

The dim light of the cave made Daylor nervous, even though he had enough dark vision to see its edges and not get lost. He was not accustomed to being in such close quarters, even after all his years of adventures. Even though it made him uneasy, however, he was determined not to let his friend know that he was fearful of the small space they were traversing through. After all their years of service in their city's militia, it was not in his best interest to show any form of weakness, even something that was objectively justified and even to such a close companion.

“Don’t worry, friend, we don’t have far to go,” Elyon said, putting his arm on his friend’s shoulders. Daylor felt relaxed at that, even though he would have preferred that Elyon not have known his perceived weakness. Still, he was thankful for the comfort, giving him the encouragement he needed to finish the underground trek they were undergoing.

The pair of elves had been friends for many years, having met in service to their king and city. They were often sent on missions together for their unparalleled track record of success. Though it was the first time they were out alone in their free time, their recent service and the current peace in the kingdom gave them the go-ahead for some rest. It wasn’t Daylor’s first choice to go spelunking in what he perceived was more akin to their usual scouting missions. But at the end of the day, he had nothing else to do during the off time, and when Elyon had asked him to accompany him on this excursion, Daylor had no reason he could think of to say no.

Elyon, for his part, seemed to know the territory well, to the surprise of Daylor. Still, Daylor decided not to bring it to light, trusting his friend and figuring that it had simply been a location that he had covered before but not descended all the way, doing so alone being too dangerous. So, he was eager to discover new territory with his friend, happy to spend his free time with the elf even after all the adventures they had gone on.

Even after all that time in each other’s company, Daylor had no way of understanding the truth as to his friend’s existence. Elyon knew this cave far better than any other being alive, from the hundreds of years he had used it as his lair. Though elves were rather long-lived, their lifespans were nothing in the face of dragons, as was Elyon’s secret. After years of practicing magic, his facade as an elf was absolute, unable to remove by force without the most potent of magic. Enough that he was able to infiltrate the nearby elven kingdom as one of their own, even to rise through military ranks to be a knight in the service.

Though, Elyon’s scheme was hardly a malicious one. At first, he had done so out of boredom, wanting to see what life was like in mortal realms and needing something else to fill his days. But, after all the years of living as an elf, Elyon soon came to find another reason to keep up his facade. In all his months working with his cohort, Daylor, Elyon came to discover that their connection was beyond service, companionship, and even friendship. Never thinking

he would form such a bond with a humanoid, let alone a male one, there was no denying the level of desire that the elf elicited in him. He wanted something more, some degree of connection that could only come with a life mate. Surely, Daylor would not reciprocate; his kingdom was strict about relationships for those within the service, especially with those of the same sex. It was something saved for marriages, once knights had been freed from service to do so. And, Daylor was an exemplary knight, one of the highest decorated officers within the service. Surely, even if there was something between them, there was no chance he would allow it to go any further, duty-bound above all else. But, even if there was a minute chance of exploring those feelings with his friend further, then...

So, the only plan that Elyon could concoct was to reveal the truth to his friend. The reality of his species, his birth, and above all, his feelings towards the male elf. If things fell through, then he could return to his draconic existence, to lament his failure for a time, and then move on. There was little fear of being discovered by the kingdom at large; though he was a metallic dragon, there were always worries his existence itself might alarm locals, despite his more benevolent nature. Besides, his hoard was deep enough that he would be difficult to locate, even if his presence was discovered. Surely, Daylor would respect his former friend at worst and have the two of them part amicably. Come hell or high water, Elyon felt he had to know either way.

After many hours of descent, Elyon's excitement visibly grew, knowing that his hoard was near and the time to reveal his truth was at hand. Daylor picked up on this, though was confused about his friend's demeanor. Surely, whatever he thought was in the cave couldn't be worth the delight the other elf seemed to display. No matter how he prodded, however, Elyon would not reveal the end goal, only replying with that same level of excitement that had Daylor confused and increasingly concerned.

Eventually, the truth of the trip came to light as the glow of his friend's torch touched upon the edge of a pile of gold, one that was revealed to be rather expansive, a gathered treasure trove of mortal delights. Daylor immediately drew his blade, his own torch used to scourer the cavern for signs of the beast that had to own it. Though he had never encountered a dragon in all his years of service, tales of their ferocity were infamous in his circles. There was little chance of catching one unawares in their own domain, and with the hours it had taken to descend to this location, little chance of escaping unscathed existed.

