

Inheritance

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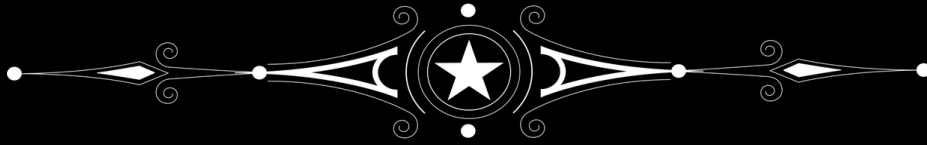
Commission for Mephia

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains:

Read at your own discretion.



There was something really weird about the last twenty-four hours, and not just because Mephia found herself stinking rich overnight.

"...and here is the bathroom."

"This is the third bathroom you've shown me!"

Devin adjusted his square spectacles while reading through whatever document currently flashed across his tablet. "You're great third cousin really believed in 'accessibility' when it came to homes. Also, this one has a jacuzzi style bath tub for up to four people."

The young woman that'd been tailing him through cavernous hallways for the past hour peeked through the door way. There was, indeed, a marble hot tub dug right into the floor beside an equally large shower stall. Why anyone would want that in their bathroom of all places was beyond Mephia's comprehension. Then again, this space looked bigger than her last apartment. Her knew master bedroom felt like a house built within a house.

She couldn't help giggling at the idea of setting up a bed in the bathroom. It'd save a live streamer a lot of AFK time if everything was in one place. The acoustics of tiled floors might be a problem, though.

"You still with me, Ms. Mephia?"

"Yes!" She jumped out of her wandering daydreams with a start. "The old cousin really knew how to live, didn't he?"

The older man shrugged and turned to continue their walk down the current hallway. "I was never one to pry into their personal affairs, but going through so much paperwork over this past month made him seem more like a hoarder than anyone with social standing."

"Might explain why I never heard of him until now..."

Hoarder might have been an understatement. Every room they'd toured came stuffed from floor to ceiling with things Mephia didn't know existed. The hallway they were in didn't go one without a statue, vase and painting in the wall spaces between rooms. She began to worry she'd inherited more stolen goods from around the world than the British museum.

"...and here is another recreation room used mostly for privet audiences with business...oh..."

The sudden stop in Devin's less than enthusiastic tablet reading made Mephia curious enough to peak in. Aside from some overly cushy chairs and tables, the thing that stood out were actual suits of full plate armor brandishing shields and swords. That, and a brown haired man in a chocobo t-shirt wielding one such blade clearly taking off a nearby suit.

"Desmond?" Mephia had to take a breath through her nose to keep from yelling. "What are you doing?"

"These are real swords, Meph!" he declared, holding the weapon up with both hands like it was a pose for a movie. "There's like, actual weapons decorating every room in this castle. Guess you don't have to worry about robberies when you can grab a claymore, right?"

She blinked and turned to the estate manager, who was still staring at her friend with a blank expression. Not that she'd seen him have an emotion all day. "Should he be swinging that around?"

Devin adjusted his glasses again. "As the new owner of these grounds, do you want to risk potential thousands in property damages?"

"Put the sword down, Desmond!"

He seemed disappointed, but put the sword gently atop a coffee table. They weren't about to put it back in the armors metal hands and Mephia would rather he didn't try. There would be time to mess around with all this old rich people stuff later. The poor woman was legally obligated to tour the grounds and account for everything before officially signing off on the inheritance. It just seemed unreal all twenty-six acres of this stuff was hers now.

Shame she had no idea how flipping huge this mansion was before coming. They could have invited over a dozen friends for one hell of a rich girl party. Still, it was comforting not having to be wandering this place alone for the night. If a single painting started following Mephia with its eyes, fire might have to get involved.

"Did you check out the movie theater yet?" Desmond asked on his way over to join them.

She broke into a smile and nodded. "The library for it is insane too. Did you know this place has an arcade?"

"Complete with three air hockey tables? Heck yeah! Your cousin was damn cool for a rich guy. We need to check out the pools."

Devin coughed for their attention. "I think we've covered enough of this house in accordance with the wills guidelines. Why don't we head back downstairs for some document signing? We can have the deed processed to your name within a few days."

He turned without waiting for a response, steps brisk and light in the silent tunnels of velvet carpets and silk curtains.

