Spinel Undead Dragon tf

When Spinel woke up, the first thing she recognized was the horrible stench assaulting her nose. The place she was in reeked of the smell of death and disease, making her cough violently as she came to her senses. Perhaps the smell felt more nauseatingly hateful because of her powers. She was a goddess of fertility, after all.

She really couldn’t believe how things have progressed to make her be here, imprisoned inside the heart of enemy territory and awaiting some kind of torture and punishment which was sure to be worse than her death.

To many mortal races she was known and worshipped as the avatar of the great Earth Mother, representing the fertile soil teeming with life energy, ensuring bountiful harvests to farmers who paid homage to her. When drought or flood hit, those affected came to her temple to seek guidance. Her curvaceous body with wide hips, thick thighs and huge breasts and butts were another side of the ‘fertility’ she represented. From time to time, she would mate in front of the gathered masses in a symbolic gesture of the land getting fertilized and ready to yield the expectant farmers bountiful crop for the year. Rarely her belly was empty of the eggs, birthing healthy dragons who grew to be her priests and temple guards.

Those were the good old days, Spinel thought, before a huge host of undead armies poured from the frigid wastes, even managing to topple one of human kingdoms and committing terrible atrocities on its subjects. An alliance was formed, and she was called. After a few series of events, she agreed to participate in a commando raid to take out the so-called the Undead Lord, teaming up with veteran warriors and mercenaries.

Which honestly didn’t bother her that much; before she was chosen by the Earth Mother and ascended to her current title, Spinel was an adventurer on her own right, having her own share of daring survival and adventure stories. She was as deadly as a warrior as a sensuous lover in bed. For once she could relive the feeling of being in the action again.

But things didn’t work out well. The undead forces were prepared. When Spinel and other dragons approached the floating undead fortress, they were immediately attacked by the cannons jutting out from the massive walls. She saw her wings getting punctured several times by the cannon shots. It was painful enough to make her almost faint.

Except she didn’t, and was teleported at the last possible moment before she hit the ground. Right now she was chained in some kind of huge underground hall, her eyes draped with some kind of foul-smelling cloth. Perhaps the temporary loss of her sight made her other senses more acute. Besides the rotting stench painfully piercing her nose, Spinel heard sloshing, dripping, groaning and gurgling sounds.

She was probably surrounded by zombies. They must’ve chained her while she lay unconscious. There was also a huge looming presence she couldn’t really figure what it was exactly, but she knew it wasn’t going to help her set free from her bounds.

What worried her more than the smell, the sound and an unknown presence was her own body feeling relatively fine. She remembered her shredded wings, and tried to check them. While she couldn’t move them, the flaring pain she should’ve felt wasn’t there. The leathery membranes on her wings felt intact, and only a dull ache remained, feeling a bit stiff. That was a worrying sign. That meant the undead minions healed her body…for what? She knew the answer, but didn’t want to think about it.

“Ahhh!” Spinel suddenly shouted, so startled by the abrupt cold and slimy touch on her body. She hadn’t expected that. She still couldn’t see, but the strange feeling was enough for her to guess what the lifeless bodies around here were doing.

They were touching her…in a very evidently molesting way. First they grabbed her huge bouncy breasts in such a gentle way which made her body flush with arousal. And they were actually quite skilled. Unlike some of her past lovers, often horny and inexperienced, these zombies knew how to worship her two round orbs well. They squeezed with the just the right amount of pressure to make her want more, sensually rubbing and tickling her flesh, sometimes pinching on her inverted nipples, even inserting a few slimy fingers inside her nipples (for she often enjoyed some extreme form of breastplay), making her gasp and moan from the pleasure.

Then more hands joined the assault. Her large hip that made both men and women water with their absolute size and tautness was begging to be touched as Spinel absentmindedly shook her rear, giving a signal of invitation. The dead smeared their rotten bodily fluid all over her butt as their hands ran over her bottom, some touching, some smacking, and some heading gradually towards her two orifices puffing and huffing with arousal.

