

To that end, there were a myriad of different ways that she could take herself in, especially now that she had such a fine control over her own physical form. In fact, Dracarna figured that just about any “standard” or “normal” animal-like shape was entirely within her ability to mimic, and that left her without a lot of good options when it came to truly exploring her own limits; she’d have to tap into her own imagination in order to find more and more interesting ways to alter her physical form, something new, something *exotic* that she could use to truly surprise her friends. After all, she could clearly tell that Shuijing was rapidly noting down everything happening in front of her, so why not go the extra mile and *truly* give the mage something to think about?

Dracarna closed her eyes for a few seconds, allowing her mind to empty out before attempting to re-focus it on something completely different from everything she had tried already, a shape or group of shapes that would both defy conventional aesthetic and yet still recall draconic elements; in other words, precisely what she had originally wanted for herself in the first place. Her long neck was brought underwater, where it coiled itself along with the rest of her body, resting on the bottom of the lake; the transformation itself would take place down there in the depths, away from prying eyes, so that she might break free from the surface of the water in a grandiose, excessively theatrical display. Her long, serpentine body began to retract into itself, growing slightly thinner overall and significantly shorter, heading back to a much more familiar draconic shape. She heard the pillars of water crashing above her, muffled by the multiple tons of liquid she was hidden beneath, the rumbling of currents erupting all around her as her body’s contortions forced the fluid to slosh about and create small waves up above; from her back sprouted wings, long and leathery at first, but ending in jagged, ragged bits of frayed skin and flesh that more resembled torn feathers than anything else. Dracarna had made the conscious decision to invoke a more “damaged” or “battle-hardened” aesthetic, hoping to impress and intimidate in equal measure, and to that end proceeded to add a few more embellishments to the rest of her body: long, purple-and-black spine protruding from the end of her legs and near her claws, smoking billowing from what looked to be long, thick cuts that ran across her side, a ribcage that appeared to be wide open and exposed to the elements, each breath opening several gashes in her flesh from which more smoke billowed forth, with the occasional crackle of electricity joining in. Her colouration followed in the example set by her spikes, and soon even her eyes were jet-black... but on opening them, it wasn’t a normal pupil that shone in the sunlit depths, but one adorned with a bright star for an iris, a five-pointed *thing* that appeared to glow in the dark with more intensity than the hottest of fires. As she unfurled her wings, so too did the frayed insides of her wings glimmer in the darkness, a million tiny dots swirling from place to place, bringing to mind the sight of the galaxy on a clear and cloudless night. She smiled, exposing rows of long, sharp teeth, which she deftly retracted into her jaws, a little party trick she had prepared for her friends later; Dracarna had become an embodiment of the night, of darkness itself, an aesthetic she wasn’t normally known for, but was nonetheless incredibly eager to experiment with.

Content that her new transformation was complete, the dragoness sank her claws into the sodden dirt beneath her, launching her body upwards like a spring. Seconds later, she emerged from the lake with a large, almost perfectly symmetrical splash of water erupting around her, flying upwards until she found the possible spot to show herself off by opening her wings and casting a long, dark shadow on both Toxic and Shuijing; the latter two got to watch as the starlike patterns on their friend's wings moved in front of their very eyes, how their silhouette was framed by the constantly-pouring smoke, how the crackling of magical lightning made her look as if she was ready to go off at any moment... but yet she remained still, in midair, spending a non-insignificant amount of magical energy in order to keep herself there before finally allowing gravity to pull her back down. With a swift motion, she performed a downwards circular flight, gliding perfectly into place next to the mage's hut, where she landed without even the slightest whisper of wind. Toxic was already there, her eyes wide, her expression not unlike a child being given a brand new toy; it looked as if she wanted to gush about how cool Dracarna looked, and indeed seemed ready to start talking until Shuijing lifted a finger and took center stage by raising her voice.

“Are you quite done?” she asked, sounding more concerned than annoyed, “I still had a few things I wanted to try out, and as impressive as your transformations were, I'm not sure I can write those down in any respectable publication and still be taken serio-”

She was interrupted by the other, non-shapeshifting dragoness jumping at Dracarna with enough force that the two of them ended up rolling around on the ground, a playful roar escaping from her mouth as she practically *begged* her friend to have a little tussle with her; the now-jet black dragon was more than happy to comply, having missed the simple joys of a play fight, completely missing Shuijing's shocked, stunned expression as the two dragonesses kept rolling around on the ground in a mock duel, occasionally attempting to take flight before being “pulled” downwards again. After a while, the mage must've realized that she was going nowhere, seeing as she sat down and pulled out a book, content to wait out that sudden “confrontation”... which turned out to last quite a bit longer than expected, by the end of which both Toxic and Dracarna were both out of breath, but thoroughly appreciate of one another's company.

