

"I hear he's a mammoth creature, an elder dragon concealing their true form."

"That's not right; he's a man who turned himself into a dragon...and then a dragon man."

"Stop, I've heard that one before."

The tavern was bustling with rumours about the newest bounty on the board; an old legend had just appeared on the board, and people were brimming with curiosity. What was once a topic with little information became the talk of the towns, everyone trying to get to the bottom of who this mysterious dragon man was. He had been around for so long that the truth had been buried, forgotten amongst the history books. Only a few details were left of this dragon's rise to prominence, and they were easily dismissed for their audacity. Tales of sexual depravity, tales of wanton experimentation; there was one thing though, that everyone believed, and that was his lethality. Nobody who encountered this dragon lived to tell the tale; encountering him was like a plague; nothing but bloodstains and rent clothing were left in his wake. His tale was one that inspired fear, inspired heroism, and inspired greed. With destruction and death comes notoriety, and with notoriety comes a high bounty.

Of the ones who would try for the man's bounty, only two would succeed, two of a group who had gathered in the inn that night. The leader of the group was a wizard, a man by the name of Tomias. From the furthest reaches of the northern plateau, he was well versed in both history and magic. At his right was a young elf woman, a deft rogue who had pilfered a royal vault and then lost her money at a casino; she went by Trii. Following the chain was a meek orc woman, a tinkerer and artificer by the name of Tusk; she preferred gadgets to the company of living beings. At the opposite end of the table was a warrior, a knight, a vaunted champion by the name of Lucas. To round out their group was a combative goblin archer, a tiny firebrand that went by Vishka. They planned to set upon their target in the morning, to claim the towering bounty for themselves and go their separate ways. While the inn was abuzz with rumors, their table was strategizing with facts. Tomias was the only one among them who had learned the true tale of the dragon man, of the one called Midas.

The tale of Midas was one he had told on more than one occasion, one he would willingly recite to the makeshift band. As the dragon man named Midas was no mere beast, he was a powerful mage. Hailing from a long-lost mage's college, he had ultimately led to its destruction. Midas had a particularly masochistic streak, his magics often mingling pain and pleasure in the form of growth. He created magics suited to expand himself, tailoring them and refining them until they could scarcely be recognized as their original incantations. One night, his experimentations went further; he wanted to see the limit to his size, the limit to his durability. He cast a spell that would grow him so large that it would have ruptured anyone else. It made his genitalia swell, growing larger until they burst from his quarters and through the ceiling. Yet, he did not explode as he planned; instead, his growth became contagious. Those who got too close to him grew as he did, their bodies struggling to reach his size before bursting in a pleasurable climax. This was the tale Tomias told and the one the party had strategized around, but it was so out of the ordinary that they struggled to believe it.

"I'll be the one to say it; I'll be the bad guy here. Do all of you really buy this cook's story?" Trii lazily motioned her dagger to the group, having just used it to eat a piece of rare meat.

"I...I believe it. Kind of." Tusk retreated into the gadget she'd been fiddling with at the table.

"I think it's pretty stupid. Maybe this guy just wants us to wear these stupid trinkets for fun?! Make a laughing stock out of us!" Vishka's voice rose into a shrill shout as she slammed a pendant on the table.

The pendant she was wearing was an unusual one to be sure, a leather broach fashioned from some unknown source, molded into the shape of a butt. All of them seemed to have some uniquely shaped trinket around their necks. Trii had one shaped to look like a pair of breasts, ones too similar to her own to avoid suspicion.

"I assure you, these pendants are not some trick; they are for your own safety. Look, I am wearing one." Tomias protested, pulling out a necklace that looked like a set of cock and balls.

"It is a bit...suspicious." Tusk looked down at her own chest, seeing the belly-shaped pendant that rested upon it.

"Yeah, I'm not buying it. I think these are just some weird kinky shit." Trii shook her head, only adding the new tension.

"I do not think he lies. I have met many liars in my life." Lucas said very little, holding his pendant in his hands, one in the shape of a scrotum.

"You would, Mr. honorable knight." Vishka practically spat at his profession as she stared at him.

There was an awkward silence between the two, Lucas returning her gaze with a dour expression. The tension in the air thickened as Vishka looked ready to leap at the buff blonde; it felt overwhelming and choking. Silence squelched the noises around them, making them feel like they were in their own little world until Tusk broke the tension. Her nerves were getting the best of her, and she couldn't handle this level of anger.

"I think I'm going to turn in early tonight." Tusk sheepishly swept her trinkets from the table, scooping them into her apron and scurrying upstairs.

"Yeah, I think I'll do the same. Need to get things ready for tomorrow." Tri stood up from the table, leaving the inn to take her resting spot under a tree.

One by one they all filtered out of the inn, returning to their rooms to prepare for the early day tomorrow. Tomias was the last to leave, nursing his ale as he stroked his beard, struggling to comprehend where his explanation had gone wrong.

The next day came about, and the party awkwardly met up in the square and ventured into the woods. Rumors had been spreading around the region, animals were vanishing; nests of monster and animal alike were left barren, nothing but puddles of blood in their wake. This path of destruction was what the party would follow, hoping to find signs of Midas and put a stop to them. Venturing deeper into the woods, Tomias began to despair; all of them had discarded their pendants. Only Lucas had kept his one, meaning he was the only one that would be safe from Midas's magic. Tomias was bound by the nature of his spell to withhold the purpose of the pendants, as that was the only way to counter a more powerful enchantment. Each pendant had been painstakingly crafted to match the adventurer's points of arcane focus, the spots where their energy coalesced. Those spots were the natural gathering point of a person's latent magic and their most sensitive spot, and it's what Midas's enchantment affected. Without them, Tomias could only hope that he was wrong about everything as they went deeper into the woods.

Crkkkkk

The deeper they got into the woods, the more profound the noises became; what they once believed to be the simple creaking of trees and snapping of branches gained a more menacing tone. It sounded like stretching leather, bubbling flesh, and the stifled moans of pleasure.

