

The kobold squinted down from their perch amid the ruins, watching below as two others of their kind ambled up a decaying pathway of stone and moss toward an altar. Alareth had been following the other two for some time now – her gray scales blended nicely into the gloom of the ruins and the other two were just being *so damn loud* that it wasn't much of a challenge to stay out of sight. Which had made it pretty simple to let them go ahead of her and handle most of the traps and guardians that had been present in the ruins so far. Less problems between her and her prize.

“..I really am running out of time about this.. Didn't expect them to make it the whole way through, really. Is that bad? I.. No, we're *good* at this, that's all. It just means these two are impressive, right? Like.. maybe abnormally so. It.. might be nice to meet them, even?”

Squinting at herself, Alareth took a good look at all three of them. Kobolds didn't tend to be as tall as she was, or as *thick*. Spending time as a giant among her kin and not even feeling like a kobold anymore at her height was taxing, but the curse that had left her like this was tenacious. But those two, down there? The red one was *quite* tall and the purple one.. Well, *both* of them made her look downright svelte. Having one almost as tall as she was and sporting a sprawling fat gut and the thickest, longest tail she'd ever seen on one of her kind was one thing, but the purple kobold was *wider* than he was tall. All of it was in that one's ass, sloshing wildly with every step and somehow not knocking him over. The pair were a study in extremes – but so was she.

“This feels.. skeezy, ugh. I don't want to be a jerk about things with other kobolds when they're like.. Well, maybe not quite like me, but-”

Alareth stood, amazonian in height.. for a kobold anyway, and made her decision. She slid down from her perch, hustling up toward the other two kobolds, which wasn't too hard to manage. Even if she had a habit of swinging her hips these days her stride was long and those other two were *fucking fat* even compared to her. It wasn't with great difficulty she slipped past and got ahead of them – put herself between them and the altar at the center of the ruins.

“Sorry boys. Much as I appreciate the help clearing this place out for me? I'm gonna be the one finding out if this place being called the Dragon's Ascendant Altar meant what I think it does.”

Having one hand raised at the other two kobolds and already wreathed in a nimbus of energy left little doubt about Alareth's intent as she backed toward the altar, getting used to the way the magic felt in this world compared to her old one was taking time but there was *a lot* of raw power for her to grasp as long as she could keep hold of it.

“So kindly just stay back while I activate the altar, eh?”

It wasn't like Alareth expected the other two to just roll over (even if they would both roll rather nicely) when she tried to threaten her way into this prize. In fact, ending up in a standoff with the other two kobolds – with the purple one's body beginning to crackle with pent up energy and a strangely pink-hued flame beginning to seep out of the red one's maw like a liquid was pretty high on the possible list of outcomes. The key was that *she* was closer to the altar, so backing toward it while keeping her arm held out menacingly, ready to hurl magic at this problem, worked in her favor.

“..Well, that's certainly a mark in favor of this place being what you said it is, Sucil. That and all the other kobold remains on the way in. I suppose we're hardly the first ones to try and find a catalyst to becoming dragons. Or just restoring myself, in my case..”

Alareth had *some* notion of what the two could do – she knew the purple one had more magic at his command than the red, but was a bit less robust. Also that the red one's fire breath was *quite* potent despite just being a kobold and that the glare he was fixing her with felt withering despite her best efforts to keep herself stoic. And yet somehow it was the exuberance from the purple one that seemed most disarming, even if his Draconic was a bit less refined than hers.. and apparently the red one's.

“Hah! Yup, but it's just becoming one *faster* Fangrim. I'm already on the way after all. But uh, yeah. We made it this far lady, if we need to scrap a bit to finish this-”

Having something interrupt and break the tension of what seemed like a destined fight was a welcome chance. A little bubbly voice from behind Alareth.. or maybe above? It was echoing an awful lot and making it hard to pin down – but it gave her a shot at rushing to the altar while her shot with that energy blast went wide, Sucil's electricity shorted out, and Fangrim's breath backed up on itself into an uncomfortable looking flaming belch.

Ooh! Three supplicants, and your souls -all- smell like dragons, yes! Yes yes yes!

