

Description: In the weeks Vin spent hauling the massive hoard of treasure back to his home, he is beset by the kobolds that once worshipped Bargath as a god, but instead of taking revenge Vin becomes their new god instead?

Kinks: Bimbofication, Kobolds, Shorstacks, Huge Asses, Mind Break, Bimbos & Bimbois, Feminization, Femboys, Breast & Ass Growth, Transformation, Gender Swap, Deepthroating, Orgy, Ball Worship, Cock Worship, Mooks, Multiple Partners, Stomach Deformation and Cumflation.

Chapter 2: Our New God

Vin the newly minted dragon slayer (layer) was ready to take on just about anything. He had the essence of the former Dragon of Death Bargath running through his veins as well as the dragon ladies' bimbofied dragon body to serve as his loyal steed. She was even good at it too. Beth was a natural bottom and had a back large enough to keep Vin saddle steady during a long flight.

Long flights like the constant trips Vin had to make between his house and Beth's old treasure hoard. The literal piles of treasure of dozens of long past civilizations was stored here, along with multiple magic items, scrolls and spell books. Which Vin would gift to his old uncle Archimedes, who was proud of his nephew and complimented him quoting;

"Nice to see you taking after me. I can show you some more tricks later if you ask?"

Which Vin didn't fully understand since he was a mage and Vin was a knight, but perhaps he was referring to being an adventurer? Still his uncle provided him with a couple bags of holding so his basement was only mostly filled with golden coins, jewels, and masterful crafts of wood, steel and cloth. Though out of all of it Vin only really liked a pair of green pants and a same coloured tunic. It felt comfortable under all his armour, which he found a replacement for in hoard.

Now Vin was nearly finishing transporting the last of the treasure from the cave. He took his last empty bag of holding and brought it to Beth's old cave. Which somehow seemed more drab, with the grave of Vin's long dead steed Sisyphus was buried. He hoped to

leave an offering for his loyal steed before he left with the treasure, maybe oats?
Though when Vin entered the cave he was greeted by the sound of drums?

Vin quickly charged into the massive cave system only to be greeted by a full assembly of the lizard folk or Kobolds as they were known in the human tongue. They varied in size, but none were larger than four feet tall. With pointed draconic snouts, dark red scales, and a soft underbelly they left exposed. Kobolds looked mostly androgynous, with males and females both being more bottom heavy with no breasts.

The assembly of diminutive kobolds was large, at least fifty of them. All dressed in grass skirts wielding staves tipped with lizard skulls. They all danced around a large pyre that lapped at the roof of the cave nearly fifty feet tall. All dancing and chanting;

“Irith bhal drath, zarva pathil drakath!”

Their voices echoed in the cave, a choir of the small folk that honestly kind of freaked Vin out. He'd never seen Kobolds before and he could tell these ones were chanting something about dragons in the draconic tongue. It was more than a bit freaky and a little cultish, but Vin was a Knight and not about to back down to these creatures. Though honestly, he'd probably just let them keep the cave if he could just grab the last of the shiny stuff.

“Hail Kobolds,” announced Vin as Beth landed, keeping her back arched so Vin stayed steady. The Kobolds all stopped dancing and looked at Vin. Their big reptilian eyes, shades of amber, red and purple, just stared at him, shining in the dim light. Their long draconid snouts had the hints of teeth with large nostrils that flared as they breathed in the hot air.

“I am Vin, slayer of Bargath the Blasphemous and rider of Beth the bimbo. You are currently in the dead dragon's lair and I wish to collect the last of the treasure. Then I will be on my way,” said Vin as he unsheathed his sword and held it high. He was almost a little freaked on how they all just stood and stared at him. However quickly it looked like a Kobold was making their way towards him.

A male Kobold with dark red scales and covered in black tattoos which Vin could tell were magic in the vaguest of senses. He pounded the base of the staff on the ground before opening his maw. His deep wide red eyes, glistening in the dim light and locked with Vin's before he spoke.

"I am Sass'iril the Shaman of Bargath and leader of his Kobold hoard," announced Kobold. His words smoky and deep as he said, "and we..."

"So you've come for revenge..."

"Wish to worship you as our new god, oh great Pathil Drakath!" interjected Sass'iril as he dropped to his knees and clasped his small scaled hands together. The rest of the host of Kobolds followed his action. The crowd dropped to their knees and looked at Vin with wide eyes that appeared full of admiration?

"Pathil Drakath? Worship!" Said Vin in confusion looking down at them from Beth's back.

"Oh yes master, they have named you the Pale Dragon for slaying me so thoroughly and want you to take my place as a god!" Said Beth, giggling as she cheered, "Like you are super duper impressive, my master!"

"That's a lot to take in, Beth," exhaled Vin, "but I am not a dragon, and..."

"YOU'RE NOT A DRAGON!" Shouted Sass'iril.

"No, I am Vin, a human knight..."

"All hail the Dragon Knight, slayer of Gods and greatest of all dragon kind!"

"All hail the new god, may his dreaded form oppress us forever!" Cheered the crowd as they bowed once more, prostrating themselves before Vin. Some even inching closer as Vin looked down at them.

"Beth set me down," ordered Vin.

"Yes master," she giggled as she fell to her hands and knees.

"See how easily he commands out former master! He must truly be a god of god," shouted Sass'iril. Him and many other Kobold's tails wagged, stirring up a little cave dust as they watched Vin dismount.

"Master is like a total stud! I just love doin whatever he says," giggled Beth, following suit and wagging her long magenta red tail.

“Wait, now hold on a minute,” said Vin as he looked at Sass’iril, continuing, “why do you keep calling me a dragon and how do you know about the slaying of Bargath?”

“*Ahhnng*, he’s so close to me!” moaned one of the other Kobolds.

“Silence Amalisa, you can revel in his splendour later,” spat Sass’iril, turning his head to chastise the over-excited Kobold before returning to his prostration.

“Sorry Dragon Knight, we are such silly creatures. Now to answer your question, we kobolds were created to serve the strong, the dragons, and a dragon has never died at the hands of a non-dragon. So...”

“So I must be a dragon by your logic?”

“Yes my god,” shouted Sass’iril, “you must be the greatest of their kind so easily kill...”

“And so easily fuck the shit out of Bargath!” Added another Kobold.

“Did you all see my fight? I don’t remember any spectators,” said Vin.

“*Nuh*-no my god, but I heard from Amalisa it was glorious and you were truly divine while slaying the false dragon.”

“False God?”

“Yes my god, you defeated Bargath, proving he was a false god and I witnessed every epic detail.” Cried Amalisa, “I was to bring Bargath one of his daily snacks, but when I arrived you began subjugating him and could’ve slayed him, but instead you beat and broke the false one before kindly making him your mount! I ran back to my town to tell the others, but they didn’t believe me at first. However, then we saw you often leaving the cave, riding on the false god’s back and now your back...”

“Master, sub-jacates me most nights now too!” added Beth.

“*Mmmm*, I’m painfully jealous,” moaned Amalisa, “may I kiss your feet while we chat?”

“Hey if she gets to do that, can I be his chair?” shouted another Kobold.

“Well I want to be his foot rest!” Shouted another.

“Oh wowie, so many new friends,” giggled Beth, “we should let’ em join us master.”

"I'm not... This is all," sputtered Vin.

"Please oh great one, we are pathetic mewling creatures, with no good tact or manners, but I... We still wish to bathe in your glory." Begged Sass'iril, "at least do us the honour of seeing our village and temple to your greatness."

"You have a temple... To me?"

"Of course my god..."

"My name is Vin, you can call me that." He interjected.

"Yes my god Vin, we've burned all of Bargath's false idols and holy symbols. Replacing them with depictions of your greatness," said Sass'iril.

Vin sighed and looked off the Kobolds to the massive pyre. Where he could see all kinds of wooden idols, carvings and statues of Bargath being put to the torch. Some of the metal trinkets were only starting to see signs of melting. Creating a small pool of mixed slag at the bottom of the raging fire.

