Knights and Dragons (and the unspoken tension between them)

**Chapter 01:**

Thalia had a good feeling about this one. She got through the caves in her fastest time yet, found some good loot and even earned the favour of a goddess trapped in a chest, enchanting her lightweight cuirass against fire. She even received a little hair clip to help tame the mess of brown locks she often forgot to brush before making these attempts. Mix those with her natural reflexes and her newest daggers of finest quality. The dragon wouldn’t know hit them.

“Today’s the day. The princess is coming home with me!” Thalia announced as she bested the rickety bridge. It swayed and creaked, but never gave out on her. Not that it stopped her dreading the fall into the ravine, of which none had ever seen the bottom of and lived.

The princess was held captive in a single tower that stretched far toward the sky. It stood at the centre of a small circle of land, which itself stood far above the dragon’s abode. Now that she’d stepped upon it, the beast would no doubt show itself. A lone window offered Thalia a glimpse of the fair maiden, who no doubt stared out in longing for freedom. Not for much longer, she promised and readied her short sword. It was the longest weapon a knight of her stature could comfortably wield.

A fact she had learned the hard way.

Thalia was young, impulsive, and much too confident for her own good. That’s what her teacher and family told her ad nauseam anyway. She didn’t believe them for much of her career, until she fought the dragon for the twentieth time. Each of those attempts, she tried using blades much too large for her. Well, she learned from that and tried longer reaching weapons, like halberds or spears, only to find she had no dexterity with which to use them. Bows were similarly useless in her hands and short swords just weren’t light enough for her to move and… well, the last time she tried getting *that* close without decent manoeuvrability, ended with her clothes singed and shredded.

Urgh, that bastard sent her home in nothing but her underwear so many times! If she didn’t know better, she’d think the dragon liked watching her cute little butt scamper away over and over.

“Show yourself, foul beast! I shall prevail this time!” Thalia hailed. It was futile to try and sneak into the tower. There were no doors and the stones were much too smooth. Vastly more experienced climbers had tried scaling it, only for the dragon to appear before they were halfway. According to reports, it seemed to amuse itself with blowing embers at their backsides to try and make them climb faster.

“Oh, Thalia. Good of you to stop by. I was just getting bored of this lovely book,” said a booming voice, followed by a rush of hot air. Thalia repressed a shudder as she raised her tiny buckler.

No matter how often she did this, how many times she saw the monster rise up, she was left in a brief moment of awe as its silhouette blocked the sun. Much as she detested this beast, Thalia admired it. Glittering red and pink scales covered much of its body, fading to a milky colour along its graceful underbelly, which extended to an elegantly menacing tail. Four thick, powerful legs supported its huge frame, ending in wicked, obsidian claws.

She’d felt those too many times to make the mistake of ignoring them.

“Do not greet me so familiarly,” Thalia spat as it settled before her, those sleek eyes watching her the way a human observed a pup at play.

“My apologies, oh grand knight. I forgot whose presence I was in.”

“That’s better!” Thalia chortled, only for a wing beat to lift her skirt and exposed her panties. Her love-heart embedded panties.

“How cute! I believed you would’ve learned to wear trousers by now, but I shan’t complain.”

“Why you… Skirts are easier to move in and better against a fire-breather like you… besides, it looks good!”

The dragon hummed its agreement, “Then I shall take care not to damage it too harshly.”

Thalia gulped, but hid her anxiety. The way it spoke made it sound like her defeat was guaranteed, like it saw no challenge in her, despite her numerous epic battles. Or, well, she had cut it once. Every other time her blade just bounced off its hide. Then it swept its tail at her. She dodged every time, that much she was confident in, however only barely. Her clothes often got torn by the attack.

“Flustered already?” The dragon asked, face suddenly much too close for Thalia’s liking. She jumped back. Too far! She landed at the very fringe of land, heels just off the edge. Thalia swung her arms to pull herself forward, but she had no momentum. She was going to fall!

If not for a tail that pushed her forward. She stumbled and landed on her knees, breathing deep at how close she’d come to her demise.

“Thank you. I thought I was a goner there!”

“You really need to watch your step, little lady.”

“I will. I just got too excited and… what am I doing? I don’t have to explain anything to you, dragon!”

The beast sighed, letting out a gust of smoke, “I told you to call me Ruby, did I not?”

“Like I would use the name for a monster such as you! Now prepare yourself!”

Thalia could do it this time. Magic tingled in the grip of her sword, promising that her strikes would be stronger than ever, and she had plenty of healing potions on hand. Though she rarely used them against the dragon. It usually disarmed her and sent her packing. Well, no longer!

“Oh, I am always prepared to put you in your place, my dear Thalia,” the dragon said and extended its wings to their full length. The webbing diffused the sunlight in such a way that created an array of rainbows. It felt like they’d hypnotise if she stared too long. She had, in fact, been defeated once… twice… five times because they distracted her, so she wouldn’t put it past the dragon’s abilities. Now she was prepared for it.

Though not for the beast to rear up on its hind legs, revealing its full underbelly. Thalia growled in frustration. That was its one weakness! And it so brazenly showed it off to her. With a yell, the young knight charged forward, only to stumble in her attack.

Thalia knew everything about this dragon. It’s supposed ‘name’, what it liked and feared - hilariously, it had a phobia of small insects - and that it was most assuredly female after the dragon, bastard that it was, decided to sit on her until she begged to go home. So what was that *thing* sticking out its lower half? That couldn’t be a.. a… phallus, could it?

“Oh my,” the dragon chuckled and lowered itself. The shock wave of its landing almost knocked Thalia off her feet, “I do apologise for you seeing that. I was in the middle some personal reading. Ashamed as I am to admit, it’s one of the few ways for my kind to find relief during this season.”

“E-e-e-e-e-explain!” Thalia squealed, pointing her sword between its legs, at the appendage half-dangling from what could only be described as a sheath.

“After all this time and you didn’t know we dragons are hermaphrodites? Silly girl.”

“Don’t confuse me with your fancy words, demon!”

It guffawed, deepening the heat in Thalia’s cheeks.

“In your species, it would mean I am both male and female. As for why you see it now, well, I am in oestrus. A phenomena that only occurs in dragons once every five years. Come to think, that’s how long it’s been since you and I first met. How auspicious!”

Thalia had heard enough. Not only did this beast hold her kingdom’s princess captive, but it had the nerve to be a perverted abomination as well. God, why did it have to be so… so… purple? And the way it had reflected the light, made it look as if jewels were inlaid around the tip. Did all penises look like that? She was ashamed to admit she never saw one before. Not that she would ever let the dragon know such a thing!

“You know, it has been many an oestrus since I had company during it. The princess hardly counts, stuffing herself away in that tower like that. Never talks to me, you know? Doesn’t even wave when I fly past. Isn’t that rude?”

“Just a bit,” Thalia admitted, then shook her head and steadied her footing, “I care not for your woes, monster. For they end today. By my hand!”

“Ohohoho! I’d like that very much,” the dragon said, then snorted, “Listen to me, I really must get a grip on these urges. A virgin such as yourself needs a tender approach.”

Virgin?!

“How *dare* you?! I am not a maiden. No knight is. We are so charismatic, that we have women lining up outside our houses just to throw themselves into our bed! Why, just this morning, I had to escort three lovely ladies off the premises!”

Though they all spent the night with her comrades, but the beast hardly needed to know that detail.

“Even if I couldn’t smell it on you, dear, that blustering says it all. Perhaps you’d like to have something to brag about? Not many humans, or knights for that matter, have bedded a dragon.”

It’s all a distraction, Thalia. Just trust in your instincts, swing your sword, and slay this foul monster!

Emboldened by her own thoughts, Thalia resumed where she’d been so rudely interrupted by the dragons… phallus. Roaring meekly, the young knight charged with all her might. The dragon flew up over her head. The fool! She simply had to take the momentum of her swing and cut open its belly! In the middle of doing just that, Thalia’s whole body froze. The purple appendage raced toward her face.

In her training, she learned to take in her surroundings in an instant. Now that she had a better look, the penis didn’t have jewels around its head, but it was segmented to look like pearls. They formed a wide wreath of sorts, leading to its pointed peak. Nestled among the violet flesh was a slightly puckered opening, from which a single drop of clear liquid escaped just as it smacked Thalia in the face.

Oh god it was big! Not half of it struck her, yet it reached her chin and left a great smear over her lips and nose. Thalia just barely dodged enough for it not to take her head off. The dragon landed, diamond-shaped eyes squinting with what looked like amusement as Thalia whipped around to face it. Her tongue, entirely of its own accord, flicked out to clean her lip.

“How does my foul, dragon juice taste?”

Thalia’s eyes threatened to bulge from their sockets. She wiped a hand over her face, hand coming away coated in slime. That… this was… it came out of the dragon?

And tasted good.

“You disgusting miserable excuse for a dragon! How dare you?! I won’t forget this!” Thalia screamed as she raced across the bridge. This whole encounter had gone awry. She’d return tomorrow, after scrubbing her face with the same steel they used to polish their blades, and slay it extra thoroughly for sure.

But dammit, that stuff really was tasty.

**Chapter 02:**

Thalia rinsed and spat for the third time since returning to the barracks. A brand new tube of toothpaste laid half-emptied. She hadn’t even bothered to brush, choosing to simply pour it into her tainted mouth in hopes it would dispel the flavour.

To no such luck. Hints of that salty sweetness lingered around her gums. Every swipe of her tongue was a foul reminder of what the dragon did to her. Of all the ways it had beaten her, this was by far the worst. Well, it didn’t really compare to the time it slashed her clothes off, then used its tail to spank her for an hour. She had to walk home with her butt out, stinging harshly the whole while. Fine, it was at least in the top three.

But then there was the time it had a cold and sneezed all over her. That one was awful. The ever-shifting caves hadn’t given her a river or fountain to clean up in. Oh, and there was that time it knocked her out, then scribbled on her with a pen. She hadn’t even noticed until she reached a mirror. All those people staring and snickering at her…

Really, this wasn’t so bad. She supposed it could’ve gone much worse. She had all her clothes this time.

“Yo, Thalia. You’re back already,” Gail, her room-mate, said upon entering. They didn’t interact much, the taller knight usually busy either seducing girls at the local pub, or infrequently patrolling the town. She’d never fought the dragon, considered it not worth her time. How could rescuing the princess not be worth her time?

Well, that just made Thalia the better of the two. She didn’t slack off in her training, which kept her body tight and toned, while Gail only did the bare minimum. It showed too. All her feasting and drinking had gone straight to her hips. Even the dragon would be impressed by such things.

“Complications arose.”

“Mm hm,” Gail hummed, not really listening, “You gonna be out tonight? I’ve got this sweet babe coming later and I don’t wanna keep you up again.”

“Yeah, I have errands.” She didn’t really. After facing the dragon, she preferred to reflect on the experience in peace and quiet, to learn from her mistakes. That said, Gail was a monster in bed. Or loud enough to be one anyway. Thalia didn’t know how the whole barracks didn’t complain. Probably because they were too busy sleeping around as well.

“Or you could always join me.”

“Perhaps another time,” Thalia answered without pause. The others could slack off all they liked, but she had a legacy to live up to. The Lustbornes were a renowned family of knights, some even reaching the heights of nobility, and had slain many dragons in their time. All of which they achieved before they turned eighteen.

Thalia was already five-years late to that goal. She couldn’t afford wasting more time. For the sack of her family name.

“Suit yourself. Well, skedaddle then,” Gail shooed at her like an annoying pup.

“I thought you said she was coming later.”

“I did. It’s later,” a series of timid knocks came from the door, “That’s her now.”

Rather than argue with her indecent room-mate, Thalia gathered her things and left. Today was a rare instance that she still had her loot from the caves, so she could go sell that, maybe treat herself to forget about the awful encounter. Or go train. Yeah, she’d do that. If she just got fast enough, she could slay the beast without ever seeing its penis.

Thalia left the guild store with her purse full of coin. She couldn’t say if it was luck or the universe taking pity on her for all her losses, but she always got the best loot. It was why she rarely had to take other jobs or ask her parents for funds. Rent was already taken care of for the month, so this was entirely excess. Why not splurge a little?

She wandered through the village in her civilian clothes. If a knight wasn’t on active duty, it was important not to bear the uniform. Fair treatment was among the most important virtues of their kingdom. Not that it stopped some from taking advantage, but not her. She donned a simple shirt and pants, nothing more. Thalia peered into shop windows, particularly the pastry store, sometimes stopping in to purchase small things. A cupcake, or a little charm of protection. Then she wandered past what looked like a store front.

“Fleshly Wonders?” Thalia read. What kind of place was this? The windows were curtained, preventing her from seeing any of its wares, but the door was slightly ajar. So it must be open.

Well, she still had plenty of time before the training grounds closed, so why not take a peak. A small bell announced her arrival and just as quickly sounded her retreat. ‘Fleshly Wonders’ made sense now. It was a sex shop! How did something so crass get permission to open in their village of all places? All those shelves, lined with phalluses of all shapes and sizes and colours. One nestled into a little alcove was even familiar.

It was purple and had a pointed tip, with a wide brim that must feel… Gah! What is she thinking? This place needed to be shut down, immediately. She didn’t like to use force or exert influence when it could be helped, but this was a special circumstance. Thalia took a deep breath and assumed the posture of a knight, then barged back inside.

Only to leave with a bag in each hand and her cheeks burning with such heat that it felt like steam wafted up from her ears. She couldn’t believe she just did that! Far from using her position to shut the place down, she allowed herself to be bribed. With a… oh lord, she didn’t dare think of it. Not just one either. She took a second, even heavier one.

It felt like everyone that she passed knew what were in her nondescript bags. Even when their eyes were focused elsewhere, Thalia just felt like they were aware. It only got worse when she spotted some of the girls from the barracks. Civilians were one thing, but a trained knight would definitely know. She scurried away from them and back home.

To her immense luck, her comrades had decided to start the night’s revelry early. Even Gail left to join them. Thalia ignored the heady musk of sex and lit a candle, then collapsed onto her bed. Even alone, her face still burned. She glanced at the bags, then looked away, only to look back. Those things would drive her mad if she didn’t do something. Well, the best way to adjust was to confront the problem head-on.

Thalia reached blindly into a bag and pulled its contents free. Why did she grab the big one first?! She was capable of wielding a broadsword to some effectiveness, yet this felt almost heavier somehow. Sure, it was big, but it was also rubber, rather than steel. Oh god, did these things really get this big? If not for that morning’s encounter, she wouldn’t have believed it.

“But hers was bigger,” Thalia mumbled as she turned the toy phallus over. It had a purple and blue gradient, which only helped highlight the shingled tiers along its spine as they led to its bulbous crown.

She spread her palm over the and found her fingers barely curved over the edges. Likewise, she couldn’t fully wrap them around its shaft either. Did… did people really put these in their bodies? The saleswoman seemed quite knowledgeable about the subject.

Thalia sat up and put the thing between her legs. All her life, people assumed she’d be the one to break her family line of knights, given that she was the runt of her siblings. At only five-foot-one, she lacked the reach of most, and her couldn’t cover ground nearly as fast. But it gave her a smaller target that gave her classmates trouble and allowed her to graduate all the same. Well… now she had another reason to regret her stature.

The head reached all the way up past her ribcage. Even her petite boobs were left behind as it nestled right between her clavicle. If she tried putting it down her throat like those ‘sword-swallowers’ did, then it’d come close to coming out the other end. Was that even possible? Why did the thought make her loins tingle?

She hugged it against her body, feeling the plastic slowly warm up, and laid back. Her mind circled back to the dragon. It offered to lay with her, but that had to be impossible. She was sure its thing was bigger than this, and she doubted even the tip would fit. Though… maybe… she did excel in flexibility during training. And if she succeeded, then the dragon wouldn’t fluster her so badly next time. That sounded logical.

It also would help give her some relief. Thalia didn’t need all the sex that her comrades did, but she was still young, and they were always so loud that she couldn’t help overhearing it. Gail offered her some earmuffs, but she refused the handout.

So maybe it was her own fault that she was so pent up. It was just another challenge for a knight to overcome. One that would make her better in the long run. Thalia pushed her pants down to her ankles and touched her panties. They were damp. She could ignore it to prove something, but she really didn’t know what at this point. It was because she’d been so obstinate that the dragon flustered her so easily.

Thalia pushed her underwear down next and ran a finger along her naked lips. The gasp that escaped her lips was horribly lewd. It wasn’t the first time she touched herself, though it had been a while. This was the price to pay. She rubbed a little more, other hand roaming along the toy. God, it was huge. Maybe she should try the smaller one first? No, she needed to see if this was even possible first.

Biting her lip, she brought the toy lower. Its head touched her virgin petals. Fake or not, this was the first phallus to touch her there. Thalia held back the moan as she pressed a little harder. It was simply too big, covering her lips and pressuring her clit, yet she maintained the course. When something wouldn’t give in, she just had to keep trying.

Persistence defined her family and she was no different.

Thalia couldn’t stop her breaths from coming faster. Pushing alone wouldn’t work, so she rubbed it along her slit, covering the head in her juices. Just that alone felt incredible. The way the ridges along the head scraped across her lips was amazing. She might not even need to push it inside to reach her peak.

But that defied the purpose of this exercise. Thalia ground her teeth and opened her legs wider, then angled the hulking toy so its pointed tip caught on her opening. An involuntary sigh left her lips. It was like scratching a long suffered itch. She arched her hips to meet it properly, breathed deep to relax her muscles, then pushed again. It still didn’t go in, but she made progress. This was possible! She was actually going to do it!

Taking that excitement, the young knight pumped the toy. It was faint, but she swore her lips stretched just a little more each time. She ran her tongue around her mouth, gathering the salty flavour. Entirely against her conscious wishes, she imagined the dragon was there on top of her, trying futilely to fit its monster-cock inside her. It wouldn’t go in.

Not without help. Thalia hated herself for what she did as she hooked a finger inside herself, then pulled. That opening was all the dragon needed. With a sharp thrust, the head squished against her folds once more, but kept going. And going and going. Thalia panted heavily, whole body suddenly flush, before her breath caught in her throat.

It was in. The head had breached her maidenhood. The dragon was inside her, stretching her walls wide. It hurt, but was mixed with pleasure as her insides rippled all around. Like they tried pulling it deeper. Thalia whimpered and gave her body what it craved. She couldn’t breathe she was so full. Her legs shook as if under a heavy burden, yet she’d done far more excruciating exercises. It was like her womanhood siphoned all the strength from the rest of her body.

If it kept feeling better and better, then it could have her everything. Thalia gasped as she reached her deepest reaches. But… but that couldn’t be! There was still more than half that amount left outside of her.

“Come on! Go deeper you damned monster,” she growled and smacked the base, only to whine at the pressure it put. “No, please. I need more.” Thalia bit into her finger, stifling anymore shameful words from escaping. But all that did was reduce her voice to a pitiful mewling sound. Or, as she tried again, the pathetic barking of a small dog.

Nothing she tried worked. If anything, it was beginning to feel uncomfortable. Thalia relaxed, concluding that she’d failed, only for her insides to push the toy back. Her whole being shuddered as the broad head scraped across her walls. That.. that was it! She just had to feel so good that it didn’t matter how uncomfortable or painful it got.

Mania consumed Thalia. She pumped the toy and her hips in tandem, using the coordination she worked so hard to cultivate, all for the sake of increasing the pleasure. As it rose, she applied more force. She got a tiny bit deeper each time, while also feeling incredible. How had she ignored this for so long? Everything felt amazing, even her shirt rubbing her rigid nipples was far from uncomfortable.

“Ooh! Lord, what is this? I feel… so full of… pleasure…” Thalia vaguely remembered this from the last time, years ago. She was close to that peak. It’d feel so good.

She could use that moment to punch through!

Plan set, Thalia allowed her body to move just as it wished. She rolled her hips, making her insides collapse around the shaft so it rubbed her most sensitive parts, while also slamming the head into her back wall. At that point, she couldn’t hold back the tirade of despicable phrases from tainting her tongue. She was going to climax. Any second…

“So close, so close. Come on, come ON! Fuck! Stupid dragon bitch, fuck me like you mean it! Fill my virgin cunt with your monster dick, you foul fucking beast!” Thalia continued until her voice gave away.

She arched her back into a near-perfect arch. It made her insides push on the toy just right, with its terrible girth straining against her skin. All her muscles twitched as if under constant shock. Juices dripped from her opening, flowing along the toy or her butt. Her eyes rolled back as she pushed harder and harder, until she felt something give.

At that exact moment, she exploded into pure bliss. The force of it struck harder than any weapon or monster. All her training meant nothing. And she passed out.

Yet, long after her entire body went lax, the toy remained lodged inside. Her walls tried weakly to push it out, to no avail. It was stuck. Even when it came close, something snagged on the way out. Thalia, however, was none the wiser as she peacefully slept. Though her dreams were anything but peaceful. A mix of her first orgasm in five years and her long standing disdain for a certain dragon made for some particularly interesting dreams. The sort that she would never tell another soul.

**Chapter 03:**

Thalia trudged through the network of interconnected caves. The structure was enchanted to be randomised upon entry, making it impossible to map out, but it always led to the tower. No one knew who designed it that way though.

Most days, she looked forward to the exit. It meant she got another chance to slay the bastard that dared take the young princess. She had no such enthusiasm for this encounter. Not because she wasn’t fortunate in the initial venture, finding plenty of loot that would sell well and a magic stone, the effects of which remained vague:

‘*When tempered by heat, dispel one’s own deceit’.* What was that supposed to mean? Regardless of what it meant, the guild would pay nicely for such a thing. There were far more important, almost distressing issues for her to attend. Chief among those being the huge sex toy still crammed up what was formerly her maidenhood.

That was the most pressing one, but what awaited her back home could prove far more awful. Gail had walked in on her. Luckily, she was half-drunk and more than a little clumsy, making enough noise to wake the far more adept knight. Thalia had only a second to process her surroundings and make a choice. She could either feign illness, but she never got sick and Gail knew that, or face the dreadful facts. Her third option, and what she chose, was to yank some pants on and run out after stuffing the other terrible purchase under her bed.

She didn’t have any armour on and the only weapon in hand was barely a dagger - a knife really - meant for self-defence. Well, whatever. Imagine the look on people’s faces when she killed the dragon with it. Maybe it’d notice her awkward movements and get overconfident?

Light shone on the dirt, leading her out into the open and back to the bridge. Even if she succeeded by some miracle, then what kind of impression would she make on the princess when she could barely think clearly. Much less walk straight. The thought alone made Thalia clench, which almost knocked the strength from her knees. It was so big and lewdly shaped that she felt it so vividly all the time. She only got through the caves with a few scrapes and bruises thanks to her instincts.

She took a deep breath and willed her legs to be strong. This was only a formality at this point. She’d face the beast, probably get herself humiliated, then return home and pray that Gail wouldn’t be around. And get this ridiculous toy out of her.

Still, this would be a good test. Thalia only did what she did last night to build an immunity to the dragon’s questionable nature. If she could ignore it, then her training was a success and she could return tomorrow for the real showdown. Based on what the monster said, this *oestrus* was Thalia’s best chance to take it down.

“Show yourself, dragon!” Thalia called and instantly cleared her throat when her voice wavered. Why did shouting make her squeeze down there? This was a huge mistake. She should just turn around and go back.

“Why hello, my dear knight!” The beast said, foregoing its more dramatic entries to simply climb up and peer at her with those huge, shimmering jade pools, which ran across her body, lingering on her unusual choice in pants. They were usually so high up that Thalia couldn’t get a look at them, and… wow. If a person had eyes like that, she might fall for them in a heartbeat.

Definitely not on a dragon though!

“Prepare yourself!” Thalia squeaked and brandished her knife, the toy once again shifting inside her. It pushed on her weakest parts, all of which had been under constant assault since before she woke up.

“What is wrong? Did you catch a cold? I could always warm you up,” a puff of flame escaped its mouth, “Or perhaps you’d prefer a more traditional way?” It climbed up and circled her, tail completing the cage, slowly closing in around her. She backed away, only to bump into its body.

Warm. And smooth. Surprisingly soft. There was a pleasant aroma too, kind of smoky, yet sweet and floral. Thalia sighed, eyelids drooping as she unconsciously leaned into the welcoming heat, only for a puff of air to startle her awake. She leapt from the trap with all her practised grace, yet stumbled the landing and fell on her backside.

“Hmm?” The dragon sniffed around her, a deep rumble emanating from its chest. That couldn’t be good, “Smells like someone is in a bind.”

“What?”

“I have a… proposal for you, my darling knight.”

“I will make no deals with you,” Thalia spat and tried sitting up, but stopped when the dragon stepped over her. Its size never failed to amaze. And to terrify. How was she supposed to slay such a beast when she couldn’t reach the top shelf in the barracks kitchen.

“Not so fast, little one.”

That… coming from this thing somehow made it even more infuriating. All her family said that throughout her life, often ruffling her hair afterwards, and caused quite the number of tantrums when she lacked discipline. Strangely, however, she felt warm in a way different to anger. Just walking, this thing had complete power over her. She gulped and a tingle ran through her belly.

“That thing is stuck inside you. Makes it hard to fight, no?”

“I can still fight,” Thalia protested.

“Sure you can. I suppose I shall rescind my offer to remove it for you.”

“You can do that?”

She could hear its grin, “Of course. I graduated top of my class in psycho-kinetics.”

“Psycho-what?”

“With just a little focus, I can manipulate objects. Move them according to my will. It only works on inanimate creations though. Such as that *delightful* toy inside you,” the dragon said.

“That’s how I could never hit you!” Thalia realised.

“No, dear. You’re simply too straightforward. I can read your moves like a book made for giants.”

“You won’t fool me. That’s how you’ve evaded defeat all these years. You’ve cheated using that psycho-kinethetics or whatever!”

“You are adorable.”

Why did it have to compliment her like that? Thalia didn’t mind it so much in the heat of combat, then she could brush it off as mental warfare, but in this situation she couldn’t think of why it would say such a thing. She wiped some sweat from her brow. Civilian clothes were always so much stuffier than her uniform. The heat above her didn’t help either.

“But the point is, I can use that to free you. In exchange for a favour, of course.”

It was tempting. She’d expected the despicable toy to fall out on its own while she dodged and dived on the way there, yet it remained firmly lodged inside her, not even budging an inch. The one time she decided to try and pull it out by hand, she wound up almost hitting that peak again. Something she couldn’t allow in such a situation.

“What is this favour?” Thalia mumbled.

A chuckle reverberated throughout the dragon’s body, “This season of mine has been particularly intense, dear. I thought I could satiate myself with my reading and the occasional rubbing, but nothing seems to finish me anymore. I fear that I need another’s touch.”

“What are you…” Thalia lifted her head at the sudden appearance of an even greater heat near her foot. Her eyes bulged. Big! Too big! How had she ever thought those toys at that horrid shop could even be on the same level as that thing? It had to be longer than her legs.

The colour had changed too. It was still purple toward the head, but had taken on a cobalt hue in the bottom half, leading back to the bulbous sheath. Thalia shuffled back, barely holding down a moan as the toy shifted around, getting a better view of the testicles that had spawned. Just like the phallus itself, they were much too big. Each one had to be the size of her head.

“I wouldn’t ask this of you so brazenly if it weren’t important,” the dragon said, somehow feigning a genuine apologetic tone.

“So you would ask me in a not so brazen manner?” Thalia whispered.

“Yes. I had hoped to maybe toy with you a little more, coax you into trying it for yourself. Alas, my body is not so forgiving.”

Seriously? Thalia scoffed at its words. This thing meant to seduce her? That’s how it sounded to her. But then, it had said something similar just yesterday. There were all those other times too, where it looked her strangely, or tried making her laugh after a particularly bad trip through the caves. That was preposterous though. More so, it was impossible. A dragon only desired to hoard.

That couldn’t include people, right? It must be nice though, being nothing but treasure, left to sit with no responsibilities other than to look shiny.

“So, what do you say, little one? You relieve my aching loins, and I shall free yours.”

Accepting an offer from a monster was about the most damning thing a knight could do. No matter the circumstance, even if it meant certain death, those sworn to defend humanity could not waver on their principals. Thalia believed in the oath more than most, it was perhaps the most important part of her life. The whole reason she tried day after day to kill this beast. Or maybe she just didn’t want to face the idea of failure?

She wasn’t good at handling public disputes, or handling people in general. She excelled in hand-to-hand combat, yet faltered outside of practice. Everything a knight should be good at, Thalia wasn’t. Then along came this dragon, seemingly unbeatable and captor of the princess no less. So long as she kept trying to kill it, then all her other duties were secondary at best. She could do the bare minimum in those if she didn’t give up.