Alareth had their hand on the altar – also their ass – and had scarcely realized it. That seemed to be all that was necessary for *something* to activate, and a quick look behind them showed her what. There was another kobold there.. kind of? It looked scrawny, dressed in the rags of something that had once been finer clothing. It looked *excited* too, which was odd considering it was also most assuredly dead. Spectral even. The little thing was practically bouncing up and down as it started to

focus on the altar, which promptly became *very* active and a lot more interesting than the slab of decorated rock it had been a moment ago. A hazy white energy seeped out from its contours, pooling upward, gathering atop it and taking a rough shape that was gradually solidifying. Alareth couldn't stop herself from staring.

“What.. the heck? A.. You're a *ghost* right? What do you have to do with this altar-”

The sheer shock of it, and the sight of dozens of little pinprick flames of white light flaring into existence (it couldn't really be called 'life') left Alareth distracted enough that she missed it when the other kobolds approached behind her. By the time she figured out what was going on they were right there beside her taking up an awful lot of space one way or another and looking just as bemused in their own ways. Sucil was handling it well at least.

“Oh hey! You're all looking pretty chipper for dead kobolds. Good afterlife and stuff, then? What's with the light show?”

Fangrim on the other hand was looking a bit more critical of the situation.

“..Well, at least they aren't trying to kill us. What.. is it you're doing here? And what do you mean we smell like dragons..?”

The little flickering lights were gathering by the dozen, though none of the others had formed themselves into a cohesive shape except the first one. That one was busy coaxing the light atop the altar into what looked like chalices. Three of them. Solid enough, crystal, with a sparkling liquid inside of them all. The ghost was gesturing at them all.

All three! We have more than enough of the essence to let all three of you try. Drink, and the dragon inside will grow!

Alareth looked around at the cluster of spirits, hesitant – and kicking herself for being so. Fangrim had already picked up his chalice and Sucil was already drinking from his one. The red kobold shared a glance with her that told Alareth they had the same idea – the spirits *probably* tried this too, and failed. It made for a *fantastic* argument for not doing what the ghost said, and yet Sucil was chugging and seemed fine. The fat-assed purple kobold just drained the chalice and then chucked it behind himself, letting out a furious belch and shivering.

“Mmmmyeah! Spicy. Warm too, heh. Ooh I'm liking how that tingles.. but I'm getting kinda hungry! I know ghosts probably don't need to eat but do you have anything around?”

Once more, Fangrim ended up sharing a look with Alareth. The wordless exchange was brief,

but it said everything it needed to. A resounding 'fuck it' and a lifting of the chalice to his lips, from both of them. The stuff tasted an awful lot like champagne, if someone juiced it with hot sauce and cinnamon and a couple other things that weren't easy to pick out. It also sat inside her, growing hotter, more intense – and she was getting *damn hungry* as it did so. Alareth could see a bit of a glow inside her own gut from and feel the tingling from it in her blood.

“I hope that wasn't a mistake. I need this – I can just.. feel how much I need it, so-”

A flash went out after that. Blinding silver, bathing everything. Alareth felt hands on her and, to at least a bit of surprise, realized she'd reached out and grabbed at the two kobolds at her side too. If nothing else they were pretty comfortable to hang onto.

“Dammit, douse that! Douse that light and *bring me something to eat* you spectral-”

The blinding radiance eased off, a bit at a time at first, but it seemed to collapse more quickly as the moments drug onward. It became clear what the source of the radiance had been soon enough, all those little motes of flame were gone.. and replaced by *more* of the spectral kobolds. It was a whole warren worth of them, some in the same tattered finery and others looking like outcasts or nomads, and a couple of them looked like adventurers. The sobering knowledge that this was everyone who had taken that chalice and been unworthy was making Alareth feel uncomfortable.. especially since she wasn't entirely sure she was in the clear yet. But-

ALL THREE! THREE DRAGONS TO BE! PREPARE THE FEAST!

The shout was jarring, coming from a chorus of voices around Alareth, but not nearly as much as the bellowing holler from Sucil that came right after it.

“YEAH! Damn right, dragon to be! I told you I was already changing into one! It was just happening to some parts of me faster than others!”

While his belly was snarling wildly Sucil was still celebrating, by way of dancing. Sort of. The purple kobold did a bit of a pirouette with his *catastrophic* ass before he sat it on the altar and leaned back to hold his hand out toward the crowd of spirits, clearly expecting something to be put in it.

“You may now begin feeding your new dragon.”

