

Puzzled, Ryonir stared at his map a few times, as though the piece of parchment held all the answers he needed. Wasn't he in the right place? The map seemed to have led him into territory he was familiar with. But that couldn't be right. His orders were to check out uncharted territory for bandits in outlying towns. He was to work with the local townsfolk in identifying and deterring any criminal activity. A rather simple task even for a single knight.

The elf had worked hard to become a knight for the kingdom all his life, taking lessons from his adopted father. It wasn't often that elves found themselves in the company of men but he'd been fascinated by the stories of brave deeds that did not suit the dispositions of his elders. He was thankful for having been taken on as an apprentice by a knight in a neighboring human city. To his delight, his natural physiology made it relatively easy to complete his training and he achieved knighthood in only a fraction of the time it took most men. And now, he was happy to be taking on whatever tasks were required of him, in order to fulfill his lifelong dream.

Surveying the landscape once more, Ryonir slowly realized why he found it familiar. He'd ventured into this area for many years before his training to obtain knighthood. Though the land had been vastly uninhabited, a massive silver dragon named Gandreir had taken up residence to reclaim the territory after the last dragon had been slain. He was a kind creature, one eager to learn about humanoid advances and civilization. Ryonir was more than happy to regale him with tales about his own life and community, in exchange for a dragon's view on the details of the war many years ago. They had struck up a friendship of sorts, though Ryonir had not visited for some time.

The territory was of interest to him for another reason. He recalled the stories he'd been told in his childhood about the former dragon that had inhabited this area. Nombara, 'champion of the black' he'd been called by other dragon-folk, 'Nombara the destroyer' by the humanoid races. Twenty years ago the massive black beast had declared war on the villages in this land, burning thousands without sympathy. It was widely known that black dragons were evil but no one knew of this one's presence in these lands until it was too late for its inhabitants. It had taken much of the king's royal guard and the cooperation of several neighboring kingdoms to finally put the beast down. Since then, there had been talk that the land was cursed and few men would venture here.

Frowning, Ryonir wondered why he had been sent to scout and patrol these lands of all places. Were they slowly being reclaimed by humanoids? He decided to search for Gandreir's lair, to inquire about the developments. If he was being honest, he wasn't sure how his old friend would take to the presence of humans once more, especially ones that were filled with tales of a destroyer dragon many years ago.

Ryonir lumbered up the mountain pass, wondering how he had climbed it so easily as a youth. Only the scorch marks of a dragon tending to its feasts could be seen. Still, something out of place seemed to beckon to him, a blackened orb, clear and faceted and standing out among the drab scenery. Rynoir walked over to it, wondering if it was some sort of rare jewel or gemstone. Starting to reach down and put it in his pouch, he decided to stop, thinking better of it. Even benign dragons kept their hoards, and he thought it best to take the piece to his old friend as a peace offering.

As his fingers enclosed around the object, Rynoir felt something emanating from it, warm and almost uncomfortable. He thought perhaps it was best to put it down when a pain in his arm struck him. Reflexively, he dropped the thing, seeing a tiny nick on his arm where it had evidently scratched him. A minor annoyance.

He picked it up once more but he felt a heat in his arm, emanating from the wound, swearing there was a steady hiss from the contact of the gem on his skin. He looked down, unable to see anything that could cause such a noise. Yet, still, he could hear something in the wind, like a whisper but too far away to be audible.

“Who goes there?!” Ryonir shouted, making a move for his blade, but then thinking better of it. There was no need to show force to the wind. Even if there was a threat, he was an armored knight and had the luxury of assessing the presence before taking aggressive action. He stood still as death, listening for the origin of the sound. Yet as it got closer and louder, he failed to see anything approach him. Was this some kind of spell?

“At last” A voice hissed in his ear. Yet it did not make a sound, not exactly. Ryonir jumped back, hand on his hilt as he prepared for trouble.

“W-what? Who's there?! Show yourself!” He said, drawing on his training to alleviate his fear.

