

Of all the things he could've done with his time, raiding an ancient temple on the off-chance that he'd find a deity residing within was... probably not the worst of ideas, given the sort of thing he usually got up to anyway. At least it wasn't bearing down on a whole town with his complete disregard for his own size or that of his lover *du jour*, or accidentally flooding a large section of wherever he happened to be because he completely forgot about his own virility; this way, he was far away from anything that could be remotely damaged by his explosive releases, or at least away from anything that might actually be *missed* by people angry enough to lawyer up whenever it was destroyed. Plus, it gave him something to do *and* it served as an excuse for him to head out into the great outdoors and get some fresh air, all while potentially finding himself someone brand new for him to engage in some performative dominance with... and then some actual dominance, then preferably followed by something that would help him with that immense pressure he'd been feeling building up inside of him for the past few days.

The rumours, at least, pointed towards someone who was, at least in theory, powerful enough to withstand the sort of breeder instinct that often dominated him whenever he lost control of himself in his more animalistic moments. It wouldn't do for them to *merely* be a powerful dragoness or any such magical creature; he had plenty of examples of those whose bodies had to be radically altered in order to be able to fit him, or at least withstand the full onslaught of his ministrations, so in order for Volt to be truly satisfied, whoever happened to reside within the temple, assuming it was even there at all, would *have* to be a cut above the rest if they wanted to stand even the slightest of chances. This wasn't so much him boasting as a simple fact of life when it came down to his productivity; the dragon would've loved it if he didn't have to constantly dump countless of gallons of his seed down the literal drain every other day just to remain mobile, but that was just the way things worked around him. And when one added a receptive, eager breeder to the mix, one who'd be happy to take everything that Volt could dish out, things usually got even more dangerous in terms of flooding hazards.

This is partly why he'd decided to head out and find the temple to begin with. The constant fuck sessions, the unending thrusting and bucking of hips, the nigh-endless breeding frenzies were starting to affect him in a way that wasn't entirely positive, leaving him feeling like no matter how much he drained himself into an eager womb, he was never fully *satisfied*, like he'd left his load half-finished and with a substantial amount of it still pent-up inside of his nuts. It wasn't the best of sensations to have to carry around all day long, and with him feeling more and more productivity building up inside of him, the warning signs were there: he had to get away from his usual place, and quick, or else he'd be stuck in a rut (and quite literally so) until something happened that brought him over some kind of ultra-edge and then the whole city would end up blanketed in cum. And while the mental image was undoubtedly alluring, Volt didn't really have the money to pay for repairs and reparations for all the damage he'd do if that turned out to be the case; thus, the wilderness, and his search for a temple that might not even be there at all for all he knew.

It didn't help at all that the coordinates given for the location of the "temple" ended up with him looking at a waterfall running down a cliff that, while tall, certainly wasn't massive enough to be able to hide something on the level of what the stories talked about. No "hills of gold" surrounding a "palatial throne to the goddess herself" or other such nonsense, only a bunch of rocks at the bottom of a sheer drop and a whole lot of water to go along with it, leaving Volt feeling intensely confused about why so many people would be so wrong about the exact same thing. Had he been deceived by some large-scale prank? Had his contacts conspired together to get him out of town and prevent a large-scale disaster? Was he *that* predictable that they would throw him out of town in order to prevent a disaster whose possibility he had believed was known only to him? If that was the case, he was going to be somewhat miffed at having so much of his time wasted, especially given that he got excited about it and may or may not have led his nuts to produce more to compensate for the impending breeding; just about the only thing left in terms of possibility was checking behind the waterfall itself, in the hopes of finding *something* of worth... or at least a wide enough space that he could fill up after emptying out.

It was only after approaching the waterfall itself that Volt began to feel something strange pulling at the back of his head, a presence that he hadn't ever sensed before; it was faint, but as he took step after step towards the curtain of water, it was definitely becoming more obvious: it was a thing, nay, a *person*, a sentient creature whose very existence was powerful enough to make itself known through sheer imposition upon reality itself, a grand deity of power so obscene that it would rock the world to its very foundations, a divine being that *demand*ed Volt's respect, and whose mental domination would not be ignored. All of these thoughts and more crossed through the dragon's mind as he stepped closer to the waterfall, and immediately he knew that whatever was on the other side *had* to be as powerful as the stories made them out to be; only, instead of reacting in the way that he perhaps *should*, he instead developed the biggest, widest grin possible as he skipped on the many stones leading up to his destination, eager to meet whoever was waiting for him. This prompted the presence to reel back, as if in abject horror that something as insignificant as that mortal dragon would ever dare to ignore the touch of its titanic power; to Volt though, this was nothing more than confirmation that he'd at least get a good fuck out of it, and that was more than enough to get him to giggle maniacally at the prospect.

