

# *Eyes on the Dragon*

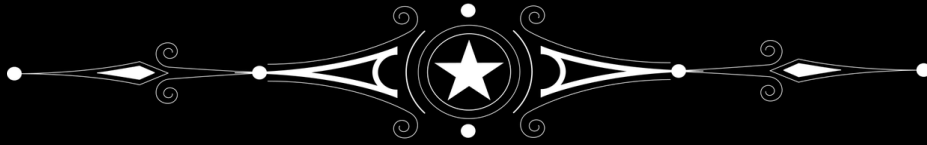
Commission for Postie

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Female Au Ra to anthro dragon TF, hyper, macro growth, corruption, destruction

Read at your own discretion.



Coerthas Central Highlands was home to some of the best winter hellscapes in Eorzea. The Steps of Faith, an expansive bridge leading to the great city of Ishgard, was no exception. Its length crossed numerous trenches and canyons that cut deep into the star's crust. From that inhuman depth lurked nightmares beyond a person's imagination constantly struggling to survive the element's brutal whims. An adventurer would need a god's courage or a complete lack of wits to venture into such a place.

"Misha! This is the stupidest thing you've ever done. By far!"

Angry affirmations of that notion from her companion didn't stop Misha from repelling down one the last rope. It had taken no small amount of coin and preparations but she was finally here. Hearing boots landed upon the great chasms floor with a crunch of snow filled the dark skinned Au Ra with a fire no cold could extinguish. It was hard to see what the big deal was. The winds had been mercifully calm for most of their descent.

"Don't be such a scaredy cat." Misha giggled at her own pun, waiting for the green haired migo'te to finish repelling down safely beside her. Considering how the feline featured woman was more interested in trying to hug herself warm, the attempt at a pun went unappreciated. "We just got done with the dangerous part. It's just a simple fetch and carry from here."

"Assuming we find the bloody things." Sorsha fell into step behind Misha. The pair began walking in seemingly a random direction since their enclosed canyon only offered so many. "The Steps is a pretty damn long bridge. The warrior of light could have tossed them from anywhere."

"Trust me. I got a nose for this." The Au Ra's serpentine tail wagged rapidly with her bouncing steps. "Besides, it'll be totally worth finding them. I know what I'm doing."

"Preeetty sure white mages aren't supposed to seek out cursed relics of destruction. Doesn't that go against a healer code or something?"

"The real crime is what mankind did to dragons that started the whole dang war." Misha pivoted on her heels to glare at Sorsha with hands on her hips. "Are you just going to complain the whole trip, cabbage head?"

Sorsha's pink furry cat ears drooped as she brushed at her bangs in a huff. "This is more like a lime green. Thank you very much. And I'm all for helping out the dragons. This just seems a bit, with all respect, crazy."

"I didn't make you climb down with me." Misha gave a raspberry and resumed her marching. "Besides, you're the one that suggested this."

"My mistake was underestimating your obsession with dragons. Aren't you people, like, descended from them or something?"

"Far as biological studies are concerned, I'm as much a dragon as you are a house cat." Misha couldn't help souring her tone with a surge of indignation. Given her tail, scales, and the curved black horns on the sides of her head were all draconic in appearance, such brash comments had plagued Au Ra for generations. This despite no conclusive evidence they were remotely related to the great wyrms that fought Ishgard in over a thousand years of war. Even someone talented in the crucial skills of healing magic often found themselves getting short changed to near poverty.

Sorsha didn't seem to notice their anger, having gotten distracted by a rusty shield half buried in the snow. "Some of my best friends are house cats."

"That makes way too much sense."

The pair of humanoids continued their march through the canyon with little more to discuss. In the months since Sorsha had appeared, offering unconditional aid in Misha's dragon research, she'd learned a lot about her Au Ra friend's admiration for the big, powerful creatures. It was only rivaled by their secret disdain for Ishgard and its people that'd tried exterminating Midgardsormr's children.

"You know, you really act like a dragon sometimes?" Sorsha said after getting bored of listening to their snowy footfalls.

"Great!" Misha called without looking back. "I wish I was a dragon. Those brutes in the market square aren't brave enough to taunt something bigger than themselves."

"You're cute when you're grumpy." Those words finally broke Misha's stride, if only for a second. Sorsha was sadly disappointed the darker skinned woman continued to stomp through the canyon more tense in her refusal to look back. "So how do we find these things anyway?"

"Hell if I know! The bridge the warrior of light tossed them from is over a malm above us. We'll have to find a safe place to camp and start systematic surveys through the canyon for irregular aether. Maybe we can triangulate a rough landing zone by..."

"There they are!"

