

Wish Fulfillment

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Kassiedie's heart felt like it was going to hammer its way through her ribcage and slap her across the face. She couldn't believe she was actually here, inside the fine, white marble walls of the Sanctum Arcanum, to finally go through with it. Her fingers twined anxiously together as she tried in vain to shoo away the horde of butterflies in her stomach. Pacing a nervous rut into the floor was an increasingly attractive notion, and she stubbornly kept her feet where they were.

She was in a simple, if lavishly decorated, waiting room, and despite the opulence of her surroundings it felt comfortably homey. All she had to do now was wait. She had paid her dues and filled out all the forms. It was going to happen; she was going to finally get what she had lusted after for the majority of her life. She couldn't understand why she was so nervous. This was what she wanted. She knew this was what she wanted, more than almost anything else. She had worked for years to save up enough coin to pay for the procedure that she needed to have, and she had finally secreted enough away.

And just like that, over the course of a few minutes, her savings had been nearly doubled by friends she had only known for a few hours. Her sister, Kathryn, was heartbroken that she couldn't be there with her, but Emma, the Lancer who had really made this whole thing possible, had promised to see it through. At least until she had been called away on an emergency. Kass understood. Emma had done more than her fair share, and it wasn't like she was alone.

She smiled at the calming presence of a firm, but gentle, hand on her shoulder. Turning toward him, she let out a slow, steadying breath. He was ruggedly handsome, with masculine features and arresting green eyes that looked at her fondly from under a mop of dirty blond hair. Kass leaned over to press her lips gratefully against his fingers. He was everything she wasn't, tall, and just muscular enough to make his vest and shirt enticingly tight on his otherwise thin frame.

His eyes on hers made her feel beautiful. He didn't even have to look down at her body for Kass to know what he saw in her. She was hesitant to admit it to herself, but she knew she was as gorgeous as everyone always told her. Her pale brown hair fell around a face that was possessive of soft, delicate features, including full lips and blue eyes as bright as her sister's. Her entire body was soft, really. The dress she wore was stretched almost dangerously tight over a figure that had been stared at since she could remember. She wasn't overweight, but the thin layer of plush fat on her frame made her pleasantly rounded, and she carried the majority of her extra weight in the pliant mass of her bountiful breasts and callipygian backside.

But it wasn't what she wanted. Yes, she was proud of her figure, and the stares she got while walking around the city made her blush furiously, and it's not that she wanted more. She just wanted something different, and she had worked hard for a long time to be able to earn it. She thanked the Gods she had friends and family who were so supportive of her desires.

Hawk's hands slid down off of her shoulder to take up her fingers in his. He must have been able to see her anxiety. "Relax, my dear," he said in a reassuring murmur, "The hard part is over. You don't have to be nervous anymore." She forced out a shaky breath as she leaned into him, smiling as his arms went around her reflexively. "Now you just have to wait," he added as he fondly stroked her hair. "I told you not to show up so early."

She laughed in spite of herself, pushing herself off of him. "I know. I just didn't want to be late." Hawk just nodded his understanding with a smile and kept her hand in his as he bled off her tension through his fingers. She let herself be guided back and down into one of the comfortable chairs that lined the room. Hawk seated himself next to her and threw an arm around her shoulders, after which he leaned in to plant a chaste kiss on her cheek, making her flush pink.

"Are you excited?" he whispered as he casually pushed a lock of hair behind her ear. She nodded with a coy smile, and he gladly returned it as he leaned back into his chair and dropped his hand to her thigh, letting it rest there innocently, until he squeezed her leg and started to inch his fingers upward.

She giggled and pushed it off, knowing his game. "This is hardly the time or place, Gavin."

He gave her a hurt pout, but laughed anyway. "Every time and place if the time and place for you, my lovely."

Kass rolled her eyes and elbowed him in the ribs, opening her mouth to berate him. Instead, she jumped in fright when the ornate door on one wall of the room drifted open silently, permitting the entrance of an attractive and full-figured horse morph wearing a set of plain grey robes. She beamed a genuine smile at the seated pair. "Mistress Kassiedie?" she chirped happily, "We've got everything ready for you, if you'll follow me to the ritual room."

