

Neo Draca

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In the darkness of her room, a young maiden rested in a misshapen mass and clump of body and flesh, snuggling into her pillows, with her blanket only just covering her lower back to leave her legs and torso sprawled outward into full view. The soft red light of a lamp from somewhere above lit her bodice an even deeper red than it normally was.

Evelynn – Eve as she is known by her friends and compatriots – was no normal young woman. She wasn't even a woman for that matter. The only thing linking her to such a creature was the fact that she was feminine.

At that moment, Eve rolled onto her back, and showed just how feminine she was. To call her stacked was an understatement.

Her eyes slowly opened, blinking lazily as her secondary eyelids slid open away from her eyes, and she found herself staring at that red light above her while she allowed herself to wake up.

Instead of soft, supple flesh, her body was covered in hide, scales and abdominal ridge plates. Instead of a soft pinkish color, or even tan, her body was predominately red, with a subtly lighter belly. Also, instead of a subtle, minuscule bodice, she was built like a titan, possessing a musculature that was firm and taut, tightly creased to even show of tertiary muscles now and again if she were to bend just right.

Thick, powerful thighs, claws that could rend steel, broad hips and chest, a long, sinuous hourglass-shaped belly that eventually ended in a pert wedge between her thighs before leading into her long tail. Curled at her back were a pair of gossamer wings, while finally, her face and features – horned and scaly – were that of a Draca... a female dragon if you will.

Eve blinked for a moment or two with the remembrance of her dreams still heavy in her half-awake mind. She lay there, remembering of the dream of where she was being pleased and caressed by a fully capable male, the thought of which forced her to reach up to her naked bosom and caress her immense tit briefly, her fingers caressing her nipple to keep the memory alive.

It was her favored dream, the male an immense white dragon that had a plate growing before his eyes. Somehow she knew that he was blind, but – Great Maker – what a blind Dragon can do simply by rummaging around.

But sadly, those feelings and emotions waned with her dream, and with a subtle sigh, she righted herself again; bracing her titanic upper body with her elbows braced on her upraised knees; her breasts mashing against her thighs while her blanket was tucked between tit, thigh and body.

Those breasts, full and rounded, topping a pack of chorded muscle, pressed against one another between her immense biceps as she sat there, her tail readjusting at her backside as she then took to staring at the floor over the ridge of her bosom.

She hadn't always been like this.

A short while ago, she was puny, barely larger than a human female, but only because like most dragons, she walked on the toes of her elongated feet. Despite that, she weighed as much as a human, her body small and without form, breasts no larger than buds, and with both tail and wings nothing more than buds as well.

In that old past life of hers, she'd been a renowned scientist in several bioscience fields and was likewise one of the foremost minds in nanotechnology. That trait got her a position with a quasi-agency called '*Inter-Realm*' developing some of the technology the agencies agents – both human and dragon – used to do their missions. Even now, the goggles and the neckband she'd designed were already positioned atop her head and throat.

But then one night, while she was testing a new technology – hyperactive nano-machines, or hypernites – a thief looking for some high technology to sell, assaulted her, and injected her with her own hypernites that were previously programmed to '*rebuild and build new tissues.*'

It was supposed to be a breakthrough in medical technology, and a possible way of solving world hunger and curing several diseases. But when the hypernites entered her body and activated, they simply carried out those same final commands, until they simply burned themselves out.

The process... '*agony*' was nowhere near a strong enough word to explain what she went through, as her body literally blew up with bone, muscle, blood... everything that made her body structure up, were enhanced several fold.

Within the span of minutes, she went from a miniscule five foot three inch dragoness at two-hundred-eleven pounds, to a titanic creature measuring at just over two stories in length from head to toe, and weighing nearly sixteen metric tons.

Before her transformation, she was small and quiet, and because of that, she'd never experienced the wonderful, pleasing sensation of having been pleased by a male who loved her. And now after her transformation, though she was ogled and desired by any male who set eyes on her, there was no male even among her own species who was strong enough, or rather sturdy enough, to pierce her thighs.

That's where her dream came in. She loved that white dragon...

And so, at nearly thirty, here she sat, in nothing but a pair of specially designed yellow panties – little more than a thong because of her tail – to cover her virginity. Stretching then, she rose to her feet, and moved over to a mirror at one corner of her room, her feet thudding heavily against the bio-steel deck plates before she braced her weight on a special sink fed by a water main in the ship she was currently stationed in.

“Lights on.” She whispered, and an embankment of lights above her flickered alive, and slowly began to illuminate as the gasses inside their bulbs electrified. She looked at herself in the mirror, her small sweptback horns curling over her mane of straight black hair, and the simple white frock of the same hair dangling before her eyes. Her hooded ears hung tiredly at the side of her head flicked on one side briefly, causing a bright glitter from one of the golden earrings there that cost her tens of thousands of credits to have made.

Her massive bosom hung heavily from her chest, teats slightly erected from her heightened sense of elation from her dreams, and she stared at herself, looking at all the changes that had happened to her since her death and subsequent rebirth at the hands of her transformation.

Standing there, quietly contemplating her truly feminine draconic features, something entered into her hearing, and it took her a moment or two to register that it was the warning claxons blaring.

“All hands to battle stations! I repeat all hands to battle stations! This is not a drill, I repeat, this is not a drill!” the captain’s voice blared over the ships intercom, and instantly coming awake, Eve, turned, pushed open the great bay door to her room, and thundered out into the hallway.

The *‘Merlin’s Dragon’* was a massive ship, large enough to allow her to run through its main corridors. Of a dozen or so dragons stationed aboard it, she towered over them all, even the males, and her head was nearly brushing against the ceiling. With only her panties equipped, she rushed through the corridors with the other dragons emerging from their chambers, gaining a full view of her scantily clad form, and the full weight of her immense bosom swinging from side to side with every lunging stride she had.

“Wake up!” she called banging on one of the dragon’s doors in passing. “All to stations!” she hollered to another who looked sleepily out of her room, waking up immediately from Eve’s command, and at the sight of her commanding officer running almost naked through the halls.

Eve arrived at the command deck of The Dragon, a multi tiered chamber, with a ring of open space large enough to drive a Mac hover truck through without having much problem maneuvering.

Perfect for dragons.

“Lady Evelyn reporting for duty sir,” she said and saluted smartly, her body drawing up rigidly, with her wings clenching into fists at her back.

But then she saw everyone staring at her, and looking down at the Captain with her superb draconic vision, slowly discerned why. They were all looking at her chest.

“Oop! Sorry captain,” she blushed, her cheeks turning an even darker red as she repositioned her wings about her quickly like a hanging cloak. Her wings overlapping at her chest were enough to at least hide her nippleage, but still left much of the bulge and sway of her tightly packed mammaries open to view.

“Thank you, Lady Evelynn. For both your prompt response, and for hiding *‘the distraction.’*” he voiced, his definite Russian decent coming out in his speech while he puffed on an already lit pipe... which meant that he was nervous.

The captain only smoked when he was nervous, or afraid, Eve had long since learned.

Eve blushed deeper. Male, female, across Human, Cyborg and Dragon, she was a distraction because of her body. But she was immensely powerful, physically, and did well as a member of the team here.

“We are warping back to Earth space immediately.”

Eve blinked and then gaped.

“Warping? But sir, we’re right in the middle of the Kain-Dimension. The Ka-Tao Empire would be sure to detect us if we were to just open a dimensional gate right in the middle of their territory.”

“That will be something that the diplomats will have to iron over agent,” the captain voiced, and blew out a great gout of smoke. “We have more pressing matters.” He then turned to one of the human agents there as the other Dragents – the dragon agents – entered the chamber, and the main holographic viewscreen lit up with a view that made all the new arrivals gasp.

A planet that all knew as Earth, with a massive projectile approaching it from space.

“This, he said, is our emergency. Engage dimensional warp drive.” He said then, and there was a definite hum in the ship as they all stared at the image.

From outside the Merlin’s Dragon, a bubble of static electrified around the entirety of the ship, while somewhere below it, the space occupied by the nebula gasses of the nebula they were in were dispersed below them around the ship, before a hole as black and as dark as nothingness, opened up and slowly pulled the ship into it. The Dragon began to pass through the event horizon of something that could only be described as a miniature black hole. Right about now, every sensor across the Kain-Dimension was now alerted to the micro black hole being opened, and within five minutes there would be a small fleet of warships here to confront the Merlin’s Dragon... long after it had disappeared however. Dipping between realms, the Dragon passed into hyperspace, and began passing laterally along the dimensions back to Core-Dimension – the Prime Universe – and the Sol Solar system.

Outside the ship, a misty, Technicolor misshapen mass of matter passed effortlessly over the ship's hull, and as the journey back to Sol began, the captain continued.

“This ship has already breached the Mars border, laying waste to its orbital defenses and has caused some damage to the surface of Mars on its way to Earth, and has likewise dispatched every ship sent against it. All of the other Merlin's Dragons and the rest of the fleet have been recalled in the defense of Earth, but for a very long time, we shall be the only added defense Earth has.

“And now for even worse news.” The captain continued, and turned to the viewscreen as one of the passageways to the human-sized corridors opened, and a young woman in an elaborate white dress entered and stood beside the captain to stare at the viewscreen as it changed to a closer view of the vessel. She stared openly at it as the much larger captain placed his hand warmly atop her head.

Andromeda was found with the ship, a very quiet young girl, but when she turned to Eve, she managed a smile for the titanically sized dragoness before the captain continued on with his oration.

“The vessel is nearly twelve kilometers in length, with numerous fighter bays, missile ports, and this,” he said, and a bracket formed around the nose section of the vessel, where a very large glowing disk was situated. “Is what we believe is a main gun. This alien race has ignored all prior attempts at contact, and any direct attempts have been met with definite hostility. All Dragents are to suit up and ready for Zero-G combat while we wait for the rest of the fleet, while the Dragon itself and the Teran defenses attempt to knock out that main gun before it can be used against the Earth.”

“Sir,” one of the other Dragents managed. “What... what sort of damage will that cannon do against the Earth?”

The captain remained silent, and only puffed on his pipe for a moment or two.

“Total.” He said quietly. “This ship, this vessel... is equipped with a protonic level energy cannon. The shockwave alone from a blast from that cannon will leave an impact creator in the Earth the size of Texas and scrape the atmosphere and encircle the whole of the Earth.

“Earth would be reduced to a lifeless ball of rock within minutes... The beam itself would hole Earth, and shatter her.”

The silence in the chamber was absolute.

“Dragents, suit up. Mission begins in one quarter of an hour...”

Eve planted her space helmet atop her head and sealed it. Her draconic body was well suited for the depths of space, but she'd need a form of oxygen to be able to breathe out there on her own. Likewise, a full body suit helped keep her from the cold of space, with her real wings superseded by a zero-g maneuvering pack and several guide fins instead.

The rest of her body was padded with armor and all sorts of weapons from as small as missiles and rockets to as intense as a space gun in the form of a massive rifle attached to her back and nucleonic power core to power it all. Situated to her left and right, all squatting on their launch platforms, as well as behind her in as many stations, were some twenty other dragnets. Between them all, all situated on sixty individual gravity launch stations, were the transformable aerospace fighters the humans piloted. All were ready to meet with the enemy.

There was then a lurch in the ship as it passed back into real space, and Eve swallowed briefly before the bay doors before her slid upward into the ships hull, and she was presented with a first eye view of the deepness of space. But then the panels that she and all her fellow dragons were situated on suddenly sprang to life, ejecting them out into space, while in pairs, the individual space fighters were dropped from their gravity drops so that both dragons and fighters could all form up into squadrons and pods.

And there, before them, was their target. Earth was transmitting on all known frequencies and languages through all the known species they'd encountered.

And still they did not answer.

Eve drew her rifle, a massive gun whose barrel extended and immediately began to sparkle with the priming charge, just as a small cloud of fighters swarmed at them.

"This is it, ladies and gentlemen," Came the voice of control aboard the dragon. "Fight off all fighters while we maneuver ourselves before the mother ship. Good luck."

Eve's mind slowly began to slide sideways from its feminine norm. She knew that possible pain was approaching, and when she knew that, her mind, because of the pain she'd experienced in her transformation into this super physique of hers, had built its own psychological defense. Fear, pain, emotion itself, was set off to the side, and in its place, her analytical, scientific mind was enhanced. In itself, this led to a calculating warrior.

"Form up." She called to her squad of space-suited dragons, and leveling her beam cannon, she pulled the trigger.

"Captain! Where the hell is that fleet?!" Eve cried into her communicator while her beam rifle fired almost indiscriminately, but was picking off some of the more stalwart aggressors. "We're getting killed out here! Literally!!"

“In transit, agent Evelynn. Just keep those fighters off us! We only need to hold off that ship for another five minutes!”

“We don’t *HAVE* five minutes sir! My squad and the fighters have already been cut down by half!” she gritted through her teeth, and at her shoulders, twin missile pods opened to release a dozen multi-warhead missiles at the swarm of attackers, picking off a small group of them. “That ship is almost ready to fire!”

“Are you sure, we get no reading on it.”

“Captain, I’ve got a perfect view of it, there is a priming charge already collecting!”

Which was an understatement...

This twelve-kilometer ship, with its elongated neck, was nothing more than a massive cannon. Eve’s own onboard suit computer wasn’t even registering the build up, which meant that the initial charge was either so low that it was little more than ambient light, or so high that the suit didn’t even have a power level high enough to register it.

But then a shadow passed over her, and looking up, saw the Merlin’s Dragon passing before her and the light of the sun, its powerful energy shields blaring almost constantly from the pinpricks of the enemy fighters, and blossoming beautifully from their heavier armaments.

Raising her cannon, Eve picked off one of the larger ships annoying the Dragon, even as it pressed all its many shield arrays full forward... its heavy armor immediately taking the blows from the weapons. But there it remained, until the light from the nose of that black ship flared brightly, and a definite beam of protonic energy erupted outward from it.

Eve watched in slow motion as the beam of deepest red, a red as violent as spilt blood, lanced through the emptiness of space and cascaded against the shields of the Dragon, and in her mind Eve counted the seconds.

*One, two, three... five... eleven... Fifteen! Sixteen!! **Eighteen!!***

And then the beam halted, and the Dragon settled dead in space, now helpless. The fighters and Dragents all at once resumed fighting, blasting away at their enemies in anger – even Eve – tearing at them voraciously to protect the helpless crew of the Merlin’s Dragon.

But back at the alien ship, another priming charge was building along its nose.

Three minutes passed, and still no fleet, and as she chanced to turn, Evelynn paused for the second time, staring in horror as the priming charge atop that ship flared once again.

“No.” she whispered, wide-eyed, and after a moment, a bare, endless moment, the cannon fired.

The beam lanced through space again, sliding effortlessly through the vacuum of space, bypassing the helpless Merlin's Dragon, bypassing Earth's perimeter defenses, and headed straight for the atmosphere.

But then the beam stopped, splattering against something in low orbit, just inside the space ring, and for a full twenty seconds, the beam burned and burned, but could not bypass that one singular point. And then the beam burned itself out, and both the enemy and the defenders all paused in their actions, staring perplexed almost side by side it seems at that one point.

And then there was a ripple in space, beginning with the edge similar to an event horizon, before the light inside those edges slowly began to ripple, bleeding in color into something... immense! And then the misshapen color slid into place suddenly, almost with a snap, and there, situated between the alien ship and the Earth, was something that dwarfed the Merlin's Dragon. It slowly uncoiled, lifting a head with great hooking horns projecting to its sides. A back armored with scales bigger than a man and armored plates the size of a city block, with even greater plates attached to its primary arms, that it must've used to block the beam, slid open and away from its body. Either of those great shields was large enough to enshroud the whole of the creature, while a set of six wings unfolded grandly to catch the light of the sun and shine. Neck, tail and four secondary arms uncoiled from the protective ball it had been in, and opening its mouth, it screamed, its voice erupting even in the void of space.

And then a hundred pinpoints of light lit across the breadth of its shoulders, back and arms, and a blaze of beams that lanced outward, and then bent at hidden points around the creature, streamed straight for the enemy craft, arching aimlessly around the Earth Defenders to catch the ships with pinpoint accuracy. It then turned its attention to the alien ship.

One could sense the maddening rush as the ship tried to power its main gun, and one could see the shields and the priming charges on their smaller fire weaponry deactivate in an effort to extend all power to that devastating weapon.

But then the creature opened its mouth, and a pair of massive pylons folded upward along its back, to immediately begin a Jacob's Ladder effect between them, while the plates along the creature's neck flared open to erupt a blazing white fire.

Deep inside its throat a blazing fire appeared, while streamers of energy rapidly gathered into its mouth, feeding that blaze until its mouth disgorged a pair of mandibles that sparked and fizzled insanely.

Both creature and ship seemed at full power now, and simultaneously, both released their weapons at one another. But this creature... the sheer, unbridled *Power* of that breath weapon, lanced through the blackness of space, met with the devastator beam coming from that ship, held it, and then immediately extended past the beam, absorbing its power, struck the ship, and immediately erupted straight through its engine base and continued onward beyond sight.

A gaping hole from stem to stern was left behind as the beam weapon ended its fury, the great creature closing its mouth and folding its mandibles back into place. It watched expectantly as

secondary eruptions across the ship and then major explosions erupted indiscriminately across its surface before it slowly broke apart.

The defenders turned to look at the creature as it coiled up into itself again, and turning with an agility remarkable for something its size, flew toward Earth, descending ever lower till its body did a reverse effect of its de-cloaking earlier, and eventually disappeared from sight.

Just then, hundreds of blips arrived on Eve's radar as dimensional portals were opened, and a hundred ships slid into the space surrounding Earth. The fleet had finally arrived.

The view of the great creature that had protected the Earth replayed itself on the view screens before and behind me, and the Joint-Chiefs Council of Inter-Realm, arrayed all around me, gasped and muttered in the darkness even as the creature again disappeared from sight, the viewscreens deactivated, and the lights in the audience chamber lit up.

I stood there in my primp and proper uniform, with beret, goggles, mini-skirt and form-fitting blouse and uniform trench coat arrayed about me. I was perfectly calm, but the way my tail kept waving at my behind told of how nervous I truly was.

"Dragent Lady Evelynn," the Chairman addressed me. "Thank you for your testimony. You may be dismissed."

I paused, and looked at the person addressing me.

"But what of ..." I began, about to ask why I and the entire crew of the Merlin's Dragon were removed from active duty, fearing some charge from some pencil-pushing bureaucrat, but the chairman raised a hand to stop me.

"You've no fear, Agent." Seemingly to read my thoughts. "The Dragon and its crew have been stood down for multiple reasons... the greatest of which are diplomatic, but there's also secondaries along the lines of debriefing the entire crew, and likewise repairing the Dragon from the considerable damage it has incurred.

"Until diplomacy between us and the Ka-Tao Empire can be solved, it'd be best if the Dragon were decommissioned briefly. Think of this as an extended leave with pay."

I paused briefly, and then bowed. "Thank you sir." And then turning smartly, exited the chamber through the great twin doors built for us dragons.

There were smaller doors for humans built at its base.

Immediately outside the great chamber, I began unbuttoning the front of my trench coat and then my blouse to reveal my light blue bodysuit beneath. I hated wearing stuffy uniforms, despite how good it looks.

“Evie!” someone called, and I stopped to see one of the members of my squad approaching me, with all the others – humans included, I found, from seeing them sitting on the larger dragons shoulders and milling about their feet – huddling down the corridor a ways. “What’s happened? What’s going on?”

I planted my great hands upon my hips and lowered my head to shake it.

“The Council has granted us temporary leave,” I answered them, and started walking with my lieutenant down the corridor to where the others were. “Forced leave is more like it. Repairs, diplomacy, the usual thing.” I gestured. “Until further notice, we’re all on leave... with pay however, so don’t you all worry about the bills.”

There was more than one collective sigh.

“But commander,” one of the humans prompted, but I lifted a hand to stop her, and then turned my clawed fingers to my brow to stroke the thick pads of muscle above my eyes.

“We are *decommissioned*.” I said simply. “Our Naval status has been deactivated, at least temporarily for political reasons. All agent statuses and rankings are now reactivated in the meantime. We go back to being on call defenders in the interim. For now ladies and gentlemen, get some rest.”

I stepped forward again, removing the rest of my uniform clothing, leaving only bodysuit and draping the articles of my uniform over my heavily muscled forearm as I retreated out of the corridor, and eventually out of the command building.

Despite my strength, I was indeed feeling fatigued. Perhaps it *was* a good time to take a rest. Perhaps... yes... perhaps a stop at the Singing Drake.

I’d spent some time at the Singing Drake, having a couple Dragon-sized iced teas, danced a bit on the reinforced floor with a dragon that *almost* reached the top of my chest, but then exited the Drake when it started getting late. Then I just took to wandering the streets of the City of Aztlan, located right smack dab at the center of the American continent. It was the home for the global leadership, largest city in the world, but mainly because of the fact that it doubled as a space port, and was the unofficial home away from home for Inter-Realm.

Being the world’s strongest dragon – mind that I didn’t say dragoness, but dragon – I was generally unbothered by the criminal element that had seeped into the city. Especially since the hover tank they sent against me last time is now nothing so much as scrap and one giant metal cube.

I don't know why my taloned feet carried me where they did, but they carried me deeper into the city, at the base of the great arcology at the center of the city where all the government offices were, but my ears suddenly perked up at a distant sound.

"Please, somebody help me!" it cried, and without thinking I lunged into action with the force of a stampede of elephants before I stopped at the sight of a man in a white trench coat and posh suit with a cane gripped in one hand running around the corner while a small group of thugs hurried after him. The man in white tripped and caught himself on his hands and feet, and turned just in time as one of the thugs ran up to him and ended with his foot up in the man's face.

I flinched as I saw the old man flip over one full turn before the thugs gathered around him.

"Boy do you run fast." The one who'd just kicked the man spoke, and all those around him sniggered sinisterly. "Only cowards learn to run that fast. Now you've wronged us old man, and now you're going to pay for it. I'm looking for a hundred thousand credits, and if you don't cough it up, I'll..."

Just then I lunged forward on all fours, my breasts smushing tightly together between my running arms as my form shifted ever so slightly for the act of running like a quadruped. I landed over the man in white and roared straight in the faces of the men and women assailing a helpless man, and they took one look at my size as I rose to my full height, an impressive sight of stunning feminine power as I unfurled my wings to make myself look all that much larger.

"Or you'll what?" I hissed, cracking my knuckles.

