Spinel plane modification tf

Dragons fly.

At least that’s what they used to do in ancient times, until something happened. No one knows exactly what had happened back then. There were multiple contradictory records of the race being changed into something else. Not completely deviating from its original form, but more suited to mingle with other races of the world that was called Arsuris.

From the feral lizard-like creatures the dragons were now bipedal humanoid creature. They still retained some of their reptilian features, such as long snout, thick tail and a body completely covered with scales. Then there were clear anthromorphic characters that made them look like the other sentient beings walking on two legs. For instance, now they possessed two (often gigantic) mammary glands to nurse their young. Strangely they still laid eggs. Some legends claimed this was due to a certain ‘curse’ laid by a powerful magician that made the race to possess a mixture of human and bestial reptilian traits.

No dragons of contemporary times heeded much to the legends. They were generally in good terms with the other races anyway. But if there’s one thing that had passed from the supposedly original ancestor to its descendants, it was the species’ penchant for flying. Though they no longer had strong wings sprouting from their back, the dragons used their newfound intelligence and sociability to contribute to massively to the scientific development of the planet. They were the first race to mass-produce portable jetpacks, taking to the sky once again. The dragons were flying once again.

Hence when they came, the daemons,-nobody knew what exactly they were, other than knowing they were beings of pure malevolence and hatred-the dragons were the one that took the fight to the skies. There were news from other nearby planets. Ships laden with refugees brought terrible tales of the invading force swiftly overrunning other world’s defense system and enslaving the native population into brutal labor and such. Arsuria would not let it suffer the same fate.

The 24th Sky Cavalier Brigade was the name of the unit Spinel belonged to. As the denizens of Arsuris mobilized against the uncompromising invaders, she too was drafted into the Army. She took it relatively well, burying her grudges and grievances. As a veteran dungeon adventurer who delved deeply into the ancient horrors of forgotten temples, tombs, and other suspiciously old and forbidding locations, she had a vague sense of what these invaders really were.

A group of entities that inhabiting in a different dimension, feeding off negative emotions of other races such as misery and hatred. They were essentially daemons in the old Arsurian legends, existing only to inflict pain and harm to others. They could not be reasoned with; the delegate that the Arsurians sent did not return except one, whose conditions were so horrible that the World Government had to take him to an indefinite custody. But there were already rumors about a disfigured and twisted creature that had once been a man; just yesterday on the barrack where Spinel was stationed her squad members were discussing what the returned envoy looked like. She chose to ignore their pointless arguments and tried to sleep.

That was just yesterday. It sure felt like an eternity had passed between now and then. It was evident that the mission had failed. The strange flying creatures her squad had encountered were hellishly fast and agile.

Just above the Scanias Air Base those things flocked like carrion birds having just discovered a juicy carcass down below. They were the reason why her squad and other jetpack infantries were called in the first place; currently most of the aerial force in the base were carrying out their own mission somewhere, leaving the base dangerously undefended with only a couple of anti-aircraft guns shooting out pitiful amount of shots in the air that did nothing to deter the enemies’ movement. It was up to the famous dragons to fight the threat from the skies. Just like their ancestors, squads of dragons with jetpacks attached to their back would fly to the sky and attack the airborne enemies.

Confirming and relaying back the orders to her squads, Spinel activated the device strapped onto her back, the familiar sound of buzzing and revving engine and having a calming effect despite its obnoxiously loud sounds and incessant rattling. At least it was a familiar aspect that she could appreciate, unlike the strange creatures she had to deal with right now.

As she and others got close to the flying monsters circling above the air base, she caught a glimpse of their sight afar as she activated the binocular module installed on her visor to get a close view of what she was dealing with. What unnerved her more was the fact that they looked like a strange mixture of a living being and a machine; the image her recording device caught showed something that looked like a jet, but which had long tails and wings that flapped with two strong arms with claws on both ends. It was surprisingly small for an aircraft, being only 1.5 times larger than herself by her rough estimation. What was supposed to be the cockpit of this ‘jet’, pair of baleful red eyes glowed, seemingly containing infinite malice. Spinel felt sure it looked at her for a moment, moving its eyes that were somehow imprinted on its frontal space. It did have a large exhaust nozzle on its rear, flames erupting from it, but above the hole there was a long tail that stretched out to the back, like reptilian tail Spinel herself had on her lower back. The wings flapped like a bird would do to stay afloat.

They were alive. That’s what Spinel felt when she saw them in mid-air. Her premonition proved to be correct as it opened its ‘mouth’ and screeched, temporarily stunning her from the sheer volume it produced. She saw the cockpit’s frontal snout open like a maw of the beast, razor-sharp tooth-like objects jutting out from its inside. A long dark silvery object protruded from the inside as well, covered in sticky substances. That must’ve been the creature’s ‘tongue’. It must’ve spotted her, as it suddenly broke from its previous repetitive movement and began to charge straight towards her like a hawk locking on its prey.

“All units engage! Fire at will. Forget about obtaining a sample. Just destroy them. Kill them. Hunt them down!” She was quick to recover from her initial shock, ordering her units. They sent multiple confirmations, which was reassuring at least.

A slight change in order was necessary. Yes, they had been tasked with retrieving the enemy aircrafts for data analysis besides fending off the threat. But her honed battle instinct told her that was not likely going to happen. The thing coming right at her was hellishly agile and fast, doing rapid maneuverings that would’ve been a fatal burden to its pilot-if it had one. These living aircrafts were menaces made out of mechanical intricacies and feral animalistic killer instincts all combined. Worst of both worlds, Spinel thought.

Some part of her felt the thrill of the hunt, the feeling of the big one marking her as the primary threat making her blood boil, her body filled with adrenaline, muscles tensing, her mind feeling sharper than ever, shutting off everything else that was unnecessary for her imminent survival and eventual triumph.

