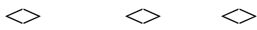


Karl's Revenge

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Commission for mrexplosive

WARNING: Contains: macro, muscle growth, hyper, soft vore, cock vore, excessive cum and mild destruction. If this doesn't get your engines going... then go talk to a mechanic. But if you don't like it, or not legally able to read it, then don't. If not, enjoy!



Karl Silverclaw pulled the curtain across his window to shroud his potion shop into darkness. The bolt had been fastened over the door, the fireplace had been snuffed, and only the bare minimum of candles were burning, casting eerie, flickering shadows through the room, making the lizard seem much, much bigger than his three foot height, barely as tall as the dwarves that came to town from the mountain mines to the north. Only the steady pounding of hammers to finish the last stands and displays, the low murmur of cheer and happiness, the music of many bards coming from far and near, could be heard through the walls as the town prepared for their annual festival of merry making, costumes and haunted stories this fall evening.

“Soon I will give them something they will never forget,” the lizard hissed quietly, as he walked into the back room, where all his potion making paraphernalia, books and materials were haphazardly sorted and stored. He closed the heavy wooden door, and latched it shut. He didn't want anyone to interrupt him now.

He looked at the one bottle, sitting on a counter for the past couple of weeks. A grin crossed Karl's face. Tonight it would be ready, after so much anticipation.

The lizard alchemist picked up the bottle and gently shook it, the red liquid inside glowing brightly as he agitated it.

“Tonight, I become a God,” Karl chuckled to himself.

The orc warrior that came to town to sell his loot from some cave or dungeon never knew what he was actually selling Karl. Had he known what the book of magic and potions was really about, he might never have sold it. But the orc didn't seem to care much for the finer arts, only for those things that helped him hack and slash his enemies.

Karl dug a claw into the cork stopper and with a loud *pop!* removed the last obstacle to his ascension. The lizard lifted the bottle to his mouth and tipped head and bottle up, draining the red liquid.

It was foul, disgusting. Karl nearly choked as he drank the potion, but he forced it down anyway. A sooty, burning, sulfuric taste for a while was more than enough of a price to pay.

The last of the burning potion exited the bottle and into his throat. Karl forced one more swallow of the vile concoction, and let the glass bottle drop from his claws, shattering on the stone floor. He grimaced and groaned as the burning feeling began to race through his body, from his scaly muzzle to his claw-tipped toes.

Karl gasped, falling to his knees. He grasped the wooden table to prevent himself from falling further, his claws sinking into the wooden table to steady himself. A spasm of heat and pain raced through his body, make him howl in pain, his arms flexing enough to gouge out a large chunk of the table and make it crumble into splinters.

But with the pain and burning came another feeling, the sensation of power and might. It felt like every muscle on his body was being pushed to their limit, tendons and sinews tearing and repairing in quick succession. His arms began to inflate, his legs bulged with power. His chest began to balloon out, his neck thickened, his stomach flattened then chiseled out into six pack abs. His tunic, once baggy and oversized, now fit snug and tight, and Karl could hear the fabric begin to tear and rip.

Karl pushed himself up off the floor and blinked. Everything looked... different. Instead of looking up at the window, now he looked through. The boxes and bottles looked smaller than before. He looked at the table, which was once only slightly oversized (coming up to his stomach when he stood), now it was at the height of his now much larger groin, grotesquely pushing out the lower part of his tunic.

“What? Is that really mine?” Karl grabbed hold of his tunic, and with a quick pull, yanked off the cloth, leaving him nude, and confirming his suspicion. Unlike the feral lizard that prowled the forests and deserts, Karl’s nether regions was more like a humans, with his penis and testicles always hanging free. The small length he used to have, befitting his size, had now been replaced by a member that would put many of male whore to shame even when flaccid like this, easily the length of a short sword, with balls the size of a small gourd hanging underneath.

Karl slowly reached down, and brushed against what couldn't have possibly been his junk, but the electric tingle that raced through his body confirmed it was his more sensitive regions.

The lizard began to grin. "Only right that a god should have a mighty sceptre," he chuckled, his voice a couple octaves lower than before. He grabbed hold of his cock, and began to stroke, needing both hands to cover the thick member, and even then his claw tips only just met on the far side.

"Mmmm," Karl groaned, as the heat and power returned to his body. "Yes, yes! Make me bigger!" Karl bellowed.

As if to answer, his cock surged up, growing thick and mighty in his hand, throbbing with every beat of his heart. Then his head bumped against the wooden rafters fifteen feet above the ground, and Karl had to hunch over as he continued to grow, now five times bigger than his original stature. The table was pushed over, spilling potions and glass bottles to the floor, while a shelf of his hard gathered materials was carelessly tipped over and spilled. His muscles, respectable for someone that spent their life fighting as a warrior or working in a mine, began to grow even bigger. Orcs and ogres with their muscular physiques given to them at birth would be put to shame now. His green scales began to bulge and pulse bigger, veins even managing to show through.