“Ah…damn…” It wasn’t the softest and gentlest touch, but they sure knew how to hit the just the right spots. The fingers sliding inside her two holes felt cold, but her inner heat soon warmed then enough, allowing her to enjoy them quenching her inner itch while her arms were tied. Inch by inch the more finger slid in deeper on both holes, which greedily squeezed the foreign objects with utmost sincerity. Her passage was wide enough to allow entry for draconic members, yet they still retained their tightness, of which she used it to a full advantage. She quivered as her body relaxed more, almost lying flat on the ground, which made her holes widen further.

Then the hands began to explore her body in a more bizarre way. As she was lying on all fours with arms and legs stretched, her armpit was exposed as much as her sagging breasts and her lower parts. The dead bodies actually touched her there, making her feeling ticklish amidst the sensual pleasure coming from the obscene touches she was receiving. It was no innocent childish tickling she was receiving. The hands kept fondling around her armpit in a weirdly arousing way, and when something long slithered back and fro, Spinel shouted loudly again in surprise.

Cocks. The things currently touching her armpits were multiple cocks rubbing their wet and sticky fleshes around her body. How the dead still retained their…genitalia, Spinel wasn’t really sure, but the acrid and pungent smell made her gag, albeit not in a very unpleasant way, her nose registering the scent like a deep male musk, exciting her further.

The hands roamed all over her body, leaving a trail of slimy substances making her skin tingle all over. Sometimes it felt like really itchy, but the touch relieved her, quenching her emanating heat. Even towards her agape mouth the hands found a way there, smothering their filthy entrails even inside her mouth. The taste was nauseating, making her gag, but soon that sensation abated. The strangely erotic gestures left her gasping in pleasure, wishing for more. Her mouth was now full of goop, and she eagerly swallowed it without any hesitation, savoring the strong salty taste.

Why the hell did Spinel feel so aroused, she wasn’t so sure. Just why? Her somewhat panicked voice inside her head tried to make sense of what was going on. She was the goddess of life and fertility, damn it! Her vibrant life energy was an anathema to the undead creatures. That was the main reason she was chosen to accompany the group going on their mission.

The pleasure she felt from the touching made her hard to concentrate. It was like she was being massaged by the dead. The smell and the touch, as well as the slimy stuff clinging to her body made her feel like she was on fire, making her moan and whimper like an animal. Her thighs felt wet, and she knew it was not just because of the zombies’ slimy touches. Her own juice was flowing from her nether region.

“Hah…why…” She muttered, clearly having difficulty trying to control her body. It didn’t help that her current position allowed most of her body to be exposed, including her tail which was also chained to make it go up, making her private areas easily accessible. The zombies were good with foreplay, she had to admit that. She should’ve been disgusted by the vile touch, but the feelings were so good. It reminded her of the frequent mating rituals she had performed in the past.

“Gah…” Even when she felt hot sticky cum splattered unto her body, she could only let out a satisfied moan. The zombies touching her must’ve had cummed all at once, giving her a nice facial and then everywhere else.

Her open mouth eagerly gulped down the thick vile and bitter cum that seemed to leave a burning sensation inside her neck, but she didn’t cough, loving the acid taste. The cum stank, but the heavy musky smell added to her arousal, making her feel very strange. She knew she had to fight it, but her body was slow to heed her command. Actually, the zombies’ touches were so good that she wanted them to continue molesting her.

While she was lost in her own thoughts the zombies cummed again, adding more hot cum to her body. Then the hands began to smear them all over her, some even scooping some of the thick gloop and inserting it inside her mouth, anus and pussy. Her multiple holes quivered excitedly at the perverse invasion, her sign of enjoying this ordeal now becoming more apparent.

Still some part of her mind battled against the terribly arousing sensation. This wasn’t right. The dead’s touches weren’t supposed to feel this good. And her body showed no sign of repulsion as well. The dead continued to touch her without being burned away by her life energy, and her own body didn’t recoil from the usual necromantic energy surrounding the dead.

