

“Are you sure this is safe, my King?” Dakath asked, turning only enough so that the words could barely be heard.

“No, Sir. Dakath, but it is our only option. You know this as well as I,” King Virion answered, trying not to shudder as he did so.

They had set out the day before with hardly a word to each other. Dakath had walked ahead of his King the entire trek, careful not to turn for even an instant lest the ‘urges’ overcome him. Neither elf had any inclination of experiencing *that* depravity once more. And, it was their hope that this excursion would lead to the method to finally end their torment and embarrassment.

The two had spent the better part of a week scouring the city’s archives, looking for any instances that could explain the bizarre urges and partial transformations that plagued their waking hours and haunted their dreams. Virion insisted that if any written records existed, he could find them within the forbidden texts of their lore. Dakath was certain that even if such an error in the bonding ritual had transpired in the past, that no elf in their right mind would record such events. Let alone leave them in even forbidden archives lest the current King request and stumble upon them!

As it turned out, Dakath had been correct. There was nothing in even the deepest archives that could explain why the bonding ritual could transform one, temporarily, into a dragon. Much less compel them to mate with their dragon mount, regardless of that dragon’s gender! Almost all of the dragons in the guard were male; females generally refused to be bound, preferring to raise eggs instead of giving up their freedoms in order to protect the sanctity of the kingdom. The compulsion to mate with another male was absolutely repugnant to any self-respecting elf. Such acts were confined to the bedroom, to be used for procreation and special events with one’s wedded wife!

Without any leads, both elves thought their only reprieve would be for each to become willing pariahs, rather than endure the chance that they would be found out and ostracized from the kingdom or worse. Yet, to their mutual excitement, a possibility soon presented itself. Another elf, one hoping to partake in the bonding ritual, had already chosen a mount to attempt it with. That was not strange in and of itself; rather it was the fact that he wished to bond with a chromatic dragon. It was as bizarre a circumstance as the one that had led Dakath to his own mount and eventual mate. And to view the ritual in action might aid in replicating the occurrence that had led Dakath astray and had plagued himself and his King!

Under normal circumstances, the King would never allow a chromatic dragon to be used as a mount. They were the mortal enemies of the elves and other humanoid races, as well as their

peaceful, metallic brethren. Hearing of one elf's long-term friendship with a blue dragon was preposterous. Allowing Dakath an audience with a black dragon, raised by metallics, was one thing. But this sort of atrocity should have been put down long ago!

Yet, it was the first time that any known elves had experienced such a terrifying result from performing the bonding ritual as Dakath had. And it was also the first time in recorded history that someone had tried to bond with a dragon of chromatic nature. That was one of only a handful of reasons that could account for the ritual to go awry. Therefore, it was hoped that a repeat of the process might potentially provide a cure for that depravity that was affecting both elves!

Both stayed silent about the mutual events they had unwillingly partaken in. That shame did not fit both elves of their station, the King of the realm, and the newly sworn-in dragon rider and Knight. It was one thing to be subjected to such horrific lust in private, but to do so with the knowledge that each had seen the other performing such acts was too much for either of them to acknowledge!

Though riding their dragon mounts would be much faster to reach their destination, both elves decided strictly against that method of travel. Though they had fucked their dragons thoroughly, in secret, of course, there was every bit of a chance that they would be unable to resist again at some point during the trip should the urge arise. The last thing they needed was for another elf to discover their shame when hopefully it would be avoided if they could break the curse!

Soon, their journey led them to the campsite where Eroan was waiting for them. If all went well, they could analyze the spell, find a way to reverse its effects, and in turn the curse that had afflicted them both. But if things went awry... It was something that neither elf wished to think about.

Eroan looked out to the oncoming night with trepidation, wondering what was taking the King so long to arrive. He had his own dragon mount, didn't he? Surely, the flight would be shorter than this! Was it all a lie? Was he being set up to fail? That made more sense than the King's tardiness at this juncture!

Cyrn was equally bored, not fully understanding what kept him here in the first place. He was supposed to be 'bonded' with his elf friend, whatever that would entail. It was intended to be a final level of gratitude that the blue dragon was obligated to fulfill. Then, he could finally be released from whatever debt was truly owed.

Cyrn owed Eroan a debt for his life, not something that the frigid blue dragon took lightly. He had experienced a spiteful betrayal, one that Cyrn loathed to this day, a sibling that let him fall in battle while said sibling fled to safety. Left to die, only the magic of this elf was enough to bring him back from the brink. He never really understood *why* Eroan had rescued him. But, he owed the elf a life debt, in addition to staying away from the elves' kingdom and outlying areas. Cyrn's weakened state prevented that anyway; his brethren already had the best hunting spots, and he wasn't up to fighting the larger blue dragons for territory when he had carved out his own little niche that would keep him out of danger of both dragons and elves.

And so, Cyrn abided by the rules of the debt and had even cultivated a friendship with the elf, albeit a tentative one. Blue dragons were generally solitary, and he was happy enough to be left alone with his modest hoard and his belly full. But, the elf would visit him at regular intervals, and Cyrn, being unable to leave his relatively small territory, would engage the elf's tales of dragon riders in the city. He hoped the elf would eventually call it a favor for just being forced to listen to them. But, Eroan made sure the rider patrols were absent from this area, and always came here using his own untraceable spells. So, it was a trade of sorts to listen to the daily goings-on of the dragon riders in the city by being left free of their influence.

Why any decent dragon would undergo such a ritual was beyond Cyrn's understanding. He did see the appeal from the elf's point of view. It was right for the smaller being to worship dragons, though the idea of one being subservient to an elf was impossible to fathom. Something only the metallics would subject themselves to. Still, the more he was told tales of dragon rider exploits, the more he allowed himself to indulge the fantasy. It did get boring having such a small territory to explore, after all. And dragon mounts did get to travel to all parts of the Kingdom and beyond without repercussions.

Even after all those years, Eroan still did not ask for the one favor that would sever their tie and repay the debt. And, to his chagrin, Cyrn found that he didn't really mind so much after all this time. The idea that the elf would come here and chat with him on a semi-regular basis was almost comforting, a reprieve of the monotony of this limited existence. He even found himself wondering what the life of a dragon rider would be like, though he hated the idea of being shunned by the metallic dragons that he would have to live with in the castle stables.

Finally, a few short weeks ago, Eroan had arrived, declaring he was once and for all going to request the debt to be repaid. Cyrn was a little curious until Eroan mentioned the bonding ritual, how he had applied for and partaken in the arduous training program to barely receive a passing grade. He was supposed to find a dragon and prove himself worthy through a series of trials. Yet, Eroan could only think of offering the opportunity to his long-time friend.

Cyrn should have said no. But, the life debt was nearly as binding as magic for his kind, and there was very little he could not do for it, short of killing himself or one of his kin. His life was technically in the hands of the elf now and was Eroan's to do with as he willed. What choice did Cyrn really have? And, would it really be so bad, compared to living here in a small territory, or having been killed all those years ago?

Eroan, for his part, was fascinated with the idea that he might have his long-time friend be his partner in battle. It would be amazing to have the ice-breathing dragon as a mount, and be closer to Cyrn, who was distant at the best of times. Even after all the years they had known each other, it was likely that the blue dragon kept many secrets!

Therefore, Eroan was here, now, awaiting the chance to undergo the bonding ritual and prove himself worthy of the title of Knight. He had wanted to perform the ritual for several days now, having mastered the spell as easily as he'd cast his teleportations and other complex magics. But, he'd received word that the King wanted to approach him directly to oversee the process after his request to be bonded with a chromatic dragon had been approved. So, Eroan was forced to wait.

Why did the King wish to visit in person? It was the second time that a chromatic dragon would be chosen for the bonding ritual, Eroan supposed. There was a precedent for the King to sit in on the ritual for that alone. But couldn't he have sent someone lower in the court? Why did King Virion have to come himself? It was bad enough that Eroan would be nervous about performing the rite, but to have such an important witness only made Eroan even more anxious!

The longer he waited, the more time Eroan had to reflect on the situation. Though he had been informed by letter in no uncertain terms that he was to wait for the King, how much longer would that be? Every second he waited risked Cyrn backing out or running away, life debt or no. Then, Eroan would be forced to make the several-week hike to get to the dragon's breeding grounds and to find a suitable partner, a place where he had no established teleportation circle to reach. There was every chance the frail elf might not survive the trip!

At last, he decided on a course of action. Perhaps risking the King's ire was more preferable to undertaking a task he could not accomplish. And, besides, there was every chance the King would praise him for his successful rendition of the ritual after he had seen the results first hand. Eroan might even be labeled as a hero of the kingdom!

Eroan spent the next few hours going over the ritual, preparing every aspect in his mind. The completion of the magic was the only thing he was certain was in his ability to do. It was ancient elf magic, different from the runes he practiced. But, it had not taken him much time to

master the magic and perfect the spell. Hell, there was even some room for improvements, which Eroan was hoping would earn him a more distinguished title!

Cyrn looked at his friend with a mixture of trepidation and disgust as the tiny elf beckoned him forward. It was time, he knew. If there was a moment to back out, it was now. Yet, part of him felt relief in the knowledge that he would not have to think about it anymore. The fear, the restlessness he had experienced ever since that day would be gone. He was already a pariah among his own people. Ultimately, what was one more disgrace?

Eroan beckoned the blue dragon towards the energy circle and prepared the ritual. He had improved upon the runes with his own magic, to strengthen the bond, and, hopefully, their efficiency in battle. His rendition of the spell would, in theory, make them the most effective rider-dragon pair in the kingdom!

Cyrn, for his part, had no idea what the ritual entailed. He was understandably resistant to entering an unknown magic circle. Though his kind largely resisted magic, it took every ounce of willpower to go against everything he had been taught and walk willingly into what could be a trap set by what he considered was a lesser race.

The moment he was in the center was the moment Cyrn was sure he had made a terrible mistake. The runes around him started to glow, filling him with a warmth that his frigid self found repugnant. Scared, he released his breath weapon, blasting the runes with powerful frost. Yet it had no effect on the glow of the energy as the elf continued to chant in an old tongue that the dragon did not recognize. He was trapped!

Eroan, being cautious, had put up a protection spell from the cold, just in case. He trusted his old friend, of course. But being around the blue dragon was often a frosty affair, literally chilling him to the bone, especially on longer visits. Casting a protection against cold spell was almost a reflex at this point. And it helped him to maintain his focus as the cold danced around him, threatening to freeze his extremities solid should he let his guard down for even a second.

Still, he was not prepared for the force of resistance from his friend as the blue dragon stamped around the ruins, trying to get out. A barrier against dragons was erected as part of the ritual, to ensure the proper bonding ensued before it was completed. It would be bad for both dragon and rider if the ritual would be broken mid-cast, after all!

Though it was an ancient spell, one that could hold a dragon in place, it was one that a dragon had to enter into willingly. Given the preparation time, there was no chance of it being used offensively in battles versus dragons. But Cyrn did not know that, panicked as he was. His massive tail thrashed the barrier over and over, making it nearly impossible for Eroan to hold his

focus. If his friend continued, then the runes were going to be destroyed, and possibly both of their lives with it!

Eroan wanted to call out to his friend and try to stop his frantic thrashing. But he could not risk misuttering a word of the spell, lest he lose the ability to cast it all together. Performing the spell properly was part of the requirements of the test, after all. If he failed, then he would have no chance to recast ever again, even on another dragon. One had to enter with their whole heart to be a dragon rider for the Kingdom, after all. Only a tiny fraction of the elves actually passed the test and proceeded to bond with a dragon. And Eroan was determined not to lose his opportunity!

He was almost done at this point, the words rolling off his tongue as he tried to keep his composure. A skilled caster, it was easier for him to block out the rest of the world more than most. His only saving grace was that the King was not here to witness this disgraceful display!

At the thought of the King's ire, Eroan's focus went entirely to the task at hand. He wanted so desperately to prove himself. Wanted so desperately to finish the last few phrases that would grant him his lifelong wish. Just a few more syllables, and then...

Finally, the runes faded, and Cynr felt that he was free from the bondage. Though initially relieved, the idea of what had happened and how he had felt washed over him like flowing water. He was not humble enough to allow such a slight against one of his proud race!

"WHAT DID YOU DO!!!" The blue dragon bellowed his rage, shaking the very earth under the elf.

