

SERF'S UP

If reading was knowledge, then knowledge *must* have been power, because Jork was illiterate as a rock—and that rock was barely a pebble.

Still, the tiny gold kobold kept at it, poor in wealth and stature, but not in spirit (that much was on loan), toiling away at the one place his mildness best fit: the Glaspool kingdom's vast public library. A well-off capitol of a well-off nation, thousands came from far and wide to indulge in its reserves of ancient texts and rare tomes; scholars and wizards and astronomers and alchemists constantly wanted this heavy book, for instance, or *that* heavy book, from high upon the highest shelves. That was where little Jork came in, and pretty much stayed.

Ladders affixed on wheel casters whizzed left and right as the three-foot-nothing reptile zoomed around, day in and day out, his friendly nature and eagerness to please making him an increasingly valuable asset to the head librarians, whose difficult job it was to ring the bell over and over to summon him.

Jork knew where every book was, purely on sight. He read spines as images, not text, and by such metrics possessed a rather incredible memory; all the same, it just meant he could gopher around with greater expediency, so long as the book was smaller than him. Of course, such was seldom the case—until one particular night.

As evening bruised the skies beyond and the intricate stained glass windows of the interior surrendered their luster to darkness, the last librarian paid Jork with a customary pat on the head, the robed female dragon bowing unusually low to him.

“Good work today, Jork, as ever it seems,” she calmly rumbled, offering a polite grin.

“Jork work hard-hard tomorrow, big-hard, Madam Skahm, real hard!”

“I’m sure you will,” she chuckled, leaning in lower, and offering the knee-high kobold something on a small wooden plate. “But seeing as to how you worked through your own birthday, why don’t you enjoy a treat and sleep in for an extra hour tomorrow?”

Jork’s long ears snapped up on both sides of his brown horns, his purple eyes wide.

“B-birthday?” he squeaked, pupils darting about. “It was Jork’s birthday?”

“Indeed! We had this discussion last year, Jork, remember? Only this year, you’re full-grown, aren’t you? 20 years old, an adult! You must be so excited!”

She handed him a tiny cupcake, a single wax candle jabbed inside. Sincere as she was, the dragoness really did look ready to go.

“Adult?” he repeated, humming. “Full-grown? You mean, Jork...done growing?”

“Well, naturally, Jork, yes. Now, you go down to your quarters, and enjoy! Remember, eat it all, and stay down below! That’s an order, tonight!”

She was out the door just as the sun set; the heavy thing slammed shut behind her, locking the kobold in with the looming aisles and high shelves and upper stairwells and tiers and balconies, frozen there in overwhelming silence.

“Not any bigger, ever?”

Jork finally put the question forth, hearing only silence answer among the descending darkness. No one had any comfort to give, it seemed. The concept of adulthood, like many fair things, had been unfairly absent from his development, meaning the tiny male had no idea what the hell she had been going on about, other than his knowing that adults were done growing, when they were adulted.

The candle on the cupcake wavered, as if dodging his concerns.

Finding nothing for it he looked about, then made his rounds through the library quietly, his tiny clawed feet scuffing the floor with such pitiful weight that he had trouble hearing himself move, even in total silence.

The tiny candle’s light soon became all Jork had as he wound around the lobby and down into a small stairwell leading to the basement, where his warm, dry chambers waited, his one friend in the world.

A few unhappy sniffs came as the thought kept returning to beat the peasant kobold up again: *not any bigger, ever again, stupid.*

He had added the last part without realizing it.

Jork knew he was below poor, and had been fine with it. Being powerless was a given. But, childish or not, the idea of getting taller, of at least being a serf on level size with his peers—well, his *superiors*—had kept him going during the years he had been gifted into labor here.

With that final positive taken away, he felt amazingly heavy. Eating the cupcake and sleeping seemed like the best and only gift he was set to get, so he took to both silently.

After eating, there in a wood-raftered room clearly designed for a larger type, Jork climbed the chair to his oversized desk, opened it, and took out what appeared to be a homemade necklace. There was little craft to its craft, given that the kobold was an amateur at play...but when he brought out a small parchment loaded with kobold scribbles, it was clear: he had been building something. Something special.

“One good thing,” Jork chuckled, sniffing again, as he took a too-large quill and finished etching a symbol into the small clay oval to which a leather strip had been laced, making more or less a necklace of it. “Can make dream come true-true, hehe!”

He had worked nearly nine months, flipping through a book that he had overheard a wizard talking about, to build it: a dreamstone! Sure, the one in the book looked a lot prettier, but thanks to an illustrated ingredient list, even he had managed to memorize and slowly put together what was needed to make one for himself. Even for an expert, they were hard to make; since he wasn’t, however, he had long since concluded that that made it easy for him.

“Jork knows what he’s dreaming tonight!” he purred, clumsily tying the oversized necklace around his thin scaly neck. “Gonna be co-worker sized!”

Well, simple dreams were *reasonable* dreams. Probably.

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The dragoness moved faster, determined to clear the library at the usual hour. Being female, she would normally have had nothing to worry over, but things had been getting worse there as the nightmare was surely starving at this point, meaning she might have gone after anything—male or female.

“Is it safe tonight, Sister Skahm?” a similarly-robed owl asked, clearly as worried as she.

“I believe so,” the taller dragoness sighed as she and the owl made their way across the street, to the high walls of their convent. “The food should put him into a deep sleep, a dreamless sleep. The alchemist his Majesty referred to us was certain of its power.”

“Thank goodness,” the owl huffed, still slightly concerned. “Leaving Jork alone there with that monster around was hardly an issue, in the past, since she left him completely alone...but he’s a *man* now, and she—”

“She’ll surely try to seek him out in the night and feed, yes,” Skahm muttered, as the gigantic doors to the abbey opened for them. “It’s a risk, but the library has more holy texts and artifacts within it than the priory itself. It remains the greatest prison for her. If that confection does its job and kills his deepest, dearest dreams going forward, we can keep our precious resource, *and* foil her attempts to feed off of him. Everyone wins.”

“It *would* be terrible to lose that particular kobold,” the owl agreed as the massive doors shut behind them, echoing off through the empty, increasingly-sinister streets.

Jork’s eyes were so heavy they pulled his head down over and over, even as he climbed his usual stack of books and got up into his oversized bed. He wriggled in, his work uniform neatly changed out for a man-sized sleeping gown (which he had to pull up into his armpits just to walk around in) and rested a little head on a massive feather pillow.

In this regard, the kobold never complained. He got a bed in his own room, a far cry from the crowded fifteen-a-room family dwelling he came from. A few creaks rose from the rafters—an unwelcome thing, when one is alone—but Jork couldn’t hear them.

Jork didn’t even get a chance to fall asleep; rather, he *plummeted*.

The candle in the lantern on his desk burned lower into the wax, but not by so much, by the time the creaks resumed.

Thk...thk...thk...

Something moved in all the quiet and dark, intently, smoothly. Down the higher stairs of the lobby they went.

Down to the floor. Then, the basement stairs.

For a moment, the silence held undisturbed.

Then, suddenly, the door to his room opened, too scared to make a sound of warning.

The utter blackness of the hallway seemed to bleed inside, terrifying the poor lantern into a wobble of fading light as the black took shape, solidifying into a tall, imposing mass of curves in the suggestion of a huge mare. *A nightmare.*

The female horse was a blue so deep it bordered on black, milk-white eyes taking in the room a moment...before snapping onto the slumbering male in his massive, comically large bed. The eyes widened to the point of fright, intense and desperately hungry.

The mare stood tall, yet her body's former glory was reduced, in the faint light of Jork's room: Her ribs showed here and there, her once-massive hips retaining their slopes, but sagging slightly, the bones protruding just enough to mock and annoy her. Nude, a set of fair to modest breasts rested atop the ribs, her thinned neck supporting her long muzzle as she breathed and rasped, shaking with desire, with unhinged *want*.

"Little man," Shigha croaked, the sounds of ancient dust and misery crackling out in a hideous whisper. "But a man, nonetheless. You'll...you'll do, won't you?"

The nightmare clopped nearer, her shadow burning over his bed, sapping the warmth and comfort away as she wheezed and shuddered, eyes blazing cruelly, alight only with desire.

Jork snored on. His little clawed toes curled dumbly under the blanket.

"What dreams might you have for me?" she hissed, unblinking. "What flavoring will you provide, before you unload for me?"

"Big-big," the miniscule kobold purred, beaming in his sleep.

"Big?" Shigha muttered, confused.

She leaned in so close that her strands of matted blue hair draped down in an unkempt curtain about the sleeping male's head, her equine nostrils flaring, inspecting. Her brow furrowed quizzically before she pressed in, forcing her way into whatever dream she could manage, questing for anything she could use to arouse him.

