

Thalita's Appetite

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Below a sunny sky you made your way to the keep. Passersby didn't face you but pretended to ignore you instead, only glancing at you from the corners of their eyes, their hooded robes loose over their heads. It had been this way from the day you first set foot in this strange land. You had heard the citizens of this region were religious, but you had not expected them to be so insular. In this part of the world, the Order of Radiant Fire reigned supreme, and had for centuries. A human cult founded on the worship of dragon gods, it had gained a reputation for being both militant and dogmatic. Books were burned, only the scripture of the priests was acceptable writing. Because there were no other books, no one but the priests could read - meaning the 'problem' was self-correcting. All this madness was the reason you were there, heading for the keep with high hopes.

Three days ago, in a cheap tavern in a small village at the edge of the cult's territory you met your partner in crime. She had introduced herself as Thalita, a human woman who looked far too attractive and well-looked after to be the homeless peasant she claimed to be. She had offered you a great deal, the heist of the century, all she needed was a partner. And for you to steal a specific magic potion from a travelling salesman. You were not sure why she had picked you to be her partner, perhaps you looked gullible? You were also not sure why you agreed to it, perhaps those things were related...

That was three days ago. Since then, you successfully stole the potion, and found out Thalita was a dragon who was using a stolen potion to assume human form. When it wore off, she seemed embarrassed almost, but you told her she looked great. She didn't really have a response to that, other than blushing and rushing off - you would see her at the keep, for the next part of the plan.

The keep was an ugly building, obviously built to repel invaders, but the vines growing all over the sides, and the moat that had been filled up ages ago showed the cultists were not worried about having to defend. The guards at the gate asked for your business, and you told them the lie you had prepared - you were here to perform a miracle.

The guards led you inside, the one behind you with their weapon drawn. These guys took their job seriously, which was amusing as neither of them wore armor, and the way they held their swords suggested they barely knew how to use them. Entering a large well-decorated rooms, you spotted Thalita in human form, and a group of annoyed cultists in dark brown robes.

"You strangers are testing our patience and generosity. Where is this miracle you promised?" The apparent leader growled from under his dark hood, his frowning mouth the only visible part of his features. The other cultists were silent, but their faces expressed annoyance. Thalita looked at you pleadingly, visibly afraid and nervous, fidgeting with

her tattered dress. She must have been stalling the cultists and was probably desperate for you to fulfill your part of the deal.

You hold up the stolen potion and speak your prepared lines, with as much drama as possible. "This! This one-of-a-kind potion will unleash the goddess in you and reveal the true messiah to the world and these good people!" It was an awful line, but it was the best the two of you could come up with. Neither of you were particularly good writers or actors, but Thalita was especially hopeless. Unfortunately this meant there was no one to tell you how to act more convincingly. Thalita stepped towards you, holding out a hand. "Is that for me?" She asked, in what was the hokiest fake surprise you had ever heard, except for the times the two of you had practiced it. "Yes! You must drink from this and the truth will set you free!" You responded while handing her the flask. She drank the flask in one go, and the magic was immediately obvious - it was a genuine magical potion after all. The first thing that happened was that she changed back into her true form. This was not actually the potion's doing, she simply ended her transformation potion's effect to give that illusion. A minute later, instead of a human, a human-sized gold and silver dragoness stood before the cultists.

Twenty minutes of prayer and groveling later, the cultists showed the two of you to your new quarters. Initially they meant for you to have separate rooms; obviously Thalita would have a suite and you would have a modest room, but she insisted that you be allowed to stay with her and the cultists agreed to everything she asked. The room was a bit Spartan, more so than what you had expected. However, in retrospect it made sense – the cultists weren't big on luxury after all so they simply didn't have anything too fancy. Thalita told the cultists to bring her – and you – some food. It would take them some time to deliver, certainly the quantities Thalita asked for would take time – they would probably have to run to a nearby village and buy (or more likely seize) a ton of things.

She sat down in one of the chairs. It was a bit awkward, her body wasn't meant for human chairs, but she worked her way into one and turned to you. "So, maybe this is a great opportunity for us to get to know each other." She sounded more confident than before, perhaps being alone with you made a bit of a difference, but there was clearly something else pushing her to be more assertive. Thalita adjusted herself awkwardly, her feet in the air and unable to find purchase, while propping herself up with her tail on the table, grinning at you. The way she was sitting exposed her slit. It was a very un-modest pose for her to strike, but she seemed to not care. She gestured for you to get closer, and when you did she grabbed a hold of you and pulled you against her. Despite being only the size of a human, she was definitely stronger than one, or at least stronger than you. She felt so warm, and touching her chest, you could feel her heart thumping like mad. Her breath was hot, and she was practically drooling. "Er. Uhm... So..." She



tried to say something, but her awkwardness appeared to have found a way to override her new confidence. She decided to skip the conversation, and simply kissed you, her tongue finding her way inside your mouth. Her hind legs locked around your back, keeping you in place, while one fore paw found its way around your shoulders and another against the back of your head. After a few moments like this, she broke the kiss, panting. “Take off your clothes, now!” She said between breaths, sliding off the chair. You weren’t sure if this was something the potion was causing. No potion you’d ever heard of – other than a love potion – had this sort of effect.

