

Sighing, Rynoir looked back with annoyance, having to slow down a third time for his traveling companion. He had been assigned a new partner after the debacle of being found without his armor after what should have been an easy mission. Though, he was frankly lucky he hadn't been dismissed out of hand from the order altogether. He figured he at least was on thin ice as it was, hence the even more backwater assignment of patrolling this poor fringe town for signs of bandits. Since no trouble had been reported here in months he figured there was no way he could fuck it up, at least.

To his dismay, the townsfolk here were poor and hated the presence of outsiders. They offered no accommodations and Ryonir soon realized would have to spend the next several months camping outside on the cold hard ground.

And that wasn't even the worst part of the assignment. Ryonir hated the company of the chatty human he'd been assigned to. Not that he found all humans bad, of course. Many were stalwart and took to their duties admirably. But Xak was all bluster. He boasted of deeds that Ryonir had on good authority were impossible. He even bragged about his part in the campaign to best Nombara, but Ryonir was sure Xak hadn't been old enough to hold a sword during that war. The man was lithe and barely fit into his armor, much like Ryonir. Yet he must have been skilled to get his current posting. That, or perhaps he came from a wealthy family that could afford such things as a knighthood for their sons. Coin really did run the world of man, it seemed.

Nombara found the whole notion of such a knight killing his former body laughable. Even a hatchling could best such a small creature! For once, he and Ryonir were of one mind.

In contrast, Ryonir had found the company of the dragon in his mind to be rather pleasant, all things considered. He and the dragon seemed to share an opinion on many things, to his surprise. And Ryonir liked to think that he was having a positive influence on the former scourge of humanoids. Nombara was learning to tolerate other races and his desire for vengeance on them was waning. He could no longer have his revenge on those who wronged him, and he was starting to learn the value of justice and chivalry through Ryonir's actions.

As they walked in the refreshingly cool air a strange scent caught Ryonir's attention. Another benefit of their shared existence was that Ryonir shared some of his passenger's senses. He could hear and smell better than other elves, and Ryonir even found he could even detect the heat and life force of other creatures. He found it embarrassing to feel a hunger for flesh after a life of being a vegetarian but he had learned to suppress such urges for the moment.

To his surprise, he spotted a single man wearing a tattered overcoat standing at the end of the road. Ryonir wasn't planning to pay attention to the man; there were many homeless and destitute men in this part of the world and Ryonir couldn't help them all. But yet as the two knights approached, Ryonir noticed something about the man's scent that drew the elf in. It was not the stink of poverty he had become accustomed to. Rather, it was an almost alluring scent, one that awoke a memory kept hidden away in his mind.

He looked inward to Nombara but the dragon seemed silent, as though he wasn't even present. Ryonir couldn't explain it, but he knew he had to investigate. He took a step forward, compelled to see what the source of that aroma was.

"What are you doing? What's a bum like that worth?" Xak asked, lifting his hand to his sword. Ryonir stopped him, putting his hand over the other knight's.

"Stand down. I'm just going to question him. Getting a bad vibe from him. Don't need backup. I'll meet you back in the town before dark," Ryonir said, and his partner reluctantly walked away, muttering something about protocols and procedures.

With his partner out of the way, Ryonir made his way to the figure in the distance. The man was downwind from him, causing that powerful aroma to waft into Ryonir's awareness. Despite himself, he began to tent underneath his armor. It was unbecoming of a knight, an elf, to feel aroused at all in the field. It reminded him too much of that debacle a few months ago. Yet he was powerless to keep away the foreign sensations of lust, as powerful as they had been that day when he had...

Just then, the figure under the cloak stood up to greet him, as though expecting him. He lowered his coverings and revealed a lean young male elf, not unlike Ryonir. Ryonir wished to smile at the sight of the handsome man but he forced himself to keep his composure. Yet the alluring aroma was much stronger this close to its obvious source. Ryonir's erection was more insistent than it had ever been, and he did his best to prevent himself from blushing. Thankfully his armor was enough to prevent anyone from seeing the massive bulge that was present, his maleness enchanted from the dragon's soul inside of him. Still, it was terribly uncomfortable leaking all over the inside of his clothes.