Yet, as the minutes ticked past and no attack came, Daylor's confusion seemed only to grow. Surely the beast wasn't present, it would have killed the pair by now. The cold in the cave seemed to indicate there had not been any here in some time, though Daylor hardly had the experience to know that. That in mind, he put his sword down, figuring the pair was safe for the moment.

“Did you know about this?” Daylor had to ask, though he felt he already knew the answer. The excitement that Elyon had exhibited seemed to imply some prior knowledge of the contents of the cave. There was no other explanation for his demeanor.

“Well, yes, I suppose...yes,” Elyon replied, as though not sure how to reply to that. In his defense, he had brought his friend here with intent. Still, it was hard to really explain himself without giving away his position, at least not yet. He had to build up to the reveal, lest he end up on the wrong side of his friend’s blade!

“Yes?” Daylor inquired, that feeling of unease growing by the second. He was one to air on the side of caution, and everything about the scene spoke to him of an imminent threat.

Elyon sighed for a moment, unsure how to proceed. His friend was exceptionally tense when Elyon hoped he would be calm, perhaps a little greedy. After all, what mortal being could resist the temptations of such treasures ripe for the taking? With that, it was going to be all the more difficult to get through to him, though there was no going back when he had come so far already.

“Yes, this lair has been absent for some time. Months, as best as I can tell. I wanted...I wanted to share it with you. No one knows this location, obviously, it's been barren since I discovered it. Even the small amount we could carry back would be worth a few years in the service, no?” Elyon offered, hoping that would bring Daylor to trust him.

“Wouldn’t the dragon know if something was missing? Surely they count their hoards...” Daylor inquired. Though there was a hint of greed in his expression, knowing such a hoard was too much for him to give up on so easily. Elyon grinned at that, knowing that he had his in.

“The dragon who lived here has not been present in some time. I am sure it is safe. I would not have brought you here otherwise,” Elyon said, leaving Daylor somewhat reassured, given his trust for his friend.

With that, Daylor went to examine the hoard, wondering how much he could carry in his satchel. Wishing that Elyon would have the foresight to tell him to bring something more expansive, Daylor nonetheless picked away through the pile, looking for the most valuable items for the limited space he had.

Eventually, his torchlight fell upon an impressive gem, one that seemed to beckon to him in a way that none of the other pieces managed. Picking it up, Daylor looked it over, thinking that regardless of what it was, it needed to be one of the items he took with him. It came with it a

feeling of greed, of desire, of riches untold, and a future of ease that was welcome after years of hard work and service.

Lost in the pleasant thoughts, Daylor was unaware of the heat building in his hand, as though the gem was heating up. It was almost too late for him to drop the jewel without damage, burning the skin and making him cry out with the sudden shock. It was as though his hand had been lit aflame, though likely cursed by some sort of dark magic.

“Are you alright?” Elyon asked as the clatter of the gem against the floor echoed in the cave.

Daylor, for his part, was looking at his hand with some agony, though tried his best to resist crying out. It was red and raw and almost seemed to pulsate with whatever the gem had done to him. Daylor maintained an expression of pain, though his utterances were reduced to whimpers as the aches seemed to subside. He had no idea what the thing had done to him, feeling shocked and pained all at once.

Soon the aches subsided, though left with it the remnants of dryness as Daylor flexed the digits, trying to work out the stiffness present. It seemed to worsen with each passing moment, making the elf panic as cracks and pops started to echo through the skin. Though it was hard to discern in the low light of the cave, it seemed as though a greenish shade had crawled over the skin, peppering the backs of his hands and spreading up his arms as though part of his pallor. The skin itself was starting to flake, forming integrate patterns that seemed more in line with interlocking scales than the elven skin he had worn all his life.

“By gods...” Daylor managed to say before the aches of change erupted from the tips of his fingers, gnarled black claws bursting forth, soon as long and thick as the fingers themselves. The sight defied all magic, all his worldly experience, and Daylor was forced to stare at his changed appendages with equal parts horror and mesmerization.

The digits themselves were soon to retract, stiffening and robbed of all mobility before thickening around his new claws. Soon they were nothing but nubs, though worse off were his thumbs, pulled upwards as his palms swelled and wrists extended. Their size started to weigh heavily on his arms as the green scales overlaid the entirety of the appendages. The sparse hairs on his arms fell away to make way for the scales to coat them, running up his arms as they bulged up with muscle beyond anything that an elven form could support.