“Hmmm, a bit scrawny, an elf perhaps? No matter. Any vessel will serve me well,” the voice hissed, as though ignoring the question entirely.

“I’ll ask again! Who ARE YOU!” Ryonir yelled as he drew his blade, He made a wide sweep of the area, keeping the metal ahead lest the danger came at him.

“Me? You’ll see soon enough, elf. I’m certain that your kind has told stories about me. About how I killed so many of the pink-skinned creatures before I was slain. About how those who killed me were heroes. Well, surely they didn’t expect me to be affluent in the ancient arts.

Surely they could not have anticipated my soul existing on in another form.” the voice sneered, an indignant tone to it that made Ryonir quiver with fear.

Ryonir's face went blank from the shock. The voice in his head was referring to Nombara, and his attacks on humanoid settlements. But that was impossible, wasn't it? He was long dead, and no spell could keep his soul alive.

It was as though the voice in his head could read his thoughts. “It seems you are not entirely a fool. It is indeed I, Nombara. I have existed in this artifact, waiting for an appropriate vessel to be reborn in. And you will do quite nicely.”

Ryonir went cold at those last words. He wanted to demand what the voice meant by that, but a burning sensation in his hands made him pause. Looking down, he could see the skin that had come into contact with the jewel was red and raw-looking. The more he stared, the more it seemed as though his skin was peeling away. In horror, he could see something shiny and black under the flesh. It almost looked like...but no, that was impossible, wasn't it?

Yet the more he stared, the more he felt the warmth spread up from his hands and through his entire body. His nails felt sore, and as he watched they began to darken from their normal fair skin tone to a grotesque dark black shade. He grunted from the pain as they began to thicken and press out of his skin, leaving a trail of blood. As he watched, the nails of both his hands continued to press out into wicked-looking talons. His skin, meanwhile, was changing, more of that black shiny flesh encroaching over his own. The skin was cool, smooth, and flaked into segments like some sort of lizard. Or...

“No, stop! What are you doing to me!?” Ryonir cried out as his thumbs began to migrate up his wrists and his palms became rough with thick black skin.

“Isn't it obvious? You already know the answer if you think to ask. This is my revenge against your kind. I will change your body into my own former glory. I will be reborn and once more wage war against the cities of man!” The voice cried out, triumphantly.

Ryonir could only stand there in shock as his hands swelled out and the changes began to spread up his wrists. More of the black scaly skin was spreading up under his armor as his claws grew more fearsome and his fingers began to shorten. His thumb had moved up so far on his wrists that he couldn't use his hands if he tried! He bemoaned the useless appendages, unable to grip his sword that had clattered uselessly to the ground. He was truly becoming a beast!

All the while, cool scales spread up his arms as his muscles began to bulge and stretch under the flesh. He groaned as his shoulders began pushing forward, straining at the already form-fitting armor. He could feel his chest begin to barrel outwards as it started growing towards more draconic proportions. Lean pecs dissolved in the muscular swelling of flesh as his forward range of motion became restricted.

“How are you doing this to me?!” Ryonir yelled as the muscles continued swelling up under his armor. Nothing he had prepared for in his studies could explain the transformation he was undergoing. No record of any dragon, least of all Nombara could transform others into another being so fully. Then again, why would any use such a technique, unless they lacked a body of their own?

“It is an old spell. Passed down from generations. A way to preserve one's spirit should the worst happen. It is frowned upon by most dragons, but I have found such taboos...useful. I will be reborn in your body. I will become you while your mind trembles in fear, unable to speak or move. Such is a fitting fate for a foolish mortal such as you!”

Ryonir could only moan as his muscles continued to tear at the armor as his muscles increased. Most uncomfortable was his ass swelling against the back of his clothing, as though something poking out of his spine was desperate to get loose. Feet expanded in his boots as his growing claws tore at the leather from the inside. Heels began stretching backward and tearing the other end, making his upright posture more difficult as he desperately tried to remain balanced. Their soles grew rough pads as his toes stretched longer and became adorned with thick black plated scales.