"Can I help you, brother?" Ryonir asked, wondering what one of his own kind was doing here dressed like this. His own race had no need for human money or material things. And the smell was like nothing he recalled experiencing in the presence of one of his own. It was more reminiscent of...but how was that possible? There was no dragon here. Nombara would have warned him, right? Yet, his dragon companion still stayed silent inside of him.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Replied the elf, slyly. Unlike Ryonir, the elf’s member did not have a suit of armor to hide within. It was far longer than an elf’s should be, but Ryonir was remiss to care at the moment. All he could think of was getting his hands around that cock, maybe sucking it, before exposing the elf’s backside and fucking him...

Ryonir tried to shake his mind of the intrusive thoughts. He wasn’t gay, wasn’t into other men. What Nombara and Gandreir had done to him was purely against his will. Ryonir tried to take a step back, to remove himself from the alluring musky scent. Yet the moment he did so the other elf was on him in a flash. Before Ryonir could protest the other elf’s lips were on his and taking him into a passionate embrace.

Ryonir wanted to get away. He wanted it to stop. But the other elf’s lips tasted so good. He’d never been kissed before and would have never imagined the sensations to be so alluring. Before he could stop himself, Ryonir was kissing the other elf back, grinding their hips in rhythm in an effort to stimulate their cocks.

In the back of his mind, Ryonir was disgusted by such carnal acts. Such things were unbecoming an elf, a warrior of the court. Copulation was only to occur between life partners in his society. And never between members of the same sex! He was powerfully disgusted to be performing such depraved acts with another elf. And in public! Yet, he could not stop, the scents wafting off his partner too powerfully arousing. He couldn’t help but keep pressing his lips against his kinsman, helpless against the lust that had taken hold of them both.

Both elves entwined their tongues against each other, enjoying the warmth of the other’s breath and the taste of their lips. Their spindly arms explored their forms as the stranger shucked off his robes, revealing an entirely naked body. Ryonir wanted to protest but the feeling of his smooth skin and the scent wafting off his kinsman’s naked form was too much for even his strongest protests. He was only thankful that Xak wasn’t here to see this, knowing he would be removed from the order for certain!

With a start, his elvish mate broke the kiss, smiling at the very confused and aroused knight. With a firm grip, he reached down and undid the buckle of his new lover’s armor. One hand worked the armor straps while the other smooth white hand began rubbing its way across Ryonir’s soft face and brought him in for another kiss. Ryonir let his breastplate fall to the ground with a clatter, stopping briefly to take off the undershirt as well. Soon he was clad in only his britches, freeing his erect cock frothing against the other elf’s as his lover kissed him.

They continued their passionate embrace, feeling up each other's bare skin as the aromas from their lusty cocks invaded their noses. Ryonir loved feeling the smooth skin and firm power underneath his slender lover, clearly of elven heritage. He equally enjoyed the feel of his lover's slender fingers working over his less-than-perfect skin, hardened from years of work and training. He felt his modest cock press against the other elf's much larger one, and he blushed in embarrassment. He was slightly embarrassed in the moment, but the elf's skilled fingers allayed his fears as they traced over his body, eager to explore what Rynoir had to offer him. This new elf was powerfully into him, regardless of any flaws he thought he had!

Soon the other elf broke the kiss, a gleam in his eyes as he stepped backward. Lowering himself onto the ground, he looked back up at Ryonir lustfully as he wriggled his bare ass. There was no doubt in Ryonir's mind what the other elf wanted. Ryonir desired the same thing, against his deepest inner protests. He clearly remembered the sensation of being entered himself, to have someone warm inside of him. How amazing it felt against his prostate to be fucked, to be taken. He was sure the other elf wanted the same thing!