"Well..." Vin paused as the Kobold and his own steed looked at him with wide puppy dog eyes. It took him a couple seconds to process this... strange revelation. Though he was pretty great, and could use a retinue suited for the knight that defeated Bargath. Though the group looked a little rough, he'd get them tunics and chainmail befitting of a knight's entourage. However, fifty Kobolds was a lot, but it couldn't be too much to handle, right?

"Alright little Kobolds, I'll allow you to be my

"So we can worship you?" asked Sass'iril.

"Yes, you all may worship me..."

"EEEEEEEEHHHHPP!" cheered the Kobolds as they whipped their heads back and made a rather high pitched cry.

"Thank you oh gracious god, Vin." continued Sass'iril, "I promise we will serve you to the best of our ability, now please accompany us to our village."

“Sure, I’ll saddle up Beth and...”

“Oh please sir, may we carry you?” Begged Sass’iril as he got very close to Vin’s feet. His hands clasped together as he looked up at him.

“*Uuummmm*... Okay, but are you just going to lift me or...”

“Of course sir, but we prepared ourselves,” said Sass’iril before he looked over his shoulder, “poll bearers get out god his travel throne.”

Then before Vin could say another word twelve Kobolds; six for each side of the throne. Carried a large wooden throne made of dark brown swamp wood using the attached poles. There was easily enough room to fit Vin and Beth, but instead of placing the throne on the ground the Kobolds stood in front of him and for a moment Vin thought he should climb, until the Kobolds ran to the foot of the throne.

“Don’t worry my god, please use us,” said one of the half dozen Kobolds that fell onto all fours at the foot of Vin’s new throne. They climbed onto each other and made an improvised set of stairs for Vin to climb. Their shining eyes and toothy grins looking at Vin with such devotion. A normal man would be a little freaked at the sudden amounts of it but Vin...

“What incredible thinking, you surprised me, Kobolds. Perhaps I was right to accept your invitation.” Continued Vin as he ascended the stairs. Little “*mmmphs*”, “*uhhhhs*,” and “*nnyggghs*” could be heard from the “steps” before Vin sat down. The Kobold’s beath him struggled to lift his plated body and his steps were slow.

“But wouldn’t it be easier to carry me if I off my armour?” continued Vin, sitting up in his throne, “I don’t want to be too hard on...”

“Oh no my god, you are too kind, but we exist to serve you! Just allow me...” Sass’iril’s eyes glazed over and he hoisted his staff while chanting a few arcane words, “*Bustrass lengths’m!*”

Before Vin’s eyes he watched his poll bearers gain muscle mass, their little arms and legs bulking out slightly. Though it appeared to not be enough. It required another dozen magically buffed Kobolds to carry him, while the remainder of the group carried his gold and jewels from the back of Bargath’s old cave to the cave mouth.

“Very impressive Sass’iril,” commented Vin, relaxing on the throne, “you must be a powerful sorcerer...”

“I am your high priest God Vin...”

“Call me Vin, Sass’iril,” interjected Vin. He preferred the moniker of knight but the Kobolds were clearly unaware of what the title meant. He’d have to teach them later.

“As you wish, Vin,” responded Sass’iril, his words sounding pained while not addressing Vin with a frenzied reverence, but he managed to spit his words. His tongue circled as he spat, “I am your high priest and can perform divine miracles in your name.”

“I’d love to see them on full display.”

“Very soon my god, you’ll be taken to the top of the temple where we will honour you,” said Sass’iril.

“You’ll totally love it, master,” added Beth as she flew up beside the throne, “it’s all like big and... like really big.”

“I bet, and how long will we take to get there?”

“Only an hour or two my god, and please tell me if you require anything during the trip!”

“Thank you, Sass’iril, but for now I am content. Though we could be moving faster...”
Then at Vin’s command the group started moving faster, moving at double speed.

“Thank you for the kind words master!” Cried Sass’iril as he jogged beside the throne as the large group of Kobolds led Vin out of the cave and into the surrounding forest.

The great forest of Ellium housed many species, but before today Vin had never met a Kobold and he was impressed. However, according to the elven race kobolds were lowly, pathetic dragon servants that lived in mud huts or under dragon foot. Which was half true in Vin’s eyes, he loved these little guys and was very excited to see the little temple they’d prepared for him...

Which was the biggest structure Vin had ever seen!

Vin’s eyes went wide as they broke through the tree line by a cliff face and he saw a sprawling city made of carved stone. Tall buildings of dark grey stone with flat roofs

surrounded by tall crenulations filled the valley, with the occasional ivy covered pointed tower piercing the skyline. Weaving in between the buildings and dividing the city were wide canals. Vin could see small boats ferrying the populace between the main city blocks, most canals were large enough to have a docs where Vin could see larger river barges parked.

“This place is massive,” muttered Vin. He wondered what the elves had to be smoking in their treehouses to think these were anything close to “mud huts”. “There must be thousands of Kobolds down there...”

“Yes my Vin,” said Sass’iril, “we’ve existed under the false one for a millennium and built a mighty civilization. Now it and every last one of its citizens exist to honour you, the true god!”

“Wowie, they built a few new towers since I last flew here,” giggled Beth, “they kinda look like your cock, master!”

“I am surprised you can remember anything from before Beth,” said Vin.

“I got a few things still stored up in here,” responded Beth, giving her head a playful tap.

The group stayed mostly silent until they got to the edge of the city. Where at a large stone gate stood about two dozen Kobolds on each side, dressed in red plate mail. They blew on trumpets as Vin approached the walls with his entourage and only now did it set in what Vin had accepted.

Hundreds if not thousands of Kobold’s dressed in rather proper clothing. Most wore red tunics with loose fitting dresses or high cut shorts, while some wore something closer to togas. Sharing the same soft draconic snout, and underbelly with deep dark red scales matching their former draconic lord. They tossed white flower petals down the street as they approached, with even more guards standing at the street.

“How many of you guys are there?” Asked Vin as he leaned over his throne, catching the ear of Sass’iril.

“Yes might Vin, we are a numerous people,” responded Sass’iril, pointing his staff at the many open windows as they walked, “our population is approximately fifty thousand Kobolds with a standing army of around six thousand.”

“Why did you mention the army?”

“In case you wished to invade the other kingdoms, mighty Vin.”

“Oh that’s not...”

“But we normally just use them for home defence. The elves have often insulted the god’s greatness with their snooty attitudes and poor attitudes.” Continued Sass’iril.

“You’re telling me. Those snooty knife ears are always a pain to live with. Some even broke into my uncle’s tower a while back.” Sighed Vin as he relaxed in his chair, reminiscing about the times he’d dealt with snooty elven merchants. They’d always sell him cheap caltrops and complain about wooden implements. The memories were such a bother Vin hardly noticed the crowd around him had gone silent.

“God Vin, did I hear you right?” asked Sass’iril.

“Yeah the elves are a pain in my ass...” Vin paused when he opened his eyes and saw the sudden quiet. He felt for a moment he said something he should not have, but...

“FUCK THE ELVES!” cheered the crowd, “LONG LIVE OUR NEW ELF HATING GOD!”

“Sass’iril, explain,” ordered Vin, “why do you hate the elves so much?”

“Oh kind and wonderful master,” exclaimed Sass’iril, his tail wagging as he spoke. Kicking up dust that had built up on the cobblestone streets as he continued, “I am so happy you slew the false one, he never listened to our plights about the elves. No matter how many times I’d bring up the assaults on our borders and the raids he’d rebuke me, but now our god will bless our conflict!”

“I am not sure that is...” Vin paused as he heard the flood of voices from the crowd chanting;

“FUCK THE ELVES!”

“FUCK THE ELVES!”

“FUCK THE ELVES!”

They almost harmonized in their mutual hatred of the fey folk and Vin wondered if he accidentally gave the “OK” for a race war. The Kobolds looked at him with increased

fervour and he understood how they felt. Elves were a pain, though Vin didn't want to start a needless war and he wondered how he could calm the angry Kobolds. However, Sass'iril quickly gave him an out.

"I hope you will spare me time to talk foreign policy after the festival, mighty Vin?"

"Of course... And what does the festival entail?" Asked Vin. He had vague ideas of what a festival meant in a human sense but with these Kobolds it could mean any number of things.

