

The sky was clear of any clouds, much to Asha displeasure.

As the sun continued to hover the sky with its blazing light, the desert world around the elf basked in the heat. Making living currently irritable for her. "Fucking hells..." she muttered as her poor horse walked on, its maw open with a pant. She rubbed its neck while her cowgirl hat provided much needed shade, fitted perfectly on her faded blond hair with some streaks of grey hair in it. "I should have taken that ice spell pack from our last job." she muttered.

The last job was almost a real success, with her bandits working like a well oiled machine. Stolen gear with magical properties was just in their grasp until Fanger made a noise when they were almost out of the sleeping town in the east. Now split up and on the run, Asha, the Lady of the West, the leader of the Gilded Scoundrels, was all alone in this gods forsaken heat with her water nearly gone.

Correction, now all gone.

Her wetted lips smacked as she looked around in the empty, sandy barren land. Praying for any of the Gods (not for the first time) for a miracle.

And a miracle did appear.

A beautiful, strong white horse trotted out of the corner of her eye. Its thick build is evidence of a healthy diet and being well rested. Asha waited as she and the horse watched it trot by, hoping it wasn't a marriage and her steed followed it. She allowed it and then spotted a conjunctions of rocky hills and thick beanstalk twisting on the hill. Harden and yet, very green.

And if there's green, there's water!

The elf's lips cracked into a smile, kicking her heels into her horse's side and the horse needed no more instructions as it started to run towards the towering beanstalk. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" she muttered, her

British voice drowned out by the sound of the hooves. The white steed was soon by her side, nose huffing out air evenly while hers was panting. “Just a little longer, dear.” She cooed while gripping the reins. “Just until we reached the stalk.” She urged. And vastly approving it, they took in the weight of how magnificent the beanstalk looked up close. Almost thicker than a tree-trunk, more thicker than any of the towers Asha had grown up in her past overseas.

“Just how they used to grow them back then....” She whispered, her voice littered in wistfully and sorrow.

Snapping her head out of it, she reached the hills. Or more like a weird rocky build that seemed like it was dirt that was scooped up by a giant years ago. Perhaps a little plant from the legend she heard about, Paul Bunyan?

Either way, the white horse quickly led the way to a large leaf that covered an area. Immediately, her heated, strong body and her horse bent in relief as it cut off the heated gaze from the sun. The thundering hooves are slowly replaced by the sounds of water. “YES! Praise Manannan!” she cried, hopping off of her horse and quickly stumbled over to the ground. Legs tired of riding and weakened while her black horse trotted into the clear water that was pouring out of the side of the large hills. It mattered not as she used her knees to walk over to the shore and lowered her head into the water. More like dunking her face into it and gulping in the crisp, clear water. It splashed over her front, darkening the shirt and making it cling to her ample chest.

Her weary body relaxed in the shade. Her mouth couldn't keep up with how much water she inhaled, very much cleaning her dirty face as well. Her horse let out a whine of satisfaction, making little jumps and swinging its head with each break it took from drinking.

“Oh I hear you, Mossy.” She said, finally sitting up.

Looking up, she took in how even the light from the sun couldn't be seen through the giant leaf. "You must have been an escape for Paul." She muttered at it. Her whizened eyes then looked at the hill, how the grass looked much thicker and higher than normal ones, how the bean stalk vines were weaving in and out of the dirt like threads in cloth. She then flopped on the ground, belly full of water and body ready for a nap while Mossy did the same. Walking up beside her and gently laid down.

Asha grey eyes blinked open as the harsh light met her face and felt the air was just a tad less hot. "Fuck me, did I just had a nap?" She muttered. Her body, once tired and sore, now felt better when she sat up. Her hat laying next to her head and her dirty cream button up shirt dried from her drink earlier. Now up, she dusted off some dirt off of her round bum and pulled her belted chaps a bit on her slim waist.

She quickly redid her long hair back up into a pony tail as she walked closer to the rocky side of the hill. "Lets make camp tonight before we move on, Mossy-"

There was a sound of wooden wheels afar, followed by a poorly whistle tune.

