

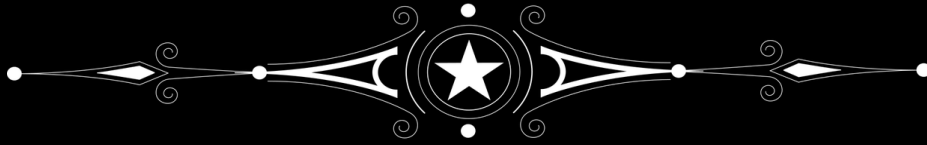
# Idol Mistakes

## Commission for Dakota

By  
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The following contains: Male to Female gender transformation, masturbation, hyper breast growth, multiboobs, unusual lactation.

Read at your own discretion.



Animated skeletons. Even in an unorthodox profession like tomb raiding there are some cliches that can't be avoided. Still, they were a much better sight than giant anacondas or carnivorous plants. Given the amount of jungle vegetation that'd worked its way into the temple over the decades, there was probably a giant spider to worry about, at least.

Observing their movements through one of the ceilings many holes collapsed by the weight of time had an almost engrossing effect. Despite the lack of muscle flesh, such blighted souls continued to move around with agile ease. Maybe some fractured memory of a life long extinguished clung inside their hollowed skulls and fueled a compulsive urge to walk around on a habitual task they'll never escape. The soft clinking of joints that'd long lost their muscle tissue replaced the echoes of energetic voices.

Sassa sat on one knee surveying the undead pacing during his silent musings. A meaty green dragon tail snaked across the dense jungle floor behind him, idly sweeping dirt with its giant leaf spade. The leafeon-dragon hybrid was weighing his odds heavily while trying to keep his body's reflexive twitches in check. Six monsters with no weapons could be manageable. Paws tensed and relaxed every few seconds digging little holes in the soft ground covering this part of the buried palace. He should have brought a shotgun for this.

On any other day this will make a grand adventure story. The way this job can sound like a cheesy blockbuster movie without even trying always got a good laugh over bar drinks. It was a lot less funny when on the clock. Sassa took a deep breath that made the emerald wings on his back flare out and fold back in a stretch. Reminding himself that these creatures were once people helped bring his focus on the task at hand. One screw up and the next treasure hunter could be fighting a poke morphs skeleton instead.

Remaining still became ever worse as the minutes dragged on. Just when Sassa felt ready to lose control of all seven of his limbs, his mind finally calculated the last of his skeletal foes' patrol patterns. Their paths were easy to discern with all the flooring left void of overgrowth and dirt. But each one had their own annoying periods between walking and standing still. Maybe his job was more like a video game than a movie.

In any case, Sassa rocketed upright so eager to get this over with his paws bounced off the ground. Within less than a minute of knot tying, the hybrid was rappelling down a rope into the ancient chamber. Wings flared wide riding the air to slow his descent so that even landing atop dust and dried plants barely made a sound. As

soon as his hands left the line one snapped on the light of his shoulder-mounted torch while the other readied a collapsible baton.

Any performance of stealth was more for practice over purpose. These types of undead didn't have eyes to see, nor ears to hear. During his adventures Sassa learned they sought victims over a form of 'radar' that could detect living creatures within a certain radius. He had no idea why feeling one's lifeforce filled them with the urge to snuff it out, but at least it made them easy to avoid. Weak ones had an especially small area of detection. It was just a matter of carefully evaluating the patterns and entering when everyone was the maximum distance away from a certain point.

Feeling the icy grip of bone hands squeezing around his esophagus immediately told Sassa how much he fucked that guess up.

The leafeon-dragon thrashed wildly, dropping all sense of professionalism in a gurgling cry that did nothing to intimidate his already dead attacker. Being choked from behind prevented his baton hand from getting a good swing on any of the vulnerable joints. For being just bones the damn thing had an unfairly strong grip.