"Not much for casual talk, is he?" Desmond asked in a hushed voice while they walked some steps behind.

"He's not so bad. Probably just wants to do the job and go home."

"Yeah. I can respect that. But girl, look at how many rooms are in this place?"

"Right? I'm thinking of holding a convention here."

"I can see you turning the tennis courts into a dealer's den."

"I have tennis courts!?"

They talked a bit more about potential things to do with so much open space and facilities rarely seen in one place. Overall, though, Mephia was just tired from the whirlwind of this week's events. She happily signed every document Devin slipped under her nose for the sake of moving things along. Next thing she knew, the sun was down and they were finally bidding him goodbye. At least until tomorrow when there were even more asset documents for her to sign.

More importantly, Mephia could finally order some DoorDash. With grub finally on the way, she dragged Desmond into her new personal movie theater whereupon they spent most of the night binging every Star Trek movie. Pizza arrived halfway through Wrath of Khan, just in time to make Search for Spoke so much easier to sit through. Shame they didn't make it to movie four when stuffed bellies and fatigue caught up with them.

"So which room is mine?" Desmond asked on their way out. Eyes darted from one direction of hallway to another.

Mephia's scoff was loud enough to generate an echo. "There's six bedrooms, excluding the master suite. Take your pick and don't get lost."

"What are the odds I can get lost in this place?" he barely finished the question before turning to snap a quick, "Don't answer that!"

"Of course!" she waved him off as they took separate directions. There was a good chance Mephia would get lost herself, so she didn't feel a need to tease about it. Any staff that'd been working under dear old cousin had already moved on or gone into standby. Sorting out getting some grounds keepers was going to take up even more paperwork. Just the thought of it was making her signing hand hurt.

"Blargh! I need a bath."

Suddenly that jacuzzi was sounding very inviting. She had half a mind to turn around and chase Desmond to join her, but then figured he wouldn't be that into it. Neither had brought a swimsuit for the night stay, so naked bubble bath would be the next option.

Thank goodness the dang thing was still full of water. She also had no patience filling it up after failing to find the right bathroom three times getting there. Luckily the instructions were posted right next to all the controls in this place. Rich people are apparently so excessive even the toaster needed posted notices. A few quick switches got the small pits water jets bubbling. Mephia took the time waiting for things to heat up by stripping down, then decided exploring some of the many...many cabinets stocked with toiletries.

It was kind of nice knowing she wouldn't have to go shopping for most common items anytime soon. Perhaps her cousin liked to hoard things for an economic apocalypse or something. There were only so many reasons a person could have for wanting this much soap. Some were in bars, others bottles, lots were carved in such finely detailed statues that scrubbing with them might have felt like destroying art.

And then she opened the cabinet full of round spheres ranging in size from marbles to comical jawbreakers.

Mephia freaking loved bath bombs. They were probably one of the most fun ways to bathe ever invented. She plucked a baseball sized orb wondering if any came with toys inside. The scale type patterns of dark reds and golds on this one really caught her attention in passing. A quick review of the label confirmed it didn't generate suds, so it should be perfectly safe for the hot tub. Would be weird to stash so many in this bathroom, otherwise. But then, her cousin was kinda weird.

Thanks to all the violent bubbles going on, she got quite a show of watching the water change. Only a second after dropping the orb in came an explosive burst of glittering colors. Red, blacks and gold swirled in wispy patterns through the surface. None of the oily dyes seemed to mix at all in the process, which was amazing in itself. The way they reflected off light made the whole hot tube seem to glow. Mephia had to fight the urge to cackle like a witch brewing a potion.

"Mmmm!" It felt just as nice on her skin as it looked. One foot lowered in for a temperature test and sent a jolt of pleasure right through her spine. The young woman lowered herself in on the steps, settling her butt on the nearest carved seat next to some water jets. The best part of these was getting a stream blasting right against the small of ones back, after all. "Dessy is definitely trying this before he leaves."

One hand dipped below the water for splashing some across the top parts of her breasts. Hot droplets ran across her still dry skin giving it goosebumps with her pleased shuddering. Mephia took another minute to slip on her earbuds and get some music going before letting her whole-body sink in up to the neck.