When she found it, she nearly knickered with laughter.

"Oho," she crumble-laughed. "That? That's all? An easy task! I'll make you as big as you like, little man. In your dreams...I can do anything you desire!"

With that, she pushed in harder; yet, the more she sought, the more she found only the faint suggestions, rather than the full scene. The key ideas were there, but everything around was pitch black, too little to work with.

“Why...would his sleep be this deep?” she wondered, her pupil-free eyes narrowing in agitation. “It’s too deep. Too loose to work with. How?”

She sniffed at his little muzzle, then withdrew from the bed, long enough to sniff out the empty wooden plate and its telltale crumbs.

Her sharp teeth grit so tight that they bled as pure darkness poured off of her vibrating body, a rage swelling up so colossal that the lantern nearly went out. Only her eyes remained glowing, and terribly so, as she seethed.

“A drug!? Those *miserable bitches* drugged him, the one man I waited for!?”

The darkness nearly consumed the room, before lightening off, the nightmare stifling her anger; she brought her bony arms up and smoothed her hair back, collecting herself.

“Fine. No matter. I’ve *never* been fully denied a grown man, ever. They want to challenge me? I’ll get so deep into you, little kobold, I’ll practically *wear* you! Lucky you!”

Her spindly, hoof-tipped fingers slithered over the sides of Jork’s head, webbing into a cage about it as he slept...

By God and all, Jork was *tall*. The dreamstone he made must have worked!

Oop, no, all was darkness.

No, okay, there it was! Yes! He was tall!

His dream kept flickering in and out as the kobold’s pure wants clashed against the drug, fighting with astonishing force against the high court alchemist’s best work—and *winning*.

“Could you put this back for me, Jork, darling?” the equally-tall dragoness asked, batting her cartoonishly large eyes at the tall, handsome kobold. At least twenty massive books were in her hands, yet Jork took them all up with only one, no contest.

“Lady Skahm, it would be honor and delight,” Jork rumbled, his buttery, smoky voice all power and confidence. “Could Jork lift you up to any new books? Still have free hand.”

“Oh, you!” the dragoness chirped, suddenly afire with blush.

“Hahahaha!”

Suddenly, Jork was putting books up at the top shelf, without even using the ladders. His concepts of consistency were shot as he needed to be about twenty feet high to do so, as opposed to his desired six. His work tunic stretched wonderfully tight across his gigantic body as he dusted his huge hands, so strong that it made the library shake.

“Does anything need to go under the library?” he asked, wagging his tail, whipping up such a wind that it carried every loose book in the lobby back to its original spot on the shelves. “Jork could always lift it up, for a light exercise!”

No one answered.

“Eh. Lady Skahm?”

His huge voice rumbled in his throat, but faltered a bit, unsure suddenly. Of what, he wasn’t really sure, either, which made it worse.

Suddenly six feet tall again, Jork blinked a few anxious times, then stomped around the library, hearing only his footsteps as the warmth and sunlight snapped into cold, dead night. A wave of discomfort frosted his body as he gulped and looked around, openly fearful.

“Anyone? Anybody here-here?”

“I’m here.”

Jork’s ears perked as he turned to spy the end of the aisles, up on the higher balcony at the back of the lobby, where the dark voice came from. A gorgeous mare stepped out, utterly nude, plump and curvy, a set of breasts bigger than Jork’s head bouncing with each step forward she took.

“Ee, we’re closed-closed, ma’am,” Jork whimpered, somehow scared, despite himself. She was beyond beautiful, her eyes a brilliant emerald green, hypnotic and powerful—but it was a power with teeth. He had been prey too long to not see it when it was before him. “C-could you come back tomorrow?”

“Why not come now, honey?” she rumbled, smooth and sultry and soft, like a mattress one never climbs out of. ***“Don’t be shy, little one.”***

“Not-not little,” Jork huffed, only to see it himself: he was small again. A wave of embarrassment choked his insides as he froze up, looking higher and seeing the towering female as she eclipsed him. “I...Jork is...”

“Jork is fine, sweetheart,” the nightmare chuckled, almost meaning it. Her desires clashed with the sudden desire to actually...comfort the little idiot. ***“Don’t you worry, I’ll make you big. Would you like that, dear? Isn’t that what you want, deep, deep down? To be BIG?”***

Surely her raw hunger spurred on a more dedicated act, because she sounded more sincere than ever before as she cuddled the shaking male up high against her fat bosom, letting him stop tensing up so much, then softly melt into them, sighing.

“Isn’t that better?” she cooed, the equine nuzzling down over his little head.

Jork blushed bronze over gold, nodding like a kid.

“Poor Jork. No one ever took you seriously, did they?”

“Sisters are nice-nice,” he murmured, nuzzling in against a bulbous, dark green nipple.

“Are they, though? I think they just keep you around because it suits them. I think you get used every single day, poor dear. Taken advantage of like that, and by nuns, no less. Shameful.”

That same plump, warm nipple pressed into the little kobold’s muzzle, guided by her huge hand, insistent and inviting.

“Let’s get you bigger, honey, yes? Why don’t you have yourself a real birthday feast?”

Jork blushed darker as his toothy little maw found that teat, supple and soft and bulging; he clasped it with his jaws, making the nightmare shiver cutely, before he began to drink. And drink. And drink. With every gulp of sweet milk, his body began to indeed change.

“That’s right,” she huffed tenderly, stroking his head and ears. ***“Grow.”***

Jork shook hotly at the word, at being finally given *permission*.

His tiny body swelled hotly as a series of rhythmic bulges overtook it, each one blowing him up a little bigger, a little stronger, yet. His gold-scaled arms rumbled and surged with raw power, bulking bigger with better-defined swells of masculine muscle. His neck thickened wonderfully as his shoulder ballooned, his thighs rubbing down against the nightmare's huge belly and wide hips as his erection plowed bigger and longer against her soft, dark fur.

Grow.

To some folks, the command to finally fly through the skies or to be invincible or wildly rich would have elicited roughly the same reaction. To Jork, it was an even more fantastically impossible dream. Yet, it was happening, at long, long last. He was getting bigger.

Grow.

Embarrassed and unabashed at the same time, the growing kobold drank deeper, taking in greedy, massive gulps as rivulets of cream ran along his chin. His swelling paws found and fondled at her huge breasts, coaxing, demanding, pleading, all at once as he kept getting larger, stronger. Proud muscles tensed big and tight under his stretching scales as he pulled off with a happy huff, finding himself as large as her, over ten feet tall!

“Better?” she rumbled, pressing her horse muzzle in against his reptilian snout.

“I...I’m big,” Jork laughed, milk still dappling his chin stupidly. “I’m BIG!”

His bulky golden arms wrapped around the nightmare as he pulled her in lovingly, crush-hugging for all he was worth, making her go wide-eyed at the force of it. Still, she grinned, coyly noting how massive his burgeoning shaft was growing, flat to her warm belly.

“You are, dear, yes! Such a big male, now! And what’s this!?”

Jork chirped awkwardly as her hands found his member and cradled it, lavishing long, slow strokes on its huge sides, making it stir wildly to life in her expert hands.

“Eee!”

“Haha, it’s fine, love, you’re fine,” the horse soothed, her laugh going from calculated to earnest without her even trying. Hellfire, he was adorable.

“Y-yes, fine! Haha!” Jork nervously cackled, biting his lip with a massive blush the moment her fingertips tickled up over the dome of his swollen head, making it burn darker as his penis throbbed even bigger, inch by tight, pulsating inch. The churning reached his burning-dark ears she Jork swallowed, then found himself frotting up into her warmth, his muzzle sinking down into her cleavage with a contented huff as his scaly testes inflated between his thighs and her larger ones, filling the available space rapidly as he clenched his huge toes in joy.

“That’s right,” she comforted, petting his enlarged muscles, then petting his head and floppy ears as he nuzzled deeper in. ***“This did it, didn’t it? Look how big you got...down below.”***

Back in his bed, Jork was indeed at *tremendously* full mast. Though her hands remained around the kobold’s head, Shigha’s eyes were locked on his erection, waiting hungrily. He was almost set to blow, and she to feed.

Unseen, unattended, the handmade dreamstone began to glow softly, its light hidden under the bedsheets.

“But really, Jork...don’t you wonder about being bigger?”

The word stabbed into Jork’s deepest thoughts, penetrating like a hot knife.

Bigger?

The erection surged painfully tight under the covers, and the nightmare pushed on:

“Yes, dear. Think about it. Why stay small?”

“Not small, though,” he huffed into her cleavage, snuggling her big body in closer.

“Compared to what you could be? You’re still small, aren’t you?”

“Am I?”

Grow.