Otherwise, what else is there for her?

But she couldn’t defeat it with this thing inside her. Circumstances demanded that she let go of her pride, if only for a short time. No one would know anyway. Unless they came to fight the dragon and it told them.

“On one condition!” Thalia yelled, pushing herself out from under its belly. The long, elegant neck craned over, those unsettling eyes meeting hers, “You cannot tell anyone about this. Not a soul. And… and if someone finds out, then I… I… I get to do whatever I want next time!”

Surely a beast such as this wouldn’t resist telling everyone it knew about this. Thalia would be humiliated, but that was a small price to pay to ensure victory. No one would remember her for servicing a dragon’s penis. Would they?

“Done!”

Thalia jumped at the sudden shout and, before she had time to process what this meant, she was trapped under the dragon once more. A terrible heat washed across her cheek. Her breath caught when she looked down, the phallus not even an inch from her skin. Steam wafted off it as the veins throbbed even larger.

“I-I-I’m not prepared!”

“That’s okay,” the cruel beast sighed and wriggled its hind legs, making the shaft swing, “Take your time. I want you to enjoy this too.”

Enjoy it?! Thalia had heard foolish, even outright insane words from the dragon, but those had to be the worst. It expected her to enjoy touching such a foul appendage. Really? The only pleasure she’d take in this act was freeing her vagina and regaining her full range of movements.

Still… she appreciated it allowing her to go at her own pace. Getting over the prospect alone was bad enough. Actually doing it might destroy her mind altogether. Thalia steadied her nerves; better to get right to it. She only hesitated another instant, before snatching the member mid-swing, taking a sharp inhale when she did.

Dragons, despite their reptilian forms, were hot-blooded. Not warm like humans, but *hot*. There were some mages that used dragon blood to instantly heat their potions pots. Of course, Thalia only heard about it. Now, actually feeling that heat, made her envy the beast for how it spent its winters. The barracks only offered so many blankets and didn’t have enough space for a proper fire. Thalia had spent so many nights awake and shivering.

“You’re so soft,” the dragon cooed.

Thalia jerked away and rubbed her hands on her shirt. A clammy film clung to them now. It felt almost icy compared to the penis. A gentle cough poorly hid the beast’s laughter. She’d been mocked for many things in the past five years, but she wouldn’t allow it to laugh at her for something it requested. Staring down the ungodly length before her, Thalia grabbed on right under the head.

It jerked and pulsed in her grip. The opening twitched and a little fluid dribbled out, pooling where the peak swooped up into a point. Thalia had a very finite knowledge of males, opting instead to study and practice, though she had no desire to learn of them anyway. Women made for far more pleasant company she found. That said, she overheard plenty from her comrades and in the taverns. She had to stroke.

She did and froze at the unfathomably light sound that came from the dragon’s chest. Was… did it moan? More of the fluid dripped out, more abundant than before, and dripped onto the ground between her legs. Steam floated up where it landed. Thalia stroked again, hearing that gentle sound once more. It sounded pleasant. Compared to the dragon’s actual voice that is! She’s sure another person’s moaning would be much nicer.

Though, knowing she was having an effect emboldened Thalia. Not just because it meant she could finish this torrid affair quickly, but because it gave her a chance to learn more about this monster. And she doubted anyone else knew much of anything about a dragon’s penis, save for its appearance. She lengthened her strokes to a few inches now, passing over a few of the shingles that lined its underside.

Those got the biggest moan yet. Thalia grinned, happy to find another weakness in her foe, and adjusted her grip to focus on them, digging her thumbs under each tier as she slid to and fro. That fluid flowed almost constantly now, forming a dense puddle. Its steam quickly warmed her thighs, making her sweat under her clothes. No wonder the crotch felt damp.

When the sounds plateaued, the knight increased her range. She couldn’t reach all the way down and get back up, instead settling for getting just past the halfway point - marked by an abrupt bulge in its underbelly. That raised the sounds even higher. Thalia tried raising the speed of her strokes, but found the friction made that difficult. Well, she had an easy solution pouring right in front of her.

She cupped a hand under the stream, then clapped it back on. The lewd, viscous *splat* it made was enough to bring Thalia’s head back. She… did she really just do that? Goosebumps raced up her arm as she dug her fingers in, feeling the awful slime squish between them. She wanted to back out and wash her hand, but refused to let go. What’s done is done, she thought and gave another, much smoother stroke. It worked, so she couldn’t be too upset with her lapse of judgement.

Not that it lasted very long. Between the heat and her stroking, the slime dried out and became stickier, hindering her efforts. Gulping her revulsion, Thalia gathered more, slathering it over the shaft. Then got some more. A little more. Enough to completely cover what was in her reach.

Honestly, the feel of it had faded to the background of her mind. More pressing was the musk. It didn’t matter that Thalia didn’t breathe through her nose, the scent found its way to her nostrils on its own. She couldn’t say it was entirely unpleasant. A bit strong, maybe, but not something that would make her gag.

“I thought you’d need more time,” the dragon said, its voice softer than normal, “But you’re doing a great job.”

Thalia flinched at the compliment. How was that she had to struggle day and night for the smallest praise from her superiors, yet this dragon gave it to her for this?! It was infuriating to think about.

But also nice. She was glad, for once, to be underneath the beast. It meant it couldn’t read her thoughts through her expression. Thalia breathed deep, letting the heady aroma burn in her lungs. There was something intoxicating about it, not unlike how she expected alcohol would affect her. She’d take whatever courage she could get.

Especially for the next part. Despite her lavishing the shaft in its fluids, hands all but gliding despite how tightly she squeezed, the dragon didn’t moan any louder. Nor did its slime ooze faster.  There was only one thing she could think of to take it further, disgusting as it was.

“Come on, Thalia. It’s not like you can stop now,” she whispered, hoping her own voice would give her courage. Just the opposite, it made her even more aware of just how lurid she was behaving. Doing this with another human would be awful enough. But with a dragon? No amount of prayer or soap would wash her clean.

So what was one step further? Grimacing, Thalia slowed her stroking, holding the shaft like she would a deadly cobra, and leaned toward the oozing peak. The closer she got, the deeper its musk became. And the more it enticed her. She clenched her eyes shut, like that would exonerate her from this foul act, and extended her tongue. Without trying, she pressed it against the opening and felt a rush of something hot run down her spine.

Terrible as it was for a knight to admit, she hadn’t hated the flavour before. Just how long it lingered and where it came from. This time, she tasted it on purpose and in its denser form. Clearly, the more pent up the dragon became, the richer its fluids. A fact Thalia wasn’t keen to enjoy, yet found herself doing just that.

“I can’t believe this,” she muttered, spreading more of that deliciously foul slime around her mouth, “All those meals masterfully created just for me, and *this* is what I like?”

Yet that was the truth. She licked again, using more of her tongue that time, and shuddered when she did so once more. It was a terribly inefficient way of tasting. That thought latched itself to her consciousness and compelled her forward, lips puckered as if to kiss the abominable prick. She did exactly that. A slight opening in her lips allowed the fluid to flow in, coming even faster when she suckled.

More of those soft, almost musical moans filled her ears. They came louder and faster now. Some sounded almost breathless, like it couldn’t handle what was happening either. Thalia pushed her face in more, licking as she worked her lips over the soft head. By all appearances, she was kissing it with the same passion as two people on their marriage night. But it was just an act! She only wanted to get this over with fast.

Thalia definitely didn’t like the heat between her hands. The way that fluid squelched between her hands. How warm the puddle between her legs felt. The tingling along her skin. The taste that permeated her mouth. None of it was enjoyable to her. Definitely not the way the dragon’s feet tapped about as she uncovered each of its weaknesses.

That all changed when the thing inside her moved. It was just a twitch at first, easily ignored as an involuntary muscle flex, then it slid out an inch, only to push back in. Thalia put it out of her mind, certain her body was just being difficult, however that became impossible when it dropped into her pants, then shoved up into her.

She released the penis as it happened again. Then once more while she tried pushing her pants down to inspect it. Her hips arched on their own as it arched through her canal, lower than before now that her clothes were gone, before thrusting right back to its wide base. No amount of training could’ve stopped the whine that escaped her lips. It gave her no reprieve either, wriggling around as if to find *her* weaknesses.

“I loved that noise, little knight,” the dragon cooed, “Let me hear it again.”

“Nooo!” Thalia howled, only for her voice to become that same whine as it thrust into her again, “This wasn’t, oooh, part of… of our, hmm, deal!”

“No, it wasn’t. But neither was you licking my cock and drinking my pre-cum, dear.”

So vulgar. Thalia ground her teeth at the awful sensation those words summoned within her. She was about to make the dragon stop, but realised she held little influence here. She should’ve thought of this once she knew of its abilities. The only way to make it stop was to fulfil her end of the bargain. But doing so would be almost impossible when it felt so…

The knight resumed her strokes, using fresh juices, and pushed her face back into the head. A thrust sent her careening forward, her face sliding along the opening and smearing her skin in its slime. Disgusting! She pressed her lips back in to make sure that wouldn’t happen again, making sure most of it went down her gullet instead.

All she needed was to keep going. The dragon kept up its dastardly attack on her womanhood, her whole body growing hot and sweaty, yet she wouldn’t be stopped. The phallus was even warmer now, no doubt filling with its foul blood and ready to *finish*. Or that’s what she thought.

Several minutes passed without any change. Her stomach was full enough that she heard a faint sloshing whenever the toy rammed inside. Just cum already, she thought and tried using more strength as if to wring the climax out.

“Not so hard!” The dragon gasped.

Thalia let go like she was just shocked. She hurt it. She hurt it! Yes! After so many years of never making it so much as flinch, she finally did actual damage.

So why didn’t she feel fulfilled? Because it wasn’t her goal at that moment. She made a deal to give the foul monster release and she intended to do so. That had to be the reason. Thalia returned to stroking, gentler now, but added some strength. Like she was massaging someone’s feet.

Amazingly, that made it moan even more. She applied the same tactic to her mouth, gently swirling her tongue and moving her lips, before pressing more forcefully. She also opened wider, covering more of the huge crown. Then the toy lurched inside her, harder than ever, and sent her forward. It was too fast. She couldn’t stop herself from taking the pointed tip in her mouth, or her jaw from stretching wide. Nor could she prevent her lips locking around the broad brim.

Wow… it felt different in her mouth. Not hot like in her hands. It reminded her of a fresh pastry, with its slight give under her teeth and tongue, except with a distinctly salty flavour. She also had pangs of another memory, something she had long given up on; the comfort of sucking something that filled her mouth. Thalia had broken the habit just before her training began in earnest, refusing to be embarrassed by something so childish.

This was anything but. These activities were reserved for men and women in the throes of passion. Granted, she was with an hermaphrodite dragon, but Thalia could forget that for now. Shameful as it was; she liked this.

Something warm curled around her back, as if to embrace her. She relaxed into it, even as that same thing wormed its way under her shirt to rub against her nipples. Thalia would gladly let the world fade for now. All her responsibilities, her pride, it was all far from her mind. She stroked the monstrous prick, all but milking into her mouth. She worked her tongue and jaw as best she could, though it wasn’t easy with something so big.

At the same time, she allowed herself to moan. The abhorrent sex toy moved rapidly inside her, twisting and arching at random, hitting and sliding across her most sensitive parts. She knew she was an awful sight, with her hair frazzled, pants halfway down her knees, with this giant dick stretching her lips.

“Oh, my dear knight. I’m getting close. Keep going! Don’t think about those awful rules of yours. Just let yourself do what you want.”

Yes. Thalia could do that right now. The village was far away, physically and mentally. Her parents even more so. If they saw her… Thalia forced herself a little further down the dragon’s shaft, feeling a shingle pop over her teeth and the slender tip enter her throat.

“Good girl. I admit, I’ve thought of this for a very long time. You’re so guarded, so stubborn about what you think is right and wrong, I couldn’t help but fall for you. But I know you could be more. If you just had a little guidance. If you just learned to accept what your heart most desires.”

And what was that? Thalia thought, still jerking and slurping on the member.

“You aren’t a knight, my dear. Someone such as you is crushed under such a weight. How you are now, so relaxed and comfortable in yourself, that’s when you’re at your best. Ooh, I can’t hold it much longer.”

That… couldn’t be right. Thalia thrived under pressure. All her instructors said so. She was like an unrefined blade that, when tempered and hammered into shape, was a brilliant weapon. Sure, she struggled more than others, and there were plenty of times that she would’ve liked an excuse to quit, but that only made her stronger. Better.

For this abomination to imply that she was happier sucking on its thing was wrong! Completely wrong! Absolutely and undeniably, one-hundred percent wrong!

And what did it mean it couldn’t hold it much longer? This bastard had been holding back the entire time, making her debase herself more and more just to get this thing out. In that case, why couldn’t it control itself more? Just because her stomach was full, didn’t mean she was done with its pre. Or the warmth coiled around her belly and nestled between her boobs. It’d been so long since she felt so safe and warm and… peaceful.

The thrusting between her legs became more fervent. Almost ferocious in its speed and force. Thalia grunted as every thrust knocked the air from her lungs. She even felt it push out the skin of her abdomen. What little air she could get came and went in rapid breaths, that burning tingle from last time taking over. She jerked it faster, belly almost uncomfortable with how heavy it had become.

“Thalia! I’m cumming!” The dragon roared, its voice vibrating her bones and the toy that suddenly slammed into her.

Her hands felt the swelling first, but it quickly reached the head. Thalia’s eyes bulged at what felt like lava surging down her throat. Thanks to that, she got to see across the shaft. Toward where it exited the dragon’s body, a fat bulb formed in three segments, significantly broader than the member itself. She couldn’t imagine why it needed to be even bigger, nor did she have a chance to figure it out as the molten liquid surged even faster. Her already pudgy gut expanded outward like she just ate a turkey whole.

It was too much. Thalia sputtered as the liquid rose up her oesophagus. Thick rungs exploded from between her lips, much of it landing on her shirt and quivering legs. Somehow, feeling it touch her bare flesh only made her own release that much more intense. Self-preservation eventually led her to jerk back, ignoring the risks, and freed the head.

Right as a deluge came forth and doused her face.

She didn’t get to be outraged as her mind shut down in a second release. At that same moment, the toy came loose, dropping into the pool of penis-juice, and allowing her own fluids to mix in. Thalia swayed on her knees as more of the dragon’s off-white sludge coated her, before her muscles gave out. In her final moments of consciousness, she recognised the radiant violet scales coiling around her torso. It held her gently, almost cradling her.

Mortal enemy or not, she felt safe. She could sleep here. And she did.

When next she saw light, it wasn’t from the sun. Thalia opened her eyes and looked to the sky, seeing a resplendent moon gazing down upon her. A cool breeze ran across her skin, yet she wasn’t cold. If anything, she was warm. Enough that she could even stand to go back to sleep for a little longer.

As she turned over, she took in the purple that surrounded her. It irked her, yet as something thick and warm appeared beside her, she nestled up against it.

“Good to see you’re awake.”

“Hmm, five more min..” Thalia jerked up, her mind finally piecing it together. This was the dragon! She couldn’t be here. She had to go. Just as soon as her stomach settled.

“Shh, don’t move so fast. You ingested a lot of my seed. It will take some time for it to digest.”

“No, no, no, I can’t have,” Thalia lifted her head to look at her belly, finding it profoundly spherical. It looked outright enormous on her little body. Almost like she was pregnant. Strangely enough, she didn’t hate the look of it.

“Calm, dear. If you get agitated, you might regurgitate it. And I spent so long getting you clean already.”

“You cleaned me?” Thalia asked, picturing the beast licking her all over. That included down *there*. Her face burned fiercely, yet she wasn’t exactly outraged by it.

“Yes. There is plumbing inside the tower, so I gave you a bath. I wasn’t prepared for how thick my seed is this season. You really do bring something out of me.”

Thalia stayed quiet and simply leaned into the dragon. It was curled around her, tail acting as a bed. She was so small and helpless compared to it. The tail alone could’ve crushed her at any time. She glanced over toward its rump, but it was curled such that she couldn’t see anything indecent there. The things it said while she did all that awful stuff…

“Why don’t you ever wound me?” Thalia asked. She’d returned with scrapes, burns and bruises dozens of times, yet nothing serious. The worst injury was a long gash in her thigh, one that left a faint scar, and that was just as much her fault as it was the dragons.

“I see no reason to. Therefore, I don’t.”

“But I’m trying to kill you.”

“Keyword being ‘trying’,” it chuckled, “Truthfully speaking, my days are rather dull. I wake up, eat breakfast, check on the tower and my hoard, but there’s very little variance. It was only when the knights started coming that I had any entertainment. Then most gave up. Except you.”

“I don’t quit,” Thalia said.

“No, you don’t. I admire that about you.”

Thalia couldn’t understand why that made her blush. She focused on her tummy once more, rubbing slow circles into it. Luckily, it seemed she was digesting the *seed* rather quickly. She grimaced at the thought of what was inside her, though that gave way to raw horror when she burped and tasted it.

The dragon chortled, its body shaking with laughter, while the tail’s tip patted her on the back, “I didn’t think any air got in with how tight it was, but you continue to surprise me.”

“Don’t baby me,” Thalia pouted. It stopped patting her, instead looping under her arm to squeeze her softly.

“I’m sorry. It’s difficult not to when you’re so small and cute.”

“Give me weapon and I’ll show you ‘cute’.”

Much to her dismay, that only made it laugh harder. Then it turned to face her, those eyes even brighter in the night. Thalia looked away. Those things were dangerous, hypnotic.

“I know you consider us enemies, but would you take some advice?”

“Whatever.”

“Give up on being a knight. Try magic instead. You have swift reflexes, fast feet and a studious mind. A staff or wand would suit you far better than a sword or spear.”

“You…!” Thalia climbed to her feet, ignoring the queasiness of her overfull belly, “How dare you?! You’ve no idea the pressures I’m under! I can’t just quit and be some… some mage. I’d be a stain on my family.”

“Family, hmm? Could you not create another?”

“What?” Thalia’s eye twitched.

“I was under the impression that human unions make them family.”

“It’s not the same! You know nothing. Just a stupid beast. I’m leaving.”

“Take care,” the dragon unfurled itself, allowing her to climb down. A neatly folded set of clothes floated over to her, “Your kind dislike nudity in public, correct?”

Thalia grunted and tugged on the clothes that, much to her dismay, fit perfectly. Except the shirt, since her belly still looked like she swallowed a melon in one go, but that’d fix itself in time. She glared at the awful beast, expecting it to go back to its lair, but it just looked back at her. Its expression… was it… sad? For her?

“Next time will be the last,” Thalia promised and set off home.

**Chapter 04**:

Of all the terrible occurrences in the last two days, Thalia was fortunate to return after Gail had gone to sleep. Or passed out in a drunken or sexual stupor. She didn’t care which as she crawled into her bed and willed slumber to claim her next. It didn’t work.

The dragon’s words replayed in her mind like a bureaucrat’s speech. Away from the beast, she didn’t have need for bluster, allowing the full weight to settle upon her. Thalia knew it was right. Melee was her weakest subject. Archery wasn’t much better, as she lacked the necessary strength to hold the bowstring taut for long. It was only thanks to her stubbornness that she passed those in the academy.

But she excelled in academia and reflex. The two most important subjects for a *mage*. Her teachers all said as much, some even tricked her into observing those cowards at work. Thalia hated that it tempted her at the time. Less callouses on her fingers, more free time, and she could get things off the top shelves using magic. Still, she refused, despite the days of speculation that followed.

Now those thoughts were back and prevented her from sleep. Snarling at her lack of resolution, Thalia got up and took a candle with her to the library. It was open at all hours to knights, should they need to research something. Most just brought dates there for a quiet place to shirk their responsibilities. Thalia remained alert for any sounds. If a comrade discovered her down there, looking at magic books of all things, she’d likely never hear the end of it from Gail.

In the glow of a solitary candle, she pulled up to a desk and opened the first book in her pile. It… was fascinating. She devoured page after page, learning the history of the craft first, then moved onto the theory behind it. Each creature was born with a natural affinity, often tied to one of the core elements; earth, water, fire and air. Some were blessed with more abstract affinities, most interesting of which was ‘gravity’.

“Huh, it’s that easy to figure it out?” Thalia whispered. All she needed was a cup of water, something she’d brought with her. After that, she just focused her mind on the water and let whatever mystical energy she possessed have its way. An exhaustive list of results and their meanings followed.

“Just try it. Not like you’ve any pride left.”

Cradling the cup like a she would wring the dragon’s neck, Thalia did as instructed and closed her eyes. She expected to feel nothing, maybe a tiny tingle, not a sharp wave of vertigo. When she opened her eyes, she had her immediate answer as she looked at the floating locks of her hair, water droplets, and books. Gravity. Perhaps the most powerful affinity in history.

As suddenly as the power emerged, it vanished and dropped everything. She barely caught herself and saved the book from the water. This was amazing! Those broadswords that were too heavy could be made light as a feather, same with the heavy chain mail the others could wear. Or she could take a giant anvil and use it to smash the dragon’s head in!

Or it could be used to alleviate a fecund belly. And lift a certain toy, make it do all the work on its own, while her hands did other things. She didn’t notice the drool fall until it landed on the back of her hand. Thalia snapped out of the delusions her cruel libido forced on her and rubbed at her hand, only to find the drool extending further than it possibly could. That… that’s not possible.

Thalia snatched the book like it was a deadly viper and looked to the results, but found nothing. She had a second affinity, one that wasn’t even recorded in what was supposed to be the mages encyclopaedia. Either of those would be enough to make Thalia question her own sanity, but both left her unsure if she was dreaming. She must be tired. That was the only reasonable explanation.

She stuffed the books where she found them and hurried back to her room. Exhaustion finally gripped her, yet she couldn’t shut out the possibilities extended before her. A path entirely her own. She didn’t need to desperately crawl in her family’s shadow, she could start anew. Just like Ruby said.

Morning came and forced her awake. Despite how clear the day was, Thalia had no further clarity for her own situation. She went through the motions of morning training, making careless mistakes in the process, and prepared for that day’s expedition. Seeing the dragon again was not a cheerful thought, but she couldn’t let it think she was beaten. Or that she was seriously contemplating its poisonous words.

She didn’t bother with cleaning herself, leaving her mop of hair to fall against her shoulders and face. Just basic decency seemed so far beyond her, yet she forced her usual equipment on, though it was little more than a thin leather cuirass, equally frail gauntlets and shin guards. She rubbed at her eyes as she bit into an apple for breakfast. It didn’t matter how bad her nights or mornings were, Thalia had a duty.

Taking deep breath, she set off from the barracks. And was stopped partway through the door by an unwelcome, if familiar sight; her parents. No, no, no. They couldn’t be there. Not now. Not when her head was so messed up that she was thinking of forsaking the Lustbornes legacy just to make things easier on herself. Oh dear god they’d definitely see through her!

“Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad,” Thalia kept her voice level, “Uh, now is a bad time. I was just…”

“On your way to face the dragon, we know,” her mom said, smiling. It looked kind, but Thalia knew better. Judgement chilled the otherwise warm expression.

“But there’s plenty of daylight left. Perhaps we could treat you to a quick lunch?” Her father suggested, though it wasn’t meant to be refused.

Thalia had heard stories from the others, of childhoods riddled with cruelties that she could never imagine. But she was a victim in her own way. Her parents expected a lot and pushed her to meet those expectations. Or rather, they pushed her siblings. Thalia had been mostly spared their overbearing natures in childhood and only earned some of it during training. They expected little of her. For her to walk a different path to the others in their family.

All because she was small.

She nodded and let them lead her to an upscale bistro just down the road. It wasn’t her first pick, since most of her comrades frequented it, but she wouldn’t refuse a free meal. Even if there were ulterior motives behind it.

Part of her training involved learning to read an opponent. These may have been her parents, however the scenario presented them as an enemy to some extent. Thalia took a deep breath, inhaling the scent of fresh bread and various savoury items.

“What brings you here?” She asked.

Her mom took a sip of tea, sighing deeply, “We just wanted to check on you. See if the barracks are as… cosy as ever. Or if you thought about…”

“No,” Thalia cut her off, “I haven’t. I’ve been working.”

“And how has that gone?” She asked. Thalia thinned her eyes; Mother knew the answer to that.

“At some point, you have to realise that it simply isn’t meant to be,” Father said, tone not as pointed as his words sounded, “Being a knight is a learned talent, yes, but it requires a measure of natural affinity.”

Affinity? Thalia wanted to forget last night, and had been mostly successful, until then. What would they say if she told them what happened in the library? They’d probably see if as the perfect chance to move her away, send her to the mage academy and steal her dream.

“I have affinity for it. My reflexes, remember?”

“Yes, and those are incredible,” Mother said with no small amount of pride, “But it takes a measure of all aspects to be a knight. Please, dear, pursue a different path. Being a mage doesn’t mean giving up, you know? Plenty of mages have done great things in their time.”

“That’s not the point,” Thalia muttered. It would cast a terrible shadow on their legacy. Everyone in her family, for as long their history was recorded, had been a great warrior. Slayers of dragons, saviours of kings and queens, destroyers of oppression. She’d grown up idolising them. She couldn’t be the one to stain their legacy.

“Thalia,” Father sighed.

“Just try it,” Mother said.

“I won’t.”

“What is one of the first things they teach you as knight?”

“To be alert.”

Mother shook her head, “It’s to be open-minded. To understand multiple angles. Yes, that has fallen in practice of late, but it’s the most important part of success. Closing your heart and mind to something just because you view it as lesser? No self-respecting knight should do such a thing.”

“So now you’re trying to shame me into going against my beliefs?”

“No! Nothing like that! We want you to fulfil your potential in life. Whatever form that takes.”

“Even if that means forcing me? I don’t just spend my time trying to save our princess. I hear rumours. Like how you two have spoken with the Arch-mage about ‘tweaking’ my memories. To make me want to give up and be a stupid mage. I’d sooner die to the dragon,” Thalia drank the last of her tea, then stood, “Goodbye.”

“Thalia!” Father grabbed her hand, “Do you understand what you’re saying? Accusing us is one thing, but wishing to die is another. Do not throw your life away over something as foolish as pride.”

“It’s what knights do,” Thalia wrenched her hand free, “Better to perish with honour.”

She didn’t linger to hear their response. It was a terrible thing for her to say, especially since she made up those rumours, but she couldn’t let them convince her. What if she went away, learned to be a powerful mage with her gravity and unknown affinity, and returned to find the dragon dead by another’s hand? It *had* to be *her*.

Thalia came to the dungeon entrance and breathed deep. She vowed to kill it the next time they fought. Perhaps it wouldn’t happen today. Nothing had really changed from last time, aside from her mind being weighed down, rather than her body. To the side, the usual merchant sat with all sorts of wares. People ventured into the dungeon everyday, though none with the intent of facing the beast, so it only made sense.

She usually ignored him, except a particular item grabbed her attention; a staff. It was mechanical in design, meant to fold into itself for easy storage. Even her little bag would hold it. Another weapon couldn’t hurt. At best, if she ran into a hellhound, she could use it as a stick for a distraction.

Thalia never pulled it out as she went through the multitudes of caves. Nothing out of the ordinary. She was terrifyingly proficient with her daggers already, so she had no reason to change her strategy. The usual loot weighed in her bag, with occasional pieces of ephemeral armour finding their way onto her body, until she came to an already opened chest. That was unusual. All chests were supposed to reset themselves for whoever found them.

She inspected it, then found a glowing inscription; *still in possession*.

What did that mean? She didn’t keep anything from her last attempt, losing it all to the dragon’s hoard. Unless it was a lingering item? Such things were unbelievably rare, considered little more than myth by some. If so, then what was it?

A question beyond her. She’d go see the guild about it later. For now, she would focus her efforts on the dragon once more. Without the dildo in place, Thalia could fit at full strength once more. This time, she’d deal damage. She knew its weakness during this ‘oestrus’. Stab it in the prick, she thought with a crude smirk.

She was fully prepared to summon it as she stepped across the bridge, yet was silenced by confusion. Another woman was already there, a curtain of pink and red hair bellowing in the natural gusts of the ravine. Thalia made no sound as she looked the naked woman up and down. They had their back to her, allowing the knight to, briefly, indulge in the impressive backside they possessed. Despite its size, their height made it almost natural.

Why would a naked woman be there of all places? Unless… it couldn’t be the princess, could it? If it were, then she had grown into a magnificent adult in her captivity. Thalia traced the peach-shape of those buttocks one more time - just one! - before she spoke.

“Princess Salacie? Is that you? If so, then we need to go. The dragon could appear any second.”

“Oh, I don’t think that’ll be necessary.”

