

King Virion walked out into the cool night air, the relief on his body instant. He felt he was finally able to relax somewhat, though the damn itching on his skin had not abated. He rubbed absently at the back of his neck, certain there had been no rash there before now. The hard, scaly texture should have made him nervous. Yet his thoughts were cloudy, and he could only focus on the single goal of seeing his dragon companion Dayrdyr. It had been some time since he had ridden, and going at night was ill-advised. Still, the powerful urge welling in his psyche told him that now was the time.

Instinctively, he sniffed at the air, the musky, heady odor of dragons stirring something unexpected in his loins. A flush of embarrassment plagued his thoughts, knowing that such notions were unbecoming of a king. It had been some time since he'd properly sated his arousal with either his queen or a concubine. He reasoned that to be the cause of his unnatural lusts, and did his best to will away his need.

Yet it was impossible to eliminate the intrusive thoughts crawling over his mind. They, in tandem with the smell, slowly overwhelmed him, causing the King to forget his prior worry. He walked instinctively towards what his brain perceived as the source of the odor. Though he was not in a state to admit it, the scents of dragon, in particular one that stood out, kept his erection at half-mast and acted as a guide to his target.

At last, Virion reached the stables, a large open area just outside the castle walls. The dragons could come and go as they wished, and this area provided them a rest bit when not hunting, exercising, or training. All of the dragons would be present this night, his own included. Though Virion could not see, as dragons had little need of ambient light, he instinctively knew where to go. The scent was strong in his nostrils, even more so as they flared and expanded out towards his growing snout.

Dayrdyr had his own place in the stables, a solitary sleeping chamber as befitting the mount of the King. As Virion approached, Dayrdyr's golden-slitted eyes opened, the sounds of the approaching elf not lost to the senses of the magnificent beast. He was the largest dragon of the defense force, a brilliant golden-scaled beast the envy of his race. He knew his master's scent well; the two had fought in battle many times, and Virion had more than earned Dayrdyr's trust.

Yet something about the familiar scent was unusual. There was a thick sour odor, one that Dayrdyr had not detected on an elf before. It was a mingling of scents, reminding him of his home, of his kin as much as it did of his master. And there was a third odor, one that went even further back in his memory. It reminded him of the draconic scent of a male in need. Yet nothing in the immediate vicinity could account for its source.

He had not smelled the scents of dragon sex ever since he had left his mate and brood to join the defense force. Such an act had been renounced since his new appointment as a ridden dragon. Only young, foolish males debased themselves in such a vile manner, and even those tended to be shunned by the other dragons, forced to take the worst quarters of rest.

Yet it seemed as though the pungent stink was wafting off the elf he called master. Soon confusion turned into revulsion. The way his master smelled made him desire to...No! That was repugnant! No dragon, or elf, would corrupt himself with another of a different species, let alone a male! It was true that some dragons could take humanoid form with old, forbidden magic, but it was of a despicable type that his own did not practice. Yet he could not deny the temptation from the disgusting scent. A rumble echoed from his maw, a warning to keep such things out of his presence lest he strike to destroy them.

Virion could hear the growl coming from his mount, and for a minute, the first since they'd bonded, was fearful to step forward. Yet the ache in his loins could not be ignored. Virion stared at the magnificent beast with passion and desire. A part of his mind was disgusted by the feelings rising from his body. But it was moving of its own accord, despite his intentions.

Soon his armor, underclothing, and even his britches were on the ground. Virion stood there, naked, his turgid cock pointing towards the massive dragon. That musky scent was free to waft into Dayrdr's nostrils, and the dragon snorted, the musk a little dizzying. He took a step back, unsure of how to handle the elf who exuded such a scent.

That was all the King, in his spell-induced stupor, required. He moved forward rapidly, needing the touch of the dragon's scales against his own. As though in response, his own skin lit up with a warmth that melted away the outer flesh, allowing the spreading golden scales to encompass his skin. His arms, his legs, his back, and even his face started to tingle as patterns of interlocking scales took hold.

Dayrdr growled, moving towards his King in an attempt to attack. The idea of a creature advancing on him with any kind of sexual intention made him disgusted. Despite the potential pain and death from forcibly severing their bond, he could not allow his King near him in such a state! Could he?