Asha ears perked up as her gloved hands reached for her enchanted gun. Fingers stiff and ready to draw. Laying a hand on her steed's neck to stay, she maneuvered around to follow the sound.

There were marks that showed a wagon coming in and out of the desert and into a secluded cave that was hidden by a large leaf. Her eyebrow arched up as she slipped underneath it.

Inside felt bigger than it should from the outside. Tall dome ceiling with glowing yellow crystals, walls glittered with.....gold?

She allowed her eyes to wander around the large cave before the sounds of a crate landed and she crouched away to a boulder next to the entrance.

Beside a wagon that was pulled by an old pegasus with its old wings tucked on its side and beside the beast was perhaps the most lovingly pink naga she has ever seen. The young man continued to whistle as he took off the harness from the pegasus, cooed over its grey fur while his tail helped pet the steed.

“Sorry you had such a long walk, buddy,” he said with a smile, bits of his fangs adorning his teeth. “But I promise just two more trips here and we will get everything.” The Lady of the West looked at the young prospector, taking in the bizarre coloring of his scales. Pink and red glittering over his tail with an odd pattern over the back. She blinked when she saw it was hearts that littered his back like a diamond back. She looked at his rattler, how it was more deep red than the other colors.

Her grey eyes slid back to the human body of this naga and took him in. A bit frail looking, his lean arms with more pink scales littering over his pale tan body, jutting out of his rolled up sleeves. His black hair looked healthy and long, done up in a pony tail like hers while his face bore the lines of gleeful and yet, hidden inside his wide eyes of baby blue, rested a hint of wisdom.

Wearing a white shirt with a brown vest, she saw that he wore a leather skirt that hugged around his mid section where the human and snake met. She cocked an eyebrow again, thinking how absurd the naga would cover up his hips when nagas genitals usually is covered up to begin with

The way he treated his old pegusis, and it looked like he needed to cover up gave her the implication that this young fella just as naive as a young buck in the forest or a youngling at a Winter solstice celebration.

Perfect for her to stand up and take action.

“Good evening, little thing.” She called out.

Much to her surprise and delight, the naga let out a squeal as his upper body jumped in the air. Making his tail jolt with a burst of rattle. She almost let her smirk grow when she took in how adorable his face is. “Who are you?! And how did you find this place?” He asked, slithering backward to put a black between him and his animal.

‘Oh, how cute.’ She thought. ‘That beast could still buck me into the air in his old age.’ she continued as she walked on. “Well, I just happened to be traveling out to a town when I got terribly lost,” She began, letting her accent thicken with the newcomer. “I just ran out of water and prayed to the Gods for a miracle. And they blessed me with a white steed to guide me to this wonderful place.” She smiled.

The nagas eyes stared hard into her, taking in the dirt over her outfit, how her gun was tied closely on her leg and over her chaps, perhaps trying to piece together why she looked so oddly familiar. So...beautifully familiar. “Thats well and good. I’m glad you found water miss,” He said, voice light with hesitation and youth along with a thick southern accent this wide of the New World is known for. “But who are you?”

‘Well, I might as well have some fun with this cutie.’ she thought before taking off her hat

“I am called Asha, young man. And who may you be?” She asked with a shining smile. The naga narrowed his eyes before he let out "Eugene McDowell. Prospector by trade, scientist by nature." His hand went out as if to offer her a shake but quickly withdraw it, whipping it around his back. “Ohhhhh, a scientist! Out here in the wild! Ah-how exciting!” She exclaimed. “And pray tell, what is a prospector scientist doing out here? Did you find anything interesting?”

Eugene gave her a perplexed stare as his eyes drifted to the crystals and the shimmering gold around them. “Iiiiiiiii have..... And not just regular gold too....”

Asha eyes shifted from mocking into genuine surprise. “Oh-Oh, what is it then? It’s not fools gold, is it?” “No ma’am. Fools gold is actually a pyrite. It’s-do you have the time?” She nodded, silently snickering about their location as his face lit up as he slithered to a wall, waving to the line of yellow.