Misha whirled to face the miqo'te completely dumbstruck. Her wide eyes followed Sorsha's pointed finger up the canyon walls to a ledge only a small walk from their position. They were already encased in layers of ice from facing months of the elements, but just seeing them made her reptilian tail quiver. Even from a few building floors worth of distance they oozed a furious power that'd overwhelm most novice mages.

“Okay.” She took a deep breath trying to curb her excitement. “That saves us a lot of time and rations. Here’s hoping we can get a refund on the months’ worth of supplies we dragged down here. I don’t see any other ledges we can use to climb up there. We’ll have to try finding solid rock in the ice to anchor our way...”

Hot air blasted at the back of Misha’s head, eliciting a startled squeal as her hair got tussled. Before she could start shouting an irritated threat the searing ball of fire that flew over her head left the Au Ra’s jaw hitting the snowy ground. It held a perfect trajectory that struck the ledge with a small explosion of steam. Such force proved enough to knock the two icy objects bouncing down the rocky cliffside.

Sorsha sheathed her black mage staff with pink furry ears pridefully erect. “There! I saved you a ton of time and work on this obsession. Feel free to thank me graciously.”

Misha’s response was a high-pitched squeal that, in the canyon’s acoustics, almost sent Sorsha collapsing in a heap clenching her feline ears. Ignoring their friends cursing, the Au Ra rushed forward towards her falling prizes. A buxom woman’s figure in heavy winter gear worked against her. In the panic clunky steel toes tripped over each other, leaving her to scramble the remaining distance on all fours.

“Oh, thank the gods!” She cried after collecting both of them for a thorough examination in the snow. The thick ice encasing both objects had ended up serving as armor against the fiery blast. While there were lots of cracks and chips, the insides stared back perfectly unharmed. Just having them in her hands, frozen over or not, made her scaled tail begin wagging atop her raised haunches. “They’re still in one piece. That’s such a relief!”

“You do realize you’re hugging giant eyeballs?”

Misha sat back on her knees, shooting a burning glare of hate at the cheerful miqo’té. They had wisely decided not to follow and maintain a safe distance.

“These are the eyes of the great Nidhogg himself, you uneducated bimbo. He was one of the great seven wyrms born of...”

“Yadda yadda yadda! You really love going on history speeches. Can we just pack your boyfriend’s remains and climb out of here?”

Misha resisted the urge to use her companion for a fire, recalling her supposed role as a white mage. A loud crackling made both girls look up and promptly scramble back the way they’d come. The ledge Sorsha blasted so casually had knocked loose a bunch of other canyon pieces. Thanks to the aid of harsh winds blowing in, the Au Ra found herself narrowly dodging boulders carrying frozen eyes the size of melons under each arm.

“Oh great!” Howling whistles running through the deep pit made Sorsha’s voice hard to hear, even when Misha managed to get within a few feet of them. “This is why I hate visiting Ishgard. Another cold storm is coming in.”

“No kidding!” Misha found herself nearly shouting already as ice whipped at her clothes. Her white hair got thrown forward into her face making it even harder to trudge through the snow. “We need to find cover. No way we’re climbing out of here in this.”

Whatever Sorsha said became near incomprehensible in the mounting flurry around them. Not that Misha was paying much attention as she stuffed the dragon eyes into her traveling pack. When she straightened up again the miqo'te had clambered a short distance ahead to stand before a gaping black void. It took Misha a second to realize Sorsha gestured towards a cave in the frozen cliffside.

The miqo'te conjured a ball of bright green light in her palm once they'd managed to get inside its mouth. It was more of a sharp groove than a cave; barely the size of a luxury master bedroom. However, it did cut out the storm whistling behind them, so Sorsha happily stripped her pack and excess gear against one of the stone walls. “It ain't the Rising Stones, but it'll keep our fat asses warm.”

Misha could only scowl in response as she likewise removed her climbing gear. She was almost certain this bimbo of a cat girl only followed her around exactly because of her plump Au Ra rear. If anything, they were about as scholarly as a rock with half the intelligence. Though it pained her to admit they were batting three for three on usefulness during this excursion.

Before long the pair had a small fire going with some magic imbued logs they'd brought. A single one could burn for hours and in the small insulated space provided ample warmth. Not much was said while they prepared for a prolonged camp out. Sorsha was content reading some trashy novel about interdimensional travel as a form of afterlife. Whatever kept them silent was fine for Misha. That gave her plenty of time to admire Nidhogg's lost eyes. The frozen body remains had been placed by the fire in hopes of thawing off their ice shells.

Lifeless slit irises stared back into the Au Ra's soul. Her tail swiped rapidly across the cave floor where she sat. It was easy to imagine all that pure hatred still resonating inside those eyes. That poor wyrm must have endured centuries of watching his kin suffer at the weapons of Ishgard. Misha's years of bullying probably looked like a minor ache in comparison, yet still felt like a common ground between them.