A minute later you were out of your clothes, and she was upon you. She pushed you onto the bed and climbed on top of you, licking every part of you as her mouth made its way up to your face. She again kissed, but this time more gently, while moving herself over your erection. Thalita was so eager, every movement was equal parts uncertainty and intense desire, as though she had been wanting to do this but holding back for ages. She wasted no time impaling herself on you and started pushing, humping, and grunting with abandon. The room became a blur, all you could see, feel, smell, and hear was Thalita. Her smooth, slick hide sliding and slapping against you, her delicate paws in your hands, her hot breath and tongue in your mouth, even the memory was a blur.

Perhaps the cultists heard what was going on, or perhaps their timing was simply fortunate. Thalita told them to wait a little while longer, and prodded you to get dressed. You got off the bed and put your clothes on again.

The cultists led you and Thalita into the courtyard where they had prepared a feast for her. There was a table with a pillow and a chair – apparently the cultists figured you needed a seat too. The table was set with food, most of it on plates, some simply on piles. It was... reasonably well prepared, but what stood out was the sheer quantity. There must have been hundreds of pounds of meat and potatoes on the table, baked and roasted, and the man assigned to oversee the event assured Thalita that more was available inside – and more would be prepared and brought here as needed.

The dragoness wasted no time, and immediately sat down on the pillow. She grabbed the nearest piece of meat – a whole turkey – and crammed it into her mouth. Her jaw distended and the entire chicken went in, all thirty pounds of it. She repeated the process with everything on the table. She tugged at you, asking you to sit next to her as she ate, and gave you things to eat as well. The effects of the potion you fed her earlier were immediately obvious and she started growing in size and weight almost immediately. Sitting next to her you could feel her body expand, slowly moving over the pillow as it took up more space. Her body creaked slightly when her expanding flesh pulled her skin tight, slight moans escaping her mouth. She looked at you between bites, blushing and shifting uncomfortably. Her tail wrapped around you, it was obvious at least to you that she would have liked to combine this with something else, but for the plan to work the two of you had to maintain some decorum in front of the cult. More and more food piled into her, she practically inhaled it, and her growth continued unabated. The cultists brought in more food: roasted boar and swine, beef, but also things like vegetables and



potatoes. She asked you to help her; simply turning over plates over her open mouth was enough for most things, but when she wanted to swallow an entire swine whole you had to forcefully push it in, and she licked your face when it finally went in, swelling her belly hugely but briefly.

It was hard to tell how much time had passed but the feast couldn't have lasted more than half an hour. Thalita lay on her back in the grass, blew you a kiss, and grumbled when the cultists wanted her to bless a number of priests. "Okay, fine. Sure." She said as she rolled over and got up to follow the robed men. Her tail slid against your side as she entered the fortress again.

Once the dragoness was out of the room the guards' behaviour became more gruff. Whereas before they had been eyeing you closely and responded to you coolly, once you were alone with them, they were gruff and unhelpful. The cultists cast angry glares at you whenever you looked directly at them. Two armed men marched you back to the suite and slammed the door shut behind you.

Later that evening the armed men returned and took you to your new quarters – it made sense, Thalita was too large to fit through the door of this room now, and she would have insisted you join her in her new room. The new room was much larger, and it had a balcony with a view. There was little furniture, instead a pile of pillows and carpets lay near the balcony, and on top of that lay the dragoness. She was talking to a robed man as you walked in, and as you approached Thalita, he turned and walked out – it was the man who organized the feast in the courtyard. Thalita had apparently ordered more food.

"Heya." She smiled and pulled you close for a hug and a kiss, ignoring completely the obviously uncomfortable guards by the door. "Hope you didn't get too bored." She asked. "A bit. You?" You responded. Thalita rolled her eyes and poked her tongue, facing away from the guards. "I hope you don't mind, I ordered some more food. I don't know what you wanted so I just ordered a bunch of things." She said, rolling onto her back. At the time you thought it was remarkable that she was still hungry, but in retrospect, perhaps not surprising. If the potion caused her to absorb anything she ate, then logically her stomach was always empty.

The first robed men started coming in soon after, bringing in large platters full of 'normal' human meals. Potatoes, vegetables, chicken, gravy. The cultists formed a line and emptied the platters into the dragon's open mouth, but she insisted that you should have one plate too. You had eaten not long ago, but the roasted chicken smelled delicious so you decided to accept anyway. Any leftovers Thalita would surely take care of.