Though Daylor had never seen one in person, the green-scaled appearance of his former hands, now closer to paws, sat familiar to him. Given the cave they were in and the draconic state of the digits, it was clear they belonged no longer to an elf but to a dragon. How this was

possible was beyond Daylor's understanding of the world. But there was no denying the reality of what was occurring before his very eyes.

Daylor was left with little time to contemplate the cause of his fate with the sudden growth of his posterior, swelling in his pants to the point it was rapidly becoming uncomfortable. Daylor moaned, bending over from the force of swelling that soon had his backside double its former size, far beyond the confines of his elven form. The formation of a strange nub at the top of his ass was sticking out from his tailbone and pressing uncomfortably against the back of his garments. It was to the point he was left desperately trying to paw them off with his unruly draconic paws, though they were helpless to provide himself with any aid in that regard.

Yet, there was soon to be another bulge at the front of his pants, one unexpected but that sent a surge through his being that made him powerfully confused. He had not felt such arousal since his youth and had long since learned to quell such urges, such lust unbecoming a knight of the kingdom. But there was no denying the craving he felt over the changes, the powerful need ebbing from his elf-hood that had to be quashed for him to even begin to think straight. The powerful contrast between his biological needs and the training he had dedicated his life to was almost maddening!

Pressing through his garments, his member soon came to full erection, leaking copious fluids over his garb and running down his legs. Yet, soon it grew beyond that, impossibly large as much as his ever-expanding ass was, hips receding and pressing his anus against the fabric. Shivers ran through his body as whatever curse afflicting him rushed through his veins, changing him down to the core. The blood flowing through his member made him dizzy, impossible to think through with his training and discipline. Though he had been conditioned to resist mind-altering spells, the raw, primal sexual energy from his changing form was too much, and Daylor was left along for the ride as his body betrayed his morality.

With the sheer lust that his raging penis flushed through him, there was little chance of his erection being held off for too long. With a heady moan, Daylor could feel his balls going into orgasm, testicles pumping his semen through the tip of his penis and spraying the inside of his undergarments. It was powerfully uncomfortable as what felt like pints of semen were ejected from his testicles, creating a damp stain present from the front. Worse was what felt like his entire testicular contents were being drained from his body, pouring over the inside of his clothing and even dripping down his leg.

All the while, Elyon stared with rapt attention over what was occurring to his friend, not sure what to make of the scenario. Never before had he known contact with a draconic hoard to change any being into a dragon, and could not have anticipated the outcome despite what was occurring before his very eyes. The transformation mimicked the way he himself transitioned

into an elf, a slow, visceral change more private and intimate than anything he would think to share with another being. Though his friend's expression wavered between wanting help and lust for the changes, there was nothing Elyon knew to do but stare mesmerized and helpless.

To his own determinant, Elyon felt his cock growing harder, pressing against his own garments uncontrolled. The sight of his friend erect and changing was a powerful aphrodisiac for his own lusts. It was all he could have wanted and more to have his crush become the same being as himself. The notion erased any impulse to try and offer help or comfort, desire running through his form. It was as though a heat had come over him, the scents of semen in the air triggering some deep-seated draconic instinct in his mind. And, like evidently with his friend, Elyon's mind was hard-pressed to fight against it. His penis was quickly powerfully erect, growing in his armor as its tip started to poin. Ridges ran down the base as the color darkened to red, and a slit formed to absorb his member when it was not in use. Though with his current state of arousal, there was little chance of that. Silver scales were forming on his hands now, the fingers cracking and shrinking away towards the formation of draconic paws like Daylor now sported.

Even through the powerful lust playing over his form, there was a level of embarrassment in revealing himself in such a way, without any chance to explain himself or his intentions. Turning away, Elyon tried to hide his hands behind him, even as they grew beyond the proportions of his body. He didn't want his friend like this, didn't want to be thrust into a supernatural heat where the two of them were forced to change against their intentions. But there was no denying the eventual reversion that would tear him from his clothes and reveal himself in all of his former glory.