Despite himself, even through all of this, Rynoir could feel a stirring in his loins that made him flush with embarrassment. He had always admired dragons, their size, their power, their beauty. It was those thoughts that lead him to befriend Gandreir in the first place. Though he always visited under the guise of sharing knowledge, part of him had almost been aroused by the closeness he had shared with his male friend. Yet he never let himself indulge in those thoughts, pushing them to the back of his mind. Even stirrings of lust at the thoughts were completely ignored by the disturbing implications. Such things were unbecoming of an elf, or even a knight.

Yet faced with the prospect of change, his member seemed to have a mind of its own. He could feel his maleness getting stiff in his britches, and a cool fluid leaking inside them. Though he flushed with embarrassment, with his hands now draconic paws he had no way to remove his clothes, much less tend to the sensation. He couldn't want this, couldn't be aroused without the presence of a lawfully wedded wife.

“W-what...what are these thoughts? I’d never expected one like you to...no! Stop this!” The voice in his head roared. Yet Ryonir had no more control over the situation than did the dead dragon in his head. He could feel his cock throbbing in his britches, his testicles growing larger and pressing against the fabric as they swelled with seed. He had never pleased himself since his youth; such things were above a knight of the order as he was. But he couldn't hold back the erotic sensations spreading over his changing body.

“Ooohh...Gods...No!” Ryonir cried out against the throbbing in his loins. But it was too late, and no prayer could save him from what was to come. He could feel the pressure building as his manhood pressed in and out against the confines of his clothes. He needed not touch himself. The mere stimulation was enough to bring him the sexual release his body so craved. With a moan of ecstasy, the elf's member let loose a stream of pent-up seed that soaked the insides of his suit. He groaned from the cool sensation of the sticky fluid all over his clothes, balls churning out more seed than he'd have ever thought possible. Yet it did not seem to stop. His cheeks flushed in embarrassment, unable to believe he had done such a thing! The sensations were very uncomfortable, yet he had no way to remove his clothes with the present state of his hands!

The voice in his head remained silent for the time being, the domineering dragon evidently too embarrassed by Ryonir's actions. Yet that didn't seem to slow the changes at all. Ryonir could feel the scales spreading across his chest as his stomach started to flatten and stretch with muscle. He could feel his bulk expanding and stretching at the prison of armor he was wearing. It wasn't going to last long.

As Ryonir closed his eyes to shut out the changes, a barrage of bizarre images assaulted him. The silent mind inside him had seemed to open up, and with shock, Ryonir realized he was seeing the thoughts of his captor. He began to realize that the dragon's true emotions were not ones of vengeance, as his bravado proclaimed. Rather, there was a deep sense of loss in the memories. Someone he had loved. A mate? A family member? Ryonir couldn't be sure. All he knew was it was a loss that Nombara had never recovered from. He almost felt bad for the dragon, had Ryonir not been forced to metamorphose into the beast against his will.

Still, the fires of change burned through him, ass getting larger and larger as his hips flattened and dissolved into the flesh of his distending stomach. Ryonir couldn't believe he had such a massive posterior sticking out of his slightly larger elvish frame. He could feel his anus swelling outwards towards the underside of the massive reptilian tail that threatened to tear out of his armor at any moment. Testicles swelled with virile seed as they repositioned themselves towards his backside, leaving room for his still-growing cock.

Another blush crossed his features as his cock slowly grew hard once more. Rynoir suddenly had a mental image of what it would resemble. He couldn't believe he'd find the image so arousing. Such a thing was unbecoming an elf! Yet he couldn't deny the erotic impulses. It was emanating from a deep part of his psyche that he'd never allowed himself to admit he possessed. A lust for not only dragons but for male ones as well.