"I-It was part of the ritual! I thought I had explained it, but I'm sorry if I explained it so poorly!" Eroan yelled, now afraid of the massive beast that could tear him limb from limb.

Yet, there was a new energy between the two of them that was undeniable. Eroan felt it calling to the blue beast before him in a way that defied logic. Though he maintained a very real fear towards Cynr, it wasn't as potent as it used to be. He knew, insistently, that Cynr couldn't hurt him, that his body would be unable to. They were as one as the ritual could have made them. Perhaps, even better, if Eroan's improvements proved effective!

Eroan knew that he was supposed to feel some level of companionship with the dragon after the ritual had been completed. And he did, to a degree. But, it was hard to distinguish it between the reverence he normally experienced and something new that was a result of his incantation. Yet, it had to have worked, right...?

Eroan found he couldn't stop staring at his friend, admiring the contours of the mighty beast. He had always loved dragons, and Cyrn's blue scales were always so lovely. They shone in the waning evening light, bright as gems. The massive blue dragon was so handsome...

A strange sensation in his groin almost went unnoticed as Eroan continued to regard the reptile with reverence, unable to take his gaze off his long-time friend. It was the tightness in his garments that truly brought Eroan's gaze downward to an unexpected sight. It seemed he had grown large in his pants, as though his modest prick had come to an erection. It was so long since he'd felt arousal that it had nearly left Eroan unaware. After all, elves were taught to repress such urges early in life, and elves of the knighthood were expected to remain celibate until after their service to the Kingdom. It had been some years since he'd even considered females, given his devotion to his training. Why was he getting hard now?

Using all his willpower, Eroan tried to will away the hardon that was pressing insistently against his britches. He tried to bring his focus to his training, to his dedication, towards dragons... At the mental image of their massive, winged bodies, his cock grew even more turgid, pushing at the confines of his undergarments with an insistence that defied all logic. Was it that image that was causing his arousal? How was that possible?

Eroan looked up, blushing in embarrassment to the sight of Cyrn looking down at him, an excited expression on the blue dragon's features. It was both humbling and humiliating beyond belief to have the massive beast see him in such a state. Eroan found himself meeting Cyrn's gaze and tried to look away. Yet, he seemed to be frozen in place as the two locked eyes, unable to turn as they both stared on with shame.

Something in his periphery drew Eroan's attention away for a brief second. It took him a moment to determine what the large object was, its red shade a contrast with the deep blue of the dragon's scales. Had he not been erect himself, it might have taken Eroan a few moments to truly understand what he was looking at. But in his current state of arousal, it was clear that his dragon mount was undergoing similar unwanted feelings!

Had Eroan been able to tear his eyes away from the dragon's mammoth phallus, he might have seen the look of shame etched into the beast's features. It was immensely disgraceful for dragons, just as it was for elves, to be seen in such a compromising position. Though dragons were creatures of great greed, taking what they wanted, their needs were seldom sexual, save for the inevitable need to procreate.

Eroan's entire attention was on the dragon's most intimate of places. He had never seen a dragon's member before, nor had any elf to his knowledge. Dragons were very private creatures when it came to their personal functions. Eroan found himself fascinated by its color and shape,

so much more bestial than the humanoid equivalent. The tip was pointed, though the head was meaty and bulbous. The entire surface was a deep red, though throbbing purple veins could still be seen playing over it. The shaft itself appeared to be segmented, sharp ridges covering the bottom as the beast's phallus rocked back and forth with its obvious need. Its base was massive, as though a thicker portion was trying to force its way through what appeared to be a horizontal slit in the scales that Eroan would have never otherwise noticed. There was no outward appearance of testicles; Eroan's brain seemed to attribute that to some internal anatomy he was unaware of.

A series of cracks shook him from his reverence of the organ. Cymr moaned audibly, seeming to come out of his own trance as well. He moved his legs, massive dong slapping against his belly as he did so. It was almost as though he was trying to accommodate some pain or ache that was suddenly assailing him. Eroan's gaze was brought down towards the sight of Cymr's pillar-like legs and the muscle squirming underneath. It seemed as though something was crawling inside of him, pulsating against the skin and even forcing it to tear in some places. What was going on?

Yet, soon, his skin seemed to be accommodating it, covering it over with blue scales before any real damage could be done. Still, the growth continued to assault his legs, making the dragon moan in obvious discomfort. It didn't seem to be painful, not exactly. But it was enough to distract the dragon's attention as the muscles continued to strain and what sounded like the creeks of breaking bone resounded through his body.

It took Eroan a few moments to realize what was happening. The same muscle spasms seemed to play over his entire draconic frame, visible out of his skin from every angle that Eroan could determine. Already relatively massive in relation to his elven self, it was clear that with each passing moment, Cymr seemed to add inches to his overall height, gradually getting more girthy the more the seconds passed. Cymr was growing!

At that realization, Eroan couldn't help but look down to see what was to become of the dragon's rather massive member. It, too, was expanding, the fluids leaking from it almost dripping onto Eroan from his place under the beast. Yet, Eroan was not compelled to move, wondering what getting closer to such a cock would be like. The musky fluids leaking from it beckoned him, making him desire to breathe them in more and more. He even found himself wondering what it would *taste* like, depraved though the thought was!

The longer he stared the more than he craved the member that was dangling so close to his being. Its growth seemed as though caused by the arousal and whatever process was affecting them both. The bulging base, thickening veins, and pointed tip were pulled painfully tight from how *horny* the dragon was. It was as though he needed to get off, and needed it *now*.

Cyrn, for his part, was looking down at the tiny elf below him with an almost sense of reverence. He did understand that he was to be bonded to this elf now, that being and he would almost be as one. Yet, nothing in any of the tales he had heard could ever have indicated that he would be *this* fixated! Merely tolerating his presence before now, Cryn was absolutely enraptured by exposure of the minute being before him.

The twinges of growth were slowly playing over his body in spurts, aches of expansion that were quickly quelled as they dissipated over his form. An inch here, a few centimeters there. A slight ache in his muscles, like a hard day's work of lifting massive prey back to his den. He could feel it happening in succession all over his body, like a series of ripples that forced him to expand.

At first, the notion of growth elated the greedy blue dragon. After all, with more size came more power, and the ability to fight against his long-term injuries and take territory from dragons that would now be smaller than he. Yet, it was impossible to be excited about the alterations to his size with the mental images that accompanied the growth. The lust in his massive member was making his fluids leak from his head like a river, burning with desire.

He should have been terribly embarrassed by the presence of the smaller elf under his penis. After all, he would be remiss for being seen with his cock erect. Especially by a being from a lesser species! Yet, somehow, the dirty notion that his cock was on full display for the elf was tantalizing on its own. They were bonded, right? Then didn't that mean...?

A surprise sensation on his phallus left the massive blue dragon stunned as though a weight had been placed on it. Had his cock not been so massive, Cryn might not have been able to bear the burden of such a creature, even one that tiny. But in the state he currently found himself in, it was no effort to literally lift the elf from the ground, left hanging precariously from the prone prick!

There was no way the tiny Elf shared the same proclivities as he currently did. It had to be part of the ritual. Yet, no magic, no matter how cursed, should make him feel the need to be sexually involved with an elf! No potent female pheromones hung in the air to denote one of his own kind in season. Anything beyond that should have no lustful impact on his being!

Yet, it was impossible to deny the pleasant pressure that the elf was putting on the poor dragon's prostate as he clung there, gripping the dragon's cock with all his weight. It seemed as though Eroan was barely holding on, using what leverage he had to rub his entire body against the penis he was currently grasping. And, even despite the grotesque nature of the act, Cryn couldn't deny the level of pleasure it was providing!

Eroan, for his part, was moving in accordance with the urges playing across his body. He did not want to be near the dragon, much less its bestial phallus. But, he seemed compelled to hold on and rub his body against it. It was as though that member was the center of his being, and he needed to serve it, more than he needed to serve his kingdom or even his dream of being a mounted dragon Knight. All of that meant nothing in the face of pleasing this gorgeous beast!

Every bit of his mind screamed at him that it was wrong. It defied all logic, all urges that his elven mind had been trained against. In his journeys, he had been instructed to avoid all sorts of magic spells. Mind control, persuasion, and attraction potions were all child's play for him to overcome. But, whatever was affecting him now was more potent than anything that he had ever been taught to fight against. It was a *primal* need, like breathing or swallowing, a reflex that he could not resist even if he focused himself. He was a slave in his own body, forced to attend to the whims of the ancient magic that had bound them!

A warm, liquid sensation ran down his front, and Eroan realized that the dragon's member was leaking from its arousal. Trickle like from a brook soon soaked him and made it harder for him to hang on as he became coated in the musky juices of the beast. Yet, the rank, pungent smell only served to make his own tiny elven prick frot against his pants and the massive penis he was holding onto. It was more erotic than anything the elf knew how to comprehend!

Eroan started rubbing his entire body against the massive prick, craving the stench of the fluids leaking from it. It was as though he was outside his body, watching the depravity he was undergoing from afar. Yet, there was no way he could escape. And the feelings running through his body from the act, though disgusting, gave him so much pleasure that it was impossible to fathom.

His own penis fell in between one of the ridges of Cyn's cock, rubbing exquisitely against the flesh as he fell into a humping rhythm. It was getting harder and harder to think of *why* the action was wrong. The more the rigid cock throbbed at his thrusting, the more fluid that covered his face and body, the hornier that Eroan became, further enveloped in the sexual acts!

The pleasure soon became too great, and Eroan was only barely conscious of the act as his penis went into orgasm, coating the insides of his britches with elven cum. He humped and humped, trying to squeeze as much semen from his member as possible. Though he had not experienced such pleasure before of his own accord, it was still more than he could have ever imagined in his moments of youthful weakness. The sensations seemed to last an eternity, more and more fluid filling the clothing until it squelched against his cock rubbing through it.

Lost in his own release, Eroan had hardly realized that the cock he was clinging to was throbbing faster and faster. It seemed as though his insistence was about to bring his friend with him, threatening to coat him in the beast's juices. The only part of his mind that seemed to focus properly was the part that wanted his friend to feel the same pleasure as the elf himself had!

Cyrn, for his part, shuddered as the elf kept up his constant pressure on the dragon's red penis. It was more pleasurable than anything the male had ever experienced. His examples only came only of those few times he had licked himself to climax, the scents of his hatchling mates in heat sending his cock into such need he had no other choice. Still, the physical pleasure dwarfed all the dragon had ever known. And the more the elf pulled on his penis, the more ecstasy it allowed to run through the icy dragon's veins!

Cyrn barely realized that the tension in his internal balls had started to well up, sending him over the edge. It had been a great many years since he'd felt this, the sensations almost alien to the now-adult dragon. But there was no stopping them as his seed started pumping through his cock, preparing to drown the poor creature atop it!

“RRRRRRRAAAAAWWWWWWW!” The dragon bellowed as his jism started flowing from his cock head like a volcano. He'd tasted himself from oral pleasures, of course, the modest amount not too distasteful to his senses. But, the sheer volume that he felt flowing from his cock now would have made him choke if it were his own muzzle on his prick!

Eroan knew what would happen if he kept clinging to the dragon's rod in the manner that he was currently pleasing the mammoth beast. Yet, he didn't seem to be able to find the means to care or to free himself from the dragon's phallus. The feelings of his own post-pleasure, as well as those from the notion of bringing such a great beast with him, were more than he could bear. The scents and sensations of warm fluid coating him were erotic on their own, as Eroan felt his member rise to half attention once more.

“My gods, no! What is this!” Came a familiar voice. Eyes closed in pleasure, Eroan opened them to see the face of his King coming over the ridge to the clearing where Eroan had performed the ritual. The older elf's features were white, aghast at the sight before him.

Eroan felt his heart sink, the sight of his King filling him with more dread and embarrassment than he ever thought possible. Not even when caught playing with potions and spells in his youth had Eroan felt more shame than at this moment. Not only was he compelled to commit a taboo, a sin against his very nature. Not only was it out of his control. But he was being watched by another, his King, no less! There would be no way to explain it to his liege, no coming back from such an embarrassing endeavor. He would be banished if not outright killed for this atrocity!

Yet, it was about to become so much worse. Eroan could not pry himself off the dragon's prick, even with the knowledge that the King was watching. The great beast was going into orgasm, and the thick, musky stench of draconic semen only briefly preceded the sensation of thick globs of cum oozing all over him, coating him in sticky cream. Glob after glob shot from Cynr's prick, splattering all over Eroan's frame.