"It is a humble gathering of your worshipers around the temple as we give you offering, my god." responded Sass'iril.

"That sounds great," exhaled Vin, fully expecting something awful to be done. He didn't even stop to try and correct Sass'iril for just referring to him as the god. Deciding to be content and wave at his new subjects as his poll bearers carried him to the inner temple entrance.

The dominating dark grey stone double doors occupied the space between two stone stairs that when they crossed over the top of the frame combined as they reached the zenith of the temple. The two large doors opened, and the grinding of stone could be heard as the group crossed the threshold. Vin could see detailed carvings of draconic forms and skulls detailed with jewelled eyes on the walls and the door. It was an expert level of craftsman... craftskoboldship? Well the detailing of each individually carved scale was impressive enough to distract Vin as he was taken to the waiting room, and what a room it was.

Four large carved pillars held up a large room at least fifty by fifty feet with a pointed ceiling that was covered in deep red stained glass which appeared to have light shining behind it despite the room being indoors. In shined pale red light down over a large pool that filled most of the room. Its steaming water's constantly refreshed by a quartet of carved draconic visages that spat a constant stream of water from their toothy maws. Each tooth in the dragon's maw was embedded with a deep red gem, with the largest pair of rubies fitted into its eyes. Near the sides of the room were exotic plants and platters on stone tables covered with all kinds of food.

"Is this room to your liking my god, Vin?" asked Sass'iril.

"It's great, I can finally have a bath," responded Vin as he stepped off his chair and onto the floor. However, before he could touch the ground the Kobolds quickly scrambled to

his feet, becoming his stairs as Vin's armoured boots touched their backs. Vin could swear he could hear them moan as he stepped on them but he wasn't about to point it out. Plus he was pretty sure he had the answer.

"I'll send some servants to assist you in bathing my..."

"Actually I would like some time alone with my steed," interjected Vin.

"But my god... To leave you alone in your temple, we must wait on your every need until the festival!" mewled Sass'iril as he fell to his knees, "it's our pride to serve you my god... Vin!"

"Alright, alright, send a few to help in a few moments," said Vin.

"Thank you my god!" Cheered his poll bearers and priests, who quickly bowed and closed the door on him leaving Vin alone with Beth for the time being.

"*Pheeeew*, this day has been a lot," exhaled Vin as he took off his pointed helmet. His hair was shaggy and glistened in the light with beads of sweat.

"You're like such a stud, master! It took me a while to get the Kobolds this obedient, but ya did it in a couple minutes." cooed Beth as she walked over and helped Vin undo the straps of his plate.

"I am still not sure if promising to be their god was a good idea. There are so many of them... I wonder if they know the laws of chivalry?"

"If not master, they'd probably be totally thrilled to learn about da *chi-bel-whatever*," said Beth as she removed the last plate. Leaving Vin in his green tonic and long pants.

"You're probably right Beth," sighed Vin "I should be more open to..."

"Fucking my tight dragon pussy?" Asked Beth as she put her hands up against the wall and shook her fat purple scaled ass cheeks. Vin could hear them clap as she lifted her tail up, presenting her thick thighs and perfect jubilating bubble butt for her rider.

"I just fucked you this morning Beth," chuckled Vin.

"But you missed the post breakfast penetration, the brunch blowjob and the pre-lunch rim and suck!" Groaned Beth as she shook her cheeks faster, "and we're already late for the lunch deep dicking. You gotta make it up to me!"

“You’re such a bimbo Beth, but that’s what makes you a good steed.” Said Vin as he pulled down his pants and out flopped his two and a half feet of hard throbbing human meat. Pulsating, thick and ready to rut his steed’s tight dragon ass.

“*Ahhnnngg*, such a manly Knight,” moaned Beth as she bent forward and spread her cheeks. Showing off her puffy red asshole and drooling purple pussy. Her thin purple lips were dripping and her deep purple clit winked out of its cover. Presenting a swelled sensitive love button as Vin grabbed her thick purple cheeks.

Her scaled glistened and her soft ass flesh squished as Vin grabbed her cheeks and slapped his massive meat between Beth’s impressive ass cheeks. Her fat cellulite stuffed ass cheeks could barely wrap around the first half of Vin’s shaft. Vin’s fat tip could press against the base of her tail through her ass and had over a foot of thick throbbing human meat to spare.

“*Mmmmmph*, so big,” cooed Beth, licking her thick purple lips, “you wear all my old inches so much better than I ever could master!”

“I know it slut,” responded Vin before spanking Beth’s ass. He left a dark handprint on her cheek before continuing, “all these inches were wasted on the old you, and now you’re built to take my lance!”

“Then skewer me, master! Fuck my tight draconic pussy,” begged Beth.

“*Mmmnnn*, I’ve been riding you all day,” teased Vin. He stepped back and pressed his cock tip against Beth’s pussy lips and he ordered, “I think it’s time for you to ride me.”

“Yes master,” cried Beth as she slammed her hips down on her master’s veiny, pulsating human cock.

“That’s it draco-bitch, move those fat whore hips,” spat Vin. He grabbed Beth’s tail and spanked Beth’s ass as she started moving. Plating a few open palm slaps against Beth’s cheeks every time she moved her hips down to encourage her asses hypnotic jiggle.

“*Mmmnnnggh*, *tha*-thank you, master! I’ll milk your knightly lance in no time,” moaned Beth. Her long forked tongue flopped out of her mouth as she started to pant. Despite her powerful (and stretchy) draconic body, she still had trouble milking her master’s cock.

Though with each sloppy fuck session Beth received, she got a little better at milking her master. Her clawed feet sunk into the stone floor and her hips bounced up and down Vin's giga-dick. The sound of hot wet slapping filled the baths as Beth's pussy clamped, and squeezed every inch of Vin's dick. Her tight stomach bulged with each movement down on Vin's dick, deforming Beth's belly and making her pussy squirt with each movement.

"Such a slutty steed!" Spat Vin, "I knew making you my mount was the correct... *Choooooice!*"

"*Nyyggggh, duh-dat's it muh-master, cum inside me. Spew dat nuh-noble seeeeeessh!*" Panted Beth as she felt Vin's cock tip start leaking pre-cum into her womb. He was getting so close to cumming. Beth could see his nuts throbbing, and he hadn't shot a single in Beth today or last night, meaning Beth is about to get bloated.

"*Mmmnn*, take it steed," spat Vin. He grabbed Beth's hips and bucked, his cock tip pressing against the back of Beth's womb as he filled her up.

"*Ahhhhnnnaaaaakkkkggh!*" Cried Beth, her eyes going white as her head whipped back and out from her maw shot a burst of hot pink flames. Her sudden orgasm-driven fire breath hit the upper walls as her stomach bloated and Vin's seed filled her to the brim, before spilling out.

"Calm yourself steed, you nearly lit the plants on fire." Exhaled Vin as he pulled his cock out. His meat was slick with pussy juices and cum, while Beth's pussy was left gaping and cream clogged. Though Beth was the steed of a mighty Knight and immediately spun around. Removing her clawed feet from the stone floor as she squatted at her master's feet, and grabbed hold of his mighty meat.

"I am like super sorry, master, it just felt so good," cooed Beth, "let me clean you up as an apology!"

"Such a good steed," said Vin as Beth got to work.

His loyal mount's long tongue ran up and down his shaft. Wrapping around his meat and scraping up globs of left over cum before drinking it down with glee. Beth loved her master's thick human cum, she couldn't get enough of it. She quickly finished cleaning his shaft and moved onto his pulsating tip. Her thick lips pressed against Vin's cock tip

and she sucked whatever cum was left in his urethra, all while moaning like a bitch in heat.

As Vin popped his freshly cleaned cock out of Beth's maw he saw a duo of Kobolds walk out of a nearby staircase hidden by some of the plants. The pair of dark red scaled Kobolds marched out of the hall dressed only in simple white loincloths. Their tails scraped against the slightly damp stones as they walked into the baths.

"My god, we've been sent to help bathe and feed... Oh my," exhaled the front Kobold. Her voice was a bit high pitched and slightly embarrassed as she saw the site

"Ooooooh, the new dragon's cock is super big, Calki" moaned the other Kobold. Her voice was smoky and lustful as she licked her lips, continuing, "maybe bigger than the old dragon..."

