

Tharja's Hog Dragon Hex

It was the middle of the night and any of the Shepherds who weren't busy guarding the fort were sound asleep in the barracks. An exception to the army's routine was seen clearly in the light coming from a tower that was nestled in a corner of the base. Inside lurked a woman that had proved herself a valuable asset to her comrades on multiple occasions, but nonetheless had a cloud of dark intent that constantly hovered around her shoulders.

The light of the candles in her tower showed off Tharja's long, black hair and the bags under her eyes. She was draped in her typical attire of a black cloak that obscured the skintight garment that adorned her body. While her appearance was breathtaking, her demeanor made up for it by making people think twice about so much as approaching her. This tendency to keep others away worked in her favor, especially when it came to her desire to perform her experiments in peace.

For the longest time, Tharja had searched for a way to become Robin's beloved. The skilled commander had been nice enough to her, but that wasn't nearly enough. It seemed like every other waking moment Tharja was thinking about how to earn the undying adoration of the white-haired woman. Though she had tried multiple schemes in the past, nothing had seemed to work. That was until she had the luck of running into two very rare items.

In one hand, Tharja held a bright pink stone that appeared to be covered in bite marks. In her other palm was a green stone that looked to be charred by searing hot flames. The orbs were the very same ones used by some of her comrades to transform into beasts that dominated the battlefield. While this experience had allowed her to identify the green orb as a dragon stone, she was less clear on the power held by the pink one. Regardless she could sense that the magic held

within the treasures would be more than enough for her experiment of combining them to give her the overwhelming power needed to get Robin's unwavering attention.

With the preparations made, Tharja placed the two stones into a pot of black, bubbling brew fitting for her witch-like appearance. Turning the pages of her tome to the right section, she began to cast the necessary spell. Heeding the wave of her fingers and the words from her mouth, the pot began to bubble and pop with a white foam. Summoning up the extent of her magic power, she let it flow into the container to create a puff of green and pink smoke that merged together to form a greyish cloud.

Dismissing the fog with a wave of her arm, Tharja peeked into the now empty pot. An unsettling smile spread across her face as she gazed upon the singular stone sitting at the bottom. The orb was a mix of the same shades of pink and green as its source materials, but with a hazy, grey streak across the center to show where the originals had fused. Cradling her creation between her fingers, her body shuddered with the thought of using it to fulfill her wishes. Unable to withstand the wait any longer, she held the stone aloft and tried to activate its powers.

Sparks emitted from the orb that flowed into Tharja's body. The intense power she felt coursing through her veins only increased her eagerness to let the stone take effect. Looking away from the sphere let her see the expected scales begin to appear along her arms and legs with a shade of pinkish green adorning them. In the excitement of claws appearing along her fingers, she realized that in her haste she had forgotten to take off her clothes. She shrugged off this oversight; showing little hesitation in ripping open the back of her robes to allow her budding tail room to grow. Seeing her mouth stretch out to accommodate fearsome fangs to match the imposing, leathery wings emerging from her back, she was more than ready to become an elegant dragon that would be the center of Robin's world.

Tharja's elated state lasted until she watched her draconic muzzle flatten towards the end to reshape her nose into a flat, pink snout. At a bit of a loss at the strange shape of her face, she was further confused as her original ears were replaced with floppy, pink ones that emerged from her hair to appear atop her scalp. Looking over her shoulder to take a second glance at her tail, she realized that it was curling itself as it continued to grow out. Leaning forward let her see her toes be replaced, not with claws, but with cloven hooves that finally identified these extra parts as belonging to a pig.

Tharja's view of her modified feet became obscured as her belly bulged out with added heft. A combination of her swelling gut and her heaving chest made short work of what little remained of her clothing. Her curly tail bounced around as she developed a set of plump butt cheeks that could easily smother her old body. As her limbs fattened up to match the rest of her, she was distraught to discover that she wasn't just growing sideways.

The hog dragon woman began to increase in height at a rapid pace. Unable to control herself within the confines of the small tower, she accidentally stomped across her work station in the process. As her head scraped up against the ceiling, she frantically searched for the stone to try and stop the destruction. Finally locating the orb embedded in her chest, she put her claws to good use and tightly clutched it. Releasing a mix of a squeal and growl from her lips, she managed to cast a spell to try and reverse the effects of her experiment.