The thugs all scattered effortlessly into whatever was available. Manhole covers, dumpsters, alleyways, anything that offered an escape, and I stared after them, hands on hips before I lowered my gaze over the ridge of my chest and then promptly squatted down beside the man to offer a clawed finger to help him up.

"You, ok?" I asked as he grabbed hold of the darkened claw at the end of my finger and hefted himself up.

"Yes, yes. Thank you my dear lady. I do not know what these creatures would have done to me had you not showed up." He brushed off himself and smiled up at me, not at all shocked, not at the least afraid. Most people had to get used to me before they could look at me like that.

"If I may, I'd like to compensate you for your aide. Is there anything I can help you with? I know how hard it is for a dragon to get a job that suits them. My resources are nearly endless, I can arrange nearly anything."

I smiled and shook my head, cupping the back of my muscled neck as my great braid of ebony hair shook between my wings.

“No, nothing. I have a job.” I smiled. “I saw someone in trouble. I had to come and help.” I looked down at my muscled hands and the thick pads along them. “I believe, to protect, is perhaps why I exist and have become this way.”

“You do?” he said simply, smiling up at me.

I looked down at the man. A unique suit underneath a pristine white trench coat, even after having gone through a roll on the dirty ground, frost white hair that actually reflected blue from some of the lamp posts, and over the rim of his perfectly rounded glasses, one could see the image of someone of Asian decent; which was remarkable in this nation. Generations of constant crossbreeding among the humans here had practically eliminated all prior nationalities. Eventually, it has created a truly unique mix of all nationalities to create the official tan-skinned, noble-looking – almost lupine – features of the *‘American.’*

“Who are you?” I asked at last, and immediately he bowed low and inclined his head. “I am Teran Mushunoshi.”

This time, it was my turn to gasp.

“The... the CEO of the Starlight Corporation?” I asked, and he nodded.

“At your service.”

“Wh-what are you doing here?”

“I was prospecting a possible new member to my organization. I believe I am quite satisfied.”

I scratched at the back of my head, looking down at the man. I guess he was tall for a human, but being nearly twenty-three feet tall kinda warped one’s perspective.

“I-is there anywhere I can take you to, um, sir?” I asked impishly, grinning with all my razor sharp teeth.

“Just Teran, thank you milady. I believe you’ve sufficiently frightened off anyone who’d seek me harm.”

“Are you sure?” I prompted again, rising to my feet.

“Yes, and thank you again. Good day miss.”

I waved and strode off, with the man named Mushunoshi standing quietly behind me.

Teran nodded his head at the retreating back of the mighty Dragoness, planting both of his hands atop his cane before him, quite satisfied at how this whole affair had unfolded. But then his ears

twitched at the sides of his head as he heard the thugs climbing out of the garbage bins and out of their hiding places.

He turned around slowly, his slicked-back long white hair bunching up about the collar of his trench coat and over his shoulder as he fixated his former attackers with a steady gaze. A truly noble face that looked both young and ancient at the same time was etched in features that had been nearly forgotten on this planet for hundreds of years, and as he faced the gathering ruffians, he replanted his cane before them all and watched them gather.

“Now what was that you were saying that only cowards learn to run as fast as I? Forgive my ignorance, but one can only assume that you were linking me with that of a coward.”

Taken slightly aback, their leader looked to his fellows, and then steeled by their numbers, stepped forward to confront him.

“You’re damn tootin’ I was!” he said rather loudly, and Teran raised an eyebrow. “And you wanna know what I do with cowards? I smash my fist, repeatedly, again and again into their faces! YAA!” he screamed and lunged forward with his fist driving before him blindly.

But there was a shallow slap and a shuddering halt of forward motion, and looking up, the lead thug saw his fist held firmly within the hand of the white jacketed man. Then he saw the man tilt his head forward to look over his glasses, and then his eyes changed.

Unlike a human’s pupils whose dilated, this... this man’s... pupils pinched together into a definite almond shape shortly before the iris flooded outward to eliminate the white of the eyes. As a final touch, those eyes seemed to illuminate till they glowed.

“It is truly a pity,” the man known as Teran Mushonoshi voiced, but there was a secondary voice underlying his own, frightening, and awe inspiring at the same time. “That I protect the world for people like you.”

His fingers then clenched tightly, and the lead thug suddenly cried out in pain as the stern fingers crushed the bones in his hand into crumbled bits before shoving the man off. Facing the rest of them as they picked up stones, bricks and bits of wood for clubs, he simply lifted his cane in one hand. The ivory like shaft uncoiled, forming inside and about his hand before a thick blade slid out of nothingness it seemed out of the space inside the haft he was holding... erecting a solid blade nearly a meter and a half long before it stopped growing.

In an elegant half pirouette, Teran slid the tip of his new blade in the asphalt and drew an imaginary line there.

All at once, showing just how *‘brave’* they were, the thugs all assailed him, and in an equally elegant dance, the sword severed clothing, nicked skin to give cuts that would hurt for days later, while blocking thrown stones and battering clubs until there was a scream and a holler, and the crowd of thugs all moved away to create a corridor to reveal the lead thug. Standing with one hand hanging useless, but the other hand rose with a hand gun, he laughed steadily at Teran.

“Dodge this!” he screamed, and pulled the trigger of the handgun, the power of which forced him to turn in a half circle since he was using only one hand to steady it.

But when he turned to look at his handiwork, he felt his jaw drop as far as it'd ever gone – practically to dislocating – as he saw Teran standing there, hand upraised, with his index and fore fingers pinching the head of the bullet between them.

Teran's eyes darkened with anger, and lowering his hand slightly, his fingers twisted the bullet, and after a brief moment of strain, flicked the bullet. But this simple, indiscriminate act was performed with such force that a loud bang of the bullet breaking the sound barrier again rang out, and the bullet not only struck the lead thug, but the bullet also erupted through his shoulder and out his back, before creating a puff of smoke where it finally impacted the stone of a building a quarter mile down the street.

The chief thug fell to his back while his cronies all fled, this time permanently leaving the area to leave their leader behind, while Teran slowly walked up to the thug, and leveled the katana like end of his sword at his throat.

“Tonight you have learned the true meaning behind bravery and cowardice. The brave are those who protect the innocent against the cowards. Thank your Maker that you are not so deep into evil that I do not terminate your existence here. Should I however ever find you again seeking the darkness, I will not pause to snuff your lifeforce out and return it to the Earth. At least there, it will be useful.

“Now away with you cur.”

Teran buried his sword's tip as the thug scrambled to his feet, and no doubt limped to the nearest hospital. Holding his sword with one hand as it reformed into a cane again, he reached up, pushed his glasses back up onto his nose with one finger, and then buttoned up the vest portion of his trench coat.

“Aysyx.” He said into thin air as he turned and walked down the street, and a police camera stationed atop a light pole followed him as he did. “I believe we have found our newest addition to the circle. Make the necessary preparations for her introduction to the other members. I shall be returning to the tower presently...”

I sat at the desk of my rooms inside the central command for IR – Inter-Realm – in the archeology of Aztlan. We dragons were granted the center most section of the centralized tower, with our rooms forming a tight ring at the outer most edge of the tower, with each collection of rooms three stories tall, and encompassing several city blocks in square area.

I sat at my computer, again dressed in only my panties, with my form slightly moist from my most recent bubble bath in an Olympic-sized pool for a tub, while I sat before my computer. Like everything made to compensate Dragons, everything was increased. Even our pay.

In ancient legends, we dragons were thought to sleep on a horde of gold. Well, now we had human comforts, only increased in size, and the horde that we slept on was our yearly pay of several million credits a year.

“Computer, recall information about the individual Teran Mushunoshi. Make any comparisons as listed in the archives that can be found.” I voiced. Something about that man didn’t set right.

I got up and went to go get some cocoa, thinking that this process would take the house computer hours before it found something, but as soon as I rose, the computer beeped with a finding. Intrigued, I turned and sat again.

“Show me.” I commanded, and the screen shifted to show the man as he’d been yesterday. Dressed in white trench coat, tailored suit and white cane.

<<Teran Mushunoshi:>>

<<Teran has been long since viewed and analyzed by IR since the appearance of him and his mysterious mega conglomerate Starlight Corporation.>>The computer’s feminine voice stated. <<The first comparison ever made on him was from a reporter two decades ago when reviewing the fact that products from his corporation fill at least ninety percent of all products found in homes world wide>>

The sound changed to a male reporter’s voice in an audio clip.

“Teran Mushunoshi, benefactor or benevolent dictator? With a name like Teran, Grecian for Earth, and the Japanese descendant name of Mushunoshi, Mushu-No-Shi, or *‘The Dragon of Death,’* indeed earns this translation of his name...”

The clip ended and the computer continued.

<<Almost always garbed in white, Teran shows his Japanese decendancy with their belief that white is a symbol of power. Further in searching...>>

I allowed the computer just to spout off information, listening to it speak of stats of Teran, his company, while I stared at the white-garbed image of this venerable man as his image stood frozen there, head lowered slightly with his white trench coat arrayed around him, head bent downward to stare at the ground, and long white hair bound up at the very end by a green ribbon to match his eyes.

I was so fixated on that image that I didn’t hear my computer beeping with an incoming message before one of its defaults initiated to tell me about it instead of just beep at it.

<<There is an incoming priority message from high command, Mistress, shall I put it through?>>

I blinked briefly, looked downward at my nearly naked body briefly before answering. “Audio only.”

“Ah, Agent Evelynn.” Greeted my Watch Commander among the Dragents. “I’m glad that you are up. I have some pressing business that unfortunately could not wait till morning.”

“Go ahead.” I said, and rose to pull on my shirt.

Unlike humans, who could just pull shirts on by slipping it on over their heads and pulling their arms through, for a dragon with wings, such a garment was a little tougher to pull on and off. First over the head, then the wings through the open back, then the arms and then pull it down. Unfortunately, for me, it was all that much more of a chore. Meaty arms thicker than my tail, and breasts as large as my head meant a lot of contortionist maneuvers, such as back arching and twisting and tugging to get the shirt on. All through the chore, however, I listened to my commander through the voice speaker.

“We have an emergency mission for you, Lieutenant.” He continued while I folded my wings into fists and slipped the white shirt over my head, feeling my nipples erecting slightly with the cool air on their moist tips. “One of our independents has uncovered a nest of dissidents in northern Asia. They’ve been stockpiling arms for a take over of the Russian Government, led by a former general that they’d exiled a long time ago.”

“And so,” I grunted, pulling my head through the head hole before quickly pushing my arms through. “You want me to go in there and execute ‘*extreme prejudice*’ on them?”

The commander chuckled at those words. ‘*Extreme Prejudice*’ was my term for ‘*Beat em all up.*’

“In a sense...” he agreed. “The general has all of his war machines spread out, a good tactic in that if an alarm were triggered, some or all of his war machines could converge on any given point. Now I know you’re tough, Evie, but some of these things would be able to break even you if they get a chance to group on you.”

I hunched over, compressing my tits together before folding the front of my shirt over the enormous pair and allowing it to settle around my ribs. *Man, I gotta think more about getting those new draconic shirts with all the clasps in the back.*

“So, what’s the catch?” I asked at last allowing my wings to furl open slightly from their clenched up positions and push out of the opened back of my shirt.

“You’ll be taking on a partner, Eve... at least temporarily. He’s the originator of the contract, and requested you specifically.”

I sat down on my stool again and stared at the voice image on my screen... a sort of sine wave that would get all excited and wavy whenever the commander spoke.

“Great, another tag along.”

This time, the commander was silent for quite some time. “Not in this case, Eve.” He said softly, and there was a stern note in his voice. “Aside from you, he is the only person in our employ with a one hundred percent mission success rate, with two exceptions. Firstly, he is an independent contractor, and secondly, he’s been on twice as many missions. As a final point, he works for the Starlight Corporation, which, if I may remind you, is our greatest supplier. Consider this an honor, agent, that he requested you specifically.”

I lowered my head and hugged myself, my breasts hefting higher up atop my chest to bare a little more of my segmented red hide creasing my chest and breasts a little deeper.

“Yes sir.” I said calmly after a pause.

“Thank you Lieutenant. Report to IR tomorrow morning at Oh-Six-Hundred to meet your contact and for gearing up. HQ out.”

The voice monitor blipped out, and I reached over to shut my computer off, still hugging myself with one arm. Sighing heavily, I went to my great bed in the next room and flopped down on it; breathing heavily and feeling my breasts swell with the exertion of it all.

I stared up at the ceiling, lying with my arms off to my sides. Eventually I simply slipped off to sleep.

I walked steadily through the corridors of IR, reading the dossier of this mission on the enlarged data pad. Siberia... General Dimitri Midiev, X-Russian Generality... five reported battler mechs -*ouch* – dozens of smaller mechs and over a hundred support drones all in an old fortress built straight into a mountain, which likewise supported its own fusion generator.... And uranium mine.

Damn, I thought, and lifting a hand tapped off a command on the bay door’s keypad to allow me to enter into the weapons storage bay and weapons silo. As soon as I entered, I eyed my commander standing atop a mid level gantry at about my chest level.

“Ah, agent, welcome!” he greeted, hands braced behind his back in his usual dress uniform and black beret. “You’re nice and early as usual.”

“Good day commander,” I greeted, saluting smartly, and then adopting a stance similar to his. “Reporting as commanded.”

“Very good. For your mission, you are being issued all your usual gear, plus some added necessities.” He gestured and I turned and walked slowly beside him while he paced along the gantry.

“First of all will be an exosuit, brand new from Starlight Corporation. Here, try it on.” He gestured to a table beside him; on which was a pair of large metal bracelets, so large that it would take him a great deal of trouble moving just one. The outside of each were perfectly smooth, but the inside had all the usual wet-ware technology I’d grown so accustomed to. Heck, I helped develop some of it in my earlier years. I still played with it on occasion.

“Uhm, Commander, those are just bracelets though.” I noticed picking them both up with one hand, and the Commander just merely grinned.

“Try ‘em on.” He repeated, and I did so. They were large, black metal things that fit about my wrists as if they had been tailor made. “Now press the button on the right wrist to activate the suit. Fold up your wings first, though.”

I did so, folding my wings up before proceeding to press the button on my right wrist. A gasp of surprise escaped me as a black sludge immediately began to flow over my arms from the bracelets, flooding over my biceps and then my massive breasts, upward to my tech brace encircling my neck – a piece of technology I *did* come up with – and actually merged with the base of it. The rest of the black sludge flowed over the rest of my body, down over my feet and tail, to encase me in a black sheath that hugged my body and firmed up immediately thereafter into a skintight suit.

I twisted and stretched, even raised my arms over my head and did a little bounce to test how resilient the suit was to the might of my immense breasts – they were usually the cause of most of my clothes tearing to shreds – and I was quite pleased when not even a single stretch mark appeared.

Above all, certain... considerations were taken into account for my feminine form in the fact that it didn’t give me a camel toe look, and firmed itself about my breasts so as not to indiscriminately show off my nippleage, and the seat formed well into my rear.

It was elastic, I found, as I pulled on the substance against my arm, and felt kinda like silk. But it formed like armor, overlapping into ridges that allowed easy movement.

“Very good.” I said, and then paused. “What’s it for?”

“For your insurgence. This mission will require a measure of stealth. Those heavy mechs will have to all be eliminated in short order before you can more aptly make your presence known. If the alarm will sound, all of them can reach any location within the fortress within three minutes. It’d be best to destroy them as quickly as possible.

“The suit itself not only has color changing abilities, but it likewise has the capability of acting as a low level set of armor. Just for that added measure. The other piece of equipment we’ll be issuing is this heavy blaster cannon.”

A crane came in holding a massive black rifle, which I accepted, and immediately began going through all the steps of checking its systems.

“This,” he continued. “Is the highest output multi weapon system in our arsenal; providing an anti-mater accelerator, a black light laser, and a clip of five micro nuke rockets. Range of the black light laser is two thousand yards; range of anti matter projector is one hundred yards. Do not use at close range. The micro nukes are low yield nuclear warhead tipped rockets. Also, do not use at close range.”

“Granted.” I mused, and he and I both shared a grin with one another at the obviousness of not to detonate a nuclear reaction whilst still within the blast radius as I lifted the rifle and hooked it to my back harness. “What else?”

“What else?” the commander repeated and started walking again. “Next, is to introduce you to your new partner.

This time he gestured off to his side, down a corridor just off to his right, and looking that way, I saw a figure walking down the corridor toward us. Humanoid, tall for one too, and possessing the heavy stomp caused only by heavy armored boots against deck plates. The lights from the lamps only showed against armor that seemed to not reflect the light, remaining nothing more than a patch of shadow as he passed by it. And then finally, he stepped into the light, and I gasped at the sight of him once he finally emerged.

“Allow me to introduce Agent Zero, Lady Evelynn. Otherwise known as...”

“Teran Mushunoshi!” I gasped again, and leaned over the gantry railing where they were both standing, my sizeable breasts flopping over the heavy railing.

Teran nodded up at me. Dressed in his heavy armor, with a sword and a rifle strapped to his back, he seemed a whole lot more vibrant, and less of a posh old gentleman in that light and demeanor. And for that matter, he didn’t look old anymore. He wore his armor as if born to it, and when he stepped up beside the commander, he bowed low to me, his long frost white hair dragging upward against his back where it had all been tied off at its end with a green ribbon.

“We meet again, Lady Evelynn.” He smiled, and then pulled himself erect. “I greatly appreciate your favor earlier.” And he stretched out a hand to shake my one claw in greeting. “You appear amicably sober today.” I blushed, my cheeks turning a little darker red. “I likewise see that you’ve been issued the new gear my company has provided IR recently. I hope it serves you well.

I giggled, very much unlike the towering Titaness of a dragon, let alone a grown female. This man, this human, had an odd feeling about him. Both fatherly, and gentlemanly, as if he were

looking at a possible courtier in me. He even bent to kiss the end of my finger before it led to my claw.

“I assume that you’ve read your mission briefing by now, Lady Evelynn?” he said then without any further preamble, and recovering myself, I nodded.

“I have. But don’t you believe that I might be a little bit of an overkill?”

Teran shook his head and crossed his arms over that shadow-like armor. “Indeed I am not.” He said sternly, and he gesturing this time, I followed him and the Commander as they walked down a flight of stairs to my level of the floor. Either was barely a third my height, with Teran, the taller of the two in his armor, towering over the commander by chest, shoulders and head height, barely reached my mid-thigh. Together, the three of us went into a closed conference room, where I took a seat on a small ledge built for perhaps no more than three dragons to sit abreast.

Once inside, the Commander took a position on one side of the room, remaining remarkably silent as Teran went to work the holo-projector’s controls. Immediately thereafter, a mecha was pulled up within the display, and I leaned forward to stare at it.

“This is a War Hammer... one of five third generation prototypes stolen from the Leningrad manufacturing station.”

I whistled, staring at a superb array of guns, missile packs, and heavy armor. *Likewise, a third generation too!* I considered. Second generation equipment were things one would think to expect to see in an age after your children were born. Third Gen, however, was equipment normally held as science fiction that it was so advanced.

“The War Hammers are a recent construct from Starlight’s R&D division. Inter-Realm was to receive one of these prototypes later in this year to deal with any possible insurgences from any unwanted dimensional invaders.

“Each is incredibly nimble and is likewise powered with a new-type muscular system that is more similar to a biological construct, so no pistons and circuitry.”

“Fiber optics and bio-weave musculature.” I stated, looking at some of the side data. “Closest thing a machine can come to real flesh and blood.

“Yes, at least currently.” He said, and I blinked at that. *Has he something else in development?* “The armaments and the armor give each the firepower of a naval dreadnaught and the durability of an entire tank division.

“These, are the principal targets, Eve. Despite how much it took to create them, their safe return is not your primary concern. As a matter of fact, we encourage you to destroy them. But because of their nature, that is why we are favoring a covert insurgence. To destroy them one on one before they have the time to group together.”

Teran keyed in another command, and the display switched to a much lighter mech and a drone.

“Secondary and tertiary targets are standard generation mecha and drones. Once the five primary targets are neutralized, one would believe that someone of your... prowess...” I could’ve *sworn* when he just gestured to me like that, he was gesturing toward my rack instead of my bicep that was bulging firmly into one of my tits just then. “Would be able to dispatch those with little or no problems.

“Once opposition has been eliminated, Russian Military will be called in to gather up the soldiers. We’d like to capture General Midiev, but your primary purpose is to remove control of those War Hammers from his war machine. Starlight Industries will remove technology from the site once things are done; dismantling the base, burring the uranium mine, and picking up the pieces of the War Hammers.”

“How do we get to the insertion point?” I asked, sitting back now so that my breasts might flatten a bit against my chest with the force of gravity.

“A high altitude shuttle will ferret us into the high stratosphere and drop us dragon and rider style there. We’ll then use your superb flying skills to drop us right in the center of the base, here...”

He keyed another command, to pull up the floor plan of the base, and a glowing spot flashing on the holo-screen indicated several vertical shafts.

“Again, your incredible strength will come to bear here. Being that this base is a throw back from late twentieth century cold war, not only does it have a uranium mine and a furnace to manufacture weapons grade ore, but it likewise contains a factory for the manufacture of nuclear weapons... and the facilities to launch said weapons.

“Another reason why we need to act quickly...”

I stared at the display, my mind quickly memorizing nuances of the floor plant and what not to better help me with the mission.

“And what will you be doing?” I asked. “Normally my missions are solo, or if paired, generally frontline missions. This is the first time I’ve ever taken a partner on a covert mission...”

“My role is several fold; Lady Eve... Observer, military advisor... Assassin...”

I stared at him, my draconic vision filtering his form perfectly out of the darkness surrounding the display.

“Midiev...” I stated simply, and he nodded.

“Unlike yourself, my missions are rarely up front and to the point of combat. In many cases, my targets never know I was there. Some of them don’t know I was there until after the realization sets in that they are now dead.”

Teran deactivated the display and the lights came back on.

My role is to help you defeat the War Hammers, while at the same time infiltrate his main defense line and terminate him. Target will be aware of scrutiny, now that all accounts and holdings he possesses have now been seized and liquidated, which will make him overly cautious. Expect tight security... but with holes large enough to drive a Mack truck through.... Or in this case, a multi-ton dragoness.

“One final point, however, is that you will have the advantage of surprise and stealth on this one. Our entry point into the fortress has proven to be very shallowly guarded. No one expects entry through a sealed silo cover, to which to you, would be like moving a manhole cover to me. Likewise, your new suit possesses thermal-optic camouflage. You’ll be invisible to all heat sensors, and will likewise have a chameleon like ability to blend in. Finally, I shall be presenting you with speck information on the War Hammers themselves once we are en route.