Daylor, meanwhile, was forced to feel his cock coming to full erection once more against his britches. Desperately he put his own paws in front of it, its growth noticeable under his armor and expanding still, a mammoth penis beyond anything elven imaginable. But there was no hiding his increasingly draconic essence as his ass continued to expand, tail twitching with its ability to do so. Even through the lust plaguing his mind, Daylor was vaguely aware that his maleness altering shape, the head melding and merging with the shaft. Its base was bulbous, a slit forming underneath it to pull it inward only slightly before the knot at its basemade it impossible to retract within. Its girth weighted heavily on his form, with testicles to match as their contents were filled once more and preparing to unload his lust towards the changes.

Though his ass was swelling impossibly large, it was not quick enough to tear from the armor before the next orgasm encroached over him. Daylor was powerfully shamed by the realization that he would release his maleness twice in the presence of another male, such a close friend, no less. Yet, he was starting to understand, through a smell in the air or some other draconic ability, that he was not the only one changing, that Elyon, too, was undergoing the same

embarrassing situation. And the realization was a potent attractant, almost enough to bring him once more...

“GGAAAHHHHH!” Daylor cried out with a draconic cadence as his erection spasmed and unloaded his semen once more, pooling within his undergarments and leaking through, much thicker this time and far more pungent. His seed was truly draconic spunk this time, rank and viscous as it oozed from his piss slit like a torrent. It was far more copious than his previous release, puddling down his legs and making him uncomfortable. Yet, he could do nothing to stop it, not even requiring simple contact to get off as his new draconic organs gave him a semblance of the pleasures that were to be his the more he transformed.

With a wriggling tail expanding from the base of his spine and the size of his ever-expanding hips, there was little chance of the garments lasting much longer. With a resounding rip, the backside of his pants tore off him, the material falling to the cave floor with a splat from the sheer quantity of semen he had ejaculated all over himself. A pungent, thick musk radiated through the cavern, and Daylor felt his cheeks flush in embarrassment. He couldn't imagine being in such a compromising position, but there was no denying the reality that he was changing into a sexual, horny being and lusting for both the changes and the male form.

As though its bursting from his pants was a catalyst for further transformation, Daylor could feel his posterior growing even faster, swelling with meat, muscle, and magic that he could scarcely understand. It was as though the very essence of his body was being altered into this greedy being. He would be something that wished to dominate over such a hoard that he dared take even a single piece from. It was therefore a curse to be growing, to have his elven heritage and training be erased by the creature he was becoming. Yet, no amount of lamentation could erase his current fate!

By this point, his tail was several feet long and pushing his puckered anus downward towards his weighty testicles and thickening red cock. Green scales were encroaching over his thickening hide, covering every inch of his elven heritage. And naturally, his cock was swaying all the while, getting thicker and longer and hanging there like a flag as its tip started to rub towards his still-elven chest, making him growl in a deeper baritone.

With the growth in his ass and the protruding in his pucker, Daylor was overtaken by the need to have the flesh caressed, but stranger still, penetrated. It was a foreign sensation, and experienced a moment of confusion as to what it was he actually needed. Though given the aches in his loins and the desire for sexual stimulation, Daylor was starting to understand he craved to be fucked in a feminine way that defied his elven experience. Though internally, he detested the notion, there was no denying where things stood for him and that he would readily beg any male

in the vicinity to penetrate him. And, thankfully, there was one present in the cave with him already...

As though responding to his mental wishes, Elyon moved forward, seeing his poor prone friend bend over with his ass cheeks clenching in and out. It seemed to match his inclinations that Daylor required such penetration, that he would need to be mated and bred like Elyon would a female. Elyon had never carried inclinations towards females, wanting someone like himself to mate and breed with. Part of him wanted to resist the proclivities, thinking that his friend was struggling with the changes and not sure if the reception would be due to any deep-seated romantic inclinations or simply the overwhelming draconic desires. Still, with the heat in his own loins and the obvious needs wafting from his friend's rectal glands, he had no ability to resist as he moved forward, drooling from his still-human maw.

Daylor nearly lept up at the sensation of a drooling tongue starting to rub against his rim, stimulating the sensitive flesh as he had been craving since the changes began. Part of him felt that he should have tried to resist, to protest. Though he could hardly do more than growl from the sensation, unable to guard against the pleasure and allowing the waves to ripple from his prostate into his penis, which was still leaking from the tip in thickening rivulets. Even the minute amount of pleasure was enough to bring the changing elf closer to the edge, cock bobbing up and down to the point where he could not hold back for the third time.