Pop

They were always followed by a pop, a wet and squelching pop that echoed through the quiet woods. Their conversation was kept at a minimum during their trip into the woods, but now, it was nothing. They were as silent as the full moon, trekking through the underbrush in a scattered formation. Trii had taken the lead, moving above the branches with a surprising swiftness, as fast as a shadow. Her sensitive eyes squinted, looking through the darkness with a purpose, trying to find any sign of life. The best she could find were scattered puddles of blood, one painting the underbrush, ones of varying size.

Must be getting closer. I can see swords in the mix. Leather, armor. It's a slaughter.

Trii narrowed her eyes; she swore she saw movement from the corner of them. She leapt from her branch to one with a better vantage, hoping it would be easier to spot her target and hoping it wasn't a forest critter. As she landed on her next branch, she felt her heart skip a beat, a pressure rising in her sternum. She thought it was nerves, but her landing told her more.

Plop

A smattering of blood, a tiny puddle that dripped from the branch she'd landed on, with a spyglass concealed beneath. It was fresh, and she was in danger. The pressure in Trii's chest rose, a paralyzing feeling of pain and pleasure. She arched her back, knocking her from her perch and down to the ground below. The impact gave her no pain; those sensations were all focused in her chest as she bucked and writhed on the ground. Arching her back high as her chest started to swell, the small apples that she called breasts expanded beneath her black tunic. Growing against her will as she saw a pair of glowing eyes staring back at her from the bushes, a toothy grin peering from a hole behind them. As her eyes focused, she noticed something large and throbbing behind those eyes, hills of flesh that wobbled and throbbed, veiled in a purple glow. It all hit her at once, the realization, the realization that what Tomias had said was true. She struggled to maintain her focus, torn between earth-rending pleasure and mind-shattering pain. She bucked like she was being railed by the largest man she'd ever taken in, her linens becoming stained with pleasure as her chest swelled larger. They were growing impossibly large; she had leapt from melons to casks, sloshing balloons of flesh that strained the front of her cloth, stretching the fibers until they snapped. A growing canyon of jagged cloth revealed strained wrappings beneath, wrappings that outlined her burgeoning bust.

"I saw her fall over here! This way!" Tusk shouted from far away in the woods, her heavy footsteps leading her closer to Trii's landing spot.

No, go away! Keep your distance.

Her stray thoughts had no power, no ability to reach beyond her mind as her mind devolved into pleasure. Trii's bust kept growing, kept swelling, filling at the same pace that her arousal heightened. The wrappings under her top began to tear as her swelling breasts reached the size of miniature globes; a single tear was more than enough. With a spring-like force, her breasts burst from her top. Sloshing mountains that wobbled back and forth on her chest, swaying like palms in the breeze as they continued growing. Now unfettered, they expanded like they were hooked to bellows, growing larger and larger. Pale balloons of pristine flesh that reddened at the tip, their surface trembling with an unknown pressure. Soon they overshadowed her, their heaving form collapsing onto her lithe frame and enveloping her body. Weight bore down on her chest, making every breath a strained ordeal, an ordeal spent moaning in rapturous pleasure. Her moans echoed through the forest, cries of sexual triumph that overshadowed the sound of her straining skin.

Crkkkkk

The redness at the tip of Trii's breasts began to spread, climbing its way down her skin like spilled ink. Each breast was as big as a wineskin and still trying to grow, but they had no room to expand; she had no room to expand. A creaking was heard from her tensed skin, the same one she'd been hearing throughout the woods. A creaking that grew louder as the patch of red spread. A terrible mixture of pleasure and pressure ran through Trii's body; the skin under

her shoulders tightened, straining to accommodate the growth of her chest. They trembled, they shook; Trii could feel the wetness of pleasure between her legs.

Oooooohhh

“Trii?” Tusk reached Trii the moment her pleasure reached a feverish pitch.

An echoing groan of pleasure filled the forest as her bust stretched a final time, red bulbs that throbbed and enveloped her. Steam misted from her skin as the heated contents inside; trickles of red dribbled from her nips as her bust surged out, each one larger than Tusk was. Canyons of red etched their way across her tight skin before they finally gave out.

Splortch

Trii's bust ruptured in a geyser of crimson, her skin blooming like lotus flowers, falling down on her sides like wilted petals. Blood erupted in a glorious shower that splattered across Tusk's face, painting her the same color. A gush of fluid came from between Trii's legs as her body gave its last spasms.

"Ahhhhh!!" Tusk shrieked so loud it echoed through the forest, her body too paralyzed by the horrid sight.

Bibblbbb

Grllll

Tusk's screams were cut short by a bubbling in the pits of her stomach, a feeling akin to boiling. Claspng her hands to her abdomen, she felt a swell in her stomach, a tight and sensitive bloat that recoiled at her touch. Her stomach growled a monstrous growl as she touched it. She was never the thinnest of the troupe, but she never remembered being this tight; she gave her stomach another inspecting prod as it swelled out from her gown. The red-slicked surface clung tightly to her abdomen as it began to balloon, growing and growing as some mysterious fluid collected within it. The weight felt substantial and ephemeral, some odd mixture between liquid and gas. Tusk's moment of hesitance had cost her, as she was too stimulated to move. She was a woman of little sexual experience, so the mere stimulation of those nerves made her buckle in pleasure. Collapsing onto her knees, feeling her gut billow out over her thighs, growing and swelling. She panted wildly, her exasperated groans slipping past her lips as fevered moans. She struggled to catch her breath as her nerves blazed. Flooded with a paralyzing mixture of agony and ecstasy, she could feel herself mentally ascending. She understood why Midas did it, why he craved the feeling of growth; it felt amazing.

