

Neither of them knew how long they spent wrestling one another on the ground, only that it was long enough for Volt to slip away from the house unnoticed before they could do anything about it. Even then it still took both dragonesses *far* too long to come to terms with and accept this as fact, allowing them to focus their attention on how oily their bodies were, or how the house still reeked of sex and musk; it fueled their decision to keep on exploring their bodies, to ignore responsibilities and instead pursue carnal pleasure to the very ends of reason. It felt like the best thing to do at the time, now that their lover was gone; without the dragon to provide the distractions they so wanted, it was only fair they found them somewhere else. Predictably, they chose one another, seeing as they were, well... *there*.

This wasn't meant to last. Pleasurable or not, there was only so much they could do with a bottle of syrup before it became boring and the two began craving stimulation of a much longer, girthier nature... but with Volt gone from their lives for the time being, they had to confront themselves with their immediate reality, which unfortunately meant realizing that what they had done the night before had left the house in such a state that, frankly, it was no wonder that their lover had decided to just run away and leave them alone. Though the bedroom had taken most of the damage, the ensuing clean-up ensured that, portals or not, there was still a significant amount of fluids lying around wherever they looked, their smell sticking to every damned surface they approached. To the two women it was actually sort of enlightening to see just what they had done to the place; what kind of beasts had they made of themselves that their juices got *everywhere*?!

It was a hard question to answer, mostly because it involved analyzing their decisions, and doing so after such a long streak of bad ones was bound to be uncomfortable to the nth degree. Both dragonesses mutually agreed to just try and put things behind them, for the sake of everyone really; the house still needed cleaning up and they were at least *partly* responsible for all the mess, so it was only fair they did their part. How much this "part" was turned out to be a point of contention, especially since neither of them wanted to be the unlucky one who had to scrape cum off the walls; how exactly that thing got stuck *behind* the wallpaper was a riddle for the ages, and one the neither Spyra nor Cynder wanted to try answering. Still, someone had to do it, and the two took turns losing at rock-paper-scissors before begrudgingly grabbing some soap and a brush. There'd be a lot of renovations around the house once they were done; regretful though they may be, there was no chance in any of the seven hells that they *wouldn't* repeat that stunt at some point in the future, thus making waterproofing be an absolute top priority.

Any discussions they might've had over their future together were wrapped up and thrown somewhere where they didn't need to think about it. This was *Spyra's* and Volt's house, after all; Cynder was only there due to her interference in their relationship, and while it'd be disingenuous for the original inhabitant to claim that nothing that happened really mattered, she still had no intention of having the other dragoness move in. There were a wide variety of reasons, most of which revolved around feelings of personal jealousy, but, perhaps most

importantly... they only really had one room, and Spyra would be damned before she consigned her friend to sleeping on the couch every night. Neither her *nor* the upholstery deserved that kind of punishment.

Nonetheless, things had to be discussed, whether or not they wanted them to be. As the amount of fluids they were cleaning up was slowly but steadily reduced, they could see the awkwardness rising in the horizon, the uncomfortable words they'd have to exchange approaching at quickening speed. Something was going to have to break and at least one of them would have to give; it was up in the air which one that would be, or if the two women could come to grips with their own possessiveness and make concessions towards both sides. Curiously, what finally triggered it all wasn't even anything of consequence to the discussion itself; after wrapping up the last globs of cum and throwing them into a portal to be sent... elsewhere... Cynder brought a hand to her forehead to wipe the sweat off of it and then walked up to the recently-cleaned mirror inside one of the closet doors. There she admired herself, tracing her curves with one finger while unashamedly biting her lip; Volt's eager lovemaking left her looking like something out of a wet dream, one of *her* wet dreams too, but it just wasn't convenient and she knew it. Thankfully, it was easy enough to tap into all the power she had stored up inside of her and change the way her body looked; trimming a bit of fat here, and bit of pudge there, sculpting her edges so she'd have a far more pronounced hourglass figure, the works. It took a few minutes, during which Spyra watched on with obvious jealousy, but Cynder successfully turned herself into a smaller, yet somehow *shapelier* version of herself.

It was only after turning around that the dragoness noticed that her companion was eyeing her down with near-murderous intent written all over her eyes. For a moment, Cynder was confused; the chores were done and she'd just made herself *smaller*, thus giving Spyra the upper hand in the size competition. Better yet, she hadn't even done so for that purpose; it was just a way of walking around more conveniently. Surely, she thought to herself, her friend couldn't be angry about that, could she?

