A Dragon of Another Color

“Curse this storm,” Eldarin mumbled under his breath as he trudged across the mountain path with only his cloak as his shield from the deluge. “There’s not going to be any storms coming, you can trust me, I’m a shaman. I’m starting to wonder if they really are this clueless or if they are doing this on purpose.”

The elf was only on the second day of his journey to a battlefield that was two weeks away. As a healer one of his jobs was to consecrate the ground so that there was less of a chance of undead appearing or attracting malevolent spirits, and given the size of the battle it was likely he had a lot of work ahead of him. Unfortunately it appeared that it was going to take him a little longer than he had imagined; he had specifically took the mountain pass through the mountains based on the advice of their local shaman that he would be able to get through the treacherous area without much concern. With his travels taking him off the beaten path it meant that he was on his own, there was no inn or waystation for him to find and that meant he would either have to hunker down in one of the potential caves in the area or continue his travels and risk dying of any other number of weather related issues.

That wasn’t the only problem either; from what he had heard from a caravan that had passed through the mountains in the opposite direction is that a young black-scaled dragon had made a roost in one of those caves and has been terrorizing those that have been trying to make their way through the shortcut. Of course he had nothing really of value on him except for his bow and the supplies needed to make such a journey but when it came to dragons, especially those of chromatic hue, you couldn’t be too careful. Even the so-called good dragons with their metallic-colored hides sometimes were conniving in nature, but nothing compared to the colorful ones that often started with evil intentions.

Eldarin guessed that the only good thing about pushing forward in such a storm was that he would likely not see such a creature, though if the wind picked up any more he wouldn’t be seeing too much of anything. The worst part was that the skies were getting even darker, which meant that night was likely starting to fall. If he didn’t find somewhere to make camp for the night he would have to either sleep out in the open or continue to press on the dangerous mountain path in the deep darkness. Though he didn’t want to admit it to himself he was genuinely scared about what was going to happen to him as he began to keep an eye out for a place to stay.

As the day pressed on and the skies grew darker the elf saw something that caused him to stop. Against the black clouds it had been impossible to see before but a crack of lightning revealed the form of a dragon that was sitting on a bluff that was right above him. How long had it been tracking him, he wondered as he tried to pretend he didn’t notice the creature. Perhaps if the dragon continued to watch and didn’t see anything of interest on him he would move on and not bother due to the storm, but as he pressed on towards an overlook of one of the cliffs he found his rotten luck continued its streak as he was suddenly face to face with the dragon itself.

“Give me the magic item you have on you and I’ll let you pass…” the dragon said with a growl, his muzzle so close to the elf that he could smell their breath even with the high winds of the storm. Eldarin hadn’t even realized that the dragon might be interested in his purification stone, the thing that he had created in order to aid him in cleansing the land of any lingering malevolence or dark magics. “If you don’t then I will toss you off this cliff and take it from your dead body.”

“Are you mad?!” The elf shouted, the brashness of it causing even the dragon to lean back slightly. “We’re in the middle of a storm and you want to rob me? I thought dragons were supposed to be smart, now hurry and get out of here before we’re both get in even more trouble than we are!”

“Fine!” The dragon said as he reared back and grabbed Eldarin in his forepaws, scooping him up and causing him to yell out as he was taken to the edge of the small ravine that was formed from a split in the mountain rock. “You can keep your magic item, I hope it serves you well in the next life!”

As the elf struggled to get out of the dragon’s grasp he saw something behind the creature that caused his eyes to widen. Just as the dragon was about to toss him down he noticed the look of horror on his face and turned around, his own muzzle opening in a gasp at what he saw behind him. It was a mudslide, the bluff that the dragon had been on had been holding back rainwater from the path had broken and now a torrential river of mud and debris came crashing towards them. Before the dragon could react it swept both him and the elf in his clutches up, pushing them into the ravine and the darkness below…

The first thought that Eldarin had when he was able to open his eyes once again and saw nothing but darkness was that he had died. As he felt his sopping wet and muddy clothes he realized that was likely not the case and slowly got to his feet. Though he could hear the howling of the storm continue he realized that it was coming from above him now, his water-logged body no longer getting pummeled by the rain. As he waited for his eyes to get used to the darkness he saw the occasional flash of thunder, likely coming from the ravine that he had been dumped into. When he finally could see enough that he could see the vague outline of things he slowly moved around hoping to bump into his pack, and after a few minutes of searching he felt like his luck was changing as he felt his foot bump into it and he took out his carefully water-proofed torch in order to get a flame going.

The second he started up the torch he nearly dropped it as the light from the fire glinted off the black scales of the dragon that had brought him there in the first place. As he continued to stare however he realized that the creature wasn’t moving and began to wonder if in a strange twist of fate it had perished while he survived. Steeling his resolve he slowly made his way over to it and saw that its chest was still moving up and down, though it didn’t react to the elf’s presence when he got up close to it. Though the dragon was the reason why he was down there in the first place he knew he had to check to make sure it was alright, and an examination revealed that it was in worse shape than he thought.

When he finished he was glad that the dragon was still unconscious; not only did it appear to have a broken forelimb but it was clear the fall had completely crushed one of his wings as well. Though dragons were remarkable healers he wondered if there wasn’t going to be any permanent damage as he got to work trying to set the wing the best he could. It was the first time that Eldarin had ever treated a dragon before but he treated it like any other case, except that if this creature lashed out in pain he would probably be dead.