Standing, Kass followed when she was beckoned, with Hawk only a step behind. She was lead through a long, broad, gently curving hallway stepping closely behind her guide. She couldn't help but stare at the people whom they passed in the passage, a dizzying array, the vast majority of whom were members of the Silver Lance, judging by the silvery insignias on their bright blue capes.

Eventually Kass and Gavin were ushered through another grandiose door into an almost shockingly sparsely decorated room. The walls were of the same silver-streaked marble as the rest of the monolithic structure, and the only thing in the room was a large, raised slab of darker stone that sat in the center of the space. After ensuring that Kass was comfortable, The Archmage's equine assistant bowed and backed out through the door they had come in. Barely a second later, the door opened again, letting in the instrument of her transformation.

Kassiedie thought that her eyes would roll forward out of her head as she took in the Archmage. Clad only in a knee-length black longcoat that left his onyx-scaled front mostly bare, he was as colossally imposing as his home, being at least fourteen feet tall. Were he a normal height, he would have been broad shouldered and intimidatingly muscular, at his full size, he looked frighteningly powerful. Polished gold scales covered most of his body, save for the stripe of black that swept down his front, and a crown of wickedly sharp, black horns capped his skull, the longest two of which curved back over his head before sweeping back up and tapering to dangerous points.

He had to stoop through the door, and the height of the ceiling barely let him stand to his full height. But the most discomfoting thing about him wasn't his size, or the claws that ended his fingers and toes, or the reptilian snout that was full of razor-sharp teeth as he smiled warmly at Kass, it was his eyes. Despite being a dragon, his species was clearly not what made this man powerful, and Kass could see it in his eyes. They were bright blue, but they glittered like cut sapphires and possessed an ancient intelligence that nearly gave them their own luminance. The hair on the back of Kass's neck stood on end as he filled the room with more than his draconian bulk. She could feel his strength practically vibrating the air around her, and if she could have made herself move, she would have quailed as his eyes locked onto hers.

His voice was deep enough for Kass to feel shuddering in her chest as he addressed her, his thick tail swaying casually behind him. "It's a pleasure to meet you Kassiedie! Emma speaks very highly of you! Are you okay? You look a little pale." Kass tried desperately not to swallow her tongue as she stammered that she was perfectly fine, and the Archmage laughed, a sound that rumbled through Kass's ears. "Relax. I've been doing this for a long time." he told her as he dropped to the ground, sitting cross-legged, and still towering over both of the room's other occupants, "Do you have any questions before we begin?"

She swallowed hard around her apprehension as Hawk stepped up behind her, sliding a calm hand onto her back. "Um..." she said hesitantly, "I don't really know... How does this all work? Uh... s-sir. What do you need me to do?"

He chuckled amiably. "I don't really need you to do anything. And please, call me Daryn. I'm trying to fool myself into believing that I'm not old enough to be a sir yet." He idly scratched the fine scales on his chin as he pondered for a moment. "Okay," he began, obviously trying to sound not as practiced as he was, "Here's what's going to happen, with your cooperation. You're going to take off of your clothes and hop up to lay here." He affectionately patted the slab that dominated the room. "Probably on your stomach since you're getting a tail that's a bit more substantial than something thin or fluffy." He flicked his own tail for emphasis. "After that, I'm going to use a simple, harmless spell to immobilize you. Not that you're going to be flailing around in pain or anything, but the transformation is going to mess with your nerves and muscles, and I'd hate to see you hurt yourself. In fact, all the evidence I've gathered tells me the process is quite pleasurable. After I still you, I'm going open up a simple, one-way link between your mind and mine. Are you with me?"

Kass shook her head hesitantly. "Wh-why do I have to take off my clothes? And what kind of link are you talking about?"

Daryn continued like she had read from his script. "Well, in answer to your first question, your dress is going to quickly become incompatible with your desired body type. That goes the same for your boots. Tails and claws pose some interesting issues for tailors. As to your second question, I connect our minds for two reasons. The first is so that I can more closely monitor your condition during the process so I don't overtax your changing body. The second is so I know what to do. The only way I can get your new body to look and feel exactly the way you want is to let the transformative spell read your expectations and desires. You can sit here all day and tell me exactly what you want, but there would always be that little bit that you were unable to put into words. Sure, you would get what you wanted, but it wouldn't be perfect. This way, it's as perfect as it can possibly be. Does that answer your questions?"