Her irate thoughts became so deep Misha never realized she'd fallen asleep. The storm had long grown silent outside the cave, having added a good few inches of fresh snow to hike through. Although in the evening dark it was still hard to see anything past the cave's mouth. Their log only had a few pathetic embers still going on its charred husks.

A loud rumbling vibrated off the stone walls, which Misha realized was Sorsha's snoring. Figures something idiotic would snap her back to reality. Fat lot of good it does being wide awake during the night time. Climbing these canyons is dangerous enough with perfect vision and calm weather. Dang dragons have it easy when they can just fly anywhere.

Suddenly remembering why she was camping in a snow hell cave drew Misha's attention back to Nidhogg's eyes. Just as the Au Ra had hoped, the passing hours next to a fire had completely melted their ice prison. They sat right where she left them staring back with a soft shine in the waning light. Somehow it made them look more alive. She scooted closer, feeling goosebumps break out across her ebony smooth skin. Now that they were out in the open the sheer dense aether radiating off the large orbs made her horns tingle.

"Baby. The things we're going to do." She giggled while scooping an eye in each hand. Being next to the fire had made them incredibly warm to the touch. Up close their glow only seemed to intensify. "What? GAAAH!"

The force crashed upon Misha's body like a boulder; pure, seething hate. Her hands became engulfed in black magical flames along with Nidhogg's eyes. Not that they burned in a traditional sense, but power beyond a person of the Au Ra's limited lifespan rushed through her veins filling her every curve.

Misha's serpent tail snapped straight up as she struggled to gulp a breath. No wonder the Azure dragoon himself couldn't handle both eyes. Her form began to visibly steam from sweat trying to handle the rushing torrent. But beyond the aether she could feel it; the flailing emotions of a dragon that'd been wrong by so many. Nidhogg's will still lived on in a faint way through the wyrms pain, agony, and sorrow.

And she accepted all of it.

The black flames didn't cease, though Misha could sense their intrusion on her form slow for a moment. Even a wild raging storm of emotions seemed taken aback by such a willing and empathetic host. With that realization, however, their outpour increased tenfold. Dragon aether danced with Au Ra inside Misha, eliciting an unexpectedly sensual cry from her. Nidhogg's legacy no longer tried to claw its way in. Instead, it caressed her inside and out like a hundred gentle hands of a lover. Soon she was growing hot in other ways. Her nipples stiffed, rubbing against the interior of her coat. Sparks flitted inside her loins, inciting involuntary muscle spasms that quickly made her panties wet.

"Aw fuck!" Misha gasped from the sensory overload. A pulse of dark fire erupted from the eyes to encompass her in a blinding wave. When she could see a second later, the relics of power had vanished inside her body. The event might have gone unwitnessed but she could feel the dragons might empower her very core. Even without holding them her hands still tingled from their residual presence.

Her hands!?

"Aw fuck! Yeah!" Misha cried while watching her growing palms. In fact, all over her skin darkened to the point she'd practically blend into the night outside. Once smooth skin rippled and she turned her hands over to watch the backs developing the shimmering small plates of reptile scales on them. What really got her tail wagging was

when her manicured nails stretched and thickened, developing into slight hooks until she had a set of fierce looking claws. "Harrgh!"

The Au Ra collapsed onto hands and knees. Nidhogg's essence raced over her spine like water ripples. Her sex especially throbbed as each little surge flooded her insides with need. Glancing over one shoulder, she smiled wider. The little tail on her shapely behind seemingly wanted to stretch towards the caves' far wall. Quick, sensual pulsed surged it longer and thicker. Soon the girth of its base began intruding on her ass itself, forcing the fatty cheeks to squish apart for room.

"Gggrrraa-ooohh!!" Misha lowered her face against the dirty stone floor, mashing her breasts which only stimulated their tender flesh. The quivering pleasure in her pants compelled her haunches to raise high as they could go, presenting her growing lizard tail for an unseen audience. A freed hand shot between her legs, rubbing vigorously at her puffed lips through the dense winter clothing. So much was leaking out she could feel a wet spot forming.

She gave out a growling gasp upon finally hitting her clit. Legs spread as wide as they'd go in her raised position. The Au Ra's tail had slithered into a small tree log size and the butt it was attached to decided to join in the growing. Both pants and boots quickly grew tight against Misha's fresh scaly skin, which only tickled her pleasure. While they could protect from the elements, they were not designed with a transforming woman in mind. Little by little the seams were losing the fight for containment. Bits of jet-black fat and muscle broke through the fabric, bulging in their expansion to force the tears slowly wider. Each little rip rang through her ears, making her spreading hips jostle.