"Eeeeeep, please forgive, Kilfa, my god!" Shouted Calki, embarrassed as she grabbed Kilfa's head and forced her to bow.

"Caaaalki!"

"She has strange proclivities and says things unbecoming of a Kobold and proper servant," exhaled Calki at times...

"Hey, new dragon," said Kilfa as she pointed to the spunk pool that had build up behind Beth's butt, "want me to clean that up for you?"

"Kilfa! We don't offer ourselves like that, all we must do is..."

"Yeah sure go for it," interjected Vin.

"Yes my god! Just let me find some cloths." Said Calki as she gave Vin a salute. All while Kilfa walked over and stared at the pool of splooge.

"Well... It would be a shame to waste the dragon's seed. Bottoms up," moaned Kilfa as she buried her snout in the pool of splooge.

"You don't have to do it like that," said Vin.

"But master, look at her go! She's a little sperm huffing slut," added Beth, "it's so nice to see my old Kobolds taking after me."

“I’ll join too!” Shouted Calki, “I’m an obedient Kobold and I promise to serve you loyally my...*Mmmmmph!*”

“Less mewling, more slurping, slut.” Spat Kilfa as she pushed Calki’s snout into the spunk, and immediately joined her.

“Make sure not to swallow too much at once,” said Beth, “my master’s loads are sticky and thick, and will totally clog your throat if you’re not careful.

“Fucking Kobolds,” exhaled Vin as he resheathed his cock in his pants of holding. Hiding most of his impressive meat, Beth almost looked sad without her master’s cock to ogle, but their attention was quickly turned to the doors as they flung open.

“My god the festival is... My god... What are your servants doing?” Asked Sass’iril after he opened the doors along with Vin’s entourage. They arrived just in time to see Vin pull up his pants, hiding his massive meat from them.

“Oh them...” Vin looked over at the duo of Kobold females that were slurping down his spilt cum load like feral animals, “they’re...cleaning something up for me, don’t worry they are doing a great job.”

“How kind of you, my god Vin. They should be serving you, but you’ve allowed them to eat.” Commented Sass’iril, with an awestruck expression on his face. His big eyes twinkled as he continued, “and may I say, your unarmoured form is so splendid. Much better than the false one.”

“Lucky you, I’m normally unarmoured in my down time,” responded Vin as he walked over to the door and went to climb onto his seat. His loyal servants formed his stairs to his travel throne, yet again. Which Vin was beginning to accept as a natural part of this position, but the moans were hard to ignore.

“You know I could ride Beth to the top if you’d prefer.

“NOPE GREAT GOD VIN!” cried the group almost in unison. The group is more than happy to support him with every fiber of their being.

“See you outside, master!” Shouted Beth as she took flight and glided down the long hall.

“*Sigh*... Let’s just get on with the festival,” said Vin.

“Yes my god Vin, we’ve prepared everything especially for you and it would be our pleasure to take you to your real throne!

Chapter 3: Apex of Devotion

Vin was taken to the apex of the ziggurat, with his new hoard of excited Kobolds grouping around the base of the structure. They filled pews, climbed the stairs, and spilled onto the receding levels. They had large flags and banners with crude drawings of his form printed on them. Some had painted the scales on the cranium blond or were wearing crude armour pieces in an attempt to mirror him in any way. Which was honestly flattering in a way, though it was overshadowed by his new throne... Which was absolutely massive.

A tall throne big enough to sit a twelve foot tall giant was firmly planted across from him at the top of the ziggurat. Made of a polished green stone, the seat was fitted with a red dyed leather, and was covered in rubies, emeralds and polished quartz carvings that served as the legs of the seat. The entire seat sparkled in the setting sun that currently bathed the valley and gave everything a kind of awe inspiring look.

“Sorry my Vin, but we overshot the size. When Amalisa said you were... Smaller than the false one, we greatly overestimated. Please do not be disappointed,” begged Sass’iril.

“I actually kind of like it?”

“Oh you be praised!” Cheered Sass’iril.

“Though I may need Beth to fly me up.”

“Worry not oh great one,” said Sass’iril, snapping his fingers, “we your loyal followers have a temporary solution.”

Sass’iril snapped his fingers and Vin’s poll bearers brought him to the front of the seat. Gentilly laying his throne on the ground before becoming an improvised set of stairs. Their little bodies surprisingly good at contortion and acrobatics, Vin was almost getting impressed how they managed to add extra steps each time.

“Thank you, loyal subjects,” said Vin as he walked up the Kobold steps. Trying to ignore the groans of pleasure as he took his seat beside Beth who quickly landed. He looked at their giddy forms, their tails wagging and draconic snouts curved into big smiles.

Vin was beginning to find it hard to reject their adoration. The simple and giddy joy they felt from his words was adorable in Vin’s eyes; almost seeing them as a group of strange, but giddy squires. Maybe he could be a good god? Despite his lack of special powers he did slay Bargath (in a sense) and could impart good chivalric morals on the Kobolds, maybe this was a good idea.

“Presenting your offering my god Vin!” Shouted Sass’iril as he stood by Vin’s throne.

From over the steps walked eight rows of five Kobolds. All of them were dressed in delicate silk veils and loincloths with golden strings that gently hugged the small horns and hips of both male and female Kobolds alike. It was honestly a bit hard considering their androgynous soft chests (or underbellies) and lack of nipples, plus they all had wide hips which curved into thick thighs. They almost reminded Vin of the forest goblins, but he wasn’t sure why?

“Hey look master,” said Beth as she pointed towards the stairs, “a big old group of sluts!”

“I don’t think they’re actually sluts, Beth... But I see what you mean.” Responded Vin with a sigh, but they were all dressed like belly dancers.

“Great god Vin,” said Amalisa as she stepped out from the centre of the first row. She fell to her knees and prostrated herself. Her tiny body shivering only a couple feet from Vin’s throne, and all the other Kobolds followed her lead. Falling to their hands and knees as the crowds cheered around them. The little roars of thousands of draconic voices reached Vin at the apex, and the only thing that cut through them was Amalisa’s voice. Confident and strong, she lifted her head off the ground. Her expression blissful and her voice jubilant as she clasped her hands together and begged her god to...

“Please eat as many of us as you want, but you’d honour me if I was the first!”

“What did you just say?” asked Vin, mostly sure he’d heard the wrong thing.

“Please devour us in one gulp master,” shouted another Kobold.

“Yes please eat me,” cried a second, “we exist to sustain the dragon god!”

“I can climb inside your mouth if you prefer!?” Asked another Kobold.

“Sass’iril!” shouted Vin, “what the fuck are they on about?”

“Forgive me mv Vin, but I don’t understand?” Said Sass’iril, “you are the dragon god, then you should be feasting on us like the false lord.”

“Yes! So please my lord eat my filthy form,” mewled another Kobold crawling out Vin’s feet.

“Beth, what the fuck is wrong with these Kobolds?” Whispered Vin as he leaned over the side of his throne and whispered into Beth’s ear.

“*Hmmmmm*, I dunno master? All I did when I was the big mean guy was land on this temple-thinggie and eat a couple. Sometimes they’d even jump in-tah my mouth, *heheh!*” giggled Beth, with a cheeriness in her voice that didn’t befit what she was actually saying.

“Well what do you think would get them to stop, they seem...” Vin paused as he watched about a dozen of the “offerings” throw themselves at the base of his throne.

“Oh divine one,” they cried, “please devour me and eat my bones.”

Is this divine punishment for what I said? Though Vin as he continued, “crazier than anything in the thirteen hells! Get me out of here Beth...”

“Wait master, I have a super good idea!”

“You know what, you can’t make things worse. Go ahead, do what needs to be done,” said Vin as about six Kobolds started kissing his bare feet.

“Devour me god!”

“Turn my pathetic form into shit!”

“I enjoy this sexually!”

“Do it faster Beth, it’s getting worse,” spat Vin.

