she began the arduous process of getting out of bed.

Alice took a breath and planted her hands on the mattress, then mustered her strength and rolled to her side. A gesture backed with several days of practice, the dragoness turned onto her side with ease. The wide curve of her hip dug into her bed, and the weighty globe of her middle kept her anchored in place. From that position, she braced her tail and gathered her strength. The bed creaked and springs groaned as she gradually rolled toward the edge of the bed, and with a graceless motion, slammed a foot to the ground. Alice tipped with what little momentum she had, only just getting her other leg down. A quick shove against the bed brought her upright, and the full weight of her brooding figure settled on her hips.

Or most of it, at least.

Though she stood at its side, Alice's bed still bore some of her mass. The vast dome of her gravid belly rolled well beyond her arm's reach, and its underside crushed a considerable crater into that overworked mattress. The dragoness took a moment to recover her strength, then braced her hands against her broad ass and arched her back. A muffled groan of exertion tumbled from her muzzle and the floorboards groaned under her shifting weight. Her tail stretched back to counterbalance the pull of her clutch, and after a tense moment, she found her balance. Fortunately her first step came with ease, as did her second and third. With a lumbering, ponderous gait, the brood mother of a dragon made her way toward the door. Unfortunately, it represented her next hurdle.

Alice let loose another sigh and turned to her side. Though the bedroom's double-wide doors solved many problems, they also created new ones. The dragoness couldn't hope to reach over her massive belly and swollen breasts, though the alternate angle

Changing Chemistry

wasn't much better. She reached out to her side and groped for its handle, and after a few seconds of scrabbling, set her grip. The door's hanging panels glided out of her way with a clumsy swing of her arm, revealing the living room beyond. A large, open plan space, it took up much of their new home. The ceilings rose high, from the foundation to the roof of the two-floor home. Even still, they struggled to accommodate Charlie's towering form.

The colossus of a horse stood at the edge of their living room, where he carefully connected a camera to the wall. Charlie only reached slightly higher than his broad shoulders to accomplish the feat, and maneuvering it into place was but a simple task for his strength. Alice grinned to herself while she watched him work, a deep appreciation for those muscles in her eyes. Memories of being lifted and manhandled in those arms filled her inner eye, rekindling the lusts inspired by her dreams. The potent sent of her lust drifted on the air conditioning while she waddled toward the center of the room, where a nest of pillows awaited her broad backside. The ground quaked twice over when Charlie sidestepped to his next place, blocking wide windows with his bare muscles. His shadow fell over Alice's plush nest, and she idly pondered the thoughts of their neighbors as she settled into place.

While Charlie put the finishing touches on their set, the dragoness reflected. Where a few short weeks prior she regarded the horse with confusion, she could no longer imagine a life without him. Her hand drifted to the impossible weight of her belly, and heat gathered in her muzzle as she brushed over its curve. With it came a clench of her inner passage and another flutter of lust through her core. Alice gently laughed and chided herself for becoming nearly as insatiable as the giant equine. A smirk curled the corners of her mouth, and she cut herself some slack. If her lusts had become bottomless, then Brian far surpassed her in his ravenous need. As Charlie finished his set up, she decided to confirm that hunch.

Changing Chemistry

“Hey Charlie,” she called out. “Have you seen Brian today?”

“As a matter of fact, I have.” The horse turned to face her, revealing their mutual lover stretched over his cock.

Of the three of them, Brian’s changes were the most profound. Where Alice and Charlie’s transformations could be reasoned away with hyper hormonal exchanges, Brian’s hinted at something deeper. The goat sacrificed several inches of his figure, widening the height gap that already existed between them. His hips sported a much more feminine flare, convenient handles for his lightly macro partner. Much of his muscle definition faded, swaddled under a thin layer of cum-fueled flab. Still, his most obvious quality was only apparent while he did what he loved most. Endowed with an elasticity far beyond normal limits, Brian’s body stretched and claimed Charlie’s spire with ease. An obvious, oblong bulge that stretched from his hips to his chest, the goat easily and gleefully slid himself over that throbbing, bucking tower.

It took Brian a moment to realize the conversation included him. When he did, he braced his hooves on Charlie’s thighs and stood. A few inches of that rapturous length slid free, granting the goat the presence of mind to speak. “Morning Alice,” he offered.