While Tusks's stomach grew, her gray skin bloating like a leathery balloon, the rest of the party was encroaching upon the spot. Trii's moans and Tusk's panting were enough to lead them to the spot. What they saw was Tusk on her knees, hands feverishly running over her

swollen midriff while another fiddled with something from her bag. Something cylindrical, a piston with a rounded tip; with a shaking hand, she slipped it under the front of her dress, wedging it between her lower lips. Her body began to spasm and writhe, wriggling in place as the device hummed between her legs. The intensifying pleasure only accelerated her growth, her stomach reaching down to her knees, looking like she carried a brood. An oblong and hard growth that strained the front of her gown, making that white robe crawl up the slicked surface. Revealing the tight swell, resembling a gray globe, it seemed proportional to Tusk's body, but it was an enormous stomach.

"Wait! Stay back! I can see him." Tomias grabbed Vishka by the scruff before she took another step forward.

Ahead of them, past Tusk's swelling form and Trii's ruptured carcass, sat two enormous mounds. Even amongst the forest's shadows, Tomias could see the mounds were moving; they were alive. He knew enough about Midas to know that those were his balls; the enormous sacs came up to the tree branches and were as big around as hills.

"Get your hands off of me! We need to save Tusk!" Vishka scrambled out of Tomias's grip before being swept aside by a fling of Luca's arm.

"No! You and her share the same folly. Without protection, you too shall fall. Allow me." Lucas began to charge forward, rushing through the brush, but something stopped him.

His motions were slow, like he was coated in molasses; every step he took was like moving a mountain. Slow and thundering steps that weighed more than his entire body, strides dragged through cement as he tried to close in on Tusk. Muscles burned and strained, putting him through a more dire workout than he had ever done. It wasn't until he looked down that he got some inkling of the source. His amulet was glowing, radiating a purple energy that swirled about him like a great wind tunnel.

"Come great knight! Slay me! Plant your penetrating blade inside of my vulnerable sac, pop them like grapes underfoot." Midas shouted from behind the bushes, his challenges sounding more like aroused cries.

"We shall, beast; do not fret." Tomias shouted a challenge to Midas before turning his attention back to Lucas. "You must take it slow my boy, his magic permeates the area in a thick haze. Allow me to show you."

Tomias threw out a bolt of magic, a light that would illuminate the surroundings as if it were daylight. The bolt flew slowly, being worn away by some unseeable wall until it landed in the treeline above. In a shower of light, it illuminated the area, revealing the remnant scraps and bloodstains of a thousand ruptures, things hidden by the deep underbrush. All around them a deep purple mist permeated, thick like fog, with substance to it. It swirled around Lucas like

grasping tendrils, wrapping around his form in a bubble. His pendant created an impermeable bubble that was preventing it from passing, but the same was not true for Tusk.

The mist crawled into her lungs, through her skin, flooding into her form as if it were the air itself. It coalesced in her stomach, the bloated boulder pushing her knees apart as it descended to the ground. Visible only to Tomias, he saw the magic gathering in her stomach as her hands ran over it. She rubbed her stomach furiously, moving up and down in some erogenous compulsion. It was a boulder of flesh, taut and turgid, vibrating from the pressure welling within. It had lost the fecund shape it had before and now looked around, spherical, unhuman. Swelling more slowly than before, Tusk was reaching her limit; it wouldn't be much longer before she ruptured. Lucas still tried his best to reach her, making strenuous steps forward, walking slowly towards her.

"What the hell are we doing?! This shit is his magic, right?! Well, then let's end him!" Visha pulled her long bow out of her pack.

She pulled her strings back tight, crouching down as she threw her entire weight into the draw, leaning back so far that her thighs touched the ground. With a resounding twang, she loosed the arrow, the silvered tip flying true towards the wobbling mounds ahead of her. Her anger fell into confusion as she saw the arrow slow, its arc failing as it wobbled and fell short.

"My goodness, I'm so sorry. I really hoped to feel that arrow. Let me take a step forward." Midas called out from behind the bushes.

For a moment, the group's attention was drawn from Tusk's immense swell, ripped to the thundering figure revealing themselves from behind the bushes. It was a beautiful man, part dragon, part man, all Midas. Short black horns poked through his jagged red hair, amber eyes gleaming with a sultry gaze. He was taller than all of them, save for Tusk, armored black scales crawled up his arms and legs. Each limb ended in razor-sharp talons, scales that trailed up his sides, with only the pale ridges of his underbelly showing. It had a peachy, human tint to it; muscles piled atop themselves in a fashion that made him more like a statue. Tones and bulbous pecs bulged from the tight confines of his leather top, straining to burst free with a wrong breath. None of that compared to the massive ballsack he dragged behind him, throbbing mounds of sloshing sec that wobbled like gelatin. Mounds covered in red spots of strain, pocked with deep gashes and puncture wounds. Currently his tail was wrapped around the lowest ridge, the dagger-like ridges digging into the supple flesh.

Ooooohhhhh

"Go on dearie, let it all out." Midas smirked as Tusk moaned with guttural pleasure.

Tusk throbbed, her gut surging in and out, flexing like a pumping heart as she quivered in pleasure. A dopey grin crept across her face, biting her lip in anticipation of the climax that was about to come. Her stomach swelled larger with Midas's increased proximity, growing larger

and larger. It loomed in front of her like a great beast, writhing beneath her fingertips, her gown tearing at the seams as her surface tensed. She looked tight as a fruit on the vine, just bursting with whatever she was filling with. Every time she touched her stomach, it vibrated, shaking with pressure as she shook with pleasure. Her head was bent back, staring skyward as the overwhelming sensations flooded her mind.

Crkkkkkkk

Rmbblblbbblb

The shaking in her stomach turned violent, rocking her body in an intensifying quake that wracked her whole form. Pulsing in and out, her thick skin aching as the limits were tested, her swelling had completely stopped. There was only the sense of mounting pressure; it grew and grew, knocking at the back of her mind.

Just pop, please pop. I need it. I want to.

Tusk craved the release of rupture as her stomach lurched out again, the throbbing pressure building in her like a pent-up climax. She arched her back in an attempt to aid it, stretching out her oversized gut. The shiny surface turned red as lightning bolt stretch marks webbed out from her shallow navel. The cave turned shallow and then flat before she finally got her release.