Spinel pointed her pistol and aimed at the rapidly approaching beast. She thought it would try to dodge, but what happened next shocked her. It kept flying at her straight, the bullets she fired bouncing against the shiny chrome-like surface. The specially crafted and enchanted bullet didn’t even explode. Without hesitation she drew another pistol from her thigh, shooting in rapid succession.

Again, the multiple glowing balls of energy dissipated as it reached the metallic ‘scale’ the beast was covered with. Perhaps it was coated with some kind of protection spell from ranged spells and projectiles. Still she didn’t let her internal terror and doubt show on her face. She had dealt with such creatures before. Conjuring her trusty blade out of thin air, Spinel turned up her jetpack engine to full capacity. She would take the fight to the monster.

The distance between them was quickly diminishing. From her earpiece others were also trying to go melee, shouting their ranged weapons were effectively useless. They couldn’t count support from the base too; as it turned out, there were another group of flying creatures approaching from the north, forcing land forces in the base to respond to this new threat.

Now she could hear the piercing screech of the mechanical creature swooping for a kill. Its weird shape followed suit. She could see its shimmering form like as the air around it began to distort like a haze on a hot summer day. Maybe it was some sort of a camouflage device designed to confuse the viewer. With the daemonic forces, one could never be sure. Chaotic was the best word to describe them.

Enough of her ramblings. Spinel focused her mind for the upcoming battle. She kicked more speed onto her gear. Like a knight with her long and deadly lance, she would charge straight towards the beast with the added force of the sheer velocity guiding her, destroying it in one single strike. She wouldn’t flinch. She wouldn’t slow down at the last possible moment. Her old adventuring memories and recent repeated drills with combat experiences guided her. She glared at the target just as its blood-red eyes were locked onto her charging form. With a loud battle cry that she hoped to match the shrill shouts of the beast, Spinel lunged at the creature.

There was a sickening sound of something hard breaking. Spinel wasn’t sure if it was from her or the monster she had just charged at. Adjusting her position, she quickly surveyed her surroundings. She didn’t feel pain, which meant mostly two things: she wasn’t harmed, or she was too much injured to feel pain. Seeing how her body seemed to move fine by her command, she judged the case was the former.

Then the large crash must’ve been inflicted to the enemy… And there it was, the creature’s ‘belly’ badly damaged by her blade, its metallic surface shredded and machine parts visible, black thick substance leaking from its inside. But just as she had suspected, it was not only the mechanical stuff that fell from the monster’s innards. Some kind of flesh were visible as well that looked like intestines, and veins and sinews clinging to the machine parts and connecting them together, the muscle fibers dangling out from the inside…

It made her sick. Not to the level of atrocity that would make her puke. She had seen fairly disturbing sights during and before the war which she would not tell anybody, even to her trustworthy squad members. But this was one of those which made you flinch at maximum discomfort. Something was wrong. Seeing a plane’s inside filled with organic materials was something she hadn’t expected to see.

The creature’s enraged roar brought her back from her momentary slippage. Good. At least it made her focus again. It could bleed, no matter how disturbing the implications were. She didn’t feel any remorse, just disgust and hatred towards the creature. She has seen the aftermath of the daemonic invasion. Horrifying was too mild of a word to use. Spinel knew the daemonic creatures couldn’t be reasoned with.

She checked how others were faring. Rather badly, as she didn’t get replies from several troopers. Mourning can come after when it’s all over, she thought, hardening herself for the millionth time ever since the invasion started. Already she could sense multiple blips heading towards her direction via the HUD sensor in her visor. Somehow they knew she was the crucial target commandeering the attacks.

The original creature was still hovering around, its dragon-like wings flapping wildly, its mouth open, howling in frustration and anger. Strange bluish flames hissed from its muzzle and nose.

It opened its mouth, revealing a cylindrical object. She began to fly back. As much as it was a creature, it was a machine as well. The clicking sound was definitely that of a minigun loading its ammos. Where Spinel was a moments ago, countless bullets wooshed through the air as the creature shot from its mouth.

There were another clicking sounds coming from somewhere behind her back. The other creatures must’ve aimed her just as the injured creature was shooting at her. She desperately tried to call others for backup, but most sounds that came back were screams or statics. Even the trained soldiers were no match for these creatures. The Sky Cavaliers were supposed to deal with slow and cumbersome bombers, not fast and agile jets that were alive with deadly bestial instincts.

And to her horror, she saw how the creature she had sliced its belly open began to repair itself, as multiple mecha-tendrils emerged from the surface and began to cover the exposed wound. She tried to get close to hinder its healing process, but other creatures drew close to her, shooting wildly. Though she could avoid it, it took all of her effort just to stay afloat. Her movement was severely impaired as barrage of bullets fired from nearby creatures. Again she shouted to her troopers, but all came was the hissing static.

Amidst the deafening sounds of bullets coming towards her, Spinel thought she heard some kind of a clicking sound. Briefly she wondered whether finally someone had come to her aid. But alas, as she frantically looked in various directions she at last saw what made that sound: from the belly of a nearby flying creature, a hatch opened, revealing a missile aimed straight at her.

Before she could do anything, it moved towards her. She should’ve felt pain, but she didn’t, as her vision rapidly darkened, and her consciousness easily slipping away.

She didn’t feel much pain, just discomfort. That was something. Her arms were chained in shackles, restricting her movement. She was lying face down on what felt like a rectangular shaped table, her body feeling like it was getting pulled over from multiple directions, like a frog waiting to be dissected in a lab. That thought didn’t comfort her at all. An acrid metallic tang could be felt on her nose and her mouth. Wherever she was, the place was pitch-black dark, her eyes not catching up really anything. Judging from how the air felt on her scale, she was probably nude, stripped of her gears and uniform.