With all the shifting water going on, she didn't think there'd be a need to scrub. Getting a chance to enjoy such an exotic style of soak was rare for the casual working woman, so she was going to milk these next few minutes in total bliss. It helped a lot that one jet stream was pointed directly at her crotch. She could feel herself becoming heated from more than the water with those pussy lips being gently caressed and filled with the soapy waters. Occasionally hands or feet breached the surface just to enjoy the tingle of cooler air blasting the heated skin.

The fact all her digits nails had grown out into long claws colored a solid black went unnoticed with her eyes closed and mind focused on the music blasting her ears.

"Nngh!"

What she couldn't ignore were the gurgles coming from her stomach. Looked like all that greasy cheese bread wanted some revenge before bedtime. Mephia tried her best to ignore it and focus on the bath soaking, but things only got worse as time went on. Between songs the audible groans of her insides twisting could be heard over the bubbling water. Hands caressed around her belly button providing some relief with the unwitting scratching of her new claws. It still couldn't relieve the pressure pushing down in her hips. Things were really starting to get bloated in there.

Cramped, even.

"Aah!?" Mephia bolted upright with a cry. One earbud slipped out into the water with a soft plop, but her attention remained focus on claspings her stomach. Eyes stared down into the murky colored waters bubbling around her trying desperately to see something. "W-what the frick?!"

That hadn't been no ordinary protest from her digestion tract. A harsh twinge had run through her pelvis causing her vaginal tunnel to spasm. Something huge and solid was suddenly pushing down back there, filling her with a new kind of pressure.

"The heck is tha-haaah!"

She hunched forward slightly losing her words in the sensation of having her middle in a vice. Inner muscles were flexing of their own volition, forcing that alien mass further down her tunnel. Its girth forced her legs to spread wide in the hot tub trying to ease what room it could offer.

"Pah! Pah! Pah!"

Tension released Mephia's insides, allowing her a few precious seconds to catch a breath. Something had definitely dropped low in those few seconds. Her rear ached like a mango had been stuffed down there. A trembling hand moved its way down to feel at her crotch, making the woman's eyes shoot open their widest. The entire area was bulging. Pussy lips parted slightly with the smooth, hard surface of something peeking out against her fingers.

"W-what is haaa-aaappeninnngggghhhhaaa!"

Mephia's belly squeezed again. Her crotch lurched forward, spreading her lips over the emerging mass. Back arched with feet rising onto tip toes unable to fight the reflexive instinct to help push it along. More of the hardened, curved surface slide out into her waiting palm until the woman feared it could be too damn huge. Everything paused for a few agonizing seconds of struggling at the widest point and then she nearly screamed in relief when the whole thing slid out into the bath water.

"What the...fuck?" She flopped back onto the seat quivering from the labored effort. Slowly her hand lifted the newly dispensed object out of the water for her half open eyes to take in.

An egg. Mephia had just pushed out an honest to goddess egg.

By all logical accounts that should not have been physically possible. Even if she could dump some ovids, what kind of creature makes eggs that look like they're made of silver and decorated in sapphire beads? Mephia's leaned back against the water jet letting the treasure she'd somehow created fall to the baths floor. Her mind was swimming too frantically for any rational actions. Not that the numbness in her legs wanted to get her out of the tub in a hurry.

The mix of fatigue and overall bizarreness of this event was probably why it took her a second to realize her hands were covered in scales and clawed.

"Holy shit!" That got Mephia jumping to her feet and splashing water around the tubs rim. She held both hands to her face twisting and turning each other in stunned horror. The fingers and palms had developed particularly rough scaling to help with gripping. The rest of her arms were smooth and shinned in the light with every movement.

Wait. Not just her arms!

Leaping from the hot tub, Mephia rushed over to the closet entrance. Claws on her toes raked scratches all over the tile floor, nearly tripping her several times along the way. Like everything else in this place, there was an overabundance of full body mirrors around for whatever vain reason.

Too bad seeing her naked body covered in scales only escalated her panic. Everything from head-to-toe gleamed bright reds with some slightly darker over her breasts and crotch. The fleshy bits of her nipples and vagina were the only exception. They'd both become a very dark black that almost seemed to draw attention to them in contrast.

Then there were her eyes. Pupils had stretched into thin vertical slits, giving her stare a very predatory glare despite the shock behind them. She reached up to feel the soft surface of her scaly face and almost jabbed one eye out with a claw. These damn things would take some getting used to.