“I’m not going to be the only pregnant one around here if you spend all day on that cock, she teased.”

Brian blushed fiercely at the notion, and he couldn’t keep his hand from stroking his cum-inflated belly. “Would that be such a bad thing?”

“Not strictly speaking, but it would leave Charlie with all the work around here.”

Changing Chemistry

“Well, just most of it,” Charlie countered. He wrapped an arm around Brian’s chest and pulled him close. “You two still need to perform. My solo streams don’t bring the numbers like our group sessions.”

Though not fans of that fact, Alice and Brian nodded in agreement.

“The belly comparison shows would do well enough to make up for that, I think,” Charlie mused.

Brian wiggled his hips at the notion and Alice’s thoughts drifted to a closer future.

“We’ll cross that bridge when we get there,” the dragoness offered. “What’s on today’s script?”

A broad grin spread across Charlie’s snout. “You’re due for another filling and breeding.”

That dragoness couldn’t stop her tail from lifting at that revelation, though she swiftly put it back in place. “When do we start?” She couldn’t keep the edge of anticipation out of her voice.

“We can go live as soon as we finish setting up.” Brian sensed her next question and continued. “All that’s left to do is get you in place.”

The dragoness once more failed to hide her enthusiasm, and with that consent, her lovers helped her take the stage. The vast weight of her belly sank her deep into the nest of pillows, though it was nothing Charlie couldn’t handle. His broad hands glided over her hips and stole a grope from her matronly rear, then traced her curves across the side of her middle. The horse savored the soft, smooth scales that guarded her hide, stretched far apart by her considerable growth. It only took a subtle press to sense the

Changing Chemistry

firmness beneath, the first signs of her growing clutch. Neither could hope to count the developing ovoids before their time came, but the idea of doing so sent a thrill through both. That was a show for another time, however.

With a gentleness unexpected for his size, Charlie set his palms to Alice's belly and meshed his fingers over her popped navel. A careful lift took that brooding weight from her ankles, and a careful turn set her resting atop that dome. That pillowy plume carefully bore her mass, distributing her load and minimizing uncomfortable pressure. The dragoness relaxed for a moment, sprawled across and atop the boulder of her belly, until Charlie grabbed the tip of her tail and hoisted it up. Alice joined the motion and helped lift that thick appendage, revealing the crux of her thighs and her needy sex. A flash of confusion crossed the horse's face, followed by realization when he reached between her legs.

Charlie parted the needy dragoness's folds with a pair of fingers, revealing her plug and its over-sized glory. Despite its intimidating diameter, Alice's greedy passage clenched it deep enough to conceal its base. The horse offered a few teasing words before burying his fingers between those clenching walls. He fumbled against the slick plastic for just a moment before setting his grip, then gingerly pulled that toy from Alice's rippling passage. A shudder ran down her spine and her muscles locked with bliss, but nothing she mustered could stop Charlie from freeing her sex. In the back of her mind the dragoness knew greater pleasures would come, but that didn't make it easier to give up what she had that instant.

Fortunately, her partner's lust and persistence prevailed.

A sharp pop sounded through the room when Charlie finally pulled her cork, and a wavering moan followed as the pressure in her middle abated. An ivory flood poured from her depths and

Changing Chemistry

spilled down her thighs, a literal torrent of Charlie's love and lust. Alice's belly subtly shrank while Charlie pulled Brian from his member, intent on replacing what was lost plus more. The comparatively diminutive goat wobbled on shaky legs for just an instant, then found his strength and took a seat at the living room's desk. The horse rubbed and teased the dragoness's entrance with the tip of his flare while Brian started their stream, timing their live notification with a low, rumbling moan from Alice. Her larger lover buried that fertile pillar in her depths, both plugging her passage and spreading it wide. Her tail twitched and her toes curled while she adjusted, granting their audience a small window to join before they properly began.

For better or worse, neither had the patience to wait long. With a long, thick slurp, Charlie withdrew his cock until only the tip remained within his lover. He took it in his grasp and slid her lust along its length, a gesture more to tease her more than himself. The dragoness struggled atop her belly, unable to so much as roll her hips back and invite him inside. That loss of control drew a keening moan from her chest, and with that needy noise broadcast to the internet, he obliged her desires. Alice's gravid form rocked and wobbled with the impact of that thrust, and the clap of his thighs against her ass echoed through the house. That slick sound drew a moan from both the dragoness and the goat, the latter indulgently enjoying the show while he adjust camera angles. Once sure the shot was framed and focused, the goat joined in the session.