He didn't cross the threshold so much as jump over it, feeling the cold touch of the waterfall for a second before emerging on the other side, tumbling around on surprisingly soft, paved stone rather than the rough floor of a cave. It was only when he looked up and wiped the water from his eyes that he realized that he wasn't inside a damp hole in the cliff, but somewhere else entirely; whether through magical distortions or a cleverly disguised portal, the curtain of water had been replaced by a solid wall of light, and rather than natural stone walls, he was surrounded on all sides by gold. Gold and golden light, as far as he could see, in carved pillars and bas reliefs, in statues and pedestals, in ramps and stairs leading above and below in a dizzying array

of floors and levels that he couldn't quite begin to wrap his head around. Some of the architecture seemed to regard the laws of physics as little more than suggestions as it looped back into itself and without, and some sections even seemed to melt into *themselves* a few feet away, leaving Volt feeling both incredibly dizzy and beyond elated that at least something turned out to be true about the rumours: because there, standing (resting?) in the middle of it all, upon an altar-slash-throne-slash-whatever that dais was, surrounded by a lake of molten gold that was itself a pit that rose upwards, was a snake.

Or rather, many snakes, attached to the same body; a hydra, perchance, only one with three heads rather than seven, of the most striking pink colour... and dressed in what was unmistakably a very modern novelty t-shirt with a pair of denim shorts haphazardly thrown onto where their waist would be, resting atop a set of coils that at once felt miles long and also just short enough that Volt's body was longer than it was. It made for a wonderful contrast, if not necessarily one that made a lot of sense, doubly so when the presence made itself known on the back of the dragon's head and was revealed to be the three heads of the hydra deliberately attempting to bring him down to a more pliable state. Perhaps this goddess was convinced that Volt was just like everyone else who'd tried to make their way to her throne, or maybe she had just never met anyone as powerful as he was; whatever the case may be, her panic was very clear when she saw the draconic intruder take a series of steps toward her when she very clearly ordered him to stop moving, even more so when he dared to speak up out of line. Volt got maybe half a word out before he felt the weight of all three of the serpent's heads bearing down on his psyche, *forcing* him to shut up... only for him to brush it off after applying some minor concentration of his own.

But the assault carried on, and in a way that made it clear that the hydra meant business. Was she trying to hypnotize him? Their eyes were glowing, masking the pupils and irises, displaying only a bright white light that somehow managed to shine even through all the resplendent gold all around the two; Volt could feel the intent behind the mental assault, by that point so powerful that even he was struggling to keep up with it: she *wanted* to hold him down. This wasn't just a hidden goddess trying to remain hidden, this was a scorned deity deliberately trying to take down someone who dared to disobey direct orders... except, one that failed to realize that their power was not nearly enough to defeat the beast they had set themselves up against. Volt was no ordinary dragon after all, even if he tried his best to hide that little fact from the world, and it only really took a little bit of focus for him to not just beat back the mental assault, but to subvert and turn it around as well; what was a little bit of attempted hypnotizing if he didn't at least *try* to inflict it upon the one who tried it in the first place? If it turned out this snake hydra truly was a goddess, even if a minor one, then he'd have a perfectly pliable partner whom he could resort to for all of his needs, right after he had convinced himself he'd been sent on a wild goose chase. That it all took such a sudden turn was nothing if not exhilarating, to the point where Volt *might* have put a little too much energy into the "payback", all things considered.

Typically, he'd only go so far as to break the hold his opponent was trying to establish over him and reply with the exact same amount of energy, but there was *something* about that snake that made him go... a step beyond, perhaps even two or five. Maybe it was how cute they looked, or just his own pent-up state leaving him more susceptible to bad decisions, but Volt seriously misjudged his own enthusiasm, and inadvertently ended up breaking a few things; three things, to be more precise, as when the dragon was done, the snake hydra simply stood there, staring at him like they didn't have a single thought in their empty heads... which, to be fair, they most likely didn't, given how strongly Volt had fought back against the intended hypnosis.