When the elf set the forelimb back into place with a loud crack it was almost what happened as the dragon suddenly shot up and nearly took his head off. “What do you think you’re doing?!” it roared as it looked down at him with red eyes. “Trying to finish me off are you?!”

“I’m trying to set your bones!” Eldarin shouted back, once more causing the dragon to pause as the elf looked to see if he had done a proper job with the forelimb. “When we both fell into the ravine you must have still been holding me so your body took the brunt of the damage. Now this is going to be very painful but if we don’t get everything back to where it should be my healing magic is only going to make things worse for you.”

Though the elf could tell that the dragon had more to say he just looked away in a huff, trying not to look like he was in the enormous amount of pain he was likely in. When Eldarin saw that he had gotten the forelimb as good as it was going to get he closed his eyes and waved his hands over it, his palms glowing as his healing energy suffused into the dragon. As the elf continued to use his magical energy he began to feel a strange type of arcane feedback, like the power of the dragon was leaking back into him as he kept having to actively focus on getting the healing power into the limb. When he was done he looked at his own hands and had to rub them as they tingled strongly from the contact with the primal energy.

“Figures your elven magic could hardly hold a candle to the draconic energies that we exude passively,” the black dragon smirked, which caused Eldarin to shoot him a dirty look before moving to the badly damaged wing. “This why we don’t go to your kind for healing.”

“Well unless you know of another dragon in the area you could call I’m afraid that this is the best that you’re going to get down here,” Eldarin shot back as he moved to the base of the wing. “This thing is mangled… prepare yourself because this is probably going to hurt a little bit.”

Though the elf had never heard of a dragon screaming that sound was now etched into his brain as he set the first of many breaks in the wing. The dragon looked back at Eldarin with murderous intent but the elf was quick to warn against doing anything that would hinder the progress that he had already made on his arm, causing the intense rage to quickly boil off as the dragon braced himself for the next set. Though not as bad as the first time the dragon continued to shout and cry as the elf went along the entirety of the wing for nearly an hour before he had finally set everything in place, using his healing magic to mend the bone as best he could before moving on.

“I’m starting to think you’re enjoying this…” the dragon grimaced as the last of his membrane was patched together.

“I would never think of taking pleasure in the pain of others dragon,” the elf quickly replied.

“It’s Zar’direl,” the dragon grumbled. “Not just ‘dragon’, there are more than one of our kind you know. You can call me Zar though.”

“Well I didn’t know that when I said it,” Eldarin said with a sigh. “I apologize. My name is Eldarin, I’m a healer with the western Valefyre tribe that’s close to the base of these mountains. I was supposed to be heading towards the fields of Kesharin to do a battlefield cleanup but now it appears fate has put you in my care for the time being. Now whatever you do try to move as little as possible, as you were so keen to point out my magic isn’t nearly as powerful as yours so if you attempt to put wait on that leg or flap that wing you’ll break it and we have to start all over again.”

Once it was clear that Zar knew not to move around Eldarin went about making camp as best he could. He transferred the fire of his dying torch to a small pile of sticks that he managed to find that had been down here long before the storm. When the light from the fire increased it revealed the large cavern that they had been washed into, part of an underground river system that served as the drainage for the mountains in storms like these. It appeared they had washed up on a bank about a hundred feet away from the crevice that they had likely come down from, and from the way the river ran along the stone just a few feet away from them it was unlikely that he was going to be able to escape by swimming.

“Not like I’d be able to leave with the storm raging anyway,” Eldarin muttered as he watched the water continue to pour down the crevice to help feed the river. “Hopefully this river doesn’t rise too much or we’re not going to have any dry land to stand on.”

After the elf took a cursory examination of the area that he could without going into the water he went back to the fire and the dragon that continued to lay near it. “I think it would be best if we went to sleep for the night,” Eldarin said as he took his sopping wet bedroll and placed it next to the fire to dry, though it looked like for now he was going to have to lay on the stone if he wanted to stay dry. “You think you could do me a favor and not eat me while I sleep.”

The black-scaled dragon just gave him a fanged grin. “No promises,” he stated with a small growl, though all it did was cause the elf to roll his eyes. Though he knew that healing the evil creature would be trouble he couldn’t let the dragon die, even if it might kill him in the long run. All he could do at that point was lie down and hope the gods were watching over him as the storm continued to rage over their heads.

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When Eldarin woke again he immediately sat up and saw that the water was still pouring down from the crevice and there were flashes of lightning that signaled the second day of the storm. At this point the elf wondered if it wasn’t lucky he found himself down here, had he attempted to ride out the storm on the surface it was likely he would have perished as he stoked the fire back up. When he got up to check on Zar he saw that the dragon was already up, staring at the river that gushed all around them while he tried not to put any weight on his injured side. With a night’s sleep and some of his rations Eldarin had restored enough of his power for another round of healing, though as he did the arcane feedback seemed to grow even more bothersome.

“Don’t know why you’re wasting your energy on me,” Zar scoffed as he watched the elf go over his wing with those glowing palms. “If you think that I’m going to somehow owe you one you’re wrong, the second I can flap these wings again and that storm had subsided I’m out of here and you’re going to be down here by yourself.”