In the moment of lust, Ryonir couldn't help himself. He wanted nothing more than to breed the handsome male before him. If he were caught he would be removed from his post for the carnal act alone, never mind it was with another male. His kind would shun him. Yet, none of that mattered now, in this moment.

Ryonir wasn't quite how to proceed, having never done such a thing without draconic lust to guide him. Still, he knew the opening was a bit too tight for him. He recalled the sensation of warm fluid on his own ass the last time he had been fucked. Taking his phallus in his hand, Ryonir realized he was still uncomfortable with the feeling but loving the tremors of pleasure it gave him nonetheless. The ample fluid leaking from the tip was more than enough to cover his soon-to-be mate's ass in preparation. The other elf moaned throughout the endeavor, thrusting his hips back again the lust to prepare for the intrusion.

"Yes...do it!" The elf begged, the need in his almost feminine voice palpable. His entire body was trembling with sweat as he anticipated the fucking he desired so badly.

Ryonir's mind went blank as his cock tip poked the supple moist flesh of his lover's pucker. It seemed to open and take him inside fully with little difficulty. All the worries he had were melted away from the glove-like grip on his cock that stroked him expertly.

In his current position, the other elf could not do much to pleasure himself. Ryonir was inclined to reach one hand down along his mate's sweaty flesh, teasing his bare balls and cupping the space between them until finally settling his nimble fingers across the other elf's

taut, leaking shaft. The other elf hissed a “Yes!” in encouragement. Ryonir loved the feeling of warm precum leaking all over his hand as he stroked the other elf in tandem with his own thrusts.

It took almost no time for both of their ends to near. Ryonir could feel his mate throbbing in his hand and sped up his thrusts. In a few moments, the other elf exploded all over Ryonir’s eager hand, covering it with warm, sticky fluid. The uncontrolled grip of the elf’s twitching ass was enough to make him moan as he, too, reached his end, filling his lover with warm seed.

Ryonir panted as he rested on his still-prone lover, waiting for his cock to soften and pull out of the tight ass. But the alluring aroma in the air had not dissipated. In fact, to his surprise, his cock remained firmly in his lover’s tight ass, like he was able to cum once more. He hadn’t had that kind of stamina since...

The skin under his bare stomach and his chest started to grow rough against his own. Ryonir rubbed it a little, feeling something dry and smooth to his touch, much different than the sweaty bare skin he’d been feeling before, much more like a hide than smooth elven flesh. He looked down in terror at a thick line of silver-like scales he’d seen many times before, and once, a few months ago more intimately. The swelling of the other elf’s spine into the beginnings of a tail confirmed his suspicions.

“Gandreir...but how...why?” He said as the asshole he was still embedded in started to grow looser and looser against his cock. He tried desperately to pull out but there was still something gripping him tightly and he could not escape.

“It’s...fuck...breeding you...it triggered...a heat. Should only be in... grrr... females...males do not breed one another...breeding triggers a need...until the female is with eggs...but without that scent...males need to...keep breeding...”

“I took your form to...quell my heat...but it's not...enough...can't hold this form...” moaned Gandreir, the changes rapidly taking hold of his elven body.

Ryonir could feel the asshole getting wider and wider even as the flesh kept Ryonir held within while milking his cock once more. The dragon’s hips thrust as he sucked more of that modest elven cock inside. His squirming tail rubbed against Ryonir’s stomach as it stretched longer and longer with muscle. The former dragon’s backside was growing to its proper portions while the rest of his body remained elven!

Ryonir quickly had to stand on his tiptoes, forced deeper and deeper inside his lover. But even though the size of the dragon’s pucker was doubling and tripling as the minutes passed, his

cock still remained firm inside, as though part of a spell. The size of the massive ass he was fucking soon became impossible for his current vantage to meet. Ryonir was pushed onto his back as the dragon's massive ass started crushing him. He could feel the dragon's testes expanding against his legs, and the thickening tail pressing against his chest and head as Ryonir humped and humped. Still, Gandreir pushed back, as though desperate to take it.