"Teach me how to do that," Spyra demanded, crossing her arms beneath her bust.

Cynder was flabbergasted; *that's* why she was so mad? It took her far too long to remember why her friend even wore that necklace all the time, at which point every puzzle piece slid into place and everything clicked in the most horrible way possible. There was Spyra, someone who had been transformed into a giantess against her will and had been made to fix the resulting mess. There was Spyra, who was shown the glory of a body the size of a mountain and yet forced to wear a restraining bolt around her neck everywhere. There was Spyra, made to watch as her main romantic rival effortlessly changed her own body to fit her own desires like it was the simplest thing in the world. Cynder couldn't even begin to imagine the amount of resentment and jealousy going through Spyra's head, and what was worse, she couldn't blame her either; she

herself would've felt the exact same if they were in her position, so what gave them the right to judge? Her shoulders slumped and her eyes were firmly fixed on the ground, the dragoness finding it hard to come up with any words that could possibly excuse her behaviour. Ignorance of it wouldn't cut it; thoughtlessness wasn't much better.

So why not a trade?

"I can teach you, i-if you want," she mumbled, trying to find where she put her strength and confidence, "it's not really that difficult, we can even work with your necklace on!"

Spyra continued to stare at her with an intensity that would rival the glare of the sun itself, before finally sighing and turning around. She muttered something about fixing up lunch as she walked out into the hallway, leaving Cynder alone to feel sorry for herself. At least the dragoness had the decency to follow her friend and try to make polite conversation, mixing in a few more apologies and promising that it wasn't a deliberate attempt at showing off; she was just utterly insensitive and caught in the moment! Something about the candidness of that admission of guilt seemed to catch Spyra off-guard as well; though she refused to acknowledge it, she felt an immense need to chuckle every time it was brought up again, as if her friend's sudden glut of self-awareness was actually funny to her. Eventually, she did start talking again, deftly avoiding anything that might have any emotional weight whatsoever.

"So how's it like sharing your place with someone else?" Cynder dared to ask, "'Cuz uh, I couldn't help but notice you only had one bedroom. And one bed."

Her intentions were clear, even if her words could be a bit more. Spyra was delighted to answer that question, and did so with the most sing-songy tone she could find within herself; it wasn't every day she got to brag about things.

"I insisted on it and he agreed. Nominally it was supposed to be for cost-cutting, buuuuuut~"

"I thought you two weren't... you know, *together* together until very recently though."

"Eh, true enough, but you know what it's like" - truth be told, even Spyra didn't know what it was like. Goodness knows why she thought having a single bed when her feelings for Volt were so complicated would be a good idea - "besides, it worked, didn't it? Probably gonna need to replace it, but I'm sure we'll find something."

"Does he usually do the clean-up?"

Spyra coughed.

“Oh, right,” Cynder coughed back, suddenly remembering what their non-existent sex life had been like before the mountain, “s-sorry.”

“It’s alright, just... I don’t wanna think about it too hard. It’s been nice, not gonna lie; having him around the house was... gods, I don’t even know how I can describe it. It was like being teased every single second of every single minute and hour in the day, until you’re dripping wet and your knees are shaking and you can feel your juices flow down the inside of your legs” - the dragoness’ voice was somewhere far past decent, and though her own cheeks were quite red, they were nothing compared to the bright crimson that Cynder had turned - “every single time I looked at him I could just *picture* that massive cock of his just *ramming* into me, over and over again until I couldn’t even walk right for a whole day. And honestly, when the whole mountain thing happened? *Gods*, it was even better than I could’ve imagined! Like every fuck dream you’ve had came to life and fucked itself only to make it even better before ramming you into the ground and riding you dry...”

It took a few seconds for Spyra to realize what she had just said, at which point she brought a hand to her mouth and widened her eyes, wondering if she had, in fact, just said *all of those things*. Sweat poured down her brow when she turned around to see Cynder, looking to be about as embarrassed as Spyra was and glowing an even brighter red than usual. The two women looked at one another for an embarrassingly long amount of time, at which point they seemed to come to the mutual agreement that never, in the history of time, would that sudden outburst of Spyra’s ever so much as *try* to leave that room. Both of them were content in such an arrangement and took the time to calm down; Spyra by opening the fridge and sticking her head inside, Cynder by bringing both hands between her legs, having figured the best way to deal with the urges would be to simply... indulge them.