“Well maybe I’m just helping you extradite yourself from my company,” Eldarin shot back.

“I could eat you too….” the dragon said as his eyes narrowed. “A scrawny elf like you would take, what, maybe two bites?”

“I think you’re putting a little bit too much stock in your size,” the elf said as he finished up.

“Hey, size matters,” Zar replied while Eldarin stood up. “There’s a reason why the biggest and oldest dragons get the best hoards and the biggest harems. It’s why dragons and other races don’t get along, if you found yourself in a dragon clan you’d be sucking every dick there.”

“Then I suppose it’s a good thing I don’t plan on joining any dragon clans any time soon,” the elf stated simply. “Given your size I’m sure that’s why you’re out in this mountain pass alone too. What, didn’t like the taste of them in your mouth anymore? Or perhaps they were so big you couldn’t walk without your hind legs being bow legged?”

The smug look on the dragon’s face suddenly feel and it was replaced with a look of anger, but as he watched the creature turned away Eldarin realized that it wasn’t directed completely at him and that he had just touched on a sore subject. While he wanted to make sure that Zar didn’t push him around it seemed like it was a sore spot and he could almost sense that he had been close to the mark with his last statement. “Hey, Zar, I’m sorry about that…” he started to apologize before the thick tail of the reptilian creature pushed him away.

When it was clear that he had put the mighty dragon into a mood Eldarin just sighed and went back to his fire after finding what little dry wood there was to keep it going. Unfortunately other than healing the dragon there was little for the elf to do other than study his texts, although as his own clothes continued to dry along with the mud that was caked on them he realized there was something that he could do. While the dragon continued to lay there Eldarin found part of the river that was rather slow and formed an eddy that he could safely go into without being swept away. Once he did he began to take off his clothes, something that caused the dragon to turn his head.

“Wha… what do you think you’re doing?” Zar asked as his eyes widened slightly while watching the elf expose himself.

“My clothes are muddy and starting to stink,” Eldarin explained as he stripped out of his pants and set them aside. “If I’m going to have to stay here an extended amount of time I may as well wash up.”

Once more the dragon huffed and turned away, though Eldarin couldn’t help but wonder whether it was due to his continued assertion or something else. He’d never heard of dragons blushing before but he could imagine that if there was such a thing that Zar would be doing it right about now. It was a bit strange though for the dragon to suddenly get uneasy about such things when he had just made such a sexually charged comment before, but the elf just chalked it up to him still being angry about what had been said and decided to let it go.

The water was cold and it caused Eldarin to shiver as he submerged himself into it as best he could, trying to let his bare skin get used to it gradually as he began to wash the mud out of his clothing. He also discovered that his body had not been completely immune to the fall either, though the dragon took the brunt of it he had several shallow wounds that he was quick to tend to himself. Seeing the skin get knit over made him glad he had not waited to do this, an infection would have been much harder to heal than a mere wound as he traced a finger over the pale marks that had been open wounds before. Once his body had been repaired he got to work on his clothes and found that the cuts had not just been to his skin and unfortunately his magic couldn’t do anything about that.

After about thirty minutes of his cold underground river bath Eldarin emerged back on the shore and laid out his wet clothes next to the fire to dry before doing the same himself. For the longest time the two sat in silence; Eldarin had taken out his sacred texts and began to study from them while Zar continued to lay there and recover. The only sounds were the rushing of the water past them and the raging of the storm that continued above him. Once in a while the elf would grab wood that was washed up and place it next to the fire to be used as future fuel but other than that the two continued to sit in silence.

“I’m hungry.” It was the first words Zar had said in a while and came so suddenly it caused Eldarin to jump slightly.

“I only have elven rations,” Eldarin replied. “I doubt they’d be filling to a creature such as yourself.”

“Well unless you’re willing to hop into my mouth I’d suggest you find something else,” the dragon replied with a growl. Eldarin sighed as he stood up and looked over at the greedy black-scaled creature. He could probably give him every bit of food he had and not even give him a thank you, the elf thought as he began to think about what to do, and then when he died of starvation probably eat him too. Hopefully it didn’t have to come to that though as he looked around the cavern for anything that could possibly sate Zar’s hunger.

After a few minutes the elf spied a solution in the form of a fish that hopped above the surface of the water for a few seconds before flopping back down. The river must have several lakes that feed into it and the storm was pushing fish down, Eldarin realized as he went back to his pack and grabbed his bow and arrows as well as a length of rope. While it wasn’t the easiest fishing conditions he had hit worse targets before while hunting, and though it took quite a few hours he managed to get an arrow full of fish that he brought back to their camp. Zar’s head lifted up the second he smelt them and when he got around to his mouth Eldarin could see him lick his lips in anticipation.

“You prefer raw or cooked for your-“ the elf didn’t even get to finish his sentence as Zar’s long neck reached forward and stripped the arrow clean of the fish in one fell swoop. “Hey! I was planning on having one or two of those.”

“It’s a good thing you’re such an able hunter then,” Zar replied dismissively with a burp as he laid his head back down.