Alareth raised an eyebrow at the purple one with the colossal butt, but the spirits seemed to be intending to do exactly what he was asking. In fact, as Alareth looked around, the ruins themselves looked like they were a bit more vibrant and.. whole? Some of the structures looked a bit cleaner and more whole, and there were wispy outlines of things forming in much the same way the

chalices had. Things like tapestries, furniture, a banquet table..

“..You.. seriously believe you've been turning into a dragon ass first for.. however long? I don't.. Who even *are* you two? What-”

A bit of gesturing at Fangrim and Sucil followed that, at least before Alareth nearly doubled over from her stomach twisting on itself and *demanding* to be fed. Something that was apparently being seen to – the little ephemeral kobolds swarmed around all three of them and Alareth found herself being pawed at, coaxed back, eased onto a lounging couch of some kind by too many hands to properly resist. Little, warm hands – tender in their grasping. One set of them was holding a tray up by her face covered in *huge* butter drenched rolls of some kind. Things that, as Alareth's ravenous body started to take charge of matters without her say so, were apparently stuffed with dripping moist roasted meat and layered in cheese.

It was well past Alareth to do much else but feed when she was offered the chance to silence the screeching hunger inside, and that was.. concerning – but the burning inside her felt *saturated* with power. Every swallow slid down her and felt dense and heavy, but it carried relief with it – and more. When she felt a shiver of delight cross through her nerves Alareth bunched herself up a bit, squirming on her perch, digging her feet into the far end of it and feeling her bones stretch and her claws sink deep into the material.

From the sounds of things, even without opening her eyes, Alareth could tell the other two were just as busy feasting as she was. Though Fangrim apparently found the necessary focus and time to have himself a *brief* pause to speak.

“*Fnmphg- Rmph-* Ridiculous, isn't it! But *look at him!* K-kept telling myself I'd do anything to be a dragon again but *by the Hells* that made me rethink things. No offense intended, Sucil.”

Seeing Sucil's response to that was memorable. The purple kobold was swelling *quickly* and showing no signs of restraint whatsoever. He had one servant pouring wine into his mouth while another brought food right up to him, apparently already above such things as bothering to use his arms in feeding himself. Rudely gesturing at Fangrim though? That was worth the extra bit of effort.

Alareth swallowed the last of her first platter of offerings and washed it down with a carafe of wine, then pushed the next course back just enough to let herself catch her breath and speak above the din of yapping servant spirits.

“W-wait.. Again? Are you trying to imply you *used* to be a dragon? Because you look

thoroughly kobold to me. Both of you- well.. maybe not so much *now* but..”

The other two were too busy eating to answer – and being pampered in general. Fat as they were, they were quickly growing in just about every sense of the word and that meant they were outgrowing their clothing. One aspect of their hosts' attention seemed to be tending to that.. and it was happening to Alareth too. She felt another surge of growth as she allowed one of the servants to deposit a fluffy, iced cake into her mouth and everything she was wearing went taut in the process. A split ran through her top as she saw her belly spill out from under it, her thighs pressed together and threatened to rend her pants apart as well, and at some point most of it became clearly unsalvageable enough that anything that wasn't being preserved by magic to be removed safely was just cut away. Fangrim seemed to be more resistant to it than the others, at least when it came to his jewelry – the red one swatted violently at one of them trying to remove the pendant he wore around his neck even as he started growing neck rolls for it to sink into.

“Yes. I was.. alright, I was -awful- as a dragon, but I'm going to do it *properly* this time!”

Alareth *should* have felt self-conscious about being naked, particularly while surrounded and with two *males* as well. For some reason she didn't, instead she was just feeling.. There -was- a word for it, Alareth was sure of that, but as she heaved out a heavy breath that formed a misty cloud over her head and went through another shuddering episode she couldn't quite seem to find it. Sucil, apparently, knew what the word she wanted was by heart and had guessed that she wanted it.

“Dragon. You feel *dragonish*. It's a hell of a thing, isn't it? Bring me more! The meaty ones, and the creamy drinks! And someone rub my belly!”

Groaning, Alareth tried not to roll her eyes at the *immediate* debauchery and grandiosity Sucil seemed to be wallowing in. Even if it was kind of tempting.. and the spirits did seem happy to do it. And-

“..F..Fine, bring me uhm.. bring me something *spicy* and meaty, with rice, and.. mead. Alright? Mead would be good.”