The lovely word returned, but this time, there was one more word. A better word:

Bigger.

Jork shuddered *hard*, in the dream, and even in bed.

Shigha jerked back, before chuckling to herself. She had been locked up in this infernal holy place too long, had lost her nerve. Nightmares didn't jump like that, that was stupid. At any rate, the runt was taking the bait perfectly—there was no sense in dallying further.

“What if, honey?” the mare cooed, right inside of Jork's earflap, hot and soft and perfectly right. Her large hands grazed up and down his monstrous erection, itself nearly half his staggering size, leaning in so that her thighs bulged against his overgrown orbs, sending raw electric joy up and down his muscles. ***“What if you were even bigger?”***

Jork's dream-body shook eagerly, nodding for him, and with a hard squeeze of her teats the nightmare started to gush out twin geysers of milky cream, spattering out playfully into Jork's big muzzle.

Naturally, he drank and drank, until he started to rumble deep within, then stretch pleasantly all over; his toned bulk groaned as it steadily puffed thicker, stronger, a steady puffing hiss of pressure blowing the kobold up as he grew to 11 feet, then 12. His muzzle pushed up over Shigha's, his golden biceps and shoulders glimmering in the candlelight as he cuddled her tighter, shivered, and whined, blowing up a messily foot larger against her plush body. Throughout, the horse tended to his member, teasing the edge of the head with practiced thumbs, guiding it as it grew right up between her huge breasts. All it took was a strong squeeze of her arms to mash them together, crushing in on both sides of his trembling erection, driving the uninitiated male wilder and wilder.

He was close, damn it. So close. Surely another little push would do it.

“I-is this right?” Jork warbled between clumsy gulps, his deepening voice getting more smooth, more powerful, making his swollen pectorals tingle against her chest as he passed 15 feet, looking down at her.

“Hmm, it's a start, isn't it?” the nightmare said, correcting her tone quickly, shooing away any impatience in favor of keeping the kobold aroused. Clearly, she just needed to lay it on thicker. ***“But what if you were...overwhelmingly big? A true, throbbing, mighty, looming giant? A...a god, no less!”***

“M-me-me?” Jork gasped as his entire body tremored angrily, tensed, and boomed bigger, responsively blowing up to twice as big in one hot, heavy burst of muscle! His testicles billowed into boulders, shoving the startled equine into a stumble, his erection thrusting up with a single throb over even her as his head and horns surged up higher. “G-g-GIANT!?”

This was it, she thought, Shigha crawling up to and body-rubbing herself wholly against his pendulous orbs, nuzzling hard into the undercarriage of his monstrous penis. *She had him!*

In reality, Jork strained with delight, stirring in his blankets with a soft grunt. Shigha beamed darkly, pulling one hand away to clutch his member through the sheet, and squeeze tenderly, stroking up and down with eerie fluidity as his tiny toes curled. The deal should have been sealed, but the little *anus* wasn’t releasing! Still!

“Come on, come on,” she huffed quietly, getting more and more irate. “Release, already! How repressed can this little buffoon be!?”

The dreamstone glowed brighter, still unnoticed, and Jork’s real body began to tremble ominously against the mattress.

“Goodness,” dream-Jork rumbled, his 30-foot body filling the lobby of the dream-library rather handily. “I...I’ll crush everything! M-my job-job!”

Thinking quickly, the nightmare adjusted the dream.

“Not at all, darling, you won’t harm anything or anyone, that’s impossible. Any damage you do will mend, okay? So, don’t worry! Just...mmn, grow! Come on! GROW! GROOOW!!”

Her patience was a snapping thread as her hunger screamed at her, demanding results.

Jork moaned an adult moan—the first of his life; his body pulsed with more power than he could understand, battering his senses into a frenzy of intake. Golden muscles erupted bigger as he grit his teeth, rolled his eyes, and ballooned angrily larger, his head plowing up into the lobby rafters with a quaking *thud*, his bloated pectorals and shoulders and neck pushing up after, obscuring his muzzle and ears as he filled everything with himself.

His garments struggled and snapped, pulling and pinging and splitting as thick pockets of brawn tore through. Consistency was pointless, as to him his clothes were there, then gone, then

there again, suiting every stray thought about them staying on longer, just so that he could keep snapping through them as he grew.

The way it hugged him as his rump blew free and bashed several tables flat, his tail whipping loose and smashing a rail apart, slapping a cracking window...the way his chin found his expanding pectorals, the way his shaft burst higher than the shelves as he felt his scales stretch and rumble...

It was beyond anything he ever had *dared* to want for himself. And it was increasing.

“*Hnnn.*”

Shigha stopped as the tiny male murmured some sleepy nonsense, then blinked and turned to his erection, still in her hands. Her eyes widened.

Her hand had spread open. Closed fingers were suddenly separated from the palm and thumb as she watched Jork’s arousal bloat even bigger, then bigger still, spreading her grip wider in real time.

“W...what?”

She caught sight of the tented bumps Jork’s toes formed under the sheet, watched as they started to push away from her, the small masses of the kobold’s legs pushing longer as Jork’s little head started to push up along his colossal pillow, filling more of it as he whimpered happily.

“M. Mbgr...B-hgger. Hmmmnhn.”

Shigha gulped, processing.

“What in the hell is this?”

Jork was *bigger*. Even in the low light of her room, it was clear now. What had started as three very manageable feet of reptile was suddenly four, at least. Had he been inching larger so slowly that she hadn’t noticed? How? How was this even possible!?

Jork’s feet grew higher under the covers as they pushed farther out, his neck thickening, his chest swelling higher as he shook in his slumber, purred hotly, then blew up to 5 feet.

“No,” she muttered, shaking her emaciated muzzle in bafflement. “No. Wait.”

“Big...ger.”

On command, Jork’s rumbling body burst larger, pushing a whole foot larger, yet again. His loose sleeping gown lost its wrinkles as it filled with swells of proud male muscle, his erection blowing nearly twice as big in her grip, making her gasp and let go entirely. He was as big as any real adult now, twice his pathetic size, and the covers were finally starting to pull off, revealing a strap of leather around his swelling neck, attached to a–

“Shit!”

Shigha pulled back, terrified at the sight of the glowing thing resting on his stretched-out gown, over two mounding pectorals. A dreamstone!

“He...had a dreamstone of his own!? While I was affecting his dream!?”

Jork licked his muzzle over, then grit his teeth and strained with a deep, silky growl as his body trembled, shook openly, then *exploded* bigger, bowling her back onto her rear as she saw him expand over the entire bed, then spill bigger over it. His now-huge mitts thumped the floor in time with his swelling warm heels, his knees canting high enough to lift the sheet up, revealing an erection the size of her entire arm. Fat testicles sagged over the edge, crumpling the mattress as he panted in his sleep, his head pushing up, up along the headboard, his hulking neck smothering the pillow flat.

“Need to,” Shigha stammered, forcing herself back upright. “Need to...get that cursed thing off of him, fast!”

She approached the 15-foot giant as he continued to expand, the happy male swelling too big for his bed, forcing it to snap and wither and sink to the ground with a hard crack. She climbed as she leaned in, reaching with scrabbling, bony fingertips, trying to scale what was still getting bigger beneath and around her.

“Dammit!”

One hand mercifully managed to grasp at the necklace strap, the leather already painfully tight around his huge-worthy column of a neck. The necklace dug into his heaving scales a moment, strained, then popped, snapped free by sheer bulk, sending her toppling backward with it as she crashed into his desk.

“Okay, alright,” she huffed, both fuming and afraid in equal measure as she righted herself and observed the necklace—then crushed it. “That ought to do it. Oh, to think he had a functional stone on him! That...that could have been a disaster of *unthinkable* proportions.”

She wobbled in place, still weak. Weaker, even.

The sound of tearing interrupted, lifting her gaze back to a sight that made her all the weaker: he was still growing. The sound was the final pleas of a gown stretched too tight, as twenty feet of rumbling kobold split seams and pulled edges, his shaft screaming bigger as its tip kissed the rafters cutely, then thumped down into the next one, and the next, as his growing body guided it down the line.

“Hey,” the nightmare groaned, gasping for air still. “No. No! That’s not right! S-stop!”

How was he still growing!?

She backed away fearfully, eyes saucer-wide, her mouth hung dumbly open as she scrambled for an understanding, watching as Jork’s huge body trembled yet again, and blew up *faster*. His muzzle spread with a cute, giddy grin as he groaned hotly, throbbing bigger in mean, thick waves of growth, his 25-foot body quickly wrecking his quarters as it filled everything.

His gilded elbow shoved into her, snapping her out of the trance his size had created. Shigha staggered back into the opened doorway, and with a last glance and a frustrated growl she took to flight. She, a demon!