Only the sight of his maw pressing out from his face could briefly distract him from the oncoming orgasm. His mouth was longer, teeth aching as his nostrils flared against the ends of his lips. It was getting harder to articulate his lust, bestial growls leaving his lips before his cock spasmed and blew another load of draconic semen all over the discarded remnants of his clothing. It was powerfully disconcerting to feel such lust from only a little stimulation, not even at all tired from the frequent releases and the changes rippling over his form.

By now, his ass was impossibly large in relation to his body, growing with each passing moment as his rectum was lapped at with fervor. The swelling of his belly to compensate tore at his shirt, though it was of little concern to the changing man and all he was forced to undergo. Scales were forming over his belly that was larger and thicker than the rest of his frame, though he was hardly aware of them, unable to rub the skin with his front paws in their current configuration. His ass felt heavy, and powerful legs were bursting through the remnants of his clothes and boots to reveal swelling muscles and green scales underneath to make up the draconic form that would soon be his.

Meanwhile, Elyon's tongue was changing more rapidly, as though from his will to pleasure his friend. He was eagerly lapping at the inside of Daylor's rectum and teasing the pink muscle within. It was too large for his mouth at the moment, growing beyond the confines of



still-elven lips and forcing him to salivate profusely. Long and forked, it seemed to be causing the inner muscles of his friend's backside to pulsate, encouraging him more even as the silver scales spread from his face and his snout pressed out just slightly enough that he could dig into his friend even deeper, making the changing elf growl as his own muzzle continued to form.

Given the sexual stimulation provided to his friend, it seemed only more likely for the changes to overtake him as well, unable to concentrate on holding back the changes. His own posterior was growing beyond the confines that his clothes could handle, the back of his ass tearing the fabric and revealing an equally pulsating pucker. Spine wriggled and unfurled from his backside before thickening over his anus, though hardly enough to keep the orifice from being hidden away. It puckered and grew, larger on his backside than what should have been possible given his smaller stature. His posterior, too, seemed to be growing faster than his upper body should have been able to keep with, though it quickly matched that of the former elf underneath him as the pair of them reverted in tandem.

His cock, too, was much larger than its former counterpart, ripping from his britches and shooting jets of jism all over the growing green dragon's backside. Though the semen clung cloyingly to his friend's scales, the contact did not bother him, rather serving to increase their collective arousal from the scents in the air. It was becoming impossible for the pair to think, to rationalize beyond beastly intent as their changes raced forward, and the two of them grew into more fitting proportions.

Large reptilian feet burst free of hiking boots, rubbing over the cum soaked clothing that lay underneath their feet. Talons popped through their toes before those compressed into draconic hind paws, and patterns of pads grew from their feet to complete their transitions. Stance elevated by stretching heels, Elyon found himself having an easier time rimming his lover, pleasing the elf as he brought him closer and closer to a draconic form. His fear of what was happening to the other elf began to wane, lost in the lust as he was. Their male heat prompted him to continue, robbing their elven forms in unison towards a more draconic visage.

Yet, there still remained enough cognizance in the silver beast to recall what it was he wanted, why he had brought his friend here in the first place. He wanted to woo his friend, to see if the chance existed for the pair to be something more against all odds. Though he was currently in the throes of passion with the other male, there was every chance this was too far too fast, and the elf would resent being turned into a dragon and reject his friend outright. Even though there was little for the pair to do at the moment but to continue their musk-driven rut to its completion. Draconic heat could take days to sate until the female was fertilized and sure to lay a clutch. And the male was able to keep going until the task was complete. However, with two males being the subject of such whims, it was impossible to say how many times they could rut before finally being spent!

As the other dragon's pulsating pucker begged for stimulation beyond what a simple tonguing could do, Elyon felt himself stretching up on his hind legs to try and hit the mark for his now much larger penis. Daylor, for his part, felt only open air on his ass and struggled for more, wanting to feel something, anything against his backdoor. He began lowering massive hips, his rectum pulsating and tail moving up and out of the way, as though a female in heat in his own right. His erection throbbed in and out of his slit, leaking fluids and eager for whatever stimulation the other being could grant him.

Though such a huge disparity between their current sizes existed, Elyon still tried his best to find his mark, getting closer and closer to the hole much larger than his penis could fill. The moment his cocktip touched it was the moment that he let loose a torrent of jism, the pent-up need evidently too great for him to resist. Though like the previous orgasms, it was hardly a deterrent for further pleasure as he tried to shove his way through, penis too small but adequately gripped by the green dragon's powerful rectal muscles besides.