Once everything was settled, the two could get down to business and eat lunch, which they did in utmost silence and without so much as a single exchanged glance between them. Anything of the sort would inevitably result in some kind of slip-up, and considering the one that had just taken place, neither dragoness wanted to take the risk of triggering the next one. It was honestly surprising how they managed to last until the very last bite before anything of substance happening, and even then it was just Spyra offhandedly mentioning that she had been meaning to learn transfiguration and self-modification magic since before the “mountain thing” happened. Cynder took this to mean that her friend was open to the idea of accepting her offer, and so suggested the two head out to the fields outside of town in order to have enough room. Spyra said nothing, looking very intently at her empty plate instead. She *wanted* to say yes, but knew that was a fast track to losing control, and losing control meant potentially worsening the sanctions she already had levied at her. It was unbearable enough as it was to know that she was

as big as that place she burst free from and had to constantly live at a much smaller size, she could barely even imagine what it would be like with further punishment thrown on top of it. But it was either that, or rely on the kindness and forgiveness of others to take the necklace off some time in the future... and given that Cynder had effectively made size alteration magic the new taboo subject around town, that was unlikely to happen.

The compressed dragoness nodded, waving towards the door. Her friend, already sighing in relief, took charge and led the way outside, having to turn back around at the last instant after remembering she was still completely naked. Not that this would've made much of a difference; everyone already knew who they were, what they looked like and why exactly they should give them the stink-eye, thus making it merely a formality for them to hold onto their decency. Honestly, given all the hostility everyone was giving them, they wondered whether or not they *should* have just gone nude, really own up to what they did; certainly helped that a few eyes began to turn towards them with something other than annoyance or anger, the vaguest hint of suppressed lust glinting within them. This was to be expected, really; how *could* everyone unanimously agree to hate a couple of beautiful specimens such as themselves? The only thing really stopping them from fully flaunting their stuff in the most direct way possible was the threat of further action on the part of the local authorities; otherwise, the two dragonesses *would* be spending their time hip-checking everyone onto the ground and inviting all comers to nestle within their bosoms. Frankly, it felt like a waste for them not to; why even have bodies like those if they weren't going to use them to their fullest extent? It's not like Volt had any kind of monopoly over them, nor would they ever accept such a thing being imposed upon them; "share the love" were the keywords of the day.

It was a shame they couldn't just stop to show off to everyone, or else they would've gladly spent several hours doing nothing but posing for whatever passed for adoring fans, taking pictures and signing autographs and whatever else their lust-addled brains thought they'd be doing. In reality, they'd be lucky if they had even a single bashful comment directed at them; people were either too pissed at the destruction of property or *far* too cowed by the duo's intimidating presence to really do much of anything with them, but at least this sort of self-inflicted distraction was enough to keep the both of them busy with something other than groping themselves... even if their hands *did* float from one part of the other's body to another with disturbing ease. It was almost *too* good to pass up; to Cynder, Spyra was there, and to Spyra, Cynder was there. To not enjoy their shapely forms would be akin to making them go to waste, and if there was something neither of them were, it was wasteful; this was the rationalization they had chosen for themselves and they were sticking with it, even if it flew in the face of basic, observable reality. They weren't just horny; they were being *responsible*.

Once outside the boundaries of their hometown, the two could finally get down to business doing something about Spyra being unable to control her own size. It had been a problem ever

since the mountain incident, and something she was interminably embarrassed by; Cynder had deliberately taken advantage of this in order to get closer to Volt, sure, but even she could see how much it affected her friend now. Her body wasn't really *flat*, especially after how much Volt had gotten to it the previous night; even with the necklace on, Spyra could easily outsize just about anyone else she met! With a pair of breasts covering most of her chest and offering a frankly indecent amount of backboob, an ass that could serve as its own beanbag and dared any chair to even *try* and hold it back without cracking in half, and a set of flared hips and thickest of thighs that would swallow up just about any hand that was bold enough to sink into them, it was hard not to see her as some kind of icon of fertility. The only thing missing was the milk, and Cynder was reasonably certain her friend could get started on that if she *really* wanted to, were it not for the mess and inherent difficulty in stopping if it turned out to be even remotely pleasurable. All that said, both of them were painfully aware of just how little this was representative of her *true* size, the one that had destroyed the mountain hiding those magic crystals and continued to grow to this very day, the size that had only gotten even more ridiculous once it, too, absorbed plenty of Volt's cum. The size that, for all intents and purposes, had been *stolen* from her by people who were more interested in preserving the landscape than doing anything more productive with their time.