But as Karl grew bigger as he jacked off, he began to grunt and grimace as something else began to invade his body. Dark thoughts of demons, of dragons, of conquest and destruction began to enter his mind. Two spots on his head began to ache and ache, until with a grotesque *rip*, two black horns pushed from his head and into the ceiling of the room, curling and lengthening by the moment as he began to curl on himself, his body now filling the entire space he once made potions for sale. Spines and spikes began to push past his scales all over his body, which began to turn from their old green shade to red and black, forming demonic runes and patterns over his body as he continued to shoot upward and outward. His back began to bulge and twist, until two wings finally forced their way out, taking up even more room in the now too small shop. The room began to grow hot, his body building in temperature, smoke curling over his massive body as wood and straw began to be singed and charred

"Yes... yes... YES!" Karl bellowed, and with a loud roar, he pushed himself upward, shattering the thatched roof of his apothecary, sending wood and straw flying through the air,

to be replaced by the smoke shrouded demonic dragon lizard, a massive wingspan and cock that was as tall as he was reached to the sky blotting out the full moon.

The festival had long since began, and many of the people, wearing costumes of princes, warriors, wizards, kings, monsters, and animals turned to see the potion shop be destroyed by a massive creature.

Many of the people cheered, admiring the costume that Karl had put together. The lizard had always been a bit of a spoil sport with the festival, refusing to help before. But this year, he was making such a grand appearance, he must have had a change of heart. So he added a massive dick to the costume. Karl was always weird like that.

The dragon looked at the people he gathered in the square “Puny mortals. For far too long you mocked me for my size, for my skills, for my weakness. But now you shall see what true power and strength is!”

The crowd was confused. What was he talking about? The lizard never seemed to care about the jokes before...

But that thought was rudely dispelled when Karl let out a loud, demonic growl, as he took a step and obliterated the house across the street, and then another into the edge of the festival, smashing vendor stalls and part of the stage, before reaching down with a massive hand and grabbing several revilers. The evil grin, the turgid cock, the suffocating heat and smoke that swirled around the red and black dragon made some realize that Karl wasn't really participating in the festival for the enjoyment.

Well, maybe his enjoyment, but not everyone's.

The dragon picked out one man, a thick, heavy built blacksmith, dressed up as a king in a red cape and iron crown, struggling to escape the dragon's tight clutches. “So what do you think of the puny little lizard now, huh?” Karl asked, raising up his hand and giving a flex, making his bicep bulge out, the size of a fully loaded wagon, veins pushing through the thick scales that not a single mortal could dent.

“A king, huh, Stefan? I always knew you were vain, but we can solve that now.” And with a grin, the dragon opened his mouth, showing off his sharp fangs and teeth, and tossed the blacksmith into his mouth like a candy, then the other people in his hand behind them.

The crowd was panicking now, screaming and running away as they realized that the potion maker had not only grown fifty feet tall, but had been corrupted by evil. Guards in silly costumes tried to ready their pikes and swords, but the crowd made it hard to form up.

Archers took aim, but their arrows just bounced off his thick scaly hide. A feline mage summoned magic powers, but they caused no damage to the monster.

Karl growled. “So now you fear me, and consider me a threat. Not when I was only three feet tall, only when I can step on a house and level it.” The dragon swung around, his tail bowling over the guards. Karl snatched the wizard from his perch, and held up the old trying to enchant spells in a panic.

“So, magic is better than potions, huh George?” Karl smirked. “Maybe you should tell that... to my cock!”

The dragon lifted up his massive cock, drooling pre seed. The feline wizard struggled, throwing fireballs from his hand to hit the giant demon dragon, clawing at the thick scales when his mana ran out, but it did no good. He was pushed into the gaping hole at the top of the tree sized cock, and with a claw the size of his own body, shoved down. Karl let out a satisfied growl as he felt the wizard get pulled down his cock. It felt so good, the transformed lizard began to gather more people that he could gather: men and women, shopkeepers and guards, humans and furs, and shoved them into his cock. His boulder sized balls began to bloat and inflate as more and more of the townsfolk and festival goers were shoved in. A few were not pushed into his dick, instead getting tossed in his mouth and swallowed into his guts.

All the while, Karl’s body steadily grew larger. His feet leveled blocks of homes and stores, his balls knocked down the church, the cock wiped out an entire half of the city when he turned and it swiped the ground. The destruction, the snacks, the cock feeding, the power and demonic energies racing through his body pushed Karl’s libido into overdrive.

Panting heavily, the demonic dragon finally grabbed hold of his cock, and began to vigorously rub the massive length, a hundred feet long. He pointed it at the town that he had emptied into his stomach and balls.

“This town... will... be... no more,” Karl declared as furiously stroked himself. “It shall... be nothing... more... than... a... LAKE!”

With a bellow, his cock let loose it’s bounty, quickly flooding the ruins of the town with his cum, plowing through whatever stone and wood and brick remained standing. The wooden stage and vendors on the square were washed away in a tidal wave of white.

An ocean’s worth of cum swept through the ruins, flooding the peaceful valley it once inhabited. The boiling liquid began to race through streets and over buildings, cascading past

hills and into other rivers. Wherever the demonic seed touch made the grass and trees wither and turn charred and burnt, spreading demonic corruption through the land.

When the flood of cum turned into a trickle, Karl was left panting until he finally climbed up onto his massive claws, grinning at the white sea he had just created.

“Well, that was fun,” the dragon chuckled, before opening his wings and taking to the air. “Maybe I should go find that warrior and thank him for this gift.”