It was evident she was caught by the enemy.

When she woke, still half-asleep, Spinel thought how her situation was distressingly similar to some of the salacious short stories she had read during in her spare times: a brave amazon caught by monsters and waking up in middle of their lair, waiting to be ravaged mercilessly by lustful monsters who conveniently had big humanoid cocks capable of impregnating her.

It would’ve been amusing if this was all just a dream, and she woke up again in the field hospital, badly damaged but still alive. But it wasn’t. Despite her silent pleas she remained immobile in a very embarrassing position; with her dangling mid-air floating slightly from the table, her bountiful breasts squeezed against its cool surface, and her nether regions felt a gust of wind blowing from somewhere.

Then the light suddenly went on, confirming her fears. She was nude all right. On a position that was like she was on all fours, she was exposing her anus and pussy as she found even her tail was shackled to make it point upwards. The daemons’ intentions seemed very clear.

“Oh, you’re awake.” Someone spoke from a distance.

It took some time for her eyes to adjust in the sudden brightness. Eventually Spinel could see a red robed figure staring at her. Green eyes glowed from his face, hidden beneath a metallic mask complete with a breather of a sort that contained long snout and a couple of whiskers. Two round ears sprouted from the top of his head, and a lithe pinkish bald tail swished to and fro. It looked just like a ratfolk, one of many bestial race of Arsuria.

“You must be one of those traitors working for the daemons.” Spinel growled, baring her sharp fangs. “You think you’re so smart, huh? Live another day while the rest of us suffer. Enjoy your privilege while it last, turncoat. You’ll regret it.”

“I know.” The blunt answer came out faster than she had expected. A vacant expression appeared on the mouse’s face, the nonchalant one that unnerved the viewer.

“Then why the hell are you working for them? Listen, I can bring you back. If you can get me my stuff-“

“Can’t. This whole place is monitored. Every word you and I speak is also recorded. And besides, I kinda like this. Just so damn…good…” The rat inhaled deeply. His eyes shot upwards, losing focus for several seconds. Spinel noticed how the breather attached to his snout was connected via tube to some kind of an air tank with a skeleton image on its side. He inhaled deeply.

“Hey! What the- Take that mask off! That thing is probably a poison!” She shouted, both alarmed and concerned at the sight that was unfolding before her. The transparent plastic tube was filled with greenish fog, which swiftly travelled all the way up to the mask, soon covering his face from view. With her immobile state Spinel could only shout and thrash trying to break the chains, but they held fast.

“Initiate the conversion process…”

Soon after the rat spoke, there were lots of clicking and whirling, as if he had activated a machine to life. Three transparent plastic tubes appeared. Where they would end up, Spinel felt it was too obvious, seeing how the end tip was shaped distinctively like male genitalia surrounded my small bumps and spikes, like feline or draconic members.

But before they would enter her via various holes, a preparation had to be made. Still with his eyes glazed from the gas he was breathing in, the robed rat put his hands on his pocket, scrounging for something. A moment later several syringes appeared, containing oily black liquid.

“Ah… such a lovely stuff.” The rat snickered, heedless of the curses Spinel was throwing at him. As he breathed more of the air that was accumulating in his mask, some small changes were made visible. The top of his mask burst as two ram-like horns sprouted, spiraling in a wicked pattern that would’ve made normal person bow down his head from the sheer weight of the hefty protrusions. On his chest there emerged a reddish sign of a circle that was slashed three lines forming a reverse triangle. His once petite, even pathetic small paws rapidly twisted into bestial claws capable of tearing down any metal with ease. The lithe tail grew longer, sharp blade-like spikes growing from its end, swishing like a snake. He grinned as Spinel started at him in utter disbelief.

“Just thought I should introduce myself proper, my dear Spinel.” With a long forked tongue the once small-looking rat hissed, throwing away his robe to reveal his muscular form that was gaining size. Now he was almost a head taller than her. “My name may be unpronounceable to mortal words, but fortunately I have a solution. You may just call me as the Engineer.”

“Huh. So you’re a daemon.” Spinel said, trying to hide shock that must’ve been very apparent to the other. “So you’ll probably rape and kill me I guess. No need for me to know your name.” She was probably shaking. She couldn’t let that become too obvious. If she was to go, at last she would try to go down with a dignity, despite her present predicament.

“I’m not going to do either of those, actually.” He spoke softly, his caring voice disgusting Spinel even more with his façade of benevolence. “When the conversion is done, you’ll beg me to take you. Then I shall grant your request generously, so rest assured.”

He moved so swiftly, to Spinel it felt like he had teleported right next to her in an instant. Then she felt a sharp jolt of pain on her breasts and her butt; she saw the syringe injected onto her sagging huge breasts. She couldn’t turn her head much, but the object must’ve been on her bottom as well as she felt another brief similar singeing sensation from her back. The pain soon abated, replaced with something cool and sticky going inside her body as the two syringes unloaded their contents.

“Urgh! What the fuck did you just do to me, you freak?”

“Something you’ll thank me later.”

“What the hell that’s supposed to mean?” Despite the coolness of the liquid entering her, Spinel began to feel the heat radiating from the two spots where the injections had took place. Not just her body feeling hot, but her urges getting all fired up as well.

“Such fine body you have. Delicious looking curves. Man would kill to touch a body you have.” He juggled her breasts, the sharp claws not leaving any marks on her supple flesh. Instead he skillfully massaged them, holding not too tightly and reliving any cramped parts, freely moving from her nipples, areola, and then even to her armpit, tickling the sensitive spots for a moment.