The lubrication finally allowed Eroan to release from the draconic phallus, falling with a *splat* as he sat in a puddle of his friend's juices. Great plops of semen fell from the dragon's coak, covering the prone elf completely. He could hardly see through the thick fluids covering him. It was impossible to keep the fluids out of his mouth and nose as he continued to be covered by slimy cum. It nearly made him wretch!

Despite his shame at the act, perhaps the most horrific realization was that his own cock was still hard in his britches, aching with need even as the blue dragon's jism seeped into his groin. The action of being covered in seminal fluids was powerfully arousing, the thick, musky stench filling his being and making him crave more. What sort of spell of magic could make him *like* this? Was there something wicked about the elf deep down that Eroan didn't even know about himself?

King Virion was staring at him all the while, eyes wide in shock and fright at the depravity before him. He did not seem angry or disgusted, rather *afraid*, and...something else. There was another feature in the wizened features of the King that Eroan wouldn't have been able to place had he not been in his current predicament. Was it perhaps...lust?

"M-My King!" Eroan sputtered out, not caring that the act of speaking allowed more cum into his mouth that he was forced to swallow. He didn't know what else to say to the older elf. No words could explain the horror of what he had done!

Yet, the King only stepped back, seemingly not sure how to act in the face of the erotic display. It looked as much that the King wanted to join in as he wanted to run! Looking downwards as a reflex, Eroan was shocked to see what looked like a bulge in the area around his King's groin. His King was as turned on as Eroan was, it seemed!

No force in this world could tear Eroan's eyes away from the sight of his King's phallus, currently trapped in his armor as the King teetered on the edge of reason and desire. It should not have been visible through his clothes, much less appearing tight in them as it seemed to be now. Yet, the longer Eroan stared, the more it seemed that the King's penis was growing. No level of elvish endowment could account for that!

“We, we need to...we need to...get out of here...my cock...” Virion muttered, falling to his knees and putting his hands over his member. “We need...I can’t...not here! Not without...I need...I NEED!” The King suddenly shouted, getting up from the ground and racing off.

Eroan couldn’t believe what he was seeing. The bulge in the King’s crotch was indicative of a penis much larger than the one an elf could have been born with. It was as though it was changing, leaking its fluids in the King's britches as Eroan watched on with more fascination than disgust. What did the King's member look like? What was it becoming?

Those lewd thoughts brought Eroan back to the aches in his own crotch, the sensations that had been plaguing him even after his orgasm. It was still erect in his britches, hard as it had even been. Yet, the swelling against his clothing was starting to become more and more pleasurable the longer he focused on it.

The more his attention was drawn to his member, the larger it seemed to become, stretching the fabric with unnatural girth. Each lewd thought in turn made his erection more prominent, as though he was growing merely at the notion of stimulation. It was far larger than any elf had a right to be. Double its former size, it seemed to have no intention of letting up its expansion as Eroan was left to moan his pleasure and disgust. It was revolting to have such a thing attached to his groin!

The ache of his crotch was abated slightly by the warmth enveloping it as it reformed into something far different. He could feel the underside stretching and altering with a series of ridges that undulated against his undergarments. The tip seemed to taper, though the head was bulbous, expanding against the fabric and threatening to pull it even tauter. In fact, it was akin to what he might expect a dragon’s phallus to feel like, given its shape...

Cyrn, for his part, had only been partially aware of the situation. Lost in an orgasmic haze as he was, he still could smell the second elf and a third that remained behind. But Cyrn did not care for them. Still, there was a hint of something about their smell that he would have found abhorrent had he not just partaken in carnal acts himself!

It was impossible to deny the level of pleasure the lessor being had granted him. Never before had any release felt so divine. Though he was relatively inexperienced with such matters, it was more all-consuming than anything he could have imagined. Not even tales of mating seasons could explain why he was in so much need.

Worse was the *smell* wafting off the elf, even over the cum that had soaked through the smaller being’s armor. It was pungent, spicier than his own odor. Yet, it seemed to beckon him in

a way that the perfumes of females of his own kind gave off when their eggs were ready for insemination. He *needed* to sniff it more intimately, taboos be damned!

Though he had cum not moments ago, Cymr could feel his slit slide open to make room for the engorged member within. The needs in his penis were more than the blue dragon could bear, eliciting whimpers from his massive muzzle. It was not enough for him to simply get off. He needed this elf's scent to do so. And he needed it *now*.

"You...here...*need*..." Hissed the massive blue beast as he stomped over in Eroan's direction, towering over the elf. Cymr desired to *taste* him, to sample the succulent flesh.

Eroan, for his part, felt more than a little intimidated by the close proximity of the beast. Cymr was looking down at him, not with malice, but rather with an expression of lust that did not befit a being of Cymr's stature. It was such an odd expression that Eroan had a hard time reading it at first. Yet, it soon became obvious from the sight of the dragon's phallus sliding back into view that Cymr wanted the same thing. He wanted to *mate*.

Eroan knew he needed to escape, to get out of there lest he debase himself further. He would be ostracized from his people, especially for committing such a sin in front of his King. Yet, there was no point resisting the obvious needs that were swelling in his own member as the tip tapered the edge of his robes, threatening to push through at any moment.

Still, there was still a part of the shivering elf that knew he needed to fight. He wanted to escape, to preserve what little dignity he had left in the eyes of his people. There was something in the way that the King fled, after all. Like he *knew* what was happening and needed to escape lest he be caught up in the debauchery himself. And Eroan needed to pursue that one thread of salvation before he further fell into lust and lost who he was.

Yet, it was as though he was frozen in place as the massive dragon towered over him, leaning down with his tongue extended. Eroan didn't know if it was the ancient magic that kept him rooted to the spot, or if it was the presence of the beast and his desire to taste him once more that forbade Eroan from acting on his better judgment. Regardless of the reason, Eroan was forced to stand there and take whatever it was that the massive dragon had a mind to do with him.

Even if there happened to be a shred of resistance or chance to run, it was soon taken from his hands as Cymr's massive claws came down on him with enough force to knock the elf prone but otherwise leave him unharmed. The control needed to perform such a specific feat was rather impressive, though Eroan was hardly in a position to admire it, save his own concern for

his self-preservation. Still, he had no option to move as the massive claw dug into the earth, and carried with it Eroan's body, holding him effectively trapped.

The dragon's intentions were soon made clear as his forked tongue came down on the elf, pulling his claws away before he began lapping at the cum-stained fabric of Eroan's britches. The elf shivered, powerfully uncomfortable by the act but feeling aroused all the same. Despite himself, his modest phallus started to grow to full attention, pressing against his clothing as though seeking the tongue that was giving him so much stimulation. It seemed harder than it had ever been in his life, even in those precarious times as a youth when he was learning to control baser impulses.

Much to his chagrin, Eroan could tell that his member was still getting larger. It was as though each lick was engorging the veins and pumping them impossibly full of blood. It seemed to push tightly at the inside of his undergarments as though seeking release. To his eternal shame, Eroan could even tell that his penis was starting to crown the edges of his clothes, the tip leaking copious fluids as it did so.

Whatever primal force was afflicting his mind kept that from happening as Eroan was left to squirm there, trying to fight though clearly being unable. He was no longer being restrained but no longer had the wherewithal to run. He needed the twitching tongue playing over his cock, the sensations from it swelling with every passing moment.

Yet, the amount of blood that was rushing to his phallus was making him dizzy. It seemed to be twice its former girth if such a feat were possible. It pulled at his undergarments with its sheer enormity, clearly something that no elf should possess. Though, it had evidently altered, catching against the fabric and making the prone elf writhe even more.

Eroan was soaked all the way through now, partially from the dragon's ministrations but also in large part due to the sheer force of the fluids he was excreting. He could still scent the cum that was clinging to his crotch, being licked away by the dragon but still present from when he had achieved ejaculation. More fluid than his body should be able to produce was spewing forth as his cock throbbed and vibrated. The thickening of his precum seemed to indicate that he would cum again, almost impossible to hold back as he was played with over and over.

Though lost in the sensations of having his penis serviced like no elf had experienced before him, it was still impossible to ignore the tickling that was playing over his inner thigh and his hand. It was as though the skin was intensely dry, irritating the flesh as it started to peel away. Eroan could almost feel it flaking off in places as it rubbed against the fabric of his pants. Yet, none of the usual pains of chafing seemed to harm him as it did so. Rather, the skin underneath

felt smooth, rubbing painlessly against his clothing and making him surmise it was something else entirely.

It was the sight of the peeling skin on his hands that almost gave Eroan pause. Parts of pale elvish flesh were falling away, revealing a bluish glint underneath that was all too familiar. His suspicions were soon confirmed as the blue flesh being revealed seemed to sport familiar patterns of interlocking armor underneath. It was almost like he was...

But, Eroan hardly had the mental energy to focus on it for long. The pressure in his cock was growing more and more insistent with each passing moment, making the elf close to bursting. It didn't matter that he was growing blue scales or that his cock was not a shape befitting an elf. It didn't matter in the moment how depraved the action was...all he needed was...

"Gods...why...it's too much...GAAAHHHHH!" Eroan cried out as the lust hit his body ten-fold. His cock spasmed, churning out load after load of thick, creamy jism all over the inside of his britches, leaking through the fabric to be lapped up eagerly by the dragon.

The sensation of Cynr's tongue on his cock through the pants was too much, making Eroan expel even more semen from his testicles. It was impossible that his innards could create so much fluid. Yet, he did not feel sore or swollen. In fact, his erection did not even wane as Cynr continued to lap at him like a horse at a salt lick. The pleasure he was feeling on his rougher, inhuman penis was exquisite!

A tugging sensation almost prompted Eroan to reach down and stroke as his testicles, which themselves had swelled to accommodate for the enhanced seminal production the spell seemed to have him require. It was as though a small depression had formed on their underside, at the base of his cock and spreading down towards his male assets, forcing them apart. His testicles seemed to pull back into the hole, rising higher in his anatomy than elvenly possible. Soon, the empty sack of flesh seemed to sag into his opening as it was pulled all the way along his taint and towards his pulsating rectum.

Eroan's attempts to touch himself were in vain as Cynr's tongue kept his hand from reaching there. It was as though the dragon was insistent on drawing every bit of male essence from Eroan's form, drinking it down as though it was a fine wine. Eroan wished he could talk to his dragon friend, to try and reason with the beast and come to some sort of mutual consensus that would not result in further debauchery. But each time he tried, only moans escaped his lips as he was brought closer and closer to the edge.

Though his penis was largely turgid, its pressure in tandem with the dragon's saliva and his own fluids weakening the stitching between the fabrics, his clothing would not relent. It seemed to refuse to release his confined cock even as it pulsated and prepared to blow another mess of cum into his pants. Eroan shuddered, feeling his third orgasmic onslaught overtake him without any physical repercussions, save the bizarre transformation. Such stamina was beyond anything an elf could hope to achieve!

Eroan was vaguely aware of a pressure in his spine, as though something was poking through the skin to rub against his undergarments. He felt uncomfortable against the ground, prone as he was while the dragon's tongue kept him in place. It seemed to twitch at his prompting, pushing against the ground as it grew and wriggled. Yet, in his lust-fueled haze and preparation to orgasm a third time, Eroan had no mind to grasp at it.

The pressure building in his loins grew to a crescendo as Eroan came, more of his fluids leaking through the fabric as Cynr lapped with insistence. He could feel jism buzzing from his phallus, this time emanating from his internal anatomy rather than the swinging testicles from his loins. It seemed that he had internal organs that matched his draconic counterpart if his observations were correct.

Coming down from his orgasmic status, Eroan was starting to realize what the process was doing to him. The scales, the penis, and even the twitching lump on his spine were all indications that he was acquiring dragon-like qualities. To his knowledge, no such transformation magic existed. There were spells to alter form, of course, ones that could change a tiny elf into a massive dragon over the course of several seconds. But none that were so slow and intimate! And such magic did not explain the highly sexualized nature of the process that was playing over them both.

Yet, he had no time to reflect on it any further. The tinglings of change were starting to play over his posterior now, a slight swelling in his buttocks that made the poor elf moan in discomfort. But, worse than that, Cynr still seemed intent on coaxing every ounce of semen from Eroan's cock as he began licking the changing elf to erection for the fourth time. And the elf seemed to have plenty to give...