Sploooossh

Ahhhhh

Tusk's stomach exploded in a shower of blood, popping with an orgasmic cry that carried through to her whole form. Her stretched skin fell over her body like a ruptured tarp, flecks of gray resting in the puddle of blood around her. On her face was a satisfied grin, an expression of pure ecstasy.

"Another lucky one." Midas grimaced in annoyance as Tusk collapsed onto her back, a shower of red dyeing his front. "Now, please. Give me a chance. I've given you a target."

Midas's pleas fell towards Vishka, the only one who in that moment had the power to rupture his throbbing balls. Vishka was happy to oblige, rearing herself back for another shot, her eyes welling with frustration and tears. Tusk was about the only one in the group she got along with, and now she was gone like a discarded toy. Vishka let her arrow loose, then another and another. She didn't wait for them to make contact; she emptied her quiver of every shot, sending a hailfire of them towards Midas's sloshing sack. The arrows came in one after another, each one bouncing harmlessly off of Midas's hide, doing little more than making him moan in pleasure. He ran his fingers down his cheek, biting his pinky to contain himself as his massive

member began to unfurl. Each one of Vishka's impacts was another stimulating glance on his balls, making them shake like gelatin until one struck home.

"Ooooh! Now that's the stuff." Midas moaned in ecstasy as one of Vishka's arrows lodged itself in his sack.

Buried deep in his thick hide, was the tip, almost completely concealed in his skin as he wiggled and moaned. Hands running over his body with sensual touch, the arrow sticking from his hide was buried deep but not enough to do anything more than turn him on. It was unfortunate for Vishka that pleasure fueled Mida's enchantment. An eruption of pink magic sprang from his throbbing hills, encroaching forward like a wall of fog. Along with the step he took, it was enough for Vishka to misjudge the distance.

"Don't worry, I have another one to send you over the edge." Vishka leaned forward to pick up an arrow that hadn't made it far into the wall of magic.

She thought she was safe, thought she'd gauged the distance correctly, but Midas's pleasure was something that couldn't be gauged. The moment she ducked her head down was the same moment that Midas's passion rose. Tomias could see it happen in slow motion; the choking grasp of Midas's magic, an untrollable mist swirled around Vishka's head and coursed down her throat. Bubbles or brimming energy well within her, traveling lower and lower, moving until they settled in her hindquarters. A lump of glowing energy that whirled and coalesced under her skin, accumulating in her rear. One of Vishka's eyes cocked as pleasure overrode her senses; the feeling of growing pressure stimulated her nerves.

"What a shame, you were so close." Midas sighed with a disappointed whisper, only perking up as he saw Vishka keep moving. "Oh, maybe you can do it?"

Vishka's legs trudged forward, dragging her swelling body forward in the singular drive to destroy Midas. The leggings she wore began to tighten around her bubbling rear, the rounding curve pooching out from her tiny thighs. Each step she took forward was another few inches on her form, another surge of growth. Her ass began to bounce up and down, her trudging steps sending ripples of motion through her gelatinous form. Vishka wasn't caught lacking in the booty department, so the magic had to work a little to tighten it. Bouncing up and down like it had a life of its own, rocking out against her pants, the hills of green emerged from her stretching tights. Shiny bubbles of flesh that grew larger, looking close to two bladders under her skin. Filling with an amplifying amount of arcane energy as she got close to Midas, reaching down to grab the arrow that she had been reaching for.

Hueeuh

Heueehhh

Her face was turning pink; the overwhelming pleasure was whipping her system into a frenzy, making every movement ecstatic. She could feel wetness gathering in her pants as her lips rubbed against each other; what were once normal movements became akin to masturbation. She couldn't control it, but she had to muscle through, her bouncing ass knocking against the ground as she knelt down. She was dooming herself; no matter what happened, the thickness of Midas's magic only grew as she got closer, only accelerating her growth. In just a few steps of closed distance, Vishka's ass had blown out like two balloons. Wobbling globes that were too large to fit in someone's hands, the kind of ass that would overflow a chair. Wobbling mounds that jutted out past her hips and shoulders, adding a roundness to her silhouette. She was starting to slosh, the heavy mist filtering through her body and turning into a liquid in her ass. Like two casks of ale, they sloshed and shook as she lifted the air, taking another step closer to Midas. With the bow still in her hand, she grabbed the string, knocking the arrow with trembling hands. Vishka's body shook, convulsing in pleasure, jittering as her hand reached for her pants. She could see it disobeying her command, edging towards her aching lips, wanting to fulfill her need for release. In frustration she ran her finger over the tip of the arrow, drawing blood and eliciting enough pain to bring her back to her senses.

"What a strong will. You would have served better as a member of the cloth." Midas taunted Vishka, goading her into striking as his hands ran over his overflowing cock.

Since his reveal, his dick had slowly been unfurling itself from her flesh, the sagging lumber stiffening with each passing second. It grew longer, reaching full mast by the time that Vishka's arrow had embedded itself into his skin. It was pleasurable enough that he couldn't help but fondle it for stimulation. A lacy nail tracing over the soft surface, his skin curling under the lagging touch. He shuddered, his own body twisting in the constant climax he was subjected to.

Oooohh

Midas moaned in pleasure as he felt one of his balls constrict, warping around some invisible tendrils that wrapped around it. The flesh surface bulged between invisible fingertips, wobbling like gelatin as it undulated. Midas himself shuddered, dribbles of pleasure spurting from the tip of his cock, arching his back to accentuate the feeling. His arms ran over his body, hands clenched together in a maddened grasp, unable to experience as much of his body as he wanted. He slid his forearms down his body, running from peck to hip as the magical force tightened around his balls. Squeezing, clenching, making the surface contort under the arcane force. Midas could barely keep himself sane; it took everything he could muster to not jack himself then and there. He looked over the struggling group, scanning for the source of the spell; the knight was not the casting type, and Vishka was busy knocking her arrow, then his eyes fell on Tomias. The man's hand was outstretched, wrist gripped for stability as he muttered an incantation.