“Hey little Kobolds. I’m Beth the bimbo, your god’s steed,” cooed Beth standing up straight. Her long purple tail swept the ground as she lifted up and landed in front of Vin’s throne, giving the Kobolds a bit of a fright as she landed. Causing them to tumble backwards onto the carved floor. The group of fifty or so offerings stirred and muttered amongst themselves as Beth continued her speech.

“ I’m Beth the bimbo, your god’s steed and he is greatly displeased with tribute...”

“Oh god is he going to destroy us!”

“I hope so!”

“I don’t want to die normally though!”

“Please spare us from a bad death!”

“Did we pick a bad batch for you my Vin?” Asked Sass’iril, “please give us another chance!”

“Like don’t worry, I will show you how to please the new dragon god,” said Beth. Proudly puffing out her perfect double D-tits. Her dark purple nipples hard as she spun around and pulled Vin’s pants off.

“This is how you service your new god!” Shouted Betty as she let out a little pink puff of fire that coated Vin’s body for a brief second before his clothes disappeared. Vanishing into little tufts of smoke like he was never on him.

“How... How did you do that?” Vin asked, confused, he didn’t know Beth could cast magic and he didn’t think his new pants of holding could be removed so easily, but clearly he was wrong.

“Magic master! Now behold little Kobolds, your god’s manly meat!” Continued Beth, with an extra excited voice as Vin’s nearly two and a half feet of human meat flopped out in front of the crowd of Kobolds.

“Ooooooooooh,” murmured the crowd as they stared at Vin’s massive cock and watermelon sized nuts.

“By you! It’s bigger than Bargath’s cock,” shouted Sass’iril, “but what does this have to do with eating us noble steed?”

“You’re god isn’t like the old me, *hehehe!*” Giggled Beth as she knelt at Vin’s feet, planting a sloppy kiss on Vin’s cock. She took about half a minute to slobber on his cock head, drooling over his fat circumcised tip before continuing, “*mmmph*, he prefers to be worshiped like this!”

“Beth you bimbo, can’t you think of anything but... *Mnnnngh*,” groaned Vin, biting his lower lip as Beth’s maw opened and swallowed Vin’s cock. Bulging her throat as she took the first couple inches of Vin’s mighty (half-hard) dick into her stomach.

“*Ooooooh*,” exhaled the Kobolds, watching intently with their soft reptilian jaws agape. A few were panting like bitches in heat as their wide eyes fixated on Beth’s sloppy cock worship. The sound of wet sucking washed over their ear holes as they watched Beth swallow over half of Vin’s cock, bobbing her head up and down, coating Vin’s meat in spit.

“*Ahhhhmmm*, master, you’re cocks like the best!” Cooed Beth as she pumped his meat with both her hands, “and you feel even bigger than yesterday... I wonder if you’re getting bigger?”

“If I am, my uncle will need to make me new pants...”

“Why don’t a couple of you join us?”

“May we worship you my god?” asked Sass’iril. His long dark red tail wagged as he looked at Vin.

“Yeah sure, just...”

“Thank you my god!” Shouted Sass’iril, dropping his staff and running towards Vin’s cock tip. He opened up his maw, and out flopped his fat foot long pink tongue. Sass’iril’s tongue quickly wrapped around Vin’s shaft and the greedy Kobold priest quickly closed his maw around Vin’s tip.

“*Snoooooort, mmmmmnnnn... Muh-guuusssh*,” sputtered Sass’iril, his nostrils flaring as he sucked Vin’s tip, barely able to take more than a couple inches but he made up for his lack of skill with fervour. His sloppy drool coated Vin’s cock head and dribbled off onto the steppes on Vin’s throne.

“Muh-muh.. *Muh-may* I... I *ju-ju*...join!” Mewled Amalisa.

“Sure, Sass’iril can’t handle all his god’s cock by himself,” chuckled Vin.

“*Ahhnggg, soooowwwy!*” Sputtered Sass’iril as he tried desperately to choke back Vin’s godly meat.

“It’s alright high suck slut, you’re doing a great job for your first time,” said Vin as Amalisa joined in, taking a small length of his shaft to worship. Amalisa and Sass’iril were doing as best they could, devotedly slurping Vin’s meat, desperate to please their god. Though Vin still had a lot of inches free and he saw an opportunity to bond with his new subjects.

“The first two lines, come up and join your high priest,” ordered Vin, “while the rest can gather around and watch.”

“Thank you my dragon,” shouted the group as they scrambled to their feet, most nearly tripping and some actually tripping as they rushed to their god’s side. Vin could see the majority of the kobolds present at his feet were males with a few females mixed in, but Vin didn’t much care. He was content to let them all claim some space around his cock; though, he’d have to remind them he wasn’t a dragon later...

“*Shuuuuuhh, guuuud,*” drooled one of the kobolds.

“*Snooort...Mmmmph suuuh biiiig,*” grunted another as she shoved its snout into one of Vin’s massive nuts.

“*Mmmph,* I wish you claimed us years ago...” Cooped another one as it started licking the underside of Vin’s cock, joined by another half a dozen cock slurping kobolds. Their little hands could barely fit around Vin’s cock, but their long foot long tongues did work. Wrapping around Vin’s shaft and entangling together as they lapped. Vin was almost worried they’d get tangled but was mostly preoccupied with trying not to cum.

The dozen or so tongues that were currently giving his shaft a tongue bather were manageable. However the half a dozen kobolds that focused on his nuts were another matter entirely. His massive knightly balls could put horses to shame, and yet the team of kobold’s huffing his ball sweat like it was air were making it very hard for him to hold back.

“You balls are divine my god, *mwaaah!*” Moaned a kobold before he planted a soft kiss between Vin’s nuts.

“*Snoooooort.... Ahhhnn*, and you taste so good,” mewled another. With his snout pressed firmly against the underside of Vin’s sack.

“*Mmmmm*, my buh-bra... think fuzzy when kissy, *hehehe*,” giggled one of the kobolds.

Vin could feel the tickle of their flared nostrils against his balls. The chorus of over a dozen tongues all working to make him cream. He reached back and leaned on his throne for balance as the group kept sucking, kept slurping. Then Vin without a word of warning beyond a grunt shot his load.

“*Ahhhhnnnggh!*” Cried the kobolds as Vin’s mighty shaft erupted blasting a thick rope of jelly thick cum before a thick waterfall of cum erupted. Blasting litres of cum over the stone steps to Vin’s throne, enough to give most of the steps two inches of thick ball paint. The only Kobold to catch a decent amount in their mouth was Sass’iril, who got an extra thick mouthful of slop before tumbling backwards.

“*Pheeeew*, you all did a great job. I was still super backed up,” exhaled Vin as his cock pulsed still hard. “You okay, Sass’iril?” he continued, looking at his now cum bloated high priest with a big old cum belly.

“*Ahhhnng...Urrrrrp! Yuh-yes* my god, just... *fuuuull*,” groaned Sass’iril. A little bit of Vin’s chunky load spilling from his cum glazed lips.

“Now I think you’re like supposed to lick it up now!” giggled Beth as she pointed at the centre of Vin’s huge cum pool.

“They don’t have to...”

“But master, the other kobolds slurped it all up for us last time!” Groaned Beth.

“The god’s steed is right,” moaned Amalisa, “it’s our duty to accept every last drop of our lord’s love.”

The other kobold’s paused for a moment as they watched Amalisa fall to her knees and press her snout into the pooling spunk. Her nostrils flared and her eyes fluttered as she slurped up the cum like a bitch. Taking a few seconds to roll the salty nut jelly around her tongue before swallowing.

"Mmmmmmaaaahnnng," exhaled Amalisa before looking at the crowd, "come on you stupid mooks, start sucking up the god's cum. Do you want him to be displeased!"

"Sorry my god, we'll drink your blessed gift," shouted the group before joining Amalisa. Their little maws sucking back Vin's sperm with a frenzied glee, Vin could see their expressions brighten as they licked spunk from their lips. Most of the Kobolds were jerking their shafts or rubbing their pussies through their silk covers. Their loud wet moans and grunts filled the area as Vin took a moment to stretch.

"Ahhmmmn, that was certainly something..." Groaned Vin his cock still pulsating, "wow they are really into it."