Dakath, for his part, had recognized the pungent stench of cum and had run, knowing that it was likely too late. If he was near either of the elves or the dragon, it would likely activate the instincts that were sure to swell in his mind. The further he got from the scene, the less possible it was to trigger the changes that were lying dormant just under the surface, ready to spring forth and envelop him in scales and lust as he had so shamefully done many times before.

Thoughts of those past times were nearly impossible to block out as he tried desperately to escape the scene, the scent of dragon spunk firmly entrenched in his nostrils. It was a powerful aphrodisiac, one more potent than any elf had the right to experience. It made madmen out of the most trained elves, threatening to send them over the edge into depravity at a moment's notice. Dakath had to escape its clutches by the only method he had, to run!

Both he and King Virion had the same idea as they took off in opposite directions. If they did not remain near each other, they might not be tempted into disgraceful acts with one another. It was a simple solution, yet the only one that held a candle against the storm of lust that could overcome their minds at any moment.

Yet, for the newly-minted Knight, it was far too late to outrun the lust in his loins. The sight of the massive blue dragon, cock creaming a lowly elf, made him reflect on his own, massive black mount. How perfect his contours were. The slick, sucking sounds of his cock coming to full erection through his moist slit. The sight of his raised tail, putting his tight pucker on full display. The mental images could not be so easily erased, and their presence in his mind was maddening!

Deep down, Dakath knew he was losing the mental battle. His own phallus started to ache at the thoughts of draconic lust that were playing over his form. He could perhaps hold it at bay a day or two if that was what he wished to do in circumstances where he was away from his dragon. Yet, in the face of such a potent stimulus, there was no chance at preventing the process from changing him, molding him into the form that he found so admirable. Dakath had adored dragons from afar for so many years. He loved their culture and their sleek shapes. But never had he wanted to be one! And never would he have dreamed of fucking one!

“Oh gods, I can feel it coming...this isn't natural...please, help me!” Dakath moaned in vain as his cock sprang forth, far more engorged than at any point of his elven life. The leaking fluids soon coated the inside of his garments as the shaft started to change, growing almost beyond the confines of his britches. Dakath knew what was happening, of course; the changes always seemed to occur the same way, robbing him of both his elven form and his dignity in equal measure.

His penis was starting to enlarge beyond elven physiology as the tip grew pointed, extending beyond the head as it grew bulbous and plump. He groaned at the now-familiar peeling of the shaft into distinct ridges down its length towards the base. A cleft was slowly forming underneath, creating an indentation through his testicles and taint. Though he could not see it, his quaking penis was likely engorged with purple veins supplying necessary blood to keep the reddening member active and eager.

Dakath had to stop; the pressure of the change was sending him into orgasm, making him moan as his elven orbs prepared to spew their load. The sensation of them being pulled into his stretching elastic slit was orgasmic on its own, threatening to coax the cum from them before they fully transitioned into their draconic equivalents.

“Gods...why... can’t...ggaaahhhhh!” He cried out as his penis ejected its juices all over the insides of his armor. The sensation was powerfully uncomfortable, making him squirm as more fluid than his phallus had the capacity to produce filled his britches. He stood there, shaking in release and sweating as his body started to change, the process undeterred now that he had cum.

Running in the opposite direction, King Virion, too, was forced to stop, panting from the exertion. He was not a young elf anymore, but it was far more the strain of trying to resist the urges from his penis that kept him from running all out. He had less experience resisting the desire to change than Dakath, and he was sure that his phallus had already altered into a draconic shape, pressed as it was against the inside of his armor.

Already, golden flecks were starting to pepper the backs of his hands, the flesh peeling away to reveal his hardened draconic glory underneath. Virion had always admired his golden dragon’s armor, but not like this! Not on his own frame!

He cursed his luck at this turn of events, the forced changes of his cock and body. He stumbled forward, the intensity of his own testicles being drawn into their slit making it impossible to escape. It had been the opposite of what he had sought, viewing the ritual bringing on his damnation rather than his salvation. He was cursed to go into draconic heat once more rather than being rid of the curse for all time. It was the worst possible outcome for the King, to be left helpless on the ground, shifting and needing a draconic phallus inside of him!

Already, his penis was that of the dragon that he both revered and loathed now in equal measure. He could feel the draconic dong bouncing in his britches, pressured by the contact and the need to release. It was powerfully erect, begging for him to stop and tend to the primal needs of the spell that so easily clouded his mind.

Worse than that, however, was the need in his anus, which was starting to widen as the skin grew puckered. It was so massive that it sat comfortably below his tailbone, which was starting to dislodge itself from his spine. He could feel the skin harden around it, tough, golden flecks poking out until he clearly possessed the posterior of a dragon.

Virion knew why his rectum had altered so early on in the process. The same had happened to him on multiple occasions before now, only to embarrass the elf-turning dragon more than the erection sat in his armor. Next to his cock, it was the most urgent thing that his mind deemed necessary to change in order to quell the curse's wicked designs on him. Not only did he long for the touch of a dragon, he longed for that touch in his most private of places!

"No...not like this..." Virion moaned, knowing he was helpless against the needs in his body. He hated how he, the most powerful elf in the land by title, was stripped to little more than a mewling lizard that begged to be fucked again and again!

There was no running, no denying the needs that were burning in his loins. Virion stopped, breathing heavily and panting as fluids leaked down his legs. He was shivering, pucker clenching open with the need to be filled. It was more than the older elf could bear. Such a foreign sensation, yet made all the more urgent by his resistance. There was no hope of maintaining a semblance of control under such a shameful onslaught.

"I...can't...need...fuck ME!" He roared, sharp teeth splitting the insides of his mouth as the needs in his loins cried out their agony.

He raced forward, sniffing the air with nostrils that were slightly flared, their capacity already much greater than any elf's should be. He could scent another elf like him, struggling with change. That elf's penis was already that of a dragon, red and raw and aching to fuck. He would be perfect to quell the needs in the older elf's rectum!

Dakath, meanwhile, was frozen in place, unable to move as the aches of change continued to assault him. His elven skin flaked away, revealing more of the black scales underneath that bonded him with his dragon. The irritation in his tailbone persisted as the bones popped apart, only to grow and stretch and push at his backside. A small part of the elf was thankful that the process was relatively painless; otherwise, he'd be writhing in agony, being literally torn apart and reborn.

The sight of his King coming towards him lit his loins aflame as his cock leaked even more fluid into his clothing. The consistency was already getting thicker like the poor elf would explode at a moment's notice. It would not take much for the pair of them to orgasm when they started. Yet, both elves knew from experience that it would be quite some effort for them to be satisfied before the change overtook them fully.

Soon, King Virion was on him, looking down at his subject with a feral expression that betrayed the dragon that was trying to claw its way through. Only a brief hint of regret passed their features before the King's lips were on Dakath's, taking the other male in a passionate

embrace. Dakath was not expecting such a connection between the two of them, and, repulsed, he instantly wanted to pull away. But something in his loins kept him making out with the other elf, the sensation of their locked lips as foreign as the change. The smaller elf had never kissed another before, and part of him was lost in the taste and the electric tingle that the contact sent through his loins.

Naturally, the connection was more than sufficient to spur on the process to force the two of them to alter their forms. Both could feel the insistent tearing at their backside as their tails started to poke through, the new skin devoid of scales as they sat uncomfortably against clothing that was not meant to contain them. The new growths twitched their insistence in unison as the two elves continued to kiss each other, making both moan into the lips of their counterpart.

It was not only their tails that were growing, as a swelling in the asscheeks of each was slowly noticed. The pressure against clothing not meant to contain them was almost enough to distract their lip lock. Yet, the lust in their loins would not allow their kiss to break, as the two of them engaged in an activity that was equal parts unknown and welcome.

By now, both elves' cocks were crowning the tops of their pants, leaking fluids down them as the pair made out in unison. Their bodies rocked together from the mutual needs each felt for the other. Soon, thrusting hips forced their groins together, the bases touching through the fabric. A rhythm was formed as the two changing elves started to frot their members together without any regard for their morality or desire to keep their dignity intact.

The connection forced their asses to swell even more, an insistent tightening on their backsides making both elves moan into each other's mouth as their cocks were pulled taut within the fronts of their armor. Both bestial members frothed hard against each other, the tension in their internal anatomy more than either could bear as they prepared to blow their load.

"Mmmmm...mmMMMMM!" Both elves cried out in tandem as their cocks exploded, filling their trousers with a modest load of semen. Their rank, yellowed jism was so plentiful that it rolled down their legs. Yet, the majority of their release stained the fronts of their groins, as the two oblivious elves continued to frot their draconic phallus's together.

Yet, even the force of that orgasm was not enough to quell the needs that each elf felt. Soon, King Virion pulled back, the ache in his asshole growing more and more insistent. He bent over, the straining against his clothing from his growing posterior making it possible for his receding hips to show off the outline of the pucker within.

"I...can't...gods, why...fill me... PLEASE!" The wizened elf yelled, straining to shove his ass through the pants that were confining it. It would be impossible for him to break through

as he desired unless his rear end doubled in size. But, given the straining pressure, it was becoming more and more likely that was soon to be the case!

Eroan, meanwhile, was overcome with the same struggles as what he knew to be his tail pushed at the back of his clothing. It was getting more and more uncomfortable to be prone in the position that he was. The lump had grown thick by this juncture and was starting to thrash on the ground of its own accord. It was being painfully squished by the insistence of the massive beast that kept the poor elf in place.

It was impossible that Eroan was still hard even though he just came not moments ago. Yet, there was no denying the ache in his loins that denoted the need for multiple orgasms. It seemed as though he had the energy of a demonic being, one that lusted for pleasures of the flesh in a way that defied all logic and reason. Even another orgasm would likely be insufficient to sway him from needing more and more. And, it seemed, that he was doomed to become a dragon like his friend if the spreading scales were any indication.

Eroan let out a gasp as he was flipped over, Cynr not giving him a chance to brace himself as Eroan was left with his cock to rut into the earth. Yet, the clenching of his backside and the growing of his ass and tail could not be ignored. He wanted, *needed* rectal stimulation more than he needed his goal of being a Knight, his magic, or anything that the elf had wanted in his entire life.

The stimulation of the dragon's forked tongue on his posterior was almost orgasmic on its own as Eroan ground his crotch into the folds of his clothes. The skilled tongue played over Eroan's backside with expert precision, making the growing elf squirm with pleasure. The desire to be filled and fucked was all-consuming, threatening to make the elf cum from just the tease alone!

Cynr, for his part, was too engrossed in the activity to give it much thought. Part of him found the action abhorrent. Yet, the thought that he was sexually pleasing the much smaller being was the only thing in the world that mattered. It was hard to cope with the conflicting feelings in his mind. He knew that he shouldn't be doing this, that it went against everything it was to be a dragon by being sexual outside of breeding season and to be doing it with a lesser creature.

Yet, another part of his mind found the action more appropriate. A dragon was not a subtle being, after all. Dragons took whatever they wanted within their power to do so. And there was nothing more in Cynr's mind that he wanted than this elf to change and grow. He wanted to be fucked, lost in a male heat as he was. There was no other way to explain the sensations that

were plaguing his loins, the equivalent of a female's desires when her eggs were ready to be fertilized.

The touch of the reptilian forked tongue on Eroan's ass had the effect of making it swell, tightening against the seat of his pants. It was as though it was absorbing the saliva from the dragon's tongue, making it expand with mass and muscle. The horrid spell was causing Eroan's backside to grow, though Cymr was simply excited to see it become a size befitting a dragon. It would imply that his cock was about to grow to a size that matched the massive rectum that Cymr needed filled!

The growth above Eroan's ass continued to expand, thickening at the base as it pressed insistently against the elven robes that kept Eroan protected against the elements. It started to twitch, coiling in on itself as it tried to take advantage of every bit of space within the garments. Eroan was aware of how dry the skin felt; it was likely that it was becoming covered with the same bluish scales that were peppering the backs of his hands and his groin.

His rectum continued to grow, the cheeks receding into his flanks though his hips swelled to compensate. This left his anus on full display, giving the dragon's tongue unrestricted access to his pucker through the thinning fabric of the robes that were the only thing preserving Eroan's modesty. Part of him wanted to keep the clothing on, to hide him away from the seeking tongue and the shame that came with it. Yet, another, more insistent part wanted his ass to continue expanding, to tear from the trappings!