Though the elf could feel his anger rising he had caught the fish to mainly feed the dragon, though that meant if he wanted more he would have to get it and after the struggle getting those he decided to stick to his rations instead. As Eldarin sat down next to the fire and grabbed his food out of the pack he let that animosity he felt towards the dragon materialize into a heavy sigh that he let out before he went back to his scripts. There was no reason that he should have expected any different, he thought as he began to read, the fact he was helping such an evil creature would likely have caused others to wonder what was wrong with him…

“Thank you,” the words were just above a whisper but Eldarin heard them like they had been shouted, the elf slowly turning towards the dragon that had uttered them. He wanted to ask why he just said such a thing but decided not to press his luck, especially when Zar deliberately shifted away from him once more. Eldarin didn’t know what to do about this surprising new development, and after a bit of debating back and forth in his own mind he said you’re welcome before immediately shifting back to his scripts. That seemed to be enough to satisfy the matter and together the two went on in silence once again.

The hours continued to pass and with the cave being perpetually dark the only thing that Eldarin had to go on as far as time was the sliver of light that reflected off the river where the crevice was. That light was now getting darker, which meant that once again night was beginning to fall as he tended to the dragon’s wing once more. “Two days…” the elf said with a sigh. “By the time I get to the battlegrounds they’re not going to need me anymore.”

“Well considering you would have likely died in that storm you should be counting your blessings,” Zar replied, wincing slightly when the elf pulled up his wing to check underneath. “If anything you should be thanking me for so valiantly protecting a weak creature such as yourself.”

“Considering that you were trying to rob me you shouldn’t hold your breath on me singing you any praises,” Eldarin replied. “Instead of doing some real good out there I’m stuck down here healing a dragon that will likely leave me here to die and continue to plunder and kill those poor people that are traveling through the pass.”

The dragon huffed and as Eldarin told him to roll onto his side he did so. “That’s just stupidity on your part,” Zar said. “You didn’t have to save me, you could have just killed me right here and not only rid the area of such a scourge as myself but also gained some draconic reagents for your magic. You could have increased your power tenfold.”

“Increasing my power tenfold would not help me sleep at night,” Eldarin stated. “I do what I do to help those in need, even if those in need are dragons whose heart is as dark as their scales.”

“Well you could have at least used my hide to craft yourself some clothes,” Zar chuckled. Eldarin frowned slightly and looked at the clothes that he had laying near his pack. Though he had been working on them for a while the state of destruction they were in made those little more than rags. Plus with no one else around except for the dragon it was easier to just walk around naked and, something he hadn’t admitted yet, just felt better in general.

Once Eldarin was done giving Zar a look over he used his magic to patch up the areas that had become agitated during the dragon’s limited movement. Though the feedback was still there the elf was finding it easier to use his magic on Zar, the once harsh feeling of arcane energy now little more than a pleasant buzz that radiated through his body. In fact while healing the edges of the dragon’s wing membrane the feeling he got was so nice that it caused him to become aroused, something that caused the elf to blush profusely before making sure his back was turned so that Zar couldn’t see him. All in all Eldarin was pleased with the dragon’s progress, in fact he’d likely be able to use that wing to fly by tomorrow, though as the storm continued to rage it was unlikely he would be able to go anywhere.

As the elf watched the fire another need besides hunger began to build up in him, but this wasn’t hunger as he realized with mild embarrassment what it was. When he stood up he found that his cock had already started to grow stiff, once again thankful that the dragon was curled up on the other side of the fire as he snuck off to the other side of the rocky embankment. Since Zar couldn’t move he was relatively sure he could get away with stroking one off without the dragon, though he wondered why he needed to do such a thing in the first place. Normally he had at least enough self-control he could wait until he was in an inn or something of that nature, but right now his cock was as hard as the rocks he braced himself on as he began to stroke.

Though the rushing water would likely prevent any noise he made from behind heard he attempted to stay quiet, thinking about the usual stuff that would help get him off faster. As he was getting into a good rhythm though his thoughts suddenly turned and to his shock he began to imagine himself with Zar, his smooth elven form plowing into the dragon beneath him as he moaned in pleasure. It was something he would have never have imagined in a million years but before he could dissuade himself from imagining it he felt his cock throb hard in his hands. He couldn’t believe it… he was actually getting off to the thought of having sex with a dragon as he began to stroke faster.

Eldarin had to bite his lip in order not to cry out as his dreams got more vivid, looking down in his mind’s eye to see that his own dick had changed as well, turning into a draconic version of itself as he continued to plow the hole of the other male. As their mental rutting continued Eladrin’s feet dug into the rock, the claws that had appeared there forming furrows in the stone as his hand flew up and down the sensitive flesh. By the time he got close to finishing he imagined Zar moaning his name, calling him the alpha dragon before he felt himself cum inside the dragon’s tailhole…

His own seed splattered into the water below as the elf leaned back against the rock, panting in pleasured exhaustion. Though he wasn’t sure how he was going to look at Zar the same way he felt better than ever, even the water didn’t feel as cold as he went into it to wash himself off. As he moved along the smooth stone he thought he felt his toenails clicking on something, but when he raised them above the water’s surface he saw that his feet looked pretty normal. He just shrugged and continued to clean himself, then carefully made sure he was presentable before heading back to the fire.