More and more cultists showed up, and the food became less orthodox. Whole pigs, entire cheese wheels, entire sections of cow, roasted, piles of bread, cauldrons full of soup, even a wedding cake with one piece missing. Thalita swallowed everything like a bottomless pit, there was no stopping her. You didn't talk to her while she was eating. Not only would she have been unable to respond, the cultists were dedicated to stuffing her with as much food as possible. Their religion revolved around dragon gods and powerful dragons, and you overheard the priests saying they could make Thalita 'great', and she would do great things for them. The cult had a reputation for turning against dragons who 'betrayed' them, they were certain to demand practical reciprocation from Thalita, not merely empty 'blessings'.

The plan had been that she would grow large enough that they would not be able to 'demand' much of anything by the time they realized Thalita was not a god, and was not interested in furthering the interests of the Order. Intellectually, you understood that she would grow large. But understanding something and seeing it happen in front of you are two very different things. Thalita expanded and ballooned rapidly before your eyes, her movements becoming slightly slower, her proportions shifting as every part of her grew, but not everything grew at the same rate - she was not merely becoming large, she was becoming quite fat as well. The sounds she made changed too, her breaths becoming louder, her moans deeper. By the time the line dissolved she was the size of a small cottage, the top of her belly rising eight feet off the ground.



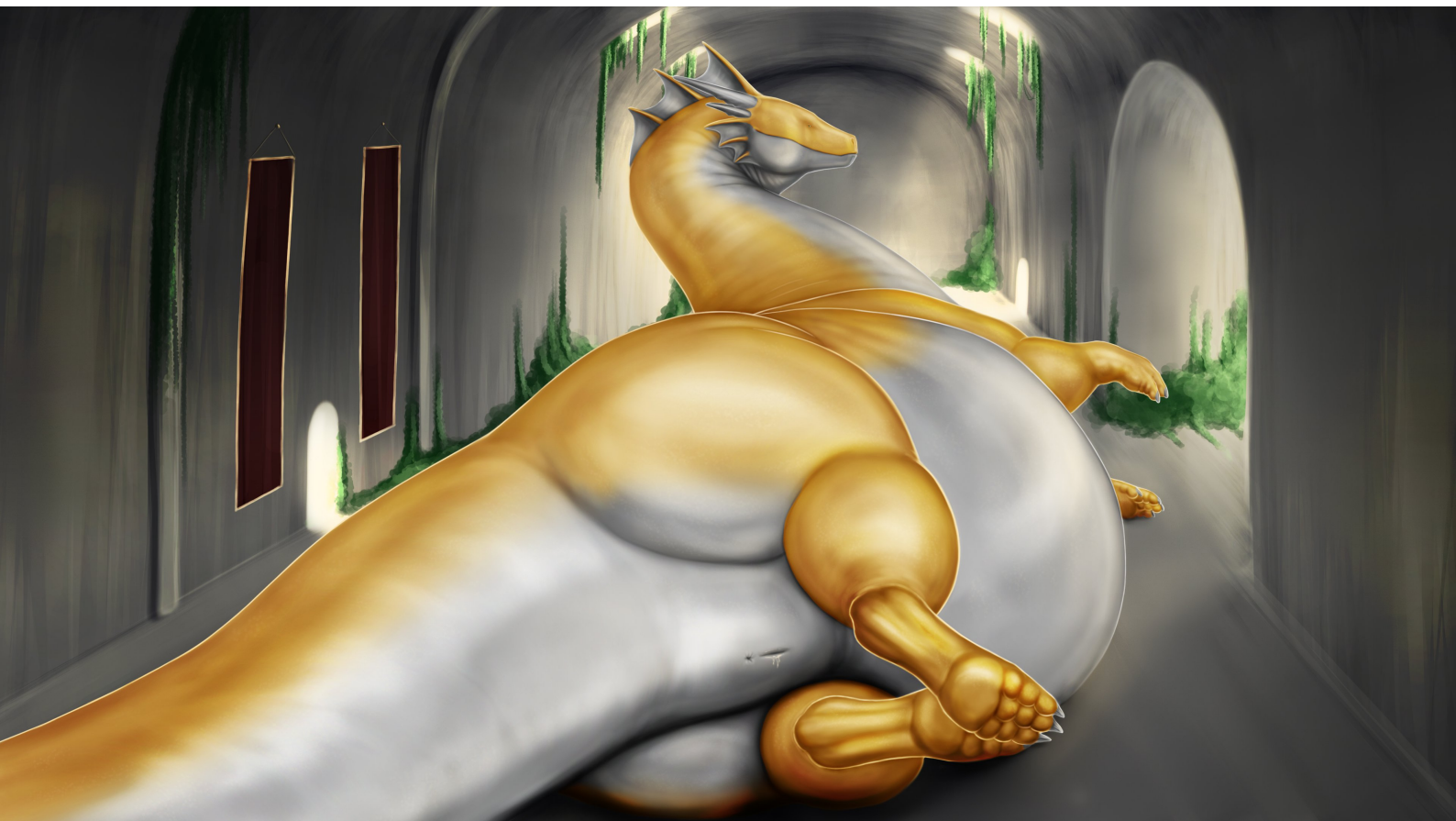
The cultists almost seemed to panic; the pantry was empty, they feared this might offend their object of worship. Thalita graciously granted them the rest of the night off – but she would be hungry in the morning. She also told the guards to leave, leaving the room to just the two of you. She rolled over on her side and licked your face, covering your features in dragon drool. “Oh, I feel so wonderful, so... full.” She slowly stroked her belly with a large fore paw, and stretched. “But, I need you too...” Her other fore paw caressed the side of your head, surprisingly gentle, as she briefly glanced towards her nether region. Figuring she wanted you to give her some attention there, you walked over to the spot under her tail. Her slit hadn’t grown as rapidly as the rest of her, and it looked quite modest on her large, thick form. However, up close, it was still... intimidatingly large. Setting your hands to the sides of the slit, you pressed your face against it and licked at her clitoris, finding it buried quite deep inside, you practically had to push your whole head inside to reach it. Her flesh stretched and parted way easily, and she started squirming as soon as you touched the target. “Mmmf... let me roll over.” She panted, and before you could respond she had done so, placing her slit well out of reach unless you got on top of her. She helped you do just that, easily lifting you up with one fore paw, allowing you to crawl over her large round belly. She was still smooth and slick, and it was a bit tricky not to slide off her belly. She giggled as she watched you crawl over her engorged form. You slid down her belly on the other side, and you landed on the base of her tail, between her legs. Her slit was more easily accessible from there, and you decided to insert one arm into her, causing her to squirm once more, her legs slowly kicking, hind paws grasping at air. With your ear pressed against her skin you could hear a gurgling and sloshing from her belly whenever she squirmed in pleasure. She was constantly moaning and rumbling as you worked, rapidly getting louder and less restrained. She seemed easily stimulated, either the potion was increasing her libido, dragons naturally had more of it, or she had been wanting this a long time. Very soon she climaxed; moaning, roaring, and tensing. It briefly felt like your arm was going to be squeezed off, but she relaxed soon thereafter. You pulled out your arm, and when the feeling returned to it, you slid off the side of her tail. You did briefly try to go back over her belly, but she was too slippery, especially with one wet arm. When you got back to her upper body she rolled on her side again and pulled you against her, like a large teddy bear. She nuzzled you and mumbled as she started falling asleep. “I will be... everything you want. Your queen. I promise.” Before you could ask what she meant, or even comment, she had fallen asleep.