“See-gold is formed a long time ago back in the Big Bang or perhaps the meteorite created it when it crashed long ago, according to some sources. And in that whole bang, earth formed and crafted and shifted it’s dirt and other particles from the upper Space into what we call gold. While normal gold is soft and a natural material, these ones have seemed to been made by this here beanstalk!

“The magical particles from the stalk itself must have influenced the soil and other nutrients like to shift and shimmered into the gold metal we know! Only they are much more sturdier then soft gold, and it has shown to have a magical effect for patients needed a bone replacement! It might also help weaken magical users in battle or aid them in their daily jobs!”

The naga went on and on, explaining more depth of the magical properties of the gold in the cave. Becoming very energetic as his red rattler rang with pleasant ra-tat-tat-tat, his long arms moving to show the walls encased with the gems and metals. Asha nodded along, almost understanding his conversation and finding herself.... Really enjoying listening to Eugene. She held a genuine smile as he excitedly brought an ore to her and show her the difference from a real gold to this new one which he shared he didn’t have a name for. Yet.

When he leaned in, she caught a wiff of roses and a sweet smell. Like chocolate she stole during her robbery. Or the chocolates she received as a gift when she lived in her family's castle.....

The naga blue eyes landed into her grey eyes, his own face adorned with a blush that matched his scales and he froze. The smile slowly dripped away as a look of recognition formed onto his cute face. Asha sighed, her heart beating in a sad way. "You know who I really am." She said, plainly and with the flavor of sour laced in it. Eugene slithered quickly away from him, now shaking with fear as his rattler shook hard while he fumbled onto the cart. Possibly looking for his weapon but was halted when he heard a Click in the air.

"Please scooch away from the cart, darling. I dont want to hurt you." said the elf. Eugene raised his hands up, looking at her like a wounded puppy, and Asha frowned. "I'm awfully sorry. Truly I am. But you see," Began the Lady of the West as she strolled over to the empty cart. "My crew and I fumbled with our latest robbery, and I would like to remain a rich bandit. And here I see that this lively gold here would aid us into becoming richer than we could ever dreamed of." 'Or at least in their dreams, this might come close to what my father had....'

Eugene sputtered before he hissed out with a whine "But I found it first! It aint right to just take it out of my hands! I worked hard for it!" "And I promise I wont take all of it. I'll just take enough to fulfill our needs and-"

He hissed out a spit, a pitiful glop that landed limply closer to him than at her but the point was made. She halted in her steps, her boots crunched on the dirt floor. "The hell with your gang! You bandits are nothing but lowly crooks who never amount to anything! All you do is take and take and always leave behind broken, dead bodies!" He cried out, his lips drawing tightly into a line.

Red flashed in her mind, boiling Ashas blood as her crews past flashed into her mind. Curling her fingers tightly on her silver gun while stomping over to him. "You think you know us all, do you?" She let out. Eugene shinked back from the gun while his rattler shook harder in warning. "That we bandits are nothing but killers who take for pleasure, huh? Perhaps that's part of the

reason but I make sure I never have to kill unless I need too. My men are not some dimwitted scoundrels as you perceived them to be! They have face so much torment, so much pain and suffering in their lifetime that you never had to experience! You're too soft handed, too ignorant to understand their pain!"

She swiped her feet up, creating a cloud of dust at him and he flinched with his thick tail coiling in front of him. "For that: I'll be taking all of your gold." The naga stiffed up, tears welling in his eyes while his hands shook. "Please don't! I need them for my research! They could help out in the medical field! They could help shape the scientific world-"

"The fields can take my shit and kiss it." She said, turning around. Trying hard not to look into his soft blue eyes with a hurtful beat. "You look much better off showing your pretty, slimy scales and your lean body at a burlesque than pretending to be a doctor out here."

The young naga gaze hardened, his rattler shook harder. Tears fell from his cheeks as he widened his mouth and jumped outward with his fangs jutting out-

And bit her on the ass.

"OWW!" she cried out, jumping back while trying to pistol whip his head away and missed. Reeling back, Eugene arms raised beside him, eyes trained on her and waited for something. "You-YOU BITE ME!" She cried out. "I had no choice, Miss Asha!" He said, quickly cleaning his fangs with the edge of his sleeve. "But dont worry, you wont die."