Even in his current state of being, Elyon came to the conclusion that he needed to call out to the elf to try and maintain a semblance of sapience even as they rutted as the beasts they were. "Daylor...I love you!" He managed to growl out, even as his face continued to stretch into its muzzled form. Dragons could speak, after all, though their language was different than that of the elves. The words were deeper and guttural, though still carried the same meaning to the other being if Daylor was in a mindset to understand them.

Even through his intense male lust and desire, the words hit Daylor's stretching ears, points bursting through the skin to match them as they were filled in with a thin membrane. He had never heard the words spoken to him before and was equally confused as to their meaning in the situation. Surely, they were expressed in relation to their current state of rut. Yet, there was a note of desperation within them, as though the elf-turned-dragon was begging the words be understood. It went beyond Daylor's growing understanding of the changes and the state they were putting him through. Did Elyon then truly mean to give him a confession of love? Such should have been impossible, and yet...

The more Daylor contemplated the words, as limited as he could with the prostate stimulation from his friend's penis at the forefront of his thoughts, the more the sentiment seemed to be shared. They had spent so much time together, after all, through adventures and battles and sharing more intimate moments than he could have ever conceived of doing with a female mate. There was something deeper than just the simple friendship that two knights had cultivated. The sexual intercourse was unexpected but certainly not unwelcome, given the current state of lust and arousal they found their bodies to be in. And the needs to have it quelled were at the forefront of his being, as many times as it would take to be successfully spent.

Still unsure how to properly process the information, Daylor decided to try something that he had never attempted with another being, let alone one that was changing into a dragon with him. Reaching back, he tried to seek out the changing muzzle of his friend's visage, though could not achieve it with how large his body had grown in the interim. Still, he tried, desperate to stretch his neck long enough that he could take his lover in a reptilian embrace.

As though working to grant his body's wishes, the changes cracked through his neck, forcing it to reach from his shoulders and advance toward his lover's lips. Elyon, seeing that his lover was attempting to connect with him, felt his own neck start to extend from the effort, both of them straining to touch each other. Though Elyon's tongue was already stretched and serpentine, Daylor's had further to grow, currently only large enough to match his still-changing maw. Soon, the tongue managed to move past the apex of his jaw, making the changing dragon drool just slightly. The effect was to have his lover's forked tongue touch his own just enough that they took each other in a semblance of an embrace, to the delight of the pair.

The closer their muzzles moved towards each other, the more ably they could perform their messy make-out session. Lips eventually pressed together, green and silver scales touching even as teeth were discarded for the draconic points of fangs underneath shifting gums. Growing eyes within expanding sockets closed as they allowed themselves to get into the motions, the sclera shifting towards yellow with slitted, reptilian pupils. Horns erupted bloodlessly from the apex of former foreheads, reaching back over their sloped skulls as hair fell away and their heads expanded to form draconic visages.

Lost in the passion of their embrace and the increasing affection they felt for each other, the pair hardly noticed the remaining changes that were taking over their former elven bodies. Shoulders hunched with a crack of bone and sinew underneath enough to pain the duo had not the magic of the transformation prevented them from such suffering. Sternum collapsed as front legs were taken into a new shape, better suited for all fours as the dragons they were becoming. Chests barreled outward and absorbed upper arms, fitting for the internal organs the two of them would now possess.

The aches of change reached their apex in their shoulders as the bones popped apart and reformed to double their mass, held together by rapidly developing muscles. New protrusions burst forth from their backs, forming flexible arms that moved towards the ceiling even as the two kissed, entwining their necks out of the way of the growths. Though Daylor had difficulty understanding what was happening at the onset, Elyon was happy to flex his new limbs once he had them again, craving the sensation of mobility that regaining his wings allowed for him.

Daylor was briefly taken from the kiss to look at the extensions of bone and muscle rising reflexively above his back. Even as five new flexible digits formed at the ends of each, cracking and popping downward towards his elongating back, Daylor could scarcely fathom their terrifying presence. It wasn't until the many joined digits formed thin sheens of webbing between them, or that flexing them allowed the newly growing limbs to stir up air around them then Daylor realized he was now in possession of a dragon's wings. Did that eventually mean he would be granted the ability of flight? Still, it was an afterthought, focused on the lovemaking he was about to partake in.