"Well your spunk is super tasty, master! I could drink it down all day," cooed Beth as she began her cleanup duty. She leaned over and took Vin's cock into her soft wet maw and sucked. Her lips drinking all the cum that still clogged Vin's urethra.

"Such a sweet, steed," commented Vin, "do you want to..."

"Muh-my god!" Shouted Sass'iril as he stood up, body trembling, "I feel kind of wuh-wuh... Nyggghh!"

Vin's jaw dropped as he watched Sass'iril's clothes get ripped apart as he grew an absolutely massive pair of fat red kobold titties. Two jiggling orbs bigger than Sass'iril's head, tipped by a pair of fat pink nipples that stood up like thumbs. His hips and thighs expanded to support his even larger ass that Vin could probably rest a sword on. Then his dark menacing scales brightened to the same magenta-red colour as Beth's shimmering hide. His irises shifted from a deep red to a bubbly pink as right before Vin's eyes, Sass'iril's rock hard two inch kobold cocktwitched and shot out ropes of cum. His little nuts throbbed as his new lips plumped out, becoming plump and kissy.

"Nyyygghhaaa, i...I don't... Nygggh!" Cried Sass'iril as his little pink kobold cock lost half its length, seemingly ending the transformation, and he crumpled to the ground. His new tits flopping and hitting his face as he fell.

"What the fuck was that... How the fuck was that!?"

"Hmmmm, I'm not super smarts n'stuff, *buuuuuuuut* I think ya might have like magic cum or something, master," moaned Beth, "it probably doesn't work on me cause you already made me a bimbo bitch, *teh-hee!*"

“That’s impossible, I would’ve known if my cum could...” Vin paused mid sentence as remembered what uncle said to him not too long ago.

“Vin, you’re becoming a dumbass faster than a man, so if I don’t tell you about the changes, you’ll find out the hard way. You literally absorbed Bargath’s which beyond making you hung like a dragon could be really, really... cool and awesome and I am so proud of you for becoming a noble knight and...” Wait, Vin may have zoned out and imagined that last bit his uncle said. Uncle typically didn’t sound so positive in his memories, but...

“Could it really be the power I stole from Bargath which caused this?” Mused Vin.

“Wowie master, I didn’t even think that. You really did make my mean old powers something great... *Ohhh*, look, look, more of them are changing into sluts!” Giggled Beth, hopping up and down as she pointed at the dogpile of fifty or so kobolds that all started the change.

Vin watched as the predominantly male group of Kobolds was made into a mewling group of reptilian breeders in heat. Male kobolds fell to the ground, arching their backs as they grew massive pairs of purple reptile titties, with puffy perfect nipples. Their little kobold cocks squirted and shook like excited dog tails. Spraying their clear cream over the stone as their cocks lost every last inch of size.

Vin felt his cock pulse as his shaft thickened slightly and extended by about two or three inches as his subject’s lost their size. Then from their bare crotches grew some fresh purple slits. Drooling pussies with throbbing clits squirted as their new owners writhed in pleasure on the ground. Their butts plumped to the size of watermelon’s as they squirted their brains out.

Quickly it was hard to tell the difference between the original females and the men who were freshly transformed. The group was currently rubbing their muffs, consumed in a feral heat. However Vin did notice a few males that had just grown soft pectorals and managed to keep their cocks, but they had even thicker hips and asses than the females. Massive femboy booties combined with quick shot squirting three inch pink clits with heavy orange sized nuts.

Vin had created some kind of gooner party as the kobold’s kept playing with themselves and sometimes each other. Testing their new kissy lips as they made out and pulled on eachother’s puffy sensitive teats. Vin wasn’t sure what to do, but try to help Sass’iril, who finally stopped shooting cum from his tiny little cock.

“Sass’iril are you okay?” Asked Vin as he knelt over and helped his high priest back to his feet.

“Ooooooooooh... *Mmnnn, yuh*-yes my god, I just feel light headed,” muttered Sass’iril.

“Look I am sorry for turning you into... This, but I’ll ask uncle and I am sure we can change you back...”

“No please my god, don’t change me back!” Shouted Sass’iril as he embraced Vin. Rubbing his face against his god’s crotch as he continued, “please allow me to keep this wonderful new form. I no longer resemble the false one and can truly become your loyal servant with the form you’ve given me my god!”

“Oh... Alright as long as you are happy I am happy...” Vin looked around at his new hoard of bimbofied and feminized kobolds and asked, “Do any of you feel differently or...”

“FUCK NO!” Shouted the group nearly at the same time. They scrambled to Vin’s feet and used their new lips to kiss the ground he walked on. While the kobold’s blessed with fat reptile udders pressed their new breasts against his lower body as they moaned.

“*Mmnnngh*, oh thank you great god, Vin. The kobold race is indebted to you for erasing the false one’s taint.” Moaned Sass’iril, cupping his new tits as he looked up at Vin with beating pink hearts in his eyes.

“Now that you have given me this divine form, you should name me!” Continued Sass’iril as he wrapped his new bimboi boobies wrapped around Vin’s cock head. His little pink dicklet twitching as he felt his god’s superior cock twitch between his new divine given mellons.

“Name you?” said Vin as Kobolds gobbled his cock, coating his human pillar in spit.

“Of course my god, the false one named me, Sass’iril two decades ago when I became high priest.” responded Sass’iril as he rejoined the groupe kissing Vin’s cock head before continuing, “but I’d much prefer you give me a name, Sass’iril brings me shame!”

“Why? Does Sass’iril mean something bad,” asked Vin.

“The false one named me “High Shit” in reference to my title and I accepted it, but...”

“No, your name must change,” interjected Vin, “you must be given a more noble name, befitting of my retinue.”

“Yes my god Vin, I completely agree!” Cried Sass’iril, his little clit leaked as long tail wagged like an overly excited puppy.

“Please, give me a name and I will honour it until I die!” He cried before poking Vin’s cock head from between his new tits and kissing the head. Vin could feel Sass’iril sucking up leftover bits of cum as his pink eyes fixated on him.

“*Hmmm*, well you love sucking cock... Why not Sucky?” Said Vin, half joking since he couldn’t think of a new name, but...

“I... I... I love you my god and I love my new name! I am no longer Sass’iril,” mewled Sucky, “I am now and forever, Sucky the Slutty Slave and I exist to serve and obey you my god!” Sucky gave Vin a salute like he was waiting at attention for orders. His little cock was clearly squirting a tiny load over the cobblestones but his gaze stayed fixated on Vin the entire time.

“Such a cute name,” moaned one of the Kobolds.

“I hope he gives me a name too,” mewled another.

“I don’t care about a name,” cried another, “I just want my god to wreck my holes now!

“*Mnnnn*, I hope he pounds my new pussy to death!” Moaned one of the priests.

“Fine, you all want to serve me?!” Cried Vin and unanimously all the Kobolds nodded, their eyes full of lust while their hands played with their new assets.

“Then come over here and put those tits to good use!” Order Vin and he didn’t need to repeat himself. His little army of freshly minted sluts piled up, even climbing on each other’s shoulders just to kiss a new part of their god’s body. Before Vin could say another word, fat kobold tits were smothering his face and the back of his head. While the kobolds close to the ground pressed their breasts against Vin’s cock, squeezing his meat in a bed of soft tit flesh.

“Thank you for blessing us with breasts, my god!” cried a kobold as she wrapped her new tits around Vin’s head.

“Titties are fucking awesome, I hope I’m blessed with bigger ones,” added another kobold.

“Bargath was a fucking idiot when he made us!”

“Yeah, who wouldn’t want fat tits on their reptile slaves?”

“They’d have to be godless heathens,” giggled one of the Kobolds kissing Vin’s nuts.

“Truly our new god is a visionary,” giggled Sucky. His tits were joined by dozens of others that smothered every inch of Vin’s cock. Their hard nipples pressed against his pulsating shaft and their flesh squeezed around his massive meat, forming a tight flesh sleeve. Their combined sweat and drool proved to be ample lubricant as the milked out ropes of pre-cum which were greedily drunk by the group.

“*Mmmmmph*, I think...” Sputtered Vin as he lifted the kobold tits off his face, “I think, we should move on from foreplay.”