Looking upward, Alareth tried not to feel skeezy about what she'd just done. It came more easily than expected. There were other things to preoccupy her though, like watching as her body didn't *just* grow out of her old proportions, leaving her with much thicker legs and a broader tail base but leaving her hips adjusting to point her legs downwards instead. Also it just seemed to want to leave her *fat*. The more this went on the more she was finding it harder to keep ground for

commenting on how thick the other two started.

“...And the belly rubs sound nice. Those too please.”

It was a bit mystifying how quickly her desires were being met. Conjuring food was one thing, but none of this had the bland palette of most magicked sustenance. It all tasted like it was made by hand – with love. Like the spirits had been spending centuries cooking everything imaginable and leaving it suspended as light for just this day. Which, for all she knew, was precisely what had happened. It just remained to be seen if she could make this help further. Also if she could still *get around* after it was done. Alareth pawed at her belly, watching her scales twist and grow along with the rest of her and start to take on hints of a more brilliant sheen than the dull gray she had been. Her gut sank in freely and left her squirming again, thighs clenching together.

“Gods this had -better- work.. I.. I know I'm just.. missing something? I don't even know if it's in this world to find though. It feels so certain but *maddeningly vague*.”

Alareth sprawled out, shutting her eyes as the growth of new flesh started to overwhelm her. It ought to have overwhelmed her perch too but the gleam around her that crept in through closed eyelids told her the lounging couch was being reshaped to compensate. Something sturdier and bigger was being created just for her while the little things started to climb her body in order to carry her victory feast up to her face. They were holding cuts of meat up for her to lick everything down to the bone off of now and the depth of pleasure available for Alareth to sink into was starting to become intoxicating and distracting. Sucil's voice brought her back out of it – a little.

“Ooh, do you need help with scrying and lore and world-hopping maybe? We did lots of that! I'm from another world originally too! I can probably help later, when this finishes and I'm a proper Time Dragon. If not, I know a Vortex Dragon and a bunch of others?”

Squinting, Alareth tried to parse the possibility that the purple one was telling the truth. She didn't know any *purple* dragon types and he was *staying* purple so there was a very real chance he was something exotic. What in the blazes a *Vortex Dragon* was was a whole other question though. A bit of wild gesturing about that went nowhere with Sucil as the burgeoning Time Dragon was now sprawled out on his gut and just holding his mouth open while the little spirits saw to making him *bigger still*. All that growth and he was still apparently growing into this ass first, there *were* little wings on him now though, hilariously useless looking things on his bottom-heavy frame.

Fangrim was having his own difficulties. The red one was spreading his weight around a bit

more evenly but he was struggling with the fact that he was *obviously* aroused by *something* about this insanity. Even with his frame thickening rapidly, ensuring that even as he started to adopt a more draconic bone structure and significantly less useless looking wings than Sucil had, there were just as many rolls forming on his body as there were signs of dragonhood. For whatever reason though he kept trying to kick the little spirits away from his *visibly* twitching and rock-hard cock. Something that was going only questionably well and had his gigantic frame sloshing and jiggling in a distinctly undignified fashion.

“He- *ngk*- quit it! That's not yours to play with! I- *FUCK OFF* you little twits!”

Alareth went wide-eyed as the Red wound up his lengthening but *fat* neck and angled it to let him bathe his entire lower body as well as every last spiritual supplicant down there in wash of vaguely pinkish-red flame that covered half the central square of the ruins. That left Alareth gobsmacked and sputtering.

“Wh-what the?! You – that.. what-!?”

The spirits didn't seem to mind the fire much. They just reformed when Fangrim wasn't looking and seemed to be awed by the fact that they'd just witnessed proper dragonfire. This stole some of the intensity from Alareth's outrage, and the view of the ruined citadel around her stole most of the rest.

“He means it about the Vortex Dragon.. and the other allies – and worlds. Not me, I'm from *here*, and just.. oh hells I forgot how good this feels~”

Or.. well, they didn't really look very ruined anymore. Enough of the gleaming crawl of energy had repaired things around them that parts of the site were starting to look like a city – or maybe a temple? And they were starting to look *wonderful*. Silver filigree and carved stone bathed in light filtered through colored glass – the other two hardly seemed to have noticed. Or if they did they were unimpressed. Alareth on the other hand rolled over to get a better look, though she too ended up distracted.