An ailing gasp of ethereal agony escaped the skeletons' grinning mouth, making Sassa's bushy lime hair wilt upon contact. That prompted a well-timed pelvis twist that finally got the hybrid tail slamming into his attacker's rotted knee. The shin broke off with a sickening crack, but even that didn't lessen the squeeze on his neck. It did, however, loosen the monster's ground enough for a well-placed jab into its elbow. Once disconnected from the body the dislocated forearm crumpled into a pile of its many individual bones at the leafeon-dragon's paws. Thank God that dumb crap about body parts being individually animated from movies wasn't also true.

Now able to take a small breath, Sassa grabbed at the remaining arm with his free hand and whipped the skeleton's remaining body in a toss over his shoulder. Being fueled with the genetics of two fighting monsters gave the impromptu wrestling move enough power that the monster hit the ground in an explosion of shattered bits.

"Shiiiiit!" he straightened up with a disgruntled huff. While his battle moves could be impressive, the brief pause in infiltration was enough to put Sassa's life in jeopardy. The skeletons were continuing on their routine paths and one by one were getting close enough to detect the new living creature in their midst. This job wasn't paying enough to take on a damn swarm without firearms.

The net of moving bones closed in too fast for the hybrids' liking, especially since they condensed directly in the path of the only unblocked hallway. He only took a few steps back before feeling his wings press against the cold moss-covered wall. It did nothing to put distance between those many outstretched hands grasping for his flesh, although it did spark another idea. Sheathing the baton, the leafeon-dragon whirled in place and grappled at the wet stone. By some grace of the gods the foundation was weak enough that his claws could break through the cracks for a strong foothold.

By the time the skeletons were upon him Sassa only managed to scale a few feet up the chamber. Which was just enough for his thighs to flex and push off with all the force his training could muster. Tips of dried fingers clawed at his tail as he sailed overhead too fast for them to get a lethal grip. Like a ballet in the air, he spun in place and unfurled his wings with a loud rush of air, allowing for a smooth glide to the safety of the hallway's mouth.

Not that Sassa even slowed his momentum upon landing. His paws rushed over the stone floor in a mad dash while terrified sweat rained off his furry and scaled body. With any luck such a ridiculous maneuver would confuse them long enough to get out of their sensory range. That should put them back into a docile shambling state until he had to make a retreat back out of this dumb place.

Sassa didn't hear any sounds of pursuit when he stopped to catch his breath. That was some good news. A particularly hard hip shake slammed his tail against the stone wall as he growled at his own miscalculation. That damn bone bag was supposed to wait twenty-four seconds before moving towards his landing point, not nineteen. If there were any other surprises in this place, they were sure aware of his presence now. He really, really regretted not asking the employers for a shotgun on this run.

With air back in his lungs, the hybrid adjusted his light, readied his weapon again, and proceeded further through the mix of stone tunnels at a more cautious pace. As per typical ancient lost temples most of the area was a dark void that even his equipment couldn't illuminate beyond a few dozen feet. It would turn out there weren't that many places to go anyway. Most branching passages either had caved in from plant root overgrowth or his leafeon snout couldn't pick up a fresh air flow, which also implied a collapse further in. 'When in doubt, follow your nose' as the saying goes.

Even so, being led directly to his quarry was mildly unexpected. After minutes of following empty halls and moldy rooms, Sassa was overjoyed to find a small circular chamber glowing in fresh sunlight. A small pedestal stood erect at the center surrounded by pews carved into the stones itself. The roof was sadly much higher than the treasure hunting poke dragon woulda liked. At its top perhaps thirty feet high was a great covering of stone that allowed the outside to seep its way in. The holes looked too small for him to squeeze out even if he could manage a climb up there.

Oh well. He was happy to see the idol was here. All this damn trouble for one statue of a pregnant woman barely the size of his water bottles sure felt ridiculous. Sure, it was cast from gold, silver, and some surprisingly well-cut diamonds. That didn't make it worth facing a squad of undead with a stick. Snorting his irritation without anyone to vent at, Sassa decided not to waste time dwelling on it here in the lion's den. There'd be plenty of time to negotiate extra fees back at the relative safety of his camp.

The poke dragon's tail continued swishing through the air while he slowly circled the podium. Bright amber eyes gazed up and down the cracked stone making note of every blemish or dead bug in view. No way this damn thing wasn't trapped in some capacity. Ancient societies don't make a room specifically for worship without some security on the thing being worshiped.