This was something less than ideal, given that he *did* want to have some fun, and he wasn't about to do so with a meat puppet absent of any kind of personality or motivation; then again, he had to make sure he himself was safe and secure before trying anything out of the ordinary, so he carefully walked onto the altar-throne upon which the hydra was laying, and quite conveniently found himself something that resembled a cross between a bed and a *chaise longue*. Smiling to himself, the dragon climbed onto it, under the watchful (if unfocused) eye of the three serpent's heads he had successfully broken into following his every move; only when he was comfortably seated upon his own personal throne, making sure to splay his hind legs in order to show off just what he had to give the goddess if only she were to consider it, did Volt release the hold he had over the snake. He would've snapped his fingers, but part of him feared that might've made it worse; instead, he merely let go of the tether connecting the two, and just like that, the snake-hydra's personality came rushing back into her head.

For a moment it looked as if the two of them would be once again locked in a contest of wits that was doomed to repeat itself again and again until the goddess snake learned the hard way that she was no match for the draconic intruder, but as soon as her three heads took notice of just what Volt was packing, they all took pause. It was clear from their expressions, and from the deepening blush that was visible even through their pink scales, that they either hadn't seen something quite as... large, for lack of a better word, as what Volt had on display, or they had never had the opportunity to put it to good use; after all, the dragon was very clearly showing himself off in a way that made it obvious he was there to fuck and nothing else, and given the immaculate state of the temple, *and* how far away from civilization it was, it was doubtful that the snek had any kind of visitors of *that* particular stripe. Thus, after a few seconds of tantalizing proximity, where all three heads drifted dangerously close to where Volt was waiting for them to go, the hydra pulled back, clearing her throats before introducing herself.

“Speak, mortal, and tell us your name,” the trio of heads spoke at once, “for you stand in the presence of Emmie, Edden and Ebony, serpent goddesses of the Infinite Coils, guardians of the Temple of Sarrak, purveyors of fertility and bounty!”

“Why do you have a t-shirt on?”

Somehow, this simple question managed to turn the already-bright blush on all three faces up to an absurd degree, and it was very clear that not one of the serpents were expecting Volt to be so nonchalant about things *and* to immediately ignore their introduction to such a blatant degree. Worse still, they had to admit that they found that attitude to be almost prohibitively attractive; receiving nothing but mindless adoration got boring after such a long time stuck in that temple.

“Our worshippers provide!” Edden replied, to which Ebony added, “And they assure us it is the height of fashion in the outside world!”

“It looks cute!” Volt assured them, nodding curtly, “Really brings out your natural colours.”

If the snakes were pink before, they were firmly red after such a brazen attempt at flirting... and the fact that the dragon was very clearly doing something to their cock while still attempting to be halfway smooth about things. He might be trying to give off an appearance of someone who just wanted to chat and tease, but there was no hiding how hard that cock of his was throbbing, nor just how many inches had been added onto its already-enormous size; in fact, none of the serpents were aware of what else Volt said, even though he actually was talking and presumably showering her with horrible one-liners that were, ultimately, completely unnecessary. All the serpent-hydra had eyes for was that shaft, pulsating, thickening, promising such a wonderful bounty of its own if only she were to give up the pretense of being in control and succumbed to her base desires; it was so difficult being a fertility goddess without anyone to share it with, that whenever an opportunity like that arose, it felt downright heretical not to take full advantage of it before it had the chance to escape from between her non-existent fingers. So, while Volt kept on saying whatever he was saying, the three snake heads drew closer and closer still to their prize, until the dragon, with his smile having turned to a grin, stopped talking altogether; his job was done there.