Then Spinel remembered her wings healed back to its pristine state, and a strange feeling that followed. It was a bit harder to move her wings. The muscles were slow to follow her command. What could that mean? Could it be? Even as the hands inserted another batch of slimy cum inside her awaiting anus and pussy, the captured dragon realized that both her and the dead zombies molesting her didn’t recoil from each other’s presence.

That had been bugging her for a while, though she was largely ignoring it for all the pleasure she felt from the ‘molestation’ she was quite enjoying. Before she could ponder further, another thing caught her attention. There was a droning sound. At first she wasn’t so sure, but the sound grew louder. While she couldn’t recognize exactly what the words were, the slow gibbering tone was suspiciously like that of a magical chant.

“Wha…what are you doing? Stop! Ugh…” She tried to move her body, but the chains held fast. Besides, the strange contented feeling made her harder to focus. Her body was keep getting touched and fondled. The cums shooting out from rotten cocks at random intervals made her body incredibly smelly. It was disgusting, nauseating…and at the same time unbelievably mind-blowing. It was the stench of unwashed body parts that one couldn’t just stay away from after taking a single whiff, acting like a powerful drug forcing one to inhale more. So rancid and putrid, it had its own special charm that fascinated her. It oddly felt like her body odor in heat, increasingly concentrated dosage of her sweat and other fluids combined.

As the hands touched and voices chanted, she felt a wave of invisible tendrils coiling around her. Around her she briefly saw strange patterns appearing before her eyes, then disappearing quickly before she could recognize their forms.

“Hah…grr!” Spinel shouted out in frustration. Her body was now feeling itchy. Previously it had been just minor tingling, like a flushing feeling when one got excited, but this time she felt like tiny little insects crawling all over her skin. She twisted her body all over the hard stone surface to relieve the maddening feeling, but the irritating feeling on skin did not settle down.

“Ah….damn…” She could finally relax when the hands applied the hot cum all over her reddened body, showing clear visible signs of her heightened libido, with swollen breasts and hips, her holes leaking copious amount of fluids as well. The zombies’ cool hands slaked some of the maddening heat and itchiness she was feeling, while the sticky cum acted like a lotion to soothing her troubled skin.

What she was yet to realize was that as the zombies kept smudging her body with their cum, they were drawing magical signs all over her body with their bodily fluid. With the blind still draped over her eyes she couldn’t see what exactly was happening. Spinel did find the hands’ touches electrifying, but she attributed the sensation to her own body responding to her heat.

But as the undead kept chanting the magical words, the signs drawn on her body began to take more permanent markings, the thick whitish cum painlessly etched unto her scale, slowly becoming part of her body. Her bright red scale became slightly darker, losing its vibrant luminosity. As the mark began to glow her body gained more mass, most of the newly expanding flesh concentrated on her breasts, hips, and thighs, making her look more chubby as her gargantuan breasts flopped on the floor and her butt becoming almost the twice the size of her waist, wobbling on the air.

Once famous for her curvy body putting full display on her fertility, now her physique was almost bordering on the excessive, as her huge body parts made Spinel feel bloated and sluggish, making her feel light-headed and short of breath as her body became fatter.

And her change was far from done. The magical signs etched onto her body was now rendered almost invisible, seeping under her scale. But their effects were now only activating as the dark necromantic energies tapped into her own body. From a distance one might’ve drawn to the dragon’s overly sexualized body sporting huge assets from both front and back, but upon closer inspection he would’ve been horrified to find that something was wrong with her scales.

She was yet to discover what was happening to her body besides the expanding flesh and her increasing arousal; blisters started to appear all over her body, giving a foul rotten stench of which her nose registered as a strong musk attracting potential suitors for her. Elsewhere brown splotches began to spread, shedding her scales and revealing unhealthy-looking bare muscle tissues. Skins ripped and ruptured, but Spinel didn’t feel pain as her subverted life energy rapidly healed her body to maintain her strange current state of being diseased yet not truly dead.