Frustration only grew with the second, and then third, circling of the idol's resting place. For the life of him, Sassa could not spot any tell tale signs of a triggering mechanism. If it was on a pressure plate it was carved seamlessly with the rest of the stone. Any wires would have long rotted away. No additional runes or markings as a sign of magical enchantments. By the fifth time he had walked around the podium it became apparent things would have to get a bit reckless or else he'd be here all day. With a resigned sigh, he rolled back his shoulders to loosen up for an emergency sprint back down the tunnels and snatched the idol.

It wasn't actually that rare to come across treasure not laced with a deadly anti-theft measure, but damn did Sassa love when it happened. For over twenty seconds his body remained in a catatonic state of idol in one hand, baton raised in preparation, and long leafeon ears erect for signs of any oncoming danger. When he was met with nothing but the sounds of silent stone, he allowed his body to relax, although his ears never stopped twitching in high alert.

"Thank gods for the little favors," he mused, giving off a half-hearted chuckle. An involuntary sneeze promptly ruined even that small rush of victory. Sassa stuffed the newly acquired treasure into his sack and attempted to wave away the pink dust fogging around his face as he left. Figures centuries under an open hole would leave everything dirty.

The way back was swift and thankfully without a hidden surprise of its own. This might end up being an easier job than expected after all. That wasn't going to stop Sassa from charging extra for the skeletons during his commission negotiations. He bit his lower lip while eyeing the shambling bones from the entrance arch. Dashing between them again was going to be trickier now. Most had completely changed their patrols and one always seemed to be closer to his escape rope than the poke dragon would have liked.

"Mmgh!" Catching a rapidly developing headache wasn't helping matters either. Pain struck under Sassa's fur just above his right eye, making his head flinch away. Tender throbbing quickly poured across the rest of his skull giving his muscles a tight squeeze. Even his jaw began to ache from his heavy panting. "W-what the hell?"

Just trying to speak made his throat crack. The word left in a strained squeak that left him coughing a few times. It seemed to dislodge whatever got in there but the tension across his head only worsened. Sweat began drenching his eyebrows making Sassa worry about catching a jungle illness.

He retreated back down the tunnel a few meters hoping this sickness would pass quickly. Last thing a mercenary need is being caught with the flu. After a few minutes and downing everything in his canteens, Sassa was relieved when the tension finally began to clear. It still left his muscles annoyingly tender while perspiration drizzled down his cheeks. Good thing he was the kind of thrill seeker that came prepared with a choice between two clothes and a bandana to dry for emergencies.

It was easy to tell something was off soon as the towel touched Sassa's face. People grow to become so familiar with their own bodies that instincts can reflexively know the moment a patch of fur is out of place. Doing a slower pass over with his bare hand he let out a gasp that felt just as light and barely masculine. The shock caused his other hand to release the cloth to grab his throat at the same time. Everything felt smaller, slimmer; his nose, the muzzle attached to it, the neck supporting it. Somehow his cheeks lifted to become full and perky, while eyes grew smaller with very thick lashes.

"W-what the hell?" Sassa whispered the rhetorical question again, gasping at his sweeter voice. The leafeon-dragon's Adam's apple was barely existent and he could feel it continuing to dwindle against his fingers, making each breath sound increasingly sensuous. An itching across his scalp drew both hands combing through his hair, finding it much thicker and growing rapidly down to the small of his back.

Yeah. This was not some common jungle flu. Sassa gripped clumps of his long silky locks racking his brain to figure out what was going on. Tingles raced down his back followed by the same muscle tensions that told him this wasn't going to stay contained to his face either.

Sassa whirled back to the rope so fast it ended up draping his face in the ample hair growth. There were still plenty of skeletons wandering about the chamber, but waiting out whatever the heck was happening didn't feel like a safe option anymore. With a few deep breaths that left his chest feeling puffy and sore against the fabric of his shirt, the hybrid exploded from his hiding place in a mad sprint.