In that brief moment of confusion, Virion was able to approach and touch the warm, scaled flesh of his mount. A tingling rang through the massive golden dragon, leaving him stunned. He tried to move, but the sensations left him completely immobile. Dayrdr didn't know of any spell or incantation that could leave him frozen like this, but he was deeply angered!

Virion, meanwhile, started rubbing his body over the warmth of his mount, desperate to quell the heat burning in his loins. He struggled in vain to resist, to pull away, and maintain some semblance of sanity. But he was a slave to the alien urges in his body as he moved his hands over the magnificently smooth draconic scales.

A low growl escaped his lips as the tips of his fingers tore apart from the force of growing claws. His tactile senses declined as his fingers grew rough, the digits themselves diminishing as his talons grew thick and deadly. Thumbs were reduced to stubs on his wrists as the elven flexibility he enjoyed was robbed from him. More of his flesh peeled away, bubbling into patterned ridges that matched the scales of his mount. His arms started to bulk up with muscle, as though his body required heat from the dragon to further fuel his transformation.

The strange sensations in his body should have disgusted him, and, in fact, they did. However, worse than that was the swelling of shame playing over his mind. He was aroused beyond belief, and the source seemed to be the musk wafting from his long time mount and companion! Such a thought should have never crossed his mind. It was repugnant beyond belief for an elf of his position and stature. Yet his body craved the act with both one of a different species and incompatible anatomical structures!

The feelings in his cock urged him on, as he felt his draconic clawed hand guiding it towards the dragon's hindquarters. It was an undeniable urge to rut, to spill himself into his mate, and assert his dominance. The massive beast was his to command, and the thoughts plaguing his mind were only enhanced by the size of his mount. It was inconceivable to perform such an act with their obvious difference in size. Yet the sheer impossibility only made the elf hornier!

Virion's desires seemed to spur on the intense tingles that reshaped his form. He could feel his modest elven penis grow even larger. The surface, slick with fluids, started growing rough as ridges dominated the length, and the base expanded into plump draconic testicles. The blood in his body was rushing to fuel its growth, making it even more difficult for Virion to resist as he moved his way towards the beast's backside.

Dayrdyr meanwhile, was unable to unroot from the spot, save his neck as he turned it around to see his master near his rump. Whatever magic the mortal had used was very ancient and powerful! Dayrdyr had no idea whether his master came of it through accident or design, yet that mattered little if he could not release the effect it was having over his body!

The thick male musk of a dominant dragon played pungently over his nostrils. Although it unnerved him, it was nearly impossible to block out. Thoughts hazy for a moment, Dayrdyr was hardly aware that his member had slid from its sheath or his unused anus throbbed with the

foreign desire to be filled. Soon, his former master was rubbing his clenching hole as Virion desperately tried to guide his growing girth towards the object of his desire.

In his magically lust-induced haze, Dayrdyr was helpless to remove his master as the King of the realm tried desperately to insert himself inside the golden beast. Dayrdyr was visibly shuddering now, the need to be filled all-consuming despite the differences in their statures. In reflex, he started to lower himself, positioning his anus as close as his body allowed to encompass that increasingly-draconic cock that his master sported. He knew his anus was so large it could take half the elf himself, let alone the modest member. Yet regardless of how tiny it was, he needed nothing more than to feel the prick inside him, to abate the lust in his loins!

Yet the disappointing tickle of the elf's modest prick began to wane as the tip was easily angled into Dayrdyr's anus. The promise of prostate pleasure seeped into Dayrdyr's mind and forced his balls to leak copiously over the straw of his bedding. He needed to release his pent-up seed in the worst way, and the only thing that would serve to sate his lust was the penis of the soon-to-be dragon below him.

Virion was overcome from the heat in his body as his muscles bulged well beyond elvish proportions. A resounding tear rippled from his shoulders into the second pair of arms burst forth, and Virion shuddered from the strange sensation. He felt fingers bursting from the tips, far more flexible than his new front paws. The elongating digits lost their flexibility, however, as a thick sheen of webbing filled the gaps, and each finger stretched impossibly large over his back. Reflexively flapping the digits, Virion realized that he was now in possession of a developing pair of draconic wings. Could he soon fly under his own power?