Then he moved downwards, touching the intricately carved abs she had painstakingly cultivated in fitness training, like a mother tenderly going over her sick child’s stomach trying to sooth the pain, added with a jovial and playful touch of a sensual lover wishing to feel every little part of his partner’s body worthy of being worshipped. Everywhere he touched, it left her wishing for more, applying just the right amount of pressure.

When his hands moved to her ample butt and softly slapped it to make it wobble, Spinel didn’t mind much, her eyes closed and face forming frown, gritting her teeth to not to show how pleasurable his masterful caresses were. The two cracks hidden beneath her flesh he didn’t miss, first casually avoiding it, and then ever slightly teasing little by little from the outskirts. Soon the fingers unashamedly went inside her two holes, making her tremble and finally let out a shout resulting from the long awaited orgasm.

Her nude body showed signs of obvious arousal as she felt her nipples getting hard, as well as her butt and breasts shaking a bit to allure the nonexistent dragon male to mate her.

Her breathing became short interval of pants, tongue rolling down from her agape mouth.

“Aroused already? Must’ve been very frustrated, I see.”

Spinel tried to say something in response, but instead another moan came out from her lips. It must’ve been a powerful aphrodisiac that was injected unto her; the effects were immediate, possibly the strongest one she had ever ingested. Her two holes huffed and puffed, longing for something thick and long to pierce the itching insides and fill them repeatedly besides his fingers. Her clitoris was now fully erect facing downwards, as her vaginal juices flew down her thighs.

She couldn’t hold down her saliva drooling from her open mouth, tongue rolling out of her mouth like a dog panting in heat. Image of her being mercilessly pounded flashed before her eyes, exacerbated by the mouse’s sensuous touch that left her hanging, always stopping and moving somewhere else just as she would try to orgasm. The juice flowing from her nether wasn’t the result of a satisfactory orgasm, but more like premature ejaculation that left little room for true satisfaction.

Already she was falling fast to her burning arousal. As his hands touched her thighs sleek with her juices, she grinded her upper parts of her body to alleviate the burning sensation from her breasts. The hardened nipples were begging for her attention, as well as thoroughly wet pussy and gaping anus.

“Fu…fuck…”

“Hmm, I think you are ready for the next step.”

The tubes that were suspended on air so far began to come into life. When one came near from the front, Spinel opened her mouth without thinking, still not free from the debilitating effect of the liquid. In just a moment the tube wedged firmly inside her mouth, making sure her bite couldn’t damage it. From her rear, her raised tail allowed easy accesses for the tubes to be inserted into her two gaping holes. They too slid effortlessly, making Spinel orgasm that was better than the last one as she trembled. The heat she was feeling was unbearable, magnified by the aphrodisiac and masterful touch of the demon Engineer playing with her body. As she was penetrated from three sides at once she peed, unable to hold down her bladder from the sheer pleasure she was experiencing. With a sloshing sound the floor beneath her was drenched with her yellow fluid smelling acrid scent of her fertility.

“Mmmf…mmf! Hmmpf…” She thrashed not from pain, but from pleasure alone as it hammered onto her brain via three holes. She continued to pee, now mixed with occasional vaginal juice, constantly showing how she was in a rut and ready to receive the male cock.

Without giving much time for reprieve, the tubes were filled with another blackish oily substance that wasn’t much different from the syringes. The taste she really couldn’t feel much except being spicy. It was sticky and thick as well like some kind of a gloop. From her mouth she nearly gagged as immense amount rushed through her mouth then to her neck, a visible gulp appearing in her neck several times. Tears ran down her eyes from the intense pleasure. It was like she was rammed with the biggest cock and drinking all of the virile and potent cum it offered. And she welcomed the sensation of being full, almost unable to take it all. She stretched her mouth willingly, drinking down all the fluid flowing from the tube. Viscous black bubbles formed on her nose, making her cough as some of the overflowing liquid sputtered and discharged from her nose.

Her lower half was also inundated with the strange substance coming out of the tubes. Her belly and butt swelled from the sheer volume she was taking. The inflations weren’t temporary. Her butt grow larger, twice the size of her waist, which would leave her bottom always wobbling whenever she tried to walk, collecting all male gaze and seducing them. Her belly also inflated like a balloon filled with water, her rapidly expanding flesh leaving stretch marks on her stomach.

The Engineer meanwhile kept molesting Spinel, now drawing intricate marks with his sharp nail all over her body as he continued to sensually massage her. Blood poured from the slash marks, but with the amount of fluid entering her and her body feeling ever lustful as a result, there was no way for the dragon to notice what seals were being drawn on her body, making it more suitable for modification. He knew what image he would remake this weak but valiant dragon. Just seeing her filled him with much information about her. One piece of her stored knowledge and memory had attracted his interest. The ancient dragons who walked on four legs and had wings on their back… Perhaps he could help her achieve her true original form. It was easy. After all, all he had to do was to apply the same method for producing his Jetdrakes, wretched beings who were once pilots but fused with their crafts.

This time, however, he himself would orchestrate the process, making some adjustments. As Spinel continued to writhe under unimaginable pleasure constantly hammering down on her body and mind, the Engineer began to devise a plan.

This time, he would build his precious Jetdrake from scratch, straight out from a live specimen. The thought excited him as his mortal form could feel and appreciate the strong scent of the female in heat. His member rose, already half-erect and dribbling pre. He smeared his semi-clear liquid from his penis onto his hands, and went back to his captured dragon’s body, covering her with his own bodily fluid. The marks he had inscribed unto her began to glow in dark red. Spinel’s body expanded again, chubby body becoming voluptuous and almost obese figure as her flesh took more fluid.

“Mmph! Mmff! Mhmmmm…” Her scales were absorbing the daemon’s pre like a sponge to water, her skin gleaming with a silvery light. Now his cock was fully erect, dribbling pre and cum.