A shimmer surrounded the woman, before fading out and revealing a coating of scales spread across their body. Thalia gawked as a tail grew from above their rump, which swelled up even bigger to better support it. Their hands curled in, taking on a clawed visage. Next an obscene growth bulged underneath their shoulder blades, before erupting into two gigantic wings that could’ve wrapped around Thalia twice each.

“It can’t be.”

“Hello, my dear knight. I see this had the desired effect.” They turned and Thalia had her confirmation when she met those putridly beautiful jade eyes, now framed by thick lashes. It flipped some hair over its shoulder, the action causing her breasts to bounce, “Though I’d hoped to appear human a little longer.”

“How… you… Impossible!”

“When you spend a few centuries just studying, you discover some unusual magicks,” the dragon said.

Thalia still couldn’t believe what her eyes saw. This was a human by all accounts, save for the skin and… more unusual additions. Two legs and arms, a head with lips and a nose, right down to the… the…

“If you’re gonna masquerade as a human, at least put on some clothes!” Thalia shouted, pointing her dagger at the long stretch of flesh hanging between its legs.

“Oh that, don’t worry. It’s just my sheath. This form doesn’t have space for my cloaca, so I can’t hide it completely. Perfectly decent by my standards.”

“Standards?” Thalia scoffed, “You stuck your thing in my mouth just yesterday.”

“A privilege I’ve given to none before.”

Her thoughts stalled, “What?”

“Dragons are solitary creatures. We live long and have large clutches, so mating is rarely a priority. Few of us seek company. I was content in that life, I admit. I have my treasures and those were enough for the longest time. Until you ventured into my little arena. I thought you were just another knight seeking glory, but you kept coming. Before long, I found myself anticipating your arrival. Those rare days you took even a minute longer were awful. Very occasionally, I thought about undoing the enchantments to come find you.”

That… sounded an awful lot like a confession of love. But it couldn’t mean any of that. They were from completely different worlds, that being human and dragons. What kind of sick creature would truly love her? And yet, its eyes never wavered. With a mostly human face, Thalia could finally read its expressions, understand its thoughts better, and there was not a speck of sarcasm or mirth to be found. Only genuine affection.

It was serious? Actually serious?

“If you think that way, then why humiliate me all those times?” Thalia demanded. She’d uncover its true motives one way or the other.

“Because your reactions are simply precious. Few memories are worth holding onto more than those. They’ve kept me company at night… and more as of late.”

Thalia’s face was hot. Oh fuck, she was blushing! She remembered each and every defeat, the more humiliating the more vivid they were. By the dragon’s logic, they were precious memories.

“Now come!” The dragon spread its arms and wings, causing its breasts to bounce, nipples swaying hypnotically, “Face me once more. You said you would kill me this time, didn’t you? Well, I think this form will give you a better chance, no? You’re used to fighting bipedal beings after all.”

“Y-yeah! You’ve only sealed your own fate, Ruby!”

“Ruby? So you will use my name?”

Crap, crap, crap! “Just a slip of the tongue. Your human guise made me think I was fighting an honourable opponent. One deserving of a name.”

“Of course, Thalia.”

Her mind whirled like a thousand leaves in the wind. Each one was another thought she didn’t want to have, yet couldn’t prevent despite her years of discipline. Why did it have to drop its voice when it said her name? Why did its boobs have to shake when it took a breath? Why wasn’t Thalia looking it in the eyes so she could read its next attack? Why… why didn’t she want to be a mage?

Her parents were all for the idea. And she didn’t have to stop being a knight. She’d heard of a few who mixed the professions. It was just highly uncommon, of ridiculed as lacking decisiveness, but they were incredible warriors in their own right. Even some of her lineage may have been such warriors.

The dragon stood in wait for her to attack. Thalia held her stance, but her muscles were tense, ill-prepared for a proper attack, and it knew that. That was why it didn’t make a move. And why it’s smile didn’t falter. Behind it, the tower stood overbearing as ever, its single window impossible to see into thanks to bright sun reflected by it. Was the princess even there anymore?

Thalia didn’t know what her problem was anymore. She kept fighting day after day to save the princess, but after five years with no sightings, who knew if she was even alive. The thought had crossed her mind before, others had also pointed it out to her.

Yet she kept fighting. For what?

“I don’t know what to do anymore,” Thalia sniffed. Everything was just so fucking confusing! All because Ruby… the *dragon* had to go into oestrus and show her that thing. Ever since then, she couldn’t concentrate on being who she always thought she was meant to be. It was all this beast’s fault!

“Hey, hey, it’s okay.”

“No it’s not! I don’t know what I want anymore,” Thalia threw her dagger down, watching as dark spots landed around it, “All my life, I’ve known what I’ve wanted. Had people to guide me. Now… now you’ve fucked up my head!”

“Language! Thalia, you’re above such words.”

“I know, but… I can’t think straight. I have two affinities, one of which is unknown, so that means I could be a famous mage without even trying. It’d be so much easier than being a knight. I know that. But then I’d have to leave and study for god knows how long. And who knows what will happen in that time. I don’t…” Thalia gasped as arms, and wings, wrapped around her. Her knees quivered as she sank to the floor.

Trapped in the embrace of her worst enemy. Who was now offering her comfort. Few things could be as humiliating for a knight. Thalia clung to its body, feeling that unnatural heat all over her body, while she sank her head into its bosom and let the tears fall.

“If you do not wish to leave to learn magic, then I will teach you.”

“You will?” Thalia sobbed, “Why? I’m human… and I’ve tried to kill you so many times.”

“If there is one thing I’ve learned about humanity, it’s that your kind are not so simple. I only know so much about you, my dear knight, but I’m sure there’s more to you than what you think.”

“Like what?”

“Like… that you are not simply a knight. You are an incredible woman. I fear you forget that sometimes. And that you aren’t ruled by your family’s legacy.”

“You know about that?”

“They’re famous among my kind too. A lineage of dragon slayers and lovers alike.”

Thalia pulled away, all emotion drained from her face and voice, “What?”

“Oh yes, after our first year of combat, and I finally got you to tell me your last name, I did some reading. While it won’t be in any of your history, my kind aren’t so ashamed. Many of your ancestors killed dragons, yes. A great feat for humans. But others simply made up the tale, hiding that they not only spared their quarrel, but fell for it too. Even your great-grandmother was one such individual, though she never claimed to have slain one.”

“That’s not… your kind must’ve put them under a spell. Or a curse! That’s why I can’t stop thinking about you!”

“Aww, that’s nice to hear. But no, it is not a curse. If it makes you feel better, there are other humans who have laid with my kind. Your family is just the most prolific.”

It wasn’t impossible to accept. Ruby in this form was easily one of the most beautiful people Thalia had ever seen. The scales added a mysterious and exotic layer to her buxom shape, and her skin was flawless too. Not to mention those eyes that probed deep into her soul and never left. She smelled good too, almost cosy.

Her tears stifled, Thalia was pushed back, though she wasn’t released from the winged-embrace. She looked up into Ruby’s face, stomach clenched when she was struck, yet again, by how beautiful this monster really was.

“Now, dear, I believe you said something about two affinities?”

“Yes.”

“Well, now, that *is* curious. In all my knowledge, I only know of one species that possesses such a gift,” the dragon brushed some of Thalia’s hair from her face. A shimmer enveloped the single lock, turning it into a rigid line of diamond, before reverting back. Then the leftover tears on her face was pulled from her skin, leaving behind the feeling of a delicate finger wiping her cheek. The droplets rose and vanished into the sky.

Thalia watched it all, slack-jawed and confounded by what just happened. That was two affinities, wasn’t it?

“I have psychokinesis and transformation.” The dragon explained with a smirk, clearly enjoying her shock.

“So that’s how you did this,” Thalia, mind fuzzy with a million thoughts, jabbed a hand into the dragon’s bosom. She expected the breast to feel firmer with the scales, yet they squished the same as any other. *Not* that she’d had much experience with other women’s breasts.

“Yes. It takes a lot of power and control, but I thought you might prefer me like this.”

“I like both,” Thalia said without thinking, then yanked her hand away, “What I mean is… I… I could defeat you in either form!”

The dragon chuckled and stroked her hair, gently shushing her bluster, “Tell me, why don’t you want to leave and study? You know it’s the best course for you.”

“Because it would… it’d mean… I don’t what would happen to you. Oh no, why am I saying such things?! Shit, I said that aloud!”

“I believe this,” the dragon pulled something from her bag, “Is the culprit.” It was the magic stone from yesterday. *When tempered by heat, dispel one’s own deceit*. Stupid magic, she thought. It always made up its own rules when suited it best. She thought the stone was lost yesterday, however there it was, making her crazy.

“I believe it’s helping you come to some realisations.”

“Get rid of it,” Thalia muttered, “Let me go back to how I was before.”

“It doesn’t work that way, my dear Thalia. Such magic isn’t so easily negated. Even I doubt I could undo it. Besides, is this not for the best? Can you look me in the eye and tell me you were happy before?”

Thalia glowered at the ground, seeing those taloned feet wreathed in stunning scales on either side of her discarded dagger. Even they were gorgeous in their own way. No, stop it! Stop making me think these things. Thalia turned her gaze to the stone in Ruby’s hand. It was the cause of everything. She could’ve gone on and continued their usual cycle without issue if not for that stupid rock. Eventually, she’d have defeated this beast. Surely? It wasn’t like she’d spend her entire prime trying and failing over and over.

That brought her mind to the question; was she happy before? Yes, of course. Her days were always busy, she got to look after the fine people of her village, and know she was making some difference. Even if that meant not having much in the way of excitement or fulfilment for the skills she’d struggled to cultivate. Then the princess was taken and she had her perfect chance to prove herself, to do more than patrol.

She got to venture into the dungeon and face new enemies. It truly tested her abilities and gave her something to strive for. Thalia wouldn’t admit it, but she did tire of training everyday and never utilising those efforts. Weeks passed before she reached the end of the dungeon, by which point most knights had given up. She was the first one to cross the bridge in days.

Then she was faced with a foe that completely outclassed her. Its speed defeated her reflexes, its scales deflected even the sharpest broadsword, and the fire always seared her clothes. She couldn’t count the amount of times she returned naked. Just as often, she’d escape - seemingly by the skin of her teeth - with red marks across her rump from the dragon’s tail whipping her. Then there were days where it tripped her using its long, slobbery tongue and left her soaked in its drool. All those humiliations…

In hindsight, was the dragon always interested in her in *that* way?

“You enjoy my suffering, don’t you?” Thalia asked and backed away

“A little. But let’s circle back.”

“No! Let’s just fight or something.” Thalia shoved it off and grabbed her dagger, already going for a strike. It was one of her best yet, aimed straight for where a human’s heart would be. And with the dragon’s current form, its scales were spread out on its chest, leaving a soft opening. Thalia put all her weight and power into the attack, ready to end it once and for all.

Only for a tail to whip across her face and send her flying. She’d been struck hard before, sent across the arena, but never like this. Her cheek swelled up, it felt like a tooth had become loose and she never touched the ground. When Thalia could finally focus her eyes once more, she saw the ravine stretch out beneath her.

“No!” The dragon yelled as Thalia plummeted.

Wind tore at her face. She could barely open her eyes and recognise how close death was. Well, it was only fitting. Thalia had said such awful things to her parents before coming here, even let her own bitterness and confusion warp her perception of them. They only wanted the best for her, even if she detested how they tried convincing her of it. Now she would never see them again.

“Thalia!”

She looked down… or rather, up, across her body at the violet beast racing toward her. Ruby was trying to save her? So it meant everything it said? Well, Thalia would pass before she got a chance to fully process that fact.

And she was fine with that. Better die with honour than to become a mage. That was about what she said earlier. So, of course, she couldn’t complain if she died there. Right?

NO! Thalia forced her focus back to her imminent death. She wouldn’t go out like this. Her world had just expanded in ways that were terrifying to even think about, she couldn’t just die after that. Then there was the dragon… Ruby. If her words were true, then she’d be miserable without Thalia. Not to mention Gail would inevitably find the other sex toy in her room. Dead or not, she’d never be able to tolerate such horror.

There had to be something. Anything she could use to slow her fall. Thalia tried opening her arms, but the wind was too strong. All she could do was get them into her bag, feeling around for whatever might help. Like… like… the staff!

That vertigo she felt last night surged up once more, replacing the deafening wind. Not a second later, she lost all the air in her lungs as something big and heavy collided with her. She continued to fall, only now the terrible wind-chill was replaced by warmth, that only grew as she was swept up and taken back to the tower. She was placed on her feet, but her legs folded against the ground like a rag dolls.

“I’m so, so sorry! You caught me by surprise and I used too much strength. Oh my god, I could’ve… I can’t believe I was so careless. Thalia? Please tell me you’re alright?” A hand cupped her cheek. So soft and warm, yet fuming with strength no human could hope to match.

Thalia looked up at the shimmering green pools. Dragons couldn’t cry from what she knew, yet Ruby looked like she would. For such a beast to shed tears for someone like her, what else was that but love? Thalia reached up and cupped a cheek. Were it not for the scales or pupils, that face could’ve passed for human. Unfairly gorgeous, yes, but human all the same.

Before her eyes, it changed slightly. The cheeks pushed out, forming a stout muzzle. Whatever magic Ruby used to change herself was wearing off. Other parts were changing too, slowly growing back to its true size that could truly dwarf Thalia.

The adrenaline of near death still surged through her body, yet that wasn’t what made every muscle tense. Or why her heart raced and sweat dripped down her face. She leaned up, coming so close she could feel the dragon’s breath on her lips, then kissed her.

**Chapter 05:**

Thalia ran through the dungeon. Her clothes were intact for once, and she hadn’t lost any of her findings to the dragon’s hoard. A smile brightened her face, despite the fact she hadn’t succeeded in her goal. Just the opposite, really.

The kiss had continued far longer than she expected it to. Ruby continued growing back, face eventually returning to its usual shape, yet that didn’t stop their tongues from meeting for the first time. A distinct memory of seeing those sharp teeth sent a trill down her spine. What had once seemed like a threat to her, was now just a strangely endearing aspect.

Of course, that led to something awakening. It took longer for Ruby’s body to regain its usual shape, giving Thalia a clear feeling of her sheath twitching and swelling, slowly unleashing something. She wasn’t revolted by it this time, though she wasn’t exactly calm as the tube burgeoned against her body, growing hotter by the moment. It lifted against her stomach, almost searing her skin through the cuirass. As if sensing her proximity, it twitched and she jerked back. She gulped when it came back into full view.

So big. Even more so than the last time she saw it, and Ruby hadn’t even finished growing in either regard. Thalia stared at the dragon’s face, her long neck bent over so their eyes were level. Those jade depths glowed dully, like a fire ready to break loose and consume everything, but held back. Just barely.

“Thalia…”

Her name from its mouth had always been a point of ridicule. The fact she’d given her name to a foe and allowed it to live was a blight on her honour as a knight. That’s what she would tell herself every night, at least. Truthfully, she didn’t want to confront the emotions it stirred up.

“Ruby,” Thalia whispered the dragon’s own name. It was a strange moniker, given her vibrant amethyst scales and green eyes. She almost asked about it, then her eyes darted to the twitching girth approaching her. What had started as a purple phallus with a cobalt hue at the base, was now a deep red colour from top to bottom. It very much resembled the jewel for which the dragon was named.

“Will you,” Ruby sucked in a deep breath, as if to fill her penis with it as the shaft fattened even further. All the tiers flared out, seeming to breathe with her, while parts of the flesh bulged out into stout spines, “Would you come back with me?” A graceful pointed over the edge of the arena.

Thalia nearly crumbled. That was an *invitation*, wasn’t it? It definitely wasn’t the dragon asking to play a card game or grab a drink. No, she wanted Thalia to return to her lair, to be at her complete mercy. To resign to the desires flowing through them both.

“You look awfully pent up,” Thalia said.

“I am. Everyday of my oestrus is more intense than the last. It certainly doesn’t help when a delightful little morsel is so close.”

Thalia blushed, “It will end soon, won’t it?”

“Three more days. I will reach my most fertile state. It would be best if you are not here at that time. I doubt I could control myself.”

“Oh?” Thalia licked her lips. Memories of the dragon’s flavour surged back, so vivid she could practically taste it. A rogue hand ventured around her crotch, finding a growing dampness in her pants. She pressed up, feeling her own sex. It was so small compared to that thing. She’d never fit it in. The fact she got some of it in her mouth before had to be dumb luck.

But then there was that moment with her drool in the library. How had it stretched that far? Was that her other affinity? If so, then could it be applied elsewhere?

“I can’t,” Thalia said, then stiffened at the murderous intent that targeted her.

All at once, Ruby’s demeanour changed, pupils thinning into feral slits and eyes glowing with bloodlust. A low growl vibrated in her chest as smoke poured from her open mouth. For a moment, Thalia feared she’d finally met her end, but the moment passed.

“You are still reluctant.” She sounded patient, but there was frustration also.

“Maybe,” Thalia saw no point in hiding the truth. This wasn’t something she could just dive into, especially not when she’d faced near-certain death minutes ago and adrenaline still thrummed in her veins. But she had come to terms with one thing; she didn’t want Ruby dead. That meant rethinking a lot of her life.

And if she did go through with this, there was no way her inexperienced body could handle such a huge beast of a cock!

“I need time. Give me two days. By then I’ll come back and I’ll have an answer.”

“Two days?” Ruby groaned and slumped forward, her anger dissipating into mere petulance, “But I want you now.”

Thalia gulped, able to see the weight of those words in phallic form. She felt them too, like phantom hands stirring her lusts and rationality together, blurring the lines between them.

“I know. When I come back…” She stopped herself from finishing. She didn’t want to promise anything in the heat of the moment. Not when she had no idea what her future held.

“Very well,” Ruby sighed, “I will await your return in two days time. But heed my warning, little knight,” her face came mere inches from Thalia’s, hot, smoky breathe surrounding her body, “If you think I am pent up right now, then you’ve no idea. Regardless of your decision, I doubt you will leave this place clean.”

“I know,” Thalia whispered, unsure what to feel about her own anticipation.

“Then go. Do what you must to decide your fate. Just know that I’ll be thinking of you,” Ruby said with a flirtatious wink, then she took to the skies and flew down into the ravine, retiring to her lair. That left Thalia to leave and begin her own preparations.

The sun had just reached its apex when she left the dungeons. The always present merchant gasped at the sight of her unscathed body, but she paid him no mind and headed in the direction of a very devious shop, one that had prayed upon her at her weakest moment. Now she returned of her own will, intent on gathering all the necessary tools for her training.

It was as lurid as she remembered, shelves lined with shapes that she’d rather not be seen with. Fortunately, no one from her barracks would dare frequent such a shop. Only knights with questionable morals and taste in partners could so much as step foot inside there. Why did thinking of herself like that make her even more excited for the owner to spot her.

“Ah, welcome. Always pleasant to see a repeat customer. Unless, of course, you’re here for a return?”

“No,” Thalia said and studied the largest offerings on display, “Are these the biggest you have?”

The owner’s face split into a cursed grin, “For more discerning patrons such as yourself, I have more impressive specimens in the back. If you would follow me.”

Thalia remained tensed for an ambush. It was a common tactic, luring people away from any possible witnesses, but she had no such issues. The owner’s questionable business aside, she was more than eager to help Thalia find exactly what she needed, obviously taking pleasure in her embarrassment as perversely huge phalluses were paraded in front of her. Still, the knight fought through her inhibitions and left with a discrete bag of unfortunately lewd items.

There was no hiding the anticipation bubbling over from within. While none of them would even come close to Ruby’s size, and she doubted that’d improve over the next couple days, however her hands were much too small for the task. She needed training. And a reason to exercise her new abilities.

Her next hurdle would either be the easiest, or the worst. Gail couldn’t be present for any of this. Knights were usually out for most of the day, and some of the night if they were after sex and drink. Still, Thalia couldn’t risk being discovered doing anything she was about to try.

“Oh my, you got away unscathed this time,” Gail said.

“I was lucky.” Thalia didn’t trust herself to lie convincingly to another knight. Slacker or not, Gail had the same training. And she was better with people, reading them, knowing their intents. It’s how she found partners day after day. There was truth in Thalia’s words, even if she didn’t say much. She’d found something new to pour her energy into, and possibly something more. Depending on how her training went.

“Hmm, I bet,” Gail wasn’t really looking at her, busy adjusting her armour straps, “Well, it’s finally our turn to patrol together. So get a move on.”

“About that. I have a favour to ask.”

“That’s rare. Alright, speak.”

“I need the room for at least two days. To myself. No interruptions. I can’t explain why, but it’s important and…”

“Say no more.”

“I know, I’m so sorry and I’ll make it up to you, I swear…”

“Thalia, I said it’s fine.”

“I’ll even wash your gross socks for a month.”

“Thalia!” Gail snapped her from the babbling, “It’s fine, don’t worry. We all need a vacation some time. And I just so happen to have a sexy little minx eager for my attentions day and night.”

“You’re sure?” Thalia hadn’t expected it to be that easy. She figured some bribery or a compromise would be needed, yet her comrade was more than amicable.

“This seems important to you. And I’d wager it has something to do with that… *dragon* of yours.” Gail’s eyes flitted to Thalia’s bed, specifically underneath it and the bag that obscured the smaller toy she’d bought the other day.

She didn’t confirm or deny, merely blushed and said, “It is. Thank you.”

Gail clapped her on the back, then leaned down and whispered, “If you ever need an ear, I’d never judge you. For anything. It’s a weakness of mine around cute girls.”

“Gail, that’s, um…”

“Anyway!” Gail opened their door and chucked her key onto her bed, “Have fun and if I’m not back before you go, leave the door unlocked. Bye!”

Thalia was alone. She locked the door and bunched some of Gail’s blankets against it, muffling the sound coming in and out as best she could. This was really about to happen. Her breathing hastened, heart thumping in her chest, and an un-knightly moisture built in her panties as she moved to her bed. The bag sat there, a drawstring kept its content obscured. She loosened it, lips parting with anticipation as she uncovered the first of many terrible instruments.

“This is ridiculous,” she murmured as she gauged the weight of an inhuman phallus in her hand. It wasn’t shaped like the dragon’s, but had similarities; a wide ring toward its middle, and a flared head that ended in a small bulb, unlike Ruby’s wicked peak. The texture wasn’t much different from what she remembered, maybe a bit softer and more pliant. There weren’t nearly as many veins either.

From her travelling bag, she pulled the staff out. Mages used them to concentrate their magic, each one embedded with small traces of the stuff, and they proved useful in drawing out ones potential. Thalia let out a low laugh at the absurdity presented to her; in one hand, a staff for a profession she rejected, and in the other a penis of a shape and size no human could possess. Compared to the usual daggers, swords and general array of weapons she usually held, they were about as different as could be.

“Should probably strip,” Thalia noted and set the objects aside, heart fluttering with the first real step in her new endeavour.

She felt the heat rise when her shirt came off and revealed her rigid nipples, the pink nubs even more eager than she was willing to admit. Pants came down next and proved even more unpleasant when she saw the dampness on them. She hadn’t removed her underwear yet. There was something she needed to try first.

It was easier to ignore her body’s lurid excitement when she had something else to focus on. Thalia breathed deep and grabbed the staff, choking it like she would a deadly serpent. Tension was the enemy of action. She needed to be relaxed and focused. She closed her eyes and concentrated. There was a power within her, one that she’d never touched before. Out of fear? Revulsion? No, she just blindly rejected it.

Well, now she wasn’t. Now Thalia wanted it to come out. She felt that vertigo again, like her stomach was flipping inside her, then it passed and she was left with a feeling of… expansion in the mind. Like a knowledge being forced into her, muddling her thoughts. It was difficult to fight through, but she had experience in mental discipline. Weeks of training that would break any other girl of her build and she persevered. She just had to focus on her panties.

“This is so weird. Do mages feel like this all the time?”

She opened her eyes and looked for any changes, but saw nothing. Or at least nothing obvious like floating objects. This wasn’t her gravity affinity. Thalia exhaled and removed one hand from the staff, bringing it to her panties, then pulled them away from her body. They were elastic, designed to fit a wide variety of bodies, but as they pulled further and further out, she doubted this was normal. Her jaw fell at the sight of them extending several feet from her body.

Almost far enough that she could’ve crammed Ruby’s member into them.

Thalia shook her head, loosening those thoughts. Thinking about that thing wouldn’t do her any good. Well, it would in a moment, when she began the next step. She shouldn’t move on so quickly, mages usually spent years learning the basics of their affinities, while she only had a couple days.  There was no time to consider failure.

“Now the real test,” Thalia sighed and shut her eyes once more. That feeling of expansion returned faster, already familiar to her, but the problem was what to focus on. Her body, obviously, but what specifically? She needed her vagina to stretch more. So, that? No, she didn’t have much of an education, but she knew there were dozens, no, hundreds of small intricacies involved. She was a novice at this, there was no way she could just think of such a blanket concept and have it succeed.

And what if she did something wrong? She couldn’t take that risk. Then what would she and Ruby do? Oh fuck, now the dragon was in her head, appearing like a sunrise through the fog of whatever magical experience she was going through. Those stunning scales, long tail that could wrap her up so snugly, sleek muzzle with its long, surprisingly tasty tongue, and those eyes gleaming in the dark of her mind. Then there was a red hot shaft, blazing through and searing its majesty upon her very soul.

“Fuck,” Thalia moaned, mouth falling open. The image was so vivid she could almost smell the thing. She wanted another taste so bad. It looked so hard, pent up and ready to burst, probably very different to yesterday. Her thighs clenched around the staff as her hands left it to grab the sex toy at her side. It probably wouldn’t be much of a substitute, but she just… She needed something in her mouth. Something to satiate this gross urge of hers.

Demeaning it did nothing to stop her though. She opened her mouth and slipped her tongue, running it over the broad, mushroom-shaped cap. It didn’t taste of anything, though its texture was a close enough match. Pressing it against her lips, she let her saliva flow and her imagination take hold, picturing a set of thick, scaly thighs in front of her as she opened wider. But it wouldn’t work.

The toy was much too wide at the head. Ruby was at least tapered, allowing her to squeeze some inside before straining to take more. Not that it stopped her from kissing it, making the plastic slippery with her spit. It was such an undignified act, especially for a knight, yet her thighs got warmer. As did the treasure between them.

She changed her tactic, running her tongue and lips along the shaft instead. Eyes still closed, she pictured Ruby thrusting in appreciation, allowing her to get down lower, to taste the ring and feel it on her tongue. The toy was strangely attentive to detail, with a firm, plastic scrotum at its base, one that she also bathed in her spit. Moans vibrated in her chest. Even if there wasn’t much flavour, she still adored its feel. Its weight. Its shape.

If only it were somewhere else. Thalia gasped as she unconsciously pulled the staff closer, pressing it against her panties and wrapping the pole in her vaginal lips. A gentle squelch of her juices burned in her ears. She almost stopped her attentions on the toy, but its allure was too much. As was the image of the dragon coaxing her on.

She rocked her hips into the magical tool as she returned to the head of the toy. It felt good on her lips and tongue, but it’d feel even better against the roof of her mouth. Or the back of her throat.

Thalia doubted she could do it, but then, she’d doubted herself about many things. The only way to know was to try. Taking a deep breath, arching her hips into the staff, she opened her mouth wide and pushed forward as she pulled on the toy. Her eyes bulged in shock, and a little horror, as she *felt* her jaw stretch. It quickly reached the point that should’ve been uncomfortable, yet it was just weirdly easy. Like morning stretches.

Moments later and it was inside her. Her mouth was full. The fake glans pressed her tongue down flat and scraped along the roof of her mouth. A little further in and it pressed on the entrance to her throat, sliding in with only a little pressure. She gagged, yet it wasn’t the most unpleasant sensation, and kept pushing. Her pussy slid along the staff, panties becoming wetter by the moment.

Plastic dick down her throat, a wood and metal staff between her legs, and pleasure emanating from all around, Thalia moaned in a mix of joy and… and… perverse delight. There was no other way to say it. She liked this, feeling something big and heavy and phallic in her mouth. And knowing that it was just a warm-up, a training dummy for the real thing. That was the best part. She was doing this for something beyond immediate gratification.

She slid the toy deeper, lips bumping into the ring at its middle, then pressed her teeth over it. Soon enough, Thalia had a fake cock all the way down her gullet, all but ready to enter her stomach. The balls pressed into her chin. She did it.

Yet it wasn’t even close to Ruby’s size. Her throat was tight around it, skin bulging obscenely. She could just imagine how it would look and feel when she did this to Ruby. It wasn’t possible before, the tip barely fit, and it was smaller then. Now, however, with magic at her disposal, Thalia could do it. Even if she couldn’t, she wanted to try. Oh fuck, how she wanted to try.