Pain in his feet erupted as his toes merged, and new claws buried themselves into the straw. Yet his stretching heels added to his height and allowed him to better fuck his mate. His spine tore its way from his backside as the new appenage twitched in excitement. It felt so good to change, the sensation forcing waves of stimulation through to his own prostate.

With a roar more beast than human, the brief stimulation forced wave after wave of jism into the unexpecting dragon as the former elf unloaded his weighty balls. Virion's entire lanky frame shook violently as the sheer volume of spunk dripped all over his scaly legs, covering him in the foul-smelling stench. Yet despite the thick load he'd messed himself with, his balls were not yet done. He still needed desperately to fuck!

The King's extending snout allowed him to better drink in his mate's musk. He should have been terrified of the bizarre metamorphosis, but all he could focus on was the swelling in

his cock and the bulging hips that forced his cock further inside the warm moist tunnel of his desire.

The roars of the twin rutting beasts echoing in the city made the act all the more shameful as they awoke every elf from slumber. Though none of the elves would bother to approach, assuming it was just a natural occurrence, there was no denying that everyone could hear their activities.

Yet they could not remain hidden from the senses of the other dragons. The rest of the mounts would keep quiet, knowing that, for now, their leader and King were the ones partaking in the debauchery. Yet there was no hiding their shame from their fellows, and they would always be labeled outcasts and miscreants. Yet even that knowledge was not enough to cease their rut as they reveled in their baser instincts without a shred of resistance.

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Dakath stared out at the setting sun with longing, thankful for the hundredth time that his window did not face the dragon's stables. The needs in his loins would not abate, even if he was to debase his genitals. The spell burned in his mind, worse now that he was parted from his dragon. He assumed his lust would be sated if he were to give in, as it had been during the return trip. But how could he do such a thing in the middle of the city? His bright future would be ripped from him as well as his morality and his heterosexuality.

The needs in his body had left him bedridden for the better part of a week, forcing him to postpone the induction ceremony. He turned away all of his visiting kinsmen. It was becoming increasingly difficult to explain his need for absence, even to healers that insisted on checking him over.

Yet thankfully, the King had seemed out of sorts, bedridden himself, and had not called for the ceremony to continue uninterrupted. It was perhaps the only reprieve that Dakath was granted. Dakath briefly recalled the strange tingling he'd felt when he shook the king's hand but thought little of it in the ensuing days.

And so he waited, using every form of meditation and practice to try to quell the lust in his loins. For a time, it seemed to work to stave off the cravings. But as the days rolled on, it became evident he would not be able to resist forever without further risk to his health, and perhaps his dragon. Though he could not see Chelbot, the bond they shared was ever-present, and it was likely the curse afflicted Chelbot's health as much as the elf's own.

Yet that night, a roar echoed in his ears that could not be ignored. He thought he had heard something his first night, but chalked it up to a fever dream. But this time, there was no mistaking the source of the roars. It was a male dragon in heat, beckoning another male to breed his tail hole. It sent a shiver through his spine, making him put his hands over his loins in embarrassment. He didn't want to give in, but the sound was giving the urges permission to indulge those dark desires.

Dakath could not resist the siren song in his head as he headed out into the night. It was as though his body was moving of its own accord. Dakath tried everything he could to dissuade his steady advance. All the memories of his training, of his place in his court. All the goals, his dreams, and the admiration of his peers would be robbed for him if he underwent the depraved acts his body craved. Yet, to experience even one iota of the pleasure he'd felt that day, Dakath would...

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Chelbot, too, was out of sorts in the absence of his rider. It had started with the heat in his body, centering in his loins that would not abate, no matter how much he tried to focus his thoughts elsewhere. He spent his days segregated from the other dragons, ignoring their offers of kinship in hunting. Isolation was not unknown to the black dragon, but this time he had another reason. He could not bring his member back in his sheath. He wanted desperately to hide his shame from his kin, lest he be further ostracized for such a vile act. Being a black dragon among chromatics made him outcast enough, but one who gave in to baser instincts would make him a true pariah.