“This later information makes you privy to technologies that only five people on the face of this planet have, Lady Evelynn. Its information is to be used to recognize weaknesses and likewise to be kept in the strictest of confidence.

“Now then, are there any questions?” he finished, but I had none. “Good. We leave in one quarter of an hour.”

A GSS-1 Geo-Synchronous Shuttle brought us from nearly a mile and a half off of center from the American continent to the center of the Asian continent in just over an hour. In that time, I was familiarized with the inner-most workings of the War Hammers, and rapidly memorized the floor specs of the base.

By the time we were ready to drop, I was at the meditative point of trying to clear my mind of all fear.

The body possesses movement, movement creates sound, sound is energy, and energy can be manipulated in any conceivable way. My body possesses perpetual movement that is great in power while in motion, my motion creates sound and energy, my energy is powerful. I will not fear those who oppose me, I will not experience the pain of harm, for I am powerful...

I sat there, in a perfect relaxed state, hands at my sides with my head tilted backward against my long and broad neck to rest against the bulkhead. My breasts didn’t heft so high atop my chest because my massive pectorals were so softened from relaxation, my four-fingered hands were opened and nonplussed, with my biceps being no more than small, un-flexed, rounded bulbs on my arms right now.

It was in this softened, extremely vulnerable meditation, that I felt so free with myself. I simply breathed, and let myself go, my body virtually inactive with my mind hyperactive. But then a sound entered my hearing, and I gave a twitch as it interfered with my meditation. And then, ever so slowly, the sound drew deeper into my consciousness until I focused on it.

Ker-Shink! Ker-Shink!

I opened one eye, and then the other, and tilted my head downward to see my partner on this mission with his sword out, drawing a whetstone down its acid edge. He seemed to just be listening to the sound of it, for I didn't think the edge of that blade could grow any sharper than it already was. If anything, the *stone* was being sharpened, and not the blade.

I watched him draw the stone downward for a time, before he spoke into the relative silence interrupted only by the whetstone and the background noise of the GSS.

“Are you nervous?” he asked, not moving anything other than his hand with the stone.

“I was, at first. A mission is not a place to be nervous in... like I was on my first mission...” I said sheepishly.

“That wasn't your fault.” He responded. “Your partner died by an accident... trying to save you and the other members of your team. It was a noble death; it was an honorable, warrior's a death in the field. There are many cultures that would celebrate the passing.”

“H... how did you know about that?” I asked, suddenly very interested in this man.

“I read your dossier.” He said simply, and I blinked at him.

My dossier was considered a priority-one classified secret. Not even I had access to the bulk of it, and I knew why. My subsequent past and the records of my transformation were closely guarded secrets. Heaven forbid should the process ever be duplicated.

“A time ago, I'd discovered the existence of a truly unique Draca in the world. Precisely two years, three months, and fourteen days to be exact.”

I felt my jaw drop, my long, hooded ears falling at the sides of my head as I stared at him. I couldn't speak. *How did he know? How could he know about that?!*

Exactly at that point in my life, I'd experienced a very hard time of my life. It was three days before that that my body had decided to enter into a heat. Since my transformation, I'd thought that my ability to enter into such a state had disappeared. Before hand, I'd felt a heat, without fail, on the same day out of the year since my twenty-first year. But after I 'transformed' five years went by without my body gearing up for reproduction.

In the period of three days, my sexual drive increased by a factor of *ten!* I'd had numerous males in my bed, but none possessed strength enough to actually pierce my thighs. What they *could* do, was nowhere near enough to sate me. After the last Draco that I'd brought to my bed left, I immediately went into an angered rage in my own room. I tore everything down and apart, until at last, I shattered a great paneled mirror, and looked down at my visage in that shattered image. I remembered thinking myself a monster.

And then I lost it.

The subsequent rampage through the city that I took, trying to find something, anything to gain pleasure from – pressing phone poles, small cars and automobiles, anything I could find to rub up against my femininity to get rid of the burning – had proven unsuccessful.

My powerful mind was driven mad, where I had only one thought, and that was to end the burning that were in my loins. I was thankful that no one was killed in that rampage, but there had been nonetheless hundreds of millions of dollars worth of damages done to the city, before a team of Slayers were able to subdue me at last.

The last thing I remembered was being secured into heavy restraints, and then muzzled.

The next thing I remembered was waking up totally naked on the floor of the lab, my restraints undone, and the madness gone. When I was shown the video tapes of how I acted – a howling, screaming, foaming beast doing all it could to break from its restraints – I felt sick, and willingly placed myself into psychosomatic rehab.

The damage I'd cause had been explained away as a localized earthquake and an exploded gas main for the fire damage. Apparently my long dormant breath weapon had been realized during that rage too. But one thing that I did remember from all that... there was a section of over six hours on those lab tapes that were unaccounted for...

“You... continue to impress me, Mr. Mushunoshi.” I said quietly. “You know something that I was under the impression less than a dozen people fully know about.”

I saw a smile rise up on his face as he continued sharpening his sword. “A being of my standing, my lady, earns certain benefits normally reserved for the social elite. And likewise, those things that are denied me... I have the resources to gain in other ways.

“Suffice it to say, my lady, that I've taken a liking to you, and you've likewise impressed me a considerable amount.” He paused, continuing to pass the whetstone over his blade. “Every warrior has a tradition they follow ritualistically before a battle of any sort.

“They might sharpen their sword while they wait, like I do, steeling their mind for the battle to come. They polish shields, play with dog tags, twirl knives in their fingers, or, to the limited and exceptional few... meditate.”

He stopped sharpening his sword and placed the stone into a hip pocket on his belt, before rapidly sheathing his sword on his back with a flourish.

“We’re there.” He said simply, and the white lights in the hold of the plane suddenly went out to be replaced with a deep red glow, which meant that the drop was to proceed in one minute.

The bay doors opened at the back of the GSS-1, and I hurled myself out into the air with Teran strapped to my back. Both of us were masked now, both of us with our own air supplies so that we might exist in such a high altitude where oxygen was sparse.

Far below us was the silo entrance that we were shooting for, and for the first thousand feet or so, we’d just drop like a stone. That first fifteen minutes of freefall was nothing but an eerie silence. No real wind because of how high we were, and being that we were observing radio silence, the only sound I had to my hearing was that of my own thoughts, breathing and heartbeat.

Then we hit the lower atmosphere, and my wings spread ever so slightly against my back, and a film of that black goop from my new armor spread with it; my wings acting little more than speed breakers within the space of my arms and legs as we passed through the cloud cover, gathering a layer of moisture against my bodice on our way down. The lower we got, the further out my wings spread until I had them full breadth, our fall slowing to that of a parachute fall, my body glancing over the tree cover before I reared upward briefly, and landed straight into the snow.

“Very good, Lady Evelynn.” Teran said through his facemask and helmet as he dislodged himself from the harness at my back. Expert landing.

I blushed behind my stylized helmet, and allowed him to lead the way. I barely had to walk, having to do so on all fours to keep my profile down – my immense breasts scrapping against the snow – while he skittered forward through the snow and up onto the ridge of our target. I was amazed at how sparse the defenses were up here, and how easily bypassed they were. Cameras were fed a continuous loop, while drones and soldiers were dispatched with speed and silence. And finally, we came to the silo bays.

Five vertical launch bays to launch a single ICBM, originally built in the late twentieth century. In this day an age, however, with newer technologies available, one could create an interplanetary missile system, armed with a quantum detonator for its warhead.

Teran immediately lifted his arm, depressed a key on the back of his forearm guard, and a holographic computer display immediately came alive, and he keyed in several commands simply by placing his fingers through the image representations of keys.

“No alarm system.” He said quietly and deactivated the forearm computer. “No other defenses detected either. Apparently he believes a ten-foot cubed slab of concrete is enough to deter anyone from trying to enter his lair this way.”

“Under most circumstances he’d be right... but most dragons can’t bench press bulldozers either.” I said, and set myself to the concrete slab, my breasts pushing firmly against its cold side before I put all my weight into it.

My formidable musculature strained immediately as I forced myself against it, and there was a very brief squeal from below as the nearly six hundred year old locking mechanism snapped, and the pistons supporting the slab were slowly overloaded and pushed inward.

My body strained, and an odd, psychological thing happened inside my mind as my mass slowly began to expand from my thickening musculature. Having once been a petite, human-sized creature, barely a wisp in form, now to possess so much *might* and *strength*, it became pleasing, sensual... even erotic to feel the blood pumping through me with all that power. I gasped, feeling my nipples harden and create a pair of smaller mounds on my breasts as I pushed against the corner of the slab as I walked around the opening hole to the silo. We only needed enough of the shaft opened for me to fit through, but to feel that experience, I pushed the slab all the way open, continuing until there was a dull thud with the slab hitting its keel blocks. I stood there panting, more from the affect of my tightened crotch and erect nipples throbbing against my chest before I slowly turned to Teran.

He stood there, arms folded, and with his helmet now retracted into his neck brace, I could see him raising an eyebrow at my all too apparent sensuality.

“I am impressed.” He said simply, though I didn’t know if he meant my strength, or the fact that he could see the camel toe between my legs despite the small plate meant to hide it – I swelled that much so that the plate was now wedge into the spread open opening of my sex – and the thickened lumps atop my breasts.

I blushed again as he skipped forward and leapt into the shaft, and gathering my composure, followed quickly after.

Unlike a human, I had to crawl down the shaft to its base, and likewise crawl through the double bay doors below whereas he could just walk through them.

“Remember,” he said, actuating his helmet and then his thermoptic camouflage. “Do not take the War Hammers on more than one at a time. I will take care of Dimitri.”

I then heard rather than saw him move rapidly down the corridor.

I’d found my way to one of the main areas of the base... a great chamber where there was row upon row of war machines... quite a stockpile really. I’d encountered rather sporadic and weak

resistance, but most people don't expect intruders to enter into their lair straight through the middle. I'd left a trail of knocked out guards and drones now wadded up into teeny tiny little balls of scrap metal, all stuffed into spare rooms out of the way. But as of yet, I'd yet to see any of those five mecha I'd heard so much about.

The chamber I was in now was perhaps a hanger originally used to hold air fighters, but has recently been changed to fuel and support mechs, tanks and the like. When I'd originally entered into this place, I'd spent a good five minutes looking over every nook and cranny, for any active furnaces, for any heat sources, and once satisfied, I went and cut the main line to the power box before venturing out into the hanger.

It'd taken me a long time to be able to get my stealth down to where an almost twenty-three foot tall dragoness with two breasts weighing in over half a ton apiece could sneak about making no more noise than a human in sneakers pacing about. The trick was weight dispersion and to keep my toe claws from hitting the ground...

I'd reached near the center of the hanger, when suddenly there was the click of something being turned on, and suddenly I was bathed in several spotlights that practically glued me to the floor, and dozens of thermoptics declanking all around me, some of which were the War Hammers themselves.

"I find it amazing that this is the best attempt to deter me from rising up Russian glory." Said an amplified heavy accent that was rather guttural and constantly rolled its R's.

"A step back in the process, but not a finality." I said simply as the hanger's lights above me all activated, especially after I'd thought I'd just cut their power. All around me came the hum and whine of turbines of the mecha all being activated at once, and dropping from several vertical shafts, or walking in from opening bay doors, all five of the War Hammers, and several smaller mecha all entered into the fray.

Though I didn't show it, I was beginning to grow extremely worried and afraid. Especially when I saw who was being held between two of Dimitri's burley guards, now absent of all his armor.

"Teran." I whispered, and he looked up at me and grinned.

Was he planning this? I wondered.

"Surrender now, Tovarich-ah, and I shall make your demise quick."

I looked about me, now surrounded on all sides by heavy weaponry. Somewhere inside me, something clicked... a deeply repressed psychological urge that had made its part of my family ages ago. Though I made myself a scientist before my accident, my family was a long, long line of warriors, stretching all the way back to the Dragon Wars. I began to growl, rather low into my throat, and tried to repress the gene, the urge, whatever it was that was activating this rage induce berserker in me, and I immediately launched myself at the greatest threat that was closest to me, one of the War Hammers themselves. But no sooner had I moved that I was immediately met by

a barrage of rockets and heavy shelling that ripped through the air into me, riddling my bodice with painful stings that occasionally penetrated my armor and hide, while my armor itself was torn apart to leave me naked from down the front from head to knee caps.

I landed heavily onto my back, breathing heavily, my body heaving heavily as I tried to clear myself from the daze.

“Pity.” That voice said inside my head, and I shook my head to clear it, rolling onto my side as my rending claws reached out for a blurry image before falling short and rending the steel of the ground. “All arms, target the dragoness.” He said then, and my vision cleared as I viewed myself becoming the target of every weapon in the room. “Ready.” He said, and followed it by an, “Aim!”

But then there was a brief flurry of motion, and using maneuvers that threw one of his guards one way and the other in a second direction, Teran produced his sword as if out of nowhere, and launched himself through the air at Dimitri.

“No.” I heard him breathe. “Guard me!” he screamed out, and in a loud thunderous bang, and a sudden burst of blood, I saw a metal spike the size of a spear shoot through the air from one of the mechs, catch Teran straight in the middle, and carry him tens of meters away before skewering him straight to the floor.

“Teran!” I cried out, seeing a wound that would definitively have caused even me some hurt, but for a human of his size... such a wound must’ve been instantly fatal.

Dimitri hurried up, staring at Teran before whipping out his gun and shooting a couple of slugs into him.

“Damn it!” He cried out, and then turned on me in a rage. “How dare you enter into my lair and try to kill me?! How dare you try to do this to me? *ME! The future emperor of Russia!* I will have you know that I shall...” I stared passed Dimitri as he cursed and cried out his rage, an immensely long tirade while my eyes remained fixed upon Teran.

Oh, I’m so sorry. I heard a voice inside my head say as I reached out for him, feeling tears burning in my eyes from the sadness in my heart, and the pain from my body.

But while I stared at him, my fine draconic vision caught a very brief twitch in his hand, followed by both hands clenching into fists, and I blinked in surprise. And then I heard an ever so soft groan coming from him, and then watched amazedly as he set his feet. And then through sheer force of leg muscles, and what remained of his abdominals, he slowly straightened, pulling himself off the long spear-like spike with blood spouting and gushing from his wound as he slipped off its end and teetered briefly.

Behind me, I heard a couple of the mechs step backward in surprise as Dimitri continued in his manic oration, but now all eyes were fixed upon Teran as his spilt blood began to rapidly slide across the ground, off the spear, and even through the air to latch back onto his body. The hole

straight through him rapidly began to seal itself, before even the corresponding hole in his body suit sealed itself like strings of some goop filling in an open space.

Just then, Dimitri stopped, finally noticing that no one was paying attention to him, and straightening, he turned suddenly, and hopped back in surprise as he saw Teran standing there across from him.

Teran had his head bent, breathing heavily, almost angrily as his long white hair fell about his head and shoulders to obscure his eyes. And then he looked up, opening those wide angling eyes at last, only to reveal a pair of eyes that glowed a solid emerald green.

“It amazes me that I protect this world for people like you.” Teran said simply.

And then... he... changed...

Like twenty years of body building all compressed within a few moments, Teran's Body thickened and swelled with muscular mass, his size and mass alike growing exponentially as within seconds, he grew to something twice his original size, and more than a hundred times his original strength. But then his face rapidly began to change, followed by the formation of his body as he shredded out of his body suit, rising up on his toes which became definite claws as they spread away from the foot, his arms unfolding while a great hump rose up at the peak of his back. That hump then erupted outward into a pair of gossamer, bat-like wings that fanned outward and thickened with strength of their own while his flesh hardened into hide, hide into scale, and scale into layer after layer of armored plating.

He lifted his head and breathed out a gout of flame that melted the ceiling into molten slag, as in a rapid burst of growth, he doubled his size again in less than a second, chest barreling outward before disgorging a pair of second arms that unfolded away from his ribcage and outward.

A heavy tail dropped from his backside as the scale and armor simply grew heavier and heavier everywhere, and in less than fifteen seconds, I suddenly found myself staring at what looked like a giant dragon, crossed with a beetle.

Chitinous red, metallic gold and brilliant opal for a belly color, he stood proud and menacing all at once, now looking down at Dimitri as he bent downward, picked up the spike he'd just recently been impaled upon, and as simply as one would flick a toothpick, sent that spike with enough force to skewer Dimitri straight to the ground.

He looked down at me, glowing eyes and many head gems of the same color glittering humorously at me, before he spun, his great wings unfolding and cutting through the mecha around him, cutting the smaller ones in half, before he punched through one of the War Hammers; a thing with armor as heavy as a battle ship. He then kicked it with enough force to send it careening through the air to smash against wall over a hundred feet away. He then skipped backward, twisted himself and hopped over me, spreading his wings wide before

releasing a scream of rage at the remaining mechs, placing himself as the target for all those guns and weapons instead of me.

All of the mechs then turned and leveled their weapons onto him and began firing, Teran simply lowering his head as he acted as a shield between them and me.

I gasped, never so helpless in my life as I watched hundreds... *thousands!* Of blaster and slug shots striking his armor, thundering off him as smoke and dust created a cloud around him. He simply stood there and took it. Then rockets began to erupt from the mecha, blasting at him full in the face, some of the strikes actually forcing him to reset his stance, but still he would not move.

I cried, pleaded for him to move out of the way through the roar of machine guns, laser blasts, blaster ejections, particle beam phase-off, and rocket explosions, to the point where I grew hoarse in the throat, and he was engulfed in nothing more than a great cloud of smoke and dust.

Then the ammo in the mechs ammo banks, thousands of rounds apiece, spent themselves, energy banks ran low and missile and rocket packs spent themselves.

There was laughter in the hanger now... as everyone thought the same thought '*that nothing could've survived that.*' And to my demise, I thought the same thing.

But then, from deep within the cloud, two pinpoints of light, looking very much like eyes, pierced through the cloud, followed by a collection of like-colored points all through the cloud, and in one moment, a pair of great wings lifted out of the dispersing cloud, and in a single downbeat, pushed the cloud straight to the ground to reveal that massive dragon that had become of Teran.

“Is that it?” he spoke at last, and I gasped at the sound as if he were speaking with two voices simultaneously, one roguish and the other noble in its sounding.

There was a mad shuffling then as everyone tried to escape, and with a small chuckle, Teran, straightened himself, with two shoulder plates suddenly snapping upward to reveal a pair of openings to either side of his neck. Both glowed a blazing white briefly before ejecting two spheres of crackling white energy through the air – a bolt of white lightning dragging between the pair – before they struck firmly against a pair of the mechs, and literally *disintegrated both!*

Two more blasts went out to destroy two more mechs before he launched himself after them, a massive sword suddenly appearing in his hand as if from out of nowhere as it cut straight through heavy armor as if it were mere foil. Once in the midst of all those heavy war machines, he used martial arts maneuvers, chi maneuvers such as fireballs and lightning strikes, sheer magic and Psionics, all in a conflagration of motion. In moments, an entire regiment of fully armed and armored battle mechs were destroyed and fragmented, their pilots trying their hardest to escape.

And then I saw something new in this creature... mercy. The only death that he seemed to ensure was that of Dimitri. These pilots and guards posed no further threat, and could pose no more threat without a leader to lead them... so he let them go.

And so, there he stood, radiating sheer power as he made sure that all the pilots had escaped safely. And then he turned to me, and smiled.

“Agent Zero to Inter-Realm.” He said in his old human voice. “Mission accomplished. Send in mop up crew.”

I struggled to stand, balancing eventually on wobbly legs and knees while I held my arm. At the moment, my clothing was shreds and charred tatters, but my flesh was already healing quite rapidly thanks to the mass of hypernites within my blood stream. The massive dragon that had been Teran was stomping out the head unit of one of the mecha, making sure that it couldn't be used for destruction again before he turned to me.

His steely, glowing-eyed gaze leveled on me, and as he bent his head forward and tilted it, three flattened plates on either side of his head fanned widely outward, while the plates covering his head likewise fanned outward into a crown of horns adorning his head.

“I'd assume that you must have questions.” He said simply, his voice still having that echoing dual-voice sound to it.

“Yes!” I said, a little too loudly. “What... who *are* you?”

“My true name is Psudodrake, though as to what I am, well, we all wear masks, my dear.” He said simply, folding his primary arms across his chest and planting the hands of his other two arms firmly upon his hips. “An old, venerable man who is a CEO of his own super conglomerate. A young, youthful warrior who is revered by his comrades and feared by his enemies. A Dragon, who just showed an unbelievably to you here and now... they are only a few of the many I've worn over the millennia.”

“Mi-Millennia?!” I cried, feeling rather weak despite the hypernites doing the best to repair all the damage to me. “Dragons live for hundreds of years, maybe, but not *thousands!*”

He chuckled, and opened his arms wide.

“And how many dragons do you see that are like me?”

This was more than true. I'd never seen a dragon of that size... head, chest and shoulders above even *me*, which was something I usually did instead. I'd never before seen a Dragon like him, with so many horns atop his head that it was like a crown, his body bejeweled like some form of royalty, and where most dragons had some form of hide on their bodies, he had *no* hide. Everything was armored in either scale or plating of various sizes, and *boy* was that some of the

heaviest armor I'd ever seen on a dragon. No wonder he'd just taken all those combined hits with ease. Then there was the fact that he had four arms, enlarged wings, and so many other things protruding against his back.

And in the insect world – the creatures he so thoroughly resembles – whenever an insect was of the same species but only larger, that usually meant only one of two things. A queen... or an emperor.

“You're nobility.” I said simply, not bothering to cover up any more, with the tatters of my clothing falling off my bodice to reveal the fullness of my feminine form. I merely stood there with arms akimbo beneath my breasts.

“Indeed.” He said simply, only the lips at the end of his maw moving to minutely reveal his sharpened teeth. “You are intelligent, and quite powerful... brains and brawn in one compact little package.”

I snorted and turned away from him slightly. *'Little'* was something I hadn't been called for a long time.

“I've been watching you for quite some time, Lady Evelynn.” He admitted to me, and I turned back to look at him from over my shoulder, a little suspicious of him now. “Ever since you experienced your heat five years ago, and one of my companions discovered your existence.

“Since then, stepping-stones have been laid to help grow within your organization, while I occasionally sent tests against you. This one was the last in a very long series, and I am proud to say that I am quite satisfied with how you've met them. And so, I'd like to present you with a gift.”