Just as the walls began to buckle from her growing form, Tharja's magic took effect and began to shrink down her body. The scales and extra blubber encasing her dissipated as she was returned to her normal size. Relieved of her wings, tail, and other beastly features, she crumpled to the ground to catch her breath. When she managed to pick herself back up, the only sign of her former, monstrous body was the stone still sunken into her torso.

Try as Tharja might to remove the orb, it appeared to be firmly stuck inside of her. Pulling a little too hard led to a spark of energy coursing out. While it wasn't necessarily painful, it served as a warning for what needlessly provoking the stone could do. Looking over the mess she had made of her lab, she rubbed her sore head from her run in with the ceiling. Hoping things would look better in the morning, she brushed the rubble off of her bed and tried to fall asleep.

Walking the grounds amidst her fellow Shepherds was far out of Tharja's comfort zone. As much as she detested having to be around other people, it was a necessary evil. Though she was left alone for the most part thanks to her reputation, that didn't stop a few of the friendlier members of the army from waving hello. Each close encounter had her squeezing her robe tighter around her body in an effort to hide the hog dragon stone still lodged within her chest.

Tharja had spent the past week doing everything she could to try and rid herself of her own hex. The first problem she ran into was that any attempts to remove the stone were discouraged thanks to the sparks of power that shot out whenever she tried to so much as nudge it. Even then, she tried to avoid touching the orb for fear of reactivating its powers and revealing her monstrous form to the Shepherds. Left to pour over her tomes in hopes of finding some spell or potion that could reverse the effects, she unfortunately had to cut her session short as she was forced to take care of one of her basic needs.

Thankfully arriving outside of the busier times, Tharja approached the food supply cart. Shutting up the keeper with a single glare, she began to gather up as much as she could to ensure she wouldn't have to leave her tower for quite some time. Everything was going according to plan until she grabbed for a loaf of bread only to have a familiar set of gloved fingers reach for it.

Recognizing the hand, Tharja tilted her head up to see the familiar visage of Robin. The woman's white hair was tied up in the typical set of twin pigtails that reached just below her neck. She was adorned in her standard attire of a black and purple robe with her free hand currently clutching a tome. While most of the other Shepherds were used to seeing the tactician wandering across the grounds, Tharja still found the sight of the woman all it took to hasten the beat of her heart.

"Tharja?" Robin asked while keeping her hand on the bread. "Where have you been? The other troops told me that you haven't left your room in days."

"I've been working on a... new spell," Tharja replied, hiding behind her half-truth.

"I know we gave you that tower to help with your experiments, but it's not healthy to stay cooped up there all the time," Robin said, finally letting go of the bread. "I worry about what might be going on in there."

Tharja perked up a bit. "You worry about me?"

"Of course. I worry about all of my comrades."

The words hit like a sharp knife through Tharja's chest. Putting back on her grim demeanor, she grabbed her food. "I'm fine as I am."

"Are you sure?" Robin asked, getting dangerously close to seeing the orb hidden by Tharja's cloak.

Tharja took a step back. "We each have our own problems. I'll take care of mine while you focus on taking care of the army."

"Tharja, are you sure you're okay? I'm getting really worried."

A hunger pang sent a growl out from Tharja's stomach. "Yes, I'm fine. I just need to eat something," she called out. "Now stop bothering me."

Before Robin could ask anymore prying questions, Tharja broke out into a sprint. Feeling her body's need for food grow stronger, she knew it wasn't merely a sign that she needed to eat. Instead of taking shelter in her tower, she ran out the front gates and into the nearby forest. Sensing the stone in her chest start to pulse, she moved as fast as her legs would carry her to a hidden clearing where she could be alone. Just as she was about to hit her breaking point, she opened up her sacks of food and tossed them out on the ground right as she began to transform.

Tharja hurried to strip off her clothing, having to race against her body as it swelled with scale covered flab. It was only by the slightest margin that she managed to remove her robe before it could be torn apart by her bulging belly. Her bra wasn't so lucky as it was forcefully popped off by a combination of her swelling bosom and emerging wings. Similar destruction spelled the end for her panties as they were ripped asunder by her tail and butt cheeks. While these losses were regrettable, they were discomforts that she could deal with. All that mattered now was that she was able to freely lay down in the grass to indulge her corrupted state.