You woke alone the next morning. A single robed man stood guard by the door, silent, stoic, and from the looks of him, very annoyed with you. You didn’t know how long he had been standing there, or where Thalita had gone. Apparently she had thought of your modesty however and had covered you in random blankets before she left. At least you assumed it was her, it could technically have been one of the cultists. You

picked up your clothing and went to the bathroom to get a bath. Half an hour later, after you had freshened up you asked the cultist where Thalita was.

“The Revered One,” he told you “is in the old hall.” Also, he would not let you leave, since he had been given no orders to that effect. A cleaning servant was willing to relay a message however, and an hour later a different cultist showed up to take you to your lover. Even now, the cultists only barely tolerated your presence, it seemed perhaps they were jealous of your closeness to the dragon, which they certainly wished to claim for themselves.

When you saw Thalita again, she was enormous. The hall was huge, seventy feet wide and several hundred long, and she filled much of it up with her bulk. She lay on her side when you entered, apparently waiting for more food to be delivered. How much she must have eaten you could only guess, but it must have been an enormous quantity. She lazily raised her head to look at you, only becoming more excited when she noticed it was you. Her head was as big as a carriage by that point, and her eyes had not grown much, but you could still see them brightening as she recognized you. “Hey!” She said with a voice that was equal parts femininity and rumble. Her head rose higher as she got a bit too excited, and she started to rise to her forepaws, only to realise the ceiling was in the way. “Oops... Hey, had a good sleep? They said breakfast was ready and I couldn’t resist. They’ll be back with more soon, I told them to get you something too.” You walked around her huge body, noticing her slit was wet, her body practically quivering as you walked past, the movements visible due to its sheer size. Her head turned and



followed you as you walked to the front of her, and lowered when you got closer. “Wow, this is ... a big change.” You said, looking the dragon over. She smiled and blushed, stroking her belly with a thick fore paw. “You like it?” She asked, but she knew the answer, she could see it in your eyes, and your pants. “Yeah. It’s... wow.” You responded, as she licked your everything at once. Her huge tongue slid across your entire torso, the tip of it going between your legs and up over one ass cheek. She breathed her hot breath into your face, part of her huge wet tongue rubbing your chin. Perhaps she hadn’t meant to, but the view she gave of her mouth was positively terrifying. An entire cow could easily fit in there, and teeth as big as daggers would have made short work of anything larger until it could be swallowed whole. It was not hard to see why people were fearful of dragons, you were very thankful you were on good terms with this one.