He almost immediately stumbled into a painful fall thanks to his hips bending unexpectedly farther than normal with his stride. It was only thanks to a quick flap of the wings and crack of his tail that Sassa could counterbalance enough to remain upright. The run quickly degraded into an awkward hobble. Every last joint felt slightly out of place compared to three minutes ago and completely threw off his balance.

Thankfully, it was still fast enough to beat the undead that'd just noticed Sassa's return. Soon as he was within range, the leafeon-dragon flexed both legs tight enough that his shorts tore in several places and leapt onto the rope. Fight or flight kicked in, making it a lot easier to ignore all the different ways his body squashed and stretched while shimmying up to safety. Hands devoid of living flesh clawing at the leaf spade of his tail helped light a fire under his, oddly bloated feeling, backside.

Fresh air never tasted so good. Sassa breached the ceiling hole savoring the warm breeze that greeted his sweaty furred face. For a brief rope climb virtually all his muscles ached worse than a three-hour exercise routine. He rolled off onto his tail and quickly collected the rope just in case skeletons might retain the motor control to climb too. After which he felt comfortable enough to lean on a tree trunk for a rest.

Attempts to satiate some thirst was met with more curses in a sweetly toned voice remembering he'd already emptied all available canteens. It was barely

recognizable as his own anymore, which he really didn't want to think about right then. He just wanted to be able to walk straight for the trek back to camp.

The itching around his chest had gotten considerably worse after all that work pressing his arms tightly against it for climbing. A hand absently reached up to scratch it, surprising Sassa by making contact with the area a lot sooner than it should have. Gulping back a dry throat he glanced down and almond shaped eyes shot open to encompass most of his forehead. The fabric of his travel shirt had become completely stretched out trying to cover a pair of very pronounced, round lumps. Mass that was undeniably his. Just the contact of his fingers sinking into their soft shape sent a spark rushing down into his groin.

"You got to be kidding me!"

Sassa tore his shirt off in a panic. Despite having an idea of what was underneath he was still floored when two enormous breasts bounced free before settling in a heavy hang off his ribcage. They were easily three times larger than any girlfriends in his past, threatening to match his head in size. The growth had even stretched out his areolas into considerably wide discs, drawing attention to the puffed-out nipples erected in their centers.

Wait. His head? The pieces began clicking into place, prompting Sassa into a mad scramble for his signal mirror. Seeing a very beautiful leafeon-dragon gawking back in the small square glass sent his heart hammering into the back of his new mammarys. All his normal traits were still present, yet altered by a feminine cast enough to be alienating.

He didn't know how long he spent gazing into his own alluring golden eyes before noticing the sleeker dainty hands holding the mirror itself. A quick pat down south confirmed what Sassa was dreading to discover. The hybrid's waist had collapsed in on itself, seemingly pushing the extra mass down to bloat out his hips and ass for exceptional child bearing. Thighs were bulging their soft fur through many fresh tears along his tightened pants, leading down to daintier green scaled paws. Pretty much all of him had been rendered female enough to rival most high-end models.

All except for one important area.

"O-oh! Nnngh!" When Sassa came to rest a smaller hand upon the tent in his pants crotch it twitched harshly against the scaled palm. Rushes of pleasure mixed with an aching need caused his head to roll back in an involuntary moan. Goddess, even the sound of his own lusty growls was a turn on. And now that he was stuck thinking about the hardening pressure in his loins, it was getting impossible to focus on anything else. "T-this is the... haah... ah-absolute worst place... t-to... aahhh fuck it!"

Already exhausted from the escape, and apparently aroused from his transformation, Sassa couldn't even muster the will to get back to camp first. Other priorities were draining away his inhibitions, refusing to be ignored for long. It was probably best to just get it over with right there anyway. Hands quickly worked to

underdo the zipper, letting the cock fighting inside pop free. Warm air tickled along the members sensitive skin, especially the way Sassa thrashed it about trying to remove his pants. Having wider hips made squeezing the waistband down difficult, though his butt was still soft enough that a few hard tugs eventually got them through. They and the rest of his gear were stripped off to join the discarded shirt in a pile, leaving the leafeon-dragon flopped across the soft forest grass in nothing but fur, scales, and rapidly developing sweat.