Nombara, meanwhile, regarded the changes with a mixture of fear and apprehension. He knew he should be in control of his new body now, should be that much closer to getting his revenge. Yet he could not move an inch, even those parts that had changed into his former draconic glory. It shouldn't have gone like this! It seemed as though the elf's dark desires were having an effect on his form in a way he could never have imagined. All he could do was watch the changes as the elf started getting aroused once more.

All the while, Ryonir felt his cock changing within his britches, the tip leaking as it grew pointed and the cleft melted into the growing shaft. He moaned in a deeper baritone as his cock tripled in length and girth, its underside forming long ridges down towards his now black-scaled balls. Rips and tears echoed from his undergarments as his leaking cock threatened to tear them apart. Ryonir was extremely ashamed of such depraved acts his body was committing against his will. Yet even worse, a silent spectator was watching his grotesque display from inside his own mind!

The pressure of his cock head caused waves of ecstasy to flow from the shaft to his massive balls. His cock was already covered with drying seed which made him shudder. Yet he could feel more warm fluid leaking over his still-growing cock and adding to the weight of fluid in his britches. It was so heavy that he could feel his undergarments sagging from the pressure. His cock pulled them painfully taut as the fraying fabric rubbed sensually over the flesh. Once more, he was going to cum without even touching himself! With the growth of his ass and cock, his clothing wasn't fated to last.

“GRRRRR...NNNOOOO!” Ryonir yelled as his cock shot uncontrollably and soaked his undergarments once more with what he perceived was gallons of sticky draconic cum. It mixed with the still drying seed to drown his draconic phallus in a sea of spunk.

The force of his clenching cock was enough to tear the lower part of his suit off him as the front landed on the ground with an audible *splat*. He groaned as the armor covering his ass started to bend and the seams began to pop off from the force of his draconic hips. Yet, his large black scaled ass barely felt the pressure. He looked behind him with a neck that was more flexible than it should have been. entranced by the sight of his massive ass and how disgustingly out of place it looked on his body.

“You seem...pleased with my gift...” The voice finally said in his head. Ryonir could tell the voice had a condescending tone but his shame at the depraved acts kept him silent. Even though he had no real control over the actions of his body, Rynoir was forced to give in to the sinful pleasures of his flesh.

“I find it wasteful to release without a female present, but your sex is still in your control for the moment,” said the black dragon, clearly unimpressed with the state of affairs. Ryonir had no response.

Much to Ryonir's dismay the latest orgasm only seemed to accelerate the changes. Despite himself, he could feel his cock getting harder for a third time. Where was he getting such stamina? He grunted as his stomach started to expand once more, pulling painfully against the armor. It began to tear apart with several loud cracks as his relatively slim chest grew out even more. He could feel the skin on his stomach become dry and flaky as thick plated scales took shape to protect his underbelly. Hips flattened further as his spine crunched audibly, leaving his hunched posture permanent like some sort of four-legged beast. He could feel his spine stretching more and more, massive black-scaled tail growing longer and thicker to the point where he could move the damn thing if he tried.

To his dismay, Nombara still had no control over the body that should have rightfully now been his. A rage was burning deep inside him, hatred for all humanoids but especially towards this creature that dared defy him! Yet a sensation of fear began to overtake him. What if the spell had gone wrong, and he did not regain control over his former body? What if he'd given the elf the gift of being a dragon while he was forced to the corner of the mind?

He could feel the elf's mind so strongly beside his own, filled with lust, but also so much shame. What kind of creature lived in hatred of his own desires? Nombara found it more distasteful than the arrogance that an elf could be aroused by a race as powerful as his. Yet there was something else about the elf's thoughts that caught his attention. Under the lust and the fear was a sense of justice, of honor. The desire to protect all living things. The elf actually felt for those he was sworn to protect. And he even had a pang of sympathy for Nombara's plight, his lost mate, and subsequent quest for vengeance. How *dare* he even try to understand the sense of loss Nombara felt?! Dragons lived thousands of years and mated for life. His mate, his world had been taken from him. What did humans know of that kind of loss, even those longer-lived such as Ryonir's race? It was a mere blink compared to the lifespan of a dragon.