"I didn't know you were kinky like that." Midas smiled, his body shuddering as the wrapping constricted again.

"My actions are so you cannot get away." Tomias shouted back towards the quivering Midas. "Vishka will have her shot."

"Ha! I wasn't planning to move. I'll make it easier for you." Midas shouted with a frantic tone as he oriented his massive sack, dragging Tomias with it.

Midas moved his ballsack, shifting it so the Vishka's embedded arrow was pointed towards her, the wobbling shaft bulging out from Tomias's magic. Midas's shimmering sack gleamed in the underlight, the surface shining like rubber as it bulged. The solid mass under his flesh compressed, shifting under the changing grip as it circled closer. Magical binding wound tighter like they were attached to a crank; each passing second was another aching pressure. Midas did his best to fulfill his end of the promise, keeping his sack still as he writhed in pleasure. Undulating like a snake, wriggling with waving movements as he clung to his skin, digging his hands under his top and playing with his nipples. While Midas and Tomias had their arcane duel, Vishka was still lining up her shot.

Her expanding ass had surged out in the cumbersome stretch of time it took her to knock her bow. Every movement she made was another surge of growth, another couple inches on her rounding backside. The filling orbs sank down the legs of her pants, stretching the leather and pulling the confines against her legs. Added resistance made the movements more difficult, making her pants dig deeply into her crotch, embedding itself between her sopping lips. The outlined hills of flesh only made her synapses fire harder, made her urge to masturbate increase, but she could at least keep enough resolve to avoid it. She could feel the leather stretching, straining to hold together as her size increased. Threads unwound themselves in the seat of her pants, unraveling with every inch she bulged, undoing themselves until they tore.

Riiip

Vishka's pants split down the middle, her ballooning green ass revealing itself to everyone before erupting from her pants. Two mountains of flesh that were almost as tall as she was, the spot her pants had been digging in was red with strain. The wrapping cord had been digging a trench into her ass, divoting the surface until it looked like one of the scars on Midas's sack. The burgeoning orbs squeaked against each other as she brought her arrow back, pulling as hard as she could, her elbow bumping into her sensitive rear. Those bubbling mounds quivered under her touch, vibrating from the mounting pressure. They didn't shake or wobble anymore; all of their natural elasticity was spent, used to hold together. In the back of her mind, Vishka mused about the elasticity of goblins as she tensed her body.

Crkkkkk

Her body began to throb, skin creaking like leather as she bent back into her firing stance, her mammoth mounds dragging across the underbrush. She could feel every stick, every pebble, every blade of grass. Any one of those could pop her like a bubble if she moved wrong, didn't give enough caution, but she knew it didn't matter. She was already past the point

of no return, no way to come back from her current size; she'd pop in a matter of moments, the only difference would be if she fired the arrow or not.

Grnnnnn

Her ass began to groan, throbbing in and out with a pulsing pressure as it struggled to stay intact. Her willpower was fading, her vision was blurring; all she wanted to do was to flick her bean. It was now or never. Vishka loosed the arrow, letting it sail through the air as her body billowed. The snapping bowstring rebounded against her inflated ass, the all-encompassing orbs surrounding her minuscule frame as she stood motionless, breathing in the sensual feeling. Her breathing grew faster, she panted, chest heaving in and out as she let herself go. A spill of red crawled across her green ass, the blimped mounds shaking with pleasure. She didn't care about the arrow anymore; she just wanted some of that good stuff. Reaching down between her legs, she dug her finger into her aching labia, pressing against the pink knob of her clit.

Kersploooooosh

Vishka erupted in a spray of red mist, her backside rupturing like overfilled wineskins, fluttering from the force of her eruption. The blossoming strands of skin fluttered from the force of her explosion, carried by invisible forces as she collapsed forward. Her green tarps of flesh fell upon her body, hiding her and her pleased smile.

Thwack

While Vishka's body lay ruptured on the ground, her arrow soared through the air, piercing the mist, piercing the thick magic, and landing in her previously launched arrow. It split down the middle, splaying the wood apart and striking the arrowhead in Midas's hide. The impact made him shudder in pleasure, pink blush creeping across his cheeks as a maniacal grin curled on his face. His sharp teeth shone in arcane light as he clasped at his face, scrabbling for some kind of release from the pleasure. A single claw found itself past his lips, Midas biting down on the appendage in some form of release as the shockwave of Vishka's impact rippled through his body. The combined effort of Tomias's spell and Vishka's impact should have been enough, enough to rupture anything as overfilled as he was. There was a ripple from his shake, a throbbing shake as Tomias's grip tightened; flesh bulged, turning red around the spot, throbbing and surging in size. Then, there was nothing; the impact was nothing but a teasing blow, an illusory promise of a climax.

"Oh, what a damnable shame. To bring me so close and then leave me wanting." Midas lamented the dodge climax, seemingly cursing the heavens as he looked to the sky.

His lineage, his bloodline, was borne from some great and ancient dragon, and it granted him durability beyond durability. He was like a balloon of iron, flexible and impenetrable. The feeling of pleasure he had attained from having his balls twisted faded, as it paled in comparison to what he felt from that arrow. It was the closest he had gotten to his ultimate goal.

"You can squeeze a bit harder, you know? I don't think you can pop them, but it will make me feel better." Midas had a single tear rolling down his eye as he looked to Tomias with a pleading smile.