Her toes were especially getting cramped in their coverings. Misha couldn't see past her tits on the floor, though their altering bones couldn't be ignored through the drunken lust. Most notable was how her heels were getting compelled to rise into a high arch, driving the front hard against boot tips in their rapid expansion. Her boots groaned from the strain, puffing like balloons as budding claws tore at the leather.

"Hrrrgh! GRWWWAARRRR!"

Eventually the annoying footwear couldn't hold back Misha's power much longer. New massive platforms exploded out the fronts, slamming onto the cold stone floor as the paws of a beast. Such epic relief rocketed through the growing Au Ra with such ferocity that her enormous serpent tail cracked the ground while she squirted. Pawed toes flexed in their new freedom, carving deep gashes in the bedrock with their talons.

What remained of her garments perished soon after. Boots fell away in tatters while the ever-expanding size and girth of her succulent legs decimated the inferior trouser stitching. The extremely messy panties underneath held on slightly longer against Misha rubbing her aching mound. Soon enough however they snapped from the ever-flowing fat bloating out her raised backside.

Misha rolled onto her back feeling a tail longer than her own thickening body smack the cave wall. The laughing and moaning of her amused lust came out through sharpening teeth thick with rumbling growls. Her now naked lower half looked like some humanoid version of a dragon with thighs rich enough to crush a whole man between them and hips ample enough to lay hundreds of clutches. More importantly, her hand wasted no time diving three fingers into the swollen mound of her slit, only being partially mindful of the claws. Cries of pleasure turned into deep croaking almost like a song to the melody of wet slurping noises.

With her free hand Misha ripped at the struggling winter coat on her upper body. It hadn't been faring much better as the Au Ra's increasingly draconic body continued filling up the small cave. Much like her ass, breasts bounced free of the clothing's confines already twice their formerly impressive size. Their pliable flesh only continued to swell, pushed together by her muscular biceps before spilling around the woman's arms. She alternated squeezing them with one hand, her mind imagining a humanoid Nidhogg playfully biting when her fingers pinched the tender nipples on each one. The fingers driving wildly in and out of her became the shaft of a mighty dragon's cock.

“FRRGRAAH!”

Misha gasped when her head bonked into the one side of the caves while her tail and feet became bunched up on the opposite end. She was only growing faster as her insides tensed for the climax, which enriched her feverish sex fantasies in an endless spiral. Her ears became drowned in the snaps and cracks of bones shifting, horns becoming longer, jutting further forwards as they migrated near the top of her head.

Labored grunts became totally bestial after her jaws gave a loud pop. A tongue much too long flopped out onto her chin before the whole Au Ra's face pushed out into a thick lizard's snout. The rows of sharp teeth in her gaping maw shined with a dragon's ferocity as she reached her peak. Scaled fingers smacked wildly at her clit trying for that last ounce of build up before it all came crashing down with the full might of Nidhogg's eyes.

The whole of Ishgard got a rude awakening just as the sun began to rise that morning. People fled from their homes in mass panic at what they thought was an earthquake. Some even thought a volcano erupted from the deep canyons with all the rocky debris raining down upon the city state. That quickly turned to confusion when they'd glance towards the city's main bridge only to find two structures of black scales had erupted out from the bowls of the earth. Their rounded curves rose high into the sky in support of a wider base heavily obscured by the clouds.

Clouds that were easily blown away when Misha gave a few test flaps of her new dragon wings growing out from behind her shoulders. Dread returned to the city as its populace slowly came to the realization, they were staring at the juicy thighs of a very large dragon woman. The subtle jiggling of their fatty curves led a perfect direction line to the soaked, yet satisfied, pussy looming over their heads.



Misha gazed down at the city between the cleavage of her mountainous breasts. It was practically a toy model from this perspective, almost to the point she could pick up half of it with both hands. A forked tongue licked hungrily across her long muzzle lips eyeing the peasants that'd bullied her as a child tripping over themselves in blind fear.

The same people that'd butchered so many innocent dragons.

After becoming completely fueled by the rage of Nidhogg himself, the former Au Ra's next action was clear. She decided to let gravity do the work on her giant buxom curves in dealing the first blow of righteous judgment. The Steps of Faith bridge was easy enough to destroy by falling to her knees. After that it was simply an act of falling forward, casting a shadow across the city as her black mounds hurtled down like meteors.

Oh yes. The dragon wars were about to enter a new phase of unprecedented proportions.

Copyright © Desmond Fallout

All rights reserved.

# Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/desmondfallout>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>

<https://twitter.com/DesmondFallout>



# SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

A special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon and DeviantArt:

Moresmallerbear

RottenDingo

Axel Stephan

Aneru

Nathaniel Windcaster

Meepes

Redbow

Forvet

Xilimyth Senuva

Scott Collier

Max O-Zuma