When he got back he found Zar was good enough to move himself and he did so that he could now face the fire, letting the flames warm his stomach and face instead of his back while Eldarin continued to read. For a while they continued to sit in silence but the longer the elf sat there the more he realized that Zar was staring at him. As he continued to feel the gaze of the dragon on him he slowly lifted his head up and looked to see those red eyes staring straight at him. “You better not say you’re hungry again…” the elf warned.

“I’m just curious on what you keep looking over,” the dragon replied with a snort. “Just wondering what could hold your attention so keenly.”

“They’re a copy of the sacred elven texts of our first healers,” Eldarin explained. “In here is the wisdom to do the things that I do, something that you’ve benefited from already. It also allowed me to make the purification stone that you wanted so badly. If you’d like I can go over a few things with you, though I’m sure that our weak magics are of little concern to such a mighty dragon as yourself.”

Much to Eldarin’s surprise Zar asked if he could share a few things, though when it showed on the elf’s face the dragon quickly looked away and said because there was nothing else better to do down in this cave. Despite the rebuff Eldarin decided to placate the other male’s curiosity and moved over towards him so that he could see the texts while he translated them. For the first time since they had fallen down the ravine together Eldarin’s body was pressed against Zar’s scales, and the elf found that they were surprisingly soft for what was essentially armor as he showed the dragon several passages. They continued to discuss for a long time, enough that the elf had to restock the fire several times before he felt his eyes grow heavy from exhaustion.

“Why do you do it?” Zar asked the tired elf, his own head resting on the stone as he looked at Eldarin. “Why do you go out of your way to help others, even those you know won’t have any intention on paying you back?”

There was a moment of silence as Eldarin stared into the fire while he contemplated a response before he finally answered. “I guess that’s just the way I am,” he finally stated. “Just like the way you are I suppose, content to kill and maim and steel while your metallic-scaled counterparts at least try to do some good in the world.”

“Well I guess you got a point there,” Zar replied, though the elf could feel that he had caused a bit of agitation in the dragon that hadn’t been there before as he quickly changed the subject. “Those wounds of yours don’t look so good, you sure you’re as a good of healer as you think you are?”

The area that Zar was commenting on was the elf’s legs where there had been some particularly nasty gashes, and though Eldarin responded that they were just healing scars he failed to mention that he had grown slightly concerned as well. The flesh of the healed area had gone from pale to an almost unnatural silver color and the area around it was swollen. Though none of the areas were painful and none of the surrounding skin was red the healer knew that if he had gotten some sort of infection he was in a lot of trouble. But he had done all he could to treat himself and with the rest of the magic going towards the dragon he started to explain how the healing process worked before his head tilted to the side and he nodded off while still leaning against Zar…

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When Eldarin woke up once more he found himself still nestled up with a wing draped over his body, covering him up as Zar continued to sleep next to him. It was a strange sight to behold, especially when he tried to stand and felt a webbed paw of the black dragon pressed against him in almost a protective motion. “Uh, Zar…” the elf said as he elbowed the dragon’s belly when he couldn’t get the paw off of him. “Hey, wake up there.”

The dragon snorted and awoke, looking around before he realized that the elf was still pressed against him as he looked away. “Looks like we both feel asleep at the same time,” Zar said dismissively as he looked up where the rainwater continued to pour down through the hole, though the reflection in the water was noticeably brighter than before. “Also it appears that the storm is finally starting to let up, that’s a good sign.”

“Indeed it is,” Eldarin replied as he shifted the wing off of him like a blanket. “Perhaps if you’re feeling up to it we might try-“ the elf’s words suddenly stopped short and when Zar looked back at him he saw that Eldarin’s face was frozen with a look of horror. When the dragon followed his gaze to where he had been looking his own eyes widened as well.

The areas where the elf had healed himself were even more swollen before, particularly in his leg that looked like someone had grafted a monster leg to it. His foot was almost unrecognizable and nearly half of the affected leg was colored with the silvered skin. It was a reaction that Eldarin had never seen or read about in his entire life, was his magic continuing to fight an infection that was causing such mutations? Zar had backed away from Eldarin as the healer attempted to stand, and though he could his body wobbled slightly from the uneven weight distribution.

When the elf was confident that he could walk under his own power he moved to the calmer section of the river in order to look at the parts of his body he couldn’t see by himself and found that his condition was worse than he had thought. His face looked like he had been stung by several bees and his hair had started to fall out in places. As he tried to flex his muscles he could also see that there were several growths there that bulged unnaturally, a potential sign that his magical healing had somehow gone wild on him. When he stumbled back towards the fire Zar began to back away from him until Eldarin assured him that whatever he had was not contagious.

“So… what’s wrong with you then?” Zar asked as Eldarin hobbled over to his texts.

“I don’t know…” the elf replied. “I mean, I’ve heard instances where healing magic could go a bit overboard but all I did was use it to heal my superficial wounds. My only guess is that my body is fighting something else off and the magic is attempting to heal it as best it can. The answer has to be here in these texts, I just need to find it…”

The dragon looked around, then back at the elf. “Well I think I’m going to take that test flight you were talking about before,” he said as he continued to eye up the other male wearily. “I’m going to take a lap around the cavern and see how your healing worked on me.”