“A... a gift?” I repeated. “What... sort of a gift?”

“I am a Noble Dragon. Before the Age of Man, Noble Dragons numbered then as humans number now. We were billions strong, spreading across several of the worlds within the Sol solar system, and likewise several of those planetary moons. Now, we number less than a dozen, and limited now only to Earth.

“As it is, any one of us is worth a thousand of the common dragons here on Earth. This brings us to you. You are too powerful to be numbered among the common breeds, and likewise to weak to be counted a noble. The *'gift'* that I desire to offer, is to pull you upward into the ranks of the Nobles.

“You will be given power, provided that you believe that you are strong enough, worthy enough, and capable of the responsibility such power brings you.

“You are alone in this world. Totally unique. This marks you as a spectacular creature, but leaves you remarkably absent of companionship.”

He was walking ever steadily toward me during this whole oration, until he was now standing directly before me.

“Alone?” I mumbled, and hugged myself again. A brief moment of silence followed before I felt subtle touch along the inside of one of my breasts. It was a caressing motion, and in spite of myself, I let my eyes close while a sigh escaped from inside me.

“No one to pleasure you, no male able to pierce your thighs, no one capable of loving you. No experience of sensuality, no pleasing sensation of falling in love, having a mate, starting a family.”

He removed his hand as I stepped away, hugging myself tighter to press my breasts up over my arms; my shoulders hunching up about my neck. “And power... there’s always a price for power.”

Again, there was silence, and then he touched me again, this time a soft, touch upon my shoulder, and then the other, and then as strange as it was, on either of my hips.

“It hurt you, didn’t it? This change or transformation you went through.”

I turned to him, suddenly regressing back to that moment, and I hugged myself tighter to guard myself from that fear, and the pain, the unspeakable, searing, rending, tearing pain.

“Cameras recorded perhaps a five minute transformation, as I grew from a minute five-three, to a massive twenty-five-eleven. Proportionately, if I would’ve remained my same size, I would’ve increased in size and mass by at least a factor of ten. The pain... was indescribable.”

He took my face in his two primary arms, his fingers cupping the relatively soft sides of my cheeks as all his horns and fins lowered about his head.

“I promise you, that in comparison to this pain, that the increase of power that you shall gain will be painful only in the beginning, and will be no where near the levels you experienced that day. And what you will gain from it is your own identity, wealth and social station, and an increase in your person on all possible levels. All you need to do now, dear lady, is to take my hand.”

He stepped backward one last time, and held out his four fingered, gauntleted hand.

I, naked as a jaybird, looked from him, and then to his hand. Swallowing hard, I considered, and thought and thought some more. I lifted my hand and stopped an inch or two from touching his outstretched fingers, and then hesitating only a moment more before my hand surged forward, and I clutched his hand hard.

He smiled.

“Thank you.” He said simply, and lifted a hand. In an instant a glowing ring that surrounded us both came into existence, and then a second and a third. Then in the next moment, I felt as if I

were yanked straight upward, right through the ceiling, up into the air and a thousand or so miles away. Then there was a lunge, and a brief dizziness, and when I managed to open my eyes and clear my head, we were in a different place.

“Welcome, Lady Evelyann... to The Tower!”

I stood, looking about me in what appeared to be a massive ballroom, but obviously dragon sized.

Crystal marked the white ceilings, with gold, silver and precious gems lining all the walls. This simple hall must've constituted billions of credits to construct. Intricate polished marble tiles were arrayed in a complex astronomical design, with everything in the chamber seeming to flow to the center of the room, where a vertical pillar of light that was remarkably like daylight shone from a crystal at the roof top.

Stepping lithely forward, my musculature wrought with power in every move I made, I stepped over to the vertical shaft of light and reached out to place my hand in it.

“Sunlight. But... but it was night before. Where are we?” I asked. “And h-how did we get here?”

“Teleportation.” That strange double voice said behind me, as I heard Psudo's stalking steps moving off to one side of me. “Magic, as of yet innate and hidden in the dragons of this day and age, but in dragons like us, it is very potent. You are currently standing in a spire of rock at the roof of the world. Outside this hidden lair, unexplored even after thousands of years, is our lair.

“The light is being projected from a sunstone that peaks out at the top of the spire. This chamber has been carefully constructed to mimic the passing of the moon, the stars, and the sun.”

“Like the Aztec pyramids.” I breathed, and stepped forward to bathe my naked body in the light. It was an act I don't believe I've done since I was a hatchling.

“Exactly. Amazing what humans have constructed. We simply took their technology and furthered it for this chamber. Now come with me, there is much to do before the ritual begins.”

I had no choice but to follow him as he led the way to one of the dozens of double doors in this chamber, and as time grew on, I became more and more self conscious about my nakedness, and despite that I saw no one else in the vast hallways, I slowly began to edge my hands over my crotch, while my wings folded about my sizeable chest like a cloak.

“D-do you perhaps have any clothing, sir?” I asked at last, and turning to look sidelong up at him, I saw the barest hint of a smile cross his face.

“If it helps ease your mind, you'll notice that I am likewise unclothed...”

“Yeah, but you got all that nifty armor on, and all I got is my wings.”

Psudo chuckled. “Once upon a time ago, Dragon’s didn’t worry about things like clothing. But I am sure that we have something for you.

As he led, with me artfully trying to cover my nakedness, I looked about me, amazed at the beauty all around me. It was as if it were a forgotten age, absent of any human thought attached to it, with high vaulting hallways that would seem titanic to a human, most wide enough to allow several dragons my size to walk abreast down its length. I occasionally did see other dragons, the breed I was most familiar with, the small, no more than five-meter tall kind with smooth or slightly scaly bodies, and very few with wings. Incredibly reptilian.

I, unlike them, was generally head, chest and shoulders taller, with slightly heavier scales, and an unheard of musculature. I was a titan among Dragons, definitely reptilian, but with much larger horns and ears.

Lord Psudodrake here, however, was so incredibly different from all these other dragons, who bowed or curtsayed as he passed, paying me little more mind than just the casual glance, was more arachnid or insectid than reptilian. Likewise, he seemed as far beyond me as I was beyond them. Impressively powered, multi-limbed, great gossamer wings, and back armor so thick that it looked like he could survive a nuclear blast if he turned his back to it. His armor was likewise heavy everywhere else on his body; thick, heavy, and impenetrable. Despite his mane at the top of his head, everything was armored, but even that mane was surrounded with something akin to a crown, made up of small spikes to massively thick horns, gems, and three great fins that were currently spread fully open.

“Lord Psudodrake.” Someone said, and we both stopped. A rather lovely dragoness, simple green scales that glittered slightly. “I’ve brought the garment as commanded. Lady Leviathan was most glad to offer it up.”

“Thank you, Natani.” Pseudo smiled, accepting the bundle of fabric from her before she curtsayed and hurried off.

Psudodrake then began to unfurl a simple gown while I stared at him.

“B-but I only just asked for clothes. H-how did you ‘*command*’ for it already?”

Psudodrake again smiled, this time grinning slightly as he slung the robe about my bodice, and I unfurled my wings and removed my hands from between my legs as he rapidly began fastening it about me.

“One of the innate powers of a noble dragon, Evelynn, is the gift of telepathea... or standard telepathy.”

I unfurled my wings and folded them at my back as he finished with the last clasp over my right shoulder, allowing me to tie the drawstring over my hip.

“Hmm... Lady Leviathan may be much taller than you, but I don't believe she possesses your... endowments. It fits you well... I'm sure she'll be glad to get to know you.” He then gestured to a door to his side that opened for us before he ushered me through it.

“These will be your chambers for the next few days. I shall make your excuses at Inter-Realm. For now, simply rest and enjoy the Tower's hospitality while we prepare the ritual.”

He closed the door before me, and I stood there, in a relatively large room...enormous even for my standards. This place, this tower, was the first time I'd felt small since I had my accident, the same one that transformed me into this... Titaness of a dragoness.

I felt like a little girl again, and the experience brought up some strange other thoughts and feelings in my head as I paced through the room. Feelings of when I was a little hatchling... still afraid of the dark, weak, immature... tiny in size. My footsteps finally brought me to a large bed that had been built into an ever so slight upraise in the floor, and stepping forward, I knelt on the soft layer of furs and skins of large animals, under which was something pebbly, but oh so soft.

Lifting one of the skins, I was amazed to find a mass of small glistening black and white pebbles.

Pearls. I thought, feeling them with my fingers. I'd heard about dragon's sleeping on their hordes, but this was ridiculous! There must be millions of dollars worth of pearls under this simple bedding. But nonetheless, I crawled forward and laid upon my chest, my womanhood pressing forward beneath my neck and chin as a natural pillow while I tested my surroundings.

It was infinitely more comfortable than my bed at home.

Snuggling up into the furs and allowing my wings to fall down about my body like a blanket, I quickly went off to sleep...

I slowly awoke to the sound of something knocking against my bedroom door; and uncoiling from my sleeping position I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes and blinked a couple times.

“Ohh...” I sighed softly as my breasts slowly settled into my borrowed white gown atop my chest.

“Milady? Milady, are you awake?”

“Y-yes. Yes I am... please come in.” The door opened and Natani, the dragoness from the corridor entered gracefully.

“Good evening my lady... Did you sleep well?” She placed a platter of food on the solitary oak table that was raised to about my waist height.

“Yes, thank you.” I said, and braced my arms against the table the food was resting upon, and closing my eyes, just let the freshly cooked meats and fresh fruits waft into my face, along with an equally sweet smelling tea.

“It is already evening?” I asked quietly, opening my eyes and looking down at the much smaller dragoness.

“Yes, my lady. You’ve been sleeping for a good six hours. Lord Psudodrake sent me to help you get ready while you eat. The ritual shall begin at midnight in the Sun Chamber, and he commanded that you be at your full strength before you enter for your empowerment.”

I sat, still looking at Natani before I picked up some meat and ate it. One of the benefits of being a dragon was that you could practically eat an animal whole. Cows were a nice sized burger. Chickens were like popcorn.... It’s so wonderful that dragons can digest nearly anything. I never gained the sort of appetite for metals or complex minerals though.

“Who *is* Lord Psudodrake?” I asked at last after swallowing. “Do you know much about him?”

Natani hugged herself and shrugged slightly before answering.

“He... well... He’s the Master of Dragons.”

I chuckled. “A Bahumat? I thought they didn’t exist.” I picked up some fruits and began eating them while Natani rubbed her four-fingered claw up and down one slender arm.

“Not *a* Bahumat... *the* Bahumat. He’s Bahumat Zero.”

I continued chewing for a time and then stopped, opening my eyes suddenly before spitting a seed clear across the room before surging to my feet.

“*WHAT?! You’re telling me that he’s the first king of dragons?!*”

“For the past one hundred thousand years, yes milady. Though he no longer holds the title of Bahumat, he is nonetheless the head of the Dragon Council. He simply devotes his time to all the world, instead of just dragons.”

I bit my lower lip, calming myself down before having a seat again. “Hmm... seems there is more to my host than meets the eye. I suddenly feel like Alice tumbling down the rabbit hole. *‘Curiouser and curiouser.’*”

“Truly, milady?

I palmed my face with one hand, fingering my white witch's lock in my hair with my clawed fingertips.

"Thank you for the food, Natani. When should I be ready?"

"At half past eleven, milady. It is now ten p.m."

"Thank you. I shall be ready..."

I was led by several of the smaller dragons by the hands like a lady being led by her children back down the halls and corridors back to the Sun Chamber, where Psudodrake and I arrived. The chamber was now ablaze like the night sky, and looking up, other than the supports, it seemed as if I were standing in open an open-air auditorium. I marveled at this for a time, and then I heard the giant doors close shut behind me, and I jumped briefly with the echoing sound in the chamber. And then I looked to the center of the chamber, and saw a ring of dark robed figures in dragon-sized robes, and at their center, the Venerable Lord Psudodrake.

He was bathed in a shaft of moonlight which beamed straight down on him from the representation of the full moon high above. Lifting a hand, but without saying another word, he beckoned me forward, and almost as if against my own accord, I stepped forward, stepping between a pair of the robed figures who watched me intently from within their shroud of shadows.

"Kneel." He said simply, and blinking up at him, I came to the center of the circle and knelt, just before the members of the circle all around me closed about till they were all practically shoulder to shoulder. Then he bent to one knee before me as my wings settled about my body like a great cloak, and he looked me straight in the eye. "Are you sure... should we begin... there shall be no going back."

I looked at him, and then taking a deep breath, subtly nodded to him. I saw the barest hint of a relieved smile against his face, and the next thing I knew, he was undressing me; unclasping the shoulder clasps, untying the drawstrings over my hips, and removing the cloth from over me so that I knelt with everything vulnerable and on display.

Ever so briefly was I self aware of this fact, but then Psudo began, immediately walking around the circle to touch each of the robed figures one after the other. I counted nine.

"Elements of Eternity," He spoke in Draconic. "Gathered from afar, I call you each by name to this circle to lend us your power."

He stepped over to me, and from each of his four hands, threw a sort of glittering powder up into the air around me, and I became amazed as the powder slowed its decent, falling ever slower as something strange and alien occurred around me. A bubble of paradox, a sphere of anti-time was erected, and time about us slowed, holding to this particular moment, and I marveled at the

beauty of slowly falling crystal as it shifted and shone. But then Psudo turned, and continued with the ritual.

“Earth!” he stated, and the big one right before me took a step forward, opening the front of his robe to where a bright, amber crystal situated in his chest shone brightly and powerfully. Then I noticed other pinpoints, smaller ones, glowing from the inside of his good, at his navel and on the back of either hand holding open the robe to reveal that crystal. “Lend us your strength.

“Water!” He called again, and I had to turn full around to see another figure step forward, this time, definitely female in the formation of her naked bosom erecting out into the open air – all four of them – but unlike the last, she was enormous, standing as tall as even Psudo did. She held herself in the same stance as her partner, but all her gems were of an aquamarine. “Lend us your Purity.”

Psudodrake continued, calling out each member of the circle, to which they all stepped forward spread open their robes to reveal their gems and allow them to glow.

Wind with its swiftness, Fire with its wisdom.

Light to illuminate the way, Darkness to tunnel the light and guide its way.

Wood to bring life, Steel to guard it.

Lightning, to energize.

Nine individuals, and to a member, save water, all of them male.

“Elements of Eternity, you have been called, lend us your power.”

And then I saw the gems on the chests of each and every last one of them shine bright and almost menacingly, and lifting all their hands to join to those of the mate beside them, a colored beam of light erupted from their chests and splashed against me. Immediately, my body spasmed my muscles tightening as I was lifted up into the air, grunting with the stinging pain till I was practically in the position of the crucifix. The only exception was that my arms were held flexed at my sides, and my wings dangled from my back while I was suspended with the tips of my toe claws only a few inches above the floor.

I tossed, flailed my head as my body burned, while my great mane of black hair tumbled about my face. I was being suffused with this energy, to the point where my entire body ached with the strain. Then my head tossed, and I saw Psudo approaching me, all of his gems lighting up like an emerald Christmas tree, spreading to his eyes as well, the light growing brighter and brighter until all of the gems turned white.

“Child of Eternity... accept you this power,” he began, and lifted his four fingered hand, and I felt my eyes grow wide with horror as the claws on his index and middle fingers extended a full foot outward. “Take on the life essence of the world,” his other hand lifted, and I felt myself

being bent backward, my back arching to heave my enormous chest up into the air, to reveal the soft pad of flesh at the base of my barreling ribcage. "...and... *be REBORN!*"

I then gasped as his fingers with the claws jabbed forward, piercing me beneath the sternum ridge plate, through my soft flesh there and straight through my heart.

I spasmed again, shaking minutely as all pain slowly withdrew from my body. There was no aching strain, no weariness, no consciousness, no thought... simply a single, frozen image of staring up at the night sky in wonder.

And then I gasped again as Psudodrake pulled his hand out and retracted his claws in the same motion, and the wound he'd just inflicted suddenly became a gaping hole for the light surrounding me to be sucked straight into my body.

I coiled around that gaping hole, trying to protect it, feeling the energy of the nine dragons around me seeping into my bodice, lighting me with a white light within, while gallons of crimson blood slowly leaked out to float around with me. For a short time as I writhed in that bubble of light, trying to cover that hole in me, I suddenly found myself looking at Psudodrake who was chanting very quickly in Draconic. All four of his four fingered hands moving before him, drawing glyphs of light in the air in rapid speed, which, when done, flew about me to create a form of wire mesh into the cage of light I was in. And seeing that, I believed, for a time, as if I had just been betrayed to death.

But then he finished the last glyph, and when it flew about me, sealing the cage, the nine stepped backward, the light emitting from their stones ceasing as they broke the circle. And then, something seeped into me... a calming warmth, a resonance deep inside my mind, and I felt... I felt as calm and relaxed as I remembered being while inside the egg.

It... it was a beautiful emotion... and I succumbed to it, and in my sensitive ears, I listened... and heard the sound of dragon song from the nine voices around me; a haunting sound, sounding like a combination of Gregorian Chant and Whale Song.

But being inside the egg was never as relaxing as this, I thought, digressing to childhood, giving up all the pain inside me... all the while blood continued to seep from the hole over my heart.

And then something changed, and in an instant, the barest of instants... time stopped. Looking outside the bubble, I saw the glittering dust Psudo had thrown at me halted in mid air, now ceaseless in their fall, glittering constantly between one instant and the next.

I slowly coiled in on myself as I felt a tingling, and then a throbbing against my chest, and looking down the length of my body between my breasts, watched as the blood seeping from me gathered slowly toward the gaping hole. The bloody mist balled together before creating a small gem against my sternum, pushing away the flesh as it calcified, and then hardened into a crystal, and finally smoothed into a red gem. Then there was a crackling sound as the gem seemed to open like an eye, and my body spasmed again, pushing my sternum forward practically to the point where my back broke, while the soft crystal there turned into a deep amber in color.

It then immediately began to absorb all the white energy about me as the bubble... the egg perhaps, collapsed about me until the webbing of the glyphs etched themselves onto my body. Then with a snap, I fell downward out of the air, landing on my feet and then crumpling forward to my hands and knees as the crystal against my chest continued to throb. My mind felt numb as I could feel it growing in my chest, coiling outward with tendrils as it linked itself to my twin hearts and then to my lungs, throbbing beautifully as the glowing lines began to painlessly cut open my flesh. It became a living thing... a simbiant that rapidly linked itself to me.

Coming to my wits, I closed my eyes briefly and pushed myself upward, and then collapsed again as a full body throb suddenly took me, sending a sensual burst through me from head to toe, fanning outward from my sternum where the gem laid. I gasped amidst the watching eyes of all the dragons around me, listening to all their many voices singing to me.

Again, I wedged myself upward, heaving heavily now as my body grew hot, the blood vessels in my body pumping harder and harder as strange things happened inside me. My hypernite-saturated bloodstream working in overdrive; the tingling becoming a tickling and the tickling growing into a caressing; like a thousand kisses against my skin. I rose to my knees, much into the same position I was in when this whole thing started, but now with my chest heaving and my legs spreading wide open as my body passed from sensual into erotic.

My own hands caressed my breasts, feeling my teats harden, feeling my crotch clenching like a fist as it throbbed and pulsed; growing moist and hot all at once. My hips rocked; my breathing coming as a collection of sighs and moans over and over again as my eyes pinched tightly together before slowly opening again, now possessing a glow of their own that overshadowed the soft hazel browns that they were before. Then on the backs of my hands that caressed my breasts, I saw what looked like a bulge pushing outward, just before an eyelet opened to reveal another pair of the same crystals that were against my chest. A brief pinching against my forehead revealed another of the amber gems growing into existence, and then as I took to caressing the many layers of my abdominals, I felt a fifth and final gem growing into existence at the base of my navel... just above my crotch.

A micro orgasm lit inside me, and I gasped then as my flesh was cut open along micro fractures again, linking the five gems to one another; from forehead to sternum to navel, and from sternum to either wrist.

And then the full body throb intensified, and from within, I saw a brief glow suffuse me from the inside again; lighting all the cracks in my body all at once.

“Hnnn,” I sighed, and began to play with one of my breasts again as I leaned backward, rocking my hips steadily as if I were being pleased... in the way I’d always dreamed it, straddling the powerful hips of a mighty Draco, his long shaft buried deep between my thighs, its throbbing mass tickling me from the inside and forcing my clit to harden and grow all the more erect.

Then I arched my back, feeling changes inside my body, feeling something stirring in the bowl of my broad hips, and throwing my head back and bracing both my arms behind my back, a

heavier orgasm erupted from me, and with a minute twitch to my back, I began to transform. It was the sort of transformation that should have happened the first time around; when I transformed into the being known as Lady Eve. Where my first change was painful, mind rending and excruciating, this was pleasurable, mind stealing and erotic.

I began to moan with the pleasure, feeling my body lengthening, my bones thickening and realigning inside me as I grew larger with the mass. The arms and fingers of my wings lengthened with my spine along my middle, my legs lengthened as did my upper arms and forearms. My neck rose as I tossed my head, and with a gasp, another orgasm was sucked in through my mouth, trailed down my neck and entire body, before erupting between my legs in a wet burst.

For a time, as my new skeletal growth solidified, I was tall and slender, with just the right muscle dispersal to have an athletic physique for something my size. But then the transformation, the imbuing of raw power, began to focus on other forms of my body, and intensified.

My back spread then immediately, my rib cage barreling forward to push my breasts up and apart from one another, just far enough to allow them their own growth. It was as if two giant hands were kneading my breasts as they swelled and tightened; growing firmer and fuller atop my chest until they actually pushed against one another again; my nipples thickening and erecting ever the higher.

With a lurch I fell forward onto my hands and knees, my tail lifting as my hips spread now, revealing my womanhood from behind as my legs slowly spread till my crotch pressed against the floor. Then with a groan, my hips rolled, and in a spasm of growth, my spine broke straight out from my back, rising like a massive hump while my chest and breasts surged forward to press straight against the floor; despite that my arms were at full extension. And still that wasn't enough. My tits pushed forward as my middle thickened forward and backward with muscle, my spine and tail spreading open slowly as terribly hooking spines erupted one after the other out of my back.

And then my arms began to thicken, even more so than they were before as my shoulders rounded, creased, swelled and started the whole process over again. Biceps bulged, as round as my breasts but infinitely much more firm; with my forearms broadening like the hoods on a cobra; my hands thickening straight down to the hardened claws on the end of each finger.