That had been the Undead Lord’s plan all along; he knew one as powerful as Spinel could not be brought down with his usual necromantic magic. As the undead minions ‘healed’ her they had put an almost imperceptible enchantment over her, so that over time her body would become more used to becoming undead-like. Her strong life energy meant that she could never be truly risen from the dead, but then even now she wasn’t truly dead, just badly diseased and infected by all touch she had with the zombies, as well as the cum she ingested thoroughly from top to bottom.

Her body continued to decay, some chunks of flesh falling off to reveal her bones and muscles. Her healing energy fought to repair the damage, but all it succeed doing so was putting her body in kind of a stalemate between full restoration and complete death, making her neither truly alive or dead. Even her eyes became glazed, losing its famed luster, her pupil dilated into extreme size. Her claws on hands and toes began to fray at the end, revealing more bony structures which gradually crept up towards her limbs, becoming sharper.

Even before she heard a loud roar, her body responded the foulest putrid stench she had ever inhaled, and it was driving her crazy with lust, her contaminated body taking the smell as sort of an aphrodisiac. When she turned back, she saw a huge lumbering dragon somewhat bigger than her size.

She should’ve been shocked, seeing how the dragon’s body was appalling to look at. It was different from other undead dragons she have seen in the past. They were mostly just bone structures animated by malefic energies, wreathed in a blue cold and freezing ‘flame’ inflicting severe frostbites to anyone who got too close. This one was different. It was sort of…alive? Spinel sensed some kind of remnant life energy clinging tenaciously to its broken and damaged body. Its skins were badly decayed. Several parts were split open, revealing dangling organs and muscles, most looking unhealthily brown, covered in black dried blood. She could even see bones jutting out from part of its body, mutated into sharp long spikes capable of skewering anyone who came near. Flies buzzed around its body, drawn by its foul smell of decay. There were maggots crawling around many holes in its body. Yellow glops of pus flowed from the many holed-skins. It was disgusting and horrifying. Yet Spinel was drawn to it. Her mouth watered. The corpse-like dragon had something that she hadn’t expected to see.

It had a cock.

Huge, erect and veiny member, throbbing and twitching, leaking copious amount of dark greenish liquid what must’ve been cum, because it was incredibly sticky like a thick cream. The appendage wasn’t exempt from being diseased beyond salvation, having bulbous tumor-like growths attached to its massive structure, and smelling even worse than the body it was attached to, a mixture of unwashed crotch smell and rancid stench of a corpse.

“No….ugh….no…” Even as Spinel muttered, she leaked her pussy juice out from her quivering vagina, swollen with arousal and already somewhat covered with the zombies’ cum spraying all over her. Like other parts of her body, it showed signs of decay, its color darkened and sagging flesh poking its ugly head.

She had encountered a fair number of undead creatures, but it was a first time she had ever met one with intact genitalia. First the zombies, and now this dragon. Perhaps it was the newest type of undead monstrosities that the Undead Lord had decided to make. Whatever its origins were, the sight of the lumbering monster made Spinel more aroused, her eyes entirely focused on the dirty and diseased cock, her mind wondering how it would feel to be penetrated by such raw and bestial thing. To be defiled by such unholy and unclean thing…was actually tempting, she thought. There was a certain joy in desecration, willingly crossing the line that one was supposed not to cross. It was revolting and reveling at the same time.

Besides, her body was probably already corrupted and diseased to make her indistinguishable from other undead monsters. She had been basking in the undead cum for… how long? It could’ve been instant, or it could have been actual years. In reality it was no more than a few hours, but Spinel’s mind was already much deranged by being thoroughly coated with the corrupting influence of the magic changing and transforming her. Her body was already showing signs of multiple decay anyway, chunk of her flesh torn out and revealing the inner structure consisting her body: muscle tissues, bones, and so on.