It was hard not to be when one's belly sloshes over and rolls out onto the ground like a landslide of scales and blubber. It left Alareth straddling her own gut, lifting her hind legs.. As opposed to just *legs*, and not quite getting all of her belly off the floor. Something that left her with a little twinge inside that felt a spring of empathy for Fangrim. This was getting out of hand – quickly. Alareth had to focus a bit and *try* to get her appetite under control.

“Nngh.. t-then I want to *meet them*.. after, obviously.. I need *so much more* of that cream filled *thing* and it needs to be in my face *right now*. Understand?”

Which went very well indeed. Alareth was kicking herself already as she said it but the changes happening were *hellishly* taxing on the body it seemed, they needed fuel. Still, much as she was craving.. everything? Alareth only needed to take a quick look at Sucil and Fangrim to sort out that it was a *bad idea* to entirely surrender to this process. The pair, and she, were clearly getting *exactly* what they wanted, a draconic ascension, but the other two were letting their new servants pamper them without restraint and it was taking its toll. While all three had grown, their frames expanding and taking on more muscle, bone, sinew, **raw power** – the other two were also so rotund they would have trouble getting around and would certainly not be flying any time soon. Not without magic anyway.

Avoiding that fate seemed prudent. Alareth didn't come here just to become some kind of obese draconic figurehead or monument or whatever was going on, but the change wasn't *done* either. Her wings were half-grown, her body was too small, her neck was.. stretching? Slowly, growing out new bones a bit at a time, which was *very* strange. There was a moment every time a new one grew in that things went limp for her but it passed quickly. Alareth found it distracting at the least, and that was hindering her efforts to not gorge herself quite so much.

Having *any efforts* put into such was still more than the others were doing though.

“H-hey.. You two might want to s- *Hwurphhb*- slow down..? That-”

The 'belch' sprung up not so much because of her stomach doing its dark work but because a pressure had been forming inside Alareth for a while now. One that, when it knocked a little of itself loose in her struggle to get to her feet and look dignified, left a cloud of icy vapor floating away from her muzzle. One that turned to a bit of rain on the spot and left a damp patch on the ground. Surprising as that was for Alareth it seemed to jar Fangrim more.

“W-wait.. *Silver?* Ugh.. at least it isn't *Gold* I suppose.”

Alareth rolled her eyes about that but she was busy letting herself be fed a parade of desserts even if she *tried* to slow down – and letting the little ones parading around her start to polish her scales and massage her belly from the sides.

“Gold is *useless* apart from being pretty, I guess. Copper at least is *good* for stuff! Plus if you keep your hoard in copper it's bigger.”

That particular bit of ranting left Alareth staring at Sucil again with a fresh reason to be mystified at the purple kobold – dragon – something in between maybe. The back end of him certainly looked properly dragonish at this point, a *massive* hindquarters that thumped its tail happily while Sucil was gorging on deep vessels of butter drenched treats. Which looked *devilishly* tasty. Alareth let out a quiet little moan watching them and ended up leaving herself vulnerable to being fed in the process.

A floodgate opened with that. Alareth whimpered quietly, letting that morsel's sweet and savory experience drag her out of anything but the way her frame was soaking up power with every mouthful. She did at least catch *some* of the sight of herself changing though, all that silver on her body, catching light like a mirror and leaving her with the curious paradox of all this fire in her belly turning to cold on the way to her throat.

It felt *right* though. Maybe not so much the fat part. Mostly-

“R-right, because Reds are such w- *WURPHHBBT*- wonderful company.”

Another ice cloud erupted from Alareth and began drifting over toward Fangrim, eventually grazing itself against his thigh and leaving the wide-bodied dragon snarling and kicking one of his legs uselessly toward it before bathing his own flank in flame.

By now the other two *had* to be noticing the problems with their girth outpacing their growth in other fashions. At least, it seemed absurd that they wouldn't. Sucil, if he had, just wasn't concerned about the whole thing – which Alareth *might* be able to chalk up to his sorcerous talents. Fangrim on the other hand was apparently starting to get worried as the heaving furnace of a Red was starting to realize his belly, sprawling out on all sides and sticking out between his legs, was preventing him from being able to get much clearance as he attempted to 'stand' and maybe move about a little. It wasn't really the weight of it that was the problem, just all that *flesh* getting in the way. Soft, wobbly, *sensitive* flesh. Alareth felt her whole body shudder as her own gut touched the ground again, and started to press against her thighs and her feet.