Wait. What was she thinking? People don't just grow claws and scales. This was far from a normal thing to adjust with. She needed to figure out what was going on and

get out of here to gather more loot. Their hoard wasn't going to grow itself. All her cousin's treasures still left too small a pile.

"Uh..." Mephia slowly blinked, eyes briefly flashing from brown to a bright blue in the mirror. That line of thought didn't feel right, either. Her brain must still be boiled from that bath. the hell kind of stuff was her cousin into? "Arrgh!"

Her insides were shifting again. The bloating had returned with a punch from the inside. It was all she could do catching herself against the mirror, cracking it with the sharpness of her claws. This close, Mephia could notice how sharp her teeth had gotten.

"A-again!? Graaaah!" Muscles tightened in her abdomen. Another damn contraction. Within seconds she couldn't hold back a feral growl as the girth of another egg began ramming its way through her tunnel. "No! Not again. I don't wanna...aaahh haa haa haa!"

Trying to resist an instinctive need to flex with the tension did nothing to stop the rapid descent through her tunnel. Legs had to spread wide to make room for the girth pushing against her crotch. Back arched hard, perking her butt in the air while leaving her boobs pressed against the glass.

Too many sensations overwhelmed Mephia at once. She couldn't even tell her hips were cracking wider the closer the egg got to her opening. Glutes flexed out of sync thanks to fat pouring over them with every breath she took. Her ruby posterior stretched and rounded into an impressive hump that jiggled in her every hip jerk.

Feeling the egg start to spread her pussy open again left Mephia with no choice but to give up. Razor teeth ground into a snarl as she bore down with all she had just to get the damn thing out. The side result were her leg muscles flexing from something other than the labor. Her whole stature began to grind against the mirror with a rapid increase in height. Inches added onto her bones while ridges formed along the thick curves of her thighs. Toes curled so hard they pierced through the floor tiles under her. A rather loud crunch shot her height up three more inches at once. Her heels stretched into a high arch, leaving the base to swell out into a shape better befitting animalistic paws.

Was this egg bigger than the last one? Mephia really wanted to curse but she was too busy trying to dislodge the damn thing from its widest point. Vaginal lips burned at already being stretched to their widest point. Still, it squeaked out ever so painfully slow. She paused to take a breath and really put her back into one hard push.

"GRWAAARRR!!!"

Two things seemed to happen at once. The first being Mephia's reward of a sharp give and sudden release after the egg finally passed through and landed on the floor with a metallic thunk. What seemed to be a side effect of her pelvic muscles efforts was the enormous tail that exploded out her spine at the same time. Several pounds of new muscle and vertebrae just appeared in a straight shot, slowly narrowing down

across four feet of red scales to a pointed tip. The whole mass remained pointed up in the air at a stiff ninety-degree angle for several seconds before flopping against the floor behind Mephia's ankles when her eight-foot body relaxed.

"Holy hell!" She propped herself up best she could despite everything still trembling. Just enough to look bast her tits at the solid ruby shaped like an egg between her...paws!?

"Holy..." A quick glance back helped confirm the odd weight pushing her inflated ass around was indeed a thick tail base. With a bit of curious focus, she could make it twitch. "T-tail?"

This had gone from strange to outright weird real fast. She needed to find Desmond and make him an addition to her mansion. This complete lack of servants was an insult to her beauty. An ass this fine needed its daily worship.

No! Help! She needed to get help.

Mephia's eyes constantly flashed between brown and blue with the shaking of her head. It did little to help clear her confusion. What did she think a cute little minion like Desmond could do about transforming into a monster anyway. His job was help manage the bird and worship her sex figure. The little guy practically obsessed over her perfect paws and... that...still didn't feel right. Maybe counting her gold pile in the master bedroom would help calm things down before...

It was happening again.

"Holy fritznuggets!"

Claws dug deep gashes through the walls in Mephia's efforts to ride out the contraction crashing on her insides. Bones in her hands snapped as they grew, thickened, bulked. Her very arms gaining so much mass their silky-smooth surface liked to show off the slightest hints of strength that could bend steel pipes.

Her real annoyance was the feeling of being pushed at from all directions at once. While everything down there was working to push a huge lump out her cooch, Mephia's mouth twisted into an intense snarl. Ears filled with the crunches of her skull breaking apart and reforming. Jaws stretched out inch by grueling inch. Drool rained down her chin from the stretching of gums. Her nose had no choice but to go along for the ride, stretching a full foot away from her eyes in a wide bridge that spread apart her nostrils.