“*Mmmmmph*, oh yes my god... *Snoooort*, *mmmnn*, *buh*-but how should we continue?” Asked Sucky as his drool dribbled off his new lips with each word he spoke.

“All you gotta do is this!” Commented Beth as she fell to her hands and knees and stuck her butt back. She lifted her long purple tail and showed off her tight holes for the army of horny kobolds to see.

“Now you guys try it!” She continued, shaking her booty.

“*Ahhnnngh*, we must prostrate ourselves before the new god!” Moaned Amalisa as she crawled beside Beth, her pussy gushing from the sheer anticipation.

“*Muh*-my apprentice is right.” Moaned Sucky, “we must give out new holes and bodies to the great god Vin!”

The hoard scrambled to build a giant wall of fat purple ass cheeks. By the time the fifty or so kobolds were done making their pyramid there was a chest tall wall of kobold ass with Sucky climbing to the top. He proudly knelt over his people and presented his cheeks to Vin. Lifting his long tail and showing off his puffy bimboi bussy.

“Mmmm, please my god Vin,” begged Sucky, *“please give me the honor of first fuck.”*

“I think you’ve earned it my sucky slave!” Spat Vin as he grabbed Sucky’s tits and shoved his cock deep into his servant’s asshole.

“Nyyyyggghh, buuhhhgggssh,” cried Sucky, his eyes crossed as his swollen prostate was crushed. Vin had only shoved a foot and a half of his massive human meat into Sucky, but he had already taken all the room inside his new kobold sex sleeve. Sucky’s belly bulged out enough to touch the back of the kobold beneath him, creating a clear outline of Vin’s throbbing cock, and ticking the kobold below.

Clearly the kobolds had inherited Beth’s ability to handle large insertions and they also seemed to love it too. Sucky’s little cock was twitching and shooting drops of clear pre-cum as he groaned like a bitch. His long pink tongue fell out of his mouth and drooped off his chin as Vin rutted inside his bussy. Trying to force more of his meat inside.

Ahhhngg, suh-sowwwy muh-gooossh,” drooled Sucky, *“I... I sshhu-should’ve taken moooore!”*

“Mmmm, don’t worry about it,” grunted Vin, his cock already leaking from the tight squeeze, *“you’re making a noble ahhhh-tempt!”*

“I can help ya out master! I just love helping you drain these heavy human nuts,” giggled Beth as she groped one of Vin’s nuts.

“But I see no reason most of you should sit out. You three twitching sissies better get over here and start worshipping your god properly!” said Beth pointing at the few kobolds at the end of the wall.

“Yes, noble steed!” shouted the quartet of fat hipped femboys. Their little cocks wagging and heavy nuts flopping as they ran over to Vin’s side.

His cum had really changed the remaining males. Their asses were huge, bigger than Beth’s impressive cheeks, but strangely they didn’t lose much cock size. If anything the sensitive femboys gained a lot of ball size, but it brought the side effect of constant leaking from their little three inchers.

“Please allow us to kiss you heavy sack, great one,” mewled one of the quartet.

“Your cock is soooo much bigger than any of ours,” drooled another.

“*Mwaaaah!* That’s because he’s not a sissy faggot like you three!”

“*Mmmnnngh*, fuck yes,” moaned the last kobold, “our god isn’t a pathetic sissy like us... *Mwaaaah.*”

“*Ahhhnnggh*, *thu*-thank you for allowing us to kiss and snort your ball musk, great god! Please fill the high priest, *mwaaaah!*”

“They’re like super cute when they’re huffing your nuts.” Giggled Beth as the quartet kissed and licked Vin’s sack. Planting enough sloppy kisses on Vin’s smooth sack to coat both balls in stick spit.

“I have to admit they’re doing a great job,” exhaled Vin, “I could get used to having these little butt sluts around.”

“*Nyyhhhhnn*, *wuh-wuh*-we live to serve, my god,” cried Sucky, “our race is yours to use *ah*-as you *pweeeeaase!*”

“A race of slutty sissy bimbois and bimbos, all for your giga-dick to tease master...*Mmmmmmm!*” Beth paused as she leaned over, and licked all the way up Vin’s cock. Leaving a snail train of stick spit as her forked tongue teased Vin’s thick veins before reaching Sucky’s thick anal donut. She licked around the circumference of Sucky’s stretched asshole, before pulling her tongue back

“*Aahhh-haaannggh*, it is totally your right to keep them all as fuck meat.” Continued Beth as she gave Sucky’s ass a playful smack.

“*Nyggghhhaaa!*” yelped Sucky as his butt cheeks jiggled.

“Beth if you keep licking like that I am gonna...”

“*Mwwaaaahnn*, *duh*-do it!” Shouted Beth as she slobbered over Vin’s cock and it was enough. A couple seconds later Vin bucked his hips, inserting another half foot of cock into Sucky’s asshole before blasting his thick powerful load. His seed shot out so hard Sucky went flying off his cock like a rocket!

"Ahhhnnggg!" Cried Sucky as he flew about twelve feet forward, his cumbloated belly breaking his fall. The sudden addition of pressure caused Vin's seed to erupt from his gaping hole like a geyser. Spilling thick human seed everywhere as Sucky's little pinky clitty wagged with joy, celebrating his first hard ass-gasm.

"You okay sucky?" Asked Vin as the kobolds and Beth grabbed his cock and shoved it into a new greedy kobold hole.

"Mmmhhnnnn," groaned Sucky, giving Vin a thumbs up.

"Keep going my master, you still have a bunch of servants to bless," moaned Beth.

"Yes bless me, my god!"

"Me too!"

"Murder my new pussy oh great one!" Begged a rather excited third one.

"Pheeeew, it's going to be a lot of work fucking all of you." Grunted Vin as he started rutting inside the next thick kobold ass. The kobold's soaking virgin pussy could barely hold a foot of Vin's mighty meat and his team of femboys could barely please what length of the shaft was left.

*"Ahhhn... Duh-*don't worry my god," groaned Sucky. He was a bit wobbly as he stood up, knees weak and hole leaking tonnes of Vin's seed. His little cock was leaking, still cuming even after Vin had moved onto another butt.

"I will use my magic to... *Mmmph, buh-*bolster us," groaned Sucky. He started to chant a few divine words. A prayer in draconic language that Vin couldn't quite understand, but felt like he understood in a contextual sense. There was a sense that the words were a desperate plea for something staggeringly potent. Then with the final stanza uttered, Vin felt a rush of strength though his body and his cock bottomed out in the kobold's asshole.

"Nyygggghhhhaaa muuuuhh gooooooddsssh!" She cried, tears of joy flowing down her cheeks as Vin's meat pulsed and filled her like a used condom. Her entire body was practically being used as a sex sleeve and she loved it. This was way better than being eaten.

“Holy hells Sucky,” spat Vin as he pulled his cock out and shoved it in another Kobold butt, “this is incredible. It feels like they are being moulded to fit my cock!”

“*Yuh*-yes my god,” exhaled Sucky, limping to Vin’s side. He took a moment to catch his breath before leaning on Vin’s leg.

“It was... *Huff*, a minor prayer to help us handle your cock... *Huff*, I am glad you like it,” moaned Sucky. He nuzzled his face against Vin’s thigh as he filled another one of Sucky’s clergy to the brim with seed. Cum literally flowed out of her mouth as Vin filled her body to the brim. His cum bloated body falling off the pyramid of Kobolds, making room for another...

“Me next my god,” begged Amalisa as she crawled up, “I wish to be seeded by a divine cock, fill me with halfbreeds and your brood will populate the world.

“How could I refuse such a kind offer. I’ve always been curious to see if I could make half dragons?” Said Vin as he shoved his cock into Amalisa’s pussy. His cock tip barged into her womb as she squirted her brains out. Her I.Q dropped into the negatives as she drooled and panted like a bitch in heat.

“*Nyggghhhaaaann, coooowwwkssh!*” she drooled, her pussy squirting onto one of the other kobold’s heads.

Their split sex juices were greedily slurped up as Vin rutted in his sluts. While the top row was bred like sows, the lower kobolds enjoyed sucking up more spilt seed then they could drink. Satisfying their cravings by eating out their fellow worshipers' holes before climbing on top of their bodies, increasing their height in the pyramid and bringing them closer to godly cock.