More cultists arrived with more food. They hadn’t even bothered to prepare it this time, carts were wheeled in with raw meat, entire heads of cattle, piles of uncooked, unpeeled potatoes. The carts could barely be maneuvered around Thalita, and she decided to go outside where this would all be much easier.

Once you were outside, a line started forming. The cultists were forcing nearby villages to donate all their cattle and produce to ‘the cause of greatness’ and the villagers had to do the heavy lifting – there simply weren’t enough cultists for the job. You hadn’t really considered this part of the plan, the two of you assumed it would be just the cultists who’d be eaten out of home and hearth. Thalita seemed to pay it no mind and was busily devouring everything offered to her. The priests took a more active role in the process by this point, casting spells to make cattle more docile, allowing it to be walked directly into the dragon’s maw. They were also planning something else, but you had no idea what that was. Between all the jargon you caught something about food for the poor and a portal. In the meantime, Thalita was devouring a steady stream of cattle, while the creaking and groaning of her swelling body was clearly audible to anyone standing near her. Her fat body expanded across the grass and stone, the sound of her skin stretching around the bloating flesh slowly growing deeper.

By mid-day, Thalita had grown almost as large as a mansion, and she was clearly enjoying it. The areas around the fortress had been exhausted; there was no cattle or food to be found for miles in any direction. The cultists were practically electrified, you had never seen people so excited, so animated. The priests were still making their preparations, but it was becoming clearer what they were planning to do. Apparently, in the early days of their order, harvests had failed and they used magic to produce a cheap (and largely tasteless) slurry to feed their followers. They intended to replicate this process, on a larger scale. You didn’t know what Thalita would think of that, but it didn’t sound very appetizing.



Food kept coming, but at a much slower rate. It had to travel farther, and as the distance to the Order's headquarters increased, the less likely locals were to hand over everything they owned to the cultists. The order only had so many loyal servants, and while it had worshippers and sympathetic people in villages all over the continent, that did not mean they were willing to throw themselves into abject poverty for the cause. Not without some coercion anyway, and that required a meaningful show of force. Groups of cultists had been sent out, but they were not expected back for at least a day. In the meantime Thalita was getting bored. She was also getting annoyed with the cultists, and had to growl at one point to get the cultists to give you some private time with her. You both knew the cultists were watching you from the fortress; Thalita simply placed her huge body between her head and you.

She kissed you, which came down to her enormous lips covering and sandwiching your face while you stroked your hands on the front of her chin. The tip of her tongue peeked out briefly to lick your face and perform a mismatched tongue kiss. Her tongue still felt soft and slippery against yours, even if it could easily cover all of you with room to spare. When she raised her head again Thalita looked down at you and beamed with pride. Her breaths were deep, and were accompanied by slight rumbles, as were her movements. The two of you simply sat there for a while, neither of you had anything to say.

When the priests finally showed up with their plan, it looked underwhelming at first. Three men carried a large heavy brass tripod topped with a disc two feet across. The

whole thing was covered in hastily-written runes, and glowed with magical energy. You could see the static electricity coming off the device affecting the cultists' hair; Thalita couldn't suppress a giggle when the cultists exchanged a zap when they touched each other. This was but a test run, you were told, a new location was being prepared at this very moment. Once the device was placed and readied, one of the priests chanted at it, causing a blue oval to appear above it. At first it looked like it was merely a blue oval, perhaps ten feet tall, with no purpose, but then fish came into view. The oval showed the ocean! Other priests joined in the chant, and drew the fish through the oval, at which point they flopped on the ground, still wet. You had not seen this method of fishing before, but it looked very efficient. The priests tested a few more things, including adding multiple priests to the chant to widen the portal and draw through larger fish. When they were satisfied they fed the catch to Thalita, and picked up the tripod again. "Follow us please, your Worship." The high priest told Thalita. The cultists were practically grovelling before the dragon now, but still, they tried to separate the two of you. "Surely it isn't necessary for ... *him* to be there." They said, the word 'him' falling out of their mouth like vinegar and vomit. Again Thalita had to insist, a bit more forceful than last time, and again the cultists conceded. She insisted you ride on her head too. Her slippery hide made it difficult to stay seated, all you could do was hold on to her fin and hope Thalita made no sudden movements. Fortunately she was very careful.