“You done?” Shuijing called out, “You almost fell on my cottage about five times, so if you wouldn't mind...”

“Sorry!” Dracarna replied, scrambling to get back on her feet and then trotting back towards the mage, “Got a bit carried away, you know how Toxic gets sometimes!”

“Hey!” the other dragoness interjected.

“But we had a good time,” the smoke-spewing draconid carried on, leaning in to give her friend a quick smooch on the snoot, “anyway, what was it you wanted me to do?”

“Well, I *was* going to ask you to go through a couple more rounds of experimentation, but the more I look at this thing, the less convinced I am that it’ll do me any good” - the mage pointed at the book she was reading, which appeared to be a sort of compendium on magical publications - “Everything I can find on the subject is, frankly, *amateurish* at best, so I doubt anyone will even believe me if I told them about what you can do. Even if they did, they probably wouldn’t care too much because it’s not *applicable* enough or some nonsense like that.”

It was amazing how much scorn and spite could be packed away in a single word like that, but somehow, Shuijing managed to do it.

“What do you want me to do then?” Dracarna asked.

“Sate my curiosity by sating yours,” Shuijing concluded, closing the book and making it vanish by snapping her fingers, “go wild and do whatever you want, I’ll stay here, watch and hopefully get something out of it. All I ask is that you’re careful not to barrel through my *house*, and that you try and keep things on *this* side of sanity, I don’t need people losing their minds just by reading my research notes... gods know we wouldn’t want a repeat of last time...”

All she needed to hear; a *carte blanche* to just go ahead and do whatever she felt like doing? Better words had never been spoken, especially now that she didn’t have to feel bad for wasting Shuijing’s time! Dracarna turned around to face Toxic, winking once and asking them to give her some room; she had a little idea that had just popped into her head, courtesy of her body’s current look, and felt like going a bit wild with it. The dragoness had seen it before, though where exactly she didn’t really know; maybe it was during one of the vanishingly few occasions where the local drive-in organized a movie night for plus-sized creatures that couldn’t fit in a theater room, or maybe it was a magazine, but whatever the case may be, it was a creature design that Dracarna had *just* remembered and would look positively stunning on her... well, either that, or so terrifying that others would have no other option *but* to be stunned.

The transformation began almost immediately after she pictured herself in that form, with the many gaps in her body closing up and the constant release of smoke ceasing immediately afterwards; her ribs were still very much on full display though, thick ridges that hardened and became coated in some sort of thin, moist film, not unlike the exoskeleton of a very, *very* large bug. The spikes along her legs retracted, but just before disappearing completely, flattened against her hide and began to widen and thicken, turning into strong-looking, organic plating that

began to climb up her form, giving her a segmented appearance that was wholly unbecoming of a draconic creature such as her... and yet looked oddly alluring for Toxic, who was finding the whole transformation to be a lot more pleasing to the eye than it should rightfully be. Next came the biggest change of all, with Dracarna's muzzle elongating and her teeth growing even sharper than before; this was accompanied by her tongue thickening and elongating, changing colour and shape until it turned into some sort of black, oozing cylinder... which revealed itself to have a smaller mouth at the very end of it, also lined with rows upon rows of sharp-edged chompers. The top half of her head began to smoothen, her eyes disappearing into it as more plates formed and expanded, giving her the appearance of having a helmet welded onto her head, albeit one that looked much more like a carapace than anything else; this "cover" would extend backwards over her neck, tapering off at the very end of a long and unwieldy-looking chunk of hard chitin. Her wings similarly hardened, with the frayed edges becoming smooth and perfectly arrayed, while her tail elongated and had its tip become *extremely* thin, before finally ending in what looked to be some sort of spike or skewer that looked to be powerful enough to impale even the greatest of giants from one end to another... not that Dracarna would ever actually hurt anyone.

The finishing touches were more cosmetic than anything, such as additional ridges along the top of her spine and extra-long claws emerging from her thin, multi-jointed fingers; the final result was something that *looked* incredibly menacing, especially with how much her dripping saliva was smoking when it hit the ground, but came packaged with Dracarna's same-old soft voice, which made for one hell of a contrast with how terrifying their appearance had become.

"Too much?" she asked teasingly.