Mesmerized, Kass nodded, put more at ease by the enormous dragon's confidence. "Wonderful! After we're linked, I'll cast the body-shaping spell and feed it energy, using your desires as a template for your new body! That's the hardest part, but also the last step. After it's done, I'll unstill you and you can give your new body a test drive!"

Kass was awed. "You make it sound so easy."

He chuckled and lifted his shoulders in a shrug. "Like I said, I've been doing this for quite some time. I've had plenty of practice, and the way I do it keeps you the safest. Throughout all the decades that I've been doing this, I've never had any complications or complaints. Although the former might be because I intimidate people, which is completely ridiculous. At any rate, I promise you that while it is within my power, you will be perfectly safe."

At that, Kass could feel the tension leave her shoulders, and she heaved a heavy breath, finally releasing her imprisoned butterflies. "A-alright. Let's do it. What should I do?"

He lifted a massive, clawed hand and patted the slab again. "Strip, if you will, and hop up here, face down or on your side for your comfort during the process."

She nodded, undoing a few buttons before impatiently tugging her dress up over her head with Hawk's help. She kicked off her boots as she finally bared herself, and she noticed that the Archmage was pointedly not looking at her nude form. Hawk, on the other hand, was under no such compulsion as he accepted her clothes, but he only looked at her face with a doting smile. He helped her up onto the flat stone, and she tensed for a cold surface, but instead was greeted with a soothing warmth that wicked up into her as she laid on her stomach, laying her head on its side to peer at Gavin with equal affection.

As the Archmage smoothly rose to his feet, Gavin looked up at him. "Is it alright if I stay here with her, Archmage?"

"That's very much up to her, Gavin." He answered with an impish smile. Hawk looked at her, and she nodded. Gavin's smile broadened and he stepped closer to brush his fingers along her cheek. Daryn spoke again. "Alright. I'm going to still you, so you won't be able to move your extremities. There will be a little tingling, but you'll still be able to feel everything, blink, breathe, and talk. It can be frightening, so just take deep breaths, okay?" She nodded, and he laid claws with impossible delicacy on the middle of her back and the base of her skull. He took them off after a moment of brief tingling and she experimentally tried to move.

She felt panic well up in her when her body didn't respond to her silent impulses, but she could still breathe, so she closed her eyes and tried not to hyperventilate. "Take her hand." she heard the Archmage tell Gavin, "She'll be limp, but she can feel you. It will help." She opened her eyes when she felt her hand lifted from the table. Gavin held it up where she could see it, wrapping it in his hands and planting a soft kiss on the back of her fingers. The Archmage was right, it did help, and her worry quickly morphed into sorrow that she couldn't return the gentle squeezes he gave her.

The Archmage shifted his weight from foot to foot as he narrated what he was doing in a calming tone. "The connection is one-way, so you won't be able to feel it, but after we begin, you should feel a kind of internal pressure, which is the you in there being pulled to the surface. Just lay back and enjoy it. Like I said, it's supposed to feel good."

With that, the golden dragon began to sing in a rumbling bass that seemed to tremble through the air. It was a language that Kass didn't understand, but it sounded vaguely familiar to the tongue that Gavin used when he was singing for her. She could make out rhymes and rhythm, and it sounded rather pleasant, so she relaxed as she listened to the Archmage invoke the spell that would remake her. She could feel the power being called into action condensing in the air and pressing down on her with a physical pressure, like reality was being stretched taut around her.

After a few minutes of singing, Daryn let his voice die out, and the tension snapped, reality returning to normal with an almost audible pop. The dragon stepped back with a satisfied smile. "Alright. The spell's cast. Are you ready?" She tried to nod, but when nothing happened she just murmured an affirmative. "Excellent. Brace yourself."

The dragon's arms still outstretched, there was a tense moment when nothing happened, and Kass was contemplating asking if anything was wrong when she felt it. Pleasant warmth blossomed in her chest and began to slowly creep outward as it filled her body with an insistent, soothing heat. It swept out, slipping into each nook and cranny, and she felt herself relaxing. It felt good... very good, and she couldn't help but let out a soft, barely audible moan at the pleasant sensation as it passed over her crotch on the way to her legs.