The new location was inside an open cavern. It didn't look very appealing, but to the Order of Radiant Fire it was a holy site – the birthplace of their religion, or at least that of the local chapter. There were some remnants of an ancient city but those amounted to little more than random pillars and sections of wall. Thalita took her place in the center of what was once a plaza while the priests set up the portal tripod again. They set the device up on a ledge so that the fish would fall down into a place where the dragoness could easily scoop them up, while a handful of cultists were on hand to haul back fish that fell in the wrong place. The priests sang, opening the portal and pulling through fish. A few at first, but soon entire schools were pulled through, mindlessly following each other into oblivion. A waterfall of fish poured out of the portal, forming a rapidly spreading pool on the ground below. Thalita dug into the fish, but quickly realized it was more efficient to simply hold her mouth open in the path of the outpouring of fish. Her throat bulged immensely, and you could see she struggled to swallow everything fast enough. She had swallowed larger things before - at least proportional to her size – but this was a never ending stream. Very quickly she started to expand again, her body swelling across the floor like a silver and gold balloon being filled with water. The dragon's deepening growls and moans of lust echoed throughout the cavern along with the creaking and groaning of her expanding flesh. The priests had to move the portal back time and again, so the stream would continue to fall in the right place. Larger creatures started to come through, the largest fish for some reason had

horizontal tail fins, something you had never seen before – they were large enough that Thalita had to raise her immense head so that gravity would pull the meal down into her. Her growth continued unabated, her back rising above the pitiful ruins and her vast belly spreading sideways to knock over pillars and other remnants. The cultists didn't seem to care, they were fixated entirely on the dragon; to them, this was judgement day, the day of prophecy.



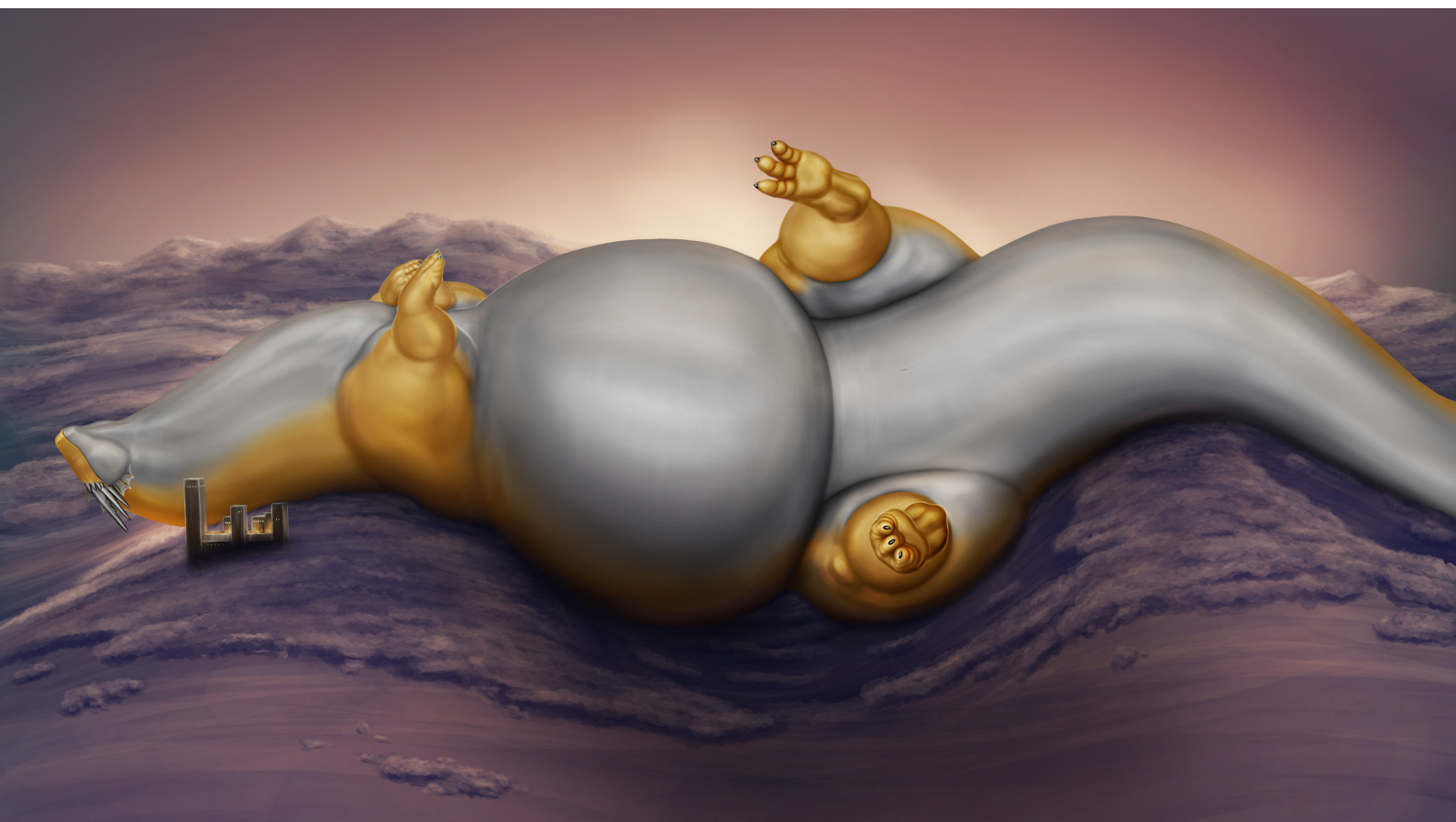
Still, the feast could not last. Eventually the priests exhausted themselves. They pushed themselves until one by one they collapsed. The remaining cultists tended to them, and assured Thalita that they would recover soon enough for more feeding. She took the opportunity to nuzzle you – it was all she could do at this immense size. She simply moved her head into your general vicinity so you could kiss her on the chin. Her expression was hard to read from this close up, but her proportionally tiny eyes were still bright with excitement.