How? How? How!?

No sooner than she had scrambled back out into the hallway, Jork’s gigantic arms blew through a cracking wall, his feet pressing and pressing into the interior wall, bigger and bigger, his chest slamming into snapping rafters in time with his bending erection and bloated sacs all added to a symphonic terror of creaks and warping and cracking as the entire basement shook angrily, sending the nightmare into a complete panic as she stormed up the stairs.

“BIGG...GGG...ERRRR”

The once-tiny kobold’s cute voice was now a miniature earthquake, a storm of power and smoky bass that echoed and reverberated through the lower quarters. It followed her out as she tripped and skidded onto the lobby floor of the library, only to feel the boards vibrate from the pressure below.

“No!” she wailed, standing upright, looking all around for any possible way out—then remembering she had been bound to the library walls, and there was no escaping. She was stuck!

Wake him up

“R-right! Yes!” she hissed, turning about, just as something enormous bumped up underneath her hooves, just before the entirety of the lobby floor bowed up higher and higher.

Reading tables skidded away as the boards continued to rise higher, cracking and snapping fitfully, struggling in desperate finality to maintain their hold as something stubbornly swelled up into them, bigger and bigger and *bigger*.

Before she could even think to scream, the flooring shattered into a million fragments, flinging the nightmare back off her hooves as a huge head, horns and ears and muzzle blew up into the open, nearly as big as a house!

Tables flew and spun, chairs obliterated. Boards snapped apart and segmented submissively as a colossal golden neck pushed higher and higher, yet, Jork’s massive head slamming up into the ceiling with a terrible, shuddering *boom* of impact.

Blown clear over the front desk, Shigha wobbled back up once again, seeing over its countertop as Jork’s chest forced the straining gown to rip further apart, letting his jumbled-up pectorals blow forth in heaving mounds of scaly muscle, raw power bleeding off of his massive upper body as it swelled ever-larger. His shoulders expanded into mighty boulders of brawn, his thick neck pulsing as the behemoth snored on, his head pushing up into the ceiling more and more as his back muscles crashed through row after row of formerly-mighty shelves.

The Jork in dreams had grown big, to be sure, but even that 30-foot giant was only maybe half the real Jork’s size, now. His thighs and waist and rear and tail filled the lower quarters, so much so that she was only so surprised with a heavy *thump* drummed under her hooves, once, twice—then the floor warped under her yet again, as his growing member plumped too big!

“W-wake up, Jork!” the nightmare pleaded, openly, all pretense of control thrown to the side. “WAKE UP, YOU STUPID LITTLE WRETCH! DAMN YOU!”

Before she could get anywhere, in any sense of the word, the flooring blew apart a second time. A thick wad of pink, ruddy flesh blasted up through snapping boards, veins as big as her legs, pumping happily, before his monstrous erection swelled entirely free, carrying her up with it! She clung with a scream, her legs spreading wider as she clung to his lurching, stiffening maleness, her ears back, her breasts pressed tight into its hot contours.

“NO NO NO NO!”

“B...BUH, BIGGGGG...GGG...HRRRRRRR!”

His pulsating tip bulged over the front desk, arching all the way up the stairs to the entrance, and bashing into the doors, as Jork’s upper torso overfilled the library, dust and grit and splinters raining down around his growing scales.

She glanced back. The doors held, even as his pre-slicked tip greased them over, the immense member flaring terribly tight, bloated and huge with need.

*He **still** hadn’t unloaded!? Had this puny nobody ever even climaxed before!?*

A new shade of desperate, the nightmare slithered down his tickled erection, stomping across the small patch of remaining floorboards, and scaling up his groaning chest, hugging her way up his thickening neck, and slapping both hands angrily on his chin.

“Got to get back in there,” she huffed, trying to compose herself as she hugged his looming jawline. “I can fix this!”

Dream-Jork was even bigger, as it happened. The library cartoonishly stretched and swelled around his immensity as he huffed into his pectorals, his eyes rolled back in his skull, his breathing erratic and storm-sized, his heartbeat singing in jubilation. He might have been a happy camper, but the pinned-down equine wasn’t.

“J-jork, darling,” she spoke, trying not to rush in her mounting fear, ***“You did it! You’re so very, very big! I’m, hah, so p-pleased! That’s a perfectly good size, you made it to being a giant! You’re very content, I can tell! You can stop growing bigger–”***

The word itself sent Jork into a roar of pleasure as it triggered *another* growth spurt, and it was a massive monster of one.

“S-STOP! SERIOUSLY!”

Muscles too big for anyone inflated even larger, bulging and groaning into one another as the kobold’s monstrous growth escalated into a frantic burst of size, stretching the library out more and more and more around him. His muzzle swallowed her entire view as his pectorals roared up into mounds on either side, consuming her with nothing but him.

“MOOOOOORE,” Jork groaned, preseed splattering out in hot bursts against his overfed pecs. “MOOOOOOOOOOOORE-MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORE FOR JOOOORK!”

“NO! ENOUGH! STOP BEING SO GREEDY, YOU LITTLE PEON!”

“GOD.”

Shigha froze up, the one word paralyzing the eldritch demon. It clicked. How she wished it didn’t, but everything clicked.

“YOU SAID...JORK...IS GOD!”

Back in the real library, the enormous kobold’s golden body glowed brighter, and brighter. His 150-foot bulk swelled in and out as something too powerful for even him tried to explode forth too quickly, too soon. The dark equine snapped back to the reality, just as she felt herself buried between Jork’s growing chin and rising chest bulk, caging her in as his trembling girth blew up into the walls, driving his head up through the splintering rafters and ceiling in one massive gush of growth!

His rear crushed up through the balcony stairs on both sides, smashing through the tier and demolishing row after row of shelves, books, cards, flooring, rails and the like, shoving it all into the far wall as his shaft plunged against the entrance doors, snapping, then blowing them apart!

Windows cracked, webbed, then blasted away as the snapping outer walls of the ancient library exploded apart, Jork’s gargantuan body billowing out into the night air as he sleepily bellowed and purred at the same time! The midsection parted as the foundation imploded, a humongous tail and pert cheeks hatching out the back end; the front buckled, then blew out as it collapsed, hurled to its demise as a wall of bulk exploded past it.

A 180-foot kobold emerged from the waves of smoke and devastation, yawning and roaring, before blinking his massive eyes awake somewhat, putting them to flutter cutely as he loomed on his rump over the neighboring buildings. Feet as big as houses rested against an entire Inn, thick yellow soles nuzzling in against its sides as the slumbering titan shook his head, then opened his eyes slightly.

“HRMN.”

His gentlest utterance shook the streets of the outer capitol as he paused, then yawwwwwned happily, his long ears flicking back, his leaking shaft bulging up against his rows of proud, overgrown abs. An ocean of perfectly-sculpted back muscles rolled and shifted, pure strength and grace packed into an utterly towering kobold.

And, as the streets shook worse, it was horribly clear that said kobold was *still growing*.

2

The bells of the Glaspool Priory rang like there was no tomorrow to greet, throwing the nuns and Prior into a dismayed clamor as they awoke. Sister Skahm's eyes burned from want of sleep, the commotion already rising through her door as she opened it to mayhem.

"Gracious, what," the dragoness started, quickly slipping her habit robes back on as the sisters all ran past her dormitory. "What is happening?"

"Everyone, please, to the back," Prior Haff urged, the stocky porcupine ushering the others down the hall. "Sister Skahm, this way! To the bells! There's an emergency!"

Even with her wits so dulled by slumber, some kind of uneasy awareness grew within the dragoness' stomach, taking hold as she followed. Between windows carved out of the rock face of the outer walls, she saw flashes of something...tremendously *big*.

Heavens, please, don't be him, please

The entire Abbey shook as some alien percussion tore through the ground, up through everything. As she and her sisters cleared the dormitory exit and crowded at the back, where a courtyard met the face of the mountains, she saw the others all pointing back to the capitol, screaming and gasping, leaning away right as another tremor attacked.

Oh Lord, don't

As much as she feared to, Sister Skahm braced, turned in the direction everyone pointed, and opened her eyes. She too screamed.

Not only was the library, her entire job and reason for being utterly eradicated, but it had been replaced with kobold. A version of Jork she couldn't possibly imagine sat in its place, shaking his sleepy head, eyes drunken with deep dreaming as he teetered. He was over 100 feet tall, sitting down with a slouch, meaning he must have been just under 200 feet, total! He was all muscle and firm curves, power radiating off of his huge, bulky body, a far cry from the adorable

puff he had been hours earlier. Granted, something about him remained cute, perhaps even cuter, as he grumbled nonsense and scritchd at his swollen, gloriously thick chest.