The growing tail, enlarging ass, and gaping pucker made it harder and harder for his clothing to maintain its consistency. It felt as though the fabric was being pulled apart seam by seam, leaving the barrier between anus and tongue precarious at best. Every inch of the space between skin and fabric was being overtaken by scales, his ass growing impossibly large for his elven frame. His hips, thighs, and pucker threatened to tear the clothing off at any moment!

His situation was not aided by the growth of his member, which had reached its draconic proportions but not its eventual size. The pressure against his clothing was becoming more and more insistent, the tip straining at the fabric and pulling it apart seam by seam.

The tantalizing cocktail of rectal stimulation, tightening in his rear and his cock, and the idea that it was such a massive dragon pleasuring him was too much for the poor elf. His cock quickly went into orgasm once more, spewing more thick, creamy fluid on the inside of his britches. It soaked its way through, leaking on the ground from the sheer quality of seed that had not yet dried.

Cyrn could smell his elf friend's release, and part of him took pride in that. It was immensely satisfying to know that he was able to make the elf orgasm, thinking that the smaller creature would eventually be worthy to cum in his rectum. Yet, any lingering pride was soon shattered by the notion that he was tasting the excretions of an elf, a male one at that! It was below any dragon to even consider anything close to what he had done. But there was no resisting as he continued to lick at the elf, as though spurring on the growth of his ass.

Little effort was needed for the dragon to force the elf's growth to expose itself as one of the seams started to pop. A few more licks were all it took for the briefest glint of scales to enter his field of view. The old flesh continued to retract, as though the dragon underneath was his true being. Every bit of its birth was as pleasurable to the elf as anything he had ever experienced. It was almost maddening to try to resist the changes and the effect they had on his libido.

The scales were bursting out of his hands now, thicker around his knuckles and joints of his hands as the dead elven skin peeled and fell away. All of the hair on his arms was gone by this juncture, as though a heat was seeping into his skin, removing the obstacles for his scales to poke through. Yet, with that heat came a blast of frigid cold, as the dragon's icy nature bore into his being. Soon, however, Eroan overcame the discomfort, distracted as he was with the fucking he so desperately needed to give his dragon friend.

Worse was the pressure that started to build up in his fingertips as though something was trying to break free. Eroan clenched his fingers tightly as silvery claws broke through, stretched the length of his fingers as they curved into the wicked talons of a dragon. Eroan was thankful the process was bloodless, though could do little as the nails continued to extend, easily the circumference of his fingers and growing larger still. It was thankful that his fingers were expanding to compensate, the pressure literally pulling away the skin to reveal perfectly formed scales. Soon, each digit was adorned with a draconic claw that Cyrn would envy!

Worse was the sensation of his wrists stretching, pulling his thumbs upward with them. Eroan tried to move them in vain, struggling to maintain their motility as the joints cracked and stiffened. Too late, he realized that the dragon his psyche was so blindly admiring lacked the opposable thumbs that elves and other humanoid races enjoyed. He groaned, not wanting to lose his hands, his elven way of interacting with the world. Yet, he was helpless to avoid such a fate as his thumbs sat nearly vestigial on his features, leaving him with a pair of draconic paws that dug into the earth with the intent to take whatever Cyrn had in store for him.

Virion could resist no longer. The needs in his anus were becoming unbearable, a crying need to be fucked and penetrated. The changes had largely halted at this juncture, though it felt

as if the dragon was under the surface, waiting to be birthed. It was maddening to try to prevent it from happening, making him grunt and struggle with the desire to be complete.

As much as Dakath knew he needed to resist, a growing part of his psyche knew there was no point. It always came to this, didn't it? He'd end up fucking his dragon mount, penis firmly lodged in his hind until impossible quantities of semen were unleashed from his internal testicles. Then, eventually, he would change back, waiting until the next time that the urges grew too much and he had to fuck himself into draconic form once more. What was the point in resisting the inevitable?

Part of Dakath still wished to restrain himself, yet not out of a desire to preserve his modesty or dignity against the onslaught of draconic hormones. Rather, he wanted to see his King submit to him fully, to make Virion squirm and beg before Virion was fucked properly. Dakath wasn't sure where such a dominant streak was coming from but it was impossible to deny as he rubbed his enclothed crotch against the confined rectum of his better.

Virion moaned, finding even the limited contact between two layers of clothing enough to spur him on. He imagined that cocktip against his rear, pushing in to dominate the King as he had already been by his dragon so many times in their rut. Yet, it was equally embarrassing to know that one of his subjects would be taking him so, to both of their eternal shame!

Still, there was nothing Virion could do to resist the urges that were playing over his mind and his body. The ache in his rectum was only to be satisfied by anal penetration. Though not currently as large as the cock of his dragon mount, Dakath's would do perfectly for the needs of his current stature. The tip of his mutated member pushed the taut fabric just inside his rear, teasing the fringes and making the King moan. Dakath was rubbing with such frantic need, fluids leaking inside and wearing down the fabric, making the two of them pant their lusts.

The mere stimulation to his rear was enough to send the King to orgasm as he roared, cum splattering the insides of his armor as his balls churned out their creamy load. The sound escaping from his lips was less elven than he wished, though in the moment he was remiss to care. More semen than he thought his inner equipment could expel coated the inside of his clothing, making him feel powerfully uncomfortable. Yet, the pleasure that he felt from the release made it worth it at the time!

Virion's ecstasy was only compounded by the sensation of semen soaking into his trousers from his mate's orgasm leaking through at their frothing. Dakath had cried out his own release, though Virion barely heard it, lost in his own orgasm. He could feel the slimy fluids seeping in and touching the skin of his scaly rear. Virion was in heaven!

The infusion of draconic cum seemed to spur on the growth of Virion's ass, as he hoped it might. His cheeks were receding, hips growing far wider than any elven garment was meant to hold. It seemed to pull the fabric thin, causing a series of light tears to echo. Virion was elated. He wanted nothing more than to rip through his pants and feel the cock tip of his Knight touch his anus. Then, Dakath could fuck him into the golden dragon that he felt he was meant to be.

Dakath felt his own orgasm die down, shaking from the release as his inner testicles emptied of their burden. Yet, as the curse seemed to dictate, his cock did not retract. Rather, it remained as turgid as ever, throbbing with the need to penetrate a firm, tight rectum like the one on display. It was becoming painfully tight against his britches, straining to get free to fuck. He would have torn apart his clothing had he the mental wherewithal to do so. But the desires in his mind were so intense that he could think of nothing but the rut as he started to thrust his hips again.

His desires were soon to be granted as Virion's pants tore slightly down the center from the sheer force of his growing hindquarters. The bones were almost too large in his hips that the skin and muscle had to race to keep up. The result was more than his pants could pack as it continued to tear in a show of the King's need, putting his pink pucker on full display.

The pinkish skin was soon covered by a golden radiance of scales caught in the waning light of the sun. Yet, it was the sight of the fringes of Virion's rectum that had Dakath's attention. It was so large that it was impossible to miss his target as he continued to thrust forward with purpose.

Dakath's advances were only slowed by the now-familiar ache in his hands that denoted the development of draconic digits. Claws were starting to burst forth from frail fingers, making them twitch and writhe from the pressure. Yet, soon, the digits stiffened, the joints cracking and diminishing relative to their circumference. It became harder to move them, promoting Dakath to pull them away from Virion's backside. From how much the elder elf's stance had solidified, Dakath knew that he only needed to thrust forward to penetrate his target once his cock was free of its confines.

Virion was in the midst of watching his own hands shift in the same way, their digits stiffening and retracting into widening palms and lengthening wrists. Claws slid out of the skin like knives, though no blood was spilled from the process. Rather, there was only an intense ache, though not one that diminished the feelings of lust in his loins and needs in his rear. The claws soon grew into curved talons, deadly instruments of the draconic heritage that was now his.

Virion only briefly lamented the loss of his tactile abilities as his hands were robbed from him. Palms widened, pads forming on the surface of each, made of tougher scales than the rest that were relieving him of elven skin. His wrists were nearly the length of his former forearms now and pulling the remnants of his thumbs along with them. A few final twitches denoted the loss of his hands for the draconic forepaws he would wear until the change finally wore off.

Their increasing body weight forced their feet to widen, becoming painfully tight in their boots with a frightening speed. There was no chance to tear off the footwear with their hands in their current configuration. Both were forced to allow them to pop off, pushing outward in the formation of talons as toes clenched from the pain of their development. Strained seams burst away forcibly, new claws digging into the soil.

Heels stretched larger, pushing against the back of the boots as a dewclaw burst through to seal their destruction. Soon, each changing elf felt their statures rise, toes fattening and sinking into widening feet, pads adorning them and the remnant toes like paws. Only three claws remained on each toe, the other digits sucked unceremoniously into widening feet. Scales soon spread across the surface, thicker at the toe joints in tandem with the arrangement on their hands.

Their changes were happening almost in sync now, perhaps the presence of each other accelerating their lusts the cause. The tearing of pants and the ripping of boots seemed to echo in each of their ears as hips widened, thighs swelled and calves grew shorter yet more muscled. Their legs were soon twice their former size, almost putting them off balance as the two elves rocked against each other, their cocks getting ready for another round of lusts.

The force of the growth of their legs was getting too much for both elves' pants to take. Stretching tails were picking apart the seams, leaving weakened undergarments to be pulled to the limits and further from the force of much more expansive posteriors. Their tails were almost twitching in sync as though trashing with impatience to mate.

It only took a few flicks for the eager older elf to remove his confining garments, leaving his rectum fully displayed and ready to be taken. At that, Dakath's cock ripped through from his front end, bobbing up and down in its eagerness.

"I can't...I need...rut me! NOW! NOW!" Virion cried out, the need in his voice lingering in the air.

Without hesitation, Dakath's cock pushed in, struggling to fill the massive rectum that was so eager to take him inside. He was sure that the tight anus would engulf his cock, wrapping around him and stroking him the way the younger elf craved. But, to his disappointment, the

anus of the soon-to-be dragon was almost too large, making it difficult for the changing elf to maneuver it into a position that allowed him to pleasure himself, let alone his mate.

“Fuck...need...breed!” Dakath cried out, thrusting desperately into the anus of the larger backside. His own cock was still growing, but at a much slower rate than Virion’s rear. It was as though his needs were second to that of the older elf, but a candle to the desires to be bred.

“FUUUCCKKKK! Take me! YOU SLLLLUUUUUUUUUT!” Dakath roared, all training and discipline and regret seemingly gone from the tone as he rutted forward with reckless abandon.

Eventually, the pointed, reptilian tip entered against a tighter entrance as its length increased. The grip on his penis was sublime, making him leak thicker fluids as he thrust forward, now with a purpose. He needed to fill this other being with his seed, to claim him and resolve the conflicting bestial thoughts that had overcome his psyche. Nothing else mattered, not his shame, not his training or station, and not even his dignity. He needed to cum and cum *now*.

Virion simply grunted, wanting to feel his insides being stimulated to orgasm. He bent over, the tip of his tail rubbing against the much smaller chest of the changing elf. The base was half the width of his backside now and had stretched to almost the elf’s former length. Spikes had started to erupt along the back of the elf’s stretching spine, the bones having separated and reformed to create more linkages and support the thrashing tail that Virion so desperately wanted to develop.

Even with how massive Virion’s rear end had become, the sensation of the penis inside of him grew tighter and tighter, as though growing to properly fuck such an expansive posterior. Though, even the mere presence of the dragon’s prick was enough to make him cum his load, filling his pants once more before the girth of his member tore apart his undergarments with a *snap*. A heavy *splat* echoed in their ears as the remnants of his soiled clothing hit the ground just below their feet.

The rocking of Virion’s rectal clamps was more than enough to bring the other elf’s penis to orgasm. Thick, creamy jism flooded Virion’s hindquarters, filling him with a mixture of satisfaction and shame. It was difficult to justify the pleasure that he felt from knowing that his mate had taken him. Not with how much he was allowing himself to give in to bestial temptations and the pleasure of changing flesh!

Control only returned to the black-scaled elf as he slid out of his King’s larger rectum. A flood of seminal fluid came with him, staining the front of the elf’s remaining undergarments with creamy seed. The heavy flow reminded Dakath of his own dignity leaving his body. He had

so easily given in to the bestial urges that had plagued his mind all those previous matings with his dragon. Was that the curse taken to its natural conclusion? Was he becoming more of the beast that the spell would have him be the more instances that he was forced to undergo the change?