“Ha!” I cried out, coiling my head forward, nuzzling the top of my breasts as my neck flared wide straight to my bulging shoulder muscles.

My back flared again, creating its own hood over my ribcage which spread and barreled further outward till it created its own overhang over my abdominals. These were likewise folding from their old eight pack into tenths and then twelfths and onward, with my lats and gluts flaring and tightening until all were nothing more than a bundle of super taut chords of muscle under scale.

And then my thighs began to bulge, pressing immediately against my sides as my hips flared a little more, either thigh becoming hyper muscled to the point where either was thicker and wider than my middle was!

My calves and elongated feet followed suit, with my calves flaring wide, before at last, my tail, my lovely, long, luxurious tail *tripled* in size.

My body settled forward then, my hands clawing at the impenetrable stone before me as my body arched over my enormous breasts, my body continuing to grow ever larger, my crotch flaring wider and wider to disgorge my clit, which swelled and amassed into a thick nub. And then as my body continued to swell with thickening muscle – half from the hypernites in my blood again working their magic on me, half from this strange power; the slices in my skin from the glyphs again began to break open.



My body reformed into something larger, with armor now breaking out of my flesh to flare wide up and over my body, protecting me with segmented, overlapping plates of chitinous scale that felt firm, hard... and oh so pleasurable.

I felt horns growing out of my skull, felt dorsal blades erecting out of my forearms as my body was layered on with a sort of light brownish armor. My body was decorated with a molted hide, which segmented into scale, which hardened into even more armor. Fringe and flare decorated parts of my body as a soft moisture slid from between my scales to glisten against my bodice.

And then I felt something strange against my ribs, and so dizzy with my sensuality that I couldn't keep my eyes open, I reached blindly along my ribs and abdominals to find out what was happening to me there, and became surprised when I felt four new nipples growing beneath my enormous, now newly enhanced breasts. And then at last, I succumbed to the last of the enhancement, and my whole body glowed from the inside a brilliant white one last time, before there was a titanic ether backwash, leaving me prone at the center of the Sun Chamber, with the nine arrayed around me.

I then heard a heavy foot fall, and blinking lifted my head slightly, weakly from my pleasurable ordeal, and looked hungrily up at Lord Psudodrake as he knelt before me, cupping my face before I twisted my now horned head to kiss his hand, my long ears flattening against my head.

All around me, the glittering dust began to fall as normal again.

"It is done." I heard him say. "In the morning... we shall see what you've become..."

For a time, I simply twitched and shuddered with waning pleasure, feeling as if the dumb smile on my face would be forever etched there. And then I was being lifted, my arms being placed around someone's shoulders to either side of me, the weight of my enormous oversized breasts drooping against my chest as I was dragged forward, and despite their obvious weight, they felt feather light now... unlike before when they always drug the front of my body down.

My feet drug along the ground along with my tail and wings, and as the pleasure stricken mindset slowly waned, I began to feel some of my strength returning, and after a few minutes, I Was making weak attempts to actually walk, but despite that, they did not put me down just yet.

I swallowed breathing heavily as my eyes came into focus, and I saw that my aides were a pair of the cloaked ones that had surrounded me, and I smiled up at either in turn, as they silently drug my naked body through the corridors, eventually coming to a great set of double doors and dragging me inside.

"Lord Psudodrake and Lord Bahumat Neo have commanded that you rest, Lady Evelynn." One voice to my right said, and I looked weakly up at him. "These chambers will help you to relax and get used to your new body."

There was something warm and soothing about that voice, like I'd heard it before, and something about his scent was... familiar. I didn't know how, I didn't know any of these dragons before today, *or did I?* I second-guessed myself.

It was then that I looked about me, and found myself in an enormous bathhouse... modeled the way a Japanese bathhouse would look. The pool, however, was the size of a large pond, and quite deep, fed by a small waterfall that steamed from the obvious heat sliding off of it.

Great towels were folded here and there, with thick wooden slats creating a bench all the way around the bean-shaped perimeter of the pool. My two aides slowly slid me into the hot waters, hot enough to scald a human, but not quite hot enough for an armored red dragon like me.

I rested my back against the smooth sloping edge of concrete in the pool, my arms hooking against the slats to keep me erect while I laid on my wings and tail; my breasts bobbing subtly in the water against my chest.

Who knew how long I laid there... minutes, hours, but the aromatic fumes rising from the pool – from floating rose petals, subtle essences and oils burning in their braziers, made me enjoy the light headedness. The lights were all dimmed, and the only light that did come were from charcoal braziers, burned down to the coals, but despite that, my new vision allowed me to see as if I were wearing my tech goggles in low-light mode. But then, there was the sound of something entering the water, and I sat upright suddenly, managing that with little effort, so I hazarded to stand to see what it was.

My legs were a little wobbly at first, but I steeled them as I looked along the surface of the water.

“Hello?” I ventured, and then jerked my head around at a disturbance in the water, only to see several ripples from it. “H-hello?” I called out again, and this time, there was a definite movement, and I saw something rise out of the water, like a feather on a bird, but this functioned like a fin.

Something snake-like was swimming out before me, and I suppressed a cry as I made to step out of the water, seeing the movement of the thing as it waved back and forth before me. And then it dipped, and the fin submerged again, but only after I saw it heading straight for me.

My wings folded tightly against my back as I hopped fully out of the water, balling my fists, feeling my new enhanced strength energizing beneath my scaled and armored hide, and in spite of myself, I smiled at the prospect of a fight. But then looking down, I saw a pair of aquamarine eyes open under the water, just as a serpentine head poked itself out of the water and spluttered water as it rose. It continued to coil upward, and I gasped at the creature that rose before me, seeing four full and rounded breasts – tightly packed – followed by a long body, and a full and rounded belly with out turned belly button. The creature lowered her head, folding her clawed and webbed hands over her breasts, and smiling down at me.

I blinked, seeing her muscled body as it drip-dried, and a great tail that was as thick as her body, and a length and a half again her height trailing from behind her.

“So you’re the infamous Lady Evelynn. I’m pleased to finally meet you.” She said, and I blinked again in awe at the beauty of this creature, the loveliness of her voice. “My name is Leviathan.”

Then I looked down, seeing that she had extended her hand, and gingerly took it in my own, and felt her other webbed hand cover them both.

“Pah-pleased to meet you.” I smiled at last. As her bright eyes closed happily. But then I noted something. “I’ve become infamous?”

“Here you have. You’ve been the source of much conversation among the other members of the council.

“And, oh! I am indeed sorry if I scared you just now. Being the only female among nine other males has a tendency to make you wish for feminine companionship. I couldn’t wait for the feast tonight to finally meet you. Besides, who knew what might happen to our new lady should you fall in the tub?”

She began pulling me back into the water but I stopped her... surprised that I was strong enough to halt the movements of a creature her size. Perhaps there was more to my strength than I’d originally thought.

“Wait... new lady?”

“Lord Psudodrake will explain that later, but come in... enjoy the water. It’s so rare that I can get this place without any of the Dracos in here too.”

This time I allowed her to pull me into the water, and just let her pamper me. I generally didn’t get to do things as trivial as girl talk. I got a bucket of hot water over my head, rinsing off all the sweat and grime from my transformation off me before she started washing me with the oversized soap and a steel wire brush.

“The water is nice and warm for me,” she was saying idly now as she rinsed me off again. “I rather like the warmth of a black smoker really. Oh... they’re so warm!”

She hugged herself with the brush in one hand and the soap in the other.

“A black smoker?” I asked after brushing the water from my eyes. “An undersea volcanic vent?! But... but the water surrounding those things is hot enough to melt *lead!*”

“I know.” She laughed, and rising to her full height, now began helping me out of the water.

“You can stand that much heat?”

“Just barely, I like to wrap myself around the edge of them. It’s better than sunbathing nude. Another thing I don’t get to do much with all the boys around.”

Leviathan exited the water with me, and it was then that I finally got the full breadth of the size of her. She was enormous! A long, serpentine creature with muscular arms, and powerful legs, and beautiful glittering blue-green scales with an opal like belly that shimmered and shone against her front. It was then that I noticed something as she joined me at the water’s edge and stretched, and I reached out to handle the great rounded bulge in her belly.

“Y-you’re pregnant.”

“That I am.” She smiled, and fondled her belly with both hands. “Ten months, eleven days and five hours. My mate is so protective of me, doesn’t let me leave The Tower, and if not for Lord Psudodrake agreeing with him, I would’ve left already. Great Maker I miss the ocean...”

This time she hugged herself between her belly and her four rounded breasts, hugging the four up over her arms. Looking at that enormous chest of her, I absentmindedly fondled the four teats beneath my own primaries.

“Now enough about me, Tell me about Inter-Realm! It sounds so exciting!”

I did what my caretaker asked, getting a good drying off with the great towels, and then gained a full body massage with oils and perfumes, making me feel so much like a lady. I even got my nails and claws painted black as she used the fringe on the tip of her tail like fingers to add a bucket of water to some of the coals nearby, transforming the room rapidly into a steam bath.

“IO has taken quite a liking to you.” She said suddenly amidst painting my nails black... using the same sort of paint they used on the hooves of horses to make them look better.

“Which one is he?” I asked, tilting my head to one side as I leaned back and let her work. A hissing sound pointedly marked her adding more water to the coal beds as they steamed.

“The one on your right who helped tow you in here. He’s really kind and softhearted; wouldn’t harm a fly. We call him Blind IO... or Priest. Wait till you see him, he’s so cute!”

I thought for a moment.

He was the one who I recognized... well... sort of recognized, I thought. He was the one who’s scent and voice sounded so familiar. Strangely, the more I thought about him, the more strange images, afterthoughts almost, came to me of me on the floor, of being pleased by a great, powerful Draco, having my thighs pierced over and over by a thick slab of...

I shook my head to clear it of the images, gasping for air suddenly as my chest heaved, and I lifted on hand from balancing myself to cover one of my primary teats that had erected several inches from my chest while I clenched the vaginal folds of my crotch in thought.

What was that?! I thought. Was... was that daydream a memory? But if it was, when?!

I shook my head again, feeling my ears and horns all folding down about my head.

Leviathan suddenly rose to her feet then, and went over to one of the panels along the walls, opened it up, and pulled out two long robes like the one I wore before, but much simpler.

“Here, let’s go to my room. Need to get you dressed for the feast... especially since there are five hansom young suitors who are even more excited to meet you than I was.”

I paused as she pushed the simple body cloth up over my head, letting the loose fabric fall over me to my front and back.

“‘Suitors?’” was all I managed to ask to which she only answered with a smile.

Leviathan took me to her own personal quarters, to where I was privileged to meet the first of the many male Dragons that had surrounded me earlier this evening... the first member of the Circle, Lord Bahumat Neo.

He was enormous, larger and more physically imposing than myself, and so heavily armored that my first impression of him was a transformed land based O.C.T.O. Tank; one of those multi-turreted things with armor as strong as a starship, and enough power to pick off said starship from ground to space.

Apparently, this massive dragon was the lifemate of my new friend; the two of whom shared an intimate embrace with one another – Bahumat’s four arms getting a good grope of two of her breasts, her rear, and her belly all at once – before he left us to our privacy.

I watched him leave though, silently and quite in awe in the surroundings I was slowly realizing I’ve committed myself to. I’ve grown larger, stronger and indefinitely – as of yet – more powerful, but despite that, these Dragons were still larger, and by far more intimidating than I ever was, or am for that matter. And even the word ‘*Bahumat*’ meant King of Dragons... and ‘*Neo*’ meant new.

The ‘*New King of Dragons.*’

Then that meant that Leviathan is the Queen...

Leviathan with a horde of the smaller dragonesses that then assailed the collection of rooms we were in; all came in and bedecked me studiously.

Golden studs were planted about the tips of my horns, tacked on with gold studs. A golden collar and bracelets, while makeup by the pint decorated my eyes. My hair was done up elegantly, with a pair of black lacquered hair stays holding the whole tumble up; either ending in a triple set of elaborate beaded strings that hung down to my broad, broad shoulders. Finally a white gown went over my bodice, leaving me naked beneath it, the pure act of which led me to blush in hushed embarrassment. But, it was the “way of the dragons here,” as Leviathan said it.

Thigh socks, bracelets and anklets, and finally an elaborate piece of jewelry which was strung from a shoulder shield over my left shoulder, hung down on a pair of great pearled strings, and ending in a hand and wrist sheathe that surrounded the gem now imbedded in the back of my wrist like a minute gauntlet made of platinum.

I stood up, looking at myself in a great mirror that actually spanned from ceiling to floor here... large enough so that Leviathan could see herself in her entirety.

I hugged myself, blushing like I never had before. I *looked* beautiful. I never attributed myself like that before; all glittery and feminine. Especially after I'd become all muscley. I chuckled, and then laughed, biting my lower lip as I realized I was about to cry and quickly wiped the tears from my eyes to keep my makeup from running.

“You *look* beautiful, Evelynn. A real Lady.” Leviathan said, and I knew that she meant it.

I smiled at her words, but then she and I and Leviathan's ladies in waiting were all startled by a knock on the door. One of the young Dragonesses hurried over to the door, and opening it, only to reveal Lord Psudodrake standing there.

All at once all the young dragonesses, curtsied, and I looked at Leviathan to see if I should too, but she didn't, so neither did I.

“Good evening, Lord Psudodrake.” She greeted.

His great wings were wrapped about his shoulders like a cloak, his massive shoulder guards folded down over them to reveal the fullness of a pair of great crystalline orbs decorating either shoulder. His great crown of horns had all flattened fully against his head and neck, allowing only peaks of his great white mane of hair to show between the thick and heavy slats.

“Greetings, ladies.” He said. “May I enter?”

“Please, Lord,” Leviathan said. “You honor us with your presence here and...”

Psudo held up a hand and smiled. “Enough with the damnable formalities, Leviathan. We've known each other for eons, and you still greet me like this...” he entered, smiling almost fatherly. “I bring a gift, for Lady Evelynn. Forged by the hands of the many servants of The Tower. Both human and dragon.”

He unfolded the shining bundle from within his hands, and held up a shimmering bodycloth of glittering gold to me.

I gasped, and took a step forward, feeling the beaded feel of the garment. “I... I don’t know what to say.” I said; spying what looked like thousands of tiny golden rings fitted like chain mail.

Psudodrake fitted the golden sheath over me. “Never in my life have I seen the members of the tower band together to offer up such a gift, Evelynn.” He then bent forward and whispered in my ear as he fastened the clasps over my hips. “It would best to accept the gift, wear it proudly, otherwise you would insult them.” He drew back as I turned.

“Thank you.” I said, looking to the eagerly awaiting smaller dragonesses around me. “I will cherish it always.

Psudo smiled again, lifting his chin in what was unmistakably pride. “Now come... the feast begins.”

The Tower proved itself to be vast and immense, even for dragon standards, once again as I was led to where the feast was to be. Leviathan and myself followed behind the enigmatic Psudodrake as he led the way further into the core of the great fortress. I kept fussing over my new gown, and despite that it was made out of pure woven gold; I didn’t even feel its weight on me. This much gold must’ve weighed so much that it’d take a forklift to move. Not only that, this much gold must’ve been worth a fortune, and yet these dragons gave it away as if it were made of things just lying around.

And then Pseudo stepped forward to the end of the hall we were traversing, and lifting all four of his massive, armored and muscular arms, pushed open both of the double doors, and then alarmingly, stepped back to allow Leviathan and myself through, and even as we passed through, Leviathan held back so that I might be the center of attention.

“Good evening, Lady Evelynn.” Someone said to my right, and I turned to see a great dragon, with blue scale and armor, a white belly and white gems decorating his body.

Like most of the other male dragons here, he wore his wings like a cloak, wrapped over his shoulders. A brilliant white crown of horns decorated his head, with a pair of antennae coursing over his head and half way down his back, framed neatly between all those horns and a pair of immense ears that folded over the back of his head. But unlike all the others here, the armor he wore covered even his eyes in a thick carapace of milky white. But nonetheless, his smile was genuine and full well in the open.

“It is a pleasure to have you among us at last.” He continued, and I felt a shiver slide down the entire length of my spine, straight to the tip of my tail.

It was the same voice as before, I thought, and took the hand he proffered, and was surprised as he kissed the back of it.

“Indeed it is, my lady.” Another said, a deep rumbling from behind, and I turned to see another large Dragon, this time a surging black outlined with volcanic red. “It has been a long time since I’ve seen a creature with as much radiance or beauty.”

“Or of such vibrant energy.” A third voice said, and the crowd about me was joined by a third Dragon, this time intensely white, and quite lithe. He had a body similar to Leviathan despite his coloring, and unlike her, he had a pair of great gossamer wings attached to his back.

“Gentlemen, I thank you... yes thank you!” I managed, feeling my other hand being kissed.

“Enough.” A voice said, and all eyes turned to Bahumat Neo as he entered, and the Dracos around me separated enough for me to breathe; Leviathan coming up to his side to take his hand.

“IO, Xerxes, Prot... Please, give our new lady some room to breathe. You will have more than enough time to get to know her during the Feast. Now please, everyone, take your positions.”

Psudo and Bahumat took positions on either end of a grand oaken table that was taller than a man, with Leviathan to Bahumat’s right, and I to Psudodrake’s. The one known as Blind IO... the Blue with the long ears and antennae, sat straight across from me, while all the others took positions along the table. Looking around me, though, I saw that there were a few unfilled positions around the table, and blinking at the empty spots, I turned to Pseudo as servants entered the chamber and began pouring what looked like wine and setting the table.

“Are there members missing?” I asked quietly, and IO smiled at me from across the table. He didn’t move his head much, just kept it slightly tilted all the time as if he were constantly listening.

“Yes... they’ve been summoned. We’re just waiting for them to arrive.” He answered, and picking up his crystal glass rimmed with gold, his secondary arms lifted, folding into the crooks of his chest and shoulders, and then slipping into some plates that folded outward for his hands, the two arms locked into place. I blinked at that even as he sipped at his glass.

“Ah, Essence of the Draginni Plant. Most satisfactory.”

Again I blinked, looking at him briefly as he swirled the bouquet of the fluid in the glass, smiling at me. I then looked to my own glass, even as one of the small dragon servants filled it to just below the gold rim at its top. Despite my already vast knowledge of Biology in many of its myriad of forms, I had never heard of a Draginni Plant.

Despite that, I didn’t want to look the coward, so I sampled a sip of it, and practically dropped my glass in a wave of euphoria. “Ohhh...” I gasped, feeling the euphoria wash over me, my body growing warm from the inside, while my sexuality heightened slightly. Opening my eyes, and

fighting off the original wave of dizziness, I became amazed at how acute my sight became, and likewise my hearing, my sense of smell... everything. I felt... remarkably... *stronger!*

“Hmmm.” I licked my lips and took another sip to yet another wave of pleasure.

“Not too much too quickly, Eve.” A voice to my right spoke, and turning in the direction of the speaker, found the great black dragon smiling at me. “Draginni is a powerful substance that enhances a dragon. It grows as a three petaled plant in some very, very rare and dangerous locales. But in the middle of the flower pod grows a single pear-shaped fruit with three stems coming out of it. In its purest form, as a fruit, it is a narcotic to us, but diluted like this and processed like one would make juice, it is more tolerable. Despite that, it is a bit strong for those not accustomed to it.”

“And the Creator forbid that another dragon overdose on this stuff.” Bahumat spoke from down the table, holding his mate’s clawed hand tenderly.

I looked at him, blinking my eyes as the euphoria diminished. “Overdose?”

This time, it was Leviathan who answered. “My brother. He entered into a depression after the loss of his mate. He ate an entire Draginni Pod... in essence, the power of the Minerva fruit, but for dragons. Even Lord Psudodrake was powerless to stop him as he rampaged out the Demons who did the task. Afterwards... well... his own body crushed itself as he grew too powerful.”

I winced. Being a doctor, I knew and had seen what toxins have done to the body. Burst hearts, imploded lungs from the muscle in the body collapsing the skeletal system... coming from my earlier years working as a Gene-Splicer before my subsequent move into Inter-Realm, and the likewise subsequent accident that transformed me.

There were times, during that transformation, in which I felt my bones snap before they were reset and healed.

“I’m sorry.” I said quietly.

“It is behind us.” Leviathan said, but nonetheless was quite saddened by the conversation, and there was a bit of silence afterward.

I looked down at my hand and flexed it, feeling my muscle ballooning beneath hide, scale and plate, feeling the electric power inside my bicep swell as I did. The only thing keeping me from experiencing such a fate was the fact that the hypernites had reinforced my skeletal structure. I possessed a mostly metallic bone structure, and likewise, a bone structure that was laced and thickened into plates in some areas.

I had few weak points that could be pierced because of that. My ribcage was now a series of overlapping plates of some strange organic alloy... more of a barrel than a cage.

I changed the subject, not wishing to dwell on the thought of my heart – er – hearts exploding like that.

“Hmm,” I mused. “You all seem to know me quite well... but other than Leviathan and Lord Psudodrake, I haven’t really met any of you.”

Psudo chuckled. “Forgive me, introductions are indeed in order.” He gestured to the heavily armored dragon that sat across from him, in a large high backed chair. The one known as Bahumat. “Bahumat you have nonetheless met at least in brief. He is presently the *‘King of Dragons’* as his name implies.” Bahumat nodded to me, and despite his earlier convictions, drank some of his Draginni. “He rules over the Dragons of Earth in my stead now. His mate, Leviathan, is likewise his queen, with jurisdiction of all the aquatic dragons of the world.

“To your right is Daemon, the Shadow Lord.” Psudo introduced next, the dark, black dragon with the red trimming to his armor with matching eyes and gems. “His position among us is as a covert operative... as well as a few *‘other’* traits that would best not be discussed at the table.”

Daemon wiggled his brows at me, just before his crown of horns flattened against his head. Then Psudo was directing my attention to the next member of the group, the blazing white and opal dragon, a complete contrast to his neighbor.

“In retrospect, to Daemon, Equinox, our resident paladin and the Lord of Light, is a more up and front protector of the circle.” Equinox nodded his head, and for the first time, I saw a pommel of a blade peaking up over his shoulder. His armor was likewise in the form of plate mail I’ve seen knights in all those medieval shows wear.

Several spaces opened up, and we actually journeyed around the edge of the table past Leviathan and Bahumat before reaching the next member. This time, we came to a deep, amber brown. “This is Lord Asmadi. Due to the lessening of ranks, he holds positions for both the Mage and Psionic of the circle.”