Her maw jutted out with its snout and fangs right as she opened it up to swallow a chunk of meat whole. As she devoured her way through the collection of food, she let out a mix of pig-like oinks between menacing growls. Crawling her way across the field with her belly dragging across the ground, she felt repulsed by her degrading behavior. However, she could not deny that the brutish method made short work of a meal that should have been enough to feed her normal self over the course of an entire week.

Momentarily satiating her bestial form, Tharja stomped her way over to hide beneath the shade of the trees. Just barely able to cover up her twenty foot form underneath the tall oak, she leaned back to glide a hand across her stuffed belly. As repulsively gluttonous as this form was, she couldn't deny how good it felt to let her wild instincts take over. This feeling of satisfaction

came at the cost of knowing that she would go through the process once more when the power in the stone overflowed. More determined to get back to work than ever, she placed her palm against the orb and spoke the words necessary to revert to her human form.

Just like before, Tharja watched as her tail and wings disappeared with the rest of her bestial features. While her added curves started to shrink down, they did not return to their original size. Though she was back to her regular appearance, she was still burdened by a moderate increase in the size of her breasts and butt cheeks. It was with horror that she looked past her engorged bosom to see a pudgy potbelly had appeared in place of her formerly flat mid-section.

“The hex is getting worse,” Tharja hissed to herself as she hurried to reclaim her clothes. “I need to find a way to stop this, now.”

Shoving herself into her robes with little room to spare, Tharja moved on to picking up the emptied out bags she had used to bring the food to her private dining area. Despite having eaten so much already, she could feel the stone in her chest start to call out for food once more. Trying to keep it settled with the promise that she would grab more snacks on the way to her tower, she could only hope that she would be able to retain control until she found a more permanent solution.

“No,” Tharja spoke aloud, the words echoing against the walls of her tower as she clutched the stone in her chest. “I just ate a few hours ago. I need more time.”

Clenching her teeth, Tharja only hazarded to release her breath once the pulsing of the hog dragon stone subsided. This had become a constant ritual for her to try and keep her hex

under control. Speaking to the stone seemed to work, however it wasn't the only service required of her. Every day she had to return to the clearing with ever increasing amounts of food to indulge her bestial form's monstrous appetite. Though a few of the soldiers had begun to question what she was doing with the supplies, they were easily shut down with a glare and an order to mind their own business. However, no amount of glaring or threats could get people to ignore the other side effects of her body's corruption.

Even after acquiring robes several sizes larger than her original set, Tharja still struggled with the extra weight she had put on over the course of her many transformation sessions. The thin fabric that used to compliment her body's curves served only to sink in between the folds of her doughy belly. Forced to use most of her cloak to obscure the stone, she had no choice when it came to trying to hide the meaty, melon-like breasts she had to carry around. This also meant that there was very little left to the imagination to anyone that looked at her back to see her equally chunky ass cheeks wobble with every step. While she was able to give people the excuse that most of the weight she put on was from her sedentary lifestyle, she wasn't sure how long that would hold up. She was only a single tear in her clothing away from people seeing the scales scattered across her body.

Tharja had poured over every last book at her disposal. Progress was slowed both by the lack of information about her condition and how often she was forced to stop to take care of her needs. While she had at first told herself it was all in the service of keeping her condition hidden from the rest of the Shepherds, part of her knew that it was something more.

Amidst skimming through a rare tome containing information about the legendary dragons and a more common book about farm pigs, Tharja shuddered from another pulse from the stone. Clutching the orb on her chest, she tried to quiet it down with her usual methods. Her

efforts could not prevent a severe hunger pang emanating out from her belly to assure her what her body wanted. Unable to fully ignore her appetite, she stepped away from her table to see if she could relieve herself in a more direct manner.

Having grown used to the way her body acted during the transformation, Tharja had the foresight to remove her clothes. It was a bit of a struggle freeing her chubby body out of the fabric, but it was easier than having to procure a new outfit. Frowning at the pinkish green scales on her love handles, she set about scattering her food supply on the floor before giving in to the stone's wishes.

Like many times before, Tharja's already pudgy form swelled with extra weight and scales. Developing her bestial appendages, she got ready to stuff the food into her chubby cheeks. Moments before her mouth could wrap around an apple, she paused as she realized that something was very wrong.

Raising her thick neck, Tharja let out a distressed squeal as she realized that she was quickly growing past the typical size for her hog dragon form. Already she could feel her equipment being pressed into the walls thanks to her widening waistline and thick tail. Stomping around on her hoofed feet, her mind raced to find a way to reign in the stone's effects. This moment of uncertainty was all it took for the hex to take control and push her towards what it really wanted.