The odor in his nose was becoming more pleasant as the dragon slowly regained his true form. Despite his personal distaste, Ryonir was more powerfully aroused than at any point in his life. The memories of their past breeding were still fresh in his mind and he could do nothing in the face of his powerful lust.

Gandreir, meanwhile, took his still-elven hand and stroked his own member, even as it rapidly grew too large for him to grip properly. His cock head started to point, losing its cleft and growing firm ridges along its underside. Its length doubled and tripled and he was prompted to grip the increasingly draconic shaft with both hands. Yet even the modest amount of stimulation was enough to bring much-needed release. Gandreir roared, an inhuman sound as his draconic phallus spewed all over the ground. The stench of his mate so close to him was all the incentive Ryonir needed. Even the brief touch of Gandreir's inner walls on the elf's cock was enough to bring Ryonir as well, and he shot his bolt into the vast cavern that was his lover's bowels.

With the brief reprieve from his lust, the massive dragon rose on his haunches, allowing the elf to breathe properly. The weight of the dragon's massive hindquarters, though alluring, was becoming rather inconvenient!

Two loads worth of spunk leaked from his now fully draconic rectum as Gandreir's reversion started in earnest, as though spurred on by its infusion. His fingers shank, thumb rolling up his wrists to become dewclaws while minute elven fingers thickened into massive silver claws. Heels rotated backward, feet expanding as his claws dug into the ground in ecstasy. Massive hips started to flatten and sink into the growing expanse of his stomach. Silver scales spread over his flesh, coating him in his draconic glory once more.

Ryonir stared at the hindquarters still in front of him, his erection growing for the third time. The scent wafting off the still-growing dragon was a powerful attractant. He hadn't realized how much he'd longed to partake in the pleasures of the flesh with his draconic lover once more. Yet he couldn't risk his position, his life, on a fantasy! No matter how much his body required it, or how the other dragon made him experience such forbidden desires.

As if in response to his internal conflict, Ryonir could feel his male-hood start to enlarge towards dimensions that were both impossible and familiar. His phallus began ballooning

outwards, the tip pointing as his still pink testes began swelling out with even more seed. The shaft grew red as it thickened with sharp crests and ridges all the way down to the bulging base. The skin started to darken and split into several dozen scales that began spreading over his legs as his hips started to swell.

It was at that point that Nombara finally awoke in Ryonir's mind and began roaring his contempt. "GANDREIR!" He yelled, screaming at his confinement and the outrage he was once again being forced to undergo. It was one thing to be fucked by a dragon but to be embarrassed further by that same dragon once more?!

From within, Nombara tried desperately to stop the change that was overtaking them both. He knew he had the power to stop it if he so chose, but something about the scent of draconic heat eroded his control. He was therefore forced to feel his body swell, their shared existence being returned to his preferred form. Ryonir could sense Nombara's thoughts now, knew he had been hiding the ability to revert at will. But he had no chance to fight back or protest under the waves of lust that had overridden their sensibilities.

Ryonir moaned as his own ass began to expand, anus rotating underneath the growing lump of his blackening tail. Testes began to swell with draconic seed, filling again for the third time with powerful spunk. Heels began to stretch while toes exploded into wicked talons. Ryonir winced as his fingers began to contract, losing his ability to interact with the world the way he had always enjoyed. He hated that part more than anything, the one undeniable proof that he was, in fact, on his way to becoming a beast.

In despair, he turned his head to watch the swelling of his hindquarters that signaled the progression of his changes. He had no idea why his posterior was always the first aspect to enlarge to its final proportions. Whatever spell Nombara used to force the change always made him suffer that embarrassment. His maleness, his testes, hips and legs, and most shameful of all, his anus were all altered while his face, his neck, and upper body remained elven, at least for the moment.