Brian's own widened hips swayed with sultry desire, a display only seen by their virtual audience. Their appreciation scrolled by in a fast-paced text window as he approached his partners, taking a place behind the colossal horse. Only slightly higher than his waist, Brian brought his hands around Charlie's thighs and traced their outer curve while he pumped in and out of Alice. He basked in the powers of those motions and relished her wanton moans, awash in second-hand bliss. Brian's arousal bounced and throbbed between

Changing Chemistry

his thighs, leaking a streamer of pre that dripped into the puddle of their lusts. The temptation to reach down and answer those desires bubbled in the back of his mind, but enhancing the experience of his partners took a higher priority. Brian brought his hands together beneath Charlie's flexing ass and caressed his potent virility.

A deep groan tumbled from Brian's muzzle as he rolled those orbs, indulging in their weighty heat. They more than filled his palms and overfilled his fingers, an undeniable testament to Charlie's output, in case Alice's state wasn't enough on its own. The goat softly squeezed, drawing a knicker from their owner. Charlie's tail dropped and draped around Brian's neck, then gently puled him in closer. There was no strength behind the gesture, though the goat was more than happy to oblige. He buried his muzzle in the small cleft between the horse's balls, where he took a deep, needy breath. The potent scent of Charlie's need suffused his body and bolstered his own desires, shredding his inhibitions and redoubling his arousal. A constant stream of cloud lust leaked from his throbbing shaft by then, but the goat dared not abandon his ministrations to tend to it.

Instead, he stepped closer until he was neatly beneath the towering horse. Even as Charlie's thrusts grew deeper and longer, Brian's new place ensured they never left his tongue. At the height of their swing they softly plapped and dragged across the goat's face, marking him with the unmistakable scent of Charlie's signature. More over, the goat's length bumped and ground against the firm swell of Alice's middle. His tip glided along that lust-slicked curve with every roll of his hips, and he added his own arousal to the flowing mixture. Braced against his equine lover's thighs, Brian didn't need to worry about his footing either. The products of their love and lust for each other pooled around and beneath them, a spreading ivory tide that threatened to fill the rest of their home. Still, it was nothing compared to the overwhelming volume of seed that pumped into the dragoness.

Changing Chemistry

Alice's climactic cries rang through the house, shaking walls and windows alike. Her tail lashed around Charlie's waist and pulled him close, sinking every inch of his spire into her flexing depths. Not a single drop escaped through that perfect seal, and her belly swelled grandly with that fact. Timed to the pulses of her lover's length, Alice's middle lurched out in visible waves. Brian moaned deeply into Charlie's sac, announcing his pleasure while enhancing the horse's. The goat experienced every pulse and clench of Charlie's anatomy while he spent his virility, a prolonged orgasm that stretched over minutes. The swell of Alice's middle gradually pushed Brian from the horse's shadow, filling the space between his feet until it lifted him from the ground. It wasn't long before Charlie himself followed, swept up by the brooding dragoness's swelling bliss.

The horse's hips pumped and his sac pulled tight, filling his lover until he ran dry. He let out a shuddering breath as afterglow took him, a sound followed by his slow relax. That calm only lasted a moment, however. Charlie's libido flared back to life, and his lover's sloshing once more filled the living room's microphones.

A New Lifestyle

Deep, heavy base beats pulsed through the club, pounding music into the building and patrons alike. The heavy haze of fog machines lingered on the air, flashing with pluses of lights. The display captured outlines of dancers in motion, some lost to the beat, others taken by passion. Tails swayed and hips rolled to the driving rhythm, culminating in an atmosphere just short of overtly lewd. If not for the club's newest addition, the atmosphere may have stayed there. Most patrons were satisfied to simply tease and tempt their prospects, but the gathering's newest centerpiece pushed some beyond that normally impassible boundary.