“H-hey! We're.. we are -big enough- okay? So, so maybe.. *oh goodness~*”

Some of the little spirits (which were starting to look remarkably solid and maybe a little less ghostly) had managed to crawl up to Alareth's back and found a spot between her still growing wings to scratch and rub, and it was *divine*. Enough that in the rush of quivering pleasure it caused she suffered a total lapse of all tension in her body. Everything just went slack and limp and *comfy*

and left her resting against her own belly, muttering happily and failing to swat away the others who came to feed her quickly or energetically enough. They weren't deterred in the least, and by now Alareth wasn't entirely sure she could stop them even if she really wanted to.

Which she couldn't say with any certainty that she did.

“Nonsense! Dragons need to be big! We have *so much* extra essence, even with all three of you! You will all be *greatest* dragons by the time we're done, you'll see!”

The statement was a fresh bit of fuel for that concern. Alareth tried to push through the scratching and rubbing and the *food* but standing up took effort and focus, and she had precious little right now. Checking for some kind of recognition or help from the others didn't do much good either. Sucil *knew* what he was getting into and didn't seem to find it troubling in the least. Fangrim looked troubled, but also too far gone to be of any assistance as he could no longer keep both sets of feet on the ground at the same time and every time one of the spirits flattered him a little and offered him a fresh tray of treats he caved in immediately.

Which was about half as often as Alareth caved in. By now it was starting to dawn on her how small everything else looked, and not *just* because she was a bastion of silvery chonk either. The sheer stature a dragon had compared to a kobold – all the little spirits looked tiny. It was like she was surrounded by people, servants, the size of.. chimpunks? Squirrels? They had squirrel energy at least, but then there was that fanatic loyalty and worship and the *complete* lack of any kind of restraint or common sense that embodied 'kobold' for most of her kind.

Former kind. Alareth had felt strange since she'd been 'cursed' and grown larger than most kobolds before but now she *wasn't* one.. but it at least wasn't a half-measure of any kind. As she flexed her back legs and felt them able to dig claws into solid stone and shake the whole platform by thudding her tail against it Alareth had to appreciate the *power* in her body. Even if her ass started to quiver and jiggle and just *would not* stop once it began. She *could* still manage herself too, she could at least lumber forward and scrape her scaled belly across the ground when she made herself do it, and that.. was something? Alareth still felt a bit like she was in trouble.

“Y-you've done enough. I've things to tend to, *Dragon* things, now-”

Alareth did kind of have Dragon things to do, she could feel that much. The cemented, intrinsic power of being what she was meant doors were open now that hadn't been before and all she could hope was that they were *very wide* doors. She made it about six steps toward the pathways

that led out of the ruins and back toward the world proper before her belly started to hound her to continue feasting – and she ignored that for three steps more before the servant horde brought out an entire roast owlbear and started dragging it toward her. It took six of them to move the thing, and it looked like a small roast chicken ought to. Which just *really* looked like it would hit the spot right now. One more *attempt* at leaving happened, in that Alareth really thought about trying to do it.

She just.. didn't. There was some relief however, as she was stripping meat from the bones of that owlbear and trying to rebuild her reserves of badly damaged self-control she felt the creaking and fluttering in her body start to ebb. The growth, one kind or the other, abated alongside it.

The transformation was *done*. A kobold had entered, and now a silver dragon stood where it had been. Or.. well, squatted? Alareth was finding it much easier to just rest on her haunches and her belly than to stand 'properly' at the moment but she was well ahead of the other two. Sucil was still bottom heavy as ever, which was to say he looked like the front half of a plump purple dragon growing out of a hillside made of purple scales and *lard*.

“Nnnghyeessss.. Time Dragon! I'll just ah.. *HWURPHHB*- settle into all this new awesomeness of mine and.. mmn, maybe figure out when I'm supposed to start my brood a little later. Maybe I'll *nap* first.. yeah.”

Alareth just raised an eyebrow about the brood thing and made a mental not to ensure they had privacy before that happened. The little kobolds with their odd weaving magics seemed like the answer to that problem.