Without so much as a warning, Edden lunged forward, somehow managing to surprise her two sisters when she opened her mouth wide and instantly made good use of it by having Volt’s cock be plunged into it, stretching her neck out hard enough that she audibly gagged... and yet kept going anyway, right up until her surprisingly plump lips were smacking the dragon’s base, her moans muffled but still very much loud enough to fill the whole room. Bemoaning their lack of initiative, Emmie and Ebony decided to move towards the dragon’s face, smothering him in sloppy kisses that left Volt in such a state that he forgot to react for a couple of minutes, surrendering completely to his own baser impulses as he found himself stuck to his seat. All he could think to do was buck his hips into the tight throat servicing his rod, grunting about as loudly as the snake-hydra was, his legs flailing almost uncontrollably; it took a while before he remembered what his powers were supposed to be, and even longer until he decided to put them

to good use. By that point, Edden had already been servicing his rod for so long that her mouth was oozing with thick strands of precum, her eyes focused entirely on both the shaft stuck in her throat and the two immense and still-growing balls pumping that delicious proto-seed into the hydra's collective stomach.

This, however, would be nothing more than an appetizer, for Volt could provide for so much more; he wasn't just another male, merely scaled up, but something on his very own league, a demigod of his own if he wanted to toot his own horn. The dragon doubted whether he had any real deific blood running through his veins, but seeing as he so easily dominated an actual goddess, then surely there had to be something about him that had escaped his notice up until then; whatever the case, he could give the three serpents so much more than they already had, and as such... he did. The dragon opened the floodgates, allowing part of his true self to shine through, pushing the very limits of his physical form outwards until the bed-chair he was on began to feel incredibly cramped and far too weak to hold him up; it was only fair, given that the hydra was already far larger than he himself was, thus giving him a perfectly valid reason to grow and grow until the two of them were matched. But the three serpents were nothing if not full of surprises, and the very same divine power that made it so difficult to tell just how huge they were when Volt first stepped into the temple kicked in again, leaving him in a state where, no matter how much he seemed to burgeon outwards, the goddess sisters always looked just slightly bigger than he was... even if his cock was sufficiently large that it still managed to thoroughly stretch out Edden's throat, enough that Volt could see as the pumping waves of precum travelled down his length.

So he kept going. He kept going and growing, pushing himself to the very brink of his capabilities, and yet never quite managing to outgrow either the hydra, the temple, or even the bed he was on; the whole place seemed to warp and distort in order to keep fitting him, presumably because the goddess so desired herself, and as a result, he very quickly lost control over where things were going. If ever there was a plan to keep things from going too quickly, it went out the window the moment he truly tried to keep stock of how big he was and ended up realizing his shaft had to be at least the size of an entire house, even if perspective told him otherwise; this moment of clarity was enough to get him to fly over the edge for the first time in that encounter, and soon enough Edden's entire neck would be stretched out even more, as not only did it have to deal with a deluge of thick, steaming-hot cum, but the cock lodged inside of it nearly *doubled* in size from the climax, thoroughly testing just how far the serpents' abilities went. Nonetheless, Edden performed admirably, and though her eyes were watering by the end, and the three serpents' single belly was clearly bulging out with seed, she refused to move from her position, lips firmly sealed around Volt's base; it was only after she was certain the dragon was done that she moved back, loudly slurping along the draconid's entire length before popping off his his tip with a loud, wet noise and an accompanying deafening moan... one that let her sisters know that Volt's cock was free for them to take.

Emmie was quick to make good use of this opening, immediately lunging towards Volt's tip and opening her mouth as wide as it went in an attempt to get all of it into her before Ebony could protest. She'd soon learn that it was perhaps a bit too much even for her, but being the eager and always-horny fertility goddess that she was, this served as little more than encouragement to get to try harder; and so, inch by inch, push by push, she did what her sister had moments (hours?) before, and ended up fully impaled on a shaft that she couldn't really service properly as much as just hold herself fast on and use her fine control over her own muscle to turn herself into a cocksleeve for. Besides, the throbbing and pulsating of that pillar of cockmeat was such that it was clear it would blow again some time soon, so it wasn't as if she really had to do anything... but she really wanted to. Unlike her sister, Emmie wasn't content with *merely* being turned into a living condom, she had to make *sure* that her lover knew just how enthusiastic, how *eager* she was to be used as a fucktoy; she had to make sure that not only did Volt become fully aware of what he was getting into, but he also became intimately acquainted with the very concept of biting off more than he could chew, and to that end, she had to teach him a lesson.