Upon seeing the dragon approach the zombies touching her stepped back, as if knowing their presence was no longer needed. Spinel felt empty for a moment, but her body was getting giddy in anticipation of what was to come. Such huge cock made her mouth water and her pussy clench at the sheer depravity. She wiggled her hips and raised her tails upwards, hoping to impress the male with her rear.

The dragon with a massive erection did nothing of a foreplay. It stood on top of her, letting her bask in his rotten body, making her skin tingle more from the contact. It grabbed her ass firmly with its sharp claws. When it opened its jaw with a loud roar reeking of extreme halitosis, Spinel inhaled deeply, letting the corrupted and polluted air fill and burn her lung. That smell was incredibly intoxicating. Then it slapped its member slick with pus and cum, trying to find entrance to her rear, rubbing her anus and pussy at once.

“Mmm…mmmh!” Just being rubbed with the bumpy surface made her nearly cum. Her body began to show more sign of the infection taking hold, her body’s life energy struggling to keep it up. More fissures appeared on her body, and as she moved some lumps of her outer scale fell, revealing bone and muscle structures. Her body festered as she was exposed to the dragon’s deadly germs. While they did not kill her outright, it messed up her body even more, even damaging her organs so that they bled, her now somewhat porous body leaking various kind of bodily fluids which weren’t supposed to flow outside her body.

When the dragon’s penis found its mark, Spinel roared just as the dragon had done. The dragon on top of her didn’t put its cock inside her awaiting pussy. Instead, it found a tighter hole. Her both holes were fairly experienced in receiving all kind of long and thick cylindrical objects, but the dragon’s member was the largest thing that had ever penetrated her anus.

The dragon must’ve found her tightness satisfying, because it savagely grabbed her breasts with its bony claws, squeezing it hard. Spinel didn’t feel pain, her atrophied nerves not delivering the signal to her decaying brain. She found it harder and harder to think, her mind only occupied with pleasure she was currently having. She tried to think, to cling tenaciously to her slipping reason and sanity, but one single thrust from the male dragon dispelled any remaining will she had, as her rectum was stretched to the limit to accommodate the monstrous girth. The invisible runes engraved on her body was busily working to further drain her will and make her another almost mindless undead slave, and the intense pleasure amplified by the magical chants the zombies were keep droning made things worse for Spinel. It continued its savage thrusts, leaving Spinel breathless.

“Ah…ah! No…Mpfh!” The series of moaning coming out from her mouth became tenser as the dragon moved. There were no romance involved, both dragons moving and making sounds like feral animals, each not caring for his or her partner, only thinking about the pleasure he or she received from the other.

The dragon’s thrusts became faster and more urgent, as the male focused on solely cumming inside her, its two large balls visibly twitching and making strange gurgling sounds. The spiky epidermis of its penis kept making friction on her tender insides, but that intense feeling was also registered as a pleasure for Spinel, who was underneath the dragon and taking the full weight of the male on top, panting heavily and leaking saliva, pussy juice and other various kinds of bodily humors.

Besides her skin and body deteriorating, another change was taking place near her crotch. While her pussy was spared from being penetrated by the undead dragon’s cock, there was now weird bloating mass forming from the slit, almost looking like a blob of malignant tumors. Each time the male zombie dragon thrusted hard inside her anus, burying its member deeper into her inside, the lump of flesh grew, taking a distinctively phallic shape.

“Ahh…ah! Fuck….Ugh!” Spinel moaned in ecstasy as she felt her cunt getting full. That was actually sort of true, because her vaginal muscles were bulging and narrowing down on her insides, pouring the sagging and wrinkly flesh out, blackened with diseased dead skin. The extra flesh wrung out of her pussy conglomerated into round orb shapes.

When Spinel lowered her head down a bit trying to catch her ragged breath, she caught the sight of strange transformation happening on her crotch. The feeling of being filled wasn’t just due to her anus occupied with a cock. Where her pussy should’ve been, there now dangled two wrinkly balls and one semi-erect cock which lost no time in becoming tightly upright. Like the dragon’s cock, it had popping veins and slimy foreskin smelling real bad, filling her mouth with bile.