Suspended from the building's rafters by a network of cloth-covered cables, Alice basked in the spectacle she'd become. Her belly dominated her figure several times over, far out-sizing the rest of her body. Mobility was but a memory, and without the nest of chords and cables that supported her frame, even the smallest motion would be impossible. Despite that, she lived a life of perpetual pleasure. The dragoness turned broodmother relaxed atop the round throne of her belly, sailing a sea of matronly hormones. Every faint motion of an egg against her inner walls sparked a jolt of bliss, and her thousand-strong clutch ensured constant shifting. The potent beat that suffused the air only added to those jostles, keeping the dragoness on the knife's edge of climax.

Lust trickled endlessly from her needy sex, ensuring she was already for Charlie's shows. The memories of previous performances bubbled forth as she drifted through fantasies,

A New Lifestyle

increasingly lewd recollections of growing larger and larger. She remembered her days of getting caught in double doors fondly. Alice's cheeks smoldered with the recalled gazes that fell upon her in such situations. They blazed to an inferno when she inwardly relived the day she outgrew their second home. Extracting her from their living room required the expertise of a demolition crew, and the ensuing demonstration drew the attention of the entire neighborhood. Still more exhilarating was the flat-bed truck ride to her current residence. Alice's tail curled over itself at that notion, and the tip of her tail dipped into the fluttering walls of her sex.

Her breath caught in her throat, and she descended into shameless masturbation. Her chest fluttered with the thought of how far her inhibitions had fled, but the pursuit of such pleasures was well worth the exchange. Still, despite her extensive experience and intimate familiarity, that scaly appendage never actually succeeded in bringing her to climax. It always stoked her fires quickly and prepared her for the main event, but never ushered in that explosive finisher she so desired. In the back of her mind she wondered if that moment would break that curse, but fortunately, it wasn't something she worried about for long. Though distant and isolated from the ground, Alice still sensed the tell-tale tremors of her lover's approach. Granted, they were nearly impossible to miss.

At the far end of the club, Charlie made his grand entrance. Force to duck between a set of doors fit for a castle, he crammed himself into the bustling club. Nearly thirty feet tall, he towered high above all else present. The titan of a horse reached up and touched rafters as he passed, taking the chance to show off his impressive physique. His bare chest rippled as he flexed his arms, his chiseled definition clear though his short brown pelt. The horse's abs rivaled the perfect stonework of classical masters, and his lengthy kilt failed to conceal the strength of his thighs. The ground threatened to crack under his hardened hooves, but the integrity of the floor was the farthest thing from the onlooker's thoughts. After taking in his

A New Lifestyle

glorious mane and toned muscles, their gaze naturally fell to the endowment that swung between his legs.

Charlie's sac swayed between his thighs, its lower curves nearly surpassing his knees. No garment could contain them, limiting his destinations to those with lax dress codes. Fortunately, the club both welcomed and embraced his gifts. Whistles and calls echoed across the building, drawing what little attention wasn't already on him. A broad grin curled the corners of his muzzle and he basked in their admiration, unable to resist the chance to show off more. Charlie's muscles swelled and flexed as he curled his arms, then broke into a strut. Slow and deliberate, every motion dripped with his abundant masculinity. Orientations bent in his presence, drawing men and women alike into his presence. All that attention fueled his arousal, and it wasn't long before a bulge formed under his kilt. A keen eye may have noticed the extra features of that swell, but most didn't catch on until he reached Alice's side.

The horse caressed her belly and sauntered a circle around her, trailing a finger across the spread plates of her belly. Every touch to that sensitive hide sparked a moan of bliss, which Charlie answered with a rumble of his own. His cock pulsed and swelled in the shadow of his kilt, rising up and out until the fabric failed to conceal it. A few gasps sounded out across the gathered crowd when Brian emerged with his tip, stretched across that over-sized flare. The goat was utterly lost in bliss, evidenced by his lulled tongue and throbbing length. His belly bulged and sloshed with the horse's idle output, pushing him well passed the limits of a typical pregnancy. In just that short walk across the club, Charlie filled him trimester through trimester. Drunk on the horse's potent bliss, he hardly noticed the equine thrust him into the spotlight.