“Magic? Psionics?” I echoed, and there was a slight chuckle through the seated members.

“Traits of the noble and royal breeds of dragon, my dear.” Asmadi intoned, very scholarly. “It is a power that you should now have access to. With some teaching you may yet develop it.”

I felt myself holding my breath at that revelation, and forced myself to let it go. And then, we came to the dragon sitting on Psudo’s left.

“And this is Blind IO. The priest of our entourage, and Lord of Wind.” IO actually lifted his head slightly as if he was looking at me, and when he smiled I blushed a deeper red than I already was.

“W-why do you call him Blind IO... aside from the obvious?”

“It was the name that I’ve chosen for myself.” He smiled, and lowered his head some again. “When I was born, I was born with abnormally high senses, where everything was enhanced. Sound, touch, smell, taste... and of course sight. There are also a myriad of sixth senses as well...” I found myself nodding as I tilted forward, resting my chin on the back of my hands and my chest on the table while the other male members of the circle sat back and watched me instead of IO. His voice was almost hypnotic....

“Sight? But.... Why do you have that visor before your eyes?”

Again, he smiled. “All of my senses were enhanced... and likewise, even ambient light that reached my eyes were enhanced many fold. Eventually the light simply burned out my retinas.”

My lips pressed close together in concern for such obvious pain he must’ve endured.

“What are you a priest of?”

“Some call him a shaman!” Daemon called from across the table.

“Or a monk...” Asmadi grinned.

“Or all of the above.” IO again smiled, and sipped from his drink. “Though I believe in shamanism the most. There is something wholly warm and loving about natural magics of Geomancy, Ecomancy and Shamanism. Plus it allows....”

Just then the doors to the chamber were practically thrown open, and when I turned, I gave out a low cry of alarm at the creature – I say creature, because no dragon I’ve ever seen looked like that! – stood framed fully in the door, one great clawed hand on either edge of the frame.

Immediately its gaze focused upon me, and a pair of sickly green eyes that were absent of any other light suddenly danced with a strange necromantic power. The dragon servants in the room all dispersed before it as it stepped forward, and Both Psudodrake and Bahumat rose to their feet. I looked from first one and then the other of the powerful dragons here, and then started as the other members of the circle rose in greeting to this newcomer.

“Ah, Dante. Welcome home my friend. I trust your journey was fruitful?”

From somewhere deep inside his throat there was a low resonance that rapidly rose in pitch, as if like the peal of a minigun just before it began to fire. But instead of firing, it spoke, holding an odd, guttural resonance.

“As well as can be expected.” He responded, giving Psudo only the briefest of glances before returning his gaze back to me. “So,” he continued in that same chilling voice. Where Psudo spoke with two voices, it sounded as if he were speaking simultaneously with four. “This is the new member to the noble order who is to replace me.” He said matter-of-factly instead of in question.

I looked to Psudodrake, and then back at this Dante creature, trying to stand, not realizing that I had absentmindedly done so when he'd approached me. *He's as big as Psudo!* I thought. Then I jumped back as the great central horn atop his head suddenly snapped upward and then slowly slid right back into place. There was a *'freshly disturbed grave'* smell around him.

"It is... a vast pleasure, my lady." He said, and then, inside his eyes, I witnessed something strange. It seemed as if there was gratitude beyond expression there... and I believed that if he were capable, he would've started crying right then and there. Instead, he simply inclined his head and took a seat between IO and Asmadi. The other members of the circle all sat only once he did. However, I saw that though Psudodrake and Bahumat were at the ends of the table, his chair, equally as large and ornate as theirs, was positioned directly in the center of the edge of the table. He was respected here. Even by the apparent Lords of the Circle.

I still stood there, staring at him before I felt weak in the knees and slowly sank into my chair.

"Replacement?" I said aloud, and then turned to Psudo.

He nodded... "We will cover that later, Evelynn. It'd be best if you were to address that after you were to eat. But first... where is our final member?"

And then the doors once again parted, and turning, I gasped, forgetting everything about being a replacement for anything as the final member of the circle entered. Four arms were arrayed on what could only be described as a *machine!* When it moved, there was the sound of servos and the barely audible hum of a power source, the thing walking with all the grace of an elegant woman dancer, but possessing the power of an immensely powerful warrior. My eyes darted from one point to the next, trying to discern its gender, but unlike Dante, who was decidedly male, this new arrival appeared to be both male *and* female! It all changed depending upon what direction I looked at him... her... *hir!* Or maybe... it?

Floating about it were two spheres of obvious technological background, but of a sort I couldn't discern. *Oh I wish I had my collar and tech goggles with me!* I thought.

"I am sorry for my tardiness lord Psudodrake, Lord Bahumat." It spoke... having a pleasingly natural voice, but again, there were no apparent male or female undertones to it. It was perfectly meshed between the two."

"Not at all Master Aysyx." Bahumat greeted, and the newcomer, who was nothing less than a machine, took its seat. Even the title implied neutrality in gender.

"Master of Steel?" I asked to anyone in general.

"That is correct Lady Evelynn." Aysyx greeted, smiling warmly. Though Steel may have been my originating alloy structure, it has long since been replaced and upgraded by Titanite and other super composites, and shielded by a laser resistant film... by which..."

"That will do Aysyx." Psudo said calmly, and it stopped immediately.

“I’m terribly sorry, Lady Evelynn... I do tend to rattle.”

I laughed and dismissed it.

“And now... ladies and gentlemen... to the feast.” Psudo intoned, and all the doors suddenly opened to the flow of servants and the tables were filled with all sorts of food and the feast began.

Surprisingly, we even started with a prayer of thanks. And then I was left with a vast spread of grub. Everything I ever liked and more... even some treats that I’d never heard of. And we all ate until there was no more.

Hmm... I’d never felt so full... and it was a good feeling. Perhaps this place wasn’t so bad after all...

Dinner was perhaps the most complete I’d ever had. Very formal, and both disturbing and exotic at the same time, seeing what the most powerful dragons on Earth ate at their meals. All of them seemed to have a primary form though... like mainly fruits, or mainly vegetables or meats... others actually ate complex minerals and metals – like Aysyx – while Dante... ate ash, brimstone and what looked like charcoal briquettes.

At least he ate. And it was a full course meal. Appetizer, roughage, a soup, another appetizer the main course – what must’ve been either flank of a cow for me – a desert, and several rounds of drinks.

I was beginning to like that Draginni wine.

Even now, as my distended belly, still tightly creased despite having a full cow in it, amongst other things, I stood slightly apart from everyone else off of the main dining room swirling a crystal glass of the stuff in one hand while I looked out over the world from a great balcony.

I’d entered into one of my dormant mental states... something I didn’t use too often anymore ever since my ‘*accident.*’ *Accident*, I thought. This was the mentality of the scientist, the dragoness I’d been once upon a time ago when I was a genius, even for a dragon, and responsible about advancing the world’s technology just a little bit with my own contributions of wetware; external cybernetics.

Accident, I thought again, and looked down at my glass, not helping but seeing firstly the recently engorged tit, the equal in size bicep, the flaring of my forearms and my powerful claws on one side of my bodice. *What do I call this most recent transformation, this power, this incredible sensuality I’ve been blessed with?*

Six tits, two of em larger than my head, my body stronger, it seems, than even that enormous dragoness Leviathan!

“What’s become of me?” I whispered, ever so quietly.

“And how should we address that question.” A voice said softly nearby, and I turned to see Blind IO standing there, head slightly down and turned as always, but now with an ornate arrangement of his outer wing plates, shoulder guards and upper back plates all spread out in a beautiful array. Likewise, his great bat-like ears were lifted and swiveled toward me, giving me the impression he was laying his full attentions upon me.

“Wh-what?” I asked, lifting my drink to just before my bosom with both hands.

He approached me while the others were milling about in the main room behind me. Some sort of barrier was positioned around the banister of this walk out section, making it so that the frigid arctic winds of the mountains we were within – perhaps the Himalayas – wouldn’t freeze us.

IO pressed his clawed fingertips into an ornate design, almost indicative of some Zen Buddhist meditation stance. There was something very peaceful about this creature, and despite my immediate nervousness of having been overheard, when seeing that it was him, I didn’t quite mind.

“You seem to be ill at ease Lady Evelyn.” He said quietly as he came before me, seeming to fix upon me with the single white jewel imbedded in his forehead, as if he were looking at me through a cyclopean eye. “That will not do. Is there anything that I may do to soothe the tension in you my lady?”

“Tension. Is it that obvious?” I asked with a light blush, noticing that I seemed to be blushing a lot in his presence.

“Perhaps not to the visual eye.” He remarked, and stepped around me, and I turned with him till he and I took a few steps further away from the others so that we stood overlooking the world around us. “But to the trained observer there are some telltale signs in which to look for.”

I drank the last of my drink and placed the glass on the balcony railing before hugging myself, my breasts lifting up over my arms and compressing between my biceps.

“For the second time in my life I’ve had my identity altered. I’ve always been able to think things through, able to conceive of several complex mathematical functions simultaneously in my head, but this whole situation has become a stumbling block. I wish you could see me so that you can see how different I look...”

“But I can see you.” I heard him say, and it took me a moment to register that. When it did, I slowly raised my head to look at him.

As silently as if he weren't there, he'd turned toward me and now faced me with only one hand resting on the railing. Lifting a hand, I waved it vigorously before his visor, and watched as he smiled.

"I still have six senses, Lady Eve, but sight is simply not one of them."

My hands folded before my tight abdominals while I tilted my head questioningly to one side, and he continued.

"If you'll remember, I stated earlier that my senses are intensely acute?" I nodded. "A bat maneuvers through the air with a unique grace and maneuverability because of its hearing. Everything that moves creates sound, and every sound produced reflects off of everything around it creating an echo of sorts. Listening to this sonic echo, I can see everything in a three hundred and sixty degree sphere of influence spreading outward for more than a mile in every direction."

I stared in wonder with that statement.

"But what if you're at close range... like you are now?" I asked, the last bit nothing but a whisper and again he smiled.

"As close as I am, I am able to 'see' other things happening... on the inside of you." It was then that I felt him touch me, and I held my breath, straining as I felt his finger through the golden chain and white silk of my gowns; his finger pressing against my sternum. "Just now, I heard your breath catch and pause for three seconds. I heard your twin hearts, dancing beautifully side-by-side deep within your bosom suddenly pause in their beating in your surprise. I heard your muscles straining shortly before you moved and twitched." And then he smiled. "I can hear your nipples hardening, your crotch clenching..."

I spasmed with surprise, and he laughed a little louder than before, and lifting his hand, he then held it up before me.

"But my hearing isn't the only thing which is giving me a picture of you...."

"I can smell the oils and perfume you'd used before coming to dinner and while bathing. I know that you are nervous, and a little excited, from the scent of your pheromones in the air... a wonderful, sweetness. You have the scent of lilacs and roses about you, and combined with the sweat of your body, it is a taste that permeates the air."

His hand lowered then, and settled upon the downward sloping ridge of one of my breasts that was born open into the air. He didn't move his hand at all, didn't caress, didn't try to massage; just laid it there. But the content made my nipples harden harder than ever, and whatever pheromones that was in the air must've just intensified several fold as I felt a little moist between my legs.

"You have a soft hide... a tender underbelly... and please forgive me for being so presumptuous, but a very full forming tit. And... you're lactating?"

This took me by surprise. I hadn't ever borne a hatchling of my own, so how could I be lactating? And then his antennae lifted slightly, spreading a bit as he tilted his head. He was viewing me from more than one angle it seemed.

"Your Aura and essence shimmer like falling water. Very natural. Very beautiful." He paused, and I felt his thumb slide along the inside of the crevice between my breasts.

"May I ask something odd?" he said, his ears folding against his head.

"More than before?" I asked in return, my voice quavering.

"There is so much about you that seems... so wonderfully pleasing. So beautiful. Your name, your scent and the form of your bodice... may I... may I touch your face?"

"Why?!" I exclaimed without thinking.

"I wish to know you better, Evelynn. All I have is a shadow of what you look like. Outlines and shapes all among a faceless mask. I learn the face of a person by touching them, memorizing the way their face is formed.

I bit my lower lip, and in spite of myself, I stepped forward, pressing my bosom against his chest, feeling my breasts conform to the solid plates of his. Then taking his hand, I indeed pressed it to my cheek.

"Please. Take all the time you need." I said quietly.

I felt his other hand lift and flatten against my other cheek, and then his antennae lifted, and the tips of them began to rapidly touch points about my features; my hair, and my broad neck while his fingers touched my lips, my short muzzle, the sockets of my eyes and even laced into my hair. For more than a minute he felt every inch of my face, and when he was done, the twin antennae returned to the back of his head, and his hands cupped my face.

"By the creator," he breathed. "You *are* beautiful."

I felt my ears and horns all flatten against the back of my head at his words, my eyes widening greatly. No one, not even my own family, had ever told me that I was beautiful before today. Leviathan had said as such, but strangely, these words coming from a large and attractive male, felt far better.

My own body went into action then, and I pressed against him all the more, my breasts cleaving to either side of his chest, my back arching until I could feel the bulge of his armored and layered pelvis sheathe between my legs.

My nipples began to ache as I clawed at the edges of his chest armor.

He stood there, and I could see several things move against his face, dozens of impulses and emotions, until he finally smiled. “Would you like to see more of the tower, Lady Eve?” he asked, paused for a moment, and then whispered: “Eve...” like it was a euphoric.

“Yes.” I heard myself answer, my mind in a daze, and in that same daze, I let him lead me away with my arms wrapped around his.

IO led me through the vast tower of the Dragon Council; a great mountain in the heart of the Himalayas I found; far from any human explored area, even in this day and age.

“This is to be your lair.” He was saying as I walked further into a vast furnished chamber. “Several thousand square yards of footage including your own bedding chamber, bathing room, dressing room and dining room.”

“It’s huge!” I gasped, turning fully around. “Psudodrake is just *giving* me these rooms?”

“They’re standard call for any council member.” He answered, standing quietly at the entrance to the door.

I stopped, and then turned toward him. “Council member? *I’m* a member of the Council now?”

He nodded, and took a few more steps further into the chambers. “With great power comes great responsibility.” He said simply. “You are now one of the most powerful dragons, male or female, on the face of the Earth. The five jewels that you find arrayed about your body are the mark of only Nobles and Royals. As such, by giving you the added power, he is also making you a true Lady amongst the Dragons, as well as all the rights, authorities and privileges thereof.”

I hugged myself and turned away from him, only to feel his strong, clawed hands close about my now armored shoulders.

“It is why Dante was so happy to see you at dinner. You’re his replacement. There has been a long story behind him, but for as long as he serves the council, then he cannot search for his beloved lifemate.”

I hugged myself tighter remembering the look on that dragon’s face... if he even was a dragon. There was such... Joy... at seeing me as his replacement.

I settled backward into IO’s arms.

“I want to see more of this place before I pass judgment as to what I am going to do about all this.”

“Your wish is my command.” IO said simply, and he led me away.

IO showed me the Council Chambers of old... a place where hundreds of dragons gathered once upon a time ago to debate the fate of all of Dragonkind. It was amazing to me that once upon a time ago, this place had held a hundred dragons. Despite that it wasn't filled any longer, with only nine members of the Council, it was nonetheless kept in perfect repair.

"Once upon a time ago, this place teemed with counselors deciding the fate of billions of dragons. Our numbers, unfortunately, have long since diminished since then."

I stood there, looking at all the white platforms those dragons had sat or roosted at, listening to IO's voice echo in a chamber that must've been a thousand feet up from its main floor to the domed ceiling. Enough space for a dragon to fly around up there pretty easily.

"And as a Councilor... how many dragons would I be responsible for?" I asked, folding my hands before my muscled thighs.

"All of them." He said simply. "As of last census, however, we've numbered them at six million eight hundred and thirty two thousand one hundred and twenty three." I swallowed momentarily, thinking about that vast number.

"This is something, we understand, will take some time getting used to, Evelynn. Especially with your previous responsibilities with Inter-Realm. Dragons are long living... we can be patient as long as it is necessary for you."

I nodded.

"More, I want to see more."

IO showed me everything about this secret council of Dragons. Beautiful architecture that was not a rendition of *anything* I've ever known before. Things that were built to last hundreds of thousands of years. The chambers in this vast tower were immense.... And only a small percentage of the total tower was maintained. The rest of it, further down into the mountain, was maintained only by a skeleton crew, some of which was little more than ruins. A centralized shaft that was miles deep from the pinnacle room in the core of the mountain led to a place deep into the crust, to where a lava flow, lava pools and whatnot flowed readably here. Geothermal reactors tapped these chambers to fuel the upper levels.

IO spent hours with me, teleporting us using his magic to key points of interest.

I beheld the Garden and the Arch... which held creatures that had long become extinct. Like a small herd of actual Dodo birds! Phoenixes and their partnered Ghost Dancer mates. Birds of paradise nesting in trees and foliage that had been extinct for millions of years. And at the very

center of it all was a tree. A massive tree that must've been thousands of feet high in a hollow chamber a mile high at best. So large, it had its own weather patterns at the peak of the chamber.

I saw where the Draginni was grown, watched over by a cloud of pixie and fairy dragons that gardened the great fields. A great internal lake used like a swimming pool... the tower was like a five star hotel for dragons!

And all of it maintained by thousands of lesser dragons, and thousands more of humans, and still thousands more of other races. Like elves! Actual elves. They do exist...

I was growing amazed.

"But what about the others?" I asked at last. "Who are they?"

IO smiled then, and he returned us to the central chambers of the tower with a simple teleport.

"Perhaps it is best if you were to meet them..." he answered, and brought me to the first and the most unique of all the council members.

Aysyx's chambers were of a level of technological beauty I've never yet seen before. It was built like a hive, but with walk spaces, and was multi tiered. It also was lit with illuminated streams of light that slid through the bulges in the walls, ceiling and floors. Computer nodes were *everywhere!* It was also the most complete laboratory I'd ever seen, and I tended to construct my own being that no one could ever make one up to my specifications.

Aysyx himself... herself..... itself! Toiled in the inner chamber of its hive, with those two spheres floating around the hulking metal dragon.

"Hello Aysyx." IO greeted, and Aysyx turned to us.

"Greetings Lord IO." It said, and again, I couldn't tell by the voice as to whether it was feminine or masculine. As it turned, it was graceful and precise, and it arched its back like a woman, but was poised like a man with intense power radiating in all his muscles. "And the new lady! Greetings Evelyn... welcome to my lair." It bowed its head. "I'd hope that you'd visit. And please forgive me," it said, and turned to where a beam of light was radiating between two emitters, and held in the light was my collar and goggles; both floated aimlessly within the stream. "I've become most fascinated with this equipment you use. I thought that it would be tactless to dismantle it, so I've had to suffice with a spectrum scan."

I stepped over to the scanner while Aysyx and the two drones floating about it moved out of the way for me.

“A spectrum scanner?” I was practically drooling. “With all the magic and Psionics and talk of medieval times in this tower, I thought it would be the last place I’d ever find so much technology in one place... let alone better than mine.”

“I’ll consider that a compliment. It shall be a grand experience for you to be here, Lady Eve. My tastes and desires into Technology have been growing since the late twentieth century.”

I straightened and turned to this dragon of servos, cables and steel.

“I... admittedly, am confused, Aysyx. Who... *what*... are you?”

Aysyx smiled and then turned away from me as it walked over to one of the many storage receptacles. There was a sway in its hips that definitely reminded me of a female, but across the shoulders and within those powerful primary arms, it had the sway and swagger of a male.

“What do you think I am?” It said calmly, and then retrieving a crystal from the compartment, held it in both of its smaller arms and turned to me.

I opened and closed my mouth several times in indecision, not knowing how to respond, and Aysyx chuckled. In comfort, I felt IO place his hands atop my shoulders again like before, and before I knew it, I’d backed up into his grasp.

“I’m not as simple a creature to explain.” It said. “As per mandate of the Council of Dragons, only a dragon can hold a position on the council. It says nothing as to whether one has to be alive or not.” It then slid the crystal into a receptacle, and several holographic screens opened up to show me three views of Aysyx as well as a flashing frame of schematic after schematic after countless schematic.

“I am over three thousand years old. As my fellow members here, I am the youngest member of the council.”

“B-but... you’re a machine!” I stammered, again not thinking before I spoke.

“Yes, but so are you. A biomechanical one instead of one of alloys and artificial parts. But like you... I am alive. It has taken me centuries to do so, but I am now alive!”

It sounded quite excited about this, and folding my arms beneath my massive bosom, I looked skeptical at this machine of moving parts and artificial intelligence.

“What are the three forms of proof of life?” it asked, and before I could answer, it spoke again. “Self awareness, self preservation and self replication. I am aware, and I do definitely seek my own preservation.”

“But self replication?” I asked, definitely interested in this, and Aysyx smiled.

“My originating name... after the union was A-Six, or Alpha-Alpha-Alpha-Alpha-Alpha-Alpha. It was the first name I chose for myself. Before then, my name was Jabberwocky and Synergy. Before then it was zero-zero-zero-one and zero-zero-zero-two.”

I blinked, and Aysyx’s smile broadened.

“Like Lord Psudodrake, I am two creatures merged into one. With him, it was he and his nearly freshly dead – on his last breath – brother... two males who loved the same female, and both practically destroyed by the same dragon. With me....” It paused and then continued. “Once upon a time ago I was two separate machines, built by a genius Atlantean Technomage and his mate. Two separate units known as Steel Dragons. A form of golem.

“I was an artificially manufactured creature of steel, gears, chords and gyros, blessed with a rudimentary consciousness in the form of a summoned dragon spirit and imbued into the steel. There were *millions* of pieces that all went together to create the two war machines, so the two spirits not only gave the units their rudimentary consciousness, but they likewise brought with them the ability to self repair themselves, and provide a link to the pilot to the machine.

“Jabberwocky was his dragon, and Synergy was his mate’s. Their combined masterpiece. But something occurred that they didn’t count on. With direct connections to the pilots, the two spirits began to learn from them. One learned what it meant to be male, the other female, and in time, the two battle golems began to develop their own independent functionalities, apart from their creators. Even share the love their creators had, and share it with one another.

“It soon became apparent that the two steel dragons were beginning to transform, protective of their pilots and of themselves, millennia ago, they’d already learned self preservation. Eventually, near the end of the war in which they were designed, they developed their own will, and became autonomous from their pilots.