Meanwhile, Gandreir's own reversion sped up, the stench of his morphing draconic mate prompting male heat to override all of his facilities. He moaned from the ache of his wings tearing from his shoulders. Their bones stretched like arms as their fingers expanded, the long spindly digits swelling past the length of his long torso. From each of the fingers grew a thin yet sturdy flap of skin, enough to allow him the power of flight despite his massive frame. He grunted as his shoulders rotated forward, an audible crack of bone as his chest barreled, organs resuming their draconic shape.

A dragon's magic to change ran deep, more than a simple glamour. It allowed him to take on the form of a humanoid, even mate with others and produce offspring, the children having the potential for draconic blood and abilities. But the change was never this long, this painful. Gandreir had no control over it. He did not want to return to his draconic form like this. He'd prefer to keep his lust private and mate his male in elven form. Was it the heat causing his current shame?

The slow tearing of his flesh, the feeling of his back stretching, spines bursting forth as the scales spread further and further all of it served to accentuate his lust. Gandreir growled as he came once more, now lying in a pool of his own spunk. Yet the scents of his lust only served to arouse him more. When would he finally be sated with only a male mate he could not impregnate?

He growled with bestial intensity as his face started to press forward, his tongue stretching out of his lips before his muzzle could contain it. Silver scales spread over the thickening nose as his gums began to bleed from his serrated teeth. Pointed elven ears stretched to the sides of his head as they began to segment, forming four sets of points that developed the same type of webbing as his wings. His snout pressed impossibly forward, taking his flared nostrils along to be situated at their apex. The scales stretched along his neck as it thickened, and Gandreir could feel the familiar furnace in his chest building and he burped, spewing forth a burst of flame.

As his changes cemented, superior draconic senses began taking hold. Golden-slitted eyes pierced the night far better than his weak elvish ones. Yet, the enhanced olfactory abilities only caused the scent of lust and cum to force his already girthy assets to swell even more. How many breedings would it take to properly empty them? His improved hearing allowed him to know for certain that they weren't being intruded upon, at least. He didn't need the embarrassment of being watched in this disgraceful heat. How could this happen to a male such as he?

Now that his reversion was complete, save reaching his final girth, the empty ache from Gandreir's posterior took precedence. Pressing his anus against the still-elven face of his mate, it was a demand to be fucked once more. Ryonir had no choice but to sniff it, lapping at the remains of his cum on the silver-scaled pucker. The taste was repugnant, but the scent of it, even to his unchanged nose, was powerfully arousing.

Ryonir found himself humping the ground again, longing desperately to fuck the lovely moist open pucker. He desired to position his penis to enter that lovely tight posterior, but his thumbs were uselessly crawling up his wrists as his deadly nails tore bloodlessly from his



fingernails. Thick-plated black scales spread down the length of his shrinking, fattening digits, and Ryonir dug them into the earth, frustrated at how little they could move. Palms swelled with thicker skin as his shoulders snapped forward, restricting the motion of his hands. His only recourse was to hump the backside of his mate until he grew large enough to fuck the silver dragon properly.

Though it sickened him to feel this way, Rynoir could not deny the intensity of his lusts. His cock tip pressed against scaly skin, careering off his target and coating it with slimy pre. His release was nearing already, even with the lack of stimulation to his draconic cock tip. Straining his too-human neck, he desperately tried to sniff and lick at the musky orbs and supple ass. As if in response to his innermost desires, his neck cracked forward with length, allowing his head to reach his goal. A serpentine tongue crawled out of his mouth as the tip grew forked, teasing the flesh and making the larger dragon squirm.

His neck allowed his still-elven head to touch the ample ballsack of his lover. He breathed in the heady scent, resting his changing head in the folds of his lover's testicles. The scents burned deep inside him as without stimulation his girthy dragon cock coated the hind legs of the silver dragon with foul-smelling spunk. Yet much like Gandreir, his own lust could not be quelled so easily with a simple orgasm.