Charlie's length swelled to its full size, showcasing the changes to Brian's form in the process. The thick trunk of that member

A New Lifestyle

surpassed the thickness of his leg, only slightly thinner than the goat's waist. Its length passed his height by several inches, and that difference only grew with the horse's lust. Brian wrapped his arms around that abundant bulge as it throbbed and bucked above his head, riding every potent pulse of delight. What little control he retained of his movement dwindled while the mass of that cock outclassed his own. It rearranged his inner passages until he was little more than a condom, a process the goat savored and relished. His head rolled back in shameless surrender as he took on the role of a devoted sleeve, eager to ensure not a drop of virility was wasted. The sights and sounds of the club were largely a blur, reduced to background noise against the sinful sensations dominating his perception.

The goat learned the signs of Charlie's lust well, and that first climactic buck nearly set him off. Brian's thighs squeezed together as a distinct bulge swelled at the root of the horse's shaft, reflected in his figure as it flowed toward that flare. It spread his arms apart as it passed his grip, and he shuddered in bliss when the heat of Charlie's seed erupted from his tip. The blunt outline of that equine shaft softened as fluid swirled around it, claiming more and more definition as it seeped lower. It weighed down Brian's middle and defined his figure, endowing him with a shape not dissimilar to Alice. Instead of rounded firmness however, his belly sloshed and swayed with every motion of the horse's hips. That ocean of seed tickled the back of his tongue by the time Charlie's orgasm abated, much to the dismay of the crowd. The crowd's regulars knew better than think that was the end of the show however.

Though lost to most sights and sounds of the world, Brian sensed Charlie withdrawing his length. He kicked his legs in a futile struggle when his nearly-macro lover set his grip on his hips and gradually slid him off. The goat's toes curled and his eyes crossed as he struggled to process such rapture. Climax crashed upon him when Charlie's flared tip mashed over his prostate, milking the goat

A New Lifestyle

for all of his seed in a single motion. That jet of lust arced through the air and spattered across Alice's middle, a drop in the bucket compared to the torrent between her thighs. The goat dangled dazed and limp in the horse's hold for just an instant, bloated with an obscene volume of cum, until Charlie gingerly set him down. The goat rested atop his swollen middle much like his other lover, though the weight of his body on the balloon of his middle forced an unfortunate overflow. The goat mustered the coordination to clench his inner muscles and stem the loss, an action eased by weeks of practice. Satisfied he wouldn't deflate, Brian turned his eyes up to the union of Alice and Charlie.

Alice's tail flagged when Charlie reached between her thighs, setting his grip upon the plug in her pussy. Her lips clenched tight around its smooth flare, unwilling to give up the pleasure it brought. Despite willing herself to relax, Charlie still spent considerable strength pulling it free. It released with a resounding pop, echoed by an impatient, needy moan. The dragoness's legs trembled and her inner muscles flexed, sending a ripple down her passage that flexed her soaked entrance. Alice's head rolled back and her lips bowed out as something within attempted to escape. The slick shell of an egg peaked into the stage lights for just an instant, until Charlie aligned his tip with its end. He rubbed his flare against that firm curve and relish its texture, then rolled his hips forward and sent it back into her fluttering depths.

Both the thought and sensation of being so easily overpowered sent a shudder down the dragoness's spine, unable to fully process the feelings of forcing her anatomy into reverse. That muscular confusion turned to bliss when the egg's opposite end bumped her cervix, stretched that maternal gate open. Alice's breath caught in her throat when that ovoid returned to her clutch, paving the way for Charlie's member to follow. Her fluttering walls invited him deeper and deeper into her most intimate space, until his throbbing flare popped through into her womb. The soft clicks and clacks of

A New Lifestyle

rearranging eggs added to her low moans, only audible to the horse himself. A grin spread across his muzzle with that delightful sound, and his cock throbbed with the notion of increasing its size. He rested just for a moment to savor her warmth and tightness, then gathered himself and drew his hips back.

The dragoness clenched down with all her strength. Her brood-focused anatomy refused to give up a single inch, but there was little she could do against Charlie's might. Still, those conflicting pleasures brought a moan from both of them, a harmonized note that lingered on the air. When it tapered off into the music of the club, the horse brought his hips to bare. Slicked with Alice's lust, that motion came much smoother. Charlie's reentry nearly knocked the wind from the dragoness's lungs, and her eyes rolled back when he repeated the motion. It only took the massive equine a few cycles to match the beat of the music, adding the clap of their hips to the driving rhythm. The dragoness swayed in her hammock in time with those bumps as well, introducing her sloshing to the mix. Their combined moans followed, punctuating each measure with an utterance of bliss.