The ache caused by his tightening clothing took Dakath from those thoughts. With his hands in their current configuration, there was no chance of removing his clothing without destroying them. His massive claws were just as likely to pierce his scales and injure himself. Not knowing if that would be damage that the change could recover, Dakath decided to leave it to his expanding bulk. The stitches and seams were already being pulled apart by the force of his growing posterior. The growl that escaped his lips was more beast than elf but that was of little consequence at the moment. All that mattered was relieving the pressure swelling in his body, to be free of the confining garments and able to breathe.

He didn't have to wait very long. The sheer size of his expanding hips, the ache in his penis as it continued to reconfigure, and the expanding scales that were forcing his rear to peel apart were too much for his elven garb. With a roar, Dakath felt the seams bursting in sequence, exposing the black scales of the dragon that he would soon be if the process did not abate. He could feel his anus kiss the warm evening air, puckering the skin that was slowly sliding up his taint towards his still-growing tail. It clenched from the exposure, sending a shiver of sensation through his prostate and into his cock, making him leak slightly.

The shivers entering his penis make him stare at the cum-soaked posterior of his King, golden scales almost covering the dragon's rectum. It was getting harder to see the former elven skin as Virion's backside quivered and transformed. Yet, the stain of draconic semen made Dakath sure that he could find the mark once more if he were inclined to. And, gods, he was certainly inclined to!

Virion tried his best to maneuver his massive, growing tail over his abused anus, not wanting to give in to the lust once more. Having just been bred, Virion was able to somewhat curb the lusts that were assaulting him so badly. It was enough that the shame was just settling over his mind, the only thing worse than knowing he was going to commit the taboos once more.

Still, his penis did not retract into his slit as Virion desperately hoped it would. Rather, it bobbed up and down, still begging for any stimulation that could be given. He knew from personal experience that there was little chance of him overcoming the mental fog that was slowly settling in. But, with the brief reprieve he had, Virion had to try!

Moving forward with his hybrid anatomy was precarious at best. His feet were massive, and his hips made him hunch over on his belly to crawl away on all fours. Yet his posterior was

not in the proper configuration, and his hands could hardly pull him forward in their currently bestial state. Worse, perhaps, was the fact that his twitching tail was not long enough to fully hide his rectum, which was just under the forming scale plates over his belly. And, the temptation of raising his tail just slightly was at the fringes of his mind, ready to take over at a moment's notice...

Eroan was still terrified at the loss of his hands for the reptilian paws that he now possessed. By the time the tingling stopped, Eroan was left with a perfect pair of draconic paws that matched the ones of his long-time friend. He couldn't use them for anything, other than carrying prey items back to a den. He didn't want this, pleasure of the change be damned. It was something that nearly sent him over the edge, making him want to panic and escape from the fate that was overtaking him.

The pain in his feet was the only thing that could bring the soon-to-be-beast out of his panicked stupor. He wanted to reach down and pull off his boots. But all that remained of his hands were useless for anything of that caliber. So, he was forced to suffer from the agony of his toes squishing against his boots, pulling tightly against the material. Even his sturdier footwear was no match for the sensation of draconic claws bursting from his toes, piercing the material effortlessly and tearing it off to expose the blue scales underneath. Two of his toes were gone entirely, though he didn't need them with how wide the remaining ones soon expanded, holding his weight as he continued to grow and change.

The growth above his ass became heavier as his spine creaked, his tail expanding ever outward. Spines continued to break through the surface, getting longer as they ran down to the twitching tip. It was almost the length of his body now, moving of its own accord in a show of irritation. The muscles within seemed to be fully formed, pulling from his hips and reforming his anatomy, making it as much a part of him as anything else.

Cyrn gazed at the sight of his changed friend with an expression of longing, despite himself. He could see how large the changing dragon's rectum was becoming, reminding him of the needs in his own. As much as he desired to insert his penis inside of a tight, moist space, the notion of something filling him up instead was almost all-consuming. He could feel his insides clenching with the need to be fucked. He was sure it was akin to the heat that females went through but had no way to be certain. Still, the ache was maddening!

Eyes on the changing elf, Cyrn raised his own tail, showing off the puckered anus underneath. His entire backside was throbbing with the need to be penetrated, making him shiver. Though he knew he was far too large for the changing elf, the notion that it had to be *him*

to mount Cynr was paramount. Nothing else, not another dragon or any other being he could conceive of would do. It had to be a result of the bonding ritual but at the moment Cynr was too maddened by the need to rut to be concerned with such things.

“I need...fill me...can't... RRRRRRRRRRAAAWWWWW!” Cynr’s protestations came out as a roar that reverberated across the clearing they found themselves in.

Cynr was sure he heard another roar some distance away, one that still reeked of elves though was now more draconic in nature. Still, he was hard-pressed to focus on anything but the drives in his own body and the scent and sight of the elf-turned-dragon that might alleviate them.

Eroan got up awkwardly on his changed anatomy, looking at the other dragon with an expression of lust on his still-elven features. It was hard to move as his heels stretched and his massive talons dug into the earth. Yet, nothing else mattered currently than the notion that he be brought closer to the tight anus that beckoned him.

Part of him was disgusted by the scents in the air, evidently wafting from glands near the dragon’s anus. They were calling to him, smelling more erotic than anything the elf could conceive of. It was as though every bit of the dragon’s anatomy was beckoning to him, even though it was already obvious from the beast’s body language what it was he wanted. Eroan could no more resist the siren song that he could stop himself from breathing as he crawled over, eyeing the gaping opening with desire and lust.

Even from a distance, it was obvious to Eroan that the beast’s rectum was far too large for even the draconic phallus that Eroan now possessed. Though he was slowly changing into a facsimile of the dragon, he had not yet gathered the size necessary to mate him as Cynr seemed to desire. Yet, he knew that in order to quell the instincts rolling over him, he would have to at least try, or go mad from the needs clawing at his mind.

Eroan couldn’t see his cock, confined as it was in his stretched elven clothes. But it was clearly insufficient to meet both of their needs. Worse, with his hands in their current status, there was no way for Eroan to pull out his penis. Still, that would not deter Eroan’s advances as he rubbed the fabric of his garments against the rim of the pucker he sought so adamantly.

Eroan was far too pent up to hold back for long. The moment that he ran his draconic cock over the flesh of Cynr’s taint was the moment that his prostate shuddered and he blew another creamy load into his britches. He was simply too wound up to hold back, nor even care that he hadn’t been able to properly fuck the object of his desire.

Still, the force of his rocking member did have an unexpected benefit. The tip tore through the frail fabrics, having them fall from his groin with a *splat* on the ground. They were largely forgotten in the lust that Eroan felt from the force of the orgasm and the needs that were still not quelled from such a brief release.

Yet, before he could reach full arousal, an ache in his shoulders made Eroan moan, wishing that he could reach up to rub the skin and alleviate the irritation. It was as though the bones were separating, cracking, and splitting forcefully in two. Yet, only a dull ache persisted as the bones started to move and the blades formed a second protrusion that was now pressing in the opposite direction.

Soon, the extensions started poking insistently against the skin, being forced skyward. They continued to lengthen, the scales starting to part to make way for more of the growth. Soon, they were an inch long and relatively thick from the base, much as his tail had been. But, they were clearly something else as the three-inch growths popped outward, forming an elbow-like joint in the center.

Eroan's confusion was only quelled with five points of flesh burst through the tip. As the protrusions started to twitch with their newfound ability to do so, Eroan started to get the impression that he was growing a pair of wings to match his mate's. Nothing else could explain the bizarre growths.

Soon, the fingers were longer even than the paw-like digits that he now possessed. Though they still carried the same points of articulation as did his former human fingers, they were much longer, running down the length of his back as they twitched somewhat uncontrollably. His newly-minted thumb seemed to sit at the tip as the rest of the fingers were pushed apart by the formation of a thin sheet of skin.

Soon, the movement of his new appendages was restricted by the formation of a thin webbing between them. They were flexible enough to fold on themselves, retracting while not in use for flight. Eroan hardly had the wherewithal to try to fly, not with the sexy mate before him. Still, part of his mind wanted to play with them, to test these things that no elf had ever possessed naturally.

By now, the size of his posterior, legs, and penis was triple their former dimensions and still growing, if the tingling sensations were any indication. Eroan was still a far cry from the dragon that sat before him, though it was obvious that he would soon get there if the changes continued as they were. The skin of his legs and feet were nearly fully covered with blue scales, the elven skin having been eradicated. Little remained of the elf he once was, being in the midst of a horrific change as he was.

Yet, other than the necessary adjustments to make his hybrid anatomy work, his torso was still relatively small compared to his backside. It made the movements of his lower half awkward, making it harder for his brain to work the necessary muscles. He was a horrid cross between dragon and elf, with claws and wings that were steadily becoming too large to function on his smaller frame.

Worse was the energy that his penis seemed to need in order to stay erect. Eroan could hardly think, even though he had just filled his elven robes with stinky cream. It was as though his testicles had an infinite reservoir of semen to expel, and needed the backdoor of this male dragon in which to release it. The blood rushing to his penis left Eroan with little cognizance than to fuck to expel such a vast quantity of sperm!

Now that his member was free, Eroan wasted no time trying to mount the larger dragon, who was still waiting in a presenting position. A shiver ran through his body as his cock tip, now free from its bonds, brushed against the inner walls of the dragon's male entrance. Yet, as he'd feared, his penis was still too small for the mate that he so desperately wanted to rut into.

But the mere motion of rubbing against the beast's inner walls that sufficient for what his mind craved. His testicles had filled already, though perhaps not as fast as he wished. The jism that flowed from his penis was more watery this time than the thicker cream he had soiled his pants repeatedly with. Yet, it was no less pleasurable as his cock inched inside, a series of spines extending from the ridges underneath and brushing the opposite wall of the dragon's rectum. That added bit of pleasure almost whited out the changing elf's mind so much that he collapsed on the back of his mate.

Cyrn could tell that a small amount of jism was being deposited in his rear, making part of him satisfied. He wanted the full experience of having his anus being filled, stimulated so that his prostate brought him to orgasm as well. Though it had not happened yet, he was sure that the virility of the changing elf would soon give him what he craved so desperately.

Yet, the other part of him was deeply ashamed by the acts of depravity that he was forced to undergo. His body was moving with a power outside his control, whether Cyrn had the mind to try and fight or not. And the pleasure that it promised made it nearly impossible for him to resist. Even his draconic sensibilities were not enough to pull his mind from the forbidden acts. It was easier to allow himself to give in, to worry about the repercussions of the action later...

“GGGRRRR RRRRuuck me!” Roared the former king, now half-dragon, not wanting to take cock but needing it all the same. There was little he could do to resist the alien impulses over his mind. So many times he had tried and failed to force the urges to relent. Gods, why was he not only compelled to mate with a dragon, a *male*, but why did he need to be on the receiving end of a male’s phallus?

Yet, he had little recourse than to keep his tail raised, his rectum on display so that there was no chance of his changing Knight to miss the mark. He stiffened his body, waiting to take the ridged draconic phallus within him. Every inch of his body tingled with the prospect of being filled and fucked. No sensation he had ever craved could even come close to the needs in his cock at just that moment.

In the face of something so tempting, Dakath had no chance to resist as he reached out with a tongue that was already beginning to lengthen, sliding out of his mouth before his jaw had a chance to stretch to match it. Still, at the moment, he cared only that he was able to rim his mate, tasting his insides before lining up his cock with its goal.

Though the stimulation to his rear was minor, Virion savored the sensations and the distraction that it provided. His shoulders were already starting to split, the bones popping and reforming and duplicating at the blade, beginning the growth of what he knew would be his wings. They soon began to push at the skin of his back, painfully peeling it apart before the new stumps tore through. The growth of his wings was always the worst part of the curse, more unnerving than even the formation of his tail.

Better was the sensation of Dakath’s tongue leaving his rear, Virion knowing what would soon follow. As he hoped, the sensation of a pointed penis pressed against his rump made him smile internally. Though it was too small to fill him fully, it was at least sufficient reprieve from the pain of his new limb’s growth. Four bumps poked from them to comprise what would soon be the long, spindly fingers of his wings. It was the most painful aspect of the change by far!