"Just... j-just enough," Toxic replied, Shuijing hiding behind one of her paws, "you think you can tone it down just a bit, I think you're scaring the little one."

"Oh, apologies!"

"No, no, don't stop now on my account," Shuijing added, still not moving from her hiding spot, "I have a good view of what's going on down here, and at least Toxic is enjoying things, it seems."

The regular dragoness seemed like she wanted to say something about that, but the intense blushing that followed worked to keep her words caught on her throat. The poor thing blustered and stammered out a few nonsensical sounds as she turned between Dracarna and Shuijing, ending up curling up in a ball and placing her paws over her eyes in a childish attempt at making the embarrassment go away by blocking out the outside world. As for the mutated draconid, seeing her friend react that way, and assuming that the mage wasn't kidding when she alluded to *certain things*, then what reason did she herself have *not* to push things even further? After all,

the whole point of that exercise was to do her best to help her friends, and making them feel good was part of that category, albeit in a rather tangential way; to be fully honest with herself, most of it came from wanting to push the boundaries herself, but if it could do something for Toxic in the process, then that was just a cute little bonus. To that end, she decided to take things even further than before, though not necessarily by changing her base form; there was still so much that she could do with this chitinous, alien-like appearance, so much she could add to make it even more menacing and yet alluring to a mind like Toxic's. She could make herself bigger, adding mass until her claws were digging long, deep grooves in the ground with each inch she gained, she could accentuate her spikes and ridges so they looked even more razor-sharp and threatening, she could add a few organic-looking frills along her body, really bring out the whole "exotic" aspect of it as she loomed over the other dragoness, until the size difference was so accentuated that, when Dracarna went to poke at her friend to get them to look up, a single one of her claws was almost the size of her whole head!

The result? A very bashful-looking Toxic being made to look upwards only to have that blush adorning her cheeks grow more intense and luminescent, before immediately diving back into the comfort of her own paws where no one could see just how much she was turned on by the sight of her friend being the gloriously oversized creature that she was. It was so bad that Shuijing had to actually move out from behind her, lest she need a change of clothes afterwards, and with uncharacteristic courage, walked straight up to Dracarna and began shouting up at her.

"So what's it feel like?" she yelled, her mind racing to try and find any excuse to salvage the ruined experiment, "Anything useful?"

"It feels as if I could take the world in my claws and shatter it," Dracarna replied matter-of-factly, not raising her voice but yet having it be powerful enough to bend tree trunks and create small tornados, "so I think I should probably come down from the high before I do something I'll regret later. Stand back, I need to transform again."

Dracarna didn't need to say that twice; her hissing voice alone had already thrown the mage several feet away from her due to sheer windspeed, saved from a terribly injuring fall only thanks to her magic. Such was the dragoness' control over her body now that, by the time the smaller one was back on her feet, the recipient of the transformative potion was back in her original shape, probably an accomplishment at that point given how much her body had been warped in such a short time; that Dracarna even remembered what she looked like at all was impressive, and certainly worth writing down if Shuijing had bothered to keep a hold on her notebook. Then again, this couldn't last for long; the dragoness was still on the same high as before, just possessed of a minor sense of reason, and so the moment she returned to her base form, not ten seconds went by before she tried for something else entirely. It was getting warmer as the sun rose, and as such another dip in the lake would be more than welcome; however,

rather than another serpent-like monstrosity like before, Dracarna figured it'd be best to try for something a little less imposing and more hydrodynamic. She recalled her days flying by the coast once more, but this time focused more on the less threatening creatures that would occasionally appear next to it; a certain species of them immediately came to mind, and with the sort of ease that one might expect from a seasoned shapeshifter, the dragoness went from her base form almost directly into the newest experimental one in the blink of an eye, barely even thinking about it as her body and instincts seemed to do much of the work for her.