"The hells do you mean?!" She demanded, cocking her gun at him. "You better have the antidote before.....before...." Her words died off as heat began to bloom inside her core. She let out a soft noise as the pain of the bite melted away and into something pleasant. Something.....that caused a slight tingling in her bum before the swelling happen.

“What-what is....” She bit her lip as she turned around to look down, and nearly stumbled when she saw her ass really swelling up, pushing hard on her jeans. “I’m sorry-well....yeah I am sorry. Its just that my venom isn’t deadly.” She looked back, her skin flushing with hot while her pupils widen as she took in the tall naga. He rubbed the back of his neck as his own tan skin blushed along too. “My pa is a rattlesnake naga and my ma is-” The elf lips parted as a moan escaped from her, interrupting him.

The feeling of pleasure heated up again and the swelling became faster. “My ma is a succubus....so....my venom is-” He got cut off as he watched Asha rubbing her legs, thickening along with her widen ass as her hips pressed themselves into the waistband of her jeans and chaps. The feeling of her skin becoming sensitive made her unstable on her feet.

“Fucking hells-gods-” She swore, panting harder as they expanded well into bubble butt and straining the seat of her pants. The fabric tightens around her ass, legs and her crouch, making her squirm and sweat. “Get...this offfff...” Her eyes met his and her heart skipped a beat as he looked back with his own pupils widen. “Please....” he dashed off to retrieve a knife from his tools and came back just in time to see her bottom half HEAVED with a surge of swelling and the seat popped open with a BANG. Asha sighed hard as she saw ass grew wider than a barrel.

“Just-just hold still-normally my venom doesn’t react this quickly but with the magic gold here-” He said, swallowing hard as he forced his own heart beat to please beat slower. He brought the knife to her, not thinking as she drew the blade to her hips and cut off the leather belt. He felt the elf’s breath on his cheek, his nose taking in the sweat and wetted his lips. Asha leaned closer into his smell-gods his smell made her croon onto his chest.

“Kiss me....” She gasped. Her pants legs felt cramped and tight while her hips widen harder. “Wha-” Eugene started but was pulled closer with her rough gloves on his lapel. “Kiss me!” Asha growled and did it herself.

Maybe it was from the bite Eugene gave her but it was one of the most magical and heated kisses she ever had. His long, forked tongue wiggled in her mouth as she kissed him harder as the seams of her pants popped off on the sides. Air met her heated skin once more as her legs plumped up. The straps of her chaps snapped off and the weight was nearly hard for her to stand.

Eugene's hands wavered over her, trying to not land on her and yet clinched to touch her. 'Fuck it.' He thought and wrapped his arms around her. She moaned in the kiss, breathing hard when she felt his long tail wrapped around her growing butt and legs. "You-you could almost wrap your entire tail on my ass...." She breathed out when they broke off. He blushed, panting as he spoke. "I-sorry for that, normally I-" "Sweetie," interrupted Asha with a hard voice.

She gripped the belt of his leather skirt and pulled him hard against her waist and rubbed her puffed up pelvis onto his. Hissing in pleasure as she spoke up. "Just shut up and fuck me...."

His rattler shook in delight as his hands darted down to take off his skirt clumsily, leaving Asha panting, twisting around to look at her butt. And feeling her heart beat hard when the sheer SIZE of her ass slowed down to fill a seat of a carriage. The INSIDE of a carriage, pale skin glisten while being rubbed by his tail. Practically holding her up. Feeling her legs, she took in how thick they were, wider her waist with the useless chaps hanging over it. She fisted them with her clammy hands, the same hands that casted deadly spells and welded weapons.

"Bite me.....bite me again-" She begged, feeling the swelling sensation dimmed down. "Make me bigger-" She cut herself off when she saw Eugene's waist.

'Ohhhh how could I forgotten...' She thought as her mouth watered when she saw two, thick dicks sticking out of the flesh pocket male nagas had. "Gods-you have no idea how gifted you truly are...." "Unfourthuntly I do.