What madness was this? Was he even awake!?

“What could have happened, there!?” Father Haff balked, hands up to his muzzle.

“I...I don’t quite know,” the dragoness murmured, absolutely sincere.

“Well, you closed the library tonight! What did you do!?”

The other sisters turned to her, only to be pulled back as the yawning giant sneezed, then trembled happily, his huge body starting to rumble anew as they watched him surge even *bigger*.

“I-I...I gave him a cupcake...”

“The devil’s food, surely!” Father Haff groaned, as the Priory rattled all over from the kobold’s mighty rumbling.

Jork panted openly, his long tongue lolling out as he closed his eyes and moaned, letting his muscles boom even larger across a rising body. His vast member pushed painfully, wonderfully higher, the tip wavering in the air as it rose to his chin, batting up playfully against its tip as his huge feet squeezed in on his overblown sacs, sending a visible shiver out through his fattening tail.

190 feet blew messily up to 210 as Jork ascended further, his golden form glittering with a godly glow that only flared brighter as he arched his back and thrust his amazing pectorals forth, grunting deeply.

“BIIIIIG...HUH, HUA AH...BIIIIIIIIIGGGGGGGERRR...”

Out from those massive pectorals popped the tiny nightmare, a comparative toy to him, propelled by the sheer pressure of his flex. She howled as the incoming erection thudded into her, allowing her only a second to clutch back onto it as it swung forward, swelled bigger, and came rumbling back to him.

“I...I’m free,” she mumbled, bleary-eyed, hanging on tight. “He outgrew it...he-he set me free! Hah...Ahahaha! FREE! No further need to bother with you, you overgrown heap of trouble! So long, fool!”

The very moment she deigned (or dared) to move, however, it happened. A steady trickle of clear fluid met her hands, running down the span of his erection from a pulsing tip, and the effect was immediate.

Whatever startled yelp Shigha might have managed was subsumed, caught in her throat as the nightmare quivered and closed her eyes in reflex. Her scraggly mop-hair lengthened and smoothed, its dark vibrance returning as straw became fine silk. The mockery that was her exposed ribs bulged with renewed mass, her curves overtaking everything as she straightened out, her back arching hotly, her rump broadening, firming, flexing under a long, shining tail.

Sagging ears perked tall and proud as her cheeks filled back out on either side of a straightening muzzle, the green glow returning to her once-seductive and deadly gaze. Her bosom bulged up tighter, firming to peak form as both nipples bulged fat and happy and full, driving both nubs deep into the massive kobold's erection.

"What is...what is this?" she whinnied, her younger, larger eyes batting in stupefaction. "I'm...restored? Already?"

She held with one hand, observing the other as the pre seemed to dry away—or rather, be absorbed into her formerly-ragged self. Two and two were kind enough to get together, and the nightmare's jaw went from slack to beaming, her cruel heart beating faster in her chest.

"Impossible," she laughed, shaking with pleasure and vigor alike. "It would take...a dozen virile men, just to fully heal me...and he hasn't even climaxed in earnest."

What had she been preparing to do, moments before? Leave?

That was ages ago. Now, there was nothing else on her mind but precious, *delicious* Jork.

High up above, as the sisters and the bordering citizens all stared in disbelief, Jork kept growing, and growing, a slow, steady pumping that emanated from within-out, making his tail and rump and heels balloon loudly over the adjoining shops and trees and signs below. 250 feet of reptilian mass stretched and creaked, the half-awake, heavily-drugged kobold pitching and wobbling, a stupid grin etched on his adorable muzzle.

Wasting no time at such a tremendous and terrible opportunity, Shigha crawled up along his mountainous pride, getting thicker and curvier the longer she came in contact with his descending pre-seed, her eyes aglow with lust.

"Imagine...what your payload...would do, to me, haha!"

Her demonic mind swam at the ideas the situation afforded, already driving the mare wild as she shuddered and bulged a foot larger, her fur pulling tight as she blew up to 8 feet, then 9, getting a little bigger with every grasp upward.

She had been hasty, too hasty. This was a good thing! The best of things!

As the nuns all scrambled and prayed blue streaks, in the priory, Shigha finished scaling the massive erection, having had to apply herself to compensate for the penis' constant, steady growth. Now a healthy, bloated 20 feet, the nightmare hunkered in; she pressed her huge bust down to the flaring tip, wriggling her double-wide rump and oversized hips in delight.

It was the Mother of all second thoughts: she shouldn't bother fleeing. The rewards for making him climax were too sweet, now that she was seeing what was possible!

"Who cares if you get a little bigger?" she rumbled, lowering her muzzle down toward the leaking slit, veritable fountain. "Once you're finished, you won't care anymore, and it'll subside. Hellfire, it's really the only way to calm you back down!"

Her rationalizations ran rampant as she rubbed Jork's house-sized tip, making his bulging erection swell even tighter underneath. She focused, despite herself, and forced herself back into the dream, full-tilt. It wasn't the head she expected to use, but it was the one Jork was thinking with, so fair was fair.

The kobold was taking full advantage of the dream state, even if he didn't understand he was even in one. When Shigha blinked back in, she found herself situated on the balcony of a grand castle overlooking what she assumed was Glaspool's capital city. Not that it mattered. What mattered more was the looming shadow Jork cast as the city went from day to evening within its span.

"Ooh."

She looked up, and up, and up, and up, seeing massive clawed toes, then knees, then a mind-breakingly massive set of scaly, bulging testes underneath a ridiculously overlong erection, so huge that the tip nearly touched down over the rows of homes and sliver-streets far below him. Dream-Jork must have stood over 1,000 feet high, easily, if not more.

"BEHOLD-HOLD, HEHE, KING JORK!"

His huge words blasted down over the valley and kingdom, making even the nightmare wince from her high tower balcony.

“I thought I told him he was a God,” she sighed, only to shriek as he actually heard her.

A vast, smiling kobold muzzle peered down in slow motion, his chin mashing between his overgrown pectorals as he cocked his head and perked his ears.

“THERE YOU ARE! YOU SAID JORK WAS GOD, YES-YES! BUT JORK’S BIRTHDAY IS SPECIAL, SO FIGURE GOD *AND* KING...EVEN BETTER!”

“...Sure!” she purred, the demonic mare stifling a rude laugh at the stupidity of it all. “Of course it is! How clever of you, thinking...bigger!”

As if under a spell, Jork blinked, then shuddered heavily, his massive erection bulging higher, and higher, a deep rumble welcomingly rising out of him.

“B...BIGGER...”

There was no need to hold back, she had learned better. The more they screwed around, the longer it would take to get him to blow. The lucky little putz had to have been a die-hard virgin, she had never met a male that took this much encouraging to pay off. That just meant she was in for an orgasm never to be forgotten! Who cared if he damaged a lousy kingdom in the process? It was the kingdom that locked her away, anyhow, so that was just two birds!

“That’s right, my love! Mighty, gorgeous, huge, ever-growing King-God Jork!”

The towering kobold blushed, squealing at the compliments. How could she seal this for him—for her? Playing with his erection did some good, but not that much. Everything would have to go into reinforcing his getting larger, so.

She snapped her hoof-fingers, and an immense set of sandals appeared in the air, crashing down devastatingly onto the dream-kingdom, cracking dozens of feet down into shattering stone and soil and building, alike.

A massive scepter of gold and jewel appeared over it, hovering in the air, followed by a crown big enough to fill a small lake.

“OOOH?” Jork started, narrowing his massive violet eyes curiously. “WHAT ARE THESE-THESE?”

“Every king needs his attire, doesn’t he, love?” she rumbled, wagging her tail about. “Go on, put them on! Become the creature you were meant to be! Tower over the landscape!”

“HAHA, O-OKAY!” Jork cheered, blushing darkly on his cheeks and eartips. “GOOD BIRTHDAY FOR JORK, GOOD-GOOD! I TRY THEM ON!”

In reality, Glaspool was in an uproar to end all uproars. Citizens fled the Northern border in droves as the 300-foot kobold sleepily rose to both growing feet, sniffed drowsily, and smiled wide.

“TRY ‘M ON”

His booming slur-talk was impossible to make out properly, not that the fleeing hordes below took the time to suss any of it out. One colossal gold foot lifted, augering toes bigger than the village huts he was raised in clear through an entire shop. The toes and claws crashed through, blowing out shelves and wares, stuffing the space between floorboard and ceiling with hot, smooth reptile soles. All that tonnage settled in loudly as his other foot smashed into an Inn, shattering the interior and lobby and stairs as humongous heels and thick soles taxed the walls to the breaking point.

The 360-foot kobold teetered, licking his muzzle over and yawning cutely, flashing growing teeth as he blinked his lidded eyes and chuckled for whatever dumb reason, before twisting one foot, then the other.