Undulating her hips into the staff faster, Thalia bobbed her head to and fro on the fake dick. Spit overflowed, pushed up or pulled out by her every movement. It made the plastic nice and slippery, allowing it to glide along her throat. The occasional convulsion did nothing to slow it either. She worked her arms harder, basking in the way her warm spittle squelched and oozed between her fingers. Even her need for air didn’t stop her.

The only thing that did was the steep jump in pleasure. Her pussy clenched, walls grinding into each other, slurping on her panties and the staff. It took her by surprise, making her gag on the cock, which just made the next burst of pleasure even better. She shoved herself down to the toys balls once more, moaning at how they splashed into her chin. A heavy droplet of spit landed on her chest. She grabbed at a breast, massaging the saliva into it and felt the sensations spike when she pinched her nipple.

Thalia fell onto her back and freed her throat. The staff fell to the floor as she relaxed her thighs, whining at the sound of it coming loose. A hand ventured down to her lips, finding the panties soaked through with her juices. She stared at the sex toy she’d just swallowed, watching her saliva drip onto her chest. The air had cooled it off, leaving it almost cold on her heated skin.

“I guess,” Thalia set the first toy and fumbled around for another, pulling an even larger member out, “This is the perfect chance to train.”

**Chapter 07**:

Thalia rolled onto her side to avoid the dreaded sunlight hitting her eyes. Several heavy plops followed as the other occupants of her bed tumbled off the side. She groaned and rubbed at her face, finding it caked in dried spit. A stretch of her legs revealed a powerful, dull ache between them. So yesterday wasn’t an hallucination.

Finally opening her eyes, she was met by the sole survivor of her toys; an amazingly accurate replica of a dragon’s dick. She touched it, feeling the echoes of it stretching her pussy, and sighed deeply. Far as training went, Thalia had a productive day, surprising herself with how fast she improved. It wasn’t something she ever expected to want to master. Then again, she never had someone who made her feel these things.

“Stupid dragon,” Thalia muttered, but pulled it close to smell her own musk that was now caked on. What would it be like if they went this far? Ruby’s musk was one of the most vivid things she remembered, and there was no way it’d be weaker when they reunited tomorrow.

Oh, that was right. She needed an answer soon. For herself and Ruby. Monster or not, it wasn’t fair to leave a girl, or whatever a dragon’s gender was, waiting and hoping. Though having a big, powerful dragon pining for her wasn’t a bad thought. Thalia laughed at herself. Her first time having another person interested in her and it was a dragon. She supposed she never really wondered about other people either. She didn’t even really lust for anyone until Ruby showed her that massive thing.

“It’s a cock, Thalia. Get used to saying it already. This isn’t the time for a squeamish lexicon,” she said and sat up, looking at the floor that was now covered in sex toys. God, she really got around last night. Members… *cocks* of all shapes and sizes, though they all shared one thing; they were bigger than any man she could imagine, and none were human. Many also had thick bulbs toward the bases, just like Ruby’s.

Just looking at them soothed the ache of her pussy, but awoke something else. Thalia looked at herself, noting the streaks and splotches of her drool. Her thighs were caked in something else, though. Moisture subtly gleamed on her folds. Awake for not even five minutes and she was aroused.

She couldn’t just go back to training though. First, she needed to relieve and clean herself. Secluded or not, she was a knight and couldn’t allow herself to just stew in her own filth. Even if it was kind of sexy to reek of her own pleasure. Thalia slapped her thighs, the sting drawing her away from such thoughts. That damn dragon was rubbing off on her in more ways than one.

Fortunately, due to her exhaustive night, she woke well after the others and found herself alone in the barracks. She sat in the mutual bathroom and poured the warm, soapy water over herself, sighing as the grime of her training was washed off. It helped relax her tired muscles too. Thalia stretched properly, cracking her joints and checking herself for any sign that her experiments had damaged anything. She also pulled at her jaw to find that her magic had worn off.

“Well… today I try it down there.” Thalia opened her legs to check on her sex, finding it the same as ever, if a little unkempt from all the stretching. She dipped a finger past its folds, finding her hole waiting, open and moist. Despite all the efforts of last night, it didn’t ache nearly as much as she expected. Something to do with her magic, perhaps?

Once dry, she put on a simple tunic and headed for the kitchens. She prepared a quick sandwich some cured ham and cheeses, then returned to her room, locking it behind her once more. Those moments of normalcy were erased the second she stepped in, seeing all the objects spread about. Among them was the staff. She returned to her bed and held the tool. Tremors of her usual reservations coursed down her spine, before she tempered them with conviction.

Whatever happened, she didn’t think knighthood was correct for her. She wasn’t great with people, could barely hold her own in a fight if she wasn’t prepared, and most of their equipment was too heavy for her to use. But this staff was easy to hold and the robes were light. Then there were the benefits of mastering her affinities.

Like getting Ruby inside her.

“You’re hopeless, Thalia. Yeah, I know. One look at all these… dicks and I’m worse than Gail. That’s what you get for being such a prude. And for falling in love with a dragon. Hey, it’s not love! I think. It’s just… she’s very pretty and that cock of hers isn’t something someone should pass up. When am I ever gonna get that chance again? Yeah, that’s a pretty good explanation. I know, but should I really be talking to myself like this? You’re right. It’s just a way for me to put this off as long as possible.”

Thalia, unsurprisingly, agreed with herself and removed her tunic. She sat back on her bed and took the toy from beside her, placing it between her thighs and laying it across her front. It reached her chest from there. That meant Ruby would be past her lips. Possibly even her whole head. Licking her lips, Thalia pushed it down and away, feeling it slide across her pussy.

She didn’t know much about self-pleasure, but she knew to warm-up before any training session. This thing wasn’t especially thick, and it was equipped with the pointed tip that made it easier to penetrate herself, so it would make the perfect start. Thalia let out a moan when she pressed the tip against herself, then slowly stroked it across her folds. Her juices flowed faster with every lap, until the toy was nice and slick.

Once the plastic glistened, she lined its point to her opening and pushed. Thalia gasped and arched her hips. Her insides inherently rejected the penetration, walls closing in tight, but that only made the sensations stronger. Inch by inch, it split her open until she was at the widest point. She looked at her pussy, seeing its lips wrapped snugly around the toys’ girth. They sank back into her as she pushed, then bloomed when she pulled.

“So full,” Thalia groaned when she felt it bump into the back of her tunnel. She lazily rocked it there, feeling the point poke against her womb, only thrusting half an inch at a time. With how easily it entered her, she never would’ve guessed she had her hymen just two days ago.

Once her pussy was mostly adjusted, she began pumping once more. The more her lust built, the greater her sensitivity, picking out every little bump in the dildo. Her breath always hitched as the middle ring popped in and out. Especially in. Its girth pressed on her folds, trying to cram them in with it, and even forced her clit from its delicate hood. Wet slurping joined her moans in filling the bedroom.

As her pleasure rose, she used both hands on the sex toy and really rammed it into herself. The tapered head banged on her cervix, each strike another leap in pleasure for her, its soft plastic bunching against the barrier. She thrust harder, using her legs to arch into it, while juices spilled freely. Thalia’s exhales became exclusively moans. She craned her head to watch herself carving out her pussy, breath racing across her rigid, throbbing nipples. Release at hand, the knight removed one hand to pinch her tit.

That mix of pain and pleasure knocked her over the edge. She dug her feet into the bed, kicking her hips up high as her cunt spasmed with ecstasy. Juices gushed out as she kept thrusting the toy, now covered and slippery with her fluids. It was no surprise her hand slipped off. But a knight’s first lesson was to adapt, so she used the momentum to slap against her clit and finger it to another climax amidst the first.

All her training meant nothing as the strength was sapped out. Her butt fell to the bed with a gentle splat. In blissful delirium, she wriggled about in the pool of her own creation. Thalia ran her hands up and down her body, twitching pussy still full with fake cock, not concerned with the juices on one hand. She stared at the ceiling, slowly regaining her calm.

That was the warm-up. She sucked on her bottom lip, mind casting back to the plethora of toys she used yesterday, recalling which one stretched her the most. Yet it wouldn’t be enough. The biggest toy barely looked half the total mass of Ruby’s member and, if she understood the dragon’s condition properly, it’d be even bigger when she returned. Just one toy wouldn’t be anywhere near enough to prepare.

She freed her pussy and almost filled it back up right away. The sensation of being that full, the pleasure of it, was definitely addictive. Just with these sex toys no less.

“Oh Ruby, you’re going to ruin me,” Thalia said and looked over the spread of lurid delights on her floor. She needed two of them at minimum, but one already filled her to capacity. Her eyes moved to the staff. Magic hadn’t crippled her jaw and it wasn’t like she had time to fret.

“Okay, just gotta do it. Use magic so my vagina can fit a dragons giant, blazing hot cock and its huge bulb.”

Saying it aloud, she expected to feel shame and only a little arousal, not the rush of desire. Probably because she’d just been ‘training’. That had to be it. Thalia wasn’t that lewd a girl, and running afoul of a dragon in oestrus couldn’t be enough to change that so severely.

Maybe if she kept repeating that, she’d believe it.

Taking the staff, she searched for that expansive feeling again and it came right away. Thalia focused on her genitalia, imagined it yawning open to accept her dragon’s eponymous ruby-red cock, filling her so full that it seemed like she’d burst. No, her pussy wasn’t enough. Something that big would go even further. She needed to stretch out her womb, all the way up her chest and probably beyond. Something that big… with it all inside her… it’d be like her entire body was replaced by dragon penis.

“Fuck!” Thalia gasped, yanking her hand away from her snatch. At that same moment, a feeling she wasn’t quite sure of passed through her, akin to her whole body relaxing. She leaned back and took several breaths, unsure what to think of this sensation. Did it work?

Her mind was fraying at the seams. All this mess with Ruby and magic and sexual awakenings were ruining her. Thalia set the staff aside and grabbed the nearest dildo, then returned to her back, now armed with a cock in each hand. Both were destined to be put inside her. Her breath hitched at the thought, arms already lining them up with her sex.

Like before, nothing had changed on the outside. She stroked them across her lips, the beginnings of her lust already bubbling over, then realised the challenge; unlike her mouth, she couldn’t open these lips without a hand. She set the second toy aside and pushed the first back in, gasping in relief at being full once again. It was even easier than last time as she crammed the whole thing in. The temptation to start thrusting almost took her, but she had a purpose here.

Squeezing her inner muscles hard to keep it inside, Thalia grabbed the second toy and lined it up. It looked absurd, her folds stretched nice and tight, that she would even try and fit another cock inside. She forced one finger alongside the toy at first, then added another, using them to pull herself open. What followed was a sensation that she’d never fully understand.

Her pussy opened wider and wider, until she was forced to spread her legs to accommodate, yet didn’t feel any more strained than normal. And, of course, it felt incredible! The tug of her folds moved the other side against the dildo, making it shift around in her depths. She aimed the other, equally large toy at her lips. It wasn’t a dragon shape, possessing a much flatter head, so she pulled even harder and created an opening.

“So good,” Thalia groaned, feeling her inner walls twitch against her fingers, “But this’ll be even better.” She pressed the flat head against her opening and slammed it in, not even pulling her hand away, pushing them in alongside it.

Thalia arched her back, feeling them both stretching her wider and wider as they settled beside each other at the back of her pussy. No, that wasn’t enough. She moved onto her knees, gasping and moaning as her insides moved them around. They slid out a few inches, sitting on the bed as she straddled them. Her belly felt so full, so wickedly lush with cock. Panting heavily, she pressed her weight down on them.

AT first, she expected nothing but pressure on her cervix. She never anticipated the sharp POP as they sank even deeper, filling her like nothing had before.

“All the way,” she panted, running a hand over her distinctly firmer stomach, “My pussy is full of two big, fat cocks! And it’s not even enough. Ruby is so much larger.” She looked to the floor again.

“I need more.”

Time went away as she tested her magically enhanced pussy. Whatever limits she had before, whatever reservations, they were gone, erased by desire and magic. She was cautious at first, grabbing a smaller toy and sliding it in with the others. Easily. That opened the path for more.

Thalia grabbed one after the other, always trepidatious at first, then it went in and she just wanted to feel another. Soon enough, she had six whole sex toys crammed up her tunnel, feeling them pressing on all sides of her pussy, lips stretched past the point she thought possible, and her pelvis grinding into the plastic dicks. A seventh pressed on her entrance, finding its opening between the rest, when several knocks on her door startled her.

“Thalia? Are you home? I thought you were on patrol today, but Gail said you were sick.”

Clarissa?! Her sister had to show now of all times?

“Uh, um, y-yeah! I’m here,” Thalia answered, struggling hard not to let the pleasure show in her voice. Training taught her not to show pain or fear, but nothing prepared her for these sensations, “What… what do you want?”

“Oh my, you do sound sick. May I come in? It’s been a while since we saw each other.”

“No!” Thalia immediately yelled, clenching her diaphragm, which stirred the six - now seven - dildos inside her. She cleared her throat, burying a moan, “No. It’s… I’m very contagious right now.”

“Please, in all your life, when have you known me to get sick? Besides, I wanted to talk to you.”

“E-even so, just do it through the door.”

“I’d rather not let anyone overhear.”

Thalia clicked her tongue. If it were anyone else, she might’ve convinced them, but Clarissa was stubborn and, if she didn’t get her way, liked to use force. That door wouldn’t stand a chance.

“Fine! Just… give me a minute to clean up.”

“I don’t care about mess.”

“I’m well aware, but it reflects poorly on Gail too,” Thalia said, recalling the mountains of clothes and equipment her sister liked to leave strewn about. She heard a deep sigh of relent.

While a relief to have time, it wasn’t much. Clarissa got impatient fast. She probably only had an actual minute. There weren’t too many toys out, since she’d stuffed over half of them inside herself, but that posed its own problems of movement. But she didn’t have to move did she? She had an affinity for gravity magic. If she just used that, then she could remove any evidence without leaving the bed.

Taking the staff, she refocused herself on finding that vertigo feeling. It came slower than the other, however it came all the same. And with it, the sudden, excruciating - yet blissful - tightness of her crotch. Thalia slapped a hand over her face, stifling what little sound escaped. She should’ve known she could only use one affinity at a time. She needed to get the toys out of her, but… they felt so good like that.

Not to mention the last time she jammed a sex toy past her cervix. They were definitely stuck. She’d need to use that other affinity to get them out. Or rely on Ruby to pull them free. She didn’t have time for that! Focusing on the weightlessness, she opened her eyes to see the various objects floating. Just the cocks. With a little determination, made nearly impossible with the feelings of her pussy, she lowered the other items and let the sex toys rise higher.

Soon enough, they were flush against the roof. No knight would look up there, not in a place of peace and quiet like this. Thalia relaxed her focus, waiting to see if they would fall. When they didn’t, she let out a breath she hadn’t realised she’d been holding, one that made her abs clench and squeeze the bouquet of dicks inside her womb. The rest of her air came out in an airy moan.

“Are you done yet?” Clarissa asked.

“Yes, um, everything is clear now. Come in!”

The door rattled, but didn’t open.

“You locked the door.”

“Oh fuck, I locked the door,” Thalia whispered and glanced to the bedside table, on which rested the key. Fine, whatever. She’d just use magic to make it float over. On cue, the metal lifted up. Okay, now go over there! She looked to the door, willing the key to move, yet it remained still, just hovered beside her. So it didn’t work like Ruby’s magic.

She had to get up and unlock the door. Or let her sister destroy the door. Oh, but then all her training would be over. There was no way she could let anyone know what she was doing.

“Well? Will you unlock or it or shall I?”

“I’ll do it! Just a bit weak… from the sickness.”

“Well hurry up, I wanna see my little sister.”

Thalia kicked a leg over the side and nearly fell. Every muscle seemed linked to her pussy. Just moving her fingers made it clench up, a brutal ache building within from how stretched out she was. Her legs were far worse. She held her breath to keep the sounds of discomfort down. At least, she thought it was discomfort. The sensations weren’t exactly bad. She’d felt far worse in training. It kind of reminded her of those times Ruby slapped her butt with that tail.

She buried those feelings down deep and brought her other leg over, then stood. Her knees quivered, nearly buckled, as the dildos weight tried sliding them out, but her pussy held too tight. Even with all its juices flowing. Thalia grabbed the floating key and walked to the door. Or rather, she waddled. Her pussy and womb were so stuffed, she felt almost pregnant, unable to move properly. Still, she reached the door.

Even if that left her huffing and on the verge of collapse. Not from strain or weight. She turned the key, then rushed back to her bed, pulling the blankets up high to hide her miserable state and the staff.

“Finally! It’s good to see you… Sis?” Clarissa seemed confused not to find Thalia directly in front, but quickly found her, “Wow, you really are sick.”

The struggle of moving had left her cheeks burning hot and rivulets of sweat running down her face. Thalia silently thanked her predicament for helping with the charade, then cursed it ten times over when her sister sat on the bed across from her. Clarissa’s weight moved her, making the toys shift about within her most private area. Thalia unconsciously pressed her hips down, feeling her collection press up. A faint bulge, invisible to those not looking for it, appeared in the blanket around her gut.

“So, aside from being sick, how have you been, little sister?”

“Fine. Nothing out of the ordinary.”

“Still trying to kill that dragon?”

“Um… yes?”

“Hmm, if it’s giving you so much trouble, why don’t we team-up?”

Thalia looked over her sister’s body. Where she was born with the petite figure of a maiden meant to be married off or pursue less demanding careers, Clarissa had the physique of a hero. Muscular arms, abs chiselled from the finest marble, and legs that could kick as strong as a horse. She didn’t have it on her, but she favoured a massive sword that Thalia could never hope to wield without her new magic. Even someone as strong as Ruby would struggle with someone like her.

“No. I’ll handle her.”

“Her?” Clarissa notched a brow.

“It’s a female dragon. I’ve fought it enough times to know that.”

“Hmm… And have you made any headway on those attempts? I’ve heard you always get through the dungeon, but you always return defeated.”

Thalia looked away, “Yes, but I’m improving. I’ll beat her soon enough.”

“I’m sure you would,” Clarissa leaned back, putting more pressure on the bed and making Thalia’s hips sink, “But enough time has passed that the nobility are beginning to move.”

“What do you mean?”

“When the princess was taken five years ago, she wasn’t of age. Now, however, she would be. There’s a lot of politics involved, but the gist is, they want her back so she can either be married off, or assume the throne.”

“So they…”

“They summoned me, yes. And our sisters too.”

“But that means… she’ll…” The dildos seemed to vanish from her world, leaving only a sinking feeling. Clarissa might’ve been enough on her own, but to bring their siblings in as well… even Ruby wouldn’t stand a chance.

“When?”

“Rumours say we’ll be sent in tomorrow. Honestly, I’m supposed to be at a meeting, but you know I have no patience for those.”

“Tomorrow?” Thalia whispered.

“I know you wanted the glory to yourself, but there’s nothing we can do. Other than invite you along.”

That meant Thalia had even less time and options. She’d hoped to take more time and prepare her body and mind. There was no way she could make a decision so soon. Worse yet, even if she made her choice, Ruby would still be attacked. What options did she have anymore?

She could go sooner, tell Ruby to leave and save the dragon. If the princess was still alive in the tower, then all would be well. But then… then she’d never see her again. Which would be for the best. That monster had messed with her mind too much already. For god’s sake, Thalia had seven inhuman sex toys crammed in herself, with several more trapped against the ceiling, while talking with her sister. If that wasn’t grounds for insanity, then she didn’t what was.

The other option would be to join her sisters and slay the beast. It wasn’t the solo victory she’d always hoped for, but a victory nonetheless. She’d probably be commemorated alongside her family. But the idea felt hollow.

Her last choice would be to warn Ruby, to convince the dragon to leave… and take Thalia with her. What kind of life would that lead to? Would they settle into a remote village, one with mountains for Ruby to hide in? Or find an uninhabited part of the country where they could live openly? Ruby had shown she could take a human guise. Maybe they didn’t need to go that far and just… no. Thalia couldn’t imagine how awful it would be to force someone to live in the body they weren’t happy with. And she’d miss being so thoroughly outmatched by the dragon.

Those claws and fangs. The wicked glint of sun off her scales. The distracting sway of a tail bigger than her whole body. And those eyes looked so natural on that longer face, with its endless tongue. Even without a giant penis, Thalia knew the dragon could bring her to peaks no human could ever manage. All while holding the human at her mercy.

It would be a strange circumstance. A dragon and human couple. Not like what Ruby said of Thalia’s family history. This would be a relationship. At least, she’d hope it would. Two sentient beings forming a life together. Caring for each other. Loving each other.

Thalia smiled at the crazy idea of sliding a ring onto Ruby’s claw, then her eyes simmered over at the even more absurd notion of that same claw granting her a ring of her own. Did dragons know of marriage? Was that something they practised? If not, would Ruby indulge her little human’s whim? She probably had such a huge hoard of treasure, it’d be shame not to wear some of it.

“Clarissa,” Thalia said, “Can… can you tell everyone I’m going away?”

“Huh? Like you’re going on a training trip or to a new town? Sure, but why?”

“No, nothing like that. I think,” the smaller knight swallowed, unsure how much to reveal, then realised she had an easy excuse, “I’m going to the academy.” She pulled the staff from under her sheets, silently wincing at Clarissa’s disappointed inhale.

“You’re sure? I thought you said we’d be heroes together?”

Thalia shook her head, “I’ve had a lot to think about lately. And it made me realise that I’m not cut out for this world. I could never be as strong as you. As fast as Annette. As accurate as Haley. Even Sabrina is more fit to be a knight than I am.”

“Thalia, think about what you’re saying. Sabrina’s a slob. She guards a library and barely even does that.”

“Yeah, but she can at least swing a broadsword without losing balance. Face it, Clary, I just wasn’t meant for this.”

Clarissa pouted, then smirked, “Fine. Sucks, but… you’re right. Doesn’t mean you have to leave right away, though. You could still join us. Imagine the look on those smug pricks faces when a dragon slayer walks in.”

“I’m going today,” Thalia said sharply, leaving no room for argument.

“But you’re sick.”

“That’s… complicated. But it has to be today.”

Clarissa’s brow furrowed, trying to understand. She wasn’t the brightest of their family, but she wasn’t dense either. If given enough time, she’d probably figure something was wrong with Thalia’s sudden decision. There was one thing that could distract her, a reveal that everyone, knight or mage or civilian alike, knew was nigh-impossible.

“It’s sudden, I know, but there’s a good reason,” Thalia glanced around, as if looking for any possible eavesdroppers, then whispered, “I have two affinities. One that isn’t in any books.”

As expected, Clarissa’s jaw dropped.

“You have to keep it secret for now, though. I don’t want Mom and Dad breathing down my neck about it.”

“Of course,” she nodded fervently, “You can count on me. But, holy shit, that’s incredible. You really were meant to be a mage. Guess in hindsight, you were a bit of a scholarly sort. It all makes sense now. Wait… are you actually sick or have you been practising or something?”

“Um, practising.” It was half-true. Thalia just couldn’t risk telling her what the ‘or something’ entailed.

“You’re amazing. Very well, I’ll leave you to it. Perhaps I’ll come visit the academy if I ever have the time. Or if I think I can stomach those snooty types. It was good seeing you, Thalia. I hope you find your happiness on this path.”

“I will,” Thalia said, surprising herself with the conviction of those words, “Thank you, Clary. This visit helped me a lot.”

“No problem,” Clarissa waved and shut the door.

Thalia breathed a sigh of relief and stared at her dildo-covered ceiling. With the immediate fear gone, she could finally relax, allowing the plastic dicks to float down. It was surprisingly easy to control her magic. A by-product of her knight training perhaps? As they touched the floor, she took her staff and sought the expansion once more, kicking off her blankets to relieve the muggy heat of her crotch. The second she did so, Clarissa barged in once more.

“I almost forgot, I was in Fertis last week and got you… something…”

“Um… it’s part of my training?” Thalia offered meekly, knowing she had no means of denying what it was that her sister now saw.

“Uh huh, well, then… I’ll just… um… where’d you find all this?”

“Shop. Head straight from here, turn right at the tavern and it’s a curtained shop. Called ‘Fleshly Wonders’.” Thalia answered automatically, not sure if she’d passed out and was having a nightmare.

“Interesting. Interesting. Well, I’ll leave these here and you can… wow, that’s a lot… Okay, bye!” In her eagerness to flee, Clarissa forgot the door, coming back around a moment later to slam it shut behind her.

Thalia could do nothing more than laugh and moan as the tightness alleviated. It wasn’t just physical either. She’d made a decision, one that made her heart race like she was falling to her death again, yet she was relieved. Overjoyed even. She finally had an answer to all this insanity of the last few days.

She intended to empty herself and go right away, however it felt so good. And her sister had denied her that incredible release for so long. Thalia couldn’t help but finish. She’d go to Ruby afterwards.

**Chapter 08**:

Thalia stared in the mirror. It was the only one in the barracks, but rarely saw any use. They may all be women, however few cared for their appearance beyond a simple splash of water. Most claimed their nightly company preferred the rugged look. She was inclined to agree, but this wasn’t her attempt at bedding a random barmaid or even to make a good impression on nobility.

Very likely, this would be her last chance to make herself more presentable before…

“How do those noble women do it?” She pondered as she tried massaging the bags from under her eyes. They’d sunk deeper in the last few days, her dreams fitful and her waking moments no better. At least she still had a good pair of eyes, in her opinion anyway, with long lashes that framed the blue orbs. Unfortunately, they were let down by the scruffy bangs that hung over them.

Hair wasn’t a concern for knights. Many shoved it under helmets or simply tied it back, others hacked it off the moment it reached their eyes. Thalia had been slacking in that regard, allowing it to reach her shoulders and creep into her vision. She brushed through it, grimacing at the frequent knots. Eventually, the chestnut mop was somewhat tamed and proved a match for her choice in clothes.

“I guess these aren’t too bad,” Thalia mused, plucking at the frills of her dress. It wasn’t hers so to speak, but a gift from Clarissa, all the way from Fertis, a land known for its… free-spirit. Which showed.

While not the bustiest in the barracks, Thalia had lovely handfuls, though that was in *her* hands. They were pushed up by the dress, forming a cute line of cleavage framed by florescent pink, lace straps wrapping around her neck. Almost a collar. The rest of her garment was pitch black, almost like the oil used in lanterns, and hugged her body just right to display her curves without flaunting them like a sex worker.

That said… it was sheer and ended just inches past her rump. She couldn’t go out in public like that. She pulled a jumper on over it, and yanked a pair of pants up, though it did nothing to hide her choice of shoes. They were designed to be easily slipped on and off, not for moving fast and fighting.

Lastly, she slung her bag on and tucked her foldable staff away. Not a bad look, she thought. It could certainly be worse. She also didn’t look like she’d just spent the last couple hours stuffing herself silly with a wide variety of sex toys.

Thalia blushed at the memory, but her smile was one of victory. All that training paid off by the minute, to the point that she doubted even Ruby would be too much of a challenge. Though she hoped the dragon would be. Not having to fight for every inch sounded nice, but also boring. Even if she didn’t plan on slaying the beast, well… it was still a battle to some extent.

Walking through town, looking around at all the buildings she’d become accustom to, she felt like when she left home for the first time. That sense of saying farewell to the familiar, approaching the future and whatever it entailed. Fortunately, she wasn’t leaving a room full of memorabilia like last time.

The sun had begun its descent when she left, bathing the world in its orange splendour. Thalia rarely went to the dungeon this late. Was it always so busy?

“What’s going on?” She asked.

“They’re finally putting an end to that damn dragon!”

“What? But that was happening tomorrow, wasn’t it?”

“Huh? I dunno about that. But look, it’s the Lustbornes.”

“All four of them!”

“They’re so awesome.”

All four of them? Wow… Thalia wasn’t even considered part of her sisters. No, she couldn’t focus on that. They were all there, about to go into the dungeon and kill Ruby. Thalia pushed through to the front, expecting to see her family, but just saw the entrance. They’d already gone in. She needed weapons, armour. She had to reach Ruby first.

Then there was a roar. Loud enough to shake her brain. Ruby never made that sound. She was always so composed, ready for anything. The battle had already begun.

Thalia rushed in, unarmed and dressed to seduce rather than fight. Monsters stood in her way, but she side-stepped or kicked them aside as she charged through, racing down tunnels in her search. The roaring continued, accented by the smashing of rock, clang of metal on scales, and a crackle of flames. She just had to follow those sounds and out she came into the clearing.

Across the bridge, her sisters and dragon were locked in combat. It was hard to make out any fine details from that distance, but it seemed all combatants were injured. Clarissa, definable by her unnecessarily large sword, leapt up as their siblings pinned Ruby’s tail.

