

The Isle of Kinoa – Part 2

By Luther

“You told him what?!” the dragoness exclaimed, incensed at the news.

“I didn’t tell him everything,” the smaller albino alligator dodged. “It was a good night, he kept buying me drinks... he was cute.”

“Figures,” came the gruff response from across the table. Another large dragon reclined there, hand behind his head trying to figure out what to do next. It was his own research that found the place and now it was about to be blown out of the water. He shook his head, the big beaded necklace he wore rattled slightly. “I swear you’ll do anything for a cute guy, Raith. He probably could have gotten you to suck his dick too.”

The gator coughed nervously and looked to the side. Yeah, probably could have.

“Look, I didn’t tell him exactly where the entrance was so they’re probably bumbling around looking for it.” The gator quickly recovered and found his voice, steering the conversation away from those rocks... but not really sure where to take it.

This was not good, that much was clear. Up until now they had thought that they owned the monopoly on this little secret, at least among this township. If others knew then others will be going after it. They were all sitting around a rickety little table outside a shack near the edge of town, just moments before setting out on their own.

Raithian the gator took his moment of silence, templed his fingers, and sat forward in his chair. His thin cotton clothing slid over ivory scales, a product of the oppressive temperature of the island. His shirt used to have ruffling around the neck but was since torn and the sleeves slashed. It clung tightly to him, both to his relief from the heat and his own personal liking. Even before reaching the island he was a sexual creature. It was easily one of his more defining features. It wasn’t easy to remain calm in the face of two angry giants. At only six feet in height he was rather puny in comparison.

The golden dragon sitting opposite from the gator was quite a sight in contrast. Though he was technically sitting, he was not at a chair. Instead he just sort of occupied the ground on that entire side of the table. When Draco was standing, he could easily reach fifteen feet in height –broad shouldered and bare chested, clad in a brilliant gilded hide that followed every contour of his heavily muscled form. Not much above the belt was left to the imagination. In fact, nothing was. He wore only a white sarong around his waist, typical island garb so he was told. The only thing it protected was his modesty which was itself truly the only modest thing about him. He was a mage of sorts, a transmuter. In the easiest terms he changed things into other things. Simple.

Saphira stood at about the same height and was no less of an intimidating sight. Where once likely rested a full set of shining plate on the dragoness’s body was only the most essential pieces.

Those that were deemed less important were repurposed, cannibalized in repairs, or surrendered to the jungle. No living creature could stand the sweltering heat within such a metal shell. Instead, it was replaced by the natural gleaming of the beautiful blue scales on her arms and legs. She once commanded knights—she still did... only here there were no knights to command. She was the only survivor of a wreck she didn't care to speak of. This island had forced far too many concessions for her liking and she was out of her element in this savage place. She wasn't about to lose another chance to leave this damn place. Everyone could see what she was thinking as if it were written on the table in front of them—they were all thinking it.

"We can still do this, we'll get there at least half a day before they do but we need to go *now*," she announced.

The only one to remain uncharacteristically quiet up until the point was Bobert, just soaking in the slow motion wreck that was going on. He was up before Saphira even finished her sentence. "So what are we waiting for? You two meatheads think you can keep up? We might have to do some squeezing in there." At about five and a half feet, the otter was more than aware of the size difference between him and the larger reptiles: a fact he'd never let them forget, as if they could. His personality hovered somewhere between irreverent and caustic but he always did come through no matter how much he chided and teased his team members. His hands were quick and nimble, ever empty and always ready to toss a knife or concoction of his own devising. True to his nature he was the first down the hill whose gentle slope led away and into the verdant expanse, soon shadowed by Raithian. The two dragons exchanged irritated looks, Saphira grabbed her halberd, and both followed after.

That was about a day ago.

They had spent the time stumbling along the way, taking hours to locate the stone door built into the rock where an old tree had since grown over the entry way and obscured it. With it out of the way, they wandered through a veritable labyrinth of caverns, getting lost twice and retracing passages they thought they knew. It was with exasperation and fading hope that they finally chanced upon a new path, swearing they must have passed it several times without seeing it before. The tunnel changed from the bare and natural rock to ancient carved walls and flagstone hewn from it. An empty doorway stood before them, opening into some chamber beyond. The stone posts were engraved with wide and leering faces, drawn square and blockish in the native style. This was a good sign. They passed through it—some with more difficulty than others.

"Wow, it's freezing in here!" said Raithian, shivering and standing on the left.

"Are you mad? It's like some kind of oven," complained Draco, who huffed and flanked the group on the right.

"I don't know..." said Bobert, standing in the middle. "Seems rather pleasant to me."