Before the elf could say anything he watched Zar unfurl his wings before taking off, causing Eldarin to cover his face as coals and ash were kicked back at him from the force of the wings. He sighed as he watched the dragon quickly disappear into the darkness, feeling like this would be the last he ever saw of him before going back down to the parchment in his hands. He knew the answer had to be somewhere there, it just had to be…

But as the day continued to wear on the elf’s desperation began to show more and more until finally he slammed the texts down on the ground in anger. There was nothing in it that would point to his current condition as he buried his head in his hands, though that was hard to do with their deformed nature. As he sat there he suddenly felt the ground shake beneath him and looked up to see Zar standing there.

“Looks like you’re not having a good time of it,” the dragon said as he folded his wings back. “Wing is good as new for me, and when I took a look it appears that the storm is finally easing up. I think I may have also found a way for you to get out, there’s a crack in one of the walls that leads upwards… might be a bit of tight fit for you but if you make it out you can go out and try to get yourself some help like a healer that actually knows what they’re doing.”

Eldarin ignored the cutting comment and got dressed and packed up his gear as best he could, Zar surprising him by helping him gather everything up before he picked up the elf with his claws and began to fly across the river. As the two crossed the rushing water Eldarin felt a pit in the pit of his stomach as he realized the dragon could drop him at any time and be done with him. His fears were unfounded though and after a few minutes they arrived at the crack in the rock that had muted sunlight streaming from it. “You weren’t kidding about it being a tight fit,” Eldarin remarked as he looked inside the narrow passage.

“Well it’s wide enough for you at least,” Zar replied with a huff.

“But not for you,” Eldarin said. “You’re going to be stuck down here alone.”

“Aside from the irony of you worrying about me being left alone down here I’m going to be fine,” Zar said. “My wing got us this far so all I have to do is fly up through the crevice that we came here in. In fact I’m probably going to be you out.”

The elf frowned and crossed his arms, which caused Zar to look at him in confusion. “I don’t believe you,” Eldarin said. “If you really could get out through that crevice you would have just taken me through there, or gotten out yourself and left me here like you said.”

“You don’t have time for this!” Zar roared. “If you don’t get out now you’re going to probably die, and being the dragon I think I have a far better chance of finding my way out instead of some sick elf!”

“Aha!” Eldarin shouted. “So you can’t get out through the crevice! If that’s the case than why are you helping me escape? What possible reason do you have for you to help-“

The elf was cut short in surprise as the dragon leaned down and pressed his muzzle against his lips, and though the size difference made it a bit tough it was clear what it was as the two kissed. Eldarin could feel the tip of the dragon’s tongue press into his mouth before it quickly retreated, along with the rest of Zar as he leaned back and broke the kiss. “That… you…” Eldarin stammered as he regained his composure. “You like me?”

“What? No!” Zar said as he looked away. “That’s how dragons say good-bye. Not get out of here before I decide to get over your freakish nature and eat you whole!”

“Oh no… no no… no way…” Eldarin replied as he stepped away from the opening. “This… this changes everything. Chromatic dragons are supposed to be evil, malicious creatures without a decent bone in their body and from our initial meeting you were the same. Now you’re helping me escape, packing up my stuff, saying thank you… you’re changing. You’re becoming a decent dragon!”

“You’re wrong!” Zar bellowed. “You were right about me all along, I’m a black-hearted, evil, greedy, selfish creature who cares about nothing but himself! I’m just getting rid of you because you annoy me and you’re too infected to eat. Now if you don’t leave here right now I’m going to show you exactly how evil I can be…”

“I don’t believe you…” Eldarin continued to press. “This is monumental Zar, I have to stay and see this through. And… and I want to do it, I want to do it for you.”

The dragon slowly turned his head to look at the elf and when he did there was a look of pure malice in his eyes that actually scared him. “Oh really…” Zar growled lowly. “Would you still feel that way if I told you that I was hoping you’d leave without realizing you had this?”

Eldarin gasped as the dragon held up his purification stone in his palm, glowing with a faint green light as the elf tried to grab for it only for Zar to pull it away. “How… when did you grab that?” Eldarin asked.

“When you went out fishing that first time,” Zar replied. “Nifty little trinket like this would have been good in my hoard, but not if it’s going to mean that you’re going to continue to hang around me. So let’s see how willing you are to stay with me now!”

As Eldarin shouted for him to stop it was already too late, the dragon had chucked the stone into the darkness of the cavern with a mighty throw. The elf watched as years of hard work sailed through the air until it disappeared under the rushing waters of the underground river, lost to the currents that rushed over it before he turned back to the smirking dragon. “You… monster!” Eldarin shouted as he grabbed his bag. “Do you know how long it takes to craft something like that? What I sacrificed of myself to form something that pure?”

“Well if you want to live long enough to create another one I suggest you get moving,” Zar said as he motioned for the crack. “Hurry up, if you die in there I won’t be able to get your body out and the smell will be awful I’m sure.”

The elf’s rage was hardly contained as he began to squeeze his way through the small passage, looking at Zar with pure murder in his eyes. “I hope you die down here,” he said before he disappeared completely into the stone. The dragon waited until the elf had gotten a few meters in before he sighed and moved to the edge of the rock platform.

“At least you won’t…” Zar muttered under his breath before he took off into the darkness once again.