“..We're.. going to need quarters. Private ones. Ah-”

All around, the little things yapped and bounced.. and seemed to be expecting this. One of them, the first one she *thought* at least, spoke up for the others. He looked healthier though, alive even, and his clothing a bit less ragged and simple.

“Of course! All three of you must have temples, but a way to visit too! We will see to it.”

An *intense* groan from behind Alareth left the fat rolls of her back bunching up as she turned to look at the ruin that was Fangrim. The Red was pawing at his belly as best he could because he could not reach the ground with his forelegs and his wings were far too small for him to fly. Even if he hadn't been quite this fat the sheer girth and length of his tail would have caused problems, Alareth had to marvel at that – it was almost a third of the dragon's body by sheer bulk. The thing sprawled out behind him and took up most of an entire street.

“G-good! I need mine to be *bigger* than the rest, and.. a-and I need-”

Alareth had to roll her eyes again. Of course the Red was prosturing. She-

“And.. s-someone needs to go find the my boyfriend for me. Unicorn, kind of a Fey, kind of not? Very, very round. Just.. just send a messenger to a little settlement near Katapesh and check the inns for signs of glitter alright? *I need him.*”

The silver dragon's expression softened a bit. She exhaled slowly and addressed the apparent leader of their new flock of worshippers.

“..Maybe go find that unicorn first. I think it might be more important than it seems. Afterward, though? We need to talk about some additional things I'm going to need.”

Easing back onto her haunches, Alareth rubbed idly at her own sprawling plump belly and caught herself groaning softly over it. The kobolds around her seemed to take the vote of two of their dragons as cause to truly pay attention and hurry, gathering together an emissary and guards in short order and seeing to it the increasingly emotional looking Red dragon was too busy being pampered, fed, and given the chance to design his new temple to have the breakdown he looked like he might be on the verge of.

Which left Alareth not exactly *alone* with herself, there were dozens.. hundreds..? Of little ones around. She was the only dragon not preoccupied though, and that only lasted until she started to think about what she needed for *her temple*.

“Do you have a name? You ah, you seem to be in charge down here. Well, you *were* in charge, until we arrived anyway.”

The statement came *so easily*. Alareth didn't even recognize the ego behind it until the words were free of her, and yet the kobold didn't argue. It seemed to agree all too eagerly.

“I did! I forgot though. Loooong time ago.”

Squinting a bit, Alareth leaned down close to the little one. She sniffed, exhaled, squinted one *large eye* at the bowing figure and watched a rime of ice form on its back from her breath. When she leaned back and he straightened up the ice crackled and broke away.

“I think.. we'll just call you Majordomo for now. It's technically more of a title than a name but sometimes those things become the same over time. So, Majordomo-”

The little thing looked *ecstatic*. Alareth had to stop and blink, watching, checking if it was actually hearing her. It took a moment to stop hyperventilating and she could clearly tell it was

aroused after all this, but that was.. fine.

“..So, I'm going to need materials in my temple.. I need a scrying pool as soon as we can manage it, and eventually-”

By now the little one was mostly getting its breathing under control, but it was also thumping its tail up and down, nodding vigorously, and just vibrating from head to toe. Alareth was almost nervous to finish her sentence lest he possibly combust on the spot.

“..Eventually materials for a Portal. But uh.. for now I think I'll settle for bedding.. and a small hoard to curl up with. And dinner. I want more of those meat buns things..”

Looking down at herself and at the thunderous volume her belly was sounding with, Alareth let out a sigh as she realized this bulk probably wasn't coming off any time soon. Not even if she had a *Time Dragon* around to ask for help with such things.

“I suppose you're just going to have to put an entire cow in them at this point.”

The army of servants broke to rush off and do her bidding, and the bidding of the other two such as they had managed to ask for. Something told Alareth that, at least for now, she might be 'in charge' of this odd little triumvirate that had just literally grown out of nowhere. But if it got her a temple, scrying tools, a Portal, and more of that food..? Alareth looked down again and squeezed her hands into her sides, watching them sink halfway into her pillowy scaled bulk. It left her shivering and squeezing her thighs against her gut as she exhaled a misty haze of icy air.

“..Yeah, I can live with this for a decade or two while I figure things out. At least as long as the food stays this good~”