That wasn't nearly as headache inducing as the horns. A pair of silvery bones erupted from her scalp, growing nearly straight up in jagged patterns that resembled lightning. Two more just had to snake their way out on either side of her head, just behind ears that were stretching long and pointed.

"Hoooo! Fuck! Fuuuuck!" She rolled her head back in a growl at the ceiling. The light fixtures weren't all that far away anymore. All this scales and fattening must have

put Mephia at a good ten feet tall by now. she couldn't fully see her thick, curvy, red body in the mirror anymore.

That didn't really matter at the moment. Her pussy was yawning so delightfully wide with the descent of the third egg. It's cold, unnatural shell was the biggest yet, pinching her clit tight against the hood in her efforts to push it out.

Well, she stopped trying that hard to get it out after a few seconds of bliss sent her tail squirming. With a bit of forced relaxation, it was easy to let that mass sink back in and push it against her lips again. Steaming labored breaths began fogging the closet mirror with Mephia falling into her own rhythm against her changed body's contractions. Damn random egg worked her insides a lot better than any dildo could hope to accomplish.

She fell back against the bathroom counter, ignoring the way her tail swatted almost every carefully arranged toiletry off it. It was a fine enough brace so her hands could freely massage her breasts. Every bit of her being was getting so damn hot. Even her nostrils were emitting streams of grey smokes with her heavy panting. Time and again she'd let the egg stretch her so wonderfully good and force muscles to pull it back in. Trickle of glistening pussy juice tickled the inside of her thighs when it could slip out in between the motions.

Muscles in her legs locked up. Mephia found her fat butt sliding off the sink into a deep squat despite herself. She was getting too close. Every muscle in her pelvis pulled itself tight...tighter...the tension crawling up her sweaty back towards a peak. One she'd never experienced so intensely in her life.

"GRAAAAWWWWHHH!!!"

The egg bulged her crotch so incredibly wide and slipped out. That little pinch with release was all she needed to hit total orgasmic bliss. Mephia rocked her reptilian head back in a roar that rattled everything in the room not bolted down. Her open muzzle erupted spouts of green flames that, thankfully, didn't seem to damage any of the ceiling fixtures. For several minutes, her body mindlessly undulated, humping the air with its tail for a brace trying to ride its climax forever.

Eventually, Mephia's insides stopped contracting enough for her to flop onto the floor and relax. The platinum egg she'd dropped rested between slicked up thighs glowing in the shower of cum it'd just received. Even then, the big dragoness continued kneading her tits amidst happy churring noises.

Time didn't seem to matter in her state of drunken bliss. A long, forked tongue flicked out from between many sharp teeth, helping lick at the erect nipples on the end of each generous mound. Mephia didn't know why, but she was perfect now. She was queen of her new mansion with a hoard that could really use some additions. Things that gave it her own personal flare to set it apart from her late cousin's bland tastes.

"Huh," she grunted pensively. A random passing thought caused her sapphire eyes to darken to brown after what seemed like an intense struggle. "Do I even have a third cousin?"

The bedroom door cracked open, snapping the dragon's head around. Eyes flickered back to blue one final time as her slack muzzle broke into a grin at seeing the new man enter.

"Meph?" Desmond walked three steps in, stopping dead panned when he noticed the naked dragon woman spread eagle on the bathroom floor. "I... uh...wow...there was a lot of crashing and an ominous roar, so I thought...um...hey?"

The only thing more amazing than a red dragon big enough to scratch the ceiling with her horns was how fast she flipped forward into a pounce. Desmond felt the impact of a car strike his chest and then found himself suspended several feet off the floor. Two pawed hands big enough to encase his head kept him pinned to the far wall while Mephia's snout gave him long, loving sniffs around the cheeks.

"Hello Dessy!" she said in a growl that almost came off like singing. Such looming presence would normally frighten a person, but having boobs the size of Desmond's head smooshed against her chest kept his attention on her in a more alluring way. "I just got done taking my bath, actually. You would not believe the bath bombs this place came with. In fact, I insist you take one with me while the water is hot! We got a lot of treasure to be hunting in the morning."

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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