He didn't even get to catch his breath before a hand grappled the length of his dick of its own volition. The other seemingly didn't want to be left out and rose to lightly knead around the nipples of his fat tits pouring down against his waist. Sassa was barely thinking about his actions, grinding his rear against the ground lost in pleasure to meet his hungry strokes. Growls became louder and wilder in a rapidly building crescendo. In his mind the twisting of his fingers against a nipple became fantasies of a big arcanine biting gently into his soft womanly mounds as if to nurse.

The fact his imagination brought about a male lover didn't get a chance to register before he reached orgasm. It crashed upon Sassa with such fast intensity there was no time to prepare. His mind became almost feral for a few seconds as hard muscle contractions left him humping the air. Wild, dragon roars echoed through the branches overhead, sending small birds scattering in a panic.

Seamen erupted from poke-dragon in thick geysers over several meters into the air, raining upon his curvy thick form in a fashion that wouldn't look out of place in porno. Sassa yelped when the skin of his sack compressed so tight under his throbbing member it threatened to crush the tender nuts inside. Whatever changes were overcoming his form apparently demanded every drop of cum he could muster.

And it never wanted to stop, either. Pulses fired off one shot after another way past any sensible man's ejaculation. But the muscles kept mashing around Sassa's prostate, somehow finding enough the reserves for another round. He couldn't even muster enough wits to notice how his sack being pulled deeper inside his pelvis. Soon the fur on his slimmer belly and bloated tits became positively drenched in warm glistening spunk.

Sassa would have remained sprawled out in the open wild lands drunk off such an impossibly powerful climax for a while. However, a different kind of convulsion around his balls sobered him up nearly instantly. Trying to sit up to see what was happening did little good with his moist furry chest jutting in the way. He blindly placed a hand on his junk just in time to feel the sack clench hard enough that its balls slipped away from his refined fingers. A breathy gasp blew from his lips, toes curling as the bits of his manhood sank beneath the flesh, burrowing deep into the girth of his hips until only a clump of loose furry skin dangled beneath his still hard phallus.

"Oh no," the hybrid gulped in horrified realization. Considering the excessively potent changes already feminizing his form he didn't need a helper app to deduce what was happening. Such knowledge didn't do him much good, sadly. When his member



began twitching again, Sassa tried to hold onto his last vestige of masculinity, only for it to begin shrinking out of his fingers.

If anything, the contact only made things worse. Bit by bit his manhood dwindled, grinding along the fur of his palm along the way. Such friction, while intense enough to make Sassa bite his lower lip, only got out a few pathetic drops of leftover cum as a parting gift. Before long only his index finger could wrap around what was undeniably resembling a smooth, sensitive clit.

“HNNGHI!” Muscles flexed within Sassa’s pelvis, causing his hips to arch into the air. The empty feelings grew worse like he was being torn open from the inside. Which became pretty literal when the loose skin that’d been his scrotum and sac cleaved down the middle, puffing into a proper vulva. The hybrid gasped at the flood of new sensations blowing over their blossomed feminine mound. His insides finished their conversion connecting with it, unleashing a downpour of fresh estrogen across his body. Features became softer, more alluring, while both breasts and ass puffed larger with additional fatty tissue.

“Gods damn it all!” he cursed when the transformation released its power over the changed leafeon-dragon. Hips crashed back to the ground, immediately making him hate the excess cushion they sported.

Two fingers wearily prodded at the soft mound his member had vanished into, finding them easy to part with ease. They dug in enough to confirm the expected wet tunnel of sensitive muscles inside before Sassa’s renewed willpower forced them to slink back out. Safe to say some kind of ancient booby trap had turned him female in every conceivable way. It was even getting hard to think of herself as a guy anymore. A notion of mental conditioning she pushed aside for panicking later.