Despite himself, Nombara felt his hatred, and his desires for revenge begin to wane. Could he kill such creatures who were capable of such compassion and honor? He tried to

remove the intrusive thoughts, to remember his mission. Yet Ryonir's thoughts seemed to be bleeding over into his own, and the black dragon found it more and more difficult to hold onto the rage that had kept his soul bound to the artifact all those years.

Ryonir was powerless to respond from the pains of his ongoing change. His chest was thickening, putting on hundreds of pounds of thick muscle while his internal anatomy rearranged and grew within him. His ribcage cracked as the bones expanded to massive proportions, pressing painfully against the skin of his flesh as though growing faster than it could hold. Hungs expanded within that ribcage allowing him to breathe deeply. The remnants of his armor were no match for his spreading bulk and scales as they were torn off, leaving him clad in only his draconic hide.

Something was pulling at the back of his flesh, like spurs of bone erupting out of his shoulder blades. He gasped as they rapidly pressed upwards, while more protrusions of bone erupted from the base and stretched the length of his expanding bulk. He realized in horror that the various proportions moved like fingers, much longer and more spindly than his current draconic digits. Muscles and tendons and scaly skin spread up the length and adorned the edges. Finally, a thinner layer of blood and web-like skin spread between the bone digits that were starting to resemble wings. He realized in horror that he developed draconic wings!

Rynoir could only groan as his body continued to grow, though his still-elven head looked comically out of place on his massive reptilian body. Yet it was not to last. Several pinpricks of pain moved along his back all the way down to his tail and realized he was developing a series of spines along the length of his body. His neck stretched impossibly long, pushing his head all the way out so he had a clear view of himself. He wasn't elven anymore!

The relentless scales marched up his neck as he lost the last bits of elven skin. Rynoir cried his last tears as his hair fell off him in clumps. He mourned his lost body, the form he might never have again. Bracing himself, he sensed the real fear that he might truly lose himself to Nobrara's intellect. Yet he could sense the dragon in his mind was dubious about that reality, a small comfort at the mercy of the changes.

Still, Rynoir winced as his entire jaw started to ache, his teeth sharpening while his tongue seemed to slide out of his maw. His eyes started to water as he opened them, and he realized that sights seemed a little clearer, the colors more vibrant. He couldn't see them, but he was certain that his eyes had changed into yellowed reptilian slits. They were in time for him to look down in horror as his muzzle stretched further from his face, long and pointed and filled with dangerous teeth.

Still, Rynoir winced again as his muzzle continued to grow ever longer. He growled a deeper baritone as horns erupted from the skin of his head. A deep cough came from the sensation of something roiling from his stomach, like an oncoming hiccup or belch he couldn't hold back. Roaring, he let loose with a stream of flame that should have scored his throat or his tongue. But dragons were evidently made of sterner stuff.

To his dismay, the physical changes seemed nearly done. Rynoir was nearly entirely a dragon, yet about half the size of the beast he soon would be. Dragons were much larger than he had been, after all.

Flaring nostrils drank in the scents of the surroundings, nearly overwhelming him. Yet, one stood out in particular, one that he recognized as another dragon. Could that have been Gandreir?

“I see you’ve finally found yourself a host,” a familiar voice echoed in the valley. Ryonir twisted up his head in time to see the visage of his old friend. He hadn't heard or smelled Gandreir coming which surprised him. The currently larger silver dragon walked up towards him, taking a few caution sniffs of his own. Ryonir felt a wave of embarrassment flow over him, yet he could not blush anymore. His cock was still at full mast and even larger than it had been. To his utter shock, the larger dragon leaned over and took a few sniffs before giving it a lick that sent shivers down his spine.