As the stone's power coursed through Tharja's body, her lingering hunger got her to refocus her attention on the food. Reminded of her insatiable hunger, she pressed her boulder-like gut into the floor as she gobbled up her supplies. The indulgent bliss that overwhelmed her with each bite allowed her to keep eating even as her body began to break through the walls.

While her floppy ears could pick up the sound of people screaming out in terror from outside, she kept eating to appease her appetite.

Moments before Tharja could wrap her mouth around a loaf of bread, her enormous form began to tilt backwards. With a loud crashing noise, she tumbled out of her collapsing tower and rolled into the courtyard below. Though she had fallen several stories down, she was cushioned from the impact thanks to her thick hide. However, her staggering, 30 foot tall body made her an easy target for the archers surrounding her.

“A monster has infiltrated the fortress!” called out Chrom, holding up his sword to rally the troops. “Get in position and get ready to fire on my mark. 3... 2... 1... fi-“

“STOP!”

The call came from a figure running through the scattered masses to get to Tharja. Having to crane her neck down to get a proper look, the draconic swine recognized the woman as Robin. Fearlessly reaching out with an open hand, Robin placed her hand on the creature’s maw and looked into her eyes.

“Tharja, is that you?” Robin asked.

“Y-yeah,” Tharja said, surprised by the gravelly tone to her voice.

“How did this happen?”

Tharja let out a sigh. “I’ll tell you. First, can you get me some food?”

Having dealt with them for so long, Tharja thought she had gained a resistance to the way people stared at her. However, there was another layer of emotion behind the wary eyes that went far beyond mere paranoia. Following the incident in her tower a week prior, any hopes she had of

hiding her ailment were shattered. Especially now considering that the effects of her experiment were clear to anyone that looked her way.

Despite the stone remaining inert, Tharja was still triple her normal height and five times larger than her original weight. For lack of any kind of clothes that would fit her body, she was forced to use an oversized tarp to cover herself up. The fabric had the obvious flaws of leaving the scales along her belly button visible as the rest of her gigantic gut was splayed out on the ground. Her oversized blanket's main job was to obscure her heavy bosom and the pair of dainty wings that hung from her thick back. While this also left her elephant-like rear partially exposed, the tarp did manage to hide the small bump along her lower back that was her tail. Growing tired of people ogling her body, she attempted to pull the tarp over her head to hide her pudgy face and snout.

The claws on Tharja's pudgy fingers eased up as she saw Robin approaching her private section of the courtyard. Any relief she felt was cancelled by the sight of her beloved being escorted by soldiers led by Chrom. Deep inside of her, there was an urge to use her girth to sweep the unwanted guests to the side. Whether this was another side effect of the stone or just her innate nature was a question put to the side as Robin stepped up close to her.

"How are you feeling?" Robin asked.

"Humiliated," Tharja hissed out. "Is there really no other place you can put me?"

"Sorry, but we can't fit you past any of the doors."

"Not to mention," Chrom spoke up, "there's no telling when you'll transform again."

Tharja let out a huff. "What? Do you think I'm going to go on a rampage?"

“Of course not,” Chrom answered. “Your time with the Shepherds has proven your loyalty and then some. However, we still have to worry about what your curse could do to the rest of the fortress if it goes off again.”

“Concerning that,” Robin jumped in, “is there anything else you can tell me about the stone?”

“I’ve already told you everything I know,” Tharja replied. “I fused two stones together to try and create a new weapon for the army.”

“That was stupid,” piped up Nowi, the diminutive green haired dragon woman stepping out from the ranks. “We’ve fought in the same battles before so you know how powerful dragons can be.”

“There’s also the matter of the innate ferocity of a beast stone,” said Panne, the Taguel woman with rabbit-like ears. “It was unwise to combine the two. Even more so for testing it on yourself.”

“I didn’t ask for your opinions,” Tharja growled out.

“Tharja, please,” Robin pleaded, “they’re just trying to help. I called them back from their training practices to see if they could figure out anything with your affliction. I know it’s a lot, but could you transform?”

“Are you serious?” Tharja asked. “You want me to transform when everyone looks ready to puncture me with hundreds of arrows at a moment’s notice?”