Chelbot truly thought he could resist the urge to rut, especially in the absence of any stimuli. He was certain Dakath felt ill as well and would do anything to avoid his mount lest their secret be discovered. Unfortunately, the unmistakable odors in the air made him aware he was not the only male in heat. It was the same scent of male musk and cum that had scarred his mind. It was a different elf; Chelbot was bound to Dakath and could sense his presence in the city no matter how far away they were. There was another in the kingdom afflicted with the same spell as they. How it had come to pass, he did not know. But he could not deny how aroused it made him!

It was then that Chelbot knew for certain he would not be able to resist an advance from Dakath, no matter what his mind told him. No matter what the consequences to his standing or even his future. He would submit himself and begged to be fucked by the beast he knew Dakath

could become. To be used in the way he heard the other dragon being taken, that had haunted his dreams ever since their first encounter...Chelbot would give up anything!

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The sounds of rut were unmistakable as Dakath approached the stables. Though he instinctively knew that it was not Chelbot, the sounds he'd heard echoing in the night were ones that mirrored that first time in the mountains. Despite the desire to meet his mount, curiosity won out and allowed Dakath to investigate this second source of draconic lust. Besides, the scents were nearly as intoxicating as the ones he knew would waft from his own dragon!

The sight that greeted Dakath's eyes was more extraordinary than anything he could have prepared for. Even in the low light, he could make out King Virion standing below the rear end of his dragon, naked with his night garments littering the stable floor. The King's modest elven prick was on full display, unbothered by the cool evening air. But more than that, he was currently licking at the dragon's male cunt, teasing the edges with his tongue as an increasingly scaled claw rubbed at the dragon's own erection.

Dakath could hardly comprehend the conflicting feelings surging through his mind at that moment. One part of him was terrified that the ritual had been recreated. Surely it was not the King's own error in the spell all those years ago when he had undergone the rite. Such an event, even by one of the highest authorities, would not go unnoticed by the court. Dakath's thoughts returned to the handshake they had shared that night, the electrical tingle that had so discomfited him. Had the curse somehow been transferred from knight to King?

Yet, of course, the needs in his own loins were reawakened with a vengeance, and Dakath shivered, his own garb dropping to the ground as he raced towards his own mount. There was no question in his mind now. He would make Chelbot submit to him, feeling his tiny elven cock grow into one worthy of the beast as his draconic seed was spilled to cement their bond. All elvish reason and thought were erased for the promise of pleasure that fucking his mate could provide!

From the corner of his eye, Dakath could see the King's golden tail wagging as his dragon mate lowered himself further. Virion's ass was massive, hanches ballooning outward against the ground as his growing tail beat insistently in lust and agony. His cock wasn't nearly large enough to meet his mate, but his golden mount was insistent. Dakath could see the pained look of lust on the beast's face as he lowered his hanches even further, audibly begging to be fucked.

“Please, my King...I want to...be your slut once more...take me...fuck me...I’m yours...I’m your bitch!”

The golden dragon’s words rang true as the King’s ass expanded further, his own taut pucker on full display as his growing tail covered it. Dakath could not help but notice the plump golden scaled balls barely concealed underneath as they swelled with draconic seed. The red, ridgid flaring cock was on full display, inching closer and closer to the desired hole. Virion's hips and legs started to balloon outward to impossible proportions compared to the rest of his lithe elven frame.

Virion grew into a beast worthy of fucking a magnificent golden dragon, growling softly as his new pointed tip lightly teased the rim of Dayrdyr's anus. As Virion’s lower body ballooned outwards, his balls jerked uncontrollably, shooting a modest load all over his mount’s backside. Even in the low light, Dakath could tell that King’s cheeks were flushed red in embarrassment from such a premature orgasm. But even that explosive release did not detract from Virion’s libido, an effect that Dakath knew well. The thick, pungent cream only served to lube up his advances as his pointed red draconic cock prepared to make the mighty dragon his bitch!

Dakath had enough. He ran in the direction he sensed his own mount to be, tearing off his clothes as he went. His thick, elven cock was already changing in response to the sights and scents of his King’s display. He needed to fuck, as much as his King had needed to get off just now.