“NO! What is *he* doing here?!” Nombara's voice echoed in Ryonir's mind. Nombara did know this dragon as well, it seemed. They did not like each other, though Ryonir could sense it was nothing personal. Black dragons generally did not get along at all with other species. Still, Nombara was fighting for every inch of the body they shared to yell at Gandreir, to tell him to leave. To kill him, though Nombara was still far too small to be a match for the fully formed dragon.

Gandreir looked at the still-growing dragon with a perplexed look on his face, as though he was being sized up. Ryonir was nervous about the expression. It was nothing like the one his friend had given him so many times before. It was almost...vindictive. Surely it was meant for Nombara but it was painful nonetheless. Ryonir couldn't help but feel his friend had forsaken him.

“I wondered when you would find a host. A shame it was my former friend. But from the looks of things, you seem to have hit a stumbling block in your plan to destroy humanoid civilization. He still has body autonomy, does he not? I'll take your silence as a yes,” said the silver dragon in that mocking tone.

“I always held disdain for you, but to preserve your soul in such a manner to make some unwilling vessel your host? Nothing is more despicable, even for your kind. I think it is only fitting that your mind has been trapped by your vessel. A beast such as you should be put in your place. And I would be more than happy to take advantage of your somewhat helpless state. I do hope my old friend enjoys it. I always could smell the scent of arousal on him. I thought it rather quaint.”

Ryonir was somewhat confused by his old friend's words, yet could only groan as the aches in his growing body kept him stiff. He could still move his neck enough to see that the still-larger silver dragon was moving towards his rump. To his shock and horror, he could tell his old friend was powerfully erect. The cock hanging below his stomach was larger than Ryonir's own.

It was then that Gandreir's intent became clear. Ryonir tried to get away, to prevent such a thing from happening. It didn't matter how depraved his inner thoughts had been, or how aroused his body was. He couldn't let this happen in reality! Nombara, too, reacted in horror at the idea of being used in such a manner. Yet neither of them could move their shared body as the silver dragon started sniffing Ryonir's rump. Reflectively, Ryonir moved their tail up and out of the way, exposing their moist puckered anus neatly just above their swaying black scaled balls. Ryonir stifled a moan as the long, seeking draconic tongue explored his nethers and left both the honor-bound elf and the black dragon disgusted! Yet the silver dragon was still much larger than they, and even if they could move their new body enough to get away he could easily overpower them. They were left forced to feel the dragon's tongue tease their pucker and prep them for the inevitable.

Just as suddenly as it had begun, Ryonir could feel the silver dragon rearing up on his still expanding frame. Ryonir didn't want it like this! Ryonir groaned as he felt the massive beast's cock searching for his hole. Both parts of his brain cried out in panic as the dragon's cock began seeking their insides, the tip pressing in and making Ryonir shudder. He tried to scrape every ounce of willpower to move but was forced in place as Gandreir started shoving the rest of his massive shaft into their bowels. Ryonir growled from the pain, unused to taking something inside him this way, let alone a dragon!

Despite himself, Ryonir could feel his phallus was fully erect now, leaking from the beginnings of pressure against his prostate gland. He struggled against the shameful feelings welling up inside him but he was helpless as the massive dragon on his back began thrusting in earnest. His guts were on fire, and the shame burned through his head as the first orgasmic onset took hold. He growled as his cock shot thick streams of sticky cum all over his legs and the

ground, shuddering in embarrassment but his cock kept churning the more he was fucked. There was so much cum, and it wasn't stopping!

Nombara's voice finally rang out as a mighty roar in defiance of the dragon taking him by force. "No, stop this atrocity!" He roared at the still-larger beast atop his back. Yet even he was helpless as the silver dragon had his way. Nombara roared as the pain in his guts became unbearable. Gandreir was so much bigger than he was!

Ryonir was growing all the while and in relief, he could feel the pain in his ass starting to dissipate as his insides became more spacious. He growled as the pleasure began to increase and his balls once more swelled with seed as the other dragon's slapped against them. The pressure on his prostate was becoming too much and he could feel his mate's cock getting larger and larger inside of him as if getting ready to blow his load.