Combining his mortal form’s lust for this glamorous female and his daemon side’s desire to corrupt and modify the dragon to his bidding, he aimed his member towards her face and then stroked it. Moments later a thick glop of sticky black cum shot through, giving a good facial on Spinel. It was just like the liquid that was filling her via three tubes penetrating her holes. Spinel moaned again, the hot cum on her face starting to feel not so bad as it too seeped beneath her scale, deeply rooting inside her and ready to change her further. Then more cum came from his cock, effectively painting her face completely. The Engineer rubbed his cum over her face then to her neck like applying cream, making sure no spot was missing from his stuff.

He repeated the process several times again, each time aiming a different part of her body to paint with his cum. From her slash marks tiny metallic layers began to spread and cover her scale, but only the daemon cared, grinning as he saw the changes gradually taking effect.

Her body increased in size, but the growths were mostly focused around her breasts, belly, and ass. Like the fabled figure of the ancient fertility idol, Spinel was becoming obese in a way that accentuated her curves and roundness to the maximum, the added fat somehow not blemishing her beautiful and sexy body that made many males gasp and females envy. The ugly stretch marks were actually disappearing as her body was coated with the mixture of daemon’s cum and pre, her red scale now turning into bright silvery color like chrome.

As her body expanded in size, so did her holes grow wide, able to accommodate more of the fluid constantly flowing into her. The initial feeling of her jaw being dislocated went away as her mouth could easily swallow a tube 1.5 times bigger than the current one lodged onto her mouth, continuously chunking out its load. Now the fluid didn’t came out from her nostrils, she faithfully swallowing every last drop. Her neck also got longer, allowing more of the tube to go inside her neck, making a visible bulge.

Her two holes back were also affected. Her once tight anus stretched to the limit as the tube actually inflated while penetrating her back door, making Spinel moan and shake her butt uncontrollably. Her anus perimeter became puffy and swollen, the inner sphincter expanding in all direction and making her butthole incredibly sensitive. Her vagina followed suit as it expanded outwards, the tube also increasing in its size to match the growth. Without tubes she would always have gaping holes leaking fluid and begging to be filled, as they lost some of their elasticity, always staying agape. Not that she cared, currently being filled to the fullest with thick tubes from multiple directions.

When the daemon feigned to pull out the tube from her mouth, Spinel clamped down her mouth without thinking, her half-glazed eyes from the incredible feeling of being filled from three holes talking a toll on her mind just as it had done with her physical body and its shape. She then swallowed the tube deeper, giving a deepthroat, determined to fill her needy hole. She tried to raise her tail and butt more, as to give more access to the tubes penetrating her anus and vagina.

With all the liquid filling and absorbed into her insides, the daemon’s spells took into effect again and again. His slash marks on her body, hidden beneath a thin layer of chrome-like coating, weaved out its transformative energy, reworking her structure inside out. Her flesh was slowly turning into some kind of a metal, but augmented with strange qualities, scales turning into resilient and malleable blobs like soft rubbers. When the Engineer slapped her ass it wobbled, and when he poked it a bit the slimy and sticky surface gave way like a jelly. The metal she was coated with acting like both liquid and solid at a same time.

From her inside, the black liquid filling her was now reconstructing her insides. The absurd amount of it stored onto her stomach wouldn’t stay in one place for long, as it seeped deeper into her body to modify her as the daemon saw fit to do so. He gently caressed various parts of her body just as a caring lover would amorously touch his partner’s erogenous zone to induce orgasm. In a way he loved her, just as a wonderful and promising specimen that would yield great results. As he touched the dragon, he could feel the dark energy growing inside her. Blood vessels were clogged with his enchanted oil that was to be her lifeblood from now on. Her organs were seeped with the liquid, turning black, tiny little mecha-tendrils sprouting from the thick mass and attaching themselves to form new machine-like cells.

Her brain was already deeply submerged in the oil, her mind getting affected as a result. The pleasure that would’ve been too great a shock was now bearable. Her tainted inside began to work on modifying itself further, becoming a suitable jet-dragon hybrid like those she had battled earlier.

“How lovely you are becoming.” The demon hissed, spreading her butt and massaging it, satisfied with how the surface was sticky and producing oil-like slimy sweat attached to his hand. He could poke quite deeply onto it like one would do with a jelly. Yet the form didn’t break, maintaining its viscosity, always returning to the round curves that were begging to be fondled and slapped. “I think you’ll like it too. Just like the ancient days. The fearsome dragons of the old legend. I know what happened to your kind. Do you not wish to restore your former lost glory? To be feared. To be revered. To be worshipped. I can make that happen.”

All of this Spinel could still hear and understand in her jumbled messed up state, constantly reminded of her intense arousal. Even as she could feel her orifices filled with thick oil and her inside constantly changing, she didn’t completely go blank. Rather, she could feel more of the acute pleasure that sent shivers down her body like a jolt of electricity.

“Mmmm…Hngmmm…” She mumbled, momentarily forgetting that her mouth was already occupied with the tube sending down another chunk that she found it so tasty and arousing. This was much worse than she thought, because she could still retain most of her consciousness. It wasn’t like one snap and she would become hypnotized to follow the daemon’s bidding. Despite her mutated body-breasts inflated several times her normal size and her belly looking heavily pregnant, and then her butt and thighs impossibly stretched, flesh sagging heavily downwards-she could still move her limbs with much grace she had in her soldierly lithe and compact body. Fat was supposed to make one slow. Apparently not so for her inhumanly obese body.