As the elf continued to push his way through the large cracks in the fissure he could see the light of day and feel the splash of rain on his chest. “I can’t believe he did that,” Eldarin continued to mutter as he stopped for a brief rest. “And to think I actually thought that I liked him.”

While his hand continued to rest against his face he began to feel something strange, like his nose had started to press against his palm as his lips went numb. At first he thought it was some strange poison that black dragons excrete from their saliva but the longer he pressed his hands against his face the longer it seemed to get. As the tingling sensation began to spread from his mouth and lips to his head he felt the irresistible urge to yawn and when he did he felt his jaw bones crack as they grew longer and his gums filled in with new teeth.

As his fingers played with the proto-muzzle his face seemed to have grown he looked down at his hands and saw that the silvery skin had split, forming into a scale-like texture as similarly colored claws grew out from his fingernails. As he looked at the scaly skin crawling up his thickening arm it suddenly dawned on him, his magic wasn’t fighting an infection that was killing him, it was turning him into a dragon! Though the potential theory behind it staggered his mind he was just relieved that he wasn’t dying, just transforming into a huge creature…

…in a very small fissure surrounded by rock…

Panic quickly replaced relief as he looked down to the darkness of the cavern he had just left and up at the light of the entrance. He realized that it was about the same distance, which meant that he had to either go up for freedom or go down for Zar. At first he answer was obvious as he looked up at the sunny exit, but the more he thought about it the more he wondered… what if while he was changing physically the dragon was changing mentally? Whether it was the magic they shared or the fact he had the purification stone there was no doubt that the dragon was acting strangely, even if he did toss the stone into the river in the end. But did he really want to risk being trapped in the cavern as a dragon if it meant reconciling with a creature he just met?

As his frame began to expand he found himself climbing back down the fissure towards the cavern entrance, his boots ripping as his feet expanded into clawed foot pads while he moved. Things started to get very tight as he felt those strange growths on his back push out even further, the kiss he shared with Zar seeming to catalyze the changes as a pair of wings began to grow from the muscle there. By the time he reached the cavern he got himself out about half-way before he found himself wedged, his neck stretching with new muscle as he pulled as hard as he could to get his shoulders out.

A sudden pop as his shoulders altered their configuration caused him to fall backwards and be freed from the rock that threatened to crush him under his own growth. The transforming elf took a second to shake himself off which caused his already tattered clothing to fall from his body as well. When his eyes got used to the darkness again he could still see the fire was lit, and though it was rather far away he thought he saw the shadow of the dragon in the light that danced off one of the walls. Though he could try and shout the combination of his throat changing and the rushing water would likely drown him out, which meant he needed to get over there as quickly as possible.

Eldarin looked back at the wings that had sprouted from his back and gave them an experimental flap, finding it almost impossible to do so at their current state. They were possibly big enough to glide though and with his new claws he was able to climb up the side of the cavern wall high enough that it looked like he could cross. “First time flying and it’s in a cavern over a roaring river,” he said as he swallowed hard. “How hard could it be?”

As soon as the half-formed dragon pushed off he hit a stalagmite the caused his entire body to twist around, and though his wings did manage to catch air he found himself quickly spiraling out of control. He let out a half-roar half-scream as he plunged into the icy water below, though with most of his body covered in silver dragon scales it was less a shock to his system than before as he tried to paddle his awkward body towards the other side. As he got close though he could see that he wasn’t going to get close enough and as he passed by the fire his eyes widened when he saw that no one was there. With his body still changing it was next to impossible to get any rhythm and soon the only thing he could do was stretch out his hand above the water as he sank to the bottom…

Suddenly he felt something latch onto his clawed paw and yank him up with a force that he had not expected, and when his head broke the surface of the water he saw Zar there with his body wrapped around a stalagmite holding onto his hand. “Keep paddling to the fire!” the black-scaled dragon said. “I’ll help you from here!”

With a combination of Zar moving from rock formation to rock formation the two were eventually able to get to the edge of the area with the fire pit even with the elf still growing, Eldarin breathing hard as his draconic hind leg twitched while the still fairly elven one flopped to the floor. “What in the twelve planes were you thinking?!” Zar shouted before he noticed the draconic appendages on the otherwise elven creature. “Uh… I see that you’ve change quite a bit since we last talked.”

“You could say that,” Eldarin replied as best he could before he stood up as best he could, his bones cracking as the magic that continued to change him pulsed through his body. “Seems like we were wrong about what was happening to me. Turns out that hanging out with a dragon turns you into one, or something like that. Anyway it looks like I’m not dying anymore.”

“You risked your life just so you could come back here and tell me that?” Zar asked.

Eldarin just grinned with his new muzzle. “And to return the favor as well,” As Zar tilted his head Eldarin craned his new neck up and kissed him again, this time their muzzles much more matched to do so. As they continued to make out Eldarin felt the changes in his body come to a head, the last vestiges of his elven nature disappearing under scale and muscle as his new tail wagged in the air while the two held one another with their forelimbs. When they finished and finally broke apart Zar was staring at a silver dragon, and a particularly handsome one at that as Eldarin could see him suddenly flutter about nervously.

“I still can’t believe you came back,” Zar said as he looked down. “After everything that happened, the way I treated you, the fact I tossed your stone into the river…”

“About that…” Eldarin replied. “Why did you throw my stone in the river?”