“*Ahhnnngggh, duuuhh cummssh,*” drooled Amalisa. Her pussy squirted and massive tits leaked milk as she was launched forward like her superior. Cum flowing out of her gaping asshole, pussy and mouth. Her massively bloated body fell to the ground hard, but unlike Sucky, her holes were quickly claimed by a pair of thick bootied femboys. Their fat boi-booty cheeks clapped as they sucked the cum from Amalisa’s holes and Vin just moved onto the next Kobold.

The fuck session taking hours to fully fill every hole in the line. The Kobolds were mostly self cleaning and got more ready for fucking as Vin decimated the line maybe two times each. His massive cock filling the kobold people up like cheap condoms about to burst, not a single part of his body wasn’t covered by sticky kobold drool, cum or titty milk. By

the time Vin had moved back and finished fucking Sucky's ass cheeks he needed to sit down and collapsed in a pile of a dozen kobold's whose ass cheeks and titty flesh improvised a pretty soft bed. Vin was about ready to take a nap, but then he felt Sucky cuddle up next to him.

"Mmmmm, my god... That was incredible," groaned Sucky as he took his lord's right pectoral as his own. Resting on his god as his well fucked asshole leaked cock cream right into another kobold's gaping maw.

"Again Sucky, my name is Vin and I am a knight," exhaled Vin. It was difficult to drum up much anger while his massive cock was being kissed and licked by the next batch of kobolds ready to get fucked.

"Mmmnn, fine, feel free to climb on," said Vin.

"Thank you, good god!" Cried the kobolds as one shoved the first foot of Vin's cock up his ass. While the other's smothered the remaining length in soft sweaty tit flesh.

"Su-sorry my go... Vin, I will do my best to be the best possible servant," said Sucky.

"You better help out. I'm a literal dragon and I'm having trouble keeping up with my master's massive loads!" Cried Beth, pulling her snout out from a pair of Kobold's cheeks. Her lips covered in cum as she looked at Vin and Sucky.

"But don't worry master, I'll get another dozen of these little sluts cleaned out for ya soon!" Continued Beth before diving her face between another pair of kobold cheeks. Her long tongue scraped out the insides of the kobold's gaping pussy as the kobold groaned in pleasure. Beth's fat ass cheeks were pressed up in the air, her own extra stuffed holes on display as she ate out the kobold's holes.

"Let me help too, noble steed!" Added Amalisa, who quickly took the opportunity presented by Beth's exposed butt and chowed down on Beth's cream filled donut. Sucking back the filling with gusto as Beth groans were muffled by the kobold's cheeks.

"I appreciate the loyalty Sucky, but now we should...."

"Our great and mighty god!" Announced the head of another group of kobolds as she walked up the stairs, "I your loyal Bishop This'ela have brought another forty sacrifices to be your din... What, what is going on?"

“Mmmm, we’re worshipping our god in a new way. Just suck up his seed and you’ll see what I mean,” moaned Amalisa.

“But Amalisa,” sputtered Thiss’ela, “it’s our culture... Our way of life and most importantly our pride, how can we just stop...”

“Stop babbling and join the others around my cock short stuff,” exhaled Vin. Content to just continue on the current course.

“Yes my god, sorry my god!” Shouted Thiss’ela, straightening her back as she shouted, “we’ll all service your divine form, we exist for you oh great one.”

The new group rushed to Vin’s side and before long Vin was drowning in a horny hoard of little reptilian fuck sluts. Soon they’d be transformed and “purified” of Bargath’s old taint. Their old ways literally fucked to death by Vin’s mighty lance and things would go on like this for a few weeks as Vin helped the kobolds adjust to their new lives. They were no longer built to be sacrifices, but built for sanctified sloppy sex. Sucky, now a rather proud sissy, preached a lot about how to “service” their god’s needs. He spread Vin’s divine word with the help of his clergy and Beth who loved teaching the kobolds new techniques. While the first turned, Calki and Kilfa, became Vin’s personal cock holders.

Vin didn’t quite understand it, but the kobolds loved seeing him naked and insisted he be naked at all times. Vin couldn’t refuse at first, but he had trouble walking with his positively massive cock. His cock nearly touched the floor after absorbing some energy from the kobolds, and he had a need for an extra pair of hands. Calki and Kilfa eagerly accepted the task and now carry their god’s cock and testicles around over their heads using a pair of silken pillows. Making sure he was comfortable while moving between eating, sleeping or semi-religious fuck session.

Vin’s travels were filled with kobolds shouting, “here comes the god’s meat”, “make way for the master’s lance”, or “the dragon layer comes” whenever he walked anywhere; which was actually pretty great. Vin enjoyed the attention and seeing the kobolds so excited. Plus, whenever he needed a blowjob at least a dozen of his followers were more than happy to take a piece of his meat into their loving lips. However, Vin felt like he couldn’t stay with them forever, his place was elsewhere and a massive orgy per day was starting to wear him down.

He asked to leave (he felt like running off without saying a word would be rude) and the kobolds agreed. Though they asked for him to return after fulfilling his knightly duties to

the realm; whatever those duties might be. Vin put his armour on and got ready to ride away on Beth back to his home, and naturally he was surrounded by a hoard of his sluttified, bimbofied and feminized followers who all seemed sad he was going, but were content that he'd return one day.

Vin said his goodbyes to Sasilia and his most devoted followers. A few of which appeared to just be masturbating as they looked at his bulge. Which was honestly a step forward from what they were. However, Vin was very surprised when he couldn't find Sucky but when Vin was just about to leave he heard a familiar voice.

"My great god... No, Vin my knight, please take me with you!" Shouted Sucky.

"But Sucky, you're the high priest," said Vin, "don't you want to stick around and enjoy not being eaten?"

"NOPE! I completely accepted the name Sucky the Slutty Slave, and I am no longer the kobold spiritual leader, but your property, oh noble master."

"Yippie! More friends for the adventure," giggled Beth.

"Not yet Beth?" Said Vin, "I don't need a slave, it's not very knightly..." Vin was about to continue but he saw the sadness in Sucky's face and immediately caved.

"But I... I could use a squire," he continued and Sucky immediately perked up.

"Oh yes kind master, Sucky is more than happy to be your squire! All my abilities will be yours!"

"Then hop on," said Vin extending a hand and lucky for Sucky there was enough room on Beth's back for the both of them. Sucky managed to remain comfortably seated squished in front of Vin as he took off. It was the best place for him to be seated, making it easy for Vin to keep him from falling and Beth handled the extra sixty pounds of kobold tits and ass pretty well. Within about a minute of takeoff Beth had reached their cruising altitude well above the trees. The cheers of the kobold people were replaced by the rushing of air.

"Take us home Beth," said Vin.

"I can't wait to see where you live master!" Added Sucky, Vin could feel his tail stir trying to wag in such a tight space.

"I am sure your home is wonderful," he continued.

"It's no castle but it's home," responded Vin.

"I am sure my magic will be of great help if your home needs repairs or improvements!" said Sucky.

"*Huh*, I have seen you use a bit of magic, Sucky but what else can you do? What neat tricks have you learned," asked Vin?

"*Hmmmm*, well...I can fight with my fists, a spear or staff, raise the dead, cook a good bog stew, sew..."

"Wait! You can raise the dead," shouted Vin, nearly falling off of Beth's saddle. He was expecting more spells that could heal or buff, and raising the dead was not part of the prior two options; at least not in Vin's mind.

"Yes my master," responded Sucky, "I am a cleric of the ninth tier and can perform greater miracles in your knightly name! Remember how I made your worshipers extra stretchy, that was one of my miracles!"

"That's... Certainly something," said Vin, "won't your people miss you even more now?"

"We had several dozen in our number who were groomed to take my place like Amalisa, so my people aren't starved for choices to represent your church!"

"*Huh*... could you do that right now?"

"I just need time and a semi-fresh body, my master," said Sucky.

"I changed my mind Beth, we are making a pit stop on my way home," said Vin, "I've got a past wrong I need to, right!"