It was downright criminal to hide something like that from the world; unlike Cynder, whose magic had more or less made sure she didn't even have a set of proportions she liked to call her baseline, Spyra couldn't help being that big. It was mostly the result of a bunch of weird gems whose origins none of them knew about, to be fair, but it was still something outside of her control; she couldn't have *guessed* they were going to turn her into a behemoth, after all. Thus, it was only fair that she be given some degree of choice over just how large her body should be... even if they both knew the answer to that would always be "as big as possible."

"Ok, first things first," Cynder spoke up, positioning herself so she was facing her friend from a few feet away, "we're going to start working *through* the necklace. Can't take it off right now, so what we're gonna do is try to warp our magic while taking it into consideration. It should be easy enough for you, given that you actually *have* mass to draw from, while *I* had to fiddle something out from complicated enchantments and... stuff I'd rather not remember because of how headache-inducing it was."

"Didn't you spend years working on it though?" Spyra questioned, looking *and* sounding disappointed already, "What exactly am I gonna do on an afternoon?"

"I spent years on it because the textbooks are terrible and insist you go through a great number of basics that won't actually help *you* here," the other dragoness scoffed, knowing full well what she just said was a blatant misrepresentation of the truth, "in your case, we just need to

figure out a way to safely draw upon what you *already* have and bring it forth without it being too... explosive.”

“Ex... plosive...?”

“You know, so you don’t... run into buildings and flatten the town or whatever” - Cynder’s own memories of almost doing that herself were not helping her attempts at keeping herself composed, something plainly visible from how hard she was blushing - “after all, you *did* almost flatten a mountain, so what hope do bricks have against you?”

“I... guess you have a point?” - Spyra looked more confused and lost than ever - “But if that’s the case, wouldn’t we need to actually release some of it while we’re practicing? Because we’re *really* close to the town if that’s the case.”

“Not to worry, I can keep you under control myself!” Cynder confidently declared, “All I need you to do is tune your magic with mine and I can help you with whatever you need to maintain the stability of the morphing spell. If anything goes wrong or you lose control of it all, I can step in and make sure that you don’t suddenly break free of the necklace. Sound fair?”

Spyra didn’t *look* all that convinced, but something was telling her that letting go of that opportunity would cost her dearly down the line. Not much she could do now as well, given she had just walked through town precisely in order to learn the secrets of bodymodding from a very eager dragoness; it’d just be rude to back away at the very last second. Not only that, but Cynder was offering to synch up their magical energies in order to take the lead; this not only required a great deal of concentration and focus, but also signalled to Spyra that her friend meant business. That sort of intimate contact wasn’t offered lightly, as tapping into someone else’s energy like that was seen as a very... intimate gesture, far more than simple intercourse would be. For Cynder to gladly offer it up was, therefore, a sign that she truly believed Spyra was capable of pulling through; whether that meant she was a visionary or just a plain old idiot was still to be seen.

“Alright,” Spyra agreed, “let’s do this.”

The dragoness sunk her claws into the ground, bracing herself for what she was certain was going to be a large, powerful impact; they’d never actually shared their power like that before, so the realization that it was far more of a trickle than a flood left her feeling quite embarrassed at her display... and slightly disappointed that it wasn’t nearly as “meaningful” as she thought it would be. Yes, she could feel every inch of Cynder’s body as if it were hers, but even as she waited and allowed the realization to set in, Spyra really couldn’t understand why people didn’t do that more often. After all, the sensations were *unbelievably* powerful, being able to truly

understand what the other dragoness felt, knowing her curves like they were her own, feeling every inch of her soft, supple skin, her rounded breasts, her fat as-

“Spyra,” Cynder called out, snapping her out of her funk, “some measure of decency, please.”

It took that comment before the other dragoness realized she’d been openly fondling herself, having already removed her top to do so. Given some time to reflect, it was obvious where the switch had taken place, leaving Spyra feeling mighty embarrassed at being unable to control her urges like that. Cynder was obviously having to fight back quite a few things herself, given how much her legs were quivering, but at least *she* held her composure for long enough to clear her throat and center herself, allowing the two of them to get started on their actual exercises.

“Alright,” the sorceress carried on, “now I’m going to need you to follow my lead in some breathing exercises, Spyra. Just do what I do...”