The few proprietors of the shop and Inn, its guests included, were all driven flat against floors and walls, pressed tight against enormous digits as he easily lifted his feet up, ripping both establishments up off their foundations, and taking a massive step over the streets beyond, wearing entire buildings as shoes as he *thoomed* over, reached out, and grabbed a sentry tower with one immense hand, grabbing and plucking it up off the ground with no trouble at all.

“What the Devil is that kobold even doing?” Father Haff groaned as the priory doors opened for the fleeing masses, taking them in.

“Getting dressed, I think,” Sister Skahm said, beyond embarrassed.

In the dream, Jork's mighty scepter and sandals were on, all of them perfectly-sized. The 1,300-foot god-bolt wagged so hard it shook his body with it as he laughed and purred. His erection leapt larger, bobbing up so hard and full that it almost sent the same shock out as his tail.

“KING JORK FIRST ORDER OF BIGNESS IS...GET BIGGER!”

Just as he set the crown on his head, his rumbling body erupted larger, and larger, and larger, and larger, and larger, 1,500 feet rocketing angrily up to a whopping half-mile. His sandals grew with his feet as they swell-boomed bigger, steamrolling the city below as he moaned in joy. All the while dream-Shigha watched, grinning wider, some part of her acknowledging the sensations of his real erection as it swelled unstoppably bigger, the real nightmare right on top of it.

“That's right, you goofy godling, blow! Blow, damn you! Make me so powerful...that *I'll* become the real god! Bahahaha—OOOH!”

More pre was blasting loose as dream Jork and real Jork both convulsed with pleasure, in unison. Real Shigha was forced to break concentration just a bit as her perch atop the kobold's tip became more tenuous. The 70-foot tower of a penis swayed more and more heedlessly as the 550-foot colossus wobbled and wavered, sleepwalking and sleep-growing ever larger.

With one titanic mitt, Jork reached lower and tore the local theater ring clear up off its base, trying to fit it atop his head. Still, at roughly 100 feet across, the more modest theater proved too big for him. As if angered on some level of awareness, his subconscious put in orders to grow even larger, faster—and, frighteningly, his body obeyed.

The rumbling kobold's growth shook the streets as his toes ballooned too big, bashing out of the opposing sides of the building-shoes he wore, blowing wood and glass to nil as his feet grew and grew and grew, putting more and more pressure on the trapped littles within.

“B'GRRR, HEE,” Jork mumbled, biting his lip happily as he strained all over, throbbed once, and *tripled* in size.

The priory bells screamed as the golden kobold's body grew, and grew, pushing ceaselessly, stubbornly higher into the sky. His thighs bulged with pure muscle as he teetered, adjusting to his escalating weight by adding more and more bulk. His tattered gown was a mess of taut threads digging into inflating pectorals and rowed abs, his hips widening proudly up above as he surged to 1,650 feet tall in one mean *gush*.

Now, as it turned out, the theater rested upon his head, within both vast brown horns, his ears twitching in glee as he adjusted his new crown more properly.

“Yes,” Shigha growled, nuzzling at the blasting gouts of clear pre, feeling her body blow up to 50 feet, then 75, then 90, “feed me! Haha! Give me everything you ha—”

A tiny explosion burst against Jork’s huge shoulder, making the sleeping giant grunt in mild confusion. Another followed, then another, until smoky explosions were peppering his thick muscles over and over.

“HMMMNHM.”

Jork scratched up at his massive chin happily, uncaring, hardly noticing as over one hundred cannonballs blasted from the castle at the center of the capital, hammering the colossus in a wild panic.

“Argh, stop interrupting!” the 120-foot nightmare boomed, frustrated.

To anyone else, the horse was already a god in the flesh. She could have crushed a puny mortal under one huge hoof, if she so desired, and she was only swelling bigger, and bigger, the more she clung to Jork’s pre-covered tip. Yet, to the 1,900-foot kobold, she was a joke.

“Why, er, look, darling!” dream-Shigha said, thinking quickly. “They’re throwing you a party in honor of your growing so powerful and huge! Why not go and see to them, quickly?”

“JORK...NEVER HAD PARTY, EVER-EVER!”

The ever-growing kobold sniffled in the dream, then in reality, as dream-Shigha reappeared on his immense shoulder. Though he was beaming wide, he looked ready to cry.

“Oh, now what?” she huffed, only to feel a sudden sympathetic wave of emotion. “I mean, eheh, it’s just a birthday, darling. You don’t have to go too wild, heh.”

“NEVER HAD BIRTHDAY. EVER-EVER. NO ONE EVER CARES ABOUT JORK,” the massive giant sniffled, wagging faster, overcome with happiness. “SO...HAPPY-HAPPY...”

To her surprise, the crying kobold’s shaft rumbled and leapt larger, nearly doubling its horrendous size on the spot. The tip blazed dark as he trembled and trembled, worse and worse and worse.

“WAIT FOR KING GOD!” the vast male boomed, excitedly crying and thudding along as he ballooned dangerously bigger, and bigger, half a mile rumble-*booming* to a full mile.

The city screamed as one, losing its collective mind as the 2,500-foot kobold slam-*thoomed* toward the castle, eyes still lidded and dumb, his erection wagging out destructively ahead of him. One foot crashed down over an entire city square, more than big enough to fill it up, before it blew up even larger on impact, splitting the Inn and shop more and more open, from within, the theater crown shrinking atop his rising head.

“What did you put in that infernal confection, you dullard!?” King Faras bellowed, the Emperor penguin storming back and forth across the castle ramparts, as more and more cannons fired off around him.

“Only a powerful sleeping agent, your highness, I swear!” the court alchemist balked. “N-nothing that could possibly ever cause this!”

“That damnable demon horse,” the King sneered, shaking his head and beak. “Why did we ever agree to hold her at bay in our own realm!?”

A gaggle of robed wizards gathered before them out on the ramparts, ragged from what could only be a lot of running—something most wizards likely didn’t bother keeping up with.

“Your H-highness,” one of them gasped, “we have come to your aid!”

“Good, good! Use whatever magic you can, to defeat this terrible threat!”

Jork was every bit as tall as the massive castle and its innumerable spires, as his mighty feet crushed down before the lower tiers of the city, leading up to countless stairs and the higher reaches of the nobility, then the castle itself. In fact, with another heavy burst of growth, the looming kobold stood *higher* than it. At a whopping, staggering mile tall, over 5,300 feet, Jork was a living, moving mountain, or close enough to one.

“MMMh.”

His warbly grunt was pure thunder as it rumbled out of a neck over 500 feet in diameter. The kobold’s body put even the greatest, most flattering of statues to the gods to shame; hill-sized biceps of gleaming gold twitched, overloaded with power, his pectorals twitching

playfully as he wavered in place and sniffed hard, his sleepy expression dipping into something more emotional.

“BRFDY.”

“Fire!” the King roared, as every available cannon blasted, and every single mage and wizard alike chanted arcane spells of attack.

Bolts of orange lightning and blue fire and purple spirals all hammered into Jork’s immensity, a dazzling light show of raw destructive prowess bashing his stretching scales amongst a sea of cannonballs and explosions.

“MMMMMNF,” Jork boom-rumbled, blushing darker, as countless spells tickled his erection, making it sway and bob cutely. “HMMMMMN, B...BFDY...FOR B...B-B...BIIIIIIIIIG BOY...BIIIIIIIG’R...BIIGGGGGGGGG-HRRRR!”

A vast tongue darted out as Jork licked his huge golden muzzle over, his ears flicking back as his erection caught blast upon blast. To him, it was a lovely massage.

To Shigha, it was nearly oblivion. The mare hollered and knickered angrily, her 300-foot tall body slipping and clinging, struggling to keep attached to his tip as holy lightning narrowly missed contact with her huge breasts and oversized rump and thighs.

“Crap, those old geezers learned a few more spells, in my absence!” she grumbled, her own ears flicked similarly back as he hung on tight. “I can fight back, too, fools!”

In the dream state, Shigha appeared again, standing on the huge bridge of dream-Jork’s muzzle. His monstrous, gentle eyes locked in on her, nearly going crossed.

“Jork!” she hollered, more sternly. “These fireworks are all for you! Why not give the castle a big hug, in thanks?”

“OF COURSE-COURSE! GOOD IDEA!” the 2-mile tall, 10,560-foot titan rumbled, nodding so fast it nearly threw dream-Shigha off into the air.

The King, the alchemist, every artilleryman, and all the wizards cried out in panic as the real Jork, standing over 1.5 miles tall, came at them, his erection slamming and slipping up wetly

against the castle exterior as nearly 8,000 feet of muscle and affection hugged it tight. Impossibly thick, powerful biceps flexed bigger and bigger, booming out in size as Jork nuzzled into the highest parapets, his knee-low orbs crushing through the crackling walls as he doom-purred thankfully.