The two both shot the otter a glance, thinking it some attempt at humor. Or perhaps it wasn't. Their gaze shifted from the left side of the huge, square room where icicles clung to the ceiling and columns to the right side where the stones cracked and sizzled.

"Huh... well that's weird," said the otter.

As if it were a magical phrase to summon things stranger still, a crackling sound filled the room. A great whoosh of air washed over them and twin figures sprang into existence ahead. They looked to be simultaneously complimentary yet opposing. To the left stood a hyena with a spotted and icy blue coat, rime hung from his fur and a cold mist pooled around his feet. On the right, floating a few inches from the ground, hovered a foxlike creature of blazing hues. Avian characteristics showed through as well in the fiery colored feathered wings behind him.

"Sorcery!" Saphira shouted and charged forward, brandishing her polearm at the duo.

She was immediately met with a wall of fire that leapt up from the ground between the stones, forcing her to recoil backwards lest she be burned. Gouts of flame erupted from it, causing the group to dodge and break directions as they drew weapons.

Draco rushed forward, converting his scales to steel and barreling through the flaming barrier. To his surprise he did not find the fox but instead a small army of five foot high animated ice sculptures, each shaped to look like the hyena and bearing various offensive expressions.

"Get them, my icy minions!" the hyena said with a flourish and glee that came from waiting all day to say that.

All of the frozen critters encircled and attempted pack tactics against the dragon. His previous spell was fading fast but he was acting faster. A steely fist impacted one, turning it to so much flying snow while another was crushed underfoot.

Robert dodged bolt after incendiary bolt tossed at him by the phoenix-fox and ducked to take cover behind a nearby pillar. The fires washed around it with a searing hiss as he grabbed a flask and hurled it sidelong at one of the ice-hyenas sneaking up behind Draco. The glass shattered against it and coated it in a hissing solution, melting it quickly.

"You'll have to do better than that!" the otter called from around the column and tossed another in the direction of the fox. It smashed harmlessly against the far rock wall.

Moving to flank to the side, Saphira found the fox engaged with the otter and distracted. She circled around and moved in opportunistically. A wide swing of her blade barely caught the fox's attention in time for him to duck. It struck against the pillar he stood by and sent sparks flying to the side. The flaming creature thought quickly and grabbed the haft of her weapon, sending heat to spread through it. He struggled with her only momentarily, enough for the magic to work, for with her superior strength he could not hold onto it long. The heat intensified though the metal of the weapon to make it smolder. Pain crossed into Saphira's hands and the halberd became unbearable to touch any longer.

She let go and it fell. In anger she threw her fist outward. The fox yipped and slashed to the side just in time for her to strike pillar instead, sending stone chips flying.

The hyena creature fixed his eyes firmly onto Raithian and the alligator felt himself drawn to meet his gaze. Both of them shifted that very gaze downward towards the hyena's stiff member. There was something about that bobbing ebony cock that immediately caught Raithian's attention. His eyes bounced up and down along with it, following its every move. His shoulders slacked and his head swam. Dimly was he aware of the hyena crooking a finger to beckon him forward. The gator dropped his sword and as it clanged to the ground he slouched and stumbled forward as if hypnotized. In fact he *was* magically mesmerized by the blue spotted creature. The gator's allies could only look on as he stepped adjacent to the wily creature. With an upward gesture, the hyena summoned a spherical wall of ice to ensure privacy, spiked outward with wicked frosty spears.

"Raith! What are you doing?!" Draco called out, incredulous. He couldn't focus for long as he was soon assailed by yet more frozen golems. He growled and shifted his attention back to them, kicking one to icy chunks and flicking his wrist towards another, turning it instantly to a harmless cloud of butterflies.

Yes, butterflies. Give him a break. There were a lot of them and he was running out of ideas.

Alone with the hyena (or as alone as they could get), Raithian nearly snapped out of his trance... though weaponless and removed from his friends he'd likely remain non-threatening. Faced with a huge and eager cock in front of him, well that just tipped the scale.

"Disarmed by a glance... how unfortunate for you. Let them worry about violent things, that isn't my aim here. I know what you want," the hyena spoke softly over the muffled noise outside and pointed downward.

It was true. Raithian hadn't had an enjoyable experience in a day and a half, how terrible! This was a far more pressing matter to attend to. Still under the spell, he nodded and dropped to his knees. His claws explored the massive member—sixteen inches long and already glistening with pre. Curiously, he stretched his tongue out to lick along it. It was slightly cool to the touch but not cold. What was more, the tiny bead of precum that he lapped up tasted... of blueberries. What a curious thing! The gator smiled and wrapped his lips around the thick cockhead as if it were a sign from the heavens themselves to blow this hyena.