“YESSS...Fuck me! Please, I GGGRRRReed!” Virion growled as a cock tip too small entered his rectum, teasing his inner walls ever so slightly that he was able to feel his prostate clenching. Though it was not enough to fill him in the way that he hoped. Virion was still pleased to have his innards invaded at all, enough to send waves of pleasure into his penis. It was already drooling its fluids in anticipation of the mating he would receive. With the lust in his mind, even the briefest stimulation from a worthy male would be enough to allow a reprieve from his torment!

His wings were growing all the while, the last digit stretching over an expanding back. They cracked and spread, their articulating joints only restricted by the webbing that soon moved

to fill them. Though it was a skin-like material, it caught the wind more than sufficiently to allow him flight, should he have the mind to try it.

At the moment, however, Virion was focused only on the notion that his male heat needed to be quelled. Flight was something that he had no chance to experience with how little time he spent in draconic form once the process was complete. His mate estrus would require him to be fucked and fucked again until it was fully quelled and his testicles and rectum could take no more. It was likely akin to when a female knew that her eggs were inseminated and requested the mating to cease. No such system existed in Virion's mind, only the abrupt cessation of the cycle and the subsequent reversion to his elven form.

By this time, his wings were fully formed, though Virion kept them to his sides, holding his larger body to attempt to rub his scaly hide down for his maximum pleasure. He did receive some sense of stimulation, though not nearly as much as his mammalian form provided. Still, even with his wife, he was unaccustomed to such things that often. Any pleasure that he might have taken from his marital bed was only a trickle to the draconic needs that plagued him when the damned curse reared its ugly head!

Dakath, too, growled with the painful formation of extra limbs erupting from separated shoulders. He hated feeling them twitch, their fingers moving as though happy to be born, only to be limited by the massive expanse of webbing that was rapidly forming between them. He loathed how unruly the arms were, how long and spindly the digits soon became as they warped into a facsimile of dragon's wings that he would never use to fly. The male heat in his draconic loins would never allow him to experience even that brief reprieve without needing to be quelled.

The ache in his genitals was starting to get insistent at this point, prompting the changing elf to thrust harder than he had at any point of his life with the curse. It was as though each instance of the affliction made it harder and harder to curb base instincts. The more times that his mind changed, the more that it was easier to become the dragon that the spell forced upon him.

"It hurts! Rrrreed to cum! Rrrreed to rut YOU!" Dakath growled with the cadence of the beast that he was becoming.

His hips, though smaller than his transforming King, were still sufficient to get inside and fuck as his instincts dictated. Though he lacked the cognizance to do so willfully, his pointed tip was able to be angled inside the other dragon's larger rectum in such a way that it built up the pressure in his rear. Just the mere point of insertion was going to be enough to make him cum!

"RRREEESSSS!" Roared Dakath with enough force that some of his teeth were loosened from his skull to make room for the points he knew were forming to take their place.

Still, at the moment, Dakath was remiss to care with how much his cock was spasming, filling his former King's hole with a thick, creamy load of jism despite how much they had both cum already.

The sheer force of the orgasm was enough to allow Virion to cum as well, knowing that he had been mated. His innards were far too sensitive to prevent even the briefest of contact from washing over his loins. His bestial phallus erupted like a geyser, dripping all over the torn remains of his clothes and covering every inch of his elven essence with the draconic stink.

The two of them were finally allowed a brief reprieve from the urges as they panted from the intense orgasms that were still playing over them. By this point, their torsos were far more minute than their hips and asses were, largely unchanged save the covering of scales. Wings hung heavy on an expanding back, and the slight bits of reptilian features were playing over their elven visages. But, for the moment, they were still in mid-transition, about to fall over the precipice of being beasts and fucking themselves into bestial oblivion.

It was the sounds of draconic wings that drew both changing dragons towards the setting sun to a sight that filled them with both dread and excitement. Even without being able to see them from this distance, the bond that existed between rider and dragon was such that they knew their dragons were coming. Dayrdry and Chelbot, dragons of gold and black respectively. Their mere presence made both former elves shiver with anticipation. Even with how lustful that the two of them made each other, the notion of breeding their bonded counterparts made both former elves more erect than at any point in their lives...

Eroan, too, was experiencing the sensations of his torso swelling, his belly hanging under him as it filled in with muscles and plated scuts for protection. Any of the elven definition he'd once had, though much less than the majority of his peers, was hidden under the flurry of scales that coated him. He did not miss it, though lamented that it had taken him further from his elven form, whether he enjoyed the sensations or not.

A series of sharp cracks erupted in his skull as it pressed out painfully against his trunk almost before it was able to keep up. It wasn't painful, not really; whatever magic curse was changing him had the fortune of preventing much of the pain that would likely be enough to kill him. Still, it was powerfully uncomfortable to feel the bones pressing against his sides, the skin stretching to accommodate them, or the feelings of gurgling that shifting organs sent radiating through his body.

The worse changes came from his hips as the bones and muscles flattened, his pelvis tearing apart and reforming as his spine hunched and he was forced down onto all fours like a simple beast. Though he was already shamed into an animalistic form, he couldn't help but feel more lambasted by the notion that his shoulders, too, were flattening into his truck, the cracks and aches racing through him as his arms lost their forward range of motion. He really was little more than a beast, one that needed to rut and fuck other males no matter how much the action might have shamed him before.

A bestial roar escaped his lips as something pierced the tips of his head, forming bumps that filled with blood and bone. He wanted to reach up to rub the abrasions, to try to alleviate the aches. Yet, his arms no longer worked that way. He was thus forced to sit there as two sets of horns burst from his temples, swept back along his head as his skull started to expand and compressed around his braincase in equal measure. Though dragons were intelligent beings, he felt afraid that he would lose his elven awareness if the changes concluded!

The notion of losing his facial features was abhorrent, though there was little that Eroan could do to stop his horns getting longer, spines racing down the back and still-lengthening tail. Another small set pierced his eyebrows, threatening to send blood spilling down them if the changes didn't immediately heal any wound or abrasions. Still, the spiky protrusions were unbecoming him, more in line with the blue dragon that was watching his changes with curiosity all the while.

The aches that were plaguing his face centered on his muzzle, sending a crack through his skull and making him wince. He could see his nose being forced in front of his face, nostrils flaring and bridge flattening into his features. He could feel the creeks of his cheekbones extending, bringing more and more of the draconic visage that matched his mate's out into the forefront of his vision. Panic started to set in. He didn't want this, he couldn't want this!

Yet, before he could even try to get away, Cymr's much larger face was in front of him, looking him in the eye with slitted yellow ovals. His tongue snaked out, lapping Eroan on the lips and teasing their contours. Instantly, the saliva sent further tingles through his face, spreading the scales across his chin and forcing even more of his face forward.

Before he could protest, Cymr's tongue was forced into his muzzle, wrapping around his still-elven tongue and taking it in an embrace. Eroan had never had any contact such as this, though had witnessed other races partaking in the ritual. It was a messy affair; a long muzzled dragon kissing a much smaller elf's stretching lips. The contact was made harder as Eroan's face stretched even further out, not able to reach with his tongue. Though their actions were depraved, the sensation seemed to ease the ache of change and accentuate the lusts in his loins, making Eroan want to reach back for that slight reprieve that the dragon's lips could provide.

He needn't have worried long, his own tongue reaching out to reconnect with the target of his lusts. It was almost too long for his mouth now, the tip flattened and forced into two reptilian points. It snaked out of his face, reaching with un-elven flexibility as it wrapped around that of his mate. Though it was awkward, the contact brought with an intimacy that almost erased the disgust of the act and fear of the proceeding changes.

The comfort was enough that the ticklings of his hair fell around his increasingly-scaled visage. A sloping forehead, thinning cheekbones, and widening neck were steadily completing the transition of Eroan's form into that of a dragon.

Eventually, Cym broke the kiss, looking into his elven mate as Eroan felt his eyes water, blinking a few times to try and clear the irritation. Contours were sharper, colors less muted even in the oncoming night. He couldn't tell without a reflection but it seemed as though his eyes were the same shade and shape as his counterpart's.

Yet, he had no time to reflect on this further with the aches in his own loins starting to come to the forefront of his thoughts. It was his asshole clenching now, making his reptilian cock leak at the prospect of being mated. Though his rectum had been left untouched up until now, it was still throbbing with the need to be bred. Yet, he should have been far too small to meet such a dragon's member!

As though in response to the thoughts of fear that were playing over his mind, Eroan could feel his posterior start to swell, the tingling of his scales spreading and the muscle swelling underneath almost too intense for him to bear. It was growing larger still, taking his torso and the contours of his body along with him.

How Eroan was able to survive these changes, he had no idea. The notion of turning into a dragon at all was one thing, nearly impossible in its own right. But he was far too large for the size of the organs in his body that it should have been impossible for him to be able to persist in his current state. His backside was twice that of his torso now and growing larger still at the notion of taking the dragon's bulbous cock. It was as though the lust in his mind was taking over the changes in body to match what his instincts had made him. It was a maddening cycle that he could not escape until he was fully fucked into a beast.

Eroan was hardly aware of it, but his anus was clenching, throbbing with insistence to be fucked. Though he was far too small for such penetration not moments ago, his rectum was now a gaping hole that could almost take two such cocks the girth that Cym sported. Yet, lost in lust as he was, Eroan was only aware of the need to be taken and bred, to make himself the dragon

that his lover was, and that the spell made him crave to be in turn.

“RRRRUUUCCCKK MEEE!” Eroan cried out as his face continued to stretch, his torso growing to match the body he now possessed. He could feel the muscles writhing under the skin, tearing apart to reform and repair in equal measure. He was so much bigger than before, matching even the young blue dragon that he so admired. Soon, he dwarfed the other being and was growing still, as though reaching to the heavens with his bulk.

Cyrn, eyes glazed over and cock leaking, needed nothing more than to give in to the urges that were overcoming his body. He was long past the ability to resist now, and the draconic instinct to own and conquer had completely taken over from the shame of what he was doing with an elf or another male. He would fill that hole, no matter how difficult the prospect of doing so.

Yet, he was not fully prepared for the trials of fucking such a large creature. It was the same issue that Eroan encountered when he was first being mated, it seemed. He would have to climb on the larger dragon’s back, careful of his claws as he did so. Eroan moved his wings out of the way, allowing the dragon to crawl up as far as he needed. Tail raised, Eroan’s pucker was on full attention, ready to be taken and bred.

Despite the difference in their sizes, Cyrn was still able to line up his mammoth phallus with the eager hole of the much larger dragon. Eroan hissed in his new draconic tone as the tip of his mount’s penis entered his folds. It was still obviously too small, the tip barely rubbing against the rim of the newly-changed dragon. He tried thrusting forward with all his might, but the position was too awkward for Cyrn to get little more than the head inside, rubbing briefly against Eroan’s inner walls as he strained with all his might.

The desire to fuck the larger dragon was all-consuming, Cyrn needing to be inside of him more than he desired treasures or territory. As though in response to his wishes, the process of change allowed only his penis to grow, the shaft extending as it started to rub further and further into Eroan’s backdoor. His sheer force of will allowed him to grow, the aches of expansion in his muscles an indication that he was altering in a way that would allow him to penetrate as far inside the larger dragon as he wished.

Eroan, in his lust, was barely aware of the increase of weight on his back, only concerned with the rutting that was happening to his rectum. He could feel the muscle in his rear forcibly squeezing, wanting to wrap around the cock inside of him and take him against his prostate. Though his mate’s penis was hardly sufficient with the difference in their statures, even the briefest of contact was enough to send shivers through his prostate and make his own mammoth cock leak with the prospect of penetration.

Eroan still had some growth to go before the change finished with him. His torso was enlarging, stomach and chest barrelling and expanding to make sure that his proportions would eventually match his mammoth backside. The remaining mammalian features of his face, his ears, and teeth, were soon to change as well. The lobes of his ears stretched out, suddenly splitting into four separate halves that filled in with the stretched layer of skin.

With the change to his ears, Eroan could tell that his hearing had altered, that it was easier to detect the world around him. Though little mattered than the huffs of the dragon on his back, twitching ears soon detected what seemed to be similar sounds from some distance away, of dragons and of rut. The realization of this only served to make Eroan hornier. Perhaps he could bring them all together to form an orgy that likes of which would finally allow him to achieve the ultimate release that he craved.