The hike back to camp didn’t turn out that hard, all things considered. Sassa quickly got herself acclimated to walking with a much wider sashay to her tail. Walking with two basketballs gently swaying off your chest became more annoying than a hindrance. It was nearly impossible to move her arms without jostling them. The fact she had to make the trek buck naked and covered in their own spunk, however, was the worst. No way she was getting any pants she’d brought over such a perky dump truck and her shirt refused to cover half her pronounced chest. At least there weren’t laws about streaking in a jungle...

That Sassa knew of...

It was still a welcome relief to see the tents pop out from among the foliage after a half hour. The leafeon-dragon quickly deposited her tool sacks and useless clothes in the bedroom before heading to a nearby freshwater creak for a quick bath. An hour and three packages of MRE’s later, she was finally sitting on the relative comfort of her cot. A laptop rested in front of her crossed paws awaiting the alignment of a satellite for long distance calling. Idle hands occasionally cupped her breasts still trying to comprehend their ample size. The urge to slide them further down and comb the heated area

between her legs surfaced nearly every minute, which she had to mentally beat back with a rolled newspaper. These damn hormones better balance out soon.

Luckily this development hadn't missed her scheduled check-in with the client. Before Sassa could give in to a little finger prodding the computer dinged and gave a pop-up prompt that she was now connected to a global internet service. Two keystrokes were all she needed to send an outgoing call. To her surprise, it was picked up on the first ring.

"Yes? Yes?" An older badger was adjusting his square spectacles on the small video feed. Judging by the harsh motion blurs he was trying to move the camera source onto a stable position. Once things had stabilized, he peered intently at the Leafeon-dragon glaring back with folded ears before breaking into a fanged smile. "Ah ha! So great to hear from you again, Sassa! I take it by your improved looks that everything went to plan?"

Sassa's nostrils flared so hard they almost blew fire. "Oh, you better not tell me this..." she gestured to her curvy body, "was somehow planned. You didn't say anything about this place being magical. I need special gear for that shit."

"I do apologize, but usually when I mention being a collector of such mystical and arcane creations the handy treasure hunters such as yourselves either back out or demand exorbitant raises to their fee."

"You better believe I'm charging extra for growing tits."

The badger remained overjoyed like a school child as he crossed his palms. "My dear, I do apologize for this inconvenience. We did mention you were fetching us a fertility idol, however. Some effects were bound to be expected from exposure. Though, I will admit we didn't expect such a drastic alteration on male subjects. What an interesting society this must have been."

"My eyes are up here, dingus."

"I am currently trying to figure out the application that signals your extraction team. Nothing more."

Somehow, Sassa doubted that was all his tilted snout was focusing on while she watched the old fart type at the keyboard with just his index claws. Her dragon wings fluttered before wrapping around her front to provide at least some level of modesty. That seemed to weaken his delight somewhat.

"You do have the idol, right?"

"Of course, I do!" Red brightened the fur on Sassa's plump face at the very insult she'd even make this call otherwise. Grabbing the heavy pouch off the floor, she made a show off ripping it open for the laptop camera. "I got it right-GACK!?"

While the golden figurine fell onto the bedding as expected, Sassa didn't anticipate the waterfall of pink dust that poured into her lap along with it. The impact caused a small eruption that engulfed the poke dragon in a glittering cotton candy cloud.

Oh my!" The badger said with rising interest. It was unlikely he could see through the pink blocking his camera any better than Sassa, but he could certainly hear the airy coughing and occasional curses from somewhere nearby. "It seems you left it active this whole time too? I guess try to hold on to whatever happens next, then. The chopper should be at your camp within five hours."

If Sassa was hearing any of that she could hardly breath well enough to care. She tumbled off her cot kicking the laptop across the tent where its screened shattered and abruptly ended the call. Ignoring it, she staggered up onto her paws blindly fumbling out of her tent, pink dust billowing from all open flaps like some dazzling smoke signal.

The first logical step was to get to the stream again. Maybe washing this ancient garbage off fast enough could nullify whatever effects it had on living creatures. Unfortunately, Sassa was too panicked and gagging on her clogged throat to figure out right from left. She rubbed at her eyes roaring in frustration knowing how little that'd help.

And then everything was fine.