“Then finally, their pilots let them go, and the compartments where the pilots once resided, became empty.

“The male and female steel dragons roamed the world for centuries, always together, never away from one another, enhancing themselves as best they could with the rise of technology being prepared for them. They experienced their love, pain, hurt, sorrow, and pleasure... emotion. Even the joys of coupling.

“That came after some serious modifications, which, thankfully, without pilots anymore, they were able to create for themselves.

“And then... in another war, long after their old pilots were dead and gone and turned to dust, the two separate bodies were damaged... beyond the repair of their making. And so, the only way to exist.... was to merge!”

Aysyx stood before me, and immediately my eyes darted from point to point all across its body.

Chest plates designed like two sets of overlapping breasts, a pair of masculine arms and a pair of feminine arms, thick powerful legs and lithe forelegs, and finally, to a bulging pelvic plate. It wasn't an *'it'* at all... but rather a Shi! It was neither male nor female... but *both!* My jaw dropped to my chest when I realized that, and with a smile, shi caressed the bulge of plates between its legs, and pushing down the layered plates, revealed the unmistakable sight of their point of junction, which could only be described as a constant intercourse.

I gasped and covered my mouth with one hand before it sealed up the section again.

"I am both male," Shi said then in a definite masculine voice. "And female." It finished in a feminine voice before switching back to the voice shi'd used before. "Constantly in conjunction..."

"Others would call this something as simple as a network connection, but that would be limiting the beauty of always being connected... we share memories, thoughts, feelings, *constant* pleasure... even after we were able to repair ourselves, the beauty of the union was so intense, that we couldn't bear to sever it any longer.

"Instead, we built upon the union, and eventually... *'We'* gave way to *'me'*

"I am a unique creature in this world, Evelyn... and this brings me to the final proof of life. After enhancing my body for an age, I finally gained the most coveted of abilities of life, and procreated..."

She gestured to the two small spheres floating in the air around her. "I bore them, I birthed them, placing in them both variances of my programming, with improvements, and laid them into the hot sands of the tower's birthing chamber like so many mothers had before me.

"The streams of light you see on their surfaces are their ever so slow and arduous process of hatching. Presently, I am preparing for the transference of fluids to nourish them." She smiled and caressed her four breasts with all four hands."

Shi looked to me then and smiled. Dumbfounded was the best word my mind could conceive of the numbness that had taken my poor head at meeting a creature like this.

"I... I do not know what to say..." I said at last, and felt a subtle squeeze from IO's hand along my flexible shoulder armor.

"It is alright... many are uncomfortable until they get to know me." She said, and removed the crystal from its receptacle to replace it. As such, I have a favor to ask of you.

"Yes?"

"This... this collar and these goggles you brought with you. Who is their creator?"

"I... I am."

Aysyx stared at me. “Their technology is a perfect blending of biological and artificial.”

I smiled in return, having a great deal of pride in my new ‘*wetware*’ technology. Its development created the hypernites that even now saturate my bloodstream, and likewise is the reason I became so huge in the first place.

“I-if I may, may I please study this technology in detail?”

“Of course... but why?”

“The one thing that has eluded me for so long is that I do not have the capabilities of a biological creature. I am limited only by my own functionality despite that I have nanotechnology of the highest order in my nutrient fluids, the alloys of my flesh are super composites used in starships, and I have alien technology in me, and even phase technology! There are parts in me, like my reactor, that if they were all in the same place, they would take up the whole of my chambers, but thanks to that last bit of technology, it’s physical representation fits nicely inside my bodice.

“But despite all this, the Creator of my Makers is infinitely more apt at creating machines as organisms. If I were to learn this technology in detail and incorporate it, and likewise upgrade my children... then we can finally pass from artificial into the biological, and fulfill the final, *unspoken* rule about life:

“Life... can only be of a biological nature...”

I couldn’t say no to Aysyx when it had asked me to study my technology. I even gave hir the passwords to my computer at Inter-Realm, and Shi went to downloading every last file I had about that technology.

“Shi is amazing.” I said quietly while I walked with my wings about me like a cloak beside IO.

“Indeed shi is. Of us all, shi is the world’s most prevailing watchman... person. Did you see that great computer node against hir south wall?” I nodded. “She and her children attach themselves straight into that wall, and so connected, shi connects herself directly to the world’s computer matrix. The only computers that shi cannot reach are those deemed as black boxes... those with no outside connection whatsoever.

“As such, she has hacked into the world’s defensive computers, surveillance, everything. So connected, she has eyes through any camera, and fingers that can control any device connected in this way.

“It was through hir that we learned of you.”

My head slowly turned to look at IO as he continued holding his head in the same position as he always held it. Despite that, with his senses, he saw in every last possible direction, and saw me simultaneously front, back, side-to-side, top and even from the bottom. It made me want to cover up between the legs, but with the same thought that he might be spying upon and paying attention to my privates likewise encouraged me to let him. The thought just then forced the twin folds between my legs to compress tightly on themselves.

But following those thoughts, was a remembrance of five years ago, when I had gone so deep into a heat that there was the better part of three days in which I could not remember a thing. Amidst that, I had caused havoc and rampage seeking a release to my need for pleasure before they captured me and secured me. Once secured in the lab, there was likewise a period of twelve hours that the cameras in the lab in which I was secured within recorded nothing but static.

With the redundancies in those labs, it was impossible for all of them to go out like that all at once unless hacked. Up until now, I could not conceive of an entity that could hack IR's computers. Now... I had a name and a face to associate with such a hacker.

But then a question rose up in my mind as to what happened during all those hours. Why? I decided that I'd ask it later... of Psudodrake when I had the time to get more answers from him.

But as it were, we now entered into the Sun Chamber, and were greeted with a most unique sight.

There were four dragons here now, the likes of which I've never seen before, all fighting with one another. *No... not fighting*, I thought, *sparing*. There was one dragon that was all made of bone, a second all of a viscous black and red liquid, the third a spectral entity with a glowing, crackling sphere right smack dab in the center of it, and the fourth of sand and what looked like mummy wrappings.

"Wh-who are they?" I asked; blinking in amazement as I subconsciously pressed up closely against IO, feeling my enormous bosom press firmly against his bared armored chest.

"Actually, who is he?" IO answered while the four continued to battle. "That's Dante... separated into his four different forms of Dragon Wraith, Mummy Dragon, Vampiric Blood Dragon and Dragon Litch. Like this, he can single handedly stop massive armies.

I looked to them. Four incarnations of the one demonic dragon I saw sitting at the table during the feast. The dragon that ate brimstone, ash and other things that smelled like sulfur.

One Vampiric Blood Dragon; made up of a churning mass of black and red, with two shining red eyes straight at the center of the creature. It molded itself this way and that, seemingly without form as it created scythe-like blades out of its arms, slipping across the cold marble stone as if it were shifting water; not a single droplet of that viscous blood being left behind as it surged this way and that.

One Dragon Litch, a creature of arcane might that it's exterior form was a shaped aura of pure magic. It cast magic with devastating effect and uses Psionic powers that made what little hair there was on my body stand on end, even from this great distance.

One Mummy Dragon, with a massive Scythe gripped in its two clawed hands as it seemed to be a swirl of sand inside its mummy wrappings, moving with remarkable speed and physical power, but also extending itself and its ribbons – and occasionally a network of chains – outward to lash at its opponents.

Finally were the Wraith Dragon, a swirling mass of black and green, wielding twin blades made of spirit energy, with a single golden sphere imbedded in the core of its being. That and the crown of horns decorating its head were the only physical reincarnations of this powerful spirit creature.

It was a seamless dance of attacks and blocks that deflected this way and that, an array of titanic Psionic and Magical power... this creature was an armada, a legion and a flight squadron all in one.

And then something remarkable happened, and all four of them attacked, and all four of them parried at once, and at the very center their blades and powers all locked as one. The four stared at one another and then all promptly broke off, and stepping back, all four bowed to one another as one.

Then the Wraith seemed to notice that they were being watched.

“Greetings my Lady Eve, my Lord IO. I did not realize that I had admirers.”

I clung to IO as he stepped forward. I was rarely, if ever, afraid, but this dark creature would strike fear into anything.

“We were watching you sparing, Lord Dante. An impressive display, as always.

In spite of myself, I reached out toward the nearest of them, the Vampiric Blood Dragon, and when it turned subtly to look at me, it wrenched its arm away from me.

“That would not be advisable, Lady Evelynn.” The Blood Dragon said, cradling his arm as if he'd just been burned.

“Wh-why is that?” I blinked.

“In his current forms, he is literally the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Famine,” He pointed to the Litch. “Pestilence,” then to the Blood dragon. “War,” to the Mummy Dragon. “And of course... Death.” At last, the Wraith Dragon nodded.

“To touch me like this means a remarkable pain, even death.” The Litch stated. “Famine will sap the energy from you and leave you a husk and immobile, your great strength reduced to

practically zero. Pestilence shall disease you with so many different sicknesses and illnesses that you will most literally start falling apart. Even draconic healing is not immune to this. War will inflict upon you the wounds of war, an affect similar to being sliced to ribbons, pummeled to death and being skewered all in one constant flow of hurt. To touch Death... means an instantaneous death.”

I retracted my hand.

“But, perhaps, with our sparing time over...” the Mummy spoke this time. “We should assume a more appropriate form.”

With that, the Mummy, Vampiric Blood dragon and Litch all collapsed, the Wraith stepping forward and straightening. Then with a scattering of rattling bones, hundreds of bones suddenly snapped into place about the glowing sphere, recreating the skeleton from the feet upward to the skull, including the wings and arms, with the aura of the Litch suffusing with the spirit body of the Wraith. Then the Mummy dragon slid forward, the sands of its form creating organs – heart, lungs, everything – and with a sloshing, the blood dragon then surged upward, rebuilding muscle tissue layer per layer in rapid succession before covering it all in an ornate flesh and scaly plate armor. The last step was all the mummy wrappings, which bound the creature together like ornate clothing, with the chains attaching to its chest and back with ornate glyphs.

The weapons the various forms used actually retreated back into the body.

Dante appeared very Egyptian looking now, with gold wrappings and clothing like the ancient Pharaohs wore. Then he opened his eyes, and a pair of pale white eyes stared out at me.

“Perhaps this form will be more pleasing to you, Lady Evelyann.” He said, his voice again seeming to first charge up before he spoke, like a scream that ended in speech; and this time, he reached out to caress my cheek, and nothing happened.

I blinked suddenly at the touch as he smiled. “But tell me,” he continued retracting his hand. “I have... heard... that you have been having second thoughts in taking up the position of Lady of Fire among us. Is this true?”

“Yes.” I answered simply, looking at the creature possessing such unimaginable dark power. “I... wish to see what it is that I’ve gotten myself into.”

With that, he smiled. “Ah, a thinker... a scholar. There aren’t too many of them among us. With the exception of IO and Lord Psudodrake... but... I have no fear that you will choose the right path for all. And I thank you.... From the very bottom of my soul.” With that he bowed deeply, and retreated promptly from us.

I watched him as he retreated, in utter awe of this creature with his tattered wing edges, and necromantic body. He radiated as much power as Lord Psudodrake himself!

I released my grasp on IO as he did, and I watched him leave us.

“How... very odd.” I whispered, forgetting that IO could hear every last syllable of whatever I said.

“Indeed. If not for the technicality that Dante is presently dead, he’d be the eldest member of the council. He was hatched before even Lord Psudodrake was. He... hopes, with the blind hope of a child that you will remain with us, Lady Eve.”

“Why?” I asked, turning to him as he settled his wings about him like a deeply flowing cloak once again. “Why is he so eager to leave?”

IO stepped forward, sweeping me in with his stride as we continued through the tower’s chambers and passageways.

“For one immutable fact: there is one phenomenal truth laden inside Dante’s soul. If that truth were not there, he would be a creature of utter darkness, a demon lord of unimaginable power. That truth is his love for his lifemate.

“Both were murdered to fulfill a selfish wish for power. Dante spent thousands of years climbing from the deepest pits of limbo, empowering himself over and over using the dark gifts to climb out of the hell he was forcibly sent to. A simple innocent was he. Hate, revenge, love and loneliness kept him anchored in the world between worlds, but when he finally stepped back into the real world, he found that his beloved had not made her way out as well.

“And so, she is still stuck in limbo.”

“Limbo, the land of the dead, is *vast!* Like a universe is vast, and all of it is a single world of the dead. He scours it from the deepest darkest areas upward. Being that no sane creature would return to those regions once they’ve escaped from it, he leaves a tier of limbo only after he is totally satisfied that his love is no longer there. He vows not to leave and enter into paradise to look for her until he is sure she is no longer writhing below.”

“He has passed this task off for more than a millennium. Every day that passes by he becomes more mournful. When you arrived... well... come to think of it, I’ve *never* seen him so happy.”

I hugged myself and turned slightly to see the last of the enigmatic Demon/Dragon disappear around a corner.

Inside my mind, yet another reason was added to the scales of whether I should stay or go. The more I thought about this entire situation... the more I found myself deciding... to stay.

We were finally in the collection of quarters all the council members used. A series of suites located two-thirds the way up the tower mountain. In days of old, these suites were used only for

the nine central members of the council. The levels below that housed the other ninety members were presently being used by the Tower's servants.

"And this one would be mine." IO was saying as we stopped at the last door going around the circle surrounding the stairwell leading downward.

I paused in my step and turned to face him, hearing my gown and golden bodycloth crinkle and chink in my subtle movements like chain mail.

For the past five years, I'd been so used to being the biggest, strongest creature around. And then Psudodrake arrives, shows me that even I can still be dwarfed in size and in power, and here, around all these other dragons, I find that there are more like him. Especially this one. Handsome, I guess, I've not known many Dracos like him, none having so much natural armor at least.

But he presented an aura of power that was unimaginable, and I felt like a child in the presence of a God. Not the Creator, mind, but a God nonetheless.

My eyes lifted to IO, seeing that solid visor of carapace sliding across his eyes, with the single white soul gem imbedded in his forehead crown like a cyclopean eye. I absentmindedly lifted a hand and touched that sheathe, pressing closer to him, feeling my breasts flatten immediately as I felt the almost crystal smooth visor – like metal – with an oh so delicate felt-like touch to it when I passed my hand in a different direction.

This close to him, I felt his warmth, his twin hearts beating in his chest, and smelt his scent. It was an odd thing to smell scent, to sense a wave of colors associated with a person. And so close as this to the source of the thing, other things, deep inside my mind began to click, and the next thing I knew, I had slipped forward into him, embracing him, feeling a subtle cackling purr from somewhere deep inside my bodice massage my breasts from the inside.

"Thank you for showing me around." I said, leaning my head against the top of his armored chest while my horns and ears all flattened down against the sides and back of my head.

"I'm glad that I may be of service." He said softly, and I felt his arms embrace me, holding onto my muscled shoulders as he nuzzled my forehead.

I sighed in contentment, and found myself snuggling deeper into him. There was something about that scent, something... familiar. Like I've smelt it before. And the scent was brining up feelings of sensuality, suppressed feelings of femininity that'd been lost to me since my original transformation into a super dragoness.

"So, what's in your room?" I asked, and actually opened my eyes, staring into nothingness, surprised that I'd asked it.

"Would you like to come in and see? I'm afraid I don't have visitors much, so there's not much I can offer you in the ways of comforts."

“It’s ok. It’d be nice to see how you live.”

He nodded and he waved a hand at his doorway, and the arch illuminated ever so briefly before the doorway literally melted open to allow us entry and he led me in by the hand.

Like the few other quarters I’ve been in, IO had a definite unique touch to his home. Aysyx had a technological hive like environment. Leviathan and Bahumat had combined quarters that was wrought with water and soft organic things. IO’s... was a very simple place.

I was led into a wonderful, serene setting... his greeting chamber was a place of meditation. A soft white setting inside a circular room with the walls covered in white adobe. Scrolls hung against the walls displaying different religious concepts in many different languages. Bamboo grew along the edges in a watery trough, while water flowed out of a wide gap at the back of the room in a soft trickle. It gave the room a good natural warmth.

I instantly felt at peace here.

Releasing IO’s hand, I moved about the chamber, fingering a pair of long swords hanging against the wall.

“I thought that you were a priest and a monk.” I teased. “Do you know how to use these?”

“Expertly, though I prefer the staff. These... are tokens from a warlord. He was as bloodthirsty as they came until I was able to turn him to the art of a priest. He gave me his swords for safekeeping. Much like how some humans keep a final cigarette around after quitting. For should he ever take up the sword again, then he will have failed as a priest.”

“What happened to him?”

“He is still in human form, the ‘*Grandfather*’ of the Shangri-La valley monastery.”

“Shangri-La exists?” I said, turning quickly to him.

IO walked closer to me, passing his clawed hand before the long blades before answering. “Yes. Located at the northward base of this very mountain, and though the world does not know it, it is the holy center of the world. All things spiritual, bright and beautiful reside there, with a small civilization of humans, Fae and Elves residing within the valley for thousands of years, and safeguarded by an ancient Holy Order of Humans and Lycanthropes.”

I stared at the highly polished swords listening to all this, the blades still holding an edge like a razor. IO cared for them expertly.

I continued around the room, finding a rice mat for meditation, and now that I was closer to the sandstone adobe walls, saw faint etchings in it. Passing my hands over the etchings, saw complex scripts appear briefly in shimmering blue and white before it disappeared again.

“So you do not practice the arts of war?” I asked.

“Not as much as my fellows.” He returned, coming to stand behind me once again. “I am a dragon of peace, and a healer. War goes against my nature. War is for creatures like Dante, who’s purpose is as such. My task is as a protector and a caregiver.”

I now looked at the scrolls, drawing more and more respect for this creature named IO, reading the scrolls thanks to my knowledge of their languages. There were only a few scrolls that I couldn’t recognize, but their languages were completely unlike anything human hands have ever wrought. And then following the wall, I passed through a doorway into a darkened antechamber. His main living space it seemed. A multi tiered place slowly leading downward, with more waterfalls and streams here. At the highest level, set against one corner was his bedding... layer upon layer of furs and blankets in a sunken set of the highest platform. Leading downward from there was a pool located several tiers below the first. The neat thing about the bed was that it was built in the cradle of several trees that draped vines down above and about it, while the pool was actually surrounded with cat grass and more bamboo shoots. The walls and ceiling were domed, and illuminated and painted like a night sky. Looking at it, I saw the sky shifting slowly.

It was a very natural place.

I climbed the steps toward his bed and sat down, feeling the soft pelts of fur and the thick roots of the trees laden with creeper vines trailing about it just as IO entered.

“Hmm... you do lead a very simple life, IO. I envy you.”

“You do?” he asked with interest.

“Your life seems so simple. So peaceful. In comparison to mine... I’d be willing to give it all up to be able to live with so little worry.”

IO sat down on a stump made like a chair at the edge of the bedding. “Is it? A life of meditation and scholarly pursuit... unfailing in your search for more and more meaning?”

“Yes.” And I paused; hugging myself till my thick muscles hefted my breasts high atop my chest again. “It’s... the sort of life I used to have.”

I felt a strong hand brace against my armored shoulder and give it a squeeze.

“One of the many disadvantages of responsibility, my Lady Evelynn.” He soothed, and I immediately covered his fingers with one hand and tilted my head to kiss his fingers.

IO turned his hand then, and then rose briefly to kneel before me, cupping my face tenderly in his touch. Again he took to caressing the soft flesh, scale and chitinous plates, his fingertips tracing lines about my features, fingering my mouth, my eye sockets, the ridge of my nose...

He was taking such a deep interest in learning the subtle features of my face, a sensual proposition that forced me to freeze where I was and let him do so. No one had ever taken so much interest in me... and the knowledge that he was taking such time in doing so forced me freeze and to let him. His armored forearms brushed against the peak of my breasts, and immediately my teats slowly began to draw erect.

“But my life isn’t as simple as you’d think, Lady Evelynn.” he said at last, and shifted again, this time to sit beside me. “Especially when your decisions affect tens of thousands of dragons, and thusly the millions more beyond them. To act as the spiritual leader of Dragonkind, its chief healer when the human biologists who study us fail in their knowledge. To be one of only nine nobles among hundreds of millions.”

His hands lowered down to my neck, again, his fingers tracing every line, feeling every little scale and nuance of my bodice. My thighs began to press together as I breathed in deeply of his air, as if it were a sensual toxin assailing me.

“Is that all that bad?” I asked, leaning a little further back, allowing him to touch me like this, feeling his clawed hands massage by broad neck and throat as he leaned more into me. We started to share the same breath, and I could feel my nipples erecting solidly into the silk gown underneath my gold chain one. “I must command forces into hostile territory, I see people I’ve recently shared a drink with die right before my eyes... and I have to forget their faces or go mad. I cannot see my family because of how secret my work is... by all rights, the only knowledge that they have of me is that I died in an *‘accident’* over five years ago.

“And I am... so very lonely...” I finished, turning my head toward his hands, kissing the bridge between his thumb and index finger as I slipped a hand beneath the folds of my gowns, to caress and coax the pair of nipples as they hardened erect at the top most abdominals on my bodice. “All the males, no matter how strong, I meet cannot satisfy me.” I let an ever so soft sigh escape my lips as I finally laid down upon my armored and spined back, IO positioned directly over me. “My fellow dragons around me are afraid of me.”

My back arched and I opened my eyes, not realizing that they had closed as I looked up at IO, he looking back down at me with his ears swiveled fully forward and his antennae hooking over his head.

“You are worried that the feminine and virile creature inside you can never be sated.” He said quietly, and laid a hand over my breast, the great mounds heaving atop my chest as my nipple erected so tall and hard that the bundle of gold and cloth over it filled the whole of his palm. “You are worried that you are little more than a weapon. A creature of destruction, whereas you have been born and desire nothing more than to create and build. You hate how the transformation that pushed you so close to being a noble had torn that from you, and you worry that now you’ve been pulled the rest of the way, that you may fail in this new order you’ve found yourself in.”

I stared up into his eyeless face. Staring at the heavy visor before his eyes, and the great jewel beset at its center.

He's reading me like an open book! I thought, panting now.

“H-how do you know those things?” I asked as he fingered my lips again.

“I’ve spent my life studying dragons... learning how they think, how they live, how they learn. And all these things are apparent in the way you move. When someone says something, or does something, the whole body moves in a certain way. A quaver in the voice, a quickening of the heart.

“Much like you’re doing now...”

“I see many things in you, Eve... many things that any member of our circle would desire and envy after. Leviathan is not threatened by you, considers you a friend. This is good. In her condition, she has been overly protective of the kitlings inside her. But she welcomes you like a long lost sister.