Tomias gritted his teeth, the arcane energies whirling through his arm in a spiraling vortex of energy. The fury in his heart fueled the spell in his hands; tendrils of blue sprouted from his palm as the invisible grip he had on Tomias's sack became visible. Spiraling wraps of energy solidified into stony blue tendrils, straps of rigid stone gripped the wobbling balls as Tomias tried to clench his fist. Veins on his palm bulged, muscles quivered, and tendons flexed as he tried to crush an invisible mass in his hand. As he gripped, the wrappings around Midas's sac tightened, wrapping around the massive jewel with crushing grasp. The egg-shaped mass inside slid between the bindings, skirting around contracting wrappings until they surrounded it like a cage. Flesh bulged from shrinking gaps; Midas's sack protruded through the gaps as turgid flesh creaked. The lone arrow tip wobbled in the thick gash, the thinning flesh pushing it out from its nest as Tomias forced it out. Hoping the weak spot would prove to be Midas's undoing, Tomias kept pressing, sweat forming on his brow as he tried to close his hand; it was such a simple spell, as soon as it was set, all it took was a clenched fist to spell his target's doom. Tomias didn't realize that Midas's resistance was more than mere physical resistance; the dragon was a being beyond magic. His resilience against incantations born from the strength of his own spell, the one that brought him to this size. Tomias needed to concentrate more, to work harder.

"Come on, Daddy, harder." Midas licked his lip, lapping away the tear that had slid down past it.

Tomias didn't answer; he didn't want to play the dragon's games: he took his free hand, wrapping it around the one the spell held and clenched. Using magic to augment his strength, he tried to crush Midas's balls with both his hands. The stone bindings ground against themselves, tightening like a ratchet as he watched the orb pulse. Shining flesh pulled against the sac of wobbling flesh; veins peered back at him through the thinned surface as he worked. It was a struggle of mind and matter. The pale mountain behind Midas trembled, the flesh straining to hold together as he writhed in pleasure. He squirmed like a snake, thrusting his hips like he was fucking the air. His turgid rod sat on his pelvis like a gleaming beacon, glistening with pleasure as he experienced true elation.

While Tomias and Midas were having their battle of wills, Lucas was making his way towards Midas's mountainous balls. Without the aid of magic, his only recourse was to muscle his way past the wall of magic. His steps got heavier as he moved closer, each plodding footstep weight more than the last. The thickness of Midas's aura rattled the plates on his armor, bolts and chains loosening and flecking off as Lucas continued. His single-minded dedication to the task is what carried him forward. Through burning muscles, through cracking bones, he would see the job done. Midas's bliss was not making the task any easier; as his euphoria rose, the magic exuding from his body only thickened. Lucas was only ten feet away, in lunging distance, but those ten feet felt like a mile. Grass kicked up behind him as his feet dug into the

mud, scraping away at the surface of the earth as the forces tried to knock him away. The amulet around his neck was growing brighter, rattling like it was being shaken by the wind. Lucas was unsure how much longer it would hold on.

Tomias had been paying no heed to Lucas; it took all of his focus to keep his spell going; his chanting was growing weaker as he continued. The spell was not meant for such protracted battles and was becoming increasingly strained. Stone was starting to crack, the surface losing its cohesion as he got weak in the knees. He couldn't do it for much longer; he watched Midas run his hands up and down his throbbing member, pleasuring himself to the feeling of pleasure. The turgid flesh bunching under his claws as the oak rose like a mighty ballista. Arced and angled like he was ready to siege some far away town. Midas's putting his whole body into his self-pleasure, thrusting his hips, shaking the bindings around his sack. Each thrust was another crack in the binding, eroding the tensile strength with little issue. Midas could feel the grip loosening as well, putting him in a desperate contest to try and get his rocks off before the spell failed.

"Come on! Just a little bit longer! Don't let your heart give out on me, old man!" Midas shouted with a frenzied taunt.

"Shut your mouth! I'll pop you like a grape!" Tomias shouted as loud as he could.

With a desperate clutch, Tomias slammed his hand shut, forcing his fingers so hard that he was worried he'd broken something. He could hear cracking from his clenched fist, but he was confident that he'd done it. He looked at Midas, watching him squirm in pleasure as the stone bindings trembled, squeezing so hard that the sack beneath them turned red. The pressure inside bulged so violently that it creaked.

Oooooooooohh

Midas moaned in pleasure, his eyes rolling back in his head as the immense pressure brought him so close to climax. His body trembled, the massive hill of flesh behind him jostled, the flesh burgeoning out like it was hooked to a bellows. The tension increased, and his skin tensed like it was about to blow.

crack

Before Midas could get his rocks off, the stone bindings around the balls shattered, cracking from the strain and dissolving into dust. The blue stone crumbled upon the writhing mass as it sprang back to its original shape. Midas's craven undulation slowed to a halt as his fun-time ended; the pleased grin on his face faded as his colossal sack throbbed from pent-up pleasure. The familiar ache of blue-balls was creeping through him as his climax was wrenched away from him.

"It's okay. I bet it's the first time this has ever happened to you." Midas chuckled with a sullen grin as he stared back at Tomias.

Tomias's blood boiled; he would not stand another taunt from the mouth of this ridiculous foe. Someone with balls the size of mountains wasn't a heroic task; it was a parody of something heroic. His anger bubbled over in his mind as he rushed towards Midas, chanting a spell under his breath. It was a counterspell, a bit of morphic magic centered on himself that would part the smallest bit of Midas's veil. It allowed him to get close, close enough to strike at the massive sack. A magiced dagger formed around Tomias's fist as he got close enough to strike, blitzing past Lucas in a blur. He was right next to the throbbing mass, the dagger perched high as he slammed it down on Lucas's skin. Just like the stone binding, the dagger shattered piece by piece until Tomias's bare hand struck against the surface.

"That really rubbed you the wrong way, huh?" Midas only gave Tomias a disappointed grin as his magic ran through the wizard.

A pink aura traveled up Tomias's arm, swirling about his body before being absorbed into the pendant on his neck. There was a moment of relief before the pendant began to tremble, the ballsack effigy bulging against the leather seams. It grew and inflated, smacking against Tomias's chest as it reached the size of grapefruits in an instant. It pulsed, once, twice, then it exploded. The bulging pendant ripped apart as the magics it had been shielding against erupted and found their way into Tomias's form. He could feel the pressure, the swelling force inside of his sack. It pressed against the inside of his skin, making it bulge and bubble like a bladder hooked to a hose. Pulsing and undulating under his robe, the accumulating magic turned into mass. He could feel his skin stretching to accommodate the magic as it flooded his system, paralyzing him with an overwhelming feeling.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" Midas gave Tomias a sly wink before tearing the man's robe from his body.