He had no way to know which stable Chelbot had made his home, having not visited since his return. But he could feel it, the powerful bond between rider and mount that had been forged from the ritual. He was going in the right direction. He knew Chelbot was waiting for him, sensing the black dragon’s lust and need as much as he felt his own.

The sight greeting the elf was everything Dakath could have hoped for. His dragon’s ass was turned towards him, tail lifted and pucker on full display. Chelbot was as low to the ground as was possible, twitching his tail and clenching and unclenching his anus with the familiar need. The black dragon’s golden eyes were trained on the elf, reflecting equal parts lust and shame. It was a look that Dakath knew well, and he was sure it was displayed in his own expression. Still, it did little to curb his actions.

“Please master...fuck me! You know I need it! I don’t care...how wrong it is..what it’s done to us...fuck me....make me yours!” Chelbot roared, loud enough that all the other stabled



dragons surely heard him. But there was no recourse for him other than to be mated like the subserviently beta his master made him feel like!

Dakath could feel the heat flowing over him, the familiar warmth of his body burning up as the black scales bubbled from his flesh. His ass was growing, his hips snapped as his pelvis forced itself forward. The semi-quadrupedal stance, in tandem with his widening hips, made his advance more awkward as he waddled towards his mount. But the delay only served to heighten his arousal, his lips literally drooling from the sight of his scaly mount's fuck hole on full display.

Absentmindedly, Dakath scratched at the skin of his arms, feeling his shiny black scales poking through. He growled in a deeper baritone than he was accustomed to as teeth erupted from his gums. Yet his muzzle was already stretching to accommodate them, scaled lips keeping them hidden. His forked, reptilian tongue was already licking his lips in anticipation of the fucking he would give his draconic bitch!

The changes were coming faster than that first time, but Dakath wasn't concerned. The sensation of his spine bursting forth into the beginnings of a tail was heaven-sent. It no longer pained him to feel every inch erupting from his backside, its upper side pricking as spines adorned it all the way to the twitching tip. Dakath could nearly feel it touch the ground as it grew impossible large for his lithe elven frame.

As before, his lower half seemed to expand far more rapidly than his body should be able to support. It was as though his bestial cock required the shifting of his lower half, a direct response to its primal desires. His now-scaled belly distended, allowing his thighs to merge with the mass as he lowered himself onto all fours. Yet he welcomed the force of his hips swelling, his asshole puckering and moving up under his expansive tail.

Dakath let his body go into autopilot, the last remnants of his resistance eroded at the promise of pleasure that his draconic form could grant him. Part of his elven mind screamed at him to stop, to fight the instincts that were dominating his body. But he could no more fight the bestial desires than he could stop the tides. It was far too late to resist, regardless of the consequences!

A few careful sniffs told him all he needed to know of Chelbot's need. His draconic tongue reached up to lick over the black dragon's balls and taint as gently as a lover. His body seemed to contort to his desires as his neck thickened, stretched outward to better reach his lover's rump, sending a shiver through the massive beast. The taste was wonderful; Dakath lapped over the dragon's private areas, the contact forcing his transformation further along.

His ballooning hips and widened ass rose him off the ground, closer to the object of his desires. He continued to lick at his lover's asshole, rimming the beast and making him squirm. The power and sway he held over the dragon was a powerful aphrodisiac, making his own member leak viscous fluids all over his swelling scaled testicles.

His swelling backside pressed painfully against his still-elven-sized prostate, forcing a surge of stress that resonated into his swelling testicles. With a roar of primal need, waves of jism flowed from weighty balls and shot at high pressure out his cock. As he'd just witnessed, the sheer volume of draconic cum was enough to fill his mate's bowels into the lower intestine. The backflow of jism splatted out of Chelbot's rectum, covering both the dragon's backside and Dakath's swelling tights and growing, clawed hind paws.

His modest elven cock, still soaked in his juices, started to throb to life from his draconic stamina as it darkened to deep red. Soon the pointed head raised well into Chelbot's rectum as ridges erupted from the lower side and pulsated with need. They would keep him in place as he entered Chelbot's tail hole, making sure the subby dragon would take his cum and stink of Dakath's essence!