The cultists apologized to the immense dragon that no more food was forthcoming until the priests recovered. There was only the 'grey option' now, an unappetizing foodstuff that while available in any arbitrary quantity, tasted like wet cardboard. The robed men produced a silver spoon from the robes of one of the unconscious priests and showed how it could fill any container with the stuff. You were allowed to try it, and it truly was little more than tasteless, if filling porridge.

Thalita rumbled at the robed men. "Give it to me." She said, opening her enormous mouth. It was truly a terrifying sight to behold, a vast maw that could have swallowed a small house in one gulp, with teeth big as templar shields. The rumble accompanying the sight must have pushed the cultists over the edge, for they knelt, grovelled, prayed, and threw the spoon into Thalita's mouth. The huge mouth snapped shut with a mighty thud and the dragoness' head rose. She swallowed, though of course you could not see any bulge travelling down her throat; it was a truly pitiful morsel to her.

For several seconds, nothing happened. Thalita's head hovered by the ledge, expressionless as far as you could tell. But then, she moaned. A low rumble started to build deep in her throat and she closed her eyes, clearly she was enjoying this. A sloshing sound could clearly be heard from down below, where her belly was starting to swell again. She rose to her feet, growing as she did so. Her enormous and thick paws dug deep into the ground, pushed into it by her immense weight. Thalita's growth was speeding up now, and her body was starting to fill up the entire cavern. You had no choice but to run for the exit. The cultists did not flee. Instead they embraced their doom with open arms as the shiny and stretching wall of silver and gold flesh pushed over them.