Meanwhile the phoenix-fox was fighting a losing battle. He had let the enormous dragoness get too close. Frustrated, she pounced upon him. Her sheer size brought him down to the ground. In surprise his flames abated, the last of the dangerous ones licking her armor or sputtering out against her scales. As tempting as a violent end might have been, a certain womanly need of hers had gone neglected for too long and she would not deny herself. She grinned wickedly. He gulped. Even for her size she was strong, powered by the growing hunger between her legs. The smaller fox wrestled weakly against her but it was useless now. He was caught and the look in her eyes told him that he belonged to

her now. The others could surely keep one hyena busy. She needed this. Her glance darted down to his cock, still throbbing –perhaps even harder now.

“Oh that won’t do,” she said, eyeing his raging sixteen inch erection. It was impressive but she was a big girl. She needed something more. Saphira held the fox pinned with a single powerful hand while she rummaged through the small pack she kept strapped to her hip. Out came a single little phial, green in color and glowing slightly. “Drink,” she said sternly, unstopping the thing and pressing it to his mouth. His pleading eyes found no allowance in her countenance and so he relented, parting his lips to let the stuff pass and slide down his throat.

No sooner had he swallowed the strange brew that he began to moan. His hips shook, cock bobbed, and flecks of precum began to fly from the bouncing member as it began to grow longer. His grunting was silenced by her kissing him, teasing the poor fellow as he thrashed weakly in bliss. Her mouth flickered briefly with remnants of his fire as she pulled back to watch his steadily thickening member. She didn’t need to hold him anymore, he wouldn’t want to move if he could, and it felt far too good! The dragoness wasn’t going to waste this opportunity. Saphira straddled the now helpless creature. She nicked her belt with a single claw, letting the chain skirt that covered her hips fall (another modification brought about by the demands of the island). She effortlessly angled his swelling cock upward, pressing the tip against her nether-lips of her pussy.

With one smooth and practiced motion she fell upon him, filled with too much need for any of that easing-in nonsense. She threw her head back and growled as she speared herself on him. The dragoness saw him look up at her in something between pleasure and concern. “Oh, just let Sapphy take care of things...” she cooed assuringly down to him, lifting herself up to ram herself onto him again and again. Her ass shook and jiggled just so slightly with every forced thrust and his face found itself in a new expression of joy, lust, or bliss between each.

Yeah... the battle looked pretty well handled on this end.

“I ah- Well it looks like you’ve got this covered. Just don’t crush the poor bastard!” Bobert coughed and excused himself to let the dragoness work. He moved to the frozen wall he saw Raithian disappear behind and inspected it while the gold dragon rampaged somewhere in the background. The otter tested the wall, now wanting to risk touching the razor spikes that adorned it. He doused it in acid but the melted patch re-solidified. He tried digging in with his knives but it always grew back over.

“Son of a bitch!” he exclaimed. Nope, insults didn’t destroy the wall either.

Meanwhile the gator was busying himself with his newest sexual outlet. His lips passed up and down along the length, sliding effortlessly. A wide and flat tongue glided up the underside of the throbbing monster, flicking its head which flexed and swelled momentarily larger in reaction.

“Oh yes -good boy! You know what you’re doing, don’t you?”

Curling, twisting bands of frost appeared in the air around the hyena, mirroring his soaring pleasure. It was quite obvious to him that this gator knew a thing or two about sucking a dick. Crashing sounds outside momentarily distracted the hyena. He cut his eyes to the side.

"Your friends sure are destructive. I bet you sometimes get jealous of their size and strength," the hyena said. A wicked idea was already forming in his head on what to do with his sex toy. "I could help you with that," he continued. "Just keep –oh yeah, keep doing that."

Blue furred paws gripped the back of Raithian's head, burying his snout deeper onto his aching shaft. He was getting close but he didn't want to cum just yet. The hyena twirled his fingers, weaving magic into his own spunk. Delicious precum trickled down the gator's throat making him feel... stronger? It was making Raithian feel stronger –and not just feel so. The gator dared to open his eyes and risk a look at himself to inspect the most curious sensation crawling under his bristling scales. Were they spreading? Yes and no. The muscle beneath them was bunching up and bulging outward. His muscles were growing! The already tight cloth stretched over his body began to split at the seams, tearing itself to pieces in the face of his swelling sinew.

Saphira was just coming down from her fourth climax, riding the phoenix-fox for everything he was worth. His growing length was stretching her wider and wider. While he himself had gotten close he had not yet came. Every time he approached she'd slow down or clench to stop him. He'd cum when she'd allow it and no sooner.

As a direct result he was quickly building up. His huge balls were growing out and up somewhere behind her, expanding with the cum her potion was forcing his body to overproduce. He groaned, gurgled, and sloshed his way ever larger and larger. By the time his cum factories were the size of full melons he could stand no more.