Dracarna's contours were rounded out, a lot more pudgy and curvaceous than before, wings turned into an odd amalgam of flying implements and fins; she looked buoyant, if nothing else, like if she just stopped moving altogether she'd float up towards the surface, yet still fully capable of moving with uncanny grace while in the water itself. In fact, the dragoness felt slightly uncomfortable when *not* swimming, hence why she opted to boop the top of Toxic's head again and get them to look up. The other dragoness, sensing yet another opportunity for her larger friend to make her feel incredibly embarrassed about her own predilections, took her sweet time to respond; to her surprise, what she saw wasn't an oddly arousing monstrosity, but a cute, dolphin-like dragon hybrid with the most adorable smile stamped on their face. Neither of the two thought to say anything; Toxic simply lunged forward, bringing the two into a tight hug, then gave Dracarna as many licks as she could get away with without it getting awkward. For her part, the transformed dragoness went along with it, taking care to adjust their position so they'd end up rolling straight into the water, laughing like idiots all the while, with Shuijing on the shoreline sighing and wondering where everything had gone wrong. The two draconics spent what felt like a whole hour just playing around in the water, splashing one another while Dracarna made good use of her new body to swim around and avoid any of Toxic's attempts at pinning them down. This lasted until both of them were suitably tired, enough that they had to physically drag themselves ashore while the dolphin hybrid returned to her original form in order to take a five minute breather. It didn't end there though; they were physically tired, not mentally, and the moment they recovered enough for Dracarna to start transforming again, that's when Toxic decided to start poking her with every idea that came to mind, most of which weren't even organic in nature. Perhaps it was the part of her that remembered all of this was supposed to be an experimento help Shuijing, or maybe she was just *that* curious, but the stream of ideas that left her mouth were nothing if not outright bizarre and centered entirely around humanoid weaponry: swords, smaller blades, whips, even firearms, all of which Dracarna raised an eyebrow at but faithfully reproduced nonetheless, atimes even managing to do so with such efficiency that it looked like she'd be stuck as a dagger forever from how little she moved. Her mass, too, seemed to magically vanish into the aether whenever she turned into anything new, and only the gods knew how exactly she kept her mind in one piece without any room for her brain. If anything, it was a testament to Shuijing's utter genius that a dragoness could transform into a musket and back without being worse for wear, and even finding the whole experience to be "interesting" and "exhilarating", as Dracarna put it. The mage wasn't really paying much

attention though; hell, she was already locked up in her shack working on something new that had come to her in a flash of brilliance, leaving the two dragonesses alone with one another.

Didn't take long before their more base instincts began to take over, or, to be more precise, Dracarna decided that they should get down to some more "traditional" fun once she reverted back to her normal form... with a couple of extra additions. When she walked towards Toxic, she had a little something more hanging underneath her, a little something that was both perfectly visible and *very* loud with how much it was bumping against her underside. All that Dracarna had to do was wink and lift one of her hind legs for her friend to get the picture, the blush returning in full force when she turned around and got down in a perfect position for the other dragoness, now possessed of her very own male apparatus, to mount her with any regard for what might happen if Shuijing caught them. In fact, if the smaller mage walked out of her hut to see them, the first thing they'd be looking at would be an enormous pair of balls and an equally gigantic cock stuffing itself directly into Toxic's slit, dragoness moaning loudly enough for said mage to actually *hear* her and have to decide what to do with it. Shuijing knew what was going on, and yet part of her insisted that she "confirm" it anyway; this of course ended up with her opening the front door to her hut and getting a front-row seat to the two deviants going at it like a pair of rabid bunnies in heat, the wet thwapping of flesh against flesh and the oozing of cum with each thrust failing to elicit any reaction from her besides an annoyed sigh and a rolling of the eyes. Frankly, as far as the mage cared, this sort of depravity was inevitable; if anything, she was surprised it took *that* long for it to happen, and as such turned around and resolved to focus on her own work while those two got all the horny out of their system.

It couldn't last for too long though, not after they spent hours playing around and exercising the way they did; it was a cap-off to a wonderful day, nothing else, and barely ten minutes later the two draconids were not only completely spent, but had to drag themselves back to the late in order to wash up, taking the opportunity to have a little bit of a snugglefest while they were at it, floating lazily on the water's surface as they did so. When done, and finally free of any lewd thoughts clouding their judgement, Dracarna figured she was due for one final transformation, and one that best matched the way she looked at that exact moment: shining under the sun and covered in droplets of water. She didn't know *why* her mind decided to go for a crystal aesthetic, but there was no denying that her new body, comprised of thousands of minute cleavage planes mimicking a smooth skin, was indeed *very* resplendent indeed; even Toxic had to stop and marvel at it, looking back at her own, not-so-shiny scales with a bit of a grimace before her friend provided for a smooch on her forehead, immediately raising her spirits yet again.

From the hut, however, there emerged the end of their good time together, with Shuijing walking briskly towards them with something in her hand. It looked to be a vial of sorts, and a very familiar one at that. Its contents were the same as the ones that had given Dracarna her

transformative powers to begin with, except this time the mage directed herself at *Toxic*, a devious smile on her lips.

“Take this,” she ordered, “we’re going for round two.”