Rynoir's changes were accelerating now, the needs in his psyche manifesting physically. The pain of horns erupting from his skull made him roar as his hair fell away and thick black scales encroached over his stretched head. He could feel his snout start to pull away from his face, bringing it closer and closer to the object of his desire. Eyes watered as his irises altered to a deep gold that could easily pierce the night sky around them. Teeth fell out in a bloody pile as his new draconic fangs tore from thickened gums. Nostrils flared and grew rounded and merged with the pointed snarled lips he now had. Ears stretched into multiple spines that were filled in with a tough thin membrane.

As his already-massive body expanded further, his hips and maleness grew closer to being able to mount his massive mate. The pains of transformation were still intense, especially as his wings ripped out from his shoulder blades and spines burst forth from his back all the way down his tail. He was still much smaller than his mate, so much so that his member wouldn't even be registered in the cavernous ass that Gandreir sported. But that didn't stop him from trying. After all, he knew he would be a sufficient size soon enough!

The lust that distracted Ryonir from rational thought left a crack that allowed Nombara's consciousness to soak in. Ryonir was swept up in the rage of his other half as the dragon roared through their nearly changed mouth. Yet, the need to mate, to breed, overrode any resistance he

might have harbored. He was disgusted by the male heat that had overridden his sensibilities. But he had no control over his actions. Thus, he decided to take advantage of the situation. Nombara reared up, prodding the moist wet ass his counterpart had prepared. He growled as he felt his searching cock tip enter the already widened folds, shivers of ecstasy resonating through his frame.

“Let’s see how YOU like it!” Nombara hissed as his draconic cock roughly entered his target. He was not gentle. Although the cavernous ass much was too big for him at the moment, with every thrust he could feel herself getting tighter and tighter inside his lover.

Gandreir couldn’t believe he was dealing with the fallout from his earlier boldness. Had he known this male heat would have resulted in *this*, he never would have tried to put the larger dragon in his place. But now he was forced to reap the consequences of his actions. He would have to submit to the larger male as many times as Nombara saw fit. Even Ryonir was along for the ride, with no ability to control the situation, though was well aware of the feelings of pleasure welling from their body.

Nombara could feel the loose folds of Gardreir’s asshole getting tighter and tighter around his cock as he grew into his final proportions. As a black dragon, he was much larger than the weaker silver and it was truly his right to breed. “Yes, you little slut...take it...TAKE IT! SUBMIT!” Nombara yelled, getting close and loving the sensation. It was the first time experiencing such sensation in many years and he was willing to revel in what little control he maintained.

Nombara couldn't hold back his release and no longer desired to. He wished to fill this smaller dragon with his scent and let him know that *he* was in charge. “GGRRRRRRROOOOOORRRRRRRRRR!” Nombara roared as he filled up his lover’s bowels with a sea of foul-smelling spunk.

Gandreir felt his inner walls overflow with warming seed and the stimulation to his prostate brought him closer to his own end. It was the worst travesty to allow this to happen so willingly, but lost in the moment, instincts took over and he fell over the edge into the release his loins so desperately craved.

“GGRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOAAAARRRRR!” Gandreir joined the cacophony of draconic roars as he, too, poured another load of dragon jism into the earth as his flailing balls emptied.

The previous orgasms were like a drop in the bucket to the waves of pleasure that cascaded over them both in the all-consuming male heat. Both beasts stopped for a moment, breathing heavily from the exertion that the change and the repeated orgasms had done to them. Mating dragons had intense stamina but the force of their reversion and the struggles of male-on-male mating forced them to take a brief reprieve.

Yet the lust had not yet abated. The needs in their loins were ever-present, and their cocks were not quite sore even from frequent mating. It would likely take several more breedings for both of them to finally wear out. Both had no other recourse but to let it run its course.

Unknown to the two still-breeding dragons, Xak had been watching from a distance, his own member erect from the sight. He had no idea why it was so arousing to watch two beasts rutting in transformation as he very seldom partook in the pleasure of his own flesh. Especially not with another male! But the more he stared at their frequent copulations, the more he became interested, wondering what it would be like to mate like a beast...