“RUBY!”

All thought turned to cinders as Thalia leapt across the bridge. The boards snapped under her powerful steps and its ropes frayed, from overuse and having to take four much more heavily equipped knights than herself. She was so close. Just a few more steps.

Multiple boards snapped. She snatched at the ropes, but missed. In the clearing, everyone had stopped to stare at her, looks of disbelief on her sister’s faces. Ruby, meanwhile, had already turned to a look of horror. No, no, no, no, no. She couldn’t die like this. She was so close.

“Thalia?”

“Thalia?!” Her sisters all shouted. In the dwindling daylight, she saw their silhouettes appear at the edge, but couldn’t see their faces. She didn’t know if they kept shouting after her as the wind whipped at the hair she’d struggled to tame, and lashed at her cheeks. Even if she could hear, Thalia was more focused on the enormous creature that dove after her, its jade eyes glowing in the fading daylight.

Right, just like last time. Thalia choked her panic and reached into her bag, already seeking the vertigo feeling as she grabbed the staff. The rush of wind slowed, then she was tackled. She dug her fingers into the soft underbelly of her dragonic saviour, letting all the terror wash away in its heat. Clawed hands wrapped around her back, holding her close to it as they returned to the arena.

She didn’t let go even once they touched down. But her grip did slip slightly, causing her to fall and touch something. Something big, hot and distinctly musky. She let herself fall to her back, allowing her to see the monstrous member in all its glory. Not surprisingly, it had grown even larger, visibly throbbing from top to bottom and possessed of a bulb toward its base. Without a doubt, it was just as long as she was tall. Or even more.

“Release her!”

Thalia started at the sound of her sister’s voice. Right. There was no time for relaxation. But she had an idea. This was the second time Ruby had saved her life in as many days, it was time to return the favour.

“You can create a door into the tower, can’t you?” Thalia asked, receiving an affirmative growl, “Okay, follow my lead.”

She stepped out from the dragon’s hold and stared at each of her sisters in turn. They all had their weapons raised, prepared to save her the second an opening presented itself. But she didn’t need help. Despite the readiness to fight, their eyes were half-focused, switching between Ruby and, well, Ruby’s cock. She couldn’t blame them. Even with adrenaline scorching through her veins, she struggled not to at rest a hand on it at least.

Thalia then turned on the dragon - making a point to ignore her penis - who didn’t look away from the threat, and said, “I propose a trade.”

Ruby completely froze, then looked at her, just as she could feel her sisters’ doing.

“A trade?” The mighty beast asked, allowing a hint of mirth in its voice.

“The princess,” Thalia pointed to the tower, which may or may not have been occupied, “For me. The youngest of the Lustbornes.”

“Thalia don’t be crazy!”

“We’re all here. We can easily win.”

“It’s not that!” Thalia shouted, silencing them, “She’s saved my life multiple times. I owe her.”

“So you’re offering yourself to save me from them, and regain your princess?” Ruby asked.

“Really, I’m probably sparing them from you,” Thalia muttered, just loud enough for the dragon to hear. Despite the intense combat, Ruby didn’t look hurt save for very minor scratches along her belly and the rare chip in her scales. For her to take on Thalia’s sisters, made it clear that she always held back in their bouts. Thalia knew it, though that didn’t make it sting any less.

“We can’t do that. Trading a life for another makes this whole thing pointless,” Clarissa said.

Thalia glanced at her sisters, seeking Clarissa’s eyes. Of everyone there, she was the most likely to be resistant to the idea, but she also saw what Thalia was doing. And she saw just how endowed Ruby was. Anyone would link the two.

“Clary,” Thalia said and took a tiny step closer to Ruby, to her phallus, “You have to let me go.”

Clarissa’s eyes widened, flickering between the human and dragon. Everything connected. Her face twisted into several emotions, awe, confusion, a hint of disgust, trying to work through them in record time. Then her shoulders slumped. Resignation set in as she lowered her weapon.

“Very well. We will accept this trade.”

“Clarissa?!” The other hissed, finally taking their eyes off the dragon.

“A deal is made,” Ruby said solemnly and swept her tail around, coiling Thalia in its warmth, “I shall take this one, and you shall take the princess.”

“Like hell you will!”

Clarissa stopped her sister, “Thalia is right. For whatever reason, she was saved by the dragon. We can’t ignore that. This fight will wait for another day.”

While the others argued with their oldest sibling, Thalia was wrapped up to the neck in Ruby’s tail, unable to escape even if she wanted to. She smiled at her sister, silently thanking her, even as she was picked up and taken over the edge by her ‘captor’.

Maybe it didn’t happen the way she envisioned, nor had she left on more amicable terms with her family, but Thalia had done it; she took the literal plunge into a new life. She watched the rocky surfaces blur past, held safe and sound in Ruby’s coils, until the arena was nothing but a dot in the sky. Soon enough, even that disappeared as they turned into a system of caves.

Thalia yelled as she was suddenly thrown face-first onto a mountain of coins. They shone in the light of multiple fires scattered around, many of them gold, but plenty were old and dull, far older than she was. In the reflection of one, she saw those green eyes approach and rolled onto her back, seeing Ruby crawl over like a feral beast with its prey trapped. She breathed deep, catching a sinus-burning musk in the process.

“I… I made my decision.”

“Hmm…” Ruby hummed as her face came even closer. If she wanted, she could open her mouth and swallow Thalia whole. But she wouldn’t. There was a far more depraved need just below.

“I want you.”

“And I want you.”

Thalia gulped at those words and reached up to caress the dragon’s long snout, running her fingers along her scales, until she reached her mouth. While she lacked lips in the traditional sense, she was softer where they should’ve been. She stroked Ruby’s nose, feeling the hot air coming from within. Of course, it was nothing compared to the furnace a few feet away from her toes.

“So fucking big…” Thalia whispered and felt a familiar tremble in her pussy, “Those dildos are like child toys compared to this thing.”

“Dildos? My, my,” Ruby exhaled with mirth, “Is this why you needed to wait two days?”

Thalia thought about denying it, but what was the point? This wasn’t going to be just a fling. She hoped.

“Yes,” she pulled Ruby down, until their faces were almost touching, “I was training for you. I’d hoped to take another day, but my sisters came.”

“I knew your family was incredible, but they proved more than I expected. Almost a challenge.”

“More than me?” Thalia asked.

“Only in actual combat,” Ruby hummed, “You were a far more difficult opponent in other ways. Trying to get through that thick skull of yours was no easy task.”

“Hey!” Thalia tapped the dragon’s snout, “That thick skull figured out my magic in just a couple days.”

“I can’t wait.” The dragon nuzzled against her hand, then moved further up, levelling that giant cock with Thalia’s torso. A single drop of fluid fell from its pointed crown, almost burning through her jacket where it fell.

“Neither can I.”

**Chapter 09**:

To say she was trepidatious was a terrible understatement.

Anyone would be when faced with a seemingly insurmountable task laid before them. Specifically laid across their chest. All those plastic phalli paled in comparison. The biggest of those toys maybe spanned the length of her torso, but Ruby easily cleared it *and* her legs, leaving the head to throb just inches from her cheek. What truly separated it from her training tools was the smell.

Thalia squeezed her legs together and whimpered at the feeling of her wetness. Scared and at this dragon’s mercy, she couldn’t muster any fight. Just arousal. But it wasn’t just the cock weighing on her chest.

There was a *slim* chance that Thalia was something of a pervert. A freak. She reached up to run her hands along Ruby’s scales, then across her soft underbelly, its texture not unlike a human’s abdomen. Or maybe a better comparison was someone’s breasts. Thalia’s mind flashed with Ruby’s human form, how busty it was. She stared at her own pair in disappointment. All her comrades preferred larger women, surely the same was true for Ruby?

A clawed foot appeared and lightly ran across her bust. Amazingly, those wicked talons didn’t cut her jumper, despite her knowing just how sharp they were. She could feel them though, especially when one flicked across her nipple.

“What to do…” Ruby hummed, pressing the flat of her foot into a breast now, “It’s so hard to show my appreciation for these when I’m like this. But then I love how small you are beneath me.”

“You like them?” Thalia asked.

“I adore them.”

“Then, let me up.” She’d put on a fancy dress for this occasion, she’d be damned if she didn’t get a chance to show it off.

“I don’t know if I can,” Ruby said, “I admit, I’ve been anticipating this for quite some time.”

“It’ll be worth it. I promise.”

The dragon grumbled, but backed away and let Thalia stand up. It gave her a chance to look around properly. No one had set foot in a dragon’s lair and lived to tell about it. Or maybe they had, given what Ruby claimed of her ancestry. Still, it was the first time for her.

She stood on a mountain of coins and various jewels, but that wasn’t everything. Torches lined the walls, burning bright and casting Ruby in a brilliant light, particularly her cock. The eponymous ruby shaft glistened from how tightly swollen it was. Thalia forced her eyes elsewhere, finding what looked like a bed of sorts, though it was just a platter of mattresses and blankets. Stacks of books of all things surrounded it.

What stunned her most of all was the pool. Not for the fact one existed, even a dragon needed to drink and maybe bathe - though the scent of her cock implied otherwise - but because it was a milky colour. Just looking at how the fire reflected, she could tell it was thick too. Her mouth flooded with desire, fully aware of what *that* was.

Then she looked to Ruby. The dragon towered over her of course, easily three or four times Clarissa's height, while standing on all four legs. If she reared up, she’d easily be another Thalia taller.

The young knight had seen it hundreds of times, thousands even, but this was a different light. She wasn’t looking for weaknesses or sizing up a dangerous threat, she just wanted to look at this beautiful creature. Ruby’s ears flicked and a snort of smoke rose from her nostrils.

Right. Thalia wasn’t the only one eager to look. She took a deep breath and stepped down from the treasure, making sure she was fully illuminated by the flames. She always thought dragons could see regardless of light, but that didn’t seem to be the case. That, or Ruby had been expecting something like this. It didn’t feel great that she was so predictable, however it also felt amazing that Ruby had been anticipating her.

Unable to look the dragon in the eye, Thalia pulled her jumper up. Her heart pounded hard, despite the fact she’d been seen in much less than a dress, and she couldn’t hear anything but her breathing. That, and the sudden, sharp intake from a certain dragon. Did she not like it? Thalia froze with her top just over her head, hiding everything from view. If she couldn’t see, then she couldn’t be mortified.

“Take it off,” Ruby said.

“No, it’s silly. I should just take this off,” Thalia mumbled and started fingering her dress, trying to get it off. Somehow being naked would be way less embarrassing. Then something whistled through the air and shredded her jumper. She saw Ruby’s tail slink away, swaying gently behind the beast, who stared positively enraptured by the knight.

“Now those.”

Thalia just nodded and pushed her trousers down. Her bare legs entered the open, shaking worse than the first time she entered the dungeon, only for that tail to appear once again and steady them. A flame warmed her cheeks as she stood there, somehow at her most vulnerable after everything that had happened, waiting for approval from a monster she’d been trying to kill until just a couple days ago.

“Simply divine,” Ruby said, in an unfamiliar tone.

“R-really?” Thalia reached up to mess with her hair. It’d been completely messed up by her fall, sticking out in all directions and mired by knots. And her face was probably way too red. If only she had a chance to compose herself before all this. Now all she could think about were the imperfections plaguing her body. Ruby was just humouring her. Teasing her. No way would such a stunning creature even consider settling for someone like her.

Her spiral ended when a spurt of something steaming hot landed at her feet. She followed its trail, however she knew where it led, finding a pool directly under her phallic tormentor. Its bulbous hole twitched rapidly, like it was about to burst, echoed in the dozens of little bumps across its shaft. Those were new, as were the countless fat veins pumping toward the flared, pointed crown. Thalia gulped, seeing the huge, heaving globes beyond it. Now it was her turn to take a sharp breath.

“Should I also change?” Ruby asked, though she sounded like she could barely control herself.

“Change? Oh, like that… No,” Thalia shook her head and kicked her shoes off, then stepped into the streak of dick-sludge. It squelched between her toes, still hot too, and reminded her of those tar baths her mother once forced her into. She breathed deeper, eyes zeroing in on that cock, and cupped her breasts. Ruby’s member jerked up, slapping her belly, and launched another streak. This one hit Thalia at the knees.

“I want...” The knight bit her lip as she reached behind to undo the dress. It was held by ribbons. Each one she undid loosened the hold on her breasts, allowing them to jiggle softly with her every step, “I want the real thing. I want *you*. To be feel how small my body is compared to yours, to have your claws always nearby, to see your scales move as I lose my mind to you.”

“Wait,” Ruby stopped her, “You don’t seriously intend to fit my cock inside, do you?”

Thalia frowned, “Um, yes?”

“Sexy as that sounds, I’m at the end of my oestrus, Thalia. At my biggest. No human could handle such a thing.”

“I can.”

“No, it’s too risky.”

Thalia sighed. Did Ruby really have no idea how hard it was to push down all those inhibitions? Now she was going to delay things? They’d been waiting for this for way too long already. The knight glared at the dragon, suddenly reminded of why she’d tried murdering it so often. Beyond the fact it was her duty, this damn monster treated her like she was made of glass. Or like she was a child playing around.

She was a grown woman, dammit. She had wants and needs like anyone else. For Ruby to even think of denying that after teasing her for it for so damn long! Thalia’s stomach clenched, then relaxed, feeling so very much like that expansion sensation from when she was ‘training’. Her anger relaxed, replaced by surprise, then giddiness.

“I’ll prove I can,” Thalia said and locked onto that expansive feeling as she hooked a finger into her mouth.

Ruby watched with a mix of curiosity and barely restrained lust, then her nostrils flared and her jaw fell as Thalia pulled on her cheek. A smile pulled on the other side at Ruby’s disbelief. Out and out it stretched, longer than a forearm. It kept going, only stopping when Thalia’s arm couldn’t go any further. She released, wincing in anticipation, but it never came. Her cheek immediately shortened partially, but slowed dramatically and spared her the impact.

“See?” Thalia puffed out her chest smugly and pulled on her cheek again, but only a little bit. This time it snapped back right away. Ruby wasn’t looking at her face though, “Um… I don’t… know if it works… on those…”

Ruby smirked, then cackled, gradually reaching a roaring laughter with smoke and flame spewing from her mouth. Thalia had heard her laugh plenty of times before, but this was the first time it was so loud. And free. That elegant neck folded, putting those beautiful green eyes in direct view, along with a fanged, lurid grin.

“You are amazing,” Ruby said. It was a simple statement, yet from that face and with that voice, it was as effective as if she’d just kissed Thalia for an hour, leaving the knight blushing and incapable of meeting her gaze. That made it easy for her to see Ruby rush forward, rearing back on her hind legs and using the front to pull Thalia into a deep hug. One that mashed her face right into the boiling red cock. It throbbed on contact, briefly silencing the human’s every thought save for how *good* it felt to be there.

“I’m sorry for doubting you,” the dragon hummed and moved her hips, sliding that wondrous shaft along Thalia’s face and body, “It took everything in my power not to just ram this thing into you, but I couldn’t bear to hurt you that badly. But I was content just to do something like this with you.”

“Uh huh,” Thalia murmured, barely hearing the words with such a stiff and powerful dick against her.

“Or we could’ve done as human girls do.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, I am still female to some extent. I’d love to see what you could do there”

Thalia somehow pictured Ruby’s pussy instead of focusing on the cock and quivered. She *was* gay, it wasn’t exactly uncommon among female knights, though that was mostly toward humans. For Ruby, she didn’t know the extent of her desires. Cock, pussy, maybe even her ass. The knight dug her fingers into the dragon’s underbelly, realising one simple fact; she wanted to know *everything* about this monster. She wanted to explore every last inch, inside and out, though maybe not the stomach. Unless there was a way to do that safely.

She could slide down Ruby’s throat, feel its powerful muscles constricting her whole body and pulling her lower, like she was just food. That wouldn’t end it, though. Thalia rocked her hips, imagining going even further, through the dragon and out the other side. Fuck, she was such a pervert.

And it was all Ruby’s fault. She better take some accountability for it. By fucking Thalia so hard she forgot she was even human.

“Please finish,” Ruby said, moving away. She chuckled as Thalia tried pulling her cock back, “I’d hate to ruin such a lovely dress.”

Thalia looked down and realised she’d stopped in the middle of undressing, her dress half-undone. With her lusts at a blistering level, she yanked on the knots, barely paying attention to the mirthful eyes watching her every move.

“Yes! Stupid, fucking fancy crap,” Thalia cursed and pulled the straps off her neck. Without them holding it up, the garment fell in a pool at her feet. And that was it. She was naked, foregoing underwear because she expected this. So she had no reason to be embarrassed. None whatsoever. The fact she instantly wrapped an arm around her boobs and stuck a hand between her legs had nothing to do with it. She was just… checking how aroused she was.

Holy crap, she was so turned on! It wasn’t dripping yet, but her vagina was damp as hell, and her nipples were stiff too. She couldn’t do this! She couldn’t let Ruby know how much she was looking forward to this. Even if that was the whole plan, actually doing it was just so mortifying. She was about to try and get dressed, when Ruby’s face appeared. A snort of hot air made her cough, removing the arm from her chest.

Instantly, a long, slippery *thing* swiped across her bosom. Thalia yelped and went to jump back, only for something else to trip her up, forcing her to catch herself with both hands. In the instant it took her to realise what that meant, Ruby’s face was back in view, only this time between her legs.

“No, don’t look!” Thalia clenched her legs and put both hands down to guard herself, but she forgot about the tail, until it wrapped around her wrists and pulled them above her head. She smirked; that was only one part of her defences. It wouldn’t be that easy to get at her pussy. Or so  she thought.

Ruby’s eyes shone even brighter. What felt like hands appeared on her thighs, despite their being closed tight, pushing her legs apart. Thalia grunted and fought back, but it was a pointless battle; her dragon wouldn’t be denied and, ultimately, she didn’t want to either. That said, Ruby had other means of persuasion.

A sleek, elegant muzzle tickled Thalia’s belly as it moved higher, stopping her breasts once more. That long tongue appeared once more. It wasn’t as reptilian as the knight first thought, seeing a wide plane dripping with saliva. She shuddered as it swiped across a nipple, then circled her areolae, coaxing a breathless gasp. Her skin glistened in the torchlight, making her pulsing nub and excitement all the more obvious.

That long muscle slipped around Thalia’s breast, squeezing it from base to teat. All the while, Ruby looked straight into her eyes, never once breaking contact, as if to hypnotise the helpless warrior. She resisted, jaw clenched tight to stifle her moans, which came faster as she felt both Ruby’s tongue on her nipple, and her own thighs squishing into her pussy. Which was, itself, becoming vastly wetter by the second.

“Why do you refuse me my prize?” Ruby asked, amazingly coherent despite her tongues actions, now being repeated on the other breast. Thalia swallowed a whimper.

“It’s embarrassing.”

“Why? We’ve done worse.” There was only one thing Thalia could think of in that moment; sucking this monster’s dick. It was much smaller back then. And didn’t smell anywhere near as potent. Fuck, even with Ruby’s strangely sweet breath on her face, she could still smell that fat cock.

“But I wasn’t thinking straight back then. Now I’m… doing this for…”

“For?” Ruby pressed, retracting her tongue to lean even closer to the knight’s red cheeks.

Thalia clenched her eyes shut, grimacing as those spectral hands on her thighs moved in *interesting* patterns. They still pushed on her legs, but it was less about prying them apart, more intended to *stimulate*.

“I did it for me.”

“Nice to know I matter.”

“You do matter!” Thalia said, then realised the dragon was teasing. Her eyes bulged open at that, then she saw Ruby mere inches from her face and gasped, looking away, but couldn’t stop panting.

“Thank you. In that case, please let me enjoy my wonderful new prize. Who, might I add, is easily a much nicer catch than some dingy princess.”

“Hey! That’s *my* princess you’re talking about.”

“My point still stands,” Ruby chuckled, then lightly ran her tongue across Thalia’s cheek, “I could never do this with her. She never had any interest in me this way. She just did what she had to for our deal.”

“You had a deal with her?” Thalia asked, briefly relaxing her thighs, before clapping them shut when she felt air on her nethers.

“She wanted a way out of the castle, a chance to explore. I was passing by one day and heard that wish. Oestrus made me… susceptible. Of course, she was much too young then. But she forced her maids to give me pleasure, technically fulfilling our agreement. So I spirited her away.”

“Did… did she… you… try… anything? When she was older?”

Ruby grinned and nuzzled under Thalia’s chin, “Would that make you jealous? To learn that I tried seducing your country’s princess? That I had designs to slip my throbbing penis inside her and rob her of all purity. Though, I suspect she’s taken care of that her herself by now.”

Thalia looked down, across her body that was mostly covered in the dragon’s neck. *Just* the neck. Every time she looked, she was reminded just how small she was compared to Ruby. Yet, the monster was cuddled up to her, resting on her and looking at her like she was the centre of the world. She pulled on the tail restraining her, surprised that it let her go so easily, though she guessed her intentions were obvious, as she cradled the enormous head against her.

“It does,” Thalia admitted, “But you never did, did you?”

“Of course not. She was very rarely inside the tower, spending most of her days and evenings around the country.”

“I have so many questions about all of this,” Thalia said, then coaxed the dragon’s head up, staring at the mouth that could end her instantly. She met those incredible eyes and let her thighs spread apart, “But… for now… I want to…” God, it was so embarrassing to say it out loud. Even thinking it made her face and chest blush. But she’d come this far now. She couldn’t stop.

“I want to be with you,” Ruby said, removing any semblance of teasing.

Thalia pouted, “I was about to say that!”

Ruby pressed their faces close. Where there would be lips on her smooth muzzle met Thalia’s lips in an strange kiss, but one that was no less exciting. Thalia was first to part hers, running her tongue along the dragon’s mouth, before they separated and allowed her in. Amazingly, those wicked teeth were dull to the touch. She wondered if that was a conscious choice for Ruby, but found herself unable to care as a much larger muscle invaded her mouth, filling it completely.

What a weird taste. Anyone would expect a monster to taste… perhaps not awful - Ruby seemed much too stunning for that - but certainly not like honey, with a hint of smokiness. Thalia moaned into the kiss, swirling her tongue around the bigger appendage, while slurping on its thick saliva. At the same time, Ruby’s tail slid between their bodies. Thalia relaxed her thighs, allowing those ghostly hands to part them. The smooth girth of that tail pressed on her crotch, just above her pussy. She was waiting for Thalia to make the first move.

The knight whined and arched her hips, sliding her folds along the scales. A moan rumbled in chest, nipples throbbing hard against Ruby, who angled her tail to press into one. Its nimble tip even curled around the nub, giving it a sharp squeeze to extract another moan.

Thalia held onto the dragon’s head, like it was the only thing anchoring her to the mortal realm. Ruby groaned into her mouth in response, despite getting nothing from it. That was much too unfair for for the knight, who stretched her legs out far as they could go, hoping to reach *something*. It wasn’t hard for her to track it down either. She just followed the hottest point in the room, until… there!

Her toes came in contact with the scalding, squishy, slimy head of Ruby’s cock. The low growling picked up, drowning Thalia’s own noises as she felt around a bit more, trapping the prick between the arches of her feet. All that time spent training her flexibility always seemed to pay off in unexpected ways.

With just the tiniest bit of pressure, Ruby grunted and jerked forward. Her tail ground along Thalia’s snatch, all but crushing her clit, and a jet of boiling ball-juice landed across the human’s thighs. It burned where it touched, but in a good way. The kind that made Thalia even wetter, which made only made it easier for Ruby’s tail to slide to and fro. All the while, more of her monstrous tongue pushed in, until it bordered on Thalia’s throat.

The knight couldn’t do anything to stop the overflow of saliva. Down her cheeks, over her chin and flowing into her hair. She was a mess. A depraved, awful excuse for a knight. She didn’t even have any armour left, putting herself completely at the mercy of this monster. The only rule not broken was not to just put her head in a monster’s mouth. It was almost hilarious how often people did that - were it not for the fact they had to make guidance for it.

Looking at the dragon, she briefly felt the urge to flee. Ruby was so close, taking up almost everything in her view. Every now and then, her beloved monster’s mouth opened a little more, revealing that her tongue got even wider further in. She wondered why it was designed like that, then thought about how it would feel to have *all of it* wriggling down her tight little gullet. But it looked like Ruby was out of length.

The only way was for *her* to get closer.

Thalia already had a plan. She reached up and grabbed onto Ruby’s ears. They were subtle, easily missed by less experienced eyes, but fins flared out in her excitement, providing nice little handles. The beast hummed and pushed her tail down harder, while her cock flexed between Thalia’s feet, spitting more breeding juice onto her. The tiny human curled her toes around it, wedging them between some of the veins.

Ruby gasped, opening her mouth another inch. Her breath washed across Thalia, so warm it formed beads across her skin, running down to join all the drool. The delightful, almost overpowering sweetness inundated her sinuses. How was it fair for one creature to be so alluring?

Well, Thalia had her own ways. She knew what worked. Taking a deep breath, the young knight pinched the fins between her fingers, then yanked hard. At the same time, she put all her strength into her feet, crushing the cock as she slid them up to capture the spongy head. That caught Ruby by surprise, mouth falling open. Her tongue tried pulling out, but Thalia followed it.

Fire reflected off the massive teeth, webs of drool bridging the sets together, before she lost all sight of them. Or rather, she lost the light to see as her face was engulfed. The tips pricked against her skin, just sharp enough to remind of their presence. That didn’t interest Thalia. She much preferred the sensation of her throat getting stretched nice and wide, of her jaw being unable to close, and her tongue getting trapped under a much larger, stronger specimen. It sealed in just how little she could do against this beautiful beast.

That didn’t stop her from moving her feet or hips. More of Ruby’s fresh dick-slime splashed onto her legs as she kept stroking the upper inches. Which made her hips move, pussy all but gushing onto the tail. She slowly moved her head back and forth on the tongue as well, getting more dragon spit all over her head. It felt incredible as it oozed down the back of her neck.

She was in the most danger she could possibly be in, at the mercy of a monster, unarmed and naked. But Thalia didn’t feel that way. This was vulnerability, giving herself over to someone that loved her, while returning that affection anyway that she could. Was this how it felt when her parents first fell in love? Did Gale get the same flutters in her stomach whenever she brought a girl to bed? Or was Thalia just lucky to feel adrenaline and nerves and lust burning together?

Among the best parts, of which there were plenty, was knowing the effect she had on Ruby. This wasn’t something she expected. For all the dragon’s knowledge and cockiness, Thalia could still surprise her. Which made that massive dick flex harder, veins pumping thicker and hotter, and shoot more of its goo onto her. The dragon did recover from her shock, tail going back into motion.

Their bodies fell into a rhythm. Thalia rocked her body, timed to the slide of Ruby’s limber appendage, while she jerked her feet along the beastly member, and slurped on the weirdly sweet tongue. Every second that passed, the dragon drooled a little more. Like she was salivating over Thalia’s taste. The knight was no better, pussy dripping and walls pulsating against each other, thirsting for something long, thick and hard to stretch them open. Of which Ruby had two perfect candidates.

As always, the dragon read her wants like an open book. Thalia knew she wasn’t exactly subtle, shaking her hips as she throated Ruby’s tongue. Her darling monster slid the tail down until its tapered point was poised right at her opening. She pulled on Ruby’s ears and moaned extra loud, all but whining for the dragon to give it to her.

A low, rumbling growl vibrated against her chest. Ruby clenched her jaw, just enough for her teeth to pinch into Thalia’s skin, then thrust her tail forward. There was something primal about it. She wasn’t simply being given the pleasure she craved. She was being claimed.

Thalia squealed and released Ruby’s cock, preferring, instead, to fling her legs up to hold onto the dragon. The tail drove all the way to her womb, kissing her cervix, before pressing even further. She pushed her face even deeper into Ruby’s mouth, all but clawing at her scales, as she felt the fat limb coil up inside her. She couldn’t imagine it didn’t make her tummy bulge in all sorts of weird, borderline horrifying ways.

She tried holding it in. That mind-melting pleasure. If it broke free and washed over her, then this incredible moment would end. Thalia was certain she’d cum and wake up in her bed, back to where she started. At odds with this magnificent monster.

But Ruby had other plans. Her tongue began moving, thrusting in and out of Thalia’s throat, making her swallow all its copious spit. At the same time, waves of heat rolled over her drool-slickened face, making her sweat as well. She couldn’t breathe, yet Ruby panted heavier, like she was the one approaching climax. The tail whipped around, smacking Thalia’s thighs and forcing her into a flawless split. Which put pressure on her insides and made her feel every single scale of Ruby’s tail. It also pushed in even further, forcing her insides to accommodate it.