Thus the two began their studies, working in tandem so that Cynder could show her friend how to adequately control the flow of mass in and out of her body. As she had predicted before, it was turning out to be surprisingly easy for the compressed dragoness, who had ample stores of herself to draw from; it was merely a question of learning how and when to “shut the gates,” as it were, giving her body just enough leeway to burgeon outwards with some of her true size before halting the process just when she wanted to. This much was actually very simple; it was the *reverse* that proved to be significantly harder, given Spyra’s natural resistance to shrinking. By all means, having an artifact like the necklace there should make turning her smaller supremely easy, but seeing as magic was mostly guided by intent and will, having to fight against her base desires to become ever larger and not a single inch tinier meant that “venting” some of her size back into the compressor field turned out to be an immense challenge. The two had to work through a great amount of complaining and a stupendously childish tantrum, but eventually managed to find a way for Spyra to focus on something long enough to distract her from how “painful” shrinking herself was to her psyche. The end result was a lot of wailing and gnashing of teeth, but nothing that a well-aimed bap to the back of the head wouldn’t fix.

It quickly became obvious, however, that despite Spyra taking to the lessons marvelously quickly, there was still something in the way, something that wasn’t just her deliberately trying to push her limits as far as they could go. The necklace itself, nominally there to contain her size and restrain her ability to change it, was turning out to be a much bigger obstacle than it was any help; Cynder despised the use of simplistic charms like that, as they had a tendency to hamstring *proper* mastery of the magical arts with brutish approaches and poorly-worded enchantments. If Spyra was to truly learn how to alter her size, then that thing had to go; otherwise, she’d be stuck constantly battling it for dominance, with even her shrinking herself at times going much farther



than she wanted thanks to the charm being built to focus in that “direction.” Unfortunately, Spyra was still too scared of the consequences to consider taking it off; what if it *wasn't* the necklace's fault? What if it was her, what if she hadn't learned her lessons as well as Cynder constantly insisted she did? She wasn't quiet about it either; Cynder herself had to give up at one point and physically yank the necklace off her friend's neck purely because she wouldn't shut up about how much she wasn't ready about it.

And... she was. Rather than an explosion of growth that flattened a significant chunk of the town behind them, Spyra simply jumped up to about twelve feet in height with a proportional set of curves before her friend “caught” her and blocked the rest of the spurt, leaving her perfectly stable and no longer at risk of demolishing anything she was around. True, there was still some training that had to be done before they could safely decouple and Spyra could be expected to walk around on her own without going completely crazy, but just the fact that the dragoness had her restraining bolt removed from her and *still* wasn't as large as a mountain was, in itself, massive progress. What followed were a couple more hours of learning how to adequately perform the same spells they had been practicing without drawing any power from the protective charm, a process that took significantly less effort than Cynder imagined it would now that Spyra had the added benefit of enthusiasm and self-assurance from the necklace finally having been removed. She was still too enthusiastic for her own good, but the sorceress slowly came to believe that, if nothing else, she could trust her friend *not* to grow to be as large as a mountain again... at least not until she had to go fix it again. But that was a problem for another day. Now, there were hugs to be had.

As soon as both of them were adequately convinced that they could go their separate ways in terms of magical control, they slowly relinquished their hold on one another, being careful enough not to snap the tether immediately, lest they need to very quickly stop Spyra from turning too large. To both their relief and mild surprise, the larger dragoness actually succeeded in reducing herself back to her usual height immediately after their connection was severed... though she *did* also give her tits and ass a lot more weight to compensate, turning into some kind of exaggerated hourglass too. It was exactly the kind of thing Cynder had expected out of her, but a good student was a good student regardless of how depraved they were, and Spyra had been one of the *best* she'd ever seen. Without a moment of hesitation, the two dragonesses flew into one another's arms again, sinking into their respective pudge while allowing their bodies to plump up *just* enough to let the other know how much they were enjoying it. Getting back home was going to be a problem now that their clothes were ruined, but they didn't need to worry about that too much; not like the whole town hadn't already seen both of them completely naked.

It wasn't until they turned around and left for their home that the horizon began to fill up with something that wasn't them. How they would've reacted to it would be a mystery for the ages, given neither dragoness thought to look back; if they had, they would've seen Ember and

Volt, off in the distance, right at the point where their growth began to peak and the two were experiencing their collective climax. The two dragonesses even went so far as to dismiss the rumbling they felt and heard as being something to do with a malfunctioning portal, allowing their precious dragon to ravage a large chunk of the forest with his body and that of his lover's without either of the two gals being remotely aware of it.

One wondered what would happen when they learned of it.