As the heat filled her body, she let out a lazy sigh, basking in the sauna that was flaring to life under her skin. She looked over at Gavin, who was petting her fingers and grinning like a lunatic. "What color?" he whispered into her hand as he kissed her again.

"You're about to find out." she whispered back. Blinking in surprise, Kass felt an odd pressure well up from her core, beginning to push outward from her center. The pressure seemed to push the warmth in her body outward with it and it compounded upon itself. It grew hotter and hotter, and despite the sweat that was beginning to bead on her skin, it was never painful, or even uncomfortable.

Kass was sure the temperature was going to be enough to cook her, but as the heat grew more and more intense, it never hurt. Instead, it only seemed to feel better and better. She felt like she was going to explode, the pressure and heat splitting her body open to let out the scales she knew she had lurking under her skin. She couldn't wait for it to happen, and she urged it on. She could feel something rising up within her, being dragged to the surface by the boiling inferno that was scorching her insides.

She moaned again, loud enough to get Gavin's attention this time. The heat within her was pouring a far more insistent heat through her veins. She was becoming quickly aroused at the prospect of what was happening to her. She was so close to having what she had yearned after for years. It was within her reach. She had already lunged out and taken it, and now it was finally hers. Her hair, hair she wouldn't have for much longer, stood on end. She could barely breathe through her excitement.

Slowly, the outwardly expanding pressure halted, pushing just to the limit of what her body could handle. She let out an urgent, shuddering breath as she teetered on the brink. The spell seemed content to let her sit there for a few endless seconds, just on the precipice of releasing the energy that was throbbing in her body with the beat of her heart.

She gasped as her transformation began. The power that had been instilled within her suddenly exploded outward like a seal had been broken. The blinding firestorm of energy rushed out, but instead of tearing her body apart, it felt like it impacted with the underside of her skin before it was tenaciously absorbed. The floodgates had been burst wide, and every fiber of her being thrummed with transformative strength.

It started with her skin. She could see the arm that Hawk held. Her skin felt deliciously tight, and it was beginning to darken. "Yes!" she panted as she watched with reverent passion the arm Hawk held. She could feel it happening all over her body. Her skin was painlessly pinching in, separating into countless patches that were slowly resolving themselves into innumerable scales. Her fair skin was growing pink, steadily darkening as her new color slowly showed itself. She grew darker and darker, until her scales glittered a dark, almost blood red, like polished garnets.

Gavin seemed to take to it, and he stroked her scaly new arm as she let out an ecstatic whimper. The hair that had fallen to obscure part of her vision was slowly disappearing, seemingly retracting back into her skull as the transformation worked its way into her face. It came with an awkward pressure behind her nose and mouth, the slow stretching of her face into a tapering, reptilian snout. As her nose stretched away from her eyes, she swirled an elongating tongue around her mouth, feeling her teeth growing long and sharp.

She wished she could lift her arm to feel it happening on her head from the outside as well as the inside. In place of her lost hair, her scalp tingled as her scales separated around the addition of numerous short, tapering spines that were as pale, ivory white as the sharp claws she

could see her fingernails becoming. They trailed down her head, gradually shortening until they disappeared at the nape of her neck.

The cosmetic changes complete, she felt a shift in the energy that was coursing through her body. Accompanying that shift was an urgent pressure that abruptly made itself felt at the end of her spine, just above the round cushion of her rear. She wordlessly begged for it to happen, and she felt the growth of new bone and sinew that pushed itself from above her backside. It grew long with explosive speed, surging thicker with muscle as it drooped down between her legs, limp like the rest of her.

In spite of her inability to move it, she felt the odd awareness in her mind as nerves connected. She felt the coolness of the air above it and the stone beneath it, and it grew to be longer than her legs, dangling lazily over the edge of the slab on which she lay. The strength in the limb was unlike anything she could have imagined. She had never been strong, and physical strength had never really been her aim, but the sheer amount of muscle lining her new, tapering limb spoke of its power.

This left only one more step. With a note of finality, she felt an odd, tingling numbness in the joints of her legs as they shifted and reshaped along with the curious sensation of her feet bending and her toes changing shape. She couldn't believe how aroused she was. She could feel the moisture leaking from her mercifully obscured womanhood and pooling around her loins. The whole process was so, overwhelmingly erotic, her body writhing and twisting into its new, perfect shape while she was trapped, her only available course of action to lay there and feel it happen, the energy crawling over her skin.