His sense of smell, too, had increased to the point that not only the stench of their cum had his attention. The odors of the two elves, his King and one other, were fresh in his nostrils, although it had been some time since their departure. He could detect a peculiar scent about them, almost like they shared qualities with dragon's. Perhaps they were...like him? Conflicted. Torn between the divide of dragons and riders, though on the cusp of bridging that gap. Perhaps they had already if the roars of lust were any indication. Perhaps, they, too, were with their mounts, partaking in the depraved carnality that Eroan was slowly starting to accept as his truth.

Yet, there was still that part of him that knew he had to resist. Even though his King and a fellow knight had been infected by the curse that made him a dragon, it was still no excuse for him to fall into the same lusts. He was betraying everything that his society told him was wrong in the world. It was an impossible situation, a trap from which there was no escape. And, having changed so much already, it was almost impossible to deny the needs that his body seemingly required.

All that remained unchanged were his regular elven dentures, though that was soon to be no more as they fell out, coughed up by the massive muzzle he possessed. They were soon replaced by sharpened fangs that hung almost heavily in his jaw. A short row of horns spread from his former cheekbones as his head continued to taper and his visage was almost fully replaced by the dragon he now was.

The light in his eyes, the elven wisdom and restraint and intellect, was fading, the reptilian slits dilated with the lusts that flowed over his body. The baser instincts of the draconic being he now was made fighting the changes and the sexual desires almost impossible. No wonder even Cynr, a full-fledged dragon, had not been able to resist. Deep in his bowels and getting bigger and bigger inside of him, Cynr had completely given into the need to rut and cum.

There was little choice other than to let himself be fucked, feeling the growing cock inside him and the weight of the dragon getting more uncomfortable. His prostate was being pounded, penis leaking from needing to be fucked and rutted. He was about to cum again, spraying draconic seed over the remnants of his clothing and sealing his fate. But lost in the sensation of a penis growing larger and larger inside of him, Eroan felt the last of his sensibilities fade away with the flood of cum in his bowels...

The sight of his dragon, Daydryr, made any resistance in Virion's head melt away as his asshole clenched open and closed with the need to be mated and bred. Raising his tail, his abused, golden scaled pucker lay in wait for the red, pointed penis that he could smell was sliding from his mount's slit

Daydryr said nothing as he moved towards his master, cock coming to full attention at the willing pucker on display for him. Virion could feel his hips raise, his stance firm as he waited for the inevitable pounding that he was to receive. Being fucked by Dakath had been welcome, certainly. But nothing could compare with the golden beast that he had been bonded to for so long!

A deep sigh escaped his lips as he felt the larger dragon crawl up on his back and started spearing for the open pucker that Virion eagerly had on display for him. It was maddening to need to be filled to this degree, as though his insides were crammed with copious amounts of cum. Virion needed release akin to being milked until he was finally satisfied and was able to revert back to his elven form.

As the pointed tip of the dragon's red cock pushed into him, Virion could feel the skin of his face peel apart as the force of the changes wracked his head. More brilliant golden scales shone through underneath, glinting in the setting sun and making him wince a few times from their reflection. Yet, soon, watery eyes and the addition of another lens allowed him to see just fine, his eyes now reptilian slits.

Powerful aches ran through his jaw as more of it stretched outward. Growls escaped thinning lips that marked his descent into dragon hood. He could see his nose extending in front of his face, nostrils flared at the ability to drink in more of the smell of the cum and musk that their bodies were exuding. His shifting lips pulled his jaws along for the ride, and Virion winced as horns slid bloodlessly from the skin around his cheeks. Similarly, no blood fell from his mouth as his teeth fell out and fangs started to adorn the inside of his muzzle.

Yet, all of the aches and pains of change were dulled by the sensation of a male's phallus in his rectum. The rest of the world was fading away to be replaced by the pleasure that was overcoming him. It was small at first; Virion's dragon form was slightly larger than his mount's. But, that was of little consequence with how well the tip played over the muscular walls in his rear, teasing his insides and sending shivers through his prostate that made more viscous fluids leak from the pointed tip. The massive beast that Virion had become needed nothing more than to rid them of his burden.

“GGGGrrrr RRrease...fuck me! I need it! Make me your bitch!” Virion roared, no longer caring how much he was debasing himself in front of his mount or his Knight. Only the sensation of dragon cock in his rear could make him cum; not even touching himself would do, not that he had any hands left to do so!

Dakath could clearly hear the words of his King and was almost ashamed that the older elf had given in so easily. Yet, there was little chance of himself holding out very long, he knew all too well from experience. It was just as likely that he would need to beg for his own dragon's cock soon, the sensation in his rectum starting to slowly slide into his mind. He often switched with his dragon, the instincts of his changing mind generally the deciding factor in their mating dance. And, at this moment, Dakath was the one who would be on the receiving end.

Dakath closed his eyes, wincing slightly as the sensation of his face growing out started to overtake him. He could feel the muscles writhing under the skin, pressing out his face as his teeth became loose and the skin was torn away for the black scales underneath. Dakath closed his eyes, not wanting to see his nose flattened, nostrils flaring reflexively to drink in the male musk of his dragon mate, or the King and his own. He was fooling himself, of course; there was no way that he could deny that his face was stretching, his teeth falling out and draconic fangs piercing the surface of his reddening gums. That his tongue was forked, or that horns were protruding around his former cheeks and the top of a hairless scape. Even his ears were gone at this point, their elven points split into three as they were steadily being filled in with thin webbing.

Yet, none of those sensations held a candle to having his rear end teased by the face of his larger black dragon. Chelbot was not bothering to speak as his tongue reached out and Dakath felt his tail lift, a sign of his submissiveness to the larger beast. Though he was not fully changed yet, he knew that his anatomy would be sufficient to take the larger male in his backside.

A raised tail and a squatted stance were all that Dakath did in reflex to the presence of his dragon. He eagerly awaited the sensation of a lizard tongue reaching out to tease the fringes of his reptilian pucker. Each lap against the scaly skin caused the bones and muscles in his neck to pop, pushing outward against his face and providing enough flexibility to look back. Dakath

didn't want to view the object of his sexual desire implanting itself into his rectum. But the fading part of his mind, the diminishing discipline, hoped to view the dragon's unwanted intrusion, that maybe it would awaken some instinct within him. Some urge to fight that would give him the strength to pull away from the depraved carnality.

Any hopes to resist would be in vain. The moment that his elven eyes locked on to his lover's was the moment that all resistance faded and Dakath's eyes watered with the change that turned them into draconic gold. He had no ability to do anything but whimper his need, the look in his eyes sad and pleading as his depths were plunged with a potent penis.

Dakath's smaller body was rocked with sensation as it struggled to take the larger phallus within him. There was something exciting about being fucked by a larger being, one bestial in its sensibilities. As much as it had pleased his warped psyche to mate with his King-turned-dragon, it created a whole new level of pleasure to be taken by a beast in both body and mind.

Though his body was small for what a dragon was meant to rut against, Dakath growled in his efforts to take it. Even the pain of the dragon's penile spines was not enough to deter him from taking the breeding that he so desperately craved. They served only to stimulate the leaking coming from his own penis, making him squirm against the ground, claws digging in as he took the much-larger dragon atop him.

Though Dakath was lost in the throes of the amazing fucking his dragon mount was giving him, it was hard to completely ignore the rest of the changes that were overcoming him. His body, his tail, and wings still had room to grow as they expanded to match the form that was sitting on his back. His neck, especially, grew twice the size as it had been, a serpentine shape that allowed him to reach back and brush his muzzle against the pure one of the black dragon that was currently embedded in his bowels. It was a brief bit of contact but enough to ease the ache in his backside and allow him to feel nothing but the pleasure of penetration.

Though the cock inside of him was still too big, the pressure was easing the more he continued to change. There was enough space to allow it to push it in even further, teasing his prostate and making him cum a creamy load out of his control. Yet, in the final throes of change, Dakath was hardly satisfied with a single release. His inner testicles were preparing to blow once more with the stimulation to his innards from the penile spines and the sheer size of the phallus in his backside.

Chelbot roared, the pressure against his cock almost too much for him to hold back against. It was far tighter than anything he had fucked before, even the past insistences where he had mated a changing Dakath. It was all he could do to make his rider cum and cum again, filling his bowels with draconic spunk and marking Dakath as his own.

The warmth inside of him was more than Dakath could bear, and despite having orgasmed not moments ago, he felt compelled to release, too eager to be taken and too pleased by the spines against his anal walls. The relief left him open enough to force the larger dragon's knot inside of him, tying them together as they lay in post-orgasmic contentment.

A roar from behind them was almost enough to make both dragons release their sperm again from the implication. Virion, the smaller of the two, had taken his mount's seed several times by now, and the last pops and snaps from his changing anatomy were lost to their ears as he finalized his form into a submissive, golden beast. A look of knowing passed between the two of them, hating their forms but embracing the pleasures of draconic flesh all the same. The powerful contrast of loathing and lust fell over their minds and allowed them to relax knowing that it would, at least, soon be over.

Yet, that was not to be. The sounds of two massive blue beasts moving towards them resonated in their ears. The flaps of wings and massive bodies were indistinguishable from anything else, even in the low evening light. The wind carried their scents as well, indicating that they were a mated pair but still erect and eager for more breeding. Though it should have been impossible for them to feel the need to mate after all of this, the spell had the effect of sending each into a male heat of sorts. And dragons were capable of mating as many times as required for the female to be properly inseminated. With no female to rein in their needs, the poor unfortunate souls would be compelled to go as many times as physically possible!

What proceeded was almost more intense than any of the dragons, both natural-born and transformed elves could comprehend. Phalluses that should have been bruised and sore plowed into holes that were gapping and abused, the slick semen dripping out of it enough to lube up any ministrations that were made. Roars and cries of release were incoherent, bestial as the forms that each dragon wore.

Naturally, Virion demanded to be mated by any dragon that was willing, even taking the cocks of his own mount and Cymr at the same time. Eroan, the largest of the group, craved to be taken by the smaller Dakath and Chelbot in turn, loving the sensation of their struggles to get on his back and mount him. Eventually, a line of sorts was made, Virion the King being on the bottom as he was taken by both of his elves in turn and then their dragons in kind. Phalluses pierced puckered flesh and semen exploded into bowels that were filled over and over until each of the beasts was alleviated of their burden.

All six dragons remained close by after that, exhausted from the multiple orgasms and the pressure of the changes in general. Even the curse could not force their bodies to push past the point of fatigue. Given their proximity together at the time of the mating, the massive beasts

passed out lying on top of each other, semen leaking out of cocks and abused puckers. Several felt their scales stained with seminal fluids as they lay in massive piles of lust and draconic flesh. Each of their cocks had retracted into their folds by now, and their snuggled positions felt more of companionship than they were of the mating frenzy. The bond of dragon flesh between rider and mount was strong, enhanced ten-fold by the corruption of the spell that allowed them this change.

Sometime, much, much later, the three former elves felt the tingling that denoted their return to former sizes. Scales retracted, looking like blisters left to fester as their new skin was eventually all that remained. Claws retracted or fell out to dissolve into nothing, as did massive, powerful fangs. Shoulders hunched, backs cracked, and bones snapped and popped into shape as the three of them returned to their prior forms. The process should have killed them several times over, yet, whatever spell held them through thought it was fit to keep them alive to return to their former shapes. Soon, three naked, dirty, and fully reverted elves resulted out of such massive beasts.

More dangerous to their lives was the disgust they felt with themselves, forced to stand there naked and cold without even the ruined rags that were strewn across the ground. Their wills to live with this wretched curse was reduced with each insistence, making them wish to weep and lament their fates. Yet, that lingering elven resolve would not allow them to take their own lives in reproach to the spell, even one that caused them to commit such disgusting acts.

Their dragons watched with interest, not caring that their own bodies were losing mass, shrinking into their true sizes once more. They, too, felt deep-seated shame, perhaps worse for such proud beings. For there was no hiding what they had done from their peers, the reek of draconic sex sticking on their bodies and making their acts known to all who could sniff them out. They would have to live as pariahs, even more so for the dragons black and blue. No amount of explanation could be sufficient for the other mounts to forgive their transgressions when they were hated so much already.

With little options left to them, the naked elves climbed aboard their bonded dragons, as much mates with them now as anything else. Without a word between them, they took to the skies, to the security of a city hopefully large enough to hide their shame. Once the despair of their situations wore off, they would try once more to find a way to break the curse, returning to their elven statutes once and for all. But for now, they sat in their shame, the trip home time to lament their fates even with the fading sensations in their loins from the voracious mating...