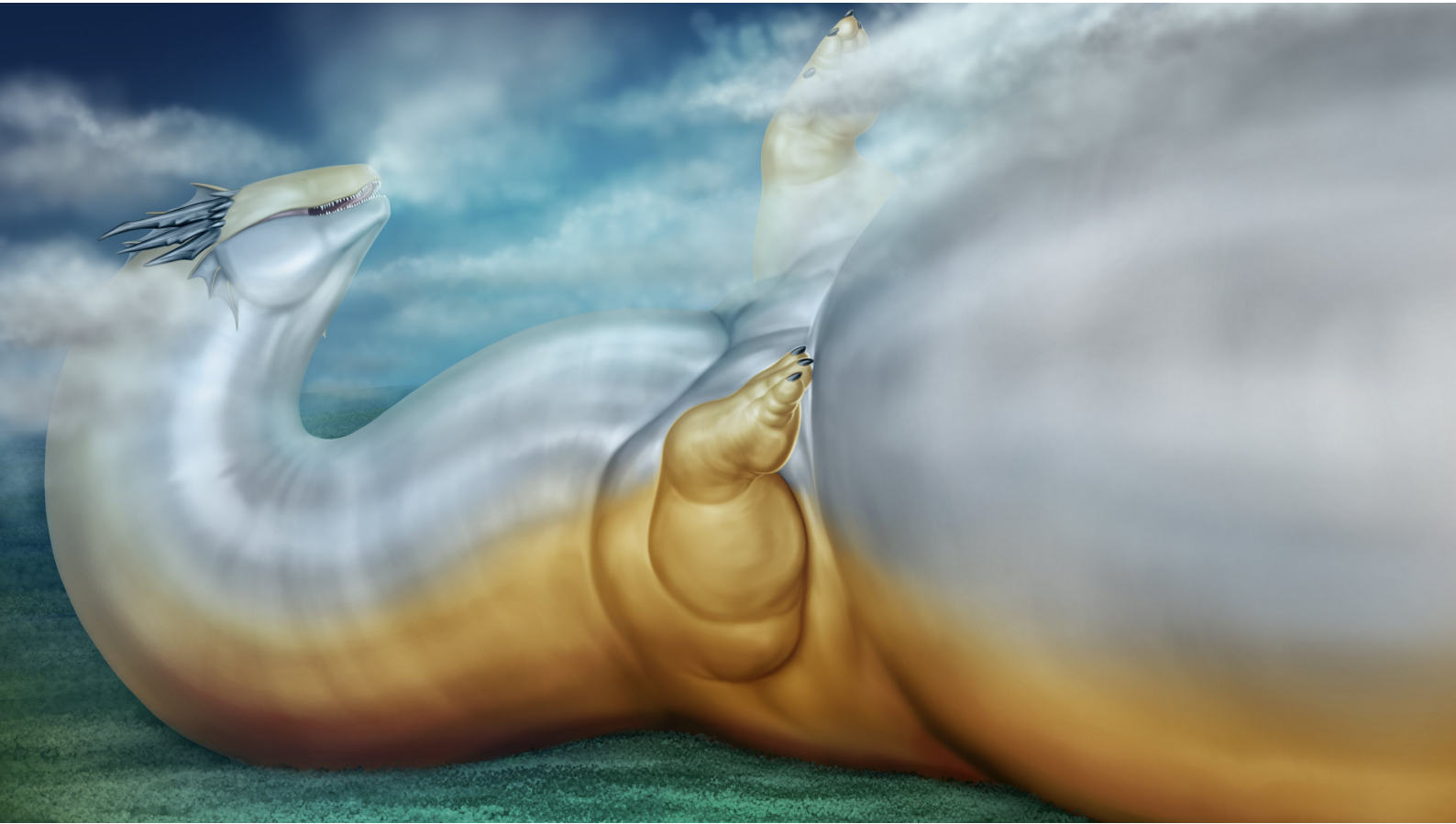
A few minutes later, you were outside and could see a huge shape rising out of the open cavern. Thalita had grown so large she could climb up the cavern walls, utterly destroying them in the process as the cliffs could not support her weight. She simply made a new exit where she went, and before long she was on the surface, a monument



to all dragon kind, or at least to herself. She lay down on her back and moaned deeply and loudly as she continued to swell, the fortress next to her being little more than a plaything now, smaller compared to her than a dollhouse was to a child. Inside the fortress you could hear chanting, the Order must have been celebrating the fulfilment of their prophecy. The fortress died as Thalita's body grew and flattened it along with everything else in her path. You had half a mind of approaching her but her squirms of pleasure and her constantly growing bulk would have made that very dangerous, and you had no idea how you were going to make her notice you. Instead you decided to walk the other way, and put more distance between you and her.



It wasn't long before you saw her again. The next morning, as you were wandering east, not really sure where to go next, a shadow fell from the other direction while the ground slowly started shaking. A shape so vast, you could not see all of it, but there was nothing on this world that it could be, except Thalita. She moved surprisingly fast. Her movements seemed sluggish, but she covered a lot of distance, quickly. The noise was deafening, drowning out everything else while the displacement of air caused by her movements nearly blew you off your feet. You stared up at the immense wedge shape of her head as it passed overhead at a distance, followed by her chest and forelegs. One mighty foot almost crushed a palace. The earthquakes of the dragon's footfalls caused it to collapse eventually anyway. Her head turned sideways, as though she were looking for something – perhaps she was looking for you, but you had no way of knowing or indicating your location. She moved on, leaving a trail of ruined earth behind her, a trench of destruction through the hills.



When you next saw her, she was laying on her back, miles in the distance, and still occupying your entire view of the horizon. Her body covered countless acres of forest and hills, and still expanded to cover more. She was starting to grow so large she touched the clouds, her hot exhales formed clouds in and of themselves, while her movements disturbed the clouds like a spoon would disturb ink in water. She was clearly still enjoying herself. Instead of discernible moans however, all you could hear was an incessant rumbling, presumably caused by the ground being torn apart under her weight, her expanding body itself, and perhaps her moans too. She kept growing, there was simply no end to it. Whatever plan the two of you had had initially, nothing was left of that now, and neither of you had any idea when the magic would wear off – if ever. Thalita was certainly enjoying herself, but it would have been nice to kiss her again. She seemed to think so too.

It was certainly nice to think there was a special connection, but the more logical explanation was that she could simply tell roughly where you must have been - you couldn't have travelled far on foot. The enormous dragon filling the horizon rolled over and... blew a kiss in your direction, disturbing clouds in a delightful manner as the shock wave travelled towards you.



The End