"Yes...this is where...you submit to ME!" Gandreir said as he hilted the now larger dragon and prepared to blow his load. Ryonir was getting so big, expanding beyond the silver dragon. He was 1/3 larger than his lover and Gandreir had to struggle to keep his place inside his mate. But that didn't matter now. He was going to unleash his torrents of draconic seed within his lover and make Ryonir blow his own load once more.

"GGGRRRRROOOOOAAAAAARRR!"

"GGGRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOAAAAAARRR!"

Ryonir felt a warm fluid sensation washing through him as the smaller dragon filled him with thick cum. His own prostate pulsed and forced his balls to shoot once more all over himself and the ground. How he produced that amount of seed, he did not know. But at long last, he finally felt he was spent.

Coming down from the post-orgasmic high, Rynoir felt powerfully ashamed at what he had done at the paws of the now smaller dragon. He lowered his head in shame, too embarrassed to fight back, much to Nombara's disappointment. How could he have let that happen? The worst part perhaps was that he had obviously enjoyed it from the rank stench of cum all over his body and the ground. His former elven armor was soaked!

"Don't tell me you didn't enjoy it. A fitting baptism to your new form and all that it offers. Till we meet again," Gandreir said as suddenly he spread his wings and took off into the sky. Ryonir watched him go with a hint of jealousy. He couldn't work his new body properly, and a part of him wanted to follow his old friend, to see what it was like to live as a dragon. But

suddenly he felt incredibly tired from the whole ordeal, the change and fuck taking its toll. He lowered himself down to the ground, his eyes closing even through Nombara's screams of outrage in his mind.

Sometime later, Ryonir awoke, with Gandreir nowhere to be found. He could smell the dragon's scent close by and he was immediately worried. But he was bigger now, at least. He did not have to be scared if the silver dragon decided to try something. Nombara was equally disgusted by the prospect. He would not be humiliated again! Yet, he could not deny the part of him that did enjoy the mating act, even when removed from his elven host's own predispositions.

Ryonir lifted his heavy body despite the pain in his rear, wondering what he should do next. He needed to do what? Find a cave? A mate? Should he ask Nombara? Yet as he pondered, he could feel his massive body starting to shrink. What was going on? He growled as his scales started giving way to pink skin, his wings and tail retracted and he began to get smaller, ever smaller. His hands cracked and with relief, he soon had his elven digits back. The only regret was that his massive draconic cock had changed back to his former standard elven size. But that was of little concern. He was himself again!

He could still feel Nombara in his mind and reached out to speak with him. "It seems you have won," said the dragon, without the tingle of regret that Ryonir would have expected. Nombara answered without prompting. "It is not a bad life, being a knight, protecting the weak. Not all of your kind are worth killing. Those that had wronged me died long ago. While it is not my first choice, at least it is a life beyond the confines of my stony prison. I will stay within your mind and observe," the dragon finished, leaving Ryonir satisfied for now.

Ryonir stood there, clad in nothing but his skin as he picked at the tattered remains of his armor. He flushed in embarrassment at the thought of returning to his castle garbed in nothing! Maybe one of the townsfolk nearby, if there were any, would be kind enough to provide him clothing and provisions. No one was likely to believe he was a knight, even with his sword. He could not ask Gandreir for help; the trail to his caves was too dangerous and he feared what might happen to him should he encounter the dragon once more. With a heavy sigh, he made his way back down the mountain path in search of aid.

Internally, Nombara watched the elf's struggles with some amusement. He knew instinctively he could trigger the reversion to his draconic form if he so willed. Part of his mind was open to Ryonir, but not all his thoughts. He found he didn't mind the elf, bizarre sexual interests aside. He would suit his needs for the time being, even if Nombara was not in control.

His desire for vengeance on the humanoids had been quelled somewhat. But he still wanted to pay that bastard Gandreir for breeding him without consent. He would wait, bide his time until it came and his draconic form would be born once more...