A lesson on her own terms, obviously; the whole point was to further stimulate the breeding dragon and get him to pump out even more of that delicious cum that Edden got to taste, but the other two heads also felt being pumped into their stomach. The aftertaste was potent enough that they could feel it in the back of their throats, and now that Emmie had a way of savouring it directly, she was going to make good use of it... by throwing in even more enthusiasm than before, using both her serpentine anatomy and divine powers to ensure that, as soon as her snout slammed against the base of Volt's cock, the entirety of her throat began to stimulate the full length of the shaft occupying it; be it by pressing down on it, creating a hardened ring of flesh that moved up and down its girth, maybe even producing more saliva just so that she could make it extra sloppy, Emmie was going to make sure that the blowjob was one the dragon would never forget.

Sadly for her, she actually succeeded. Volt had no intention of turning his breeder instinct up as far as it could go, at least not initially; the whole point of going to find the goddess snake in the first place was for him to blow off some steam and get a good fuck where he wouldn't have to worry about causing property damage or a flooding hazard. Even when he noticed what sort of "divinity" was present there, waiting for him at the temple as if some sort of perfect consort ordained to meet him by fate, he didn't intend to do more than strictly necessary, for lack of a better word. It was only when the snake hydra tried to hypnotize him that he went further beyond, and even then only in self-defence; he had, after all, released her from the bind that he put her in, and seeing as she was still happy enough to suck him off, who was he to say no? But the moment he felt that one head take his full cock into her throat, when Emmie decided to throw caution to the wind and just give Volt *exactly* what he most wanted, to the point where she began to gag at just how massive that shaft was, there was no more turning back; every second he spent

bottomed out inside of the snake was one second he moved closer and closer to a complete mental breakdown, a second where his animalistic instincts were allowed to take him over further and further, until there was very little Volt even *left* in him by the time he felt the first proper load come through. He'd already been giving the hydra plenty of his seed, but had yet to properly explode in a way that gave him a *real* filling; now though, with his cock being so expertly and eagerly serviced by someone who clearly had no idea what kind of beast they were working to unleash, what form of control he might've once had over himself began to break down entirely.

Didn't take more than a few seconds before he found his hands moving of their own accord, fingers pressing heavily against the top of Emmie's skull in order to keep the snake from moving too far away for what was coming next; it was *imperative* that she have her plush, plump lips firmly sealed around his base in order to avoid wasting even the tiniest of drops, such that, when Volt reached his edge and gleefully flew right off of it, what she would get wasn't just a regular load, wasn't just the amount of cum that might be *expected* from a lover as energetic as the dragon, but far, far more. It wasn't for nothing that Volt's climaxes often merited the intervention of his local fire department, or that he had to have his house outfitted with floor grates just to keep the gunk from getting into everywhere; he was a true breeder, a specimen fit only for stuffing their lovers with as much of their spunk as he could, and to that end, even the tightness of Emmie's throat was immediately and irrevocably compromised by the ridiculous amounts of cum that she had blasted into her.

It turned her slim hydra head into a bloated cylinder, her eyes bugging out as she struggled to deal with a release that was far in excess to what she had planned; even worse, it didn't get any better, as rather than growing fainter and weaker as the orgasm subsided, it felt like Volt only pumped out even more of his seed the longer it went on! Soon enough all three snakes felt their stomach begin to bloat, far in excess to what it normally did; though Edden and Ebony were busy slobbering all over the dragon's nuts while their sister was servicing the rod, they too could taste the spunk flowing down their collective body and leaving their midriff looking (and sounding) like a cum balloon from the sheer quantity of the stuff that was being poured out. It was as if Volt was bottomless; the two snake heads closest to his overproductive cum factories could tell that they were only churning out the stuff faster and faster the more the orgasm was allowed to go on, and even when the drake's firm grasp over Emmie's head waned, letting her move backwards just enough for gallons of cum to instantly spurt out of her lips, those things didn't just *stop*. If anything, now that Volt wasn't actively filling them as much as before, his balls compensated by... simply growing outwards, becoming fuller and denser still with each passing moment that their owner didn't give into his breeder instincts and did something about that intense need to *rut* that he was feeling.