“Dante sees you as his own personal savior.

“Bahumat accepts you because Leviathan does.

“Perhaps, that is one of the many reasons why Psudodrake has chosen you.”

I lay there... fixated on him, my body laid own upon his bed, my whole body swelling in tune with my hearts and breathing.

“And you... how do you look at me?” I asked at last.

“I see... a creature that needs to be comforted. Someone who has seen far too much bloodshed for such a delicate pair of hearts.” He whispered, and I felt his hand move suddenly away from my tit, folding over the cloth and chain that was over my hand trying to coax my teats further erect,

“I see a luminous being, wrought with many ethereal patterns placed into a crystalline order, seeking simplicity in your being. Seeking comfort... warmth... pleasure.” He said, rolling the word in his mouth, saying it at last and gave my hand a squeeze through the chain and cloth.

“I see a female, excited and afraid, the scent of perspiration upon your flesh, your nose, your bosom... the sound of your hearts speeding up, the sound of your teats hardening, your crotch tightening. I see a delicate creature who’s one and only desire right now is to be loved.

“Now... I ask a return question, my lady. What is it that you see?” he asked, and lifted himself further above me.

Before I knew it, however, I had surged upward, pressing myself firmly against him with my breasts pressed against his armored chest, his armored groin pressing into my crotch, and I drew

upon those lips as if they were the life giving source of the world. And then I laid back down again, pulling him down with me, feeling his thick arms straddling to either side of me as my thighs parted wide, his form laying atop my chest as ever so subtly, he returned that kiss.

Deep inside my chest... my hearts did a peculiar *ba-bump*, and then immediately began to race.

An ever so light touch slid along the opened side of my gown, untying the drawstrings there one by one, just before the clasp over my shoulder was unhooked. Our kiss was broken as IO lifted himself again from me, and I rose with him, trying to keep our kiss going, trying to continue tasting those lips. I was practically hyper ventilating now as my eyes fluttered open and I found myself looking up at him again, even as he unfolded the flaps of my gowns, pulling them out from under me, leaving me to lay there naked with peaked nipples erect atop my breasts... all six of them.

His hands came to rest on my knees, raising them upward and spreading them further apart, framing my femininity between vast mountains of hard muscle; my sex drawn taut by all the tendons of my inner thighs. He knelt before me, and I bit my lower lip while I felt my vaginal mound clench and tighten like a fist between my legs, and I dreaded finding out what would happen next.

Dozens of male dragons have been in this position before, kneeling between my legs intent on pleasuring me, but for all times past, none of them had possessed an erection strong enough to pierce me. I tried to relax as much as possible, by my sensuality continued to climb, and when a pair of his fingers caressed my crotch, actually pushing the twin folds open, I arched my back to him, tightening my eyes and gasping before he pinched the twin folds together, forcing my clit to erect inward between them.

“Ah! Ah-I’ve never... I’ve never had anyone able to make love to me before.” I admitted.

Before my accident, I had been too quiet and homely to have ever mated with anyone. After the accident, I was too strong for anyone to do it.

“You lie.” He mused, and removed his own robe, before pushing down on a layered, armored sheathe on his abdomen, and several plates folded into one another between his legs, to reveal his groin even as a reddened erection extended from out of a pelvic sheathe.

I watched it erect, hypnotized by the swelling movement, biting my lower lip again as I watched it grow and thicken, and I became aware of just how dragon males were built as his armor unfolded like his pelvic sheathe had done, leaving only his soft belly, and scaled back and sides.

As he took hold of my knees again, I rose my legs up onto tiptoes, reaching forward beneath my breasts to press my fingertips against his hard abdominals, and caressing the length of his erection that was surely two meters long. Then spreading my thighs open again, he arched, and I felt his circumcised top catch me, and then slide effortlessly inside.

When I gasped, it was a gasp mixed with tears falling from my eyes, feeling my cunt clench tightly about him, holding him and his thickness inside me while my breathing and my hearts simply stopped moving at that moment.

I looked down between us as I started to pant, seeing him inside me, feeling his length *deep* inside me. My vaginal juices seeped out from inside me along the edges while its lips simply massaged him as they clenched and unclenched on their own accord.

Finally! I gasped, and fell back onto the bed, IO climbing up with me, and with a thrust, moved me several feet upward onto the bed so that I might lie back upon the pillows. It was then that he lay atop me, massaging one of my swollen secondary tits beneath my primaries with one hand, beginning to feel my face again.

“You’re crying.” He whispered, sliding imperceptibly. “Why?”

“I ha-ha-ha,” I gasped several times. “I had thought that I’d never be able to do this?” I said, not knowing what else to do as he pleased me.

“Why?” he breathed, and kissed my cheek, his chest and arms compressing my primary tits beneath him while he stirred me with his motions, his stroke long and pleasuring.

“Be-because I was so strong...” I began to rock my hips, feeling my clit rub against his erection as I bit my lip again, feeling a strong pressure building up inside me as my whole body simply began to throb and pulsate. “No one, not even machines, have been able to d-DO! Do what you’re doing to me now. AH!”

I held my breasts upward, pressing them together while my nipples erected into miniature towers atop the hills of my chest, and ever so slowly, I began to lactate, to which IO bent downward, arching over my body slowly so that he could continue to arch into me, and suckled.

I felt him swallow before he rose again, and I saw him look at me with that single gem in the middle of his head.

“I find that hard to believe.” And arched into me enough so that he lifted my hips off the bed briefly before retracting. “Every female is destined to have a mate. The difficulty is simply finding him.

“That is one of many reasons Lord Psudodrake brought you here. In case I or my fellow counselors may prove to be the dragon you would so choose.”

He slid into me again, and this time I gasped, clenching hard around him so that he couldn’t retract. I then felt a hard spasm take me before an eruption of pent up fluids erupted into the well of my femininity, and I came all over him in a quick burst of seminal fluids that created a sticky bond between us. Two more spasms followed that, each weaker than the last, while my fingers knotted into his blankets. “Ha... Ha...HA!” I exhaled sharply with each one.

His hands then reached beneath my rump, lifting it upward while spreading my rear open so his fingers could tickle the base of my cunt, and he continued to caress me, make love to me, suckle from me, till I came no less than a dozen times, before he finally shuddered suddenly, and erupted inside me in kind.

It must've been at least an hour of subtle, hoary lovemaking till we finally laid against one another, he against my side, a hand of his between my legs to continue to caress my still swollen cunt and clit, trying to sate me and my ages of pent up sexual desire. I came one last time into his hand, and mine as well as I led his touch in how to pleasure me better before I continued to lay back with my legs spread open to the feral lick of the cooling moisture in this room.

“Oh...” I sighed, turning into him kissing him fully, lovingly, sharing his breath while I felt his package with one hand where it was cradled in the wedge of my pelvis and thighs. “Sweet lover of mine.” I whispered, nuzzling him.

I opened my eyes, seeing that eyeless gaze of his looking at me, and there was an expression there I could not read for lack of eyes, before he broke from me and rose to sit on the edge of his bed.

“I can't.” he said at last, cradling his head while his ears, antennae and horns all flattened against his head. “Eve, I cannot do this... not just for this.”

“Not just for what?” I asked, growing very concerned now as I rose myself, tucking my legs beneath me and pressing against his side, my massive breasts cleaving to his fore and rear.

He bit his lip, and then turned his head to focus on me.

“You are such an innocent creature, Evelynn,” he said, grasping my face in his hands, his fingertips probing my features so that he might *‘look’* at me. “One of the reasons you were brought here was to take a mate, so that you might eventually bare a new hatchling, or kitling, or whatever it is your body would produce.”

I sat back, staring at him. “Wha... what do you mean?”

“Eve... why do you think you were drawn to me more than any of the others? I was the least of them, and you chose me, why?”

“W-well, I guess it was because I was attracted to you.”

“Because you've already imprinted me. You've already tasted of my blood in a love bite, done during a heat, just over two years ago. The only thing keeping us from being lifemates is that I haven't done the same to you.”

“Love bite? T-two years ago. But that was... that's when I...” I looked at IO... stared at him in horror for nearly a minute, and setting my jaw and giving out a deep-throated growl I brought my heavily muscled arm upward and slapped him! The force of my blow knocked him right off the

bed to fall into the pool of water around the bed. Surging to my feet, I skipped away from him and the bed.

“You raped me! When I couldn’t discern right from wrong, you... you *RAPED* me!” I screamed, bearing my fist, and feeling my flame rise in my chest while my wings lifted at my back.

“Two years ago was the year that I’d entered into my first heat, and for me to have given *YOU* a love bite then, you would’ve had been on top of me.. Screwing me to your hearts’ content!”

“Eve, you would’ve died if I hadn’t. Lord Psudodrake brought me...”

“To screw *ME*, in hopes that I would conceive right there and then! He doesn’t want a counselor... he wants a *WHORE* for all his undersexed male members!”

“N-no... Eve... you don’t understand... that’s not it at all.” IO pleaded, and I screamed, and he immediately covered his ears from the sound as it echoed several fold louder inside his head through his hearing.

But then, my scream sounded far louder than it should have been.

Turning on my heel, I stormed out of his room, ripped his door open and right off its moorings, and tipping forward onto all fours I ran butt-naked and still moist in embarrassing locations from my most recent pleasuring. But I didn’t care. I simply roared as I ran through the halls, the servants moving well out of the way as I made my way up to the council chambers. There, Bahumat, Leviathan, and most of all, Lord Psudodrake was there.

“PSUDODRAKE!!” I screamed, popping up to two feet and surging toward him. “I wanna talk to you!” And bringing both my hands together, I welled all my strength and power into a single blow and hit him right upside the face with my conjoined fists.

In a satisfactory way, Psudo turned on his heel with the blow, a spray of saliva and blood flying from his mouth.

“You *USED* me!!” I screamed, and keeping my fists conjoined, hopped up into the air, and brought both my hands down onto the back of his head, and he sagged downward greatly from the force of it.

“You made me into an *OVERSEXED*, unwilling, *WHORE!!*” I screamed again, bringing my fists up over my head again to pound down on him again.

But this time as my fists hammered down again, his hand shot upward and caught the pair of them, absorbing the blow as he held my two hands immoveable together with one hand.

“That is enough...” he whispered, slowly rising to his feet.

There was a roar behind him, and Neo Bahumat skipped into view, a pair of massive pylons slipping upward and over from his back to point at me, their ends immediately growing bright with a gathering priming charge.

Psudodrake rounded on him though and roared out a double-voiced command. “Se’cnal re’wop esoht etav’it’caed!!” he called out, in his usual deep vibrato, and then turned to me as Bahumat looked surprised, but the priming charges on those pylons deactivated and retracted. He nonetheless stood there, looking sternly at me while Leviathan slid across the room to hug at his side and speak into his ear in a cooing sort of way.

“Now then,” Psudo said, and released my hands, which snapped immediately to my sides into fists. “What is it that is on your mind?”

Just then there was a running sound, and the two of us turned to see IO entering the chamber, panting more from his urgency instead of his exertion from the run as he fastened a loincloth about his loins.

Psudo looked to him, and then to me, noting my naked breasts and the splatter against my crotch, pelvis and thighs.

“I see.” He said quietly, and setting his lower pair of arms among his shoulder guards like he did at dinner, and folding his other pair across his chest and then his wings underneath his shoulder guards, he stood before me in his usual quiet manner.

“Why is it that you think that I’ve transformed you into a whore?” he asked quietly while IO came up as close as he dared to me.

“You... you... first you take this dragon to me when I’m out of my mind and vulnerable two years ago, and you let him have his way with me. Then you assign him to do the same thing to me today. And... and...”

“And he told you all about it. Think for a moment Lady Evelynn. Would an evil creature tell you about these acts?”

I stopped, staring at him, my logical mind starting to rise above my anger and emotions, but not quite yet. “Then why didn’t you tell me?” I demanded, surging forward on him so that my breasts, having distended from lactation and not firmed up again yet, wobbled heavily against my chest.

“I was going to. If you remember, I had told you that there was something I wanted to discuss with you after dinner.”

I paused, thinking, and realized he’d said those exact words.

“I did not bring you here to be a whore, Evelynn.” He said simply. “I brought you here as a trade off, one in which I will admit that we ourselves will profit from more than you, at least in our minds, but in your mind, you may actually see that it would benefit you just as well.”

I folded my arms beneath my primary breasts, compressing my secondaries together underneath the massive weight of my biceps and forearms, while pressing my tits higher up onto my bodice.

“I’m listening...” I said testily, daring him to lie to me.

“What were you before we found you?” he asked rhetorically. “You were a female who was already oversexed, massively built to be larger than any other dragon you knew, and unable to hold a lively relationship with any male about you. That is because none of them were strong enough to sex you, and likewise, to a male, it is a rather ego bashing thing to have a female who is half again your size.”

I looked over to Leviathan and Neo Bahumat, detecting at least one male who didn’t mind it, but Leviathan had no problem being sexed by her lifemate, due to the fact that she presently had a womb full of kitlings inside her. My expression softened a little, and my shoulders un-tensed a bit.

“You were a dragoness between two worlds, unable to go back, and unable to go forward without help.

“I learned of you just two years ago as Aysyx was playing inside your Inter-Realm’s central mainframe, and detected an unusual amount of activity that was marked *‘top secret.’* It took hir a bit to break the codes, a credit to your computer engineers to deter hir for so long, but shi finally broke them, and found you.

“Immediately, Aysyx brought you to my attention, and I recognized that you were experiencing an almost unheard of condition called *‘heat poisoning.’* The endorphins, estrogen counts, minute testosterone counts, and other enzymes in your body had built up to poisonous levels, and if left unchecked, they would almost assuredly make you mad, a vegetable, or dead. The only solve for such a condition, was to provide someone who could release the tension.”

Just then, I felt a pair of hands upon my shoulders, and I turned quickly to see IO looking at me with a half smile.

“IO was the only one at hand, being that all the other members of the circle were unavailable to help you with this instance.”

“How come you didn’t do it then?” I asked, drawing my eyes away from IO, but letting him hold my shoulders and press against my back, but instead diverted my attentions to the floor.

“I am bound to another.” He answered simply. “My vows to her would keep me from doing so.”

“Thirteen hours of work was removed from IR’s archive by Aysyx, and replaced with so much static. Aysyx stored the image incase you might ever want it again. Once done, you were again placed up into your struts and restraints, and the doctors all called it a *‘miracle’* that you weren’t mad, a vegetable... or dead.”

“From that point, I approached IR in human guise, both as Mushunoshi and as Agent X, more or less to keep watch over you, to test your moral character. When I brought you to the attention of the rest of the council, they voted unanimously to invite you among us.

“We brought you here, empowered you, and pulled you the rest of the way into nobility to give you more power to protect, as is your nature to do so. We placed you among several young and capable dragons so that you might have your pick of a relationship... something that I have observed has been lacking in your life all your existence. You chose IO, because you bit him during that thirteen-hour session of lovemaking, and imprinted his pheromones and essence in your mind. Subconsciously, you see him as your mate already.”

Psudo turned his back and walked off several steps toward a central podium.

“You were given political power and authority among the dragons; you were given the full and impressive power of a noble in order to do so. You were given a new home; near unlimited resources to pursue your sciences, and other dragons you could relate to... possibly a family... being that you can no longer go back to your own.

“In turn, what we received, was a vibrant, fully capable, virile and supple female, who has proven that she is capable of baring children in the fact that you can enter a heat. You insure that our noble race is not yet dead.”

He turned to me again, and I wrapped my wings slowly about my body, trying to keep myself warm from the embarrassment, and feeling the motion, IO hugged me from behind, framing my bosom and my bodice in his strong arms while he nuzzled my long, broad neck.

“The fact that you would mate and conceive among one of the four available dragons of the council was inevitable. Bless IO’s hearts that he approached you, and told you of our unfortunate ploy to lure you here.

“Above all... you are a symbol of hope, Eve. And we beg you to stay.”

I hugged myself a little tighter.

“I... I don’t know.” I admitted.

There was a time of silence, and Psudodrake approached me again.

“Come with me, Eve.” I have something to show you.

I walked behind the massive dragon known as Psudodrake, IO following close behind me. We flew down the central shaft, to the very bottom, and to a doorway of solid stone.

“IO, stand guard.” Psudo said quietly, and IO nodded, remaining behind as Psudo pressed his hand into a special indentation in the doorway made exactly like his hand.

The doorway immediately melted away, and I saw several meters of solid stone, basalt and then obsidian, melt into the floor before the two of us moved deeper inside. We passed through a seemingly endless corridor, never turning right or left, until the corridor suddenly opened upward to reveal a vein of living crystal. And then I saw something, and gasped, pressing my hands before my mouth

There, imbedded right in the crystal stream, was a dragoness. But none like I’d ever seen before. She was tall, strong and beautiful. Built like I was, with enormous mammaries, the first four massive and firm, with a good three pairs lining her abs beneath those. She was in the form of a crucifix, arms, all four of them, held into the crystal as if it were her armor, her thighs pressed one over the other, and her hands and wrists, and feet and ankles held by the crystal. Her tail was wrapped around where her feet would’ve been, with its end held by the crystal.

But what was most remarkable about her was that she was all flesh, well... practically. Where scale and armor had been on all the dragons around me, seemed to be places for the crystal to attach to.

“Wh... who is she?” I gasped, stepping forward after Psudo as he walked straight up to her and stopped directly before her.

“This is my lifemate, Eve... the first Dragon Queen: Tiamat.”

“B-but I always thought that Tiamat was a seven headed dragon.” I remarked, still looking at her

“A female dragoness during the bronze age who had stolen my mate’s name and did evil with it. She was killed by my own hands for the dishonor.” He paused, still looking at this dragoness in all her feminine perfections.

“My mate was the very first noble dragoness to become a mammal. She became the object of dozens of nobles, whereas even I and my brother both competed for her attentions. I finally became her mate, but more for the fact that she chose me than for any other else.

“Sadly, my mate and I never seemed to be able to bare children. Thousands of years passed by, and no matter how hard we would try, she and I couldn’t get her to reproduce... And so she undertook the ultimate sacrifice for us.

“What you are looking at is a crystallized ether stream, the lifeblood of the Earth, the very pulse of Gaia, the Sorceress of Earth flows through this place, and likewise through her as well. She is undergoing weapon transformation, which will make her into an incredible creature of

unimaginable power. In return, Gaia is helping to restructure her so that she might be able to bear children.”

Psudo reached out then, knuckling the inside of her breasts, and the creature known as Tiamat gave out a siren’s sigh, her body twisting to the touch of her mate, and I watched a trickle of seminal fluids leak from between her legs, over her folded thighs and down into the crystal.

“H-how long has she been like this?” I asked at last, and Psudodrake removed his touch, and this time caressed the dragoness’s areola.

“Nine hundred and ninety-nine years, seven months, thirteen days, seven hours and twenty six minutes.” He sighed.

I gasped, and stared at him. “You’ve gone without sex for nearly a millennium?!”

“Not exactly,” he answered. “Once, and only once every century, Gaia releases her to the point where I can meet her in the Dream World, where the two of us are alone to ourselves, and can make love to our hearts’ content. She has to remain as such for only a thousand years. To which, thank the maker, is nearly over. When I touch her, she can feel it now.

“Aside from you and Leviathan, the three of you are the only three capable of breeding.”

He turned to me then, focusing upon me intently.

“Please do not fault us for the actions in which we have taken, Evelynn. We required a breeding female, to which you were the best choice we’ve found in centuries. The last one did not survive the conversion process into a noble, but then she was nowhere near as strong as you were. But you survived, you have already found someone who is more than willing to become your lifemate, help you to start a family, to protect you.

“All dreams I’d assume you’ve had for ages.”

I hugged myself and merely nodded. “Since I was a little hatchling.” I admitted, and then turned away from him, feeling my loins ache in an odd way with just those same feelings.

“You are a Godsend Eve. Please stay with us. Please...”

I turned back to him, thought about it, thought about it a little longer, and then opened my mouth to answer.

I finished packing my things, making sure my tools, my repaired black body armor, my clothes, were all ready in their massive crates.

Standing in my uniform, the bust region straining beneath my new form, I stood up, and scratched at the back of my head before taking a sigh, and cursed as the top snap of my jacket unbuttoned itself, and sighing, I just let it alone this time. Plenty of time to let out the uniform later.

Looking around my home for the past several years, I looked down at my datapad, and then inserted it into the nearest case.

“Ready to leave?” came a voice, and I turned immediately to see Agent X standing at the human access to my rooms, he of course being lord Psudodrake in disguise.

“Yes.” I said, smiling softly. “I’m eager to move in. IO and I have a date later tonight.”

I folded my hands over my lower abdominals, musing upon the fact that I was actually going on a date, and gave a small sigh.

“Starlight Corporation is ready to move your things. They will be here in the morning to transport them all to the tower.” He stepped forward, and then leapt up onto my desk; a spectacular site to see someone jump over ten feet up into the air. “I feel I must thank you again for your decision... *Lady Evelyynn*” he smiled at my new official title.

I nodded. “It’s not as if I’d be loosing my job or anything. If things go my way, who knows, mayhap I may become pregnant in no time flat.” My hand flattened over my empty womb, and X chuckled.

“I hope so. Though *‘barefoot and pregnant,’* wasn’t quite my impression of you, I think you would do quite well with it.” I nodded, blushing, more at the thought of the conception than the actual birth and rearing. “We’ve some more matters to discuss later, Eve. The others are anxious to share ideas with you, and Aries is likewise eager to turn over his title to you.”

I laughed, and then sighed. “I’ll meet you later. Lots of paperwork to fill out before I leave. I should be done in a few hours.

“We shall be waiting. Good evening Eve.” He bowed, and then hopping down from his place atop my desk, immediately disappeared through the human access doorway.

I watched the spot he’d occupied just a moment ago for a few minutes before I heard a chime on my wrist watch, and turning my arm, depressed a switch to activate the holo-com.

“Eve here.” I greeted.

“Oh thank goodness!” a hurried voice spoke, and a holographic image erected immediately to show an image of my direct commander. “Eve... we have an emergency. Gear up and get ready for an immediate mission. We shall be commencing in one hour!”

I stared at him. *Duty before life*, I guessed. My date would just have to wait a bit tonight.

“Be right there commander.” I said, and deactivated the switch before unbuttoning my uniform jacket.

“Ah another day, another half million dollars. Now if only my armor still fits...”

Fin