“You have nothing to worry about,” Chrom answered. “The soldiers have been specifically told not to attack you unless I command it.”

“We’ll protect you,” Robin said, stepping forward to place her hand on Tharja’s belly. “What do you need to transform?”

Tharja paused for a moment, both to collect her thoughts and deal with the elation she felt of being touched by her beloved. “I need... food. A lot of it.”

“I figured as much,” Chrom said, holding up his hand to signal towards a group of carts on the other side of the courtyard.

Tharja’s eyes went wide as she observed soldiers hauling over crates stuffed to the gills with food. As she watched the containers be placed around her, she could feel her stone pulse out with the same energy. Her mouth started to water as she fought against her desires to try and remain steady. Managing to hold herself back until the entire feast was spread out around her, she waited for Robin and the others to step away before lunging towards her feast.

As Tharja devoured the food, her body swelled once more into its full, monstrous glory. Cries rang out over the courtyard that showed that her hog dragon figure still inspired fear in those around her. The tarp covering her body was tossed away to reveal every inch of her blubbery, scaly form. Swinging around her curly tail and flexing out her enormous wings, she showed no restraint as she let out a cacophony of growls and snorts as she continued to eat.

Finishing off her meal by shoving her head into one of the boxes, Tharja only stopped as she felt someone slide their hand across her thick neck. Wondering who would dare to interrupt her feast, she got ready to test out her flame breath. She paused as she sat up to see Robin looking at her with a look of fascination.

“That was incredible,” Robin commented.

“R-really?” Tharja asked, morsels of her meal tumbling out of her agape mouth.

“While it’s not the most ideal of situations,” the tactician replied, stepping out of the way of the dropped food, “I have to admit that was amazing to see firsthand.” Reaching into her

pocket, she pulled out a tome with empty pages and a quill. “Would you mind if I ask you a few questions?”

“S-sure, go ahead,” Tharja replied, shoveling a handful of food in her mouth to keep her nerves and hunger at bay while she enjoyed the attention of the person she had sought for so long.

At noon on the dot, a large number of soldiers set to work on hauling carts filled with food over to the center courtyard. The collection contained enough supplies to feed the whole army for a day. However, this was all considered a light lunch for the monstrous creature that was amongst their ranks.

Able to keep her hunger at bay just long enough to ensure the soldiers had a chance to get out of the way, Tharja lifted her gargantuan body up with the help of her wings to dive into her meal. Tearing apart the crates with her fearsome claws, she showed no restraint in shoveling the food into her waiting maw. As she frantically waved her tail against her gigantic buttocks, she filled the fortress with a sound that resembled a boar and a dragon fighting one another. Thankfully, this racket had been something the Shepherds had grown accustomed to over the course of the month they had dedicated to taking care of her.

Licking her lips clean of the leftovers of a cake, Tharja put her massive hindquarters to good use as she leaned back to massage her scaley, blubbery belly. As she removed the leftover crumbs clinging to her fat rolls, she inevitably dragged her claws up towards her chest. Digging out a few morsels of food from between her carriage sized breasts, she inevitably ran up against the stone still embedded inside of her torso. Lovingly pressing her palm against the orb, she

hummed at the pulse of energy she felt come out of it as a reward for continuing to indulge herself.

Tharja's reptilian eyes went wide as she noticed Robin approaching her. Getting up on her cloven hooves, she proceeded to waddle towards her to meet halfway. Her loving gaze made her nearly miss the fact that her beloved tactician wasn't alone.

Standing beside Robin were two representatives from Ferox that had fought alongside Ylisse's forces in the past. The first was a brute of a man with a bald head and eyepatch, whose sizable axe identified him as Basilio. Considering Basilio's presence, it wasn't a surprise to see his rival and leader, Flavia with him, her ponytail of blonde hair waving around from the shockwaves made by each of Tharja's lumbering steps. Even with the Khan's many years of experience on the battlefield, Tharja noticed Flavia instinctively reach for her sword as they got closer and closer.

"Wow, she's a lot bigger than you made her sound in your letter," Basilio commented, earning himself a bump to the head from Flavia.

"It's rude to say that kind of thing to a lady," Flavia said. "That being said, your physique is impressive."

Tharja showed off her fangs in a wide grin. "Thank you."

"Allow me to explain," Robin spoke up. "Tharja's condition has progressed significantly over the course of the past few weeks. We have to assume it's a side effect of us providing her body with proper nutrition and spending more time in her bestial form."