That was really bad as she realized the implication. Not bound by the natural laws and principles that governed this world, then that could only mean one thing. Tainted. Corrupted. Beyond redemption. A series of damning words passed before her eyes. And her slimy body… she could feel the daemon’s finger poking inside her flesh, going deeper than it should’ve been. The seemingly endless flow of her vaginal juice, despite showing her pleasured state, also concerned her more. A normal body wasn’t supposed to operate like this. But hers was keep going strong, a testament to the changed body that was deeply affected by the chaotic and mysterious daemonic powers.

“Mmf…Grk…Grkh…” As the Engineer mischievously rammed more of the tubes attached at her anus deeper into her folds and touched her swollen hole, Spinel let out a mixture of half-hearted protests and satisfaction. She was wiggling her butt again, making a show of herself. Despite her mind telling her this was wrong, her body acted just as she had secretly wanted it; it was undeniable that his touches left her wanting for more, relishing in the lustful experience. As much as she loathed, she also desired madly.

Seeing how the dragon kept responding to his touches and spells, the daemon figured it was time to modify her body further. He could feel the energy emanating from her, similar to what consisted himself. Malleable and changeable as the strong power saw to fit. He could see the dragon being his masterpiece as he would unlock true potential for her.

Her awkward attempt to tone down her arousal a music to his ears and a fine scenery for him to gaze upon, the Engineer spoke the ancient daemonic words of power given to his master, unlocking the second phase of Spinel’s modification.

As the strange harsh sounds filled the room, Spinel’s body reacted once more. The tiny mechanical cells began to spread their baleful influences towards other cells. She couldn’t understand what exactly was going on, but her stomach was rumbling like she had eaten something bad. Her entire body felt strange. Her legs and arms she could move, but the way it moved felt somewhat out of place.

Her inside now began to truly become a hybrid of a machine and a living being. Between her muscle tissues dark metallic fibers began to sprout, infecting others nearby. Her digestive organs changed to accommodate not food but fuels and oils, and she began to feel invigorated from the influx of oil she was receiving via three tubes. Now she realized what she had been filling with. Other body parts went through similar changes. She wasn’t just becoming a machine. She was becoming a living one, a one that could breed and become pregnant and produce offspring. So her bodily parts and organs weren’t completely removed, but revamped into a machine-like one that could be fixed, upgraded, and maintained.

The Engineer then all of a sudden yanked the two tubes out from her behinds. Spinel yelled gibberish of incomprehensible protests as she felt her two gaping holes itching to be filled. When the daemon moved to her back, she moved with all of her might trying to grind her butt towards his groin, the female side of her desperate to satisfy her insatiable urges.

“Mrgh..Urk! Grk! Grr….Mpphh…Hmmmmpf….” Spinel was peeing again, showing second time in a row how deeply in heat she was. This time the daemon didn’t hesitate to take advantage. Now on his crotch there were two fat and long hemipenis that was fully erect, their surface dotted with small spikes. Black goo dripped from both members, being same color as the oil she had been forcibly fed. He scratched her holes a bit before she violently shook her upper body and moved her butt to swallow both of his cock to her waiting depths. Sleek with her urine and oil, the two holes easily admitted the daemon’s sizable cocks.

“Mrrph!”

As the Engineer rammed his meaty members unto her, Spinel came again, not caring how many time she had orgasmed previously. Each trust made her beg for more, despite her mind realizing how wrong this was. Yet he was scratching that itch she just couldn’t get rid of. Though her arms were still bound, her body was already relaxed, contently resting upon the table. His penetrations felt like the way things should’ve been, her holes requiring constant fillings, now thoroughly used to the sensation.

The daemon’s mere presence was enough to affect those nearby, slowly changing them both mentally and physically. Having already liberally painted with the daemon’s oil and now being fucked by his cocks accelerated and magnified the scope of transformation that was about to happen to Spinel.

As he roughly fucked her, his hands grasped onto her now huge breasts, each bigger than her head, the erect nipples like small cocks jutting from areola. But when he touched and squeezed them, their length diminished and receded back to the breasts. Then it went further to her insides, becoming slits. The Engineer didn’t leave at that stage. His hands went inside through her breast slits, expanding them into sizable gaping holes, just like her anus and pussy. Spinel didn’t feel pain, but only extreme pleasure as her nerve system and brain was partially changed by the daemon’s mechanical cells deeply rooted inside her body.

Another tubes soon appeared from the walls riddled with various machineries, directly plugged onto her breasts via the nipples which were now functioning as another holes for her body to feel pleasure and to be ravished upon.

His hands then moved to the next target. As he touched her arms they became covered with thick multiple plates, and her once roughly humanoid hands became overtly draconic, fingers mutating into wicked claws that would forever forbid her to do any intricate tasks with her hands. With her new claws she could only rip and tear, which was enough for a jetdrake whose purpose was nothing much except destroying the enemy.

From her back she felt some brief flaring pain, quickly mitigated by the intense pleasure as he rammed his double cocks deeper into her. He could sense the latent wing vestiges. As he gently traced through her back, making her moan again, he could tell her how the changes had happened, of how humans of old, mighty in power and wise in their knowledge, ‘tamed’ her kinds into what they are of today: bipedal, wingless, and most importantly, weak, devoid of their feral intelligence and tenacity, forced to adhere to the pesky customs and rules of the society and culture humans have created.

He felt her minds stir; the connection between them has become more than just physical. As she drank and was filled with the daemon’s own oil-like cum, his hold on her gradually grew, like she was addicted to him. First it was his presence making her continually horny, but as now she was fucked by him she felt more and more of his powerful influence flowing towards her. He was not just filling her with his cum, but also with his presence. She could feel and taste the daemon’s own chaotic mess of emotions, at least a fraction of them, pouring inside her head.

Amidst his pleasures of a mortal body reeling from the copulation and the malignant joy of corrupting and transforming her, Spinel could sense some bits and pieces of his knowledge channeling into her. Most of it went too fast, but the part about the ancient dragons and their degradation the Engineer made sure she would take it all. Most likely a second or so had passed as he savagely thrusted to her depth to transfer this piece of information, but to Spinel she felt a very long time had passed, viewing how it had all happened back then: the taming of her kind.