"P-please let me c-cum," the fox begged, not asked.

"Hmm..." Saphira slowed a moment. "You may. But only because you asked nicely." She flashed a toothy grin and bounced up and down on his painfully throbbing shaft with renewed vigor. He gasped and finally released, practically melting under her. His cock buried itself deep inside her and burgeoned as it pumped into her. She allowed herself a short moan, feeling herself begin to fill. Her hand went to brush against her scaled tummy and before her very eyes it began to expand with his essence. With such a force he came! His hips bucked wildly as he emptied and by the time he was done her stomach was nice and round, no mean feat for a creature his size.

The hyena couldn't hold on any longer either. With a heavy grunt he came onto the gator's open and eager maw, painting the flat tongue and white scales with a pale blue spunk. It was the hyena's own assurance that undid him. As he came, his concentration buckled. The icy walls collapsed, the little golems fell to pieces, and he was left defenseless if in ecstasy. Seeing Raithian's situation, Draco swiftly acted and shifted the stone to leap up and shackle the hyena, cuffing him most solidly. When the hyena finally came back down he searched himself over, looking from trapped limb to trapped limb. Not as planned.

"Yeah... I got nothin'," he shrugged and admitted, looking up at the golden dragon.

But something was wrong here. Unfortunately for Raithian the hyena had never dismissed the magic that was constantly working itself on his musculature. The gator's overly mighty muscles didn't stop growing. His abdominals began overcrowding themselves and vying for space, biceps and shoulders pressed up against one another, and his pectorals became meaty slabs obscuring the view of his own toes. Bigger and bigger he grew! Musculature compartmentalized in a bid to buy precious space but even this was failing. Draco was able to sever the magical link and halt the burdensome influx of size. Not that he cared overmuch for the idea but there was a line!

A short time of recovery followed. Breath was caught and weapons retrieved. A length of strong chain was produced and used to bind the two creatures back to back in the center of the room. There they all stood, save for poor Raithian. He had grown so beefy that he could barely move. The gator's range of motion was reduced to practically zero.

"Should we just leave them like this?" asked Draco, motioning to the duo.

"They seem much less dangerous when they're closer together," answered Saphira.

It appeared to be true. While the two were in such proximity, the fox's fire could not heat the chains to melting nor could the hyena freeze and break them. On their own they seemed unable to break the bonds. Together their colors muted and temperatures comingled to produce a fine steam that filled the air around them. It was rather fitting for the afterglow they were both still riding at the moment. They didn't seem to care that they were tied up, their eyes rolled back and goofy grins were plastered over their faces.

"No need to harm when they're harmless now. Besides, the little red one wasn't so bad. I might need to use him again later," said the dragoness, flashing a grin to the phoenix-fox.

Draco turned and looked down to the wobbling immobile gator. Unfortunate Raithian was stuck on his back!

"Looks like someone had a little too much protein in their diet!" Bobert chuckled and gave Raithian a nudge with his foot.

"Don't worry, he'll be right as rain soon," said Saphira. "Draco?"

The dragon shook his head. "I don't know if I can do much for him."

"Can't do much for him? You tell me you're a transmuter. You can't shrink him back down?"

Draco grimaced from the mere suggestion. "My magic. Does not work. That way." He said slowly and deliberately as if he did not wish to have to explain it again or any further. This was clearly the last word on that matter. Draco did not shrink things.

Instead, the golden dragon moved to try and lift the great bundle of muscle that Raith had become but he had to pause a moment to summon the strength to heft him. Bobert hustled to help the bulky gator up into his arms. He could certainly carry him around ... but at some great cost to his own mobility. He weighed a ton!

"Draco," Saphira said. "I know you mean well but I don't think that's going to happen. There's no way you can haul him around and still fight."

He stopped for a moment, massive gator held over his shoulders, and pondered. His eyes were off in the distance as he thought. It obviously wasn't easy for any of them, but the dragoness knew that they'd only be less effective and would stand even less a chance at reaching the center first, making all of this pointless. Such was one of the tough choices with being a leader of men... or once leading them. It was a grey area.

"With this place cleared out and these two in binds, this is actually the safest place we can leave him," said Saphira.

With a long and heavy sigh, Draco nodded in consent. Lacking any other option, he moved to some unused corner of the room and placed the gator on the tallest rock shelf he could find, as if the height may keep him safe from some danger the dragon couldn't think of at the moment. Draco looked to Raith and lowered his brow apologetically. The golden dragon summoned a spark in his hand and magically bent the rock partly around the gator, enough to conceal him from view if anyone else happened to come along.

"We'll come back for you, Raith." The dragon said. The remaining three looked at each other, steeled themselves, and turned to head deeper within.