There was no holding back after that.

Thalia arched her hips, nipples scraping along Ruby’s scales, and grunted. There was no shouting or wailing. She was just swept up in all the pleasure, unable to muster an ounce of strength as Ruby pulled away, barely even able to keep her eyes open. All she could do was lay down on the cave floor and ride ecstasy.

Until a certain red-hot mast crept into her peripheral vision. A drop of something slimy landed on her naked belly, burning all the way to her womb as it was vacated, eliciting another wave of bliss.

“Surely that isn’t all you can do, my sweet knight?” Ruby asked, claws raking at the ground, “Because I don’t think I can hold myself back a moment longer.”

Thalia took several deep breaths, trying to regain some composure. She ran fingers along her belly, finding the pool of sludge in her navel, then crept lower to feel her pussy, still sensitive from the orgasm. A river of drool went over her lips. She grinned and licked it up, pressing two fingers from each hand onto her mons, then pulling on it to open her pussy.

“Why’re you waiting for me? Aren’t I your prize? To do with as you please?”

A wreath of fire erupted from above.

“Yes,” Ruby stepped back, cock dipping to line up with Thalia’s sex, “Yes, you are.”

**Chapter 10**:

Thalia gulped as it approached her tender lips. She almost came just feeling its presence so near. All those toys she used, each of them shaped and sized to satisfy a pervert like herself, none had an aura like this. It’s heat, scent, enormity and design were all far more *feral* than anything she bought.

It made her insides clench just looking at it. She almost came *again* when the pointed crown brushed her thigh, not even touching her actual pussy. Feeling on a more sensitive area hammered just how rough it felt. More like unrefined leather, offering just enough give that she could imagine it barely compressing as it stretched her. Ruby moved further forward, holding her behemoth just over Thalia’s crotch. A droplet of steaming liquid spilled from the tip and onto her skin.

The knight sucked in a hiss of air. It didn’t hurt in the explicit sense, more like stepping under a too warm shower. Thalia arched her hips, pressing her flesh into Ruby’s member, coaxing a jet of that same fluid, landing in a line from her breasts to her crotch. Like a declaration from the cock as to how far it would reach inside her.

That just made her more excited. She looked up at the dragon, unable to see Ruby’s face from that angle, and pressed a hand against her milky underbelly. If she closed her eyes, she could almost believe it was another human. A woman that towered over her, dominated her in every way imaginable, equipped with the longest, fattest, most unfairly beautiful cock Thalia would ever see. She pushed the beastly prick down with her other hand, raising her hips so they properly met for the first time.

Even Ruby gasped at the touch and her cock launched another jet right against Thalia’s pussy. It was no small feat for Thalia not to impale herself right there. Even if she was sopping wet and Ruby was a fount of lube, they still needed to prepare. Haste would be the end of them. Though Thalia wouldn’t mind her end coming in the form of a giant dragon dick.

She held her breath as she rolled her hips, sliding her sensitive folds along the head. Ruby reciprocated, shaking slightly with restraint. A plight shared by Thalia as she struggled to keep a clear head, doing her best to coat the mighty crown in her fluids. Sweat trickled down her chest as she worked, though she wasn’t sure if the heat or nerves were to blame. Probably both. Because holy fuck, Ruby was hot, pumping off heat like a blacksmith’s forge. And she was beautiful.

So, so very beautiful. Thalia’s face burned as she stared at the stretch of cock as she thought that. It really was incredible, with its root-like system of veins, each almost the size of Thalia’s wrists, spawning from a throbbing bulb. She didn’t know much about dragon anatomy. If this hadn’t happened so suddenly, maybe she’d have researched it. She could only imagine how good it’d feel to be stuffed silly, only to have *that thing* come along and stretch her even further.

Before her eyes, the flesh bulged even bigger. Like it read her desires. Ruby lined up with her opening, glans properly covered now. Thalia panted, chest heaving as the point dipped into her. Just barely. No more than her finger did when she first explored herself years ago. What did she want?

The question had echoed around in her head for days now. She found answers, only to rethink them. But, really, what was she fretting about? She had what she wanted. Not only had Thalia saved the princess - even if said princess was never truly abducted in the first place - but she got Ruby too. All to herself.

What was left for her to want?

The answer came in the form of a tepid poke into her womanhood. That’s right. Thalia wasn’t a knight right now, she didn’t care about princesses or upholding a code, or even basic dignity. Not in that moment. Not with Ruby’s cock primed to *ruin* her.

That’s what the wanted. More than anything. Thalia bucked onto it, body reacting to her desires faster than even she was ready for. Ruby’s tapered tip sank into her, no bigger than a finger, then flared out. Thicker than her fist, then her calves, her thighs. Thalia gasped, as if all the air were displaced by this monstrous member. With the way it pressed on her body, seeming to touch every part of her being, she needed all the room she could spare. And then some.

The cock moved with her, pushing deeper. Neither she nor Ruby made a sound. She couldn’t even breathe as her lips closed around the head, touching the monstrous veins and feeling their terrible heat. Fuck! She’d never felt so full even when using multiple toys. Those didn’t compare to a literal monster cock. She knew that from the start, but now it was engraved in her.

Even if she were ‘rescued’ by her sisters someday. Even if she somehow fell out of love with Ruby. Even if she studied magic day and night, she’d never forget this. Never recover from it. No human would be enough. No amount of sex toys could satisfy her.

She needed Ruby. Thalia huffed as she wriggled her hips, stirring the humongous shaft around inside her pussy. Every moment it felt like she caught a breath, it got knocked out of her again by Ruby just moving. It could’ve been half-an-inch, less even, and it felt like when she was back in training, getting knocked around by instructors twice her size. Just like those days, however, she felt amazing because it always brought her closer. To her goal. To filling herself with Ruby’s essence.

To being fucked brain-dead by the biggest dick of all time.

A burst of flame lit up the cave around her. Ruby let out a long sigh, cock pulsating rapidly. Was she cumming already? Thalia wasn’t sure how to interpret that. Disappointment? A compliment? Then the dragon’s head appeared in her vision.

“I can’t hold back.”

So she was cumming, “That’s okay. Let it all out. I can take it.”

Ruby panted hard, embers spilling from her mouth as they stared at each other, “I trust you.”

“I trust you too. So… give it to me. All you’ve got. Don’t hold b-ACK!” Thalia’s head knocked against the floor as she wasn’t suddenly inundated with cum, but rather had her cunt turned into nothing more than a living cocksleeve for Ruby’s penis.

Inch after inch entered her without pause between. Except when the wicked point pressed into her cervix. Thalia tried breathing, yet her lungs wouldn’t hold any air. She was so fucking full. It wasn’t even in her womb yet and she could barely function. There was so much left to take. Not mere inches like with her toys, but entire feet.

Oh god. She’d die if all of that went into her. It’d turn her body into its own personal condom. Just a husk, devoid of humanity, a receptacle for unfathomable amounts of dragon-sperm. Thalia’s face felt weird. She touched it, finding her cheeks pulled up. Was she smiling? At the thought of being turned into a living sex toy for Ruby? Her breath hitched, whole body arching and going tense. Spasms raced down her spine and into her pussy, cum squirting from around Ruby’s cock.

The opportunity was too good to pass up. Ruby lunged, using Thalia’s locked pose to deliver even greater force, and slammed into the back of her womb. She thought she was full, that she might not be able to handle even the smallest bit more, but that was obviously false. *Now* she had to be. Right?

Her womb was wrapped around Ruby’s cock. Her pussy had been spread so wide she felt the sides of the cock scraping against her pelvic bones. Her whole body felt as if Ruby had just doused her in flames. That should’ve been more than enough. Any other girl would’ve quit by then. It was only common sense.

Thalia’s eyes rolled as she swivelled her hips side to side. Ruby’s cock stirred her insides, pushing other organs around, bullying them to make space for itself. Every little twitch and throb reverberated down to her very soul. Then Ruby jammed it in a little deeper, stretched her uterus even further into her torso. Lightning scorched through her nerves and muscles. She went limp, gasping for air, yet her butt didn’t meet the ground. How was that possible?

The answer was just a quick look down. Her mouth opened and closed like a dumb fish at the sight of her belly, protruding out in a distinct shape past the swell of her breasts. She’d seen it before, when she used her sex toys, but it was never so visceral. Her skin was airtight against Ruby, sparing no detail. Even its colour came through the thin veil of flesh. And none of them were so big and hard that they lifted her off the ground.

“So big,” Thalia said. She sounded monotone in her ears, as if this obscenity had left her numb. Her hands came up, of their own accord, to stroke it, “So. Fucking. Big.” Then she looked up and saw how much was still to come.

“You’re tight,” Ruby moaned, voice echoing around the cave, “So fucking tight. Feels amazing. Want… more…”

A part of Thalia delighted in making this dragon, normally so well-spoken, turn to a grunting beast with just her pussy.

But she was hardly one to speak, “Me too. Need more. Fuck me up.”

The second those words left her lips, Ruby reared back. Her cock dragged through Thalia’s cunt, various veins and bumps pressing every square inch, until the head caught on the exit of her womb. She gave it a couple tugs, almost pulling Thalia along with it. When she couldn’t pull any further, the dragon roared and lunged.

Thalia matched her vocalisations with a shriek of her own. Her body slid along the floor, nails clawing at stone until she caught a small ledge, using it to stop herself. Ruby didn’t stop or slow down in the slightest. Her cock pushed back to where it was before, then forced Thalia’s body to accept even more. The bulge extended, protruding over her ribs and toward her chest. It twitched, sending heat cascading down the walls of her womb and pooling at the base. Several more jerks added to the pool of what felt like lava, until it became a near-constant stream.

“Give it to me, give it all to me,” Thalia murmured huskily, voice almost alien in her ears. Ruby grunted something, then pulled back. It was a beautifully strange sight, watching all that cock exit her body, gleaming with her juices. Once again, the dragon stopped once her flanged head got stuck, leaving Thalia’s abdomen mostly flat. She rolled her crotch, gasping at the feeling of liquid sloshing against her walls.

“More,” Thalia said.

Ruby gave it to her. Thalia was prepared this time, hands already braced for impact, yet she couldn’t have known the dragon would arch the thrust. It didn’t just stuff her past the point of reason, but lifted her clear off the ground too. The only thing to brace herself on was Ruby’s legs, which only seemed to signal the dragon to push *harder*. Thalia lost sight of the beast’s underbelly, blotted out by her own flesh as it stretched.

Yet, even then, even with her torso now reshaped to suit Ruby’s cock, she wasn’t at the bottom. Thalia felt it was close, judging only on the sheer heat emanating nearby, however she couldn’t get the last few inches. Not by herself.

She would’ve laughed if she could breathe. Here she was, practically skewed on dragon cock and all she could think was how badly she wanted the last bit of it. She looked around, mind working through a mire of ecstasy to find a way, but her thoughts were crushed as Ruby pulled back, then hammered forward. Thalia held onto her legs for dear life as she was fucked.

Ruby had been holding back. Her massive cock raged through Thalia’s cunt, sliding back on a wave of fem-cum, only to stab back in with the force of a battering ram. She’d never used this kind of strength in combat. If she had, even Thalia might’ve given up. But in that moment, another reminder of how fucking weak she was to stop this creature’s abuse of her cunt, just brought Thalia to another climax. She couldn’t even get the breath to scream as the pressure built and burst in rapid succession. All she let out was a pitiful whimper that vibrated with the heavy thrusts.

It didn’t matter how tight her pussy squeezed either. The dragon kept going. If anything, she seemed faster, incensed by Thalia’s orgasm. The bulge in her belly jumped like an overactive animal, desperate to be in her face. In the split seconds she could focus, Thalia could count the individual veins, hear them throbbing in her ears, completely drowning out her own racing pulse.

And still she wasn’t full enough. Not in Ruby’s mind it seemed. The wicked tail coiled around her chest, rubbing across her nipples, and pushed her down to meet the next thrust. Thalia grunted, pussy clamping down even harder. Sweat poured across her body, following the arcs created by Ruby’s cock. Juices cascaded from between her splayed legs, which braced against Ruby’s back legs as the knight was pulled further down. Down, down, down.

Until she felt an insurmountable bulb mash against her taut lips. Thalia lifted her head to see it, but was blocked by the enormous tower of flesh pushing her stomach up and out, its tip far beyond her eyes. She tilted her head, right as Ruby pulled back. Her rough cock dragged along the human’s insides, pulling on her soppy walls, with veins pulsating in a myriad of patterns. It stopped once again when it caught against her cervix. Thalia panted heavily, her belly still protruding with the head, anticipating the thrust. It pulsed and spewed more dick-lava into her already full and sloshing womb.

She wriggled her hips as Ruby took her time, only to get slammed in that same instance. Her surprise came through in a strangled gasp, all the air pushed from her lungs by Ruby’s monster cock taking up all the space. With her head lulled to the side, she could see the doubly thick swell of flesh as it surged toward her, before it butted against her snatch. It pressed hard into her clit. Almost enough to make her cum yet again.

But then, all Ruby had to do was move just a little and Thalia orgasmed. She had no idea how many times that was now, or that she could even stay conscious through so many. The less compromised parts of her mind wondered if that was her magic’s doing. Or if her practice had paid off.

Or if she was just so much of a slut, she wanted to experience every last second of this hellish ecstasy.

Ruby continued moving, using her tail to push and pull Thalia in tandem with her thrusts. Yet no matter how powerful she was, the knot could only press against her. Not into. No matter how much Thalia tried assisting, or how much of her cum sprayed across it. Even then, she didn’t need it. The feeling of being so fucking stuffed she could barely think or breathe just elevated this.

She was with Ruby. The dragon’s entire being pervaded her own, physically and otherwise. Thalia had no remorse if they couldn’t go all the way. There was plenty of time for that in the future. Although, if she could take it now, then she would. Because that would be the final seal for her. Once that enormous swell of cock-flesh entered her, she would be Ruby’s once and for all.

Thalia kicked her legs up and dug her knees into the dragon’s side, likewise bracing her arms further up. With her grip secure, the dragon going still for a second, Thalia used every ounce of her strength. She never had the same power as her fellow knights, but she still accrued substantial strength. And nowhere was that better used than to tie herself to Ruby once and for all.

The dragon understood clearly. An ethereal touch gripped Thalia, the tail tightening further, then she was dragged down. The knot pressed into her, unrelenting, but her cunt wouldn’t give. That didn’t stop either of them. Thalia grit her teeth with exertion. Never before had she fixated on something so vehemently, aside from, of course, slaying the dragon. Now she wanted to lay the beast. Completely. She couldn’t just settle for *most* of it.

“Give it to me,” Thalia gasped, feeling the pressure mount even more. Surely it had to give at some point? “Come on, don’t you want to put it all in me when you cum? It’ll keep it all in me, won’t it? You want to see my belly get huge and heavy with your seed. Me too. I don’t want to feel it gush out of me. I want to feel it all inside until I feel like I’ll pop.”

“Thalia…”

The way she said her name, so softly and loving, but filled with unfettered *want*. Thalia had to finish. She couldn’t betray this dragon’s feelings.

A blaze lit up the cave. Flames leapt across the walls, reflecting brilliantly off Ruby’s scales and cast dancing shadows as they faded. Thalia yelped as the world axis suddenly turned and she found herself upright, legs stretched to either side of her, with Ruby’s cock holding her taut. From this position, she could see the dragon’s hungry eyes stare at her. Ruby’s long neck lifted up, putting their faces close enough for the knight to feel her scorching breath. It had a pleasantly smoky aroma.

Thalia reached up to cup her beloved monster’s face, then pulled it in for a kiss. It felt weirdly romantic, being stuffed full of cock, yet able to slow down and just savour this moment. Until Ruby’s magic returned in full force and Thalia was lifted up, only to plunge down. Not only under the power of the dragon’s tail and magic, but gravity also. A force of nature itself aided them as Thalia’s lips gaped wider.

She was lifted again. This time, as she dropped down, she reached down to also push herself using Ruby’s powerful legs. It happened again, her lips opening just a little more. Each time they made the faintest progress, but progress nonetheless. Until, Thalia felt the widest point fill her. Ruby stopped pressing so hard, instead leaning her head forward to the knight to lean on as she shimmied down the rest of the way. Thalia let out a low, shuddering moan once her crotch met Ruby’s.

“I won’t be able to hold back for long,” Ruby said, her voice like a whisper despite it booming in Thalia’s head.

“I don’t want you to,” Thalia laughed, peppering her with kisses, “I asked for this. I want all of it.”

Ruby’s long tongue reached out and flicked along the human’s belly button, thoroughly pushed out by the monumental prick. They shared a soft chuckle, knowing what was to come. Thalia had only sampled part of the dragon’s load when she drank it. That felt like months ago at that point, but was only just a couple days. So much had changed in less than a week. And now she would feel the full brunt of Ruby’s oestrus. Her body was hot, dripping sweat off every square inch, and her nerves all hummed with energy and anticipation.

“Think I’ll get pregnant?” Thalia asked suddenly.

Ruby blinked. For a moment, their breathing was the only sound, until a deep, rumbling growl emanated from the dragon’s chest.

“I will certainly try.”

Suddenly, Thalia’s world moved again and she found herself back on the floor, only with her back to the dragon’s belly. Her ass was held up by magic, while the tail coiled around her throat, squeezing just enough to keep her in place and remind her of its power. Next thing she knew, Ruby was thrusting. She’d thought the previous pounding was Ruby at full strength, but this took it to new levels.

With the knot inside, she could only do short jabs. Until her sheer force yanked the bulb out, only to slam it back in before Thalia’s hole could recover. The chill of the outside air ran across her insides in the briefest instants she was gaped, before it was replaced by the scalding heat of Ruby’s cock. It only seemed to get hotter with every thrust. Amidst all of this, Ruby’s balls swung like deadly maces into her legs.

She could feel the pain of every impact, yet it was warped. She’d felt blunt force before, received many bruises from it, but this wasn’t the same. Every impact certainly left its mark, however Thalia found new heights of pleasure at the same time. Her eyes rolled in their sockets. Drool spilled across her chin from where her tongue hung out. Red marks adorned her breasts as she clawed at them, squeezing the supple mounds around Ruby’s member.

All the overwhelming sensations threatened to knock her out any second. Only by raw willpower and her excessive training regime kept her aware, albeit barely. Anything unnecessary was shut out, leaving only the feeling of her kegels trying in vain to hold Ruby in place. But it did allow her to feel every square inch as it surged back and forth, along with the uncountable veins and the bumps spaced among them. The only sign she gave Ruby that she was still conscious were the keening moans for more.

She couldn’t hold on for much longer.

Yet Ruby just kept going. Her scalding pre spilled into Thalia, streaming down the walls of her womb and pooling at its base. It swelled her already hideously distended flesh, adding a hint of fecundity to the giant mast ploughing through her. The weight pulled on her back, forcing her to tense up and squeeze Ruby even tighter.

That became too much before long and she gave up. Not that her rump fell far. Even if she weren’t suspended by Ruby’s cock and tail, the girth of her belly was more than enough to keep her propped up. Like a lowly breeding sow. Like she was *Ruby’s* breeding sow.

The dragon snarled and shifted her weight, pressing herself upon Thalia. Every pull back became harder, her knot and shaft bloating inside the young knight. Whenever the bulb came free, enunciated by a wet pop, a rush of fem-cum and Ruby’s thick, sticky ball-brew poured out. It burned where it splashed across Thalia’s legs, which only heightened the ecstasy.

Eventually, Ruby couldn’t pull out. Her knot slid a couple inches to and fro inside Thalia, but that was all. It ballooned even larger, pushing on the human’s pelvis and innards to make room. Without the constant brutalisation, Thalia could finally recover. If only just enough for curiosity to come over her.

She trailed a hand down from her tit. Moans reverberated in her throat as she felt the way her skin was wrapped around Ruby’s member, and how tightly it clung to the ball of pre-jizm pooling within. But even through all that, she could feel the knot. It throbbed so heavily inside her, emanating enough power to shake her very bones. She remembered it being a mostly smooth ball of flesh, but now it more resembled a grotesque amalgam of pulsating roots.

Ruby’s tail pulled on her neck, forcing Thalia to arch into the dragon’s underbelly. It was warm, soft. Comforting. But through it she heard the frantic pace of her lover’s heart. It echoed just as rapidly through Ruby’s shaft, from its base all the way to the peak more than two arms length from Thalia’s reach. Pre-cum spurted endlessly and powerfully, distending the flesh even more.

Thalia waited in mad anticipation. Her body thrummed with the constant orgasms exploding within her, like dozens of fireworks going off in sequence, but they weren’t very strong. The grand finale, a true climax waited just beyond. Once her womb tasted Ruby’s pure seed, she’d reach it.

Phantom hands appeared once more. She must’ve been getting used to magic, since she sensed before they touched her. Thalia wasn’t sure where to expect them. On her breasts? Her thighs? Maybe even her clit? All reasonable, but entirely wrong, as they brushed along her womb from within. Thalia gasped for air, trying to focus enough to ask Ruby about it, only for all thought to be dislodged by one squeeze. She didn’t know what Ruby did exactly, nor would she find out until after.

But it pre-maturely ignited her ultimate release. Thalia wailed, unbothered by Ruby’s tail coiling ever tighter, her pussy dousing the dragon’s balls in her bliss, as her every muscle undulated with one goal; to milk her lover of every. Last. Drop.

Ruby wasn’t far behind. This was the last shred of sanity that remained before the primal urge to breed took hold, and with it she did something few others had even attempted; she mixed her two affinities, alchemy and telekinesis. She moved the abundance of pre into Thalia’s ovaries, then mixed it with the human’s eggs. It wouldn’t impregnate her, but it laid the foundation of it. Once Ruby’s true sperm reached them, they’d be ready.

And with Ruby’s magic massaging the adorable egg chambers, there’d be plenty of eggs to make the attempt.

The time finally came as she heard and felt Thalia’s climax. Ruby had cum a great many times in her vast lifetime. Some were memorable for various reasons, others were simply a means of relief or to pass time. This, however, this would be etched upon her very soul for all time. Long after Thalia expired, Ruby would carry this memory of her first time siring a child. With a beautiful human no less!

Even Ruby wasn’t immune to her heat as her semen bubbled up into her cock. Steam rose off her testicles, condensing on her scales to reflect the firelight even better. It was the closest she’d come to sweating, just as Thalia was, the human girl warm and sticky in a delightful way. Ruby tightened her tail, prepared for the sheer force that would come with her release. In response, Thalia’s pussy squeezed harder.

A moment later and Ruby roared with the first of many, many minutes long spurts of her boiling, viscous jizz. With her magic, she got to feel Thalia’s inflation, her taut belly stretching in just the first seconds. Ruby’s roar died down to a gasp at the feeling of something new, that being her urethra being *stretched*. It couldn’t be… her initial spurt was nothing but pre? Or was all of her previous orgasm nothing but a prologue to this grand overture of bliss?

All she knew was she came so fucking hard that her cock struggled to unleash it all. And it felt fucking amazing. Ruby’s legs shuddered, sapped of strength, ready to give any second. The first rope wasn’t even done and she was ready to quit? Unforgivable. She was Thalia’s mate, the sire of their brood, she couldn’t afford to be so weak.

Ruby stopped the shaking and even bucked into Thalia, who reciprocated.

The knight wasn’t sure what to make of everything. One moment, she was on the verge of darkness. The next, she felt as if lava was being pumped into her uterus. It seemed a miracle that her belly was glowing red hot. But when she felt the huge length move inside her, she understood; Ruby was cumming. In the same instant of realisation, she came equally hard yet again.

Except her faculties remained. She didn’t try understanding how, only used it to rock her hips against the dragon with every ounce of strength she could muster. All the while, her belly touched solid ground.

It pushed her up into Ruby, but when she couldn’t rise any higher, it spread out in all directions. Her flaccid legs were pushed high, her arms as well, allowing her to feel the roiling waves of dragon seed as they inundated her. Every drop was as visceral as the others, despite the lake pumping in. The entirety of her womb burned in the best way possible, but especially two specific points. With each second she spent in that limbo of ecstasy, Thalia’s mind dwindled.

Training kicked in. When in combat, unconsciousness could mean death. The instant she felt it, her only option was to ‘fight’. To that end, she put her all into fucking herself on Ruby’s fat cock. It had the desired effect, eliciting a moan from the beast, and compelling even more cum to stuff her. More semen to inflate her. More sperm to breed her.

Every beat of Ruby’s cock sent shockwaves through Thalia’s belly, swelling it another inch as well. The dragon took her frantic movements in stride, thrusting harder. Her giant knot caught on Thalia’s hole, much too big to exit. Not that it stopped Ruby from trying. The pressure only made the knight cum more, tunnel all but choking the life from her cock. Even with all its strength, Thalia was too wet, too smooth and soft inside to even slow Ruby’s movements.

Eventually, Thalia’s willpower dwindled and her eyes rolled back for the last time. Though not before she gave a final backward thrust, slapping her sweaty ass into Ruby’s base. A seconds long spurt of fem-cum sprayed from her ruined hole, sputtering out until she, at last, fainted with the biggest grin on her face. Ruby wasn’t done.

The dragon felt her love go limp, but that changed nothing. Perhaps if she weren’t so deep into her oestrus, she’d have tried stopping - and if she hadn’t fulfilled a years-long desire of hers. That simply wasn’t an option anymore. Her knot was too engorged, their bodies tied together in the lewdest way, with Thalia also much too heavy to push away. Even Ruby’s magic was useless against her now.

Unable to expand upwards, Thalia’s womb inflated elsewhere. That included forwards. Where Ruby’s own, searing hot cum had covered her penis from base to about midway, it now extended just under her glans. Much longer and she’d cumming directly into the impregnating sludge.

**Chapter 11:**

And there was much longer. Most oestrus, Ruby would either have flown home or found other ways to gain release multiple times a day. That had been her plan at first. Alas, she had a far too compelling reason to stave off those desires. It was obvious from the first time Thalia looked at her exposed cock, when she finally realised Ruby was a hermaphrodite, that something was there. She’d always suspected, of course, that the knight was interested in her beyond their one-sided rivalry. That first blowjob just sealed it.

But cumming once in several days had left her pent-up. It took so much willpower not to just kidnap Thalia yesterday, only the promise of what was to come kept her urges at bay. It was close. When Thalia’s sisters showed up earlier, she’d had half-a-mind to take them instead. Then Thalia arrived, dressed so… unlike herself and falling from the bridge. Even Ruby hadn’t expected herself to react so powerfully.

The distress of potentially losing this human was all consuming, and only abated when she felt Thalia against her once more. Then hearing Thalia willingly offer herself to Ruby, with no small indication of what she intended… suffice to say, it was a maelstrom of a day.

And now! Now she had the most brilliant treasure all to herself.

Her nature made it impossible not to view Thalia as such. Especially in the firelight, surrounded by glistening gold, silver and diamonds, the knight was simply stunning. And when she removed her clothes, revealing her toned figure and its many tanned segments, earned through long hours in the training yard even on the hottest days, Ruby had feared the worst from herself. That she would attack without Thalia’s explicit consent.

That had been avoided thanks to Thalia proving herself so much more than even Ruby knew. It was all so incredible. The kiss, or as close to one as they could get when Ruby was in this form, then feeling Thalia’s lips on her penis yet again, were both sensations she would cherish. Though not nearly as much as now.

Ruby sighed to herself as the height of her bliss dwindled. It was still a wonderful feeling, but she could at least think clearer and position herself so she could rest her weary legs without crushing Thalia. They remained locked together, Ruby still pumping an endless tirade of dragon-seed into her, even as she laid on her side. Just that movement made the most wonderfully thick sloshing noises within Thalia’s belly.

She unfurled her tail, no longer necessary, and used it to scope out the true expanse of what her progeny had wrought. Ruby cooed softly, feeling the constant waves caused by her still cumming cock, then smirked when her tail couldn’t reach the furthest part. Thalia was well and truly beyond anything she could’ve hoped for. Any other human, well… it wasn’t worth thinking about.

Sadly, even a dragon of her calibre couldn’t ignore sleeps call. Ruby yawned, puffing a bit of smoke with no embers. She really was exhausted. Even the early days when she had to dismiss knights in the dozens weren’t so tiresome.

“Oh, my dear Thalia,” Ruby said and curled around her human, offering her warmth and protection, “I look forward to our new life together.”

The faintest ripple passed across Ruby’s cock in response. She sighed in pleasure, releasing another heavy spurt. Wonderful as this all felt, her member ached terribly from the sheer force and viscosity of her ejaculation. Many of her kin complained of similar feelings when they laid their eggs, but she’d ignored them at the time. Their cocks were usually bigger than the eggs, so how could they be so hard? Should she meet any of them again, she would offer her most sincere apologies.