There was a moment of silence between the two before Zar finally confessed. “I actually grabbed it because it had fallen out of your pack when I picked it up,” he said. “I was going to give it back to you but then you started talking about staying down here and I thought you were dying. It just seemed like the thing to do to try and drive you away so you would seek help.”

“Well luckily for you I saw beyond your facade,” the silver dragon as a smirk grew on his muzzle. “Also, there happens to be one more thing that I see.”

“Oh?” Zar replied in confusion.

“Yeah,” Eldarin stated. “I’m bigger than you now.”

Zar’s jaw dropped as he looked back and forth between their two draconic bodies, realizing that the former elf was right that the silver dragon had him beat out by at least a couple of inches. Of course there was another possible connotation to it as well as he saw the silver dragon was completely erect, the throbbing draconic tool pointed straight at him. Then it was Eldarin’s turn to be surprised as the once proud dragon turned around and lifted his tail for him.

“Really?” Eldarin asked as Zar wiggled his butt at him. “With the way you reacted before I thought…”

“Well being a submissive amongst chromatic dragons isn’t exactly a trait that is considered great to have,” Zar explained. “Back then I would fight for dominance just like the others but now… I don’t know, maybe it’s the changes you were talking about, but I feel like this is exactly where I should be. Plus it doesn’t hurt that it’s going to be by a handsome dragon stud like you. I almost wanted to see when you were an elf but considering the size difference I doubt it would have done anything for either of us.”

“Well it looks like I’ve got the proper equipment this time,” Eldarin stated as he began to pad over towards the submissive male, licking his lips in anticipation. In reality he wasn’t big on males either, but there was something about being a dragon and seeing another one bend over like that which was driving him wild. Of course his new body was still taking a bit to get used to, at one point his forepaw slipped on the scales of the male beneath him which caused him to slightly squish the other dragon. Of course once he got on top of Zar and his cock was brushed up against the underside of his tail instinct quickly kicked in.

Both dragons began to press against one another as Zar helped guide the head of that draconic length into his tailhole, his entire body shuddering from the sudden stretching as it popped inside him. Though the pleasure was intense Eldarin let the other dragon get used to having something in there, even if that was something that dragons didn’t need to worry about. He began to think that it wasn’t when Zar pushed back and plunged nearly half a foot of the slick length inside him that caused both to growl and snarl from the pleasure.

“You really want this don’t you,” Eldarin said as he continued to push down, letting the thick length spread open the soft walls of the dragon beneath him. “Nice thick dragon cock in you, making you moan out in pleasure.”

“As long as it’s yours,” Zar replied between grunts. “My alpha dragon.”

Eldarin stopped suddenly and it caused Zar to do the same, the two looking at each other. “Did you just say alpha dragon?” he asked the black-scaled dragon.

“Uh… yes…” Zar replied carefully, his body still shuddering once in a while with the throb from the silver dragon dick inside him. “Why… does that mean something to you?”

“No…” Eldarin lied, looking to the side in slight embarrassment. “You?”

“No…” Zar also replied as he looked away. For a few seconds the two stood there with Eldarin still embedded deep inside, but eventually pleasure won out and the dragons began to rut once more in earnest. When it was clear that his draconic thrusts were not going to hurt the creature beneath him the bigger dragon began to grow bolder, thrusting harder and faster as their scaled thighs met with each time he buried himself into the root. Zar grunted and groaned as Eldarin filled him so thoroughly, his body shaking as he climaxed just from being taken.

It didn’t take long for the former elf to do the same, filling Zar’s hole with his new draconic seed as they both collapsed to the stone floor. It had been hard to believe that just a few days ago the elf was healing the same dragon in that very spot, the formerly evil creature snapping and threatening him every time he did something. It appeared that his healing arts were well worth it after all as he not only got an interesting dragon body but also a lover that seemed to renounce his evil ways. Whether or not it will stay that way remains to be seen, but Eldarin had gotten this far on the notion of doing good to others and he wasn’t about to stop now as he pulled his cock out of the other dragon’s hole as it began to soften.

After the two had recovered enough that they could stand on their feet again Eldarin looked up at the opening to the crevice, seeing that it had begun to grow dark once again. “So now what do we do,” the silver dragon asked. “Try to squeeze through that chasm to get back onto the mountain path?”

“Nah,” Zar said with a wink. “My den is actually further up the river, even swimming against the tide we should be there in less than an hour.”

“Your… den…” Eldarin said as he watched the black dragon head towards the water. “You mean to tell me that your den was just upriver the entire time and you didn’t tell me?”

“Well before I was too injured to get up there myself,” Zar said with a chuckle as he waded in. “And after I knew that even if you rode me I couldn’t get you there as an elf. Don’t you know that black dragons love being near watery areas? Silver dragons too, just make sure you hold onto this while you swim.”

Zar flicked something in the air that Eldarin caught, looking down to see a glowing stone in his webbed hand. When he looked back up he saw the head of the other dragon swimming into the darkness and Eldarin grinned as he held his purification stone before going in after him. While he was still intending on going to the battlefield he could make there far easier now with wings. Plus he wanted to see what he hoped would be his new home as he dived into the swirling waters…