He muttered, his hands slimming over her arms and face, taking in how strong she felt, how her eyes held so much stories. “But it does has its perks I guess...” He kissed her once more and she returned it. Her hands slipped onto his chest, taking off his vest and practically tearing his shirt open as his lips left hers and kissed over her cheek, chin, slowly down her neck before pausing over her chest. “Are you sure you want me to-”

She hugged his face onto her bosom and smirked out “Bite me as much as you want, Gene.” The rattler shook hard once more and she felt a sharp prick on her chest.

The swelling started as quickly as the first time before Eugene ducked out to hug her waist and leaned over to bite her ass. Then again on her other cheek. “Just brace yourself.” He said, wiping off the blood on his fangs on his sleeves again.

Asha didn't need to, just moaned as her tits swelled out into her button shirt as her ass puffed up again. The young naga returned back to her face and kissed into her gaping mouth while his tail coiled around her growing ass.

It was as if her whole body was edging of cumming, ass swelling bigger then wagon wheels and still gaining more while her tits pressed harder onto his chest, popping off her buttons one by one. Snapping her bra in half once it reached up to basket balls. “Please let me-” Started Eugene, hooded eyes looking at her heated ones. “Fuck me until I can't see straight...”

The speed of her butt swelling was quick and soon she felt her bum touching the dirt ground. Eugene used his tail to lean her back, carefully angling her body flat as her ass grew up to a king size. The elf couldn't keep up with the growth, heart beating as her chest took up her torso, nipples hardening in the air as Eugene's upper body slithered up to her and grinned widely. “Ok-okay, I'm going to-” “STOP SPEAKING LIKE A DAMN VIRGIN AND STICK YOUR COCKS IN ME!” She screamed.

With a blushing Yes Ma'am, he angled his hips, aligning his top cock over her puffing, yet slippery pussy and thrusting in quickly while his bottom one buried into the fluff of her ass.

He filled her up so fucking nicely, her walls clenching over his dick as her body HEAVED again. Eugene grunted as she tried to wrap her legs around him but they grew too thick to even lift, spreading out with tree trunk flesh as her ass lifted them upward. Her hair, now loose from the pony tail

And he began to move in and out, the feeling of his cocks moving inside her was causing her already more ecstasy. His tail, his warm, smooth (not at all slimy), scales rubbing her skin so nicely, hugging her growing ass like a python. The young naga kissed over her chest, nipping and wrapping his forked tongue over her nipples as her tits slowly grew to the size of oversized beach balls. Gently grazing his fangs teasingly over the fleshy nups as he pounded harder and harder into her aching cunt.

“Shhhhhhhiiiiiiiiiiiiitakie mushrooms!” He gasped, making her laugh in her high. Arms arching to hug her chest, trying to reach for his head, anything as she gasped out with rushed laughter “You-you don't swear-muuuuch?”

He tried to respond with something witty, only grunted like a desperate caveman when her walls clinched tighter over his cock and felt himself slowly breaking. He parted her breasts as possible and slipped in between them to kiss her as their scents mixed more.

The moon was nearly at the peak in the midnight sky, both Mossy and the old pegasus resting near the creek on the outside. Peacefully sleeping as the cave inside the beanstalk hill was still heated and now still.

The elf's ass grew nearly as big as a small hut, filling out half of the domed cave floor while her tits rested on top of her like weighted balls. Fleshy, weighted balls of pleasure. The naga panted next to her, his body fully

resting on top of her, tail and all. Now coiled around their bodies and on her pale bum. Her hair was a mess, her shirt ruined and was somehow tossed aside during their love making.

Asha's mind was slowly returning back to reality as she stared at the glowing crystals. "By Dagda....that was....incredible..." She let out. She peered at her enlarged chest, then craned her head to take in her.....everything as the waves of pleasure faded away. "Just what....are you?"

"I told ya," Said the snake man with a cocky grin that failed to hit its mark. "I'm a scientist and a prospector." She turned her head to give him a smirk, and he sighed with a shrug. "Well, I also said that my pa is a rattlesnake naga and my ma is a succubus." "Ohhhhh, yes yes you did say that. My apologies I was....not right in my mind at the moment." He chuckled as he dared to snuggle up to her.