How would Thalia handle it? Ruby’s eyes fluttered closed, envisioning her lover swollen with a massive clutch of dragon-kin, legs spread and pussy gaping open. A wonderful vision, one that made her shoot still more jizz, but it wasn’t for that purpose. Indeed, she was already stuffed with something else. Ruby rocked her hips as she pictured that first egg, easily the size of Thalia’s head, pushing into the world and stretching her even wider. Yet, despite its girth, it barely made a dent in Thalia’s fecundity. There were still so many to come.

Ruby huffed even as sleep tugged at her consciousness. She bucked into Thalia’s slumbering form, balls churning and pumping harder in response. It was largely the oestrus’ fault. She was close to her most fertile state, her mind all but consumed with thoughts of breeding. That’s why… no, it wasn’t. Even if she weren’t so deep into her cycle, she’d be enraptured by the thought of Thalia’s pregnant form. Of her pushing their clutch out, one by one.

Ruby would be there of course. At her side forever and always. To hold her hand. To kiss her tears away. To milk her breasts when they were too full of milk. To drink it. To fuck her at a moment’s notice.

The dragon growled, unable to muster a roar, as her release was reignited. For the first time in her many centuries, she came twice in the same day. Once was always enough, even in the height of her oestrus. Much less to cum again in the middle of another orgasm.

“Thalia,” Ruby whispered.

“Ruby.”

The dragon smiled and nuzzled into her lover, now inflating faster than ever. Sleep took her quickly after that.

The next days were… intense for Thalia. Though she also expected her beloved dragon felt it too.

Her timing in offering herself was far from ideal. Ruby had reached the pinnacle of her cycle, wracked with a lust that Thalia would never truly understand, and it was far more powerful than any before. All thanks to Thalia. A point that she took pride in, even as she had her mind erased by raw pleasure as the dragon took her. Again and again and again and again and again.

She had thought Ruby’s oestrus would end come the day after, but it persisted. Even Ruby seemed perplexed, yet unable to concentrate on it for long. Not when Thalia was all but attached to her at the sex. They managed to separate every now and then, giving the human a chance to deflate and walk around a little. She didn’t get a chance to bathe, not in the truest sense. Sweat clung to her skin in a pleasant sheen. At least on the small parts that weren’t constantly doused in cum.

Thalia’s magic made her more capable at handling Ruby than any human, but she still had limits. When she reached those, she got to explore her own interests somewhat. Whether that was by rubbing her whole body into Ruby’s cock so it exploded all around their home, often sweeping away hundreds of trinkets in the process, or by tasting the dragon’s other sex. While nice, it didn’t offer the same satisfaction they both craved.

Without the sun to mark the passage of time, Thalia wasn’t sure how long it took for Ruby to settle. She passed out too often to count them her sleep cycle, and her dreams were often so visceral that she wasn’t sure if they *were* dreams. The amount of times she woke up covered in semen didn’t help either.

But Ruby did eventually calm. It was rather sudden, actually. They fell asleep together one night and Thalia arose, expecting to be propositioned right away, but found herself greeted by a kiss of all things.

“It’s over,” Ruby simply said. Those words raised a mix of relief and disappointment in the knight.

While she trained her endurance and stamina more than most, and she had a good grip on her magic to help somewhat, she was at her limit. Then again, she had tasted an ecstasy unlike anything in her short life. The fact she would have to wait five years to feel that again wasn’t exactly a pleasant idea.

Ruby just laughed when she said as much.

“Oh my dear, naïve love. I will gladly make love to you whenever you so wish.”

“Really?” Thalia blushed at how excited she sounded. Despite everything, admitting her desires aloud like this was… new.

“Just don’t expect anything so intense.”

“That’s alright,” Thalia pulled the dragon close, hugging her head and breathing in that wonderfully smoky scent, “I’ve got some toys back home I could try sneaking out.”

“Cheeky!” Ruby snickered and used her tail to whip Thalia’s backside.

“That said,” Thalia sobered quickly, “Perhaps we should move? My sisters no doubt watched you fly down here, they might already be searching.”

“I already planned on it. This place is hardly fitting for someone as wonderful as you.”

Thalia just stared and nodded, cheeks burning just as hot as when they were covered in fresh cum. Compliments weren’t entirely new to her. She worked hard and earned them often. But no one praised her like that. Perhaps if she’d taken a lover before, then she’d have known what it was like. Oh well, she’d adjust to it soon enough.

“I hope you never do,” Ruby said, “You’re so adorably honest, even if you can’t say it.”

“I hate that you can do that.”

“Do what?”

“Read my mind. With that… telekinaysus thing.”

Ruby chuckled, a wonderfully husky sound, “That only allows me to move objects. I can’t read your thoughts with it.”

“Oh.” Thalia looked down. The ground didn’t judge her for reading about telepathy and getting it confused with Ruby’s magic.

“I look forward to teaching you so much, young human.” A large tongue flicked across her cheek, “Many things indeed.”

“I look forward to it,” Thalia murmured and meant it too. She was very curious what Ruby’s teaching methods would be like.

But they had a lot of work to be done before that. First; bathing. Ruby led her deep into a system of tunnels. Some were naturally formed, others had smoothed rock that she suspected was created by Ruby’s flame. Through them, she was brought to a natural lake. Lichen illuminated the area, giving the water an ethereal blue glow. There was no soap, however just sinking into the crystal clear pool was a godsend to her grimy body.

After that was clothes. Thalia’s attire had been thoroughly ruined by their mating, however Ruby had a small trove of outfits she’d accrued over the years. Many were designed for nobility - buxom nobility at that - but there were some that fit Thalia. Even if she didn’t think the extravagant and jewel embedded silk dresses suited her in the slightest. Ruby disagreed, though Thalia had begun to doubt the dragon disliked her in any outfit.

After that was very little. Thalia hadn’t brought much with her, the most important item being her staff, but Ruby at least insisted on bringing some of the shinier trinkets in her collection. *Some* being more than Thalia could fit into her bag, so she ended up adorned in even more jewels. Particularly a circlet with a large diamond shaped ruby at its core, sleek earrings, bangles that hugged her upper and were also embedded with rubies, and a necklace of similar opulence.

“You know this is enough to fund my barracks for a year, right?” Thalia muttered, looking at herself. It was far too much. Even if she admitted the circlet was nice, with its jewel resting in the centre of her forehead. It also somewhat tamed her unruly hair. And the earrings were good too. The bangles on her biceps were nice too, highlighting the tone of her muscles. Mixed with the dark dress and she honestly could’ve passed for royalty.

Or at least a commoner with no financial sense.

“Yes, but it is far more useful like this,” Ruby said, gazing upon her like Thalia had looked at the knights when she was a child.

Thalia grumbled, but didn’t argue. She’d never thought about being pretty, or anything but strong and graceful, an exemplary knight. It was a nice change. She climbed upon Ruby’s back, feeling phantom hands holding her tight.

“Where are we going?” She asked, gazing down in awe. How many humans had ever looked at a dragon from above and felt it moving beneath them like this? She bit her lip, holding down the urge to moan as her bare sex touched Ruby’s scales.

“I have a place in mind.”

“Okay,” Thalia laid herself as flat against the dragon as possible, “I trust you.”

With that, they left the cave. Fresh air whistled around Thalia’s head. She looked around, watching the walls of the ravine blur past. Soon, they reached the platform they had ‘fought’ on so many times. There, for just the briefest moment, she saw someone, a woman clad in armour. A knight? She didn’t have a chance to recognise them as they lifted into the sky and Thalia gazed upon the sight of her home from above.

It was a surreal, thrilling sight. When she first left home for training, she’d felt a giddy anxiety. This was similar, but so very different. Then, she’d been leaving a loving, but also stifling home. Now, she was on her way to what she hoped would be something amazing. A life few, if any, humans could ever hope to live. As the wife of a dragon.

And, perhaps, a mother to them too.

The flight didn’t last long. Despite that, Thalia knew they had travelled far. Not too long ago, Ruby had pointed out the nearest mage academy, which was a couple weeks non-stop ride away from Thalia’s barracks. They had continued for about an hour after that.

To Thalia’s shock, they hadn’t arrived at another cave. It was a sprawling landscape of green, with a large city to the east, far enough away that even Ruby would appear small as a pigeon in their eyes. To the north, a mountain range overlooked the field and, as Thalia stared in fascination, she noticed other shapes weaving between them. It couldn’t be…

“That’s not the best part,” Ruby said and lowered them further, bringing into sight a single blot in the greenery. As the dragon descended, Thalia was greeted with a quaint cottage. Though perhaps ‘quaint’ wasn’t quite accurate. Or cottage for that matter. From above, it had appeared as such, but up close, it was equivalent in size to the two-story house she grew up in. A stone fence protected a large garden, much of the ground already tilled and ready for use. A well stood at the bottom of the property, covered in vines and moss.

“This is for me?” Thalia asked as she climbed off. It was so out of the way that no one would disturb her without intent. The city was at a day’s ride, and the last township they passed was so long ago that Thalia doubted she’d ever see anyone from there. At worst, she could expect the rare merchant or traveller at her door. Certainly few enough that she shouldn’t need to worry about Ruby being seen.

“Yes.”

“How?”

“I found it long ago. I don’t know who built it, but they were long gone when I arrived. No one has claimed it since. I suspect my kin being so near wards them off.”

“This is…”

“Before you say ‘it’s too much’, I haven’t checked inside in decades. You’ve got your work cut out for you.”

“Ah. Good.” She’d have hated to be given this property without a catch. Then it’d feel like she stumbled into the fortune, rather than earned it in anyway.

Ruby wasn’t wrong. The interior was a mess. Nature had crept in, both vegetation and wildlife. She’d need cleaning supplies to properly tackle everything. For now, she could at least chase out the rodents that had made it their home, and ensure everything was in working order. Amazingly… some of it was.

Whoever built it, had tapped into the well and she still got a trickle of water through from it. That said, she’d need to clean out the pipes first and foremost. All the beds were useless. Decayed and riddled with droppings. Safe to say, she wouldn’t be sleeping in it for some time to come.

“So, what am I to do about gathering supplies? I can’t repair this place with grass and my bare hands,” Thalia said, plopping down after several hours of assessments and rodent chasing. It was gruelling work.

“Is there not a city nearby?”

“You expect me to walk all that way?”

“I can carry you most of the way. If I use my magic to turn my scales translucent, no average human or guard would notice me.”

“No,” Thalia said without thought, “I won’t risk endangering you just for that.”

“I can handle myself.”

“I know. Better than anyone. But a city that size, on the edge of dragon territory? They’ll be prepared. Maybe not the first time, or even the tenth, but if they… I won’t risk it,” Thalia leaned into her dragon, inhaling her scent. It’d only recently become so endearing to her, but now she couldn’t bear to go long without it.

“Very well. At least let me try and find a horse for you.”

“I’ll get one when I go for supplies. Speaking of which, I’ll need to pay for them.”

“Did you not bring money?”

“No. I expected to end up in a cave with my beautiful dragon wife to look after my every need. Which means I’ll need to sell some of your hoard.”

“W-wife?” Ruby whispered, then she registered the rest of Thalia’s words, “Huh? Uh ah, no way. You’re not selling my treasures.”

Thalia just stared at her.

It took five days to walk to the city. Thalia must’ve looked a sight, with her dress torn for comfort, and her bare feet covered in muck. Still, the guards must’ve been accustomed to it, as they let her through with minimal question. Though a gold ring donation didn’t hurt.

It was far too large a place for her to explore in one visit. There seemed to be entire civilisations around every corner. She did find her supplies easily enough, trading for them with her collection of treasures. They didn’t ask where she got them, to her gratitude. A horse came easily enough too. A place that large had a need for them just to get around it, let alone venture beyond its walls. She couldn’t bring herself to begin the return journey right away and found an inn.

The beds were so much more comfortable than her barracks. They smelled sweet and the pillows were fluffed up. She even got to eat a nice, hot meal that wasn’t dragon cum for the first time in a while. Mixed with the ache in her legs from walking around, carrying supplies and the weight of her treasures, she should’ve drifted off easily. Yet she couldn’t.

Even in the wild, sleeping on the grass, she was wrapped in Ruby’s scent thanks to the dress. Now that she had removed it in favour of more work-oriented clothing, she was bereft of her love’s aroma. It wouldn’t be long, she thought. Just another day, maybe two, and she’d be back with Ruby. It was the first time they’d gone this long without seeing each other since meeting. Amazing to think that, not very long ago, she’d have rejoiced.

Now she fitfully turned over in the soft, floral scented covers in hopes of sleep. But it wasn’t until a weight settled in beside her that she found comfort. The scent of her love wrapped around her like a pair of strong arms, holding her safe and close. Thalia turned over to nestle into them. Confusion briefly slowed her descent at the unmistakable feel of breasts on her face, but they were just so soft. Easily the better pillows.

Come morning, the presence was gone. Thalia slowly sat up, confused by her surroundings, until her mind caught up. She breathed deep, but didn’t catch Ruby’s scent. It must’ve been a dream. Surely Ruby wouldn’t have snuck into the city just for her? No, certainly not. Unless she took on her human guise?

The door opened. Thalia was sure she had locked it, and in strode a beautiful visage clad in her discarded dress, carrying two, steaming hot cups. At first, Thalia didn’t recognise them, until she met the brilliant green eyes.

“Hello, love,” Ruby said and sat on the bed, offering one of the cups.

“Ruby!” Thalia hissed, unsure whether she felt elated or horrified.

“It’s much easier to maintain this form when I’m not desperate to bed you,” Ruby explained, leaning over to kiss her cheek.

“This is so dangerous.”

“I couldn’t just allow you to venture in here all alone.”

“I can handle myself.”

“I know,” Ruby said with pure sincerity, “But I couldn’t help it. For you and them.” She reached down to rub a hand over Thalia’s stomach.

“Them?” The knight touched herself as well, “But I… that’s possible?”

“I made it possible. For you.”

“Ruby…” Thalia stared at her.

“Of course, dragon eggs usually take a while to come to term. Humans do as well, I believe. It’s hard to say how long this will last. Or what the effects might be. But I’ll do my best to keep you safe and healthy.”

“Ruby,” Thalia set the drink aside and crawled onto her lover’s lap. It was strange feeling another human so intimately, even if she knew Ruby was anything but, though not unpleasant, “Can you grow your cock in this form?”

“Oh my,” Ruby said, a mischievous smirk lifting her cheeks, “I’m not sure. You’ll have to find out. Maybe if you…”

Thalia was already sliding down to the floor, pulling Ruby’s legs apart to reveal her pussy and… other pussy. No, she knew what it was. The name just escaped her in that moment.

“It’s a cloaca,” Ruby supplied.

“Thanks.” With that, Thalia went to work, using her tongue and fingers on the cloaca, until it spread apart all its own, releasing a long sheath of leathery flesh. Then that too opened and unveiled Thalia’s grand prize. It wasn’t nearly as big or feral as during her oestrus, but more than enough to satisfy the knight’s cravings.

Later…

“Again, sorry for the mess,” Thalia said as they left the inn with a sizeable diamond.

“You just had to insist on bathing in it,” Ruby sighed, shaking her head.

“*You* were the one that went off again after I started chewing!”

“Can you blame me? You looked so cute trying so hard to swallow my seed.”

“It’s thick and hard to swallow normally,” Thalia pouted, “That’s why I normally take it all the way down my… oh my god, I just said all that in public.”

No one spared them a glance, however. Either talk like this was common in the city, or they just weren’t overheard. Either way, they were done. They mounted the horse Thalia bought the day before, and then were off.

About half a day into the ride, Ruby took off on her own, taking the supplies with her. That made it easier on the horse, though they still had to settle in for the night. Upon her return to the house, Thalia was left in awe, as she saw Ruby’s human form cleaning. If haphazardly. Like she’d never done so in her entire life.

Which she supposed was probably accurate. After letting the horse loose - she could always track it later with Ruby’s help - Thalia went about helping. They didn’t exchange much words, simply working. Much as Thalia would’ve liked to do this on her own, she was grateful for the help. And she supposed it was only fair, since she was carrying Ruby’s young.

Within a week, the house had changed dramatically. Ruby had used her magic and flame to burn all the excess ivy on the outside, keeping it from spreading elsewhere, while Thalia had successfully created a corrosive to unclog the pipes. It really was in remarkable condition all things considered. Perhaps another week and it’d be all but finished. Then it’d be a matter of refinement.

A month into their endeavour, Thalia confirmed she was pregnant. Or something to that effect, since she was likely carrying eggs rather than foetus. And it was definitely multiples. Neither of them could imagine anything but, given how much and often Ruby had filled her. It showed a couple weeks ago, but was such a slight bump in her abdomen that she wasn’t sure. By then, however, it was a definitive mound.

Luckily, they’d found a forest to gather wood. Thalia had done some carving before, though she wasn’t the best at it. Ruby, amazingly, had a talent for it in either form. A bed was created, along with some chairs and a table. Food wasn’t difficult. Ruby went out everyday to forage, capable of gathering fruits by the barrel load with her magic, while picking up plenty of sheep and roosters for them to share. Thalia hated relying on her though.

So they expanded the garden to include a pen. It all but turned into a farm as Ruby gathered livestock and Thalia planted seeds from the fruits she ate. Vegetables would be perfect, though she wasn’t unhappy with this either. As the months went by, Thalia found a new routine in her life.

She woke up and checked her middle, bigger every day, then greeted her animals. They had adapted well, many even turning friendly toward her. It wasn’t much, of course, just a couple cows and sheep, with a few chickens and their rooster husbands. While she still needed Ruby for meat, she at least had milk and eggs on hand. Eventually, she’d even have wool to try and create some type of clothing for herself. And perhaps the little ones.

After that, it was breakfast with Ruby. The dragon didn’t spend every night with her, as that required a human form, but she was always there in the morning in all her glory. Thalia couldn’t resist beaming whenever Ruby saw her gut, the look of adoration and surprise never tiring. She truly was fecund by then. Not even six moons into her pregnancy and she had thoroughly outstripped any woman from the town.

She did find herself missing it at times. Donning her weapons and uniform, going through the dungeons and finding new equipment, even fighting Ruby. She even missed Gale sometimes. What would her room-mate say to her now? Honestly, she’d probably be happy for her.

Then she’d feel Ruby against her and all those thoughts were fade. Either she drifted off with Ruby’s scent, or she came over and over. It didn’t seem to matter how big she got, Ruby never desired her any less. Even when the human felt so heavy she could barely reciprocate Ruby’s movements. For Thalia, it just got better and better. The feeling of tightness and pressure inside her was incredible as Ruby stuffed her full.

By the ninth month, Thalia was enormous. She waddled everywhere, only mobile thanks to her training, and her belly stuck out beyond her arms reach. Despite that, Ruby was confident she had a while to go.

“Dragon eggs take upwards two or three years to gestate. It depends on the sire, though.”

“So how long did yours take?” Thalia asked, while rubbing along her giant belly.

“I’ve, uh… not… these are my first,” Ruby admitted, lowering her head in what could only be shame.

“Huh,” Thalia clenched her jaw as she moved to pat her dragon’s head, before pulling it to nuzzle against her navel, “Then we’ll learn together.”

A year since their first mating, and Thalia relied on her lover for nearly everything. Ruby never complained, though she did grumble whenever the animals seemed to deliberately mess with her. Cooking was difficult for her too, since she either ate meat raw or cooked it with a burst of flame. Still, Thalia got the thrill of seeing her former enemy, who seemed so perfect, struggle to learn even the simplest things.

Perhaps the best part of this pregnancy, was the benefits to Thalia’s figure. She’d never been skinny so to speak, though it was mostly muscle that filled out her frame, with just enough fat to give her a feminine shape. Now, while she wasn’t anything noteworthy, she had nice handfuls on her chest with thick, dark nipples perched atop them. The weight on her pelvis forced it to widen as she piled fat on her hips as well. If not her person-sized middle, she’d have an amazing pear-shape. One that she knew Ruby appreciated, based on how often she’d feel a hand or tail or cock stroking along her butt cheeks.

There was still no end in sight come eighteen months. Thalia was bedridden save for when Ruby helped her out. Some days were worse than others though. At this point, Thalia had lost most, if not all the definition from her training. She wasn’t sure how to feel about it, truthfully. On one hand, she had a softer, motherly look about her now, but to see all that hard work just vanish was disheartening. Luckily, her mind was always working thanks to Ruby’s lessons.

It turned out, the dragon was a fantastic teacher. Mostly because she had the perfect bribery for Thalia. If she did well in a lesson, Ruby gave her the most wonderful orgasm. If she did poorly, she got nothing. Some might’ve considered using corporal punishment, but they both knew she enjoyed it coming from Ruby. To simply ignore her, or leave her on the edge, was a far more fitting penalty.

At two years, Thalia was in the for the surprise of her new life. Though not as drastic a one as someone else. She was sat outside her home, helped out by Ruby’s magic, resting her gigantic belly on the soft grass. It was Spring again, the second one she’d spent with Ruby and with their babies still in her womb. Gosh, they were enormous now. Her belly was full of fluid, which kept it smooth, however she could easily pinpoint an egg with just a little probing.

So, with her belly out, legs spread to accommodate it and the early Spring morning light on her body, was how her sister found her. Thalia didn’t even notice her approach, completely focused on her belly. Until she cleared her throat.

“Um… sorry, ma’am, but I was wondering if you answer a question?”

Thalia raised her eyes, seeing a knight before her. They were clad in lightweight armour, designed for riding. Sure enough, a horse was at their side. As she lifted her eyes further, she recognised the crest engraved upon their breastplate. No. It couldn’t be, she’d thought, then lifted her eyes the rest of the way. Before her stood Clarissa of all people.

“Clarissa?”

“You know me?” The knight’s hand moved toward her sword, instantly wary of a stranger.

Thalia laughed. Yes, she must’ve looked like a stranger. In the years since they last saw each other, Thalia’s hair grown out, cascading down her body, and she was dressed - in the loosest sense - in clothes usually unbefitting of her. With a gold, ruby studded bangle around her right arm. In Ruby’s own words, it was as perfect a wedding ring as she could give.

The biggest question was whether Thalia revealed herself. She knew Clarissa was almost definitely there to look for her, but confirming her identity meant she’d either be taken back, or the others would come. Then Ruby would be in danger. Or Thalia’s sisters would be. She didn’t want to imagine what Ruby would do if they put their babies in any semblance of actual danger.

Unfortunately, Clarissa made the choice for her.

“Thalia?”

She could’ve denied it. Her appearance was different enough that she could get away with it. But maybe not. Clarissa was stubborn and she had good senses.

“Hello, sister,” Thalia said, already scanning the skies for Ruby. Most humans that were impregnated by monsters didn’t meet kind fates, and in her current state there was little she could do to stop her sister.

“You look… well.”

“I am, yes,” Thalia said, stroking her belly, “Though these ones give me a lot of trouble.”

“Are they…”

“Human?” Clarissa nodded, to which Thalia shrugged, “Maybe. A dragon and human haven’t mated in all history. Who knows who they’ll take after.”

“And is… it around?”

“Ruby is out for now,” Thalia said, “She’s hunting for us. We’ve got eggs and milk and fruit, but meat isn’t so easy.”

Clarissa looked around, then sighed and sat down, “So it’s true. You really fell for a dragon.”

“I couldn’t believe it myself! Imagine my surprise when I spent five years fighting her, then she turned around, gets hard in front of me one time and I’m smitten?! It’s ridiculous,” Thalia chortled, then settled into a serene smile, “She’s ridiculous.”

“What’s it like?”

“Hmm?”

“Being with a dragon. It’s crazy to even think about.”

“Well, how much detail do you want?”

“Everything.”

So Thalia told everything. From the feeling of having someone so powerful be so loving, to the sensations of a brutal dragon cock thrusting inside her, before it filled her with boiling hot semen. When Clarissa didn’t stop her, Thalia went on, reminiscing about their first time during Ruby’s oestrus. How enormous the dragon’s cock was back then, and how much it stretched her out. Then she got to their life of the last two years.

Gosh, it really had been two years. It didn’t feel like it, though perhaps that was just the haze of pregnancy. A tremor of lust went through her as she realised it was just three more years before Ruby’s next oestrus.

Clarissa listened to it all in relative silence, squirming whenever Thalia recounted a particularly lurid time.

“And now you’re here,” Thalia said, concluding her tale, “And Ruby is too.”

“Huh?” Clarissa whipped her head around in shock, only just now noticing the dragon as it landed beside them.

“You are lucky I remembered your scent,” Ruby said.

“Um… hello, again,” Clarissa said, “Uh… sister?”

Ruby’s eyes widened, then she looked to Thalia, “I explained everything. We are basically wives after all. She’s your family by law.”

“I do not know how I feel about this.

“Tell me about it,” Clarissa groaned and stood up, “First I see a woman with the biggest gut in history, then I learn she’s my sister who is married to a dragon and carrying its brood. Now I’m sister to said dragon. If Mom and Dad found out, they’d probably just laugh. It’s absurd.”

“It really is,” Thalia laughed, climbing to her feet with the aid of Ruby’s magic, “But I wouldn’t trade this life for anything.”

“You know,” Clarissa said, “I helped Mom a lot while she was pregnant with you. And I accomplished my quest in finding you. It’d be a shame to ride back all that way so soon. Maybe I could… stay? Help out? It can’t be easy even for a dragon.”

“I do have a great many duties to my wife,” Ruby said, nudging Thalia in a not quite innocent manner.

Thalia hushed her and focused on Clarissa, “You do remember how much I mentioned sex, right?”

For the second time in Thalia life, she saw her sister blush without exertion. Even when listening to tales of her sister’s sex life didn’t illicit such a response.

“That’s fine. I’d rather be nearby in case she ever decides you’re better as a meal.”

“I would never. Though she is delectable.”

“You’re doing that on purpose,” Thalia snickered, “Well… if you can put up with it, we do have the room to spare. Maybe a test is in order?”

“A test?”

Clarissa quickly discovered what that meant as she sat on the ground floor, listening the creak of floorboards and the feral moans. That came from her sister, rather than the dragon. Which had taken on a human form?! Since when could they do that? Admittedly, it did sound exciting. She had gone a great many moons without the touch of another. And her own fingers were just not adequate a substitute for cock.

Was dragon dick really that much better?

Those thoughts harassed her nearly every minute she stayed. She’d first intended to only be there a month or two, since surely Thalia was close to birth, but it extended longer and longer. Likewise, her sister swelled up greater and greater. Until she was truly bedridden, unable to fit through the door. Ruby offered to break it down for her, but Thalia refused to damage their house. That left Clarissa to do just about everything for them. Cooking, cleaning, feeding the animals and harvesting food.

Ruby often helped, the two of them becoming better acquainted. It also gave Clarissa a chance to ask about other dragons, surprised when she learned they lived in the mountains that overlooked the house. A few had even come by, but moved on when they caught Ruby’s scent.

Some nights, Clarissa sat in the garden and watched the mountains under moonlight. Occasionally, there’d be flashes of light and she’d spot bat-like shapes. It was a nice distraction from the loud romping taking place inside. Were those dragons nice like Ruby? Would they take to her the same way?

She always shook her head to clear those thoughts. Whenever they came up, it always seemed like everything judged her. Even the animals disapproved. Though none were as harsh as herself. Still, they came back time and again.

It was a pleasant existence though. She could admit Thalia had a good, peaceful life here. Even for Clarissa, who did most of the chores, enjoyed herself just being there for her sister and her wife. Though it did become monotonous after a time. She’d even grown accustomed to the nightly sex noises, even if it still always got her pining for a lover of her own.

Little over a year into her stay, there was finally a change. Thalia had stopped growing, though her belly was enormous by then, to the point that her bed had been removed just to make space in her room, which she now took up the entire expanse. Lucky the door opened into the hallway. Ruby had gone hunting the day before, grabbing much more than normal. She was prepared to stay there for a long time.

Clarissa was around her sister as often as she could manage. While Thalia carried the pregnancy well, it had clearly taken its toll and now she was ready for the end. Her face was haggard, breathing not quite laboured, but not smooth either, and she’d begun regarding her belly with apathy rather than joy. It had grown tighter in recent days, bearing lumps from the numerous eggs. Each of them were the size of an overdue human infant by then.

“Any change?” Clarissa asked, as she ran a warm, wet towel across her sister’s belly.

Thalia was naked of course, nothing properly fit anymore and no one saw the point when she was trapped inside. They’d shared baths together as children, but everything had changed since then, the physical differences not even the most jarring.