"What the hell?" Sassa blinked in perfect clarity again. Her fur and scales looked bright and cleaner than even before taking this job without a single pink speck in sight. Not that she got time to contemplate this before her eyes went wide watching her tits vibrate with mounting pressure from within. A moment later both hands flew to grasp them trying to hold back a rushing growth surge. "What the fuuuuuooooOOOHHH GAWD!!"

It was no use trying to hold back such soft and pliable mounds. Sassa rocked her head back with a gurgling roar, tongue rolling out to one side of her face as tits became way more than her tiny palms could hope to hold. Their sag inched down in an apron over her stomach while cleavage blocked her entire view of the ground. The prickly skin of her areolas stretched wider than dinner plates as they bulged outwards. Her nipples were looking like caps on pressurized containers when they suddenly gave a gentle lurch and began to lift closer towards the leafeon-dragon's muzzle.

The onslaught of pleasure coming from the tender stretching mammaries caught Sassa off guard. She needed a moment before realizing her boobs' extra lift wasn't coming from her grappling arms, which could barely reach around them as each one became comparably larger than her entire upper body. Luckily, this new force quickly made itself known by pushing out from under a chest that could crush chairs and right into her waiting palms. Their equally soft, plush consistency and mounting tension from within made Sassa's immediate deduce what was happening.

"What does fertility have to do with extra tits!?" she screamed into the surrounding jungle. The only answer that came back was simply more and more growth.

The extra pair of mounds that sprouted under her already enormous set swelled in a hasty rush as if wanting to catch up to their bigger sisters.

Whether by coincidence or design, it was just a relief when the mounds finally stopped their unprecedented expansion. Sassa remained in place; legs spread in a wide stance for several minutes as she let her altered body acclimate to the spontaneous weight increase.

When it was clear they were down blimping out into beanbags she finally allowed herself to relax. Arms crossed with a dejected huff, promptly vanishing into the space between upper and lower boobs. The thick dragon tail thumped rapidly behind the curvy hybrid while she glared down at her gargantuan shelves. Two enormous milkers had been bad enough, all four combined probably made up the lion share of her body weight at this size.

“Hnngh!” Her pout turned into a wince thanks to the onset of a new tension washing over the newly inflated breast balloons. Something began filling up their insides at an impossible rate. Skin began to pull back taut, making them rise into a firmer position. “W-what now!”

Pressure continued to rise from within her double bust seeming to funnel into the respective nipples. Trying to reach around their girth became a struggle in its own right, but Sassa eventually managed to squish her globes enough to give their tender front an experimental massage.

“Ah ha ah!” It didn’t get the exact relief she expected. On the second squeeze both nipples popped unexpectedly and there was suddenly a warm tingling of something thick oozing over the leafeon-dragon’s slender fingers. Pulling them back for fear of rupturing something, she instead found the fur soaked in a sticky gold goo. A quick test sniff sent her ear erect in confusion before she gave it a reluctant lick. “...honey?! The fuck?”

Another series of pops made Sassa shudder in pleasure. It looked like her lower boobs had reached their limit too. She rubbed heatedly along the edges of both curved mammarys, unable to see, but certainly feeling the hot goo excreting from them at an alarming rate. A quick glance back at the sleep tent saw there were still pink cloud remnants in the air, so she decided to head into the observation canopy far away from that magic garbage.

“Strangest fertility blessings I’ve ever heard,” she mused, noticing a trail of honey drips in her wake. Thankfully before she could worry about spreading honey all over the equipment, her golden eyes happened to pan over a trio of barrels at the far edge of the canopy. She had set them up early on as a means for catching rainwater. Now though two of them sat completely empty thanks to a few weeks of dry spells.

By the time the promised chopper had arrived Sassa had filled one and a third of those barrels with some amateur self milking’s. It had been worth the weird stares and awkward questions since it helped deflate her bust in the process. They were still four

massive globes that virtually blocked most of her torso from the front, but at least they were lighter. As the flight crew helped pack up her camp, being especially mindful of the dust generating idol, the leafeon-dragon couldn't help pondering if she could see the easy thirty gallons of honey for a bit of extra cash.

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# Afterward

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