“Yes...that cock...I need it inside me once more...take me...FUCK ME!” Cried the black dragon as he felt the thick red cock of his master enter into him. He had missed the sensation, craved it so many hours of each day.

Dakath could feel his claws digging into the side of his mate, even as his fingers lost their dexterity, and thumbs sank into widening wrists. His shoulders hunched, making his grip tighter as he struggled to grow into his proper body, a mate worthy of such a powerful beast. His heels were stretching, allowing him better leverage as his new, thick talons dug into the earth. He shoved his cock deeper into the dragon's fuck hole, every inch gained allowing him to better fuck the black dragon. He could feel his powerful legs pushing him deeper into his lover's rump, far enough for his cockhead to eject his cum deep in Chelbot's rectum.

His head was expanding, horns erupted from his bald head as black scales swept over his visage. His shoulder blades unfurled, massive arms that flexed as thick membranes burst forth from stretching fingertips. His new wings wrapped around his lover, holding him close. His stretching spine and neck allowed him to hover over Chelbot's subby form. His tail slapped excitedly up and down on the ground as spines burst forth from his back, accenting his draconic form well.

The churning in his balls was becoming more insistent, forcing Dakath's hips forward with purpose. He needed to cum, to empty his weighty testicles as they continued slapping against the ones below him. He had so much cum inside him, and rapidly, the pressure was becoming too much to bear!

Dakath roared, his cock floating away inside his mate as the sheer volume of draconic spunk oozed out and covered their lower bodies in a musky coat. It was easier to remain tied to his lover as his barbs flared, and his size continued to grow to match his mate. His thick muzzle stretched forth, biting into his mate's lower neck to keep Chelbot in place as he filled the larger dragon with thick cum. Yet his form was not to remain the smaller of the two. Ankles stretched, tights thickened, and wings spread as Dakath towered over his bitch.

One orgasm was hardly sufficient to handle the pent-up lusts both beasts had been resisting ever since they returned to the kingdom. Their first time allowed a five-day journey without incident, and perhaps tonight's session would hold the needs at bay longer. Still, they had quite a bit further to go before their testicles were sufficiently emptied!

The sounds and scents of the King and his mount could be detected even over their own lusts. The sensory overload overwhelmed Dakath as he prepared to spill another load inside of his own. At the thought of two more powerful dragon's mating, Dakath's draconic form burst inside his lover's male cunt for the second time. He needed to assert his dominance as he made the now-smaller dragon his bitch!

All four beasts roared in unison, making their presence known as they all blew their draconic spunk in succession. No experience could compare to the sensations of their balls throbbing, slick scales rubbing in tandem as they fucked and rutted away their darkest desires. Yet even their post-orgasmic reverie could not drown out the realization that their bestial chorus had woken the entire kingdom. The sounds of alarm through the night sent a shiver down the former elves' shrinking bodies.

Unaware of the mystical, ancient energies their rutting had invoked, the former elves dismounted their charges, dashing to the castle to avoid unwanted attention. They left their armor, their clothes, and belongings where they sat, not caring about the consequences of being caught without them. All that mattered was avoiding the deep-seated shame that overcame their psyches. There was an agony of knowing they were no better than simple, homosexual beasts, slaves to lust, and the whims of their baser instincts.

Still, the magic remained swirling well into the night, long enough to play over each dragon in turn. Their noses scented the spell, and its presence alarmed them. But there was

something about the scent that kept them attentive, their nostrils seeking more of it. At first, a simple want to find the source was an excusable explanation. But that did little to stem the deep-seated desires even the briefest whiff seemed to instill.

Each male dragon, all who once shunned the scents of wickedness in their fellows, now felt an insistent tingling in their loins, ones they thought long ago abandoned. Each would have blushed if such an action was possible through their scales. But their cravings were undeniable. They no more condoned the acts of bestial lust than they had when first scenting draconic spunk less than a week ago. But it was steadily becoming clear in each of the beast's minds of what would occur the next time their mounts came to tend to them. They would echo the actions of their fellows, and hope to all heavens that the spell would turn their masters in dragons so that they might be fucked in turn!