So he did. No point holding back or pretending to be something that he wasn't, especially not when he'd already filled up so much that he could barely even move at all without feeling the weight of his nuts underneath him; soon enough he was going to be unable to do anything other than mindlessly thrust into whatever was in front of him, and if that much was true, then he had to do something about that before it was too late, and what better way other than to push the snake-hydra off of him, jump back to his feet, and then proceed to spread his lover's legs wide open to reveal the ultimate prize? Well, he could personally think of one better way, now that he gave it some consideration: use the momentum gained from his sudden change in position *and* the moment of confusion where the hydra didn't know what was happening to flip her around just so she'd be lying belly-down on the floor, fortuitously shoving off her plump, almost impossibly round ass in just the perfect way for Volt to sink his hands into. How exactly a snake could have a rear that delicious was anyone's guess, but seeing as the hydra was some kind of deity, then it wasn't *that* surprising; besides, all the dragon could think about was how soft it was, how much pudge it was made out of, just how delectably his fingers vanished into the warm, inviting flesh, telling him that yes, this was the best it could ever be, and if ever there was an opening for him to do something about that breeder's instinct screaming in his ear, this was it.

The hydra barely had time to consider what was happening to her before she felt it, the enormously thick, engorged and unbelievably slick draconic cock that Emmie had just been servicing *slamming* straight into her, completely ignoring the mere concept of geometry as it somehow managed to both hotdog itself between her cheeks and still plow directly into her slit, filling her twice-over as her dragon lover apparently learned how to deal with the spatial distortions that were her bread and butter. All she could really do at that point was scream, scream at the top of her lungs, calling out for this man whose name she didn't know, begging him to go faster, deeper, harder, to fill her until there was no more room *to* fill, regardless of what the consequences might be; and Volt was more than happy to provide, his primal instincts kicking in and telling him that yes, he *should* be plowing that cunt as hard as possible, he *should* be sinking his hands into that ass so hard that he couldn't even see them anymore, and yes, he should absolutely let loose and *stuff* that snake goddess with the biggest load she'd ever seen in her life. Not just that, but the results as well; how fortuitous it was that both her and the dragon were both reptilian in nature, making it so much easier for Volt to mercilessly jackhammer into her, knowing as he did that she would soon be so filled with eggs as to be utterly unable to even move at all. With a toothy grin smeared across his face, he picked up the pace even further, throwing himself into the fucking with such gusto that, if it weren't for the spatial distortions making it a possibility to begin with, reality itself would've made it impossible for their love to be consummated with such wanton disregard for basic geometry.

Of course, neither of them were particularly worried about what was and was not possible, especially not after the serpent-hydra felt the first ropes of cum blast her insides and paint her white, all three heads moaning so loudly that the temple around them seemed to melt away from

sight, unable to maintain its physicality when the goddess it was built for had so thoroughly and completely lost her mind to raw pleasure. She wasn't even thinking anymore, far more concerned with maximizing the sensations already coursing through her; she was aware she had other choices, other paths she could take which would lead her elsewhere that wasn't the complete and utter surrender of her very sense of self to this mindless, animalistic rutting, but those paths were blocked to her. Not that she'd want to take them anyway, but it was almost transcendent how much she was aware that such things *were* possible, and yet her mind was so far gone that she couldn't fathom how she would ever take steps towards them; or, well, slither towards them, but who was really counting? All that mattered was the sensations, the infinite pleasure that filled her to bursting... as well as some other things that also filled her, courtesy of her body reacting to being plowed in such a manner. None of the three heads remembered a time where their body's tits actually produced milk, much less outright lactated, and when when they looked down, in between being forced forwards a few inches by Volt's enthusiastic pistoning, those were definitely drops of milk they were seeing, falling on the ground underneath them. It was such a waste, having such precious nectar not being used to feed her, that all three sisters collectively decided that they should do something about it.

It was quite easy as well: two tits meant two leaks meant two plugs were needed, so both Edden and Emmie were more than happy to have their necks crane forward and bend into two arches, their plush lips eagerly wrapping themselves over their own teats; within moments, they'd be eagerly gulping down whole mouthfuls of their own milk, which only added to the growing problem of weight as their body continued to fatten up and bloat from all the fluids being forced into it. Granted, the milk was naught but a pitiful fraction compared to the ridiculous amount of cum that Volt was pumping into her, so much that it backblasted and painted the golden temple a very creamy alabaster, but it hardly mattered; just as long as she was drinking, nothing else mattered. Of course, this *did* leave Ebony alone with nothing to use her mouth on; no tits, no cock, she couldn't even dive into the hydra body's slit in order to satisfy her hunger, given that Volt was already doing that far better than she ever could. What to do then, other than to keep yelling? To keep calling for the dragon to give it to her, to her sisters as well, to the goddess herself with increasing strength, power, thrust and virility?

Well... grow, of course. The temple had always felt slightly too cramped, even with the spatial distortions created specifically to keep her housed without ever running out of room, and it really did take that dragon showing up and stuffing her full of cum for the snake hydra to realize just how little room there was in there. How could she ever truly be satisfied when she couldn't freely bulge outwards in every direction, giving her lover unending amounts of soft flesh to sink his claws into for leverage, a womb that would forever grow stuffed and more bulging with eggs? Clearly, the way forward was to let loose, to allow her power to suffuse both her body and that of Volt's, without care nor concern for consequences or what damage they might do to their surroundings. It was almost too easy as well, for the three heads to come into

agreement and simply decide that their cage-temple simply had to go; they'd all been looking for an opportunity to see the outside world for a while already, so as far as they cared, the drake showing up and unceremoniously deciding to plow their collective body was just the excuse they needed to show the entire planet what a real goddess looked like. And just like that, with a simple decision, the resplendent gold and luxurious decoration began to swim in front of Volt's eyes, the dragon's attention being diverted from his endless rutting for just long enough that he realized what was going on; much like he hadn't been able to tell the real size of the temple when he first entered it, he couldn't make out if it was even *there* anymore, not after the hydra goddess began to dismantle it at such a fundamental level. All he could hear was the sound of rushing water, almost like the two of them were rapidly approaching the waterfall that served as a disguised entrance... and before he knew it, his entire world was turned inside out, his body felt as if it had just performed a full loop, and both himself and the three-headed serpent *exploded* from "within" the cliff that Volt had dived into what felt like hours before. A large cloud of debris was jettisoned outwards, along with several tons of rock and water as their immense bodies disrupted the flow of the waterfall, followed by an enormous splash that flooded the banks of the river once gravity finally pulled them back down; the temple had ceased to exist, the loving couple had been forcefully ejected from it, and now they were back under the light of the sun, out in the real world... which, of course, meant that they now had plenty more space to work with.

That was really everything they could think about anymore. Deep in the throes of passion, with two of the serpent heads hard at work swallowing who knows how much of their own milk and the third one still crying out for Volt to fuck them harder at the top of their lungs, their one desire was to be *bred*, a desire that Volt himself was more than happy to help fulfill, especially considering he still hadn't even begun to empty out, and still felt about as pent-up as he always had. Though he knew full well that the first eggs had already begun to form, he was also fully aware that this was nothing more than a prelude, a taste if one would, of his full potential; after denying himself for so long, to be given a lover such as those three was almost cheating, like the universe *wanted* him to lose control and let loose his breeder instincts without even thinking about what would happen to the both of them. So what if the amount of eggs inside the hydra's womb was beginning to multiply? So what if her belly would soon be bulging outwards far more than it ever should be capable of, purely to keep up with the demand for extra space? As far as Volt cared, all this meant was that his breeding was going *well*, and if something was working properly, then there was no reason to fix it or try to change anything about it all; thus, just as long as one of those serpent heads kept begging for more eggs, he was going to *give them* more eggs, even if that meant having to use his innate powers to keep growing bigger as well. It was hard to tell whether the hydra was deliberately embiggening herself in order to drag him along to greater heights as well, or if it was just the result of being thoroughly stuffed by someone like Volt, but whatever the case may be, he wasn't about to lag behind her; if anything, he insisted on being *bigger*, if only so that he could give her a proper rutting and encourage *her* to grow even more in

response, trapping the two of them in a dreadfully pleasurable vicious cycle that neither lover would ever dream of breaking. Nor should they, considering what type of goddess the hydra was; if anything, her completely losing her mind in the process of getting bred was nothing if not entirely in line with her realm of influence, which went a long way to explain just how easily her body began to bloat up with eggs, far more than any of Volt's previous lovers. The dragon could only watch in awe as every time he thrust forward, her belly seemed to grow by another yard or so, countless clutches forming within her, their entire body surging outwards in order to make more room, his own form increasingly titanic. The ground around them rumbled and quaked, the riverbed emptying out as the two of them grew too big for any water to remain there; even the waterfall was on the verge of collapsing, given how heavily the dragon's nuts were pushing against the cliff face behind him.

All of this for the world to see and marvel at. While most people would never be privy to the sort of debauchery that was going on, there *was* a group that was keenly aware of it, one that had immediately converged upon the location of the temple the moment their warning systems detected an intruder had gone into it: the hydra's followers. Neither Emmie, Ebony nor Edden particularly cared about the little ones, at least apart from all the odd trinkets they occasionally brought her as gifts from the outside world, but she knew that their hearts were in the right place; they just didn't know how to react to a goddess such as herself, turning to blind worship when all she wanted was someone to fuck and come fill her with eggs like Volt was doing. Thus, the hydra did absolutely nothing when she sensed them coming closer, believing that if only they were *shown* what she wanted in full detail, then maybe they would learn their lesson and give her more of it in the future. Granted, she doubted any of them would ever be able to reach the sort of extremes that Volt did, but she *was* growing incredibly laden with clutches of young with each passing second, and surely her worshippers wouldn't mind playing babysitter while she got all those things out of her... surely. So she invited them, allowing what was left of her conscious mind to expand in every direction in a flailing, uncoordinated attempt at communing with the hundred or so cultists that had driven over to the temple's entrance as quickly as they could, not even bothering to come up with any coherent words or thoughts; rather, all she had to do was let her pleasure flow through this mental conduit, hoping that in doing so, then all the little ones converging on her location would know *exactly* how she was feeling, and *exactly* how she wanted to feel going forward. No more pieces of clothing or snippets of pop culture, no more meaningless and pointless hymns sung unto her praise; no, the hydra wanted to be *fucked, rutted*, and if they were indeed her worshippers, then that's what they would have to do if they wanted to keep her happy. In that respect, she was nothing but thankful to Volt for showing her what it was like to cut loose and finally become a true fertility goddess like she was always meant to be, even if the amount of eggs inside her womb was quickly becoming impossible to hold in anymore... and yet, despite this, not a single one was pushed out, nor indeed did she *want* to keep them anywhere but inside of her; that way, at least, she could see how far she could go, just so the next time that Volt showed up, he could beat his personal record. The dragon, to his credit,

was somewhat aware of all this in some subconscious, unthinking level... but still mostly just wanted to keep rutting that beautiful hydra goddess, hoping that maybe at one point he could truly feel satisfied.

It had been some time since last Volt saw the hydra, and in those few weeks, he hadn't had the opportunity to empty himself out again. Strangely though, he didn't feel nearly as pent-up as he normally would after going through such a long abstinence period; perhaps the final few dozen climaxes that him and his goddess experienced were in fact so powerful that they carried him for a much longer amount of time than normal, an experience that Volt was... not accustomed to. Still, his body being the way that it was, it was going to inevitably demand that the dragon empty his balls into someone, and as soon as he started to hear the gurgling without having to be in a silent room, he knew it was time for him to go back to the temple.

Or, rather, to the former location of the temple, given that the entire complex *had* indeed been completely destroyed when the two of them emerged from it and outgrew the local area. In the interim, the hydra's cult had been hard at work creating a secondary place of worship where they could safely tend to their deity, even if said deity couldn't really fit inside of it; the amount of eggs in them was so high that, frankly, the only way to keep her housed would be to build some sort of grand pavilion, and even then it'd take months or years before it was finished. It was so bad that her existence was inevitably revealed to the world, because really, how could one hide a snake hydra of such a size? It made it difficult to get close to her, thanks to the massive line of cars that had become a permanent fixture when heading out of town; thankfully, all Volt had to do was clear his throat and announce who he was for most people to immediately recognize him as the very reason why the goddess hydra had been exposed to the world to begin with, and if someone *didn't* know, they would be quickly educated by the person nearest to them.

He might have to walk to get there, but to Volt, this was part of the charm: to be able to see as the looming, still clutch-filled figure of the hydra came into view over the horizon, massive, imposing, gigantic, begging to be filled further even as it struggled to lay the first fraction of the eggs that yet remained within her. She never stopped begging for more, occasionally so loudly that her cries echoed all the way to Volt's place; though, whether or not this was a physical sound or a mental link, the dragon couldn't really tell. One thing was for certain though:

He was back there again.