Her arm reached out to his hand and took it, letting him rest his head on her. Now feeling how his callused hands felt like his snake scales too...

"So you were born with your fathers venom and yet, your mothers magic altered it?" She guessed. He nodded as his thumb rubbed her hand. "She could shape into anyone's preferences and somehow fell for my pa. He is a.....well, to put it bluntly, he likes his women 'Thin as a stick with big tits hanging off of them.'"

"Ah. Not a good role model I see."

"Yeah, made one too many comments about how my scale's colors aint manly enough." "So your mother took up raising herself?" Asked the Lady of the West.

"Ma did try her best to raise me....when she wasn't luring in men for pa's gang. I think she liked the idea of being a mama then actually being a mother." Eugene paused as he stared into nothing yet his mind reflected

something. “Now that I think about it, I think she used me to lure in a lot of men who liked the idea of having intercourses with a mother.”

“There is a weirdly sexual desire for motherly figures.” Asha said, confirming his relaxation. There was silence before she piped up. “So how did you end up liking science?” His blue eyes lit up as he looked at her. “It was a comet passing by in the stars! When it was my 9th birthday! I remember that day well! Pa actually got me a present and ma made this delicious cake that I swear that tasted like a cloud. I was sent to go play outside while they cleaned up-” He paused. “Huh....I’m beginning to realize that a lot of their clean ups was just them having sex.”

“Oh lovely. And still sent you out in the dark?” “It was a secured area. But anyway, the sky was big and full of stars! As many as there are sands on a beach! And when I saw that shining star with the colors of blues and pinks, I wanted to know more!” Asha found herself smiling at how brightly his voice became. “And after that, did your parents fund your interests?”

“Nah. They had plans for me to take up pa’s gang so I ran away at 15 years old and got adopted by monks.”

The elf blinked as her mind halted. “Wait-what??!” He gave her a sheepish grin after she tried to sit up and failed due to her chest pinning her down onto her ass. “Oh I’m fine. They supported me and raised me in their church. Then I left at 19 and went to school to pursue the art of metal and healing.”

His face morphed into a bittersweet. “It...[it](#) might be best to put a pin on that. I’m not really ready to share what happened back then....” He said. Then he looked at her with earnest eyes and apologized for it.

“Gene....you don’t have to share everything with me. I would not want to force you to open yourself up to me.” “But you would force me to give up my gold.” He said, half jesting and half serious. She sighed, shoulders sagging with regret and wishing she could stand up and pace the floor. “I

should be the one to say sorry. I was so kept up in my scheme and....I just needed a win for my crew.”

“You talked highly of them. They must be like your family, huh?” He asked. The elf blinked as memories of first meetings came rolling into her mind. Along with rescues and long nights of crying and hugs, words of comfort and soothing memories warmed her once racing heart. “They are.”

“Better than the old one?” He asked

She nodded and leaned her head to kiss his cheek. “Far more better.” He sighed, and went back into looking upward. This time, really taking in the sight of the magic gold he discovered. “So....what are we now? I again, apologize for biting you on your bum,”

“Warranted if you have the antidote.” She cut in. “I always do, just....”

He looked at her, soft blue eyes taking in her aged grey eyes and asked gently with hope and fear. “Are we....an item? Or perhaps this was all a one night stand. Or-lay on?” She thinks for a moment, breathing in the night air that came in from the entrance and his smell of sweetness and sugar.

She was over a hundred years old, she had seen many things, got her heart broken big time, carried out her revenge, and had lovers. Was he really so different from them? How would her crew react to him? Would he keep up or want to be a part of her gang?

Is he worth the risk of exposing her heart again?

The sex was amazing (perhaps the craziest and yet, mind blowing ever) and yet even in their first meeting.....she remembered how she felt so.... At ease with him.

“I.....I would like to see where we can take this.” she admitted.

His smile could out shine both the sun and the moon all as his rattler shook excitedly.....