“Gra….what…what happening…” Words and thoughts both slowed for her, her rotting brain having difficulty attempting to form complicated thoughts, which was becoming no longer possible. The only thing she could think of at this moment was her own twitching cock spasming occasionally and shooting out series of black sticky cum that left a nasty-looking discolored mark on the floor. Her inflating balls fell to the floor, sloshing with all the cum stored inside. The dragon paid no attention to her transformation. It just kept fucking her with its cock deeply buried inside her anus. When it came, its hand claws gripped her tight, making sure she would receive its seed without running away.

Spinel actually pushed back her ass, making sure the dragon’s cock was deeply inside her. It shot out gallons of cum, filling her instantly. Her stomach bulged like she was pregnant, her eyes rolling upwards in bliss.

“Gah…” Her words were now mostly moans and groans. It was really difficult to think. She was slowly forgetting why she was here in the first place. The life energy kept healing her body, but only to a certain amount so that it would always remain in a diseased state, never fully healed. “Graahk!” As dragon atop her came for the second time, she bellowed loudly, also cumming in unison, spilling her own fertile seed onto the ground. She was a ‘goddess’ of fertility, after all; albeit the way she would grant her boon was to now change significantly.

As her body accepted the corrupted cum, it sealed her transformation. Her wings became holed again, but this time it didn’t hurt, just showing signs of decay. Maggots started crawling on her damaged scales and flies buzzing around her, appearing out of nowhere to signify her rotten body. Some part of her stomach burst open, letting some of her organs dangling precipitously.

And yet despite her diseased and decayed state, she felt her energy undiminished, fueled by a new source of perverse vitality that was now sustaining her. Her body fought against the fatal force trying to snuff her life out. It was locked in a in-between state of life and death, decaying and rotting, but always healing back so that it could get worsen all over again: her cells disintegrated and then regenerated, repeating the perpetual cycle.

When she heard another sound, this time from her below, Spinel roared just like the dragon who was keep fucking her. The new dragon who was just teleported right under Spinel shouted out in fear. She was from the ill-fated expeditionary force Spinel had joined. Spinel recognized her, and grinned.

“No! Spinel! What have they done-“

Spinel simply spat out a particularly vile phlegm to her. She screamed, but to the transformed dragon it sounded like a lustful mating song calling out to her. She was too clean, too pure. All the more joy to make her rot and decay. Spinel was eager to try out her new tool. It was already slick with precum and cum from the other dragon’s mixed pounding, but the way it shivered like a dog having just seen a treat, it was already prepared to shoot out another load of cum.

“No…argh! Ah…umhhh…”

Spinel’s cock entered the dragon below without any pretense. It easily slid over the dragon’s cunt which began to get wet, and the dragon’s horrified shouts slowly turned into begging moans. Her body too showed swift signs of decay as it rotted and split open, revealing her insides. Her scales lost its former luster, becoming a shade of dark brown.

Spinel felt a momentary guilt at her own cock corrupting and infecting the dragon below…but when she came a few minutes later, all of her worries washed away in the cum she shot, only filled with pleasure and perverted thoughts filling the brain. She made sure to coat the dragon with her vile and dirty fluid. Her corrupted energy transferred to the dragon, letting her adjust to her new rotten and decayed form. Not truly dead, but not truly alive either. Their flesh was both an absolute mess with holes revealing their insides, some parts flayed down and other parts slick with gore, pus and blood. They were now not that different from the original zombie dragon that was fucking Spinel, who in turn was fucking the dragon below her.

The three dragons let out a roar as they all came at once. Spinel especially felt full, the feeling of fucking and being fucked almost too much to bear. As her cock shot out infected cum directly flowing unto the female’s womb, Spinel thought how she could further spread this new blessing to her faithful followers, her mind thinking her condition as a blissful immortality. She felt more alive than ever, her life energy constantly renewing itself against her body’s diseased state. It was a confirmation that she was alive. Spinel just couldn’t wait let others feel the same gift.