The power that was reshaping her body dulled, if only slightly, sweeping over her body one last time, as if to double check its work as it made a few last second changes. The scaly hide that ran along the top of her snout tingled as it changed color, growing slightly lighter, and by the similar sensation covering her front, she knew it was happening to her underside at the same time, her scales turning a brighter red to contrast with the darkness of the rest of her body.

It ended much less explosively than Kass had expected. The strength that pulsed through her body slowly, hesitantly died out, drifting away, leaving her gasping for breath and slick with the sweat that had drenched her skin before it had hardened. Hawk just cradled her new, clawed hand in both of his, his piercing green eyes wide with delighted wonder.

She heard the Archmage heave a tired sigh, and she could abruptly move again. "Sit up, if you can." The dragon instructed with a happy smile as she turned her head to face him, "But be careful. You're liable to be a little woozy."

Gavin's hands on her arm helped her up to sit, her legs dangling off of the slab. "I..." she breathed, "I don't... W-wow."

The Archmage just nodded sagely. "Yeah, I get that a lot." He gestured at her new body. "Since this is the form that most closely matches what you desired for yourself, you should find it fairly easy to get used to, just take it easy for a few days. Trust me; it takes a little while to get used to walking on those feet." Kass nodded at him, still numb to what had actually happened. "Excellent! Now then, as usual, this has made me ravenous. I'm going to go find myself something to eat. Aurora, the lovely equine who took brought you here, should be here within a few minutes to get you measured for your new clothing and to take you somewhere for you to... clean up. I'll meet with you again afterwards to answer any final questions. With your leave..."

Kass nodded numbly, only really hearing half of what he said, and the dragon beamed her a happy smile and bowed, backing respectfully through the door. She ignored him. She ignored everything, lifting her new hands in front of her face. They were her fingers; they wiggled when

she told them to move, but they were tipped with sharp, ivory claws and clad in the same deep red as the most of the rest of her body. She laid light fingers on her arm, feeling the smoothness of her new, scaly skin. The scales didn't interfere with her sense of touch, and she pinched herself, as if to wake herself from a dream that was too good to be true.

She was the same, delightfully the same as she was what seemed like an eternity ago. She hadn't lost anything of her old self, and had gained so much. Her body was still breathtakingly curvy, if Gavin's gaping was any indicator, and she still had the same soft, plush figure, it was just now hiding under a coat of smooth, dully glittering garnet.

She opened and closed her mouth a few times, clicking her teeth together before she slid nearly a foot of slender, pink tongue from between her thin, reptilian lips. She coiled it playfully around her finger as she practiced flexing the nimble appendage, undulating it through the air with dexterity that made her coo with delight.

Pulling her tongue back between her teeth, she peered over her shoulder at the tail that sat placidly behind her. "Okay..." she mumbled back at the powerful limb. She tensed alien new muscles, grinning fiercely as she watched it twitch up into the air. It took a surprisingly little amount of focus to curl it around her and lay it in her lap, where she stroked it as she would a lover. It was heavy, and she would have to re-learn how to walk on her new legs. She peered down, past the more-than-ample orbs of her breasts. Her front was a bright, stunning red that split the darker, muted scarlet of the rest of her, and perky, pink nipples capped the soft, ripe globes.

She trailed a hand fondly down herself, following the curve of her chest and down to her belly. She ached to go further down, wanted so, mind-numbingly desperately to tease a clawed finger into herself, but it could wait. She instead kicked her legs out, inspecting the way the joints of her legs now connected. She had spent so long watching people walk around with digitigrade feet, but now that she had them, she wasn't sure how to go about walking on them. Still, she smiled as she wiggled her toes happily, the claws that ended her toes slicing through the air.

Her eyes flicked to the side. She had almost forgotten he was sitting there, practically drooling on himself. "Gavin. I need you." He was there at her side before she could finish saying it, and she leaned hard into him as she slid off of the stone to her new feet. She gasped as her weight settled on her toes, and her tail almost instinctively flicked around behind her, letting her quickly gain her balance. Her worried gasp quickly became a giggle as she took an awkward, experimental first step.

She made a few circuits of the room with Gavin supporting her. The task was made slightly more difficult with her tail spending equal time balancing her and brