

Dragons Change Beeper's Diet

Chapter 1: Dragons Change
Beeper's Diet

Chapter 2: Dracobold's First
Feast

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Outsiders call dragons all manners of names.

Vain.

Treacherous!

Cold—as unlike their breath as can be...

Call any dragon anything. Make your case. Zandrush, though? Our Master? He's uncursable, genuinely. A gem that came out just right in the earth's mountainous depths, that needn't any cutting.

We love working for him. The ruby wyrm appreciates our work, he'll reward us for it. We know *that* as sure as rain in spring, war in summer.

Take, for example, Beeper's promotion a few months past. He's so big and

powerful, now. Practically a dragon himself.

Not *quite*.

We can't be dragons, nor would we want to be. Zandrush... whereas he exudes an aura of guardianship—of illustrious compassion and power—WE just want to serve.

Beeper's a *dracobold* now; and that's the kind of creature we aspire to be.

One who performs upstanding deeds and is rewarded with the greatest of delicacies: dragon meat.

What does that taste like? I dunno. Ask Beeper! Beeper, who was not just gifted two dragons to eat, but endowed with the ability to absorb their magical essences using his stomach.

It happened a few months ago. The sun yawned, nibbling away at the pitch blue of night. Lighting the little back of Beeper (whom we hadn't seen since Master had

sent him away on that spy mission!). (To be taken in by the Oraculous, as it were.) My tail livened when his pear-shaped silhouette crested the valley. He approached excitedly but, trundling over uneven rocks, tripped up and fell down a sifting of stones—right down into the pit of the valley, where I was, at a basin, washing my face. He gathered up—having scraped his knee a bit—but forgot about that pretty quick, hurrying past. “Hallo!” I called, but he ignored. Not rudely, just with the singular focus of a kobold doing something.

Well, in me welled the urge to do it WITH him! So I pursued to the den maw. From there I watched him trot with seasoned footwork through the minefield of snoozing kobolds into the center of the chamber.

There lay conjuring up a thunderstorm of snores Master Zandrush. A wyrm of the most splendid garnet shade. No

pigmentation in or out of nature compares. His magnificent size was such that twelve Beepers each standing on the head of another would just barely meet the level of the dragon's eye! (The one standing on top, that is.)

Beeper shoved into his foreleg, what was the size of a redwood, again and again until, finally, the regular cadence of harrumphed snores had been disrupted.

Zan—unperching his head from his chest, balked with a heated snort and blinked sleepily. Gave a confused swat in the direction of the disturbance, thus sending the bread-gold kobold sailing into Kyser the Green. This had the domino effect of waking another—and *another*—and... you get the idea: a domino effect that did the job of the morning rooster. The woken ones stirred and sat upright or stood. And a groggy chatter went round the garnet wurm, who switched his snouted face fro and back, searching until

at last finding what his treasure-golds had sought. Descending, with a glad and silent suck of breath, upon the foreleg apprehender.

“Little lad,” Zandrush crooned, “it pleases me you’ve still a pulse.”

We shivered, as we’re apt to, hearing his first utterance of the day. It’s like an earthquake of sunshine beneath your feet. The reverberance leaves, charging the air with fulfillment; with an irreproducible entreaty to live and sing.

“My Lord, My Lord!” Beeper jumped up and down. “The song of my soul was fading—so far away from you and the rest so long... Now, it recites its lyrics again.”

We all jumped up and down. Except for Master, who let his leathern wings out until they shivered taut to greet the day. A draconic shout boomed from his throat. We rubbed Beeper’s shoulders and tugged

on his tail in a way congratulatory and confirmatory of life.

Waking, Zandrush got up. His question mark neck straightened, punctuating his meritorious air of agile and might. “So...” he smacked his chops, his forepaws triangulating toward the bread-gold kobold and hinds sitting down, “tell us what you have learned beneath the pine wings of the Oraculous.”

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When he learned—when all of us learned—that two elders of the Earth Clan had planned to murder him on the morrow, the garnet wurm’s jaws flamed with fury! With a tempestuous toss of his clawed leathers, he blocked out the beam of light that inched into the canyon—plunged, then, above its cragged walls blued with sunrise. Beating wings engulfed the sky nascent ember, and into the mist he evanesced.

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Back was he before I'd finished wagoning his freshly shed scales out from the den maw.

Uh. Hold on. Skip back two minutes.

I was sweaty. Not just because it was a hot day. Because I was working harder. That seemed proper. After all, the Lair should be tidy when there's something to celebrate. Namely, your Master's would-be murderers chain-bound in the main chamber! An hour earlier, Ours Truly had teleported them.

Up to this point, I don't think any of us had fully understood how powerful his magic had grown. Having eaten Elexis Archmage of the Sapphires a month prior, he'd probably received a much more generous boost than he'd let on.

So now here was the proof of that spell power: both conspirators shackled, shaking and rattling their chains, and making quite the uproar. The male of the enormous pine-greens, for one, boomed

threats at any of the irrelevant servantry who got near enough to receive them.

I tried not to get too distracted, but I did stop to awe a bit.

Dremgald. Druid-drake. Built like a winged panther!

Stagatorn. Warrior-drake! Resembling more of bull-eating bull... No wings on that one.

Two and three times larger than our Lord, respectively, what fascinated me the most about the presence of these powerhouses? What bound them, but mere *chains* etched with runes?! Really, the zithril stakes held fast, no matter how hard they thrashed. I wish I had taken more mental notes, but I had many a chore to do before Master's return.

Which... would be a while. For whatever reason, he could magic his enemies but could not *deign* to teleport himself. When he *did* arrive, alighting in

the early afternoon, I noticed a few fresh scars slashed along his haunches.

“Well, well, well.” He prowled in, circling the two. Gaily circumspect, he eyed his handiwork from all angles, finally continuing: “A couple of tree-kissers who thought they could play with fire! Little did they know, they would start a wild one.”

The smaller garnet sat on his haunches before them, petting his coffee black spike beard with content. Beeper stepped beside the dragon's column-like ankle, whose scales bore of him a varnished blood reflection, the key accomplice folding his arms, adopting similar mien of vanity as Our Lord.

“Tweezling rat.” Stagatorn snorted. (Behemothic male. Neck like a thick shagbark hickory, the armor there layered like its peeling trunk. Shieldlike plate attached to his chest naturally, segments of the same metallic stuff lining partway

down his gut. Bulky cervine horns snapping upright from his skull, making me think of crab claws.) “Should have suspected him when he smelt too clean. Spent day and night scrubbing the fire breather’s scent off, I warrant.”

Dremgald—the female two-thirds of the male’s size—implored, “Free us, fire drake. For, our plan was just.”

“Free you, eh?” Zandrush singled out one of his beard spikes, enjoying this more. “How about I free you right out of your mortal coils and into my faithful kobold? Aye, I think that is what I shall do: For, it was *him* revealed your nefarious plan to leave this poor host without a Father. Tch tch...”

Remorse, awash with spite, clawed at the vocal chords of Dremgald. “It is *you* stole from our forest. Who ignored several warnings of ours not to take of the buck and caribou. Your greed, not us, forged the schematics of your demise.”

Snares of fire snapped from Zandrush's eyes, the dragoness wincing. "Rather than to address such to my muzzle..." (he breathed hot breath in her face, having strode close) "you tossed the carnaged corpses of my favorites at the foot of my door. Nay, fuck yourselves. I send thee to the fiery acids of my vassal! Mayhaps your Clan shall learn to properly communicate—I am sure they will, once they see traces of your bloodline rubbing off on my servantry."

Claws he brandished. Blue magic swathed them, as thick as honey. Seven zings shot off and stung Beeper.

"YOw—YAKK—yaA-ohhh...!" With each yelp, something like *arousal* creeped a wee bit more into his voice.

Beeper rose then, aweing. Twisting around to discover that his body, from button-shaped snout to peach-shaped hips to banana-shaped tail, flamed with an

esoteric aura of blue. Scampered along it highlights of magenta.

Zandrush addressed, then; “Beeper! With this spell I have cast, what you eat shall become you. Perhaps the Oraculous shall learn what the fuck I am on when they see two of their mightiest wyrms’ genetics bleeding into my vassal after he eats them!

“Go on, Beeper—don’t be shy! Put them in your belly, now—and their powers shall course through your intestines; their faces influence yours; their muscles, statures and magics *yield* to you.”

Presently Beeper doubled over with measurable pain, clutching his tummy that a most cantankerous noise violated:

Groooaaahwwwwwhhlll...

Stagatorn’s chains started. He demanded to know, “Wh-what was that?”

With *what* illusion magic do you trick my eardrums.”

Good-humoredly Zandrush answered, “Silence your snout! What you have heard is the appetite of a fire-drake. *Mine*, to be precise. I’ve transplanted it into Beeper for the day, that he may eat you—gobble you up like you are a rotisserie chicken. You owe yourselves to kobold-kind; daren’t protest!”

“Th-thank you Master.” Drooling profusely, the two-foot-tall kobold stepped toward the enchained reptilian dinners. “I... mmhmm... will remember this day...! M-make Master very happy... Dremgald, Stagatorn, c-come to my belly....”

The captives doubled back. Their panic thickened in the air, smelling of wilting herbs—of oils with too much mint. Suddenly they got very busy, shrieking, chains singing their Peril-Song. But the

zithril stakes did not care—they held fast, hardly budging.

Beeper's belly curdled, letting a moan out barricade solid. He caressed the moist part of his loincloth where the peeper jutted and got pretty unashamed, really pinning his paw in and rolling it in. Just really working his hard-on and next undoing the knot, the loincloth slipping away. He slogged toward them shakily, short, curvy dick throbbing, and trained his eyes on that duo of delicacies who probably would be more filling than his entire lifetime of meals up to that date. Respectively twenty-four and thirty-six times taller than him, they would spoil his belly as no poultry had been able.

“Beeper so hungwrry...” his teensy voice resounded, amid his building stomach-growls, the tone of said voice starting to unhinge. “Wh-which one of you should I put inside of my belly first?” His nose lifted and raucously sucked in

the scent of each Earth Dragon. With a shudder he pivoted toward Dremgald, clearly biased toward her incense.

“Herby... *tangy*... like garden salad full of s-steak...” His breath snagged with some delirium, and he drawled, “Do you hear that, druid? My belly chooses you... Wants your s-scales to slowly fall off the skin, and the skin off the bone. My belly will destroy you.”

Dremgald’s chains slackened. She pulled back with something more impoverished than reproach on her face.

“Little one... y-you know not what you say. Your Master has confused you. You—”

**UURRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAANNNNNN
NNN~** Beeper’s belly interrupted.

“Mmmmmffuh, are you bargaining with my belly, dragon? You know that just makes it want you more **BAAD....**”

Now Master gave a suave smile, glaring at the hostages in a way that gave me an impression some deeper vendetta I wasn't aware of previously was about to be settled. He snapped his claws, and blue magic sparked from them. The chains round the prone dragoness slackened and chattered to the ground, unlinked. Though, she was not prone for long.

A haggard look had come over her and she squirmed with stiff discomfort, as though working up to something. With a defensive hostility, she suddenly sprang—slashed at the face of the comparative newt, with claws like a great pine-green eagle's.

Well, that seemed a bit much. I did not exclude the possibility Beeper might just die without fanfare.

What surprised me was that, with speed unlike his norm, HE jumped in turn.

She froze, as though a spider had just fallen on her and she were arachnophobic, for in the middle of her swipe he had landed on her foreleg, body stretched like a cougar's, tongue trailing halfway up her foreleg in a long, sticky lick!

A jolt went through him. More milk than color shined out of his eyes. A revelatory shine. His tail started to whip like a bloodthirsty raptor's.

Slowly he lifted his head, eyes dilating to carnivorous slivers. Seeming to examine the whole of her for the first time. Her immensity? Her scales, muscles? Tens of thousands of pounds of meat his belly was about to tenderize? Who could say what he fixated on. But I, for one, saw his eyes tracing along that *tall, mythic neck. Five sharp highlands of sinewy muscle, evenly distributed, reminding me of dragonback spines, how they're rowed.* And tracing along those *biceps of willowy, forest-green fur.* And

that chest, like an armored king-cat's! Not even the scales of her face—which masked the lines of skin—could hide her bewilderment as he covetously smacked his chops, eyes homing in on her facial features. Four noodle-shaped whiskers ending as fishhooks. Beaklike snout! Wiry, wolfish mane. Eyes like enchanted pools. Candelabra of four snaking horns.

All of this that he forged down would reforge him....

With a hyenic jump the bread gold 'bold flew off that arm. Flew toward her snout. Mouth yawning to reveal what must have been some nightmarish chasm of flesh and uncannily cutesy teeth.

From my vantage point all I saw was the obtuse opening of spit-lined jaws. It reminded me of Master when dinner's served a tad late.

Dremgald had hardly begun to respond; to open her own rangy jaws. Perhaps to spit one of those sulfur-gold

spit wads? Paralytic spores the druids are known for?

HALLMMCKK! Too late.

The two-foot 'bold had shut the mighty She-Drake's trap with his own, gullet stretched over that hook nose. He lunged out for a butterfly stroke, grasped and gulped—gulped, gulped, gulped. Her snarling sliver of teeth zippered shorter and shorter, thus shaped into a frown.

It did not take long for him to swallow up to the bridge of her nose, muzzling her totally. Her snout obscenely stretched his neck and hawkishly jutted from his stomach.

“Impossible,” cried Stagatorn. Though, he was the most negative of the bunch, what with kobolds jumping up and down and whooping, and Master acclaiming, “Little lad, you never cease to impress.”

Meanwhile, I awed in silence. I never thought I would see a kobold fit a dragon

talon in their throat, let alone a snout. Yet, he did not stop there. Nor did he seem to toil in this affair, scarfing right up to those longbow brushstroke brows of scale!

“Tgbghbhsh gshbhsghh rrgghbstnt th natrghbtlll rrlldrwill!”

What did she say?

Pheh, what did it matter.

SCHLUP—SCHUP...

*SCHLUPSCHLUPSCHLUPSHL
UPSHLSPHSPSHPSHPSHPSUP
SUPSLLUUAP!* Scarfing right out of sight that syllable-sayer, Beeper’s slathering maw yawned. Wider wider wider wider wider wider! Stretching like a den maw. Approaching the trunks of her horns. Bands of pine scales wrapped around them, projecting into petal formations. Said petals he began to inhale like a greedy groundhog.

“Good, good...” Our Lord encouraged, looking rather invested and focused. “The next part will be harder—her midsection. Mind you, that might hurt a little. Just think, Beeper, that that pain will be a blink compared with the pleasure of digesting and claiming a dragon. The pleasure of a *lifetime*.”

“Sliming Hells—” cried Stagatorn “—you fire dragons and your kobolds are insane.”

Reverberance pounded through the chamber, for he bucked and thrashed, determined to aid his clan-mate before she was fully slimed by the stomach lining. Though, no matter how hard he fought, the runes of his chains just flamed a brighter shade of sky, acknowledging his efforts but not rewarding them.

Despair dawned on the face of the oak-necked savage, not just because of that but because the kobold's esophagus then rose to the challenge of those horns.

Steamy breath puffed and plumed over the four of them, that gullet tracking up and up and up to the very tips, stretching like some mindless dune worm's.

When his upper lip slipped over the top points, Beeper whined and quivered; and a flush came over his face. It seemed he was starting to feel the pain, though I could say the same for his dragon prey.

You could see the bulge of Dremgald's jaws flexing—fighting (and failing) to open more than a sliver. A desperate roar rose from them, and the halos of sound rippled/dilated out from that belly button, but they came muffled as though passed through an ear clogged with water. Simply put, the belly walls granted them NO elasticity to do much more.

By and by, her jaw muscles gave out against the superior might of his abdomen.

CLACK! They shut with a subdued cry, muzzled as might be the mouth of a punished mutt.

However, a converse change there had been in the volume of the **belly's own roars....** Elongating groans, purring growls and zippering bass: With these the stomach bellowed its plightful eagerness, the acid bubbles not slowing their pecking of the curve but on the contrary bombing her snouted face with greater power per each of the hungry newt's swallows.

SCCCHCHHHCHCHCHLUCK~

Scowling around the turtleneck line of her flailing neck, the kobold had totally abducted her horned skull into the nascent bed of belly. Already, it had swelled beyond the length and width of a king size. The skintight gut showed her facial features, which spoke of panic and disbelief, much at odds with his own whoops of pleasure whilst he clawed himself further down.

SCHHHHLAAAWWWWWWWWW
wwWWwwuhuhup~ His drooling
 mouth slicked her fish hook whiskers
 against her eel-shaped neck. Three-
 quarters of it, he had packaged into his
 esophageal parcel. Clawing and slurping
 his way further, the slathering kobold
 gained on her collarbone.

SHLLAAAAAAWRRRWRWRW
RWRRRCK,

SCHLLLLUUUUUUUUOOOoOooO
oOoOoOoOoMMCK, schLOOMCK,
schhamomomp, MMMMpCK,
UOOMpck, OOMP, OOMPALMPPh
OOOM, hmmm... hmmm... hmmm
SCHii-SHIII-SHIII-
SHLLLLLYUUUMMMCKCCKCKk~

Considerable progress had Beeper
 made! Somehow, his lips had strained
 over her forelimbs, casting the knee joints
 into the breathy dark. They yawned then
 toward the pantherlike stomach of the
 three-storey dragoness, demonstrating a

laudable elasticity and a *cruel* skin tightness.... Sick snaps—and *cracks*—of bone came from beneath the circumference of his belly. Her bulges of her wings fluttered with panic—*crunched*—*crumpled!* Wings that could have *canopied* Beeper a dozen times and plus some—wings under which a kobold might have built themselves a kobold house instead contributed to his caterwauling bed which continued to expand. Said *bed* emitted more types of noise than an appendix has names.

The rambunctious dragon kennel hoisted him higher, higher! Inflating. Rounding to a scale that might make full-grown elephants seem more like calves...

Stagatorn tried to spew his sporous breath. This, though, backfired. His chains, enchanted, deflected it, buffeting him in the face—painting it a turmeric gold. Said face blinked, eyes puffing the

powdery stuff with a comical look of incredulity.

Could he be so feeble as to be THWARTED by this garnet's damned magic? his expression seemed to inquire. Might his female counterpart ACTUALLY get knocked down on the food chain by a mere kobold? (And never receive a chance to climb back up, because that's how death works?)

Fret swaddled his face. It switched toward the crowd of 'bolds—then toward Our Lord, whose voice cracked with tearful joy:

“Keep going, little one! That vile She-Dragon—who sought to destroy poor me—instead, she shall set an *example*~ Here is the fate in store for ANY of the Oraculous who try and fuck with the FlameBreather.”

Beeper's gulps had been slowing, his belly spasming with aches. It squealed in an especially unconciliatory way, what

with the addition of Dremgald's winged midsection. Once he heard the smoke bass of our Master's voice, though, like a lily in the sun he flowered in the face. Remember when he scraped his knee but the pain did not matter, for his Lord was there? Yes, this was that same thing.

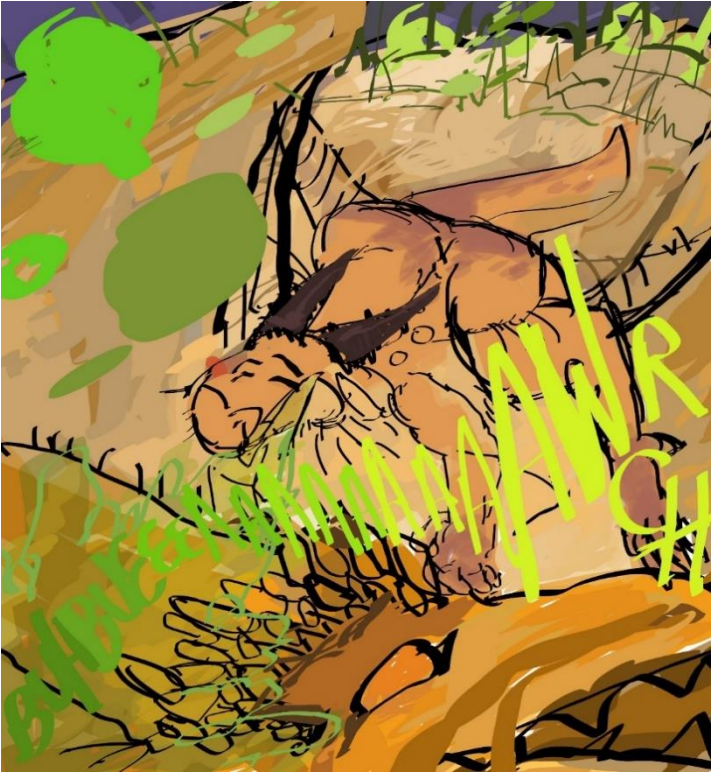
He drooled more over the hind legs packed halfway into his cheeks; and the warm liquid seeped over the haunches and the base of the tail.

Oh, her tail thrashed and her legs kicked. She must have sensed the rekindling of his voracious efforts—but for her it was too late.

...SCCCCHHCHCHHCH
OOOOOOOOOOAAAAAA
WWWWWWWWHHHHH
HHHHHHUUUUULLLLL
LLCH~ The rebel tail's ruckus ended with that deafening slurp, the back of his

throat abducting what easily spanned ten Beepers. Now, all of her had been packed away into that vociferous organ....

Beeper lay upon a plateau of belly he could take three bountiful skips across without falling. It demonstrated a destructive acidity toward the draconic entity in its combustive captivity. On top of that belly mountain, he eructed a catastrophic belch:



**“BYyyyyyyEEEEEEEUUEUEEEE
EEEAAAaaAAAAAAaAAAUuuUUuu
uUUuaaAaaaaAaAahhhHHHhhHhh
hhhHhHhHHHHHhHhLLllLLLaAA
AAAAAaaAaAAAAAAaaaaaaa
aaUUahhhhhhCHHHHHH!!!!!!
”**

Vile, filthy bubbling of the unguent hastened.

The space had tightened from the belch's outing of the air!

Things did not look so ideal for Dremgald.

Emboldened, his abdomen made a funny, squeezey, rubbery sound. One akin to a balloon being groped to the verge of popping.

The bulge of the dragoness quivered from Beeper's abs squeezing with such insatiable greed—such violence *unprecedented!*

Not slackening, the girdling walls of his gut only fastened **TIGHTER—
TIGHTER TIGHTER *TIGHTER*
TIGHTER TIGHTER *TIGHTER*
TIGHTER TIGHTER TIGHTER—**

“*Shreaahh—!*” (Dremgald.)

*KRUNK-KKCKKUUUH-
 KRUNKKRUNKRUNKRUNKRRR
 RRNKRRRRRNKRRRRRRRRRRRR
 RRrRRRRRRRrrRrRrRRrrRRRRRr
 RRRRRRRRRRRrRRRnnnnnnnnkkrr
 rrrrrrrrgggggggGGggGGHHHh-
 KRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 WRRNNCHHHHHHHHHHH.*

The macabre pulverization of bones cut her death croon short.

At the end of suffocatory squeeze, I saw bulges *poke* the walls? Retracting, shifting, as though buoyed by the tides of acid and stacked atop more and more of her remains. (Beeper would later hypothesize these sharp, metallic toppings were pieces of plate armor that'd been tenderized right off her scaly skin....) The bubbles battering the bloated sides of the dragon-slop facility impressed me with images of the inside. The gore in there

must have been quite pulpy; *cake-like*. I can see it now—(can you see it?)—the whole tub of raw carnage, dragon goulash, bubbling with punctuated power. Ah, how can one not wonder how profoundly **bloody** and acid-ridden the boneyard must have been inside?! And then—then, as though below unplugged—the guts of Beeper began to purr and beat liquidly. Perhaps this was his duodenum trying to snort down all the undoubtedly blubbery leavings from the druid-drake’s slaughter.

*GLUKglUKglUKGLLGHUCKAUXCHK
 UGHKUGHKUghkughkhghghghghbbbr
 brbrbrbrbghghghghghgghghghGGgghhh
 bbbbCkckCKKckckckbb.*

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUU
 ULLLLLLLLLLLLLEE. HMMMMbbb.*

HhHGggghhmMMP—BgGGHLLL-

BLAAAWP!

My!

I could not recall feeling such sloppy drones, such quagmirish concoctions of sound under my soles since our Master last ate a flight of gryphons sick with the flu! The mass of druid sludge sidled deeper through Beeper's visceral tubes....

“A-are you d-d-done fighting in there already, druid? Mmp, Beeper's tummy ss-so ff-*POWERFUL*—”

One of the eyes of Stagatorn winced with something between wrath and fear when the kobold's muzzle issued a *snarling* tone. It seemed our Beeper was clenching the daylights out of his abdomen—and with an inexorable willpower! His tummy obeyed his exaltant command. The unfileted grime of the druid-drake met bombastic detonations of chyme, thirsty villi squeezing the height and irregular shape of his bed away—to absorb her genes into his DNA—at a startling rate. (Why, if a staircase were next to Beeper just then,

and I were at a stair level with where Beeper was, and I rushed down the stairs, still, I think his belly would be outpacing me in its descent.)

*BorrorrorrbOoOoOooOOOowwrrroO
OOOoouuuaaaaawwrrrgGGGGG,*
chored the deflating hoard, a supposed theme song for *something* that was happening to him.

Beeper was *transforming*.

Bones crunched. Muscles above his shoulders jumped—bulked—widened into greater trapezoids, which, with every twitch, further articulated their sinew.

He was growing bigger—stronger—more **dragonkinlike**.

“*Ooooh... y-yeah—Beeper’s getting more in tune with nature.... K-earp... grooOowrring me!*” An orcish husk wheedled into his voice as he grew to about the size bipedal dragonkin are known for.

As his paunch deflated, his booty cheeks swelled and gained about four pant sizes, assuming a heart shape. Some of the damage they took echoed into his thighs and tail, the two of them wobbling with more and more fatty blubber that a seal could only dream of.

He seemed to also be humping the size out of his deflating belly bed into his nuts and dick! His balls rustled and bobbed lower in a growthy stretch. The beach-tan balls swelled and elongated, graduating from the size of duck eggs and a shape more spherical to size and shape of goose eggs. So full, those nuts tinged pink; and the seedy scent of him was seeping into the air, admittedly giving myself and some of my colleagues loincloth pokers.

This was only exacerbated when I saw his flesh-pink cock growing too; undergoing its own kind of evolution. Forcibly bent around the curve of his gigantic gut, it twitched and throbbled and

surged from below average length and girth to a tool at least twice as ample, much more befitting the dragonkin he was becoming. I did note Stagatorn's flustered expression as the druid digester's dick bent into an arc shape more innate to dragons despite the gut bloat in its way, the flesh darkening; seeming to get a little more scaly before two rows of fuck barbs rustled out of its underside and the glans shaped into an arrowhead along the rim of which little fuck spears sprouted and clustered.

8 feet tall?

9?

12? Who could say how much he had grown thus far. Just from shaving off a foot or two of the elevation of his gut mattress.

Sidelong I looked to Stagatorn. Judging by how hard he wracked his chains, he knew that every second Beeper's intestines drank in that druid

sludge permanently enchanted the dracobold with more of her precious power and that he had best hurry his arse up if he meant to intervene. The hourglass of power was not just trickling into the dracobold's favor but gushing. In fact, his shape was already morphing to adopt some of Dremgald's features.

CRACH-CRACH-CRACH-CRACHACH! came the resounding cracks of his neck undergoing four tense bouts of elongation. Groaning and losing his tongue, the dracobold seemed to enter a chiropractic adrenaline high; it had more than tripled its length, gaining seamless and dexterous movements. The sinewy inner structure penciled in, serving as a memento of the eaten one, five cordlike highlands quivering and dividing the throat into concave parts.

Also his horns, which had been the length of baby carrots and just as rounded on the tips now surged with growth,

weaving into less linear forms. Seeming to be growing two siblings below, as well.

Just then, the lot of us clamped our ears—not from the intestinal roars of Beeper that you might suspect—but from a different explosion of pressure.

Dozens of metallic chain snakes burst from the bull-drake's flexing form, a roar issued from him as his biceps flared. Forth he pounced, and slashed across the belly that had deflated to the height of a single floor building. Yet, instead of scarring Beeper he screeched and staggered back. His claws—attacking the actively thickening—improving—scales of Beeper's gut had chipped them. Dremgald's armor must have been pretty legendary, for the dracobold had not even finished sopping up her essence and yet what he *had* had sufficed to deflect a guy.

However! The blow had nonetheless jostled the stomach—and it remained sloshing from the impact, gurgling and

droning more intensely, now—as though all that it had needed to finish mixing Dremgald with Beeper was a good little *shake*. The borborygmi pitched to a peak. Stagatorn winced at the volume, the gut spontaneously imploding—absorbing the majority of the slop within?

“Hrg-AAwwgh.”

Beeper descended on his retracting belly. His sprawl became more of an embrace as it. Bed of jutting bones and cushiony pulp. The more he grew, the more the size gap seemed to narrow between his own skull and the bulging skull of the She-Drake on exhibition.

There he lay letting out a libidinous snarl. The tone of voice deepened as he hornily thrust his cock into the bone bed, his ab walls crushing and compacting it some more. Visible blips of bowel reactions swelled him up and up with bulk that padded out a biped far more than a feral dragon.

His trap muscles quivered with growth, soon engulfing the nape of his neck. And his chest—its wingspan followed suit, expanding and forcing his shoulders to shrug a little farther apart, while he chuffed with glee, clearly loving what this metabolizing draco-corpse was doing to his innate being.

Once his globular bone-gut vacuum sealed enough, he was able to gather up, and flex with gleeful pride at stagatorn.

“Rrryaah~ Like what Belly-Gald did to my muscles, dragon?”

Stagatorn shivered, sliding back into a sit on his haunches, regarding the enlarged dracobold. Though he stood no taller than the thighs of the earth-drake on all fours, Stagatorn seemed... mentally chipped by the fact Beeper had done it. Had done her. Had done her well past well-done. The result? A 20-foot tall hybrid, on whom—he realized—the She-

Drake's attributes were only beginning to grow in.

Beeper happily clapped that dome-shaped organ full of compacted bones, inciting more of its guttural rumbles and bawls, then flexed and roared playfully at the meal he eyed as one eyes dinner, saying, "Get in me dragon! Beeper's hungrier than before, and needs to keep bulking!!"

Dracobold's First Feast

DRAGONS CHANGE BEEPER'S DIET

II

iv

Now (I thought to myself):—Could that monolith *really* be threatened by wee Beeper? Aye, he had grown; the dracobold stood ten times taller. Still, he only came as high as the shield-plate of Stagatorn's chest.

Perhaps the green worried about the way that bone-bloated abdomen kept chewing on its druidic payload? ... Trying to push all the gory mush and fossil parts deeper, into the lower guts? Threatening, at any moment, to harvest the last of her genetic material?

None of us could say how much or how fast the dracobold would grow. So, in the meantime, I worried for him.

I worried when the gargantuan green dragon, built like a bull-eater, broke forward. Brought down his crab claw

horns, charging with such speed the ground skipped. Given the size difference between these two, it was like a trampling elephant getting ready to gore a little lad on its tusks.

Beeper, though, did a most curious thing. Instead of stepping out of the way, he broadened his stance? He hefted up his boneyard gut and let it drop and shake for several seconds, a similar taunt as before!

His tongue, it snapped out and swiped his lips with an uncanny elasticity, the sky of his eyes piercing with want. With a desire for this beefy dragon to be being pulverized and pulped into more DNA for his intestinal region to rip apart and reconfigure as part of his own.

Stagatorn, seeing this, released a perturbed hiss and veered off course just a few strides away. Unbeknownst to him, he evaded a playful outreach of the dracobold's arms toward his passing tail.

“J-just what is the matter with your damned family?” bawled Stagatorn at Our Lord.

The garnet wyrm one third his size snorted, then pointed.

“I’d pay attention, if I were you.”

“UrRaHH... RRuUURRK!”

Beeper’s voice deepened, his bloated torso burbling meanly and hitching, arms yanking forward and back as though partaking in some kind of abnormal seizure.

The earth-wyrm watched with both disgust and fright as the smaller kin’s lower guts churned and utilized more of Dremgald’s remains. The macabre slush was loudly being absorbed to transform him at a rate that made the green drake appear paralyzed by his own breath.

“GwWUUAgH—m-more!! Mwaa—help me... grow... bigger... better! Make me... strong enough to pack your Clan

Mate away!!

EEEaaghrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrw!”

Sucking on his teeth, Beeper threw back his head then gave the squealing sigh of an irredeemable pervert.

He quaked up and UP and UP—gained about a quarter of his prior height.

Tail lashing, he again seized with ecstasy, as though hit with some prehistoric lightning bolt of times immemorial, then rolled his shoulders in a sudden bout of outward burgeoning.

He beefed. Beefed into something a rhinoceros biped might appear as dainty as a unicorn next to. A fourth row of abs flexed out from his bottom row—squirmed free as though replicated. Yet, that ramshackle belly-ball of bones still had more condensed drake in the tank.

“Heh... heh... heh... heh... I can... feel her... intelligence... muscles... magical powers...” His expressive eyes

bowled and twitched with each syllable spoken, the dracobold clearly in a mana-addled craze.

As for the junk between his legs: That, too, was encouraged to grow from the freshest absorption of Dremgald pulp, even though she'd lacked male parts herself. Apparently, her body mass sufficed and pumped his curvy, arrow-headed cock. The tool gulped in the semiliquid flow of funneled mass with steady throbs, growing from a length that oversaw his navel before roosting between his pecs. It throbbed now with an intimidating force, clearly receiving more blood flow now that it was as thick as one of his elbows rather than his wrists.

As for his *nuts*... Dremgald's pulp was converted and dumped into them. The dracobold gave a soft "*Orreeaahh*" as the heft tugged and tugged, his seeders of relative goose egg size burgeoning to more of a literal dragon egg size. Steam

wafted up from them, such was the libidic heat of them. The balls grew so damned vascular that the veins bulged through the pouch of them, snaking and creeping. All the while, the lot of us kobolds began to get a bit dizzy from drinking in that thick musk. Exhaustion from the libidic heat was getting to us.

“All... the more... to fuck you with...”

Such a cocky one!

Staga-‘torn’—now, he LOOKED torn.

Curiously, he did not try charging with his head bowed a second time, but instead shuffled closer. Took timid swipes at the kobold without letting his gaze leave him for too long.

I could not help but chortle. He had the upper paw, yet was fraught, worn down with the psychological low ground.

The first strike, Beeper dodged.

The second, again.

He grinned wide and snorted as a taunt—but then he was open, and the talons tore across his gullet, a shriek following. Blood spouted forth. Frantically he clutched at the gouge before dropping to his knees.

My heart sank. The jangling cries of my brethren were around me.

Yet, I noted Our Lord's expression had hardly changed?

Shakily, Stagatorn stepped back, still grilling into the wounded with a circumspect glare. After a few moments his breathing steadied, and his scowl twitched into an hysterical grin.

Laughter cracked—and “The freak is dead! At last!” he cried. “Now—let us away...”

He pivoted for the den maw, haunches loading like springs.

Though, before he could...

PWOOSH.

What had sounded from Beeper reminded me of when a poisonous shroom belches spores from its cap. Stagatorn turned, and I could practically picture the skin under his scales turning a powdery shade.

The gash along the 'bold's neck was sewing shut. The flow of blood reversed into the closing wound, punctuated by a gasp. Beeper's breaths regularized. Bodily tremors ceased.

Stagatorn sighed, "You must be fucking with me...!"

He must have known what I was then puzzling together. He had already gained the rejuvenation magic of Dremgald and had used it on himself intuitively.

Smirking wider and wider, Beeper surged larger and larger—

29 feet—

30—

32—

33.

Lower fangs in front inched longer, coursed over his top lip, gleamed sharper.

He stared straight into Stagatorn's eyes, a smug voraciousness in the voids of his own sky-blues. He charged at the other, springing to tackle him, only to find a tail swatting him down.

Or, at least, that was the intention.

Instead, he *caught* it.

Breaking with a broad stance, he huffed lustfully at that thrashing appendage in his grasp; even stole a lick along it. His tail began to thump with greater excitement.

“I am—rRRNgh—going to i-i-I-INCORPORATE you into my DIET, you BIG HUNKY LIZARD YOU.”

Another growth spurt was coming on in shotgun spurts.

38 feet tall—39—40—**42**—he surged.

In convulsive fits, the hunky pair of his pecs lifted closer to his face and his back muscles surged even taller and wider, caking with brawn. What with the tinge of them, they threatened to break free of their puny scale coat at any moment.

F-forty-five.

Fifty.

Now, Stagatorn blanched.

I understood that *he* understood he had underestimated the dracobold. Awareness does not always do a body good, though.

He neither charged nor attacked with his claws again; he stayed inching away, keeping a comical distance between them now, his gaze twitching and blustering with concentration.

“I... WILL NOT BE BEATEN.” he yelled suddenly—then with a sudden spin move launched his tail at the dracobold.

It struck him in the stomach with such force; and he groaned, skidding back a

few steps... but holding onto the tip of the thrashing appendage. He had caught it. And the struck sphere of bones rippled, suddenly springing out with a perverse chorus of groans and bawls, a muted clamor of shuffling bones making its way into his intestines.

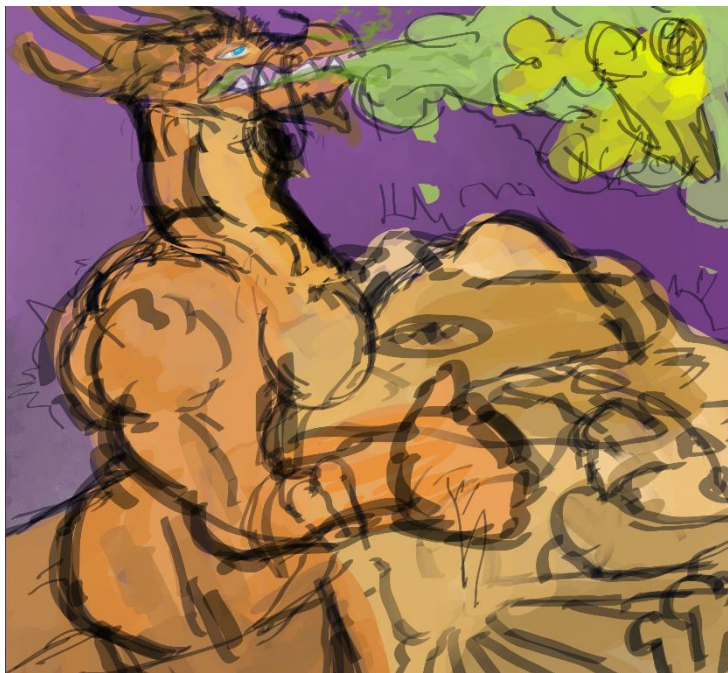
His eyes widened... and he moaned. Some congestion of his guts seemed to have been cleared, thanks to the swat from the tail. They gurgled in a more heightened state of activity.

DRAGONS CHANGE BEEPER'S DIET

A belch ballooned his cheeks and erupted,

**“EEAAARRRghhghghghUU
UoooOUUghckk...”** seeming to
kickstart another evolution....

SPLNT-SPNNCH-CHNCH!



From his head, the two pairs of nubs
that had been growing endured a

resurgence of spurts. Busting taller, they branched outward with the harsh cracking of a shell penetrated by a freshly born hatchling. These growing ivory extensions equaled the horns of the She-Dragon. Out rasped a hiss of pleasure.

Beeper surged again. He grunted and squirmed with pleasure as belches continued to erupt from his lips unprompted, ushering forth exhaust fumes that reeked of a funky mix of meat and spinach overcooked in acid and olive oil.

Now the genes of Dremgald continued their work. His snout shot forward, shaping into the sharp end of a beakish face, like that of Dremgald. Drooping down, in cataracts of four, descended her noodle-shaped, fishhook whiskers from the flanks of his *own* muzzle-bridge. Much to his heated snorts of pleasure.

I watched the terror mature on the face of Stagatorn as the kobold continued evolving.

“Must... finish... *absorbing...*” he panted, his graveyard intestines—still rife with the jutting skeleton of Dremgald—still holding in her bones, almost as though savoring them for last.

“*HOOOOoOOOMPFFFFF!*”

That crudely-shaped sphere retracted in. A diabolic array of splitting, cracking and crunching came from that bone heap at the behest of his strong belly walls seeking to consolidate the marrow and crush it down into his intestines for the perfect completion of the absorption of Dremgald.

I shivered, watching the magnificent erasure of the juts and the outlines of the skull and the limb-bones, just an amorphous ball slumping lower into his system before that, too, was absorbed

through a rumbly series of burbles. Then, his belly quaked into the shape of a ball. A ball of pure fat.

Working their way up his torso, the dragon genes gathered under his shoulders, two clusters of brightening back scales. The back bulged—*peaked* into two prominences.

SHHPACK SHPLAPCKK!

Suddenly, from each egg-shaped bulge bursting free limbs that unfolded and extended. Leathern flight limbs. They flapped with glee, lifting his heels on an updraft of them.

“*ReeEEAAaaaAHHh~*”

Growing—growing—growing—growing! I watched him sprout up to sixty-five feet tall.

“Leahh... lahhh... *leahhhh*,” he panted. “Feels so g-good... to be getting

dragon genes... wanna... eat... become... more.... **GyyAHAHHHH....**”

With a klutzy thunder, he charged right at Stagatorn. Shrieking, Stagatorn turned his tail and fled, galloping away, only for something to be glowing out from Beeper's belly; and his expression changed and he groaned, channeling something in his hands and throwing them up.

Up from the ground snaked roots, tendrils, before Stagatorn—who yelped, finding himself at once ensnared around the back and belly.

Bending him over, Beeper then hauled up his tail and grinded his tip against the butt cheeks of Stagatorn.

“You turn your tail from me—I show you what I do to turned tails,” he groaned, and then ploughed into the dragon's ass and roared his pleasure.

Humiliation washed the face of Stagatorn. He groaned as the other propped their callused hands on his haunches, stabilizing themselves to clap those cheeks.

Right now my kobold comrades hurrayed and danced while their newfound idol tamed the earth dragon, dicking him down. The feral's haunches buckled from the sheer force with which he was taken.

Our Beeper gave a cheery snarl and threw his chin up, the lust of his bucks building. PLAP—PLAP—PLAP—
PLAP—**PLAP!** He roughoused the ass of the husky male. Even during the fuck, the dragon genes of Dremgald continued being assimilated by his greedy endowments, being converted into countless pounds of heft for said dick and sack. The tail hole of the other tightened around the fleshy girth that thickened and grew. The cock bulge pushed out from the

scaly back half of his gut toward its plate-armored front.

Pre cum gushed out from the sides of the fucked dragon's rectum, lubricating it. Oozing between the foot talons of the two. But letting off some pre did not deflate Beeper's balls one bit, no. They kept sagging lower, sloshing louder and swinging heavier, the green-drake's butt cheeks clapping from each slap of the Beeper's ample pair of family jewels against them. They had elongated into oblong shapes as firm as melons, the taut skin of the sack tinged a rosy shade from the tax of those dragon ass smackers.

Now Stagatorn gave a pitiable screech and glanced back toward the rest of us with a most troubled look, seeming to be searching for someone who could help him out of this ritual of shame. Yet, there was no one, only this dracobold who continued to slam and dominate his increasingly sloppy hole.

Adopting a stern slump of his brows, Beeper bit his lips and rutted faster, trying to finish hilding his fat, mutating cock into the dragon's tight and insufficient gape of coral flesh.

“GNNNNGGGHHhh—*MMphh!*”

With such ferocity did Beeper clench down and claw into the dragon's hind legs, yanking them back with such force that the vine restraints of splintered and sheared. SLAM! Such a debauched moan the dracobold loosed, much to the pitiful gasp of the green-drake when the breeder fully plugged that ass with his girth, holding fast before feeling his first cum shot kick like a horse. That fuck fucking bolus of cum grenaded the gut of the green who gave an astonished moan, suddenly clutching to an underside that blew up into a zucchini shape, pumping and mumbling with the onrush of cum.

“BLUH!”

Beeper roared with such lechery, cock almost blowing itself out of the drooling hole from the recoil of its forceful busts, busting into the feral green as though the fucksleeve were a female in heat. The drooling, throttling dracobold had reached so far around the whining lizard-bitch he was dicking down that his hands locked beneath him, lifting the feral-green off his forelegs—then back legs. Despite that Stagatorn loomed several times above him, he had lifted him into a vertical position, panting with exertion while straddling his ass. His live fuck sleeve screeched and clawed at the air, trembling with weakness, soon busting his own lesser climax. Shots of seed painted a belly which had become a blimp-shaped cum depository.

Two minutes in, Beeper's nuts still appeared rosy from the filling batch of cum that had not yet been released, the air

steaming white and starting to warp around them from the simmering heat of sweat and musk. The hybrid titan's cum poured in a smooth and steady flow akin to the smoothest white tar, a mire bubbling around them that spread during this orgasm that persisted for about eight minutes. At the four minute mark, Beeper's arms tired and he thrust a palm into panting, moaning feral's hindquarters, forcing him to slump and sprawl and hammering him into the stone floor for the remainder of his lengthy bust.... Though, by the end of it, the earth-drake's cum belly had blimped so much that, instead of fucking his face into the ground, he was practically fucking his body into the air, making it a parade float.

Dragging his fat, limp dick out, Beeper chuffed and rolled his eyes. He rubbed the base of the enormous, semi-flaccid shlong as though thanking it for the enjoyable semen-dump. But his tummy had gone

unsated for so long. It seemed to be jealous of his dick's satiation, and so issued a chthonic growl. It was his belly's turn to claim the earth-drake as property!

***SLIILLLILLLLIILLAAA
AAAAARRrrrppCHHH.***

A whimper escaped Stagatorn, who surely felt the drooly, breathy heat before he glanced back. Before he saw how the leviathan circumference of Beeper's maw toiled around his haunches.

The lips scooped under his feet then endeavored further at an unwavering pace. The toothy jaws bit and gulped along the feral's stomach peak and shivering wings, making quick for the wall of neck.

The crab-clawed head that did all it **COULD** do—which was to bugle its last in lamentation—before

SHEEEEEEEEE

ALLMMPCHH~

Behind the reptile-eater's lips, he vanished. A snort of bliss passed through the carnivore's bean-shaped nose, and then with one hearty gulp he sent the 72-foot-tall dragon into what the goblin races refer to as a 'refinery.'

His belly got to work again.

It digested and churned.

In there Stagatorn pushed and squeezed into the oppressive wall of belly, but Beeper merely groaned, crumpling the dragon into more of a ball of molten sludge until, with one last squeeze, he was pushed and pistoned into the intestines.

They glugged and bloated, and then absorbed him; and Beeper groaned, gaining his mass, strength and powers.

Each quake of growth lurched him like a rep of exercise.

He pitched wider. Nudged taller.

Taller. **Taller.**

His voice tripped one step deeper and another and another...

“HAAAFF—FUCK—dragon f-feels good... so—much—BEEF...” grumbled Beeper, growing the upright, crab claw horns of Stagatorn as he did. His lower jaw cracked—widened and gained a squarish shape and two rows of three brutish spikes along the bottom.

Beeper's nuts siphoned in the libido of the beefy male with rumbles of prodigal activity, roiling and then, then, with one implosive act, exploding outward into tankards at least twice the size, scrubbing against his calves; drinking so much blood flow that veins like bird feet stepped and twitched along the solid curves.

After absorbing such a high testosterone male into his genetics, the giant, 90-foot tall dracobold found himself panting, struggling to breathe on his own forge-hot musk. His balls, quivering with all of the spermatic activity within, rumbled, rippling up toward the base of his cock. A flex went through the shaft, which received from his balls a payload of essence, donning battle plates that ran beneath the rows of under-barbs. A third row of barbs sprouted, the dick-flesh darkening, the dick having grown to dick-sucking height. So riddled with ridges and points was this dick, it was a barbarous thing.

“Mwwraster. I need to thank you for all that you have done for me.”

Now, our Master, not even two storeys tall, staggered back from the giant’s shadow. He appeared not fully inclined to receive this mystery gift.

“N-now let’s not get too carried away now, Beeper,” he stammered with uneasy politeness.

But it was too late. Beeper hefted him up by the haunches before mounting him on his enlarged cock.

Both of them moaned.

“Come now, Master. I need to make you big and powerful like m-me. Take this d-dick, Master, I love you.”

**PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP
PLAP PLAP PLAP!**

His cock bulged through the underbelly of the ruby wyrm, who bugled in equal measures embarrassment and enjoyment, at last conceding: “Aahh—! Alright! This is what the fuck I am on!”

“Yes....! Very good, Master! Take this dick. Hrwwarr. I want you to be very big. Mmhp—absorb... essence... of

Oraculous that I have steeped into my balls. Let me spew it for you...!”

PLAP... PLAP... PLAP... PLAP...!

The kobold’s balls flexed and pumped, sagging larger and fuller with more of that superheated lava spunk. Churning for the task of pumping our sweet Master with his primed spunk.

“Aaah**AUuuGGhhh~~!**”

screamed Master, wings flaring and beating, as his belly suddenly reacted to Beeper’s orgasm, the semen-rich batter of the bloated seeders at once erupting into the wee sleeve-sized wyrm. An overflow of seed bubbled and oozed from his tailhole, carpeting thickly.

Our Master blushed and lolled his tongue, seeming never to have experienced anything so compromising of his aura. Ropes of seed he shot again and again from his own shaft.

Afterward, the two lay in the center of the cave, glee basking their faces.

Well, Beeper lay atop the dragon, who had since grown to a 120-foot tall behemoth from soaking up the cum. He continued to grow, hide and bones creaking, form rumbling. The garnet's belly bore a hill shape, full of seed. Beeper rubbed the belly and asked, "Does Master approve of my repayment?" Zandrush just groaned a satiated belch, then with a warmly curt nod of his head went slack.

V

By the end of the next week, the spell had worn off on Beeper. Zandrush's metabolism had fully returned to him. He had grown to be the dragon of the most infamous size to date, thanks to the absorption of the essences of the Earth Dragons. One hundred and fifty feet tall, none would dare to fuck with him.

"Aah fuck—I think I'm preg—"

With a mountainous contraction, Zandrush would topple onto his back, endeavoring into labor.

It seemed that the dracobold's seed was so potent, its swimmers had chewed through the very immunity of his gender itself, knocking him up with no care for biology. So now his tailhole blinked and out of his ass plummeted egg after egg, crashing right into his piles of gold with splashes of treasure. The slimy ovals measured as big as houses each of them. How lovely they were. Ruby shells with gold or pine-green. Gold shells spotted with ruby or pine-green. Pine-green shells spotted with ruby or gold.

Yelping, us kobolds scrambled out of the way of the eggvalanche. Alas, some of the slower ones were run over. But this tale is not one of tragedy so let us just say that that was an honor.

Thus, the plan of the Earth Dragons to eliminate our Lord had backfired. Instead,

it had only made him stronger. Made his vassal and his lineage stronger. They had yapped about one fire dragon eating caribou. Well, now a whole generation of hungry fire-drake progeny would be ushered in via Master's laying asshole. A generation of Earth-Flame hybrids who would have all the blood-right to hunt in the forest as much as they pleased. That did not fare well for the safety or the food supply of the Oraculous! Of which I am well aware in the present tense...

vi

In a new era... long after Hendric the Other Narrator had grown into an elder kobold, the Earth-Flame Flight had grown manifold in number, and now dominated valley and forest both. By now, the Oraculous Ring, hunted the brink of extinction, was a borderline myth, and the other Clans of the Earth had dwindled so much in numbers that, bereft of other dragons to eat, the Fire-Flame wyrms

gradually developed a taste for their own egg clutches, and, in rarer cases, cannibalized each other, thus splitting into factions and evolving still into divergent breeds. None, though, would challenge GodFather Beeper, Lord of Fertility. Or GodFather Zandrush, Lord of Fire, whose pregnant belly loomed like a mountain above the forest, where he ceaselessly laid on his back—and *LAI*D, period....

Oftentimes, God Zandrush would snap his jaws and get a mouthful of his favorite food the greens out of the sky, slurping in their wings and tails with a simple flex of his neck. They would serve as nutrients for the young of a superior flight growing in his belly. With such nourishment, his eggs would be larger than the full-grown adults of other flights. Their size would promise a future in which the sons and daughters of his flight would add all the rest of the world to their diets.



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