His pale body shone in the shimmering magic light as his sac inflated, two globes that grew between his legs. Pushing into his thighs, forcing them apart as they transitioned to great swells. His wrinkled skin stretching until it was as shiny as Midas's, he was feeling pressure assaulting him twofold. The pressure of his balls engorging themselves with magic and the feeling of his balls stretching his skin. He was approaching the size his amulet had reached, the bloated orbs of flesh reaching that same grapefruit size but still growing. Tomias was too wrapped up in the feelings of euphoria to do anything, his nerves overwhelmed by the flood of new sensations. Feeling his body stretched against itself, the flood of pressure against his skin, it brought him to his knees. Kneeling down in the brush, hands clenched in frustration as he sat paralyzed, his balls swelling out of control. Each ovoid bulge pushed out against itself, inflating into pert balloons of arcane energy.

It was a mind-numbing pleasure that tickled the core of his nethers, raising his cock like a mast. Hardening his member, turning the shrunken snake into a stiff python as his bulbous

balls inflated into grand floats of flesh. Their circumference was too great to handle in a single hand; he could barely get his arms around them. Gradually crawling lower as the magic coursed through his body. The lowest stretch of his balls brushed against the grass as they descended past his knees. Pulsing, throbbing, their pressure great enough that he could feel every breeze on them. His sensitive nerves made his body shudder, his stiff rod twitching as the smallest vestiges of climax crawled across his skin. Dribbles of pleasure slipped from his sealed lips as he grew alongside his balls.

Crkkkk

There was a trembling creak that ran across his skin, the sound of straining wood or leather. His testes bulged like overfilled wineskins, throbbing in and out as the pressure inside sought an exit. Each bit of growth was earned through tremendous strain and struggle, every inch attained with shaky skin. Tomias wasn't perched on his knees anymore; his pulsing privates had lifted him from the ground, raising him like great floats. His body fell and rose with the pulsing of his sack; the sound his body gave was a familiar one. The sound of leather being pulled until it snapped, the rough strain of hide at its limit.

Grrnnn

Rmbblblblb

Tomia's balls began to tremble, their surface straining to hold together, the pale skin gaining a red hue. It started as a small blotch at first, but it crawled its way up his sack like spilled ink, moving higher until his balls looked like ripe tomatoes. His veins bulged under his skin, thick tubes that wrapped around the perfect spheres as magic welled within them. It was an escalating pressure that only grew without release; it made Tomias moan in pleasure as his body bucked.

"That's it, let it all out. One of us has to be lucky today." Midas had a jealous frown on his face as he watched Tomias.

Tomia's body rumbled, his cock twitched as the climbing heat of pressure reached his core. Throbbing, aching, inching ever closer to climax until his growth stopped, nothing but the ache remained. The sound of stretching leather rang through the forest as Tomias brought shaking hands to his cock. Unable to control himself, unable to fight his urges, he started to wring his hands on the growing shaft. Riding the meat up and down, fighting against the hard meat as his body trembled. There was a final twitch of muscle, a final spasm of flesh before everything surged out. His balls surged and then collapsed under his weight.

Bam

In a glorious shower of red, Tomias's balls exploded, the overstretched patches of skin fluttering like sails in the wind. The force of the rupture rocketed his body back, knocking him against Midas's sack and covering him with his own skin. A shower of red painted Midas's body as he stood there speechless. For a moment, he felt regret, felt envy; Midas had thought he found a rival in those moments, someone to go the distance. The barbs they shared were like something out of a stage play, but it was too good to be true. Midas's eyes fell, looking down to the ground with a sullen gaze, all of the bodies around him, and only two came close to giving him the real climax he desired.

Snap

A snapped twig drew Midas's attention from his own lamentations, centering them on the approaching figure. Lucas was so silent that it was like he wasn't there, just a silent and looming presence. Trudging forward like some towering juggernaut, his armored steps sinking into the dirt as he got closer. Midas looked at him curiously, seeing the armor peeling away from his gauntlets, plates flecking away a piece at a time. His breastplate was worn and coarse from the strain he was putting it under. The man was a machine, somehow stronger than steel, and it intrigued Midas.

"You know, it's going to get harder. I tend to run a bit wild when I'm climaxing." Midas was giving earnest advice, but it sounded like a taunt.

There was no response from Lucas; he was a stonewall, a boulder tumbling down a hill; nothing could make him waver. Slowly, Lucas pulled a smallsword from a sheath, a glimmering blade as thin as a needle. The blade shone as he readied it, the sharpened point catching the light and emphasizing the enchantment within. Midas could see a blue shimmer run down the forged lines of the blade; it was enchanted. Out of all the combatants who had faced him, Lucas was the only one that brought an enchanted blade. Midas couldn't help but laugh.

"If your companions had simply waited, you would have done the job. But, who am I to complain? If they had let you do the work, then I would have missed out on foreplay." Midas smiled as he took a step closer.

He couldn't fight his anticipation; he shifted his massive sack closer, wielding those mountains with feathery ease. The magic around him pushed against Luca's trudging form like a vortex, whirling about his body and pushing against his barrier. Midas swayed his hips in anticipation, running his hands up his legs like he was on display, his tail curling around his own neck. Midas grinned as he tightened it, giving himself a good choke as he ran his hands up and down his throbbing cock. Starting the motor again would be an ordeal, but it would be the only chance to experience a real orgasm. His twitching member rocked on its own, throbbing in anticipation while he pleased the shaft.