As far back as Clarissa remembered, Thalia wanted to be a knight too. She’d succeeded and was even adept at it despite her stature being less than ideal. To think, she would spurn the life she worked for in favour of one that… well, Clarissa didn’t want to think it just fell in her sister’s lap. The fact she and Ruby had fought for years on end meant this wasn’t just a spontaneous choice. Even if it felt that way to Clarissa.

“Nothing yet. But I can feel it coming,” Thalia said with a small smile. Even her voice sounded exhausted, though that could be from the constant wailing at night.

“What happens after the birth? I’m not familiar with dragon parenting.”

“Me neither. Should’ve really asked Ruby about that, instead of… other things.”

“It can’t be helped. You’re very hormonal so of course you crave… sex.” Clarissa was lucky to be hidden by the massive belly. That way Thalia couldn’t see her blushing. She’d seen them go at it a couple times. Just an inevitability of sharing their home. It certainly wasn’t her design to see her sister’s pussy getting splayed open by a fat, purple cock with thick, winding veins all over it. And she just happened to be in the mood to touch herself at the time.

“I’d crave it anyway,” Thalia chuckled, “I’m just lucky Ruby is as insatiable as I am. Probably because of this,” she bucked her hips, making her lower cheeks clap loudly.

“Yeah, probably,” Clarissa admitted. She, like anyone, could appreciate a nice, thick ass and none were so pert and juicy and heavy as Thalia’s. The cheeks were just so supple and buoyant. Not that she’d touched it. Maybe once, on accident. She only knew its quality from seeing her sister walk around and sit down. Fuck, seeing her sit on two chairs and have her ass just flare out under her weight to swallow the furniture was… not enthralling. Nope. Definitely not.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t talk about that stuff. The noises must be bad enough.”

“I got used to it,” a fact that Clarissa wasn’t sure she’d be happy about once she returned home. All the heavy gasps and plapping of flesh would be replaced by the dull thud of wooden swords, or the clang of metal in duels. It’d be up to her to fill her nights with the sounds of love making.

Well, that wouldn’t be so hard. Clarissa had a solid fanbase back home, plenty of them pretty girls that would give anything to feel her hard-earned musculature up close. Perhaps she could even find a shop like the one Thalia told her about. She never did find the time - or willpower - to go in at the time. But, even if she did, it wouldn’t be the same.

She glanced to the north. While they’d never had problems with the nearby dragons, Clarissa was always aware of them, both as a knight and for other reasons. Which she promptly shoved down and focused on making sure Thalia’s belly was glossy and smooth. It was about all she could do to soothe her.

“Ever wanted to try her for yourself?”

Clarissa dropped the towel with a wet thud. One that wasn’t much different to what she often overheard. Her face felt so hot steam could’ve blown from her ears.

“Don’t be ridiculous. She’s your wife. And a dragon. I’m not… nothing wrong with that, but it’s not my…”

“Relax,” Thalia giggled and kicked at her, “Was just teasing you.”

The way she said that implied otherwise. Or that she read something in Clarissa’s reaction. Something that wasn’t in there at all. And even if there was *something*, there was no way Clarissa would admit it. Or go through with it.

Not even if a dragon plucked her up and took her to its lair, its cock already out and hard, eyeing her with nothing but want in its inhuman eyes. Maybe if it spent some time wooing her first. A meal here, a flight there, maybe a little kissing and other things. It wouldn’t take much. She had a habit of being easily romanced.

She was about to announce her departure - definitely not to deal with the heat between her legs - when Thalia let out a distinctly non-sexual groan. She slapped both hands onto her belly and let out a pained gasp. All it was one look between them for Clarissa to understand.

Ruby had made it clear that birthing eggs wouldn’t be nearly as complex as human birth. All they needed was a warm space, and lots of it. Given how huge Thalia was, they might even need two rooms. Luckily, the house had plenty to spare.

That wasn’t the hardest part. While Clarissa knew Ruby’s cock was large, and Thalia was filled with it constantly, these were distinctly larger. Even with Thalia’s experience, this would be exhausting. The knight took a deep breath. First step, turn her sister around so her vagina faced the door. With the soapy water, that wasn’t too hard. Next was to gauge how dilated Thalia had become.

With a dragon, this was unnecessary. They were just naturally so much larger that the eggs would slip out fairly easily. Thalia would need to help get them out. Clarissa swallowed her nerves. She’d been a midwife before, though that was a long while ago and she’d only been an assistant. Still, she opened her sister’s vagina - a surprisingly easy endeavour - to check on her cervix. Only to be greeted by a distinctly foreign object.

Thalia kicked her legs out and groaned, muscles flexing hard as the egg shot forward. Clarissa almost didn’t react in time to catch the slimy oval.

“Magic, remember?” Thalia said, with just a hint of amusement.

“Oh right.” Clarissa had completely forgotten in the suddenness of it all. Her sister had what she dubbed the ‘expansion affinity’, which allowed her stretch seemingly without limit. And it wouldn’t surprise her if Thalia ‘forgot’ to mention it again just to mess with her.

She contemplated the egg in her arms. It was heavy, much more so than a human infant, which was to be expected, but its physical weight was only part of it. This was a life made by her sister. Clarissa was an aunt. She honestly hadn’t expected this day to come. All of their siblings were just so busy and focused on everything *but* having children.

“Let me see,” Thalia said.

“Um, I’d have to climb on you.”

“Fine,” she could hear the pout in her sister’s voice, “Ooh, get ready. Second one’s coming.”

Clarissa put the first egg - her first niece or nephew - in the next room, where they had plenty of blankets set up to keep them warm. She returned just as Thalia’s lips bulged out, then dropped the second. The next was on its way just a couple minutes later. At that pace, they’d be done quickly.

“I’m here!” Ruby announced, barging onto the scene. In her haste, she hadn’t perfectly humanised herself, with a smattering of scales here and there and her tail out in full. It was a strange sight, but Clarissa put it aside as they worked together. There wasn’t much to be done, really. Clarissa gladly took to putting the eggs in their blankets. While she had professionalism, it was still awkward to stare at her sister’s vagina as she gave birth. Besides, these were Ruby’s children too.

Sweat dripped from every pore as Thalia laid on her back for the first time in ages. Her belly was still huge, a mountain all its own, and pushed her leaking breasts up into her face. She had her legs spread wide, with Ruby at her side. It had been an hour, most of their brood was safely swaddled in various blankets they’d made using their sheeps wool, and left her drained. She’d been using both her affinities to help ease the constant expansion of her womb, so her reserves ran dry after thirty. With two more still to go.

Which meant birthing them the hard way.

Clarissa knelt between her legs, coaching her through it. That didn’t ease the strain though, with Thalia gripping her lover’s hand with far more strength than she’d ever mustered before. Enough, even, to make the dragon wince.

“You’re so close,” Ruby said.

“I know, but this isn’t exactly easy,” Thalia grunted, “Fuck, I think it’s the wrong side.”

The dragon breathed deep, eyes closed. Soon enough, Thalia felt the phantom hands inside of her, guiding the egg so its thinnest point - which was still larger than the average’s baby’s head - pushed into her canal. Once it was there, the former knight, now a mother to dragons, did as her body commanded and pushed.

Her pussy yawned ever wider. Its walls were linked by thick strings of her juices, which broke as the egg slid down her birth canal. The feeling wasn’t altogether unpleasant, having taken equally huge objects, though certainly difficult. As the shell breeched the outside world, Thalia took a deep breath, crushed her dragon-wife’s hand, and pushed. Pressure mounted, kegels bearing down with all her might. Clarissa had her hands ready to catch.

Though neither expected the abrupt POP as the egg all but leapt from Thalia’s snatch. The shock of it left her walls gaping, revealing every facet of her beautifully pink canal, all the way to her twitching cervix. Beyond it, laid the final egg. Unfortunately, based on the size of her stomach, it was the biggest one by far. Ruby used her magic to confirm it.

Hours more passed just for that one. Ruby’s telekinesis only did so much for an object of such tumescence. She pried Thalia’s cervix open, but it was simply too wide. She pushed on it, only to have the same problem.

There was nothing to do but let nature take its course. Thalia couldn’t remember the last time she exerted so much effort. Sweat poured down her body, mixing with the milk on her breasts, and her breathing came in laboured pants. Even her first times with Ruby hadn’t been so taxing. But it was worth it.

While she couldn’t hold her young as a human might, just cradling the warm egg in her arms, feeling it pulse with life that was so close to breaking free, was indescribable. All at once, it was like being enveloped in her mother’s warmth, while also holding Ruby’s human form against her during a winter’s night, and mixed with the deep satisfaction that she made this. She didn’t know what her child looked like, whether it’d be human or dragon or both, but she loved it all the same.

Ruby put her on strict bed rest the next day. Much as she protested, Thalia needed it. Her body was exhausted, her magic still yet to return, and then there was the emptiness inside herself. Three years spent with her belly round and heavy, of course she missed it. Even when it made her gravity magic pointless as she got so big she couldn’t fit through doors. At least she got to sleep in the same room as her eggs.

Thalia spent most of the following days just laying or sitting and watching. Every now and then, she’d see one twitch. It was unclear how long it’d be before they hatched, but certainly soon. That’s what Ruby claimed. Though ‘soon’ with her could mean anything. Time for dragons was very different it seemed.

Perhaps the nicest part was being able to properly cuddle with Ruby again. The dragon made an effort to take her human form every night for a week straight, just so she could hold Thalia as they awaited their children’s hatching. At the mother’s request, Ruby kept some aspects of her dragon form. The tail, in particular, was lovely to spoon while feeling another warm body against her back.

Definitely not because the tail often ended up between her legs.

Birth did nothing to dampen Thalia’s libido. While her pussy was horribly sore, it still felt nice when Ruby touched her there. They didn’t have sex, for the sake of recovery, but Thalia was always hungry for her wife.

“Poor Clarissa,” Thalia said, one evening, snuggled up to her lover, belly full of semen and a blanket of euphoria over her head.

“How so?”

“I’m sure she thought she’d get a break from the noises after the birth.”

Ruby snickered, “Somehow, my dear, I don’t think she much minds.”

“Don’t be horrible,” Thalia chided, though she had the same inclination. Clarissa had been asking about dragons more and more lately, though she posited her questions to Ruby. The actual dragon. Perhaps there was something more to her.

Clarissa sat outside that night. The soft sounds of the animals filled the otherwise still, Spring air. Spring, a season of renewal and change, but it was almost over. The clammy heat of Summer was slowly building up. Come to think, this was about the time her sister was ‘taken’. Perhaps it was time Clarissa changed too?

The full moon shone brilliantly that night. She could make out the mountain peaks in the distance. How far were they really? From there, it looked as if she could simply reach out for them. Perhaps a full day’s ride? Maybe longer?

But would she really risk her horse just to satisfy a potentially fatal curiosity? For that matter, could she go through with it? Ruby was surely an anomaly among monsters. Very could converse, much less so fluently. Or had magic that let them blend in with humans. If she walked into a nest, would she greeted with curiosity, or simply torn apart?

Well, that may happen even if they took to her as Ruby did to Thalia. Clarissa squeezed her thighs together, all too conscious of her vagina and its shortcomings. Her hands weren’t the smallest, but the fingers were sleek and dexterous, and yet she could just handle four of them inside. Ruby’s member was much, much larger than that.

She squirmed, thoughts spiralling down that forbidden path that was oh so very sweet. Was Ruby a typical dragon in that regard? Was she small? How big could they get? Thalia mentioned something called oestrus and that Ruby was even bigger during it. To take it as is seemed insurmountable. To go even bigger…

Oh shit, she was rubbing herself again. This kept happening when her mind wandered. Which was often. Clarissa didn’t stop herself. What was the point? No one was out there and she’d been feeling all sorts of pent up since Thalia gave birth. For what reason, she wasn’t sure.

She bit into her other hand to stifle the sounds of her climax. Juices clung to her hand, strings forming and snapping between fingers as she stretched them apart. There was always some shame with doing so, mostly because she knew Ruby and Thalia were partly responsible, but also a thrill. Especially as she licked her hand clean, tasting her musky tang. As she did so, she watched the mountains, observing the bat-like shapes weaving through.

One in particular caught her eye. It didn’t move as swiftly as the others, but she doubted it was slow. More like it was taking its time. Watching something, prey perhaps? Or did it see her? Clarissa bit her lip and decided it was time to turn in.

**Chapter 12 - Epilogue**:

It took a month for the eggs to hatch. Clarissa still remembered the shrieks of anticipation as Thalia called her up. There was an unspoken anxiety though. What if they were… wrong? Not malicious, but physically disfigured. Offspring of a human and a dragon was unheard of.

So Clarissa stood in the doorway, ready to flee with her sister if things took an unfortunate turn. It proved unnecessary as the first shells cracked and out reached distinctly human fingers. Indistinguishable, save for the distinctly red complexion. Thalia went to them and took hold, pulling her child free. Clarissa tensed, unsure what to expect next.

But it was a baby. One that was more developed than it should’ve been on first meeting, however still an infant that clung to its mother. The only things to denote its heritage were the small wings that fluttered on its back, its skin and the tiny horns that poked out amongst a brunette mop. Clarissa let out a sigh of relief and went to help with any of the others as they hatched.

Ruby would be back soon. She rarely went more than a minute’s flight away. Until then, it fell to Clarissa to cradle child after child. They varied in how much dragon they inherited. Some were like the first, others only had wings or horns, but others took on more, equipped with armour-like patches of smooth scales.  Perhaps the most unnerving part was the lack of cries.

They just made soft cooing sounds as they took in their new reality. Clarissa swaddled yet another baby as her sister finished feeding two more. It was a surreal situation, watching the once svelte and knighthood obsessed Thalia nursing and cooing over such small creatures. Had anyone foretold her this future, she’d have put them in a choke hold. Now she looked happy.

If a little overwhelmed.

There were stories of new mothers that could barely cope with their single baby. For Thalia to be faced with thirty-two of them must’ve been almost enough to trigger her fight response. It got easier when Ruby returned, barely half-human despite her magic. She even kept her snout and long, strangely alluring tongue, which she used to lick Thalia’s face, then those of their children. The mother thought nothing of it. Must’ve been a dragon thing, Clarissa thought.

“Thank you, Clary,” Thalia said once every last baby was fed and laid down. Fighting through their eggs proved difficult and, with bellies full of milk, they quickly drifted off. Leaving the adults to gaze upon them.

Among their numbers, only a couple would struggle to pass as human. Those possessed obvious snouts, already armed with sharp teeth, and their wings were larger than the rest. Most had tails as well, which Clarissa found herself playing with more than she realised. They were just so cute.

“No thanks necessary. It’s only natural I’d help bring my nephews and nieces into the world.”

“Nephews?” Ruby scoffed, “Do you see a male in this relationship?”

“But they have… oh, right. I forget,” Clarissa blushed. With how feminine Ruby was in her mostly human form, it was easy to overlook the cloaca just above her pussy, where her cock rested until Thalia called upon it.

“Really, I’d think you’d be plenty aware of it,” Ruby said, then grunted from an elbow-jab to her ribs.

Thalia sighed as she brushed the hair of one of her many children, “I’m such a terrible mama.”

“What?” Clarissa looked at her sister like she’d just… well… like she’d just said she was sleeping with a dragon.

“All that time in my belly and then in their shells, and I never thought of a name for any of them.”

Ruby snorted and hugged tight, pecking at her neck, “It’s alright. Plenty of time for us to come up with them.”

Over the following weeks, each child was named as their personalities slowly came to light. All that time gestating must’ve prepared them for a rapid development now, as they reached the size of toddlers within a couple months. They were amazingly well-behaved - as well as children could be expected anyway. Thalia and Ruby still had their hands full, even with Clarissa taking care of the house itself. That said, with her little sister mobile again and the children not as difficult as expected… what was Clarissa’s purpose?

She could stay. She didn’t doubt they’d refuse her, or even be upset by her choice, but she’d been gone for long enough already.

Which raised another question; did she return? Their family had been working hard to locate Thalia. They deserved to know she was safe and loved. But if they learned of her kinship with a dragon, and of the resulting offspring, then Clarissa couldn’t say what’d happen. Perhaps they’d be fine with it, or at least accept that Thalia wasn’t in any danger. At least some might. She wasn’t sure about Celine. The girl was easily the most bloodthirsty of their lot.

The best option was probably to go back and falsify her report. It’d prevent others from checking this region at least, and she could probably find an excuse to come back every now and then. Oh, but committing herself to another three-months of nothing but riding was far from appealing. It’d be great if she had a better mode of transport.

Clarissa looked on in envy of the dragons flying around the mountains. What was it like to see the world from so high up? Was it as frightening as she expected, or was it thrilling to see entire forests reduced to mere bushes? She’d thought of asking Ruby to show her, but it felt wrong. Like that was an experience reserved for the two lovers.

She returned her gaze to the garden. They’d expanded it to allow the children to run around freely, many of them taking big jumps to try and fly, but only the more ‘endowed’ siblings managed to even slow their fall. Ruby was right there with them, showing off her magnificent wings. Thalia took the chance to return to some form of training, however it was certainly harder now. Three years encumbered by a room-sized belly and then months of bed rest afterwards would be enough to demoralise anyone.

Combine that with the dramatic effects on her lower body and she had her work cut out. Just the basic warm-up had her sweating heavily, clothes clinging wetly around her rich thighs. A lot of knights ended up bottom heavy to better carry their equipment, but none were so luxuriously endowed as her sister. Even the fact she had melons on her chest barely mattered by comparison.

Still, it wouldn’t be long before she had better movement again. It’d never be the same dancer like grace she’d used to keep up with the taller, more powerful recruits, but more than adequate for her new life. Clarissa wasn’t needed anymore.

“That doesn’t you’re unwanted,” Thalia said over dinner.

“I, for one, have loved having you here. Makes me feel like a real part of Thalia’s family,” Ruby added from outside, happily eating the meal she’d hunted earlier.

“I’m aware,” Clarissa said, “But I’ve been thinking about it for a while now. The others are probably wondering about me, since I said this would only take me a year. And I really should tell them *something*. Keep them out of your hair.”

Thalia nodded, looking down at her plate, “If you’re sure we can’t convince you otherwise.”

“It’s for the best. I’ll come back sometime, make sure you haven’t been eaten.”

“Oh, she’s already been ‘eaten’,” Ruby chuckled.

“Ruby!” Thalia turned scarlet, but was ignored.

“Stay for another month at least. I believe I have the perfect parting gift for you,” Ruby said.

“You really don’t have to.”

“Nonsense. You’ve been far too great a help not to receive one. Honestly, what I have in mind might not be sufficient.”

“Alright,” Clarissa sighed, certain she wouldn’t win an argument with the dragon, “I’ll leave the day after the next full moon.”

It was more of a mistake really, allowing herself more time to bond with her adorable nieces. Some of the more rambunctious girls would take sticks Ruby brought from the forest and use them as weapons. Clarissa ended teaching them how to use them properly, rather than letting them whack each other. They weren’t speaking just yet, but they were clearly a precocious lot and took to her instruction well. Soon enough, they were sparring rather than just chasing each other. Most of the time, anyway. They still enjoyed terrorising one another a fair bit.

The next month went by so fast, she wasn’t prepared for Ruby and Thalia to present her with a necklace of all things. Clarissa wasn’t one for jewellery. Few knights were. Appearance mattered little where ability was concerned. It was just a leather band with a ruby broach attached. Even in her less experienced eyes, the jewel was a work of art.

“Thank you,” Clarissa said as she tied it around her neck. When the jewel settled between her bosom, a gentle warmth flowed down her body, “What was that?”

“A little magic,” Thalia said, beaming the way her more mischievous children would.

“To help with your… wandering thoughts,” Ruby also smirked, leaving little uncertainty behind her meaning.

“Explain,” Clarissa demanded, though she wasn’t sure if she was so eager because she wanted to know what kind of trickery they’d pulled, or if she was excited to confirm her hopes.

“My expansion affinity,” Thalia pulled on her cheek as an example, “Really helps with some of the… challenges we would’ve faced.” The glint in her eye might as well have been a lighthouse beacon.

“And with my alchemy, even this was possible,” Ruby tilted her head toward the children, resting after that mornings play.

Clarissa felt her cheeks burning. They really were implying *that* weren’t they? She couldn’t do that. It was crazy to even consider. Just because she saw Thalia do it didn’t mean she could just throw away the life she knows. This past year was bad enough.

“It’s activated by concentration,” Ruby explained, “Whether you want something to happen is up to you. Otherwise, it still looks lovely on you.”

“I’ll… think about it. Thank you.”

After a hearty breakfast, that was it. She saddled up and bid her farewells to her sister, and sister-in-law - granted, their marriage wasn’t exactly recognised by the church - and all thirty-two nieces. By the time she returned, they’d all be so much bigger. Just thinking of it made her heart pang in ways she hadn’t known it could.

Of course, the world found its ways to derail her plans. It just so happened to take the form of a blue-scaled dragon descending from the sky about two days after she left Thalia. Clarissa had no idea how it snuck up on her like that. Regardless, she dug her heels in and grabbed her sword. It proved unnecessary, however, as the dragon swooped in and picked her up. The impact knocked her weapon from her grasp.

Which caused her to inhale and taste something... sweet.

“Do not struggle, human. I am close to my season, so I’m not quite so patient as I would like.”

“Season?” Clarissa muttered as she watched her horse become little more than a pinprick. She turned her head and felt a horrifying rush of heat hit her entire body. There, just barely poking out but still very obvious, was a fuchsia coloured tip. Worst of all was how her thighs squeezed shut of their own accord, rubbing herself with them.

It only lasted a couple minutes, then she was placed on a surprisingly soft surface. She backed away on instinct, fingers gliding through what felt like wool, but hit a wall quickly enough. That didn’t matter. She had just enough view now to see the dragon in full.

“Your staring will only make me more excited,” the beast growled.

Her body was perhaps half the size of Ruby’s, and overall sleeker. Her scales were a mix of blues, almost resembling sapphires. Then there was the cadence of her voice; rough, almost like a bandit, but softer. Measured.

Like she’d planned every word of this encounter.

“It won’t matter, will it?” Clarissa asked as she stood, taking stock of her surroundings.

It was a cave, that was obvious, except grand in scale. The floor was lined with wool, and the entrance faced toward the East, allowing plenty of the morning light in. A pile caught her attention. It looked like clothes, but that seemed unlikely. Why would a dragon care for clothing? She’d never seen Ruby wear any, even in a human-form.

“Hmm?”

“You’re close to your ‘oestrus’ right? When it comes, you’ll be all but insatiable. Is that correct?”

That threw the creature off, its golden eyes staring at her.

“And you brought me here with that in mind,” Clarissa tried keeping her voice level. The pendant against her chest felt so warm as it responded to her desires.

“I did. Though I likely shouldn’t have. What was I even thinking? Kidnapping a human for *that*. Not like we can do anything. Stupid, stupid, Saphy!”

“Saphy? That’s your name?” Clarissa asked.

“Yes! But you might as well call me ‘Idiot’.”

All the composure had vanished, replaced by nerves. Clarissa had seen it plenty of times when interrogating criminals. Ones that thought they had everything figured out, only to have it come loose when faced with a greater intellect, had the same posture.

“Were you waiting for this chance?”

Saphy nodded.

“You chose me specifically?”

“Another nod.”

“Why?”

“i saw you. Every night. I used my magic to see what was happening at that house, why Ruby was always coming and going from it. Then I saw you… touching yourself…”

“You what?!” Clarissa concealed her embarrassment under fury, which only caused the much larger dragon to shrink away.

“I know it was wrong! Humans hate that kind of thing. It’s just… you were beautiful. Your parted lips. Your chest heaving as you did it. The way your hips moved. It was so incredibly sexy!” Saphy gushed, then realised what she’d said and mumbled another apology.

Clarissa hadn’t known what to expect exactly, but it certainly wasn’t to be complimented so enthusiastically. She found herself struggling for words, until her eyes settled on the twitching mass between Saphy’s hind legs. Reaching up, she gripped the pendant, feeling it flare up in her palm. As Saphy stuttered out apology after apology, Clarissa pinched at her cheek. It was far more pliable than normal.

So it worked.

Which meant…

“You’re not so hard on the eyes yourself,” Clarissa said, stepping forward until she could touch Saphy’s chin.

“Huh?”

“This isn’t a kidnapping,” Clarissa whispered as she explored the dragon’s face, “Because you’re going to be *my* captive.”

“I-I’m sorry?” Saphy’s eyes went wide as she met the sensually sinister smirk on Clarissa’s face.

She was just adorable. Really, how couldn’t Clarissa take this opportunity that stared her so blatantly in the eyes? She trailed her fingers across Saphy’s body as she moved further down. While much larger than her, the dragon didn’t feel threatening in the least.

“Why wait for your season?” Clarissa asked and pushed her body against Saphy, “I’m going to take you. Now.”

“Take me? Now?” Saphy looked back and met the hardened gaze of the knight. While Clarissa hadn’t the leadership experience of knights that had seen war, she had led plenty on hunts and had complete control. Even those older and more experienced fell in line under her. At least when she demanded their cooperation.

“Any problems with that?” Clarissa asked, raising an impatient eyebrow.

“No! None at all!” Saphy squeaked, lowering her head like a submissive pup. All the while another head rose up.

“Good girl,” Clarissa cooed and began stripping.

-One Oestrus Later-

Clarissa panted atop her dragon, belly stretched almost grotesquely far by a mix of cock and cum. It was a crazy amalgam of sensations no matter how often she experienced them. It wasn’t all Saphy’s semen though. Some dragons had their seasons synced up, with two in particular taking interest in what they’d thought was Saphy’s new plaything. Their personalities were shockingly similar, each falling in line under Clarissa's will. Though she did still need to reward them properly and often.

By the end of their season, Clarissa had become something of a master to them. While they could end her, and they were aware of that - flexing that power every so often if she overstepped - they seemed content to follow her commands. More than content even. Her orders were sometimes all it took for them to want another turn with her.

Sometimes she let them have their fun with her. Fighting instincts rarely went well for animals, forcing them to bottle it up just for it to explode at the wrong time. Once, they couldn’t hold it in and just took her at the same time, filling her every hole.

But that time had passed. Now Clarissa had a choice to make. Saphy only intended to take her for her oestrus, but that had been the extent of her plan. Now that the season was almost over, their sizes going down dramatically, it was up her to the knight whether she left these three. As she laid back on Saphy’s belly, feeling the softening shaft gradually slip from her pussy in a wave of white, she wished for an easy answer.

Spending the rest of her life in a cave wasn’t the most exciting prospect, but then she could work on building a proper home. Perhaps one close to Thalia’s?

Two heads appeared on either side of her, snuggling up. She cradled them both. Gale and Kari, dragons of a similar stature and personality to Saphy. It shouldn’t have been a surprise, given what she’d seen between Ruby and Thalia, but they were terribly affectionate. When they were fucking, they were cuddling. Even if it was just wrapping their tails around her waist or thigh.

“How do you feel about children?” Clarissa asked, stroking her inflated stomach. It looked pregnant the skin was so tight.

“With you, Ma’am, I’d be overjoyed,” Kari said.

“Yeah, you know… having babies is cool. I guess,” Gale mumbled, clearly flustered by the thought.

“Please, please, please can we? Is that even possible? Oh, but you wouldn’t ask if you didn’t think so, so I guess…”

“Breathe, Saphy,” Clarissa chuckled, “I suppose I have an answer.”

Not a moment later and she felt the telltale pricking in her sides. She sighed and kissed each of her dragons. A surprising turn in her life for sure, but a welcome one. Now how did she break the news to her family without shaming the Lustborne name?

--Meanwhile, in the Thalia/Ruby residence--

“Oh my! I never expected this!” Ruby guffawed, pulling Thalia’s focus away from the garden.

“What are you giggling about now?”

“Oh, one of my clutch-mates has a telepathy affinity. She’s a terrible gossip, makes it impossible to keep a secret once she finds out. Now, I’m not normally one to indulge, but this is delightful.” Ruby chuckled again, almost spitting fire in her excitement.

“You plan to share?”

“It seems we were wrong about your sister wanting to bed a dragon,” Ruby giggled again, “Turns out she wanted three!”

Thalia joined in the laughter, “That’s just like her. She goes in expecting one thing, only to get so much more.”

“Perhaps we could give her another shock when she comes to visit?” Ruby said, thinning her eyes suggestively.

“You really think you can look after this many little ones on your own?” Thalia arched a brow, honestly hoping for a ‘yes’.

“Good point. We’d better wait until next year. And a few months.”

Thalia rolled her eyes, but couldn’t stop the grin on her face. There’d be no helping it if her girls ended up with a few dozen more sisters at that point.