From her back two tumorous growths appeared. The blobs reformed themselves into long metallic plane wings, black oil dripping from both sides. At first they stood erect and motionless, but with a satisfying roar Spinel flapped her new appendages, her deep instinct awakened for real now: she now could fly without the petty and cumbersome machine strapped on her back. No, the ancient dragons would laugh at what their kinds had degenerated into. She would be the first one to claim the rightful heritage that was denied from her race.

Even if this was all a foul lie by the daemon that was still fucking her, Spinel wouldn’t have cared. The feeling was too good. The anticipation of flying with her own body made her cum again coupled with her now regular sensation of getting fucked. Though still contained by the tubes penetrating her and the daemon catching her arms and pinning her body down, she could already imagine the thrilling sensation of flapping her wings in open air, diving and soaring without the fear of the fuel running out for her jetpack.

And other changes followed suit, to make her resemble a dragon of the old. Her expanding raptor-like feet sported raptor-like claws good for tearing, and her legs shifted into digitigrade like stance, and along with her back arched, she would now find it always more comfortable walking on four legs, tail raised and exposing her anus and vagina. The primal beast would feel no shame in exposing her genitalia.

“See? I’ve told you would love it…” The daemon’s mocking voice just went over her mind. She did recognize it, but she just wanted to ignore it. Maybe because he was right. Though her breasts, belly and butt was now the twice the size each used to be like an ancient fertility idol she saw somewhere, and though her mouth, two holes and breasts were penetrated with either thick tubes pumping out oil and fat daemonic cock continuing to corrupt her, and though her body was now coated with a sticky silver substance, she couldn’t help but love her body. It was almost perfection. Perfect to satisfy her urges in many ways. But she could become much more than that.

So she now began to embrace more of the malefic influence inside her. It was like she was holding pee for a long time, and then suddenly just decided she didn’t care wetting her underwear. The dam that was her resolve and holding the daemon’s energy cracked. Of course, even before that she was already seeped in his power. Now she cared less.

Her raised tail which was also getting thicker and fatter now received additional changes as its end was reconfigured into a tailplane, but still flexible, bending easily like a dolphin’s tail. With her new sleek tail she coiled the daemon’s head in an affectionate way, purring like a pet before its master. The feeling was just damn too good.

The tendrils inside her worked to change her further. Her inside was now a mixture of organic and metallic parts. Her heart, which was now also her engine, was thumping rhythmically as some of the arteries and veins transmogrified as metallic tubes. Her taste buds had changed to accept oil as her primary essence and fuel for survival. Some of the muscles clicked and hissed with pistons moving as her muscles were fused with machine-like parts. Even her brain was starting to become affected as she could hear strange beeping sounds inside her, the same sound she heard while she dealt with machines, especially her own jetpack.

But she felt quite content with the changes. Her huge inflated body didn’t feel heavy at all. The sagging flesh didn’t slow her down. It didn’t produce the uncomfortable stomachache like the last time she ate too much snacks after overnight march training. The sex she was currently having was amazing. Her ‘lover’ didn’t hurt her like some of the clumsy males who didn’t know much thing about female body. The fluid she was taking was invigorating. She felt like she could fly. And with her new wings, why not? She even had nice tail-fin for balance like a real plane. Her squishy body was soft, but not weak. It was elastic and resilient. Like a slime, she could just absorb or deflect incoming attacks with ease. Each time the daemon thrusted with all of his might onto her butt, his hands sunk into her malleable flesh. After he moved his hands to somewhere else the flesh returned to its bouncy texture. She felt stronger than ever before.

And much to her delight, the transformation hadn’t entirely finished. There was more room for improvement. Now that she was a partly a machine, Spinel could feel it. The little clicking and humming inside her body needing constant maintenance and upgrade. And the male who was fucking her could do both. He was the Engineer, after all.

Maybe this was wrong. She was being fucked by a daemon and transforming. She knew it well. Her mind was relatively intact, sort of. But to throw it all away…why would she? And she wasn’t likely to go back to her former self anyway. There was no known cure for daemonic corruption. But wait, what cure? To cure meant that she had fallen ill. But she didn’t feel bad. It was the exact opposite. Why should feel guilty for being and feeling healthier than ever? Her inside felt clean like a brand new machine well-oiled to start its motions. Her new sensors beeping and inputting data felt good. She wasn’t just some cold mindless machine. She could still think and feel in her own accord, a perfect harmony between a living organism and a machine, taking the best of both worlds.

She still knew daemons invaded her home planet… But if they could upgrade her like this, shouldn’t others accept this boon as well? Maybe there was just a big misunderstanding by everyone. They must’ve been saviors. Otherwise, why did getting fucked by a daemon would feel so good? Why did their conversion process feel mind-blowingly fantastic?

The daemonic rat grinned. He could feel more and more of her accepting what she was right now. Time to add finishing touches to complete her transformation. As he massaged her swollen anus she screamed in ecstasy, the numbing sensation managing to stay afresh and not make her dull to the ongoing stimulation. Her machine parts made sure to regulate her hormones and other chemical fluids to make sure of that.

“Mmf! Hnhrf! Mh.. Mha……” The muffled sounds coming from her mouth greedily sucking the tube was anything but tormented shouts. Her body writhed in not pain, but intense pleasure that kept hammering down on her. He was now actually stretching her anus inch by inch, making it wider. Like previous changes, she didn’t feel pain, only intense pleasure thundering down on her brain, making her sensors go overload. She could actually hear beeping sounds telling her lust was reaching critical level. She wasn’t sure why a plane would have such sensor installed in the first place, but that was probably the daemon’s attempt to make her feel more humiliated and aroused…and it was working well.