Lucas was paying him no mind; Midas's taunts simply rolled off him like arrows bounced off his armor. The verbal jabs left no impression as Lucas narrowed his gaze, raising his small

sword as he steadied his aim. He looked for the spot that Vishov had wounded earlier, the deep gash with the arrowhead still embedded. Raising the blade high, careful not to touch Midas's wobbling skin, he plunged the blade down. Sparks flew as metal impacted metal, his attack striking the embedded arrowhead. Over and over, hammering his blade into the digging metal, the tip of his blade making deeper indents in the arrowhead. The metal was splitting, pushing Midas's flesh apart as it drove deeper into his sack.

"Oh yeah! That's the stuff." Midas ran a hand through his crimson hair, teasing the edges in ecstasy.

His turgid rod was spurting bits of fluid with each strike, the soft and shiny flesh pulsing with unspent pleasure. Muscle twitched as Midas leant into the impacts, his muscles twitching in euphoria. Every impact was like a night's worth of foreplay, a day's worth of teasing; he couldn't believe it was all his. It took all of his concentration to not collapse onto himself and ruin the knight's angle; he was so close, just a little more.

Clang

Clang

Clang

Lucas hammered his blade down with increasing force, digging through the metal and creating an opening. He knew where the arrowhead lay was the deepest point, the spot where the skin was at its shallowest. His vision was going blurry from exhaustion, hammering, and thrusting. Over and over, driving his penetrating blade into Midas's sack, each impact making the mounds wobble like the ocean. Sloshing back and forth as they began to tense, quivering as there was a snap of metal. Lucas's blade had finally broken through the arrowhead, driving true into the thick hide. Leathery skin wobbled under the repeated impacts, creating an uneasy target that Lucas managed to always strike. Blow after blow, Lucas's breathing was getting labored as his raised arm tired.

"Oh! Oh! Ooooooh!" Midas's eyes lit up with each impact, moaning in frantic ecstasy.

It was the closest he had gotten to his goal since the first night he made his enchantment. The way the enchanted blade struck against his skin was like a sharp quill, a light and ephemeral touch that lit up his senses. Despite the violent shaking of his balls and the forceful impacts, it all felt like a lover's caress. Midas's warped perception made him crave more as he could feel the blade reaching his core. His mind wandered to an image of a heart encased in stone, a chisel being hammered closer and closer. Each drive cracked away the rocky exterior until it finally penetrated the rock and struck into the heart.

"YEAAAAH!" Midas screamed in ecstasy as his balls began to throb.

Lucas's last blow had struck gold; the arrowhead had snapped clean in two and his powerful thrust had made contact. The enchanted point penetrated the thin layer of soft flesh under Midas's hide. He couldn't pull the blade out, it was stuck, any attempts to remove it only took Midas's flesh with it. Lucas was ready to pull out another blade until he heard a noise.

Crkkkk

Midas's skin began to stretch; the buried blade had struck the inflated curve of his testicle and ruptured the enchanted structure. Magic and fluid began to flood Midas's body as his balls began to inflate. The gargantuan orbs swelling behind him like looming bubbles, growing larger and larger, throbbing like explosive charges. The pale bubbles behind him inflated higher than the treetops, pushing and toppling the adjacent trees. Growing like a wave of flesh, his sack lifted him high into the air, leaving him mounted on the uncontrollable ride. Midas ran his hands up and down his cock, grabbing as much of it as he could as he desperately tried to reach climax. The pleasure welled inside of him alongside the pressure, his body pulsing like his cock. The strained hide of his sack lost its signature softness, turning into a turgid and tight surface. Taut as a drum, stretched so thin that you could see the magics swirling beneath the surface.

Rmblblbl

Midas's body began to writhe, began to buck, his whole form shifting atop his bloated peaks. The jewels between his legs throbbed with pressure, aching for that sweet release. Release wasn't for him at this moment; pressure just mounted and mounted. Pressure simply rose, creating a forceful feeling that wrecked his mind and body. He was being brought back to his first night, the time punched through the walls and ceiling. Bringing him back to that fateful night alone in his lab. Midas's eyes rolled back in his head, his mouth opened wide as a guttural cry of climax broke from his throat. The ground beneath him shook as his sack throbbed under him. Pulsing in and out, each contraction pulling him below the treetops and then lifting him into the sky. His twitching dick throbbed, his muscles ached as the final spasms of climax rocked his body.

Crkkkk

"Bring it home!" Midas screamed as a stream of white slipped past his pursed tip.

The heat of orgasm ran through his body, knocking him around as his balls turned bright red. The pounding pressure made his seed come out in spurts. His sack turned an angry shade of red before it reached its limit.

Sploooossh

With the force of a natural disaster, he ruptures, a splitting crease tore its way up his stretched skin. Spiderwebbing their way to his base as the pressure tore his sack to pieces, the

force of his rupture was only overshadowed by his cry of pleasure. His voice echoed to the heavens, the final cry of climactic pleasure that rang through the woods. With his detonation came a shockwave of magic, purple energy that rippled through the woods and dissipated in the fields without. Throughout the vast woods, the sounds of pleased moans and pops echoed, cries of people affected by the powerful magic.

Lucas stood taciturn; the tidal wave of blood that came from Midas's eruption had coated him in red. Lapping waves of crimson washed across his feet, kicking up as he lifted his boot. His blade was still stuck in a fragment of Midas's hide, a leathery scrap that was thick as his arm. Lucas retrieved his blade from the wreckage, keeping the flesh attached.

"It will be a long walk home." Lucas threw his helmet off as he strode through the wreckage.

Back at the adventurer's guild, Lucas had deposited his bounty on the table, the sword and flesh still a whole.

"I see. So you are the only one collecting this bounty?" The pink-haired Newt on the other side of the counter looked at him curiously.

"Just me. The rest did not make it." Lucas held out his hand to collect the gold being handed to him. "Oh, and be sure to have mages look at that before anyone touches it."

Lucas turned his back on the clerk, counting the gold in his hand as he walked out of the shop. Behind him, the cries of pleasure and stretching skin echoed through the hall; the clerk hadn't listened to him. It wasn't any of his concern; he had enough to live a quiet life and aimed to do it.

The doors swung close behind him as a pop and splatter sounded from behind the door; Midas's powers were still strong.