“MMMMHSO HAPP...”

His bloated shaft blasted even bigger, still, the trembling tip stretching tight as it reached all the way up to Jork’s upper chest, a 6,000-foot mass rivaling its 9,000-foot tall owner as his cuddling drove it all into the castle, smashing it to ruins.

“Hah!” the 400-foot tall nightmare roared, hugging around the other side of the erection, her torso-sized breasts cradling in against the head. Her proportions had heaved out wildly as she grew, her body more full and mighty than ever before. “Serves you right, for stowing me away like that! Bahahaha! Now, to wrap this nonsense up!”

It didn’t matter what she promised him, she knew how everyone worked. Kink or no kink, once anyone was spent, they calmed down. She could promise him anything, but after unloading, at long, long last, what would be care about it?

She straightened up, the colossal mare focusing back on the dream for all that she was worth, putting everything she had into one final, hard pitch:

“They love you so much, Jork! You’ve become the biggest there is!”

In the dream and reality, Jork shivered deeply. Then, the killing blow:

“But don’t stop there, dear! Grow, darling! GROW! GROW! BIGGER! BIGGER!”

That mammoth erection blew up so tight that the skin around the head screamed in pleasure and pain, the castle blowing away into fragmented despair around his muscles as they ballooned all over his shaking form. The kingdom itself trembled along with him as over 2 miles of godly kobold perfection glowed brighter and brighter.

*“GROW BIGGER, JORK, GROW! GROW! BIGGER! GROW...**FOREVER!!**”*

Jork’s vast eyes began to glow ominously, even through his lowered lids. The entire city could only watch helpless as the immeasurable kobold male whimpered, threw his head back,

clutched his overblown phallus with two growing paws, and bellowed deep and loud as the tip shook, stretched, swelled, darkened, bulged, strained...and...AND...

Jork didn't release. The humble term was no longer remotely adequate.

Jork exploded.

3

The expected mess of such a stupendous payload never arrived, as instead the nightmare hungrily intercepted, absorbing the initial geyser-blast of semen Jork provided.

And provided.

And provided.

And provided.

Something utterly new wracked the shaking kobold's body, in real time and in the dream state, a kind of primal, feral pleasure that Jork had never known in his life. It was messy and hot and tingling and thrilling, a sensation that he could only barely manage to describe as world-endingly, mind-rendingly, cataclysmically *not bad*.

Even half-asleep, a low, blasting, godlike howl of pleasure tore up through his thick neck, the sound ejecting as harshly as his seed. The skies quaked for it as all of Glaspool danced and quaked beneath the kobold's swelling soles and lengthening heels.

Still, every burst was caught by Shigha's growing body, every drop lost as it vanished into the expanding breadth of her fur. From across the kingdom, from every echelon and alley, every balcony and bench and bedroom, the gold-glowing kobold loomed, a 10,000-foot monstrosity, a monument animated. His sleep-dumb fingers dug deep into the bloat of his shaft as it relentlessly pushed bigger, wider, stronger, shaming even his inflated bulk as he teetered and snickered randomly, lost in some dreamy thought.

Rooftops hardly mattered—the city was but a carpet of lost details, every rise, every cant and gap meaningless, from the scope he had attained. Heels bigger than entire manors and public offices cut gouges through the lanes, uplifting tons and tons of rock and soil and house alike, dotting his swelling soles with clutching citizens and screaming livestock.

“HPP BDDY...T'MMMMMME”

Jork's pleasant rumblings exited his throat as storms, shaking and cracking every window of every home not yet surrendered to his growing feet or bulging, surging tail. His blimped-out orbs stretched like warm rubber, echoing everywhere as they expanded over his knees with a hard gravitational bounce. They grew to such a magnitude so quickly that their heft pulled Jork forward, sending the swaying peasant into a drunken stumble forward, his 1,300-foot long feet slam-slamming pure chaos down below.

Hundreds upon hundreds of very upset or delighted citizens clung between the folds of both soles as they *thoomed* and thundered for balance, demolishing everything—only for everything to quickly reassemble around him, unharmed. Per his growing powers, they and their owners were fine; everything still under his increasing feet would have to wait their turn.

“What can we do?” the owl nun asked, looking back and forth between Haff and Skahm, neither of whom answered as they all gazed at the burgeoning new god before them. “We must do something, yes? What prayers might we offer, to—hey, wait, what’s that!?”

At 12,000 feet, over two-and-a-quarter miles tall, Jork could have laid down and stretched from the Northern border to the central sector, nearly a fifth the size of the city itself. Compounding everyone's shock (the priory sisters included) was the sudden surge of something swelling into view, blowing up loudly between Jork's scaly belly and his erection.

“YESSSS!” Shigha roared, the growing nightmare rocketing larger in harsh, violent bursts of growth. “MORE! HAHAAHAAA, MOOOOOORE!”

Her hands remained clasped over Jork's tip as he gushed on and on, the cityfolk forgetting he had started climaxing, as the horse wrapped herself around his penis like clothing or cloth, and was taking everything into herself, shooting up into a behemoth in her own right.

“That cursed fiend!” Skahm growled, the dragoness's eyes narrowing on sight. “*She* did this, after all! Of all the rotten schemes! She's using him to feed herself into a...a true monster!”

“But, how much could she possibly hold, at this rate?” Father Haff gasped, staring on as Shigha hugged Jork's bridge-sized shaft, caught another spurt, and blew up to 5,000 feet against its 8,500. “Even she must have her limits!”

Shigha's hide pulled drum-tight as she rumbled larger, her green eyes bulging, her muzzle forming a greedy seal over the tip of Jork's gargantuan tip. She was, impossibly enough, outpacing even the titanic kobold, his 3-mile form suddenly only twice her shaking size.

Her now-immense bosom swallowed out around the upper span of his member, flossing up and down between them as she put them to work at milking it. Bloated nipples bigger than hills swung overhead, throbbing in time with the kobold's head as her legs weighed down on his testicles dimpling them out even larger and tighter, making the golden male's growing toes scrunch into the earth as he panted.

"HMMHMMMNHMN!" she huffed, her huge equine nostrils flaring wild and deep, her body quaking as it swelled out of control.

Her breasts billowed so large that they overmatched her torso, her rms booming into plum, curvy lengths of ruffling, fine fur. Her mane flowed everywhere as it sparkled darkly, her teats nearly outgrowing her puffy green areolae as they jetted milk, her hips twice as wide across as she was tall, partially blotting out Jork's hulking legs as she fed and fed.

Wanton bliss hammered into the greedy mare's senses, flattening all other priorities, until her huge eyes rolled back and she hiccuped bigger, inflating with a low rubber stretch up to 9,000 feet tall, then 14,000, her absurdly massive, tight rump bumping back into Jork, shoving the sleep-addled kobold back as she finally outsized him!

"HUA AAAA HAA HAAAA!"

Her eyes lidded as emerald fire erupted around them, her lashes glowing green and bright, her nipples flaring in the same fashion as they screamed bigger, blowing torrents of demonic cream over the crumbling city. The 18,000-foot tall female roared, hugging Jork's erupting penis tighter to her overgrown bust, shaking with unhinged lust, before she trembled harder and harder and harder, knickered—and *doubled* in size.

Jork snored away as her groaning beck muscles and fine fur bashed into him, smooshing his muzzle and spreading his arms, his erection slipping and pulling lower under her colossal, burning-hot thighs. A green-glow clitoris bigger than an entire village swelled out of slicked folds, bulging wetly against his carriage, her legs squeezing powerfully, her hooves swelling destructively over milk-flooded markets and homes.

The priory was evacuated as the sisters and Father Haff all charged into the mountains, venturing down into the shelter of ancient catacombs, all as Shigha's looming outer thighs dominated the skies above it. Over 36,000 feet—nearly 7 miles—of rumbling female arousal surged over the city, nearly covering it entirely with her bloated thighs and spreading hips.

“BETTER!” she boomed, shaking the clouds as they seemed to sink lower towards her growing body. ***“THIS IS WHAT I SHOULD BE! WORSHIP, YOU PATHETIC LITTLE NUGGETS! BASK IN MY DARK, GROWING GLORY! I...OOH, I-I, ER, WHOA–”***

Her eyes bugged bigger, making it hard to blink, stopping her mad rant a moment. Her body pulsed bigger, ahead of her, puffing out angrily, painfully, replacing the raw pleasure with a cautionary burst of strain—a warning.

Had she reached her limit? This didn't feel quite as nice...