The daemon caressed her anus, shaping it to his needs, even as he fucked the hole with this thick cock. Now that her skin was fully formed into slimy metallic plates, he found it easy to mold it to his needs. The size of the hole grew. Even before he had touched it, the hole could already accommodate a fist. Now it gaped wider, just like a jet’s exhaust hole at the back. It would not be used as such, functioning much like an anus; just the daemon’s preference for making her resemble a jet. His cock grew in size accordingly, continuing to ‘fuel’ her from the back with his liquid oil.

Although the fuels working from the inside had done most of the job converting her to a hybrid creature, the daemon knew there were few finishing touches to be made. He continued to touch various parts of her body, making sure to give more machine-like traits. Bolt holes appeared on her body to make future maintenance easier. Her skins became connected via series of plates, and from her insides, tubes, cables, and small gadgets existed alongside with her remaining organic parts in strange harmony, making sure her body was working to its full capacity and beyond.

The Engineer closed her eyes as he swept his hands over her face, leaving a black layer of goop like a war paint on her eyes, forming horizontal lines. Briefly she felt her eyesight failing, seeing nothing but blackness. Panic rushed as she for a moment thought the daemon had finally revealed his true intention of maiming and then killing her in the most excruciating way as possible. But what she had expected didn’t come. Her sensors beeped, telling her that a new upgrade was currently being installed to increase her optical capability.

And then she could see again. When she opened her eyes again, she was greeted with a surprising view. The daemon had made her eyes like a long panel of windshield on a front of a jet, which mad her vision wider than before. She could see sideways and front at the same time. It was a dizzying experience, but she got used to it pretty quick, thanks to her new sensors adjusting her sight. Everything felt more sensitive now. She could ‘see’ her and the daemon’s lust combined, making a thick fog all over the room they were in. All other various data appeared in form of numerical data. She could enhance to magnify certain area if she wanted to. This new pair of eyes was definitely an upgrade.

Then the Engineer yanked the tube out from her swollen vagina. She let out some fumes from her ports located on her body parts as a form of protest, shaking her ass to let the daemon continue fucking her. But he had another plan in her mind. As he touched her erect clitoris and started pouring in massive amount of sexual energy, it began to swell rapidly in both length and girth. That was the final masterful touch of a skilled craftsman like him. Daemons were supposed to contain both male and female elements, a testament to their exotic versatility that both scared and lured many. Black-colored fat and huge cock was swelling from her groin. Equally fat and huge balls covered in smooth surface like her other body parts, dropped down from her rapidly enclosing folds, already filled with cum and ready to spill her own seed.

Her new male virility was immediately put into effect as her growing cock was already forming pre at its tip, soon twitching and spewing out loads of cum as her other holes were still penetrated. Her newly formed prostate was hit repeatedly from the daemon’s cock, which made her keep cum, her balls acting like cum factory to churn out a seemingly endless amount of it.

When another tube looking like a milking machine with transparent suction on its end was attached to her expanding cock and began to squeeze her black cock, her hips moved on its own, humping on mid-air and grinding her cock on the hard table. The display screen on her new visor showed the following message: *increase cum production*. Her balls expanded further, her legs moving apart to give more space for the massive endowments. She could feel the pleasure over and over again without going blank. There was no way she could go back now, even if she could still form relatively coherent thoughts. She actively welcomed the insidious daemonic influence inside her mind, trying to connect with her own self. She welcomed the damning tendrils coiling inside her, letting it imbue her with newfound vitality and purpose.

All the while the Engineer saw his creation with utmost satisfaction. Unlike his previous specimens, this one didn’t lose its mind completely. She could do wonderful things. All she needed was just a little push. He gently removed the tube attached to her mouth. Still full of cum on her mouth, she swallowed it without any problem, then looked at him. He spoke first.

“How are you feeling, dear?”

“Wonderful…” Spinel replied, fully aware of what she was uttering. It did feel so good. Despite her bloated body, she was feeling incredibly light, like she was floating. He made her realize her lost potential. She was powerful now. Her bestial body, proudly displaying large membranous wings, thick tail and obscene genitalia and body parts, felt natural. It was what she was supposed to be. Not a weak, pathetic mockery of ‘dragon’ she once was that couldn’t even fly on her own. As she spoke, she came again, her cock pumping out another torrent of cum onto the milking tube. “Ah…if only other dragons, uhh, could feel this…”

“Of course, of course. All in due time.” The Engineer smiled. She was learning fast.

The pilot watched in disgust and horror as the ‘creature’ moved blindingly fast despite its strange ponderous additions. Breasts? Cock and balls? Huge butts? He had to do a double take to make sure what he had just witnessed. It was a plane…right? It had to be. It had plane wings and tailplane. But then the latter was also shaped like a dorsal fin, and bending in a flexible way that a normal machine wouldn’t be possible to do. And the sexual organs…why would they be attached to a jet?

Before he could finish his pondering, his plane shook violently. Warning siren wailed loudly, and the cockpit flashed with red lights. Something was damaging the back of the plane. Before he could do an emergency escape maneuver, thick black goo started to seep from the walls. It clung to his uniform. Then suddenly a thick rope of gooey stuff hit him. His clothes was rapidly disintegrating. He screamed, thinking this was some kind of acid. It wasn’t.

Spinel, now reveling in her glorious feral dragon form, grinned as she continued to fuck the plane from back via inserting her cock through its exhaust. After a few thrusts she came with ease. The sensors told her how the pilot inside the plane was covered in her cum and was starting to fuse with the plane. Soon he would feel what it meant to fly with his own wings.

The dragons fly once again, now with their own wings.