At this point, Elyon had forced himself upward, smaller cock and decreased stature making it difficult for him to make his way to fuck his would-be lover. He had fallen out several times in his quest to mount the further changed and much larger dragon. Though Daylor was nearly his final size by this point, Elyon still had much further to grow. And as in need as he was, it was a desperate struggle for the significantly smaller being to find purchase within his larger lover.

“Please Elyon...I need it...take me...I love you!” Daylor hissed, the cracks from his muzzle fading as the changes came to fruition. He was fully formed now, a massive green-scaled being. And in a moment of lust, his bellow reverberated through the cave, egging on the much smaller reptile to rut into his aching pucker.

Eventually, Daylor felt the pressure of his rectum being penetrated and clenched his backside, desperate to take it as deep as it would go. Elyon was taken up into his lover's rear, cock gripped almost painfully as though in an attempt to milk the dragon for all he was worth. The difference in their sizes was enough to elevate the smaller dragon, literally gripped by his member as it became further and further embedded into his lover's bowels. Though with the increase in growth, the bigger dragon could feel his insides being gently opened and the smaller dragon's phallus pounding pleasantly on his prostate.

Eventually, Elyon fell into a rhythm, able to thrust his expanding hips upward into the larger beast. Mammoth testicles rocked against the enormous dragon's backdoor as Elyon grew to a size he felt was comfortable. Wings reaching their proper contours, Elyon wrapped them around his lover in an embrace, claws scratching across thick scales and barely felt. His penis grew to its apex within the green dragon's rectum, inner walls gripping impossibly tight until there was little chance of him resisting.

Yet the pleasure of being rutted and loved in equal measure was enough the newly minted dragon was able to reach his end first. The sensation of orgasm was now much more familiar as he roared and belched out a burst of flame. It was one that came unexpectedly, though it caused him no physical ill. The pleasant rust of orgasm was too much to contemplate the bizarre

sensations, however, sending violent waves through him as he was violated properly by his new lover.

The grip against his penis was more than the silver beast could withstand, feeling his cock milked with a rush of sperm into the green's backside, cementing their bond as mates and lovers. Seeking lips met once more, the silver not caring about the smoke on Daylor's breath as they experienced post-orgasmic bliss with one another.

With the powerful drives of draconic lust and heat the two of them were in the throes of, it took them little time before their erections demanded satiation once more. It would take many more copulations before they were finally ready to sleep, mammoth testicles finally emptied of their burden. Yet, neither could bring themselves to care, as long as they had each other...

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Sometime later, impossible to say without the light of day, the two awoke, still in their draconic forms. Their eyesight was such that they did not require the light of torches, a few blasts of their breath were all they needed to light the world and understand their place in it. It felt comfortable, safe in here, moreso with the consolation of having another being with them, one that each was feeling more and more companionship with as they lay in each other's embrace.

Mating was soon to follow, of course, the respite enough to allow their lust to return full force. This time, it was Elyon that allowed his ass to be taken, hole needy and aching to be filled. It took them little time to reach orgasm, horny and romantic as they felt for each other. It was a comforting feeling this time, not simply guided by draconic heat, and allowed them to revel in the experience. For Daylor, at least, it solidified his certainty that his new lot in life was not as unwelcome as he thought it might end up being when he was first cursed with the spell of change.

Eventually, Elyon took on his elven facade once more, explaining in detail the magic that allowed dragons to take other forms. With some effort, Daylor practiced enough that he was able to return to a semblance of his elven self, though naked, given the destruction of his garb in the initial change. He was eager to return to his former body, even as much as the excitement of his lusty reptilian form gave him and as much as he found appeal in the being that his lover truly was.

Elyon was a little surprised when the first thing his elven friend did was to kiss him, a sensual experience that was equal parts elation and trepidation. They were still in the stage where any wrong move could be the end of what they felt for each other, and neither wanted to take that

risk. Though at the moment, there was nothing wrong with the physical embrace, the pair of them kissing and loving the intimacy that had been denied them as elves and males besides.

Even as they kissed, the pair felt some fear towards the future, not knowing what their lives would be with both revelation of draconic form and their feelings for each other. They would be pariahs in both worlds if their true relationship ever came to the surface. That, and they had no clothes nor armor to return to their homes with. Yet, all of those concerns were a distant second for now as the two of them kissed, sure that whatever the future held, they would face it together...