The towering goddess-nightmare strained again, her bulk expanding out beyond her frame even more, until she grunted and forced herself up off of Jork's erection. The sleepy kobold crashed down behind her, obliterating the milk-drenched city ruins even further as his 5-mile tall, 26,400-foot form sent the wreckage not flattened underbulk flying up high.

Still he slumbered, grinning like a happy idiot, the monster-sized kobold's erection gushing loose on its own as it wobbled high into the sky.

Shigha could only pant and gasp for air as her bulk deflated back some, allowing her mobility to return, somewhat.

“HAAAAH, HUH, T-TOO MUCH,” she gulped, shaking her massive head. Even at 10 miles tall, with her ears in the clouds above, she suddenly seemed incredibly vulnerable. *Afraid*, even, if but for a fraction of a moment. ***“TOO MUCH. YES. AHAH. WILL NEED TO...GROW IN SPURTS, AS I ADJUST–GAH!!”***

Jork's seed splattered skyward, raining down around her rear and tail, dappling it with more, making her groan in pain as she expanded up to 14 miles tall, her body roaring its complaints as her breasts and hips nearly eclipsed the rest of her.

“N-NO! WAIT!” she sputtered, thudding colossal hooves as she hammered back step by shaking step, trying to suddenly get away. ***“N-NOT YET, YOU LITTLE NIMROD! STOP!”***

The nightmare had never once been sated on men, even before ascending. For the first time, at the one time she never would have anticipated, she was scared to get any more. Yet still, Jork blew and blew, the giddy kobold already shuddering larger, and larger, and larger around her as he lay there on the city. His erection relentlessly pushed longer, fatter, boom-boom-boom-BOOMING into a total beast, uncontrollably gushing thick streaks of heated white victory over everything, caking her in more again as he ballooned to 19 miles, then 23!

“N-NOOOO!” Shigha screamed, the planet’s crust cracking as she staggered back, stomping off of the capital and out onto the great valley and farmland surrounding the mountain ranges of the North. ***“GODDAMMIT, JORK!”***

She burst larger, moaning in mounting agony and pleasure, her heavy dark breasts ballooning all the way down over her billowing thighs and knees, the bulbous glowing teats bobbling as she tried to turn about and run. The friction alone from her churning thighs nearly set her fur ablaze as she bellowed and exploded up to 25 miles, as Jork's body throbbed up to 30 miles behind her—no, wait, 36 miles—41 miles! H-he wasn't stopping this time!

“SHIT SHIT SHIT NO—”

W-what was this insanity? He was supposed to blow his load and be done! No male could be this potent! Nonsense! How was that little idiot still climaxing so much!

“HPPY...BGGDY...T...MMMEEEEEEEE—”

Alright. Okay. Perhaps her meddling had backfired.

There wasn't much time to repent, given how hard Shigha was trying to flee the scene. Her massively overgrown thighs bashed together, sending out concussive blasts of displaced air as the 23-mile, 121,440-foot titaness scrambled to get clear of his seed. Hooves crushed down over the landscape in a blind panic, flattening forests and ruining perfectly arranged hilltops as she crash along. An entire small mountain vanished under one slamming, horribly heavy hoof, returning to form moments after her passing—only for Jork to grow over it as he huffed into the clouds, trembled, and *tripled* in size.

Over 150 miles of extremely-aroused male kobold overwhelmed the landscape as he dreamt and swelled bigger, and bigger. Muscles as big as cities detonated violently in size, climbing larger and stronger over his groaning figure, turning him from a bodybuilder into a beast as he rumble-mumbled some sort of made-up song to himself, before erupting hotly to 400 miles...

"NONNONNONNONNONNONNOOOOONONNOOOO—"

No matter how fast the nightmare thundered over the country, Jork was catching up, without even moving. His skybound sacs expanded over her eye line, their stretching scales parting the higher clouds away like a curtain, his inner thighs bulging out over the terrain on both sides, caging her in as they grew and grew.

“L-LEAVE ME ALOOOONE!” Shigha cried, only for a huge gout of seed to arc over the clouds themselves, then scream back down and pound her into the ground on impact, its perfect aim leaving her soaked, rumbling, and growing too big to handle.
“HNNNNNNNGHNNGH!”

As she billowed to 60 miles, shrieking in raw agony at the pulling, near-ripping surge of her bulk, she dragged herself over to the country’s border, easily pulling her body-sized breasts and rump over a tiny mountain range, slamming her mass into the sea and casting waves for miles. Still, she only had so much water to rest in, at her prodigious size, meaning she only had a slightly easier time pulling herself away from land as Jork’s nude magnificence consumed it.

Over 300,000 feet of female bulk frantically clawed down into the ocean floor, the overloaded nightmare wheezing in terror as she felt a great and terrible shadow spill rapidly over her, over the entire hemisphere. She was a living island in her own right, the size of a small kingdom; yet, when she dared to finally look back, mid-flight, even she wailed in despair.

Jork was no longer simply huge.

Jork was no longer something to which the country was comparable.

No. Jork *was* the country.

“BIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGGGGGG-GGGH-HHHHHGHHHH”

This was no longer a mere kobold. This was an actual *god*. His merest rumblings sent the hemisphere into a panic, shuddering the oceans on both sides as his 2,300-mile body swelled out over the very curve of the world, itself.

Over *twelve million feet* of stretching scales and throbbing, tight muscle smothered down on the globe, his vast, country-sized palms groping, stroking and loving on his even-larger erection. The pink mast swelled clear out into the atmosphere and beyond, swinging and swaying in less and less gravity, his spherical sacs covering nearly all of his muscular, massive legs. Seed blew out faster, harder, more and more escalating as it drifted into the heavens, on and on, the pent-up kobold’s lifetime of restraint coalescing in a rush of complete, godly madness.

A tongue big enough to lap at the moon slid out as Jork huff-huffed, his chest swelling higher, and higher, every breath serving to grow his pectorals impossibly larger. There was no fall, only rise, as the nude colossus bucked up off of the planet a moment, flexing unthinkable muscles, forcing a knotting bulge to tear up, up through his ballooning erection, gushing so much white fluid loose that it blasted into space and spattered down, dribbling over his slicked,

mountain-dwarfing claws and thick, growing fingers, his hands slipping cutely about the tree-trunk-sized penis' throbbing base.

Shigha doggedly clawed down over the equator, past screaming, horrified kingdoms and foreign lands, not caring to comfort them as she continued on to the lower hemisphere, determined to hide as Jork's massive heels swelled out into space up above. His swelling hot feet sagged in zero gravity, bobbing out, threatening to maybe lower back in and thump the panting, ragged nightmare, keeping her terror at peak as she watched.

A monster, she thought, her immense body shuddering with fear—no, with something worse. *Awe. He's a complete...monster!*

As Jork dreamed the best dream of his goofy little life, the kobold serf groaned in joy and doubled in size, again. And again. And again, *And again*.

His scales alone outsized the moon as he spilled up over the Earth, swallowing it up between his warm, reptilian rump, his now-frighteningly oversized orbs sagging through space as they grew and grew, never dwindling, never receding, producing only more orgasms atop orgasms as he surged harder, faster!

The sides of his cheeks greeting the hiding Shigha on either side of the planet she clung to, now rendered a pathetic marble caught in their growing grasp. She was a speck to him, nothing at all, less than anything she had ever dismissively thought him to be at first blush.

Over 36,800 miles of quivering, giddy kobold gold drifted into space, carrying the poor planet and its spattered, baffled occupants along in his rump as he clutched his own shaft tight, nuzzling in warmly, purring a doom-rumble that filled space as he snored, sneezed, then detonated even *bigger*. *And bigger*. *AND BIGGER*.

Over half a million miles of glowing god-bold might radiated, blinding very-surprised planets as his bulk matched, then outclassed even them. On and on and on Jork burst, his muscles heaving bigger, thicker, heavier, warmth pouring off of the good-natured idiot as he snuffled and nipped his own tip, teasing it bigger, mumbling happy nothings to it, to himself as he tripled in size...again...

And again...

And again...

And again...

Deep within the dream state, Jork cuddled the nightmare tight, thankfully, lovingly, covering the giggling demon horse in affectionate god-kisses as his powers grew and grew.

“Jork can’t t-thank you enough!” he laughed, pressing his pecs to her breasts, she just as big as he, as they filled the mighty library once again, back where his real home was. Each of them had their own massive cupcake ready to eat, looking as good as the one he had first been given. Better, even. “Jork feels so BIG-BIG! Happiest Birthday to Jork, ever!”

“Oh, honey,” dream-Shigha said, now completely matching his own overflowing warmth and tender care.

All the while, the submicroscopic speck that was the real Shigha never stopped screaming. Not even for a minute.

Her bad dream was just beginning.