As their own song mingled with that of the club's patrons gathered around the rutting couple. Between Charlie's legs, Brian found himself surrounded by a horny crowd. Some simply watched in awe while others indulged in the sights and sounds, but all present were transfixed. The bloated goat couldn't help but roll his hips in time with his partners', grinding his cock against the fluid swell of his belly. Brian's own lust added to the small river that trickled from his backside, a sensation that only heightened the experience. A shuddering roar drew him from his ministrations early however, and he turned his gaze up in time to watch Charlie hilt his length. That titanic sac drew tight and his taint pulsed with pleasure, pumping another womb-flooding load into Alice's eager depths. That first shot alone was enough to send her tumbling into bliss, and her head rolled back with a mutual climax.

A New Lifestyle

The far edge of her womb bulged with that initial volley, sending a rippling wave across her middle. The firmness of her hide diminished for just an instant as Charlie's swirling cum spread between her inner walls and the growing clutch. That tightness returned quickly while his climax carried on however, truly testing the dragoness's capacity. Her jaw fell slack with intermingled discomfort and bliss, and the mixture quickly tipped toward the latter as Charlie's hormone-rich cum took root. Alice's tongue lulled and her toes clenched while cables strained and fabric stretched, her lover's release testing not only her own body, but the structure of the club. Wisps of concern drift through their audience when the building creaks and groans under Alice's swelling mass, which abated as the distressed noises faded. Seconds turned to minutes while Charlie spent his lust, emptying his vast reserves into Alice's middle. The creaks and groans of straining metal abated with his final shots, and he slumped over his lover in blissful triumph.

The soft touch of afterglow suffused the two while their watchers continued on, but that moment of rest would not last. Alice's breath caught in her throat and her tail flagged, a sound and motion that went largely unnoticed by Charlie. What he did notice, however, was the ripple that rolled down her passage. The first was just a warm up, a gentle clench to coordinate her inner muscles, but the second nearly forced the horse from her passage. The towering equine stumbled back far enough to free his flare, and with that plug removed, a wash of fluids followed. They flowed over the curve of her belly and splashed to the ground, a single, quick burst that preluded an egg. Charlie watched with delight as the rounded point of her clutch's first poked forth, spreading her lips wide. The dragoness huffed and panted while it sat lodged in place, stretching her just as wide as any of her toys. A full-body clench shoved it free in the next instant, testing Brian and Charlie's reflexes.

A New Lifestyle

Stranded stop his own cum-swollen belly, there was little the goat could do to catch the falling egg. Fortunately, Charlie snatched it from the air with ease. The massive ovoid was just short of filling his palm, and once secured, he effortlessly rolled it into Alice's hammock. It nestled between the stretchy fabric and gravid swell, and its sibling swiftly followed. Once warmed up, the dragoness passed her brood with increasing ease. A payload of matronly hormones suffused her form, lacing each lay with unparalleled bliss and further altering her figure. A dull smoldering crept into her hips with the rippling of her passage, widening her figure by an obvious degree. Her thighs thickened and her ass fattened to match her new proportions, gradually endowing her with the figure of a fertility deity. Had she paid attention, the dragoness might have even felt possibility of mobility inch closer. Alice proved far too lost in pleasure to consider such things, however. Her jaw dropped in a sustained groan of bliss, a cry that wavered in time with the passage of her eggs.

Whether from the pheromones that sluiced from her form or mere the eroticism of the display, lust and desire quickly overtook the club. Groups of needy suitors gathered around the other dragons in the club, hoping to one day mirror the display before them. Others simply paired off with partners or sought new company, forming bonds in the throes of passion. Between the trio of lovers, Brian was the only one unoccupied enough to take note of that fact. A combination of love and lust bloomed in his core with that realization, tracing the parallels of his own journey. A warmth heated his muzzle as he wondered who might be lucky enough to find happiness with an unexpected addition. A tap to his shoulder tugged him from such musing, however. A grin spread across his muzzle when Charlie passed an egg down to him, hoping to avoid overloading the hammock. The beached goat waved down a manager and recruited the rest of the workers for help. A chain of dragon eggs passed through the club while orgies broke out around

A New Lifestyle

them, and the restating and revising of relationships stretched long into the night.

Vic's Galleries

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are
a few places to find it

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