"Well, guess that makes things a lot easier for this one to make a decision," Basilio said, gesturing towards Flavia.

“It might, we still need to talk things over first. Could you revert to your base form?”

Flavia asked Tharja. “Might be easier to speak if we’re at the same height.”

Tharja let out a guttural laugh that sent ripples through her thick body. “Sorry to disappoint, but this is the most I can change back. The only reason I’m staying at this size is that they haven’t made me a new enclosure yet.”

With a sigh, Flavia began to remove her outer armor. “Guess I’m doing this then.”

Dressed down to her inner layer of leather clothing, Flavia proceeded to fearlessly ascend up Tharja’s body. With each grip of her scales, Tharja had to hold back a mix of a moan and a roar from the stimulation. She was used to the sensation to an extent, it being the main way that she and Robin could spend hours together talking with one another. However, the rough touch of the Khan threatened to bring her towards her more primal instincts to seek out stimulation. Thankfully for the both of them, Tharja managed to keep herself under control for the duration of Flavia’s ascension.

“It’s a lot higher than I thought,” Flavia commented, seating herself on Tharja’s chest.

“How big are you anyway?”

“Last we measured, they put me at about 40 feet,” Tharja replied. “Did you really come all this way just to make remarks about my body?”

“No, I came here to offer you a job,” Flavia replied. “There’s been a bit of a problem with bandits back in Ferox. The bastards managed to secure themselves an old fort to wreak havoc on the neighboring towns. The damn place is impenetrable without major losses to my forces. That’s where you come in.”

Tharja leaned down to give Flavia an up close look at her fearsome smile. “Go on.”

“It’s a monster! Everyone, grab your-AHHHHGGGHH!”

With a single swing of her blubbery arm, Tharja crashed through the upper wall of the fortress to send the bandits flying through the air. Forcing her way through the barrier with her immense bulk allowed her to land in the courtyard amidst the masses of terrified men. As she stomped forward, a flex of her wings made her realize that she could have probably just flown in. Despite the loose stones that had lodged within her fat folds, she considered the grand entrance a successful start to her rampage.

Letting out a deafening roar that resembled a pig’s squeal, Tharja proceeded to charge into the battle. Though the bandits tried to fight back, their various weapons harmlessly bounced off of her thick hide without leaving even a scratch. In turn, the hog dragon rewarded their generosity by unleashing her flame breath on the structures to send them running for cover. Any of the bandits that were smart enough to escape from the fortress would inevitably run straight into the Ferox forces waiting to bring them into custody.

As Tharja continued to allow her bestial instincts to take over, her rampant destruction only stopped as she happened upon a certain tower. Her snout picked up a familiar scent, motivating her to focus her efforts on toppling the structure. Knocking aside the stone and mortar with a swing of her belly revealed the treasure inside that she had been hoping for.

Planting her gigantic ass on the ground, Tharja began to dig through the rubble. Pulling out the first box, she popped it open and held it above her head to let the food inside pour out into her open maw. While she continued to gorge herself on the bandit’s ill-gotten meals, she barely noticed the Ferox army enter what little remained of the fort to reclaim it as their own.

The only reason she stopped eating was when she felt a familiar nudge against her hips. Looking away from her meal, she let out a pleased hum as she spotted Robin nearby. Reaching down, she gently picked up the tactician between her claws to hoist her up to her bosom.

“Did you see me?” Tharja asked, unable to hide her child-like excitement.

“Yes, you were amazing,” Robin said, leaning forward to embrace what she could of the creature’s thick neck. “A bit messier than we agreed upon, but you certainly got the job done.”

“Think they’ll mind that I’m eating the stolen food?” she asked, still helping herself to the meal regardless of the answer.

“I believe Flavia should be more than fine with you taking it as part of your compensation,” Robin commented. “That being said, I have my own reward for you.”

“Yeah, what’s-“

Tharja immediately got her answer as Robin stood up to leave a kiss on the hog dragon’s lower lip. Besides herself with joy, Tharja couldn’t stop her tail from frantically swinging back and forth against her prominent butt cheeks. The resulting pulses of elations she felt emitted from her stone made it clear that it enjoyed the act just as much as she did. After all, both she and the stone were in unison with the pursuit of ultimate indulgence. She couldn’t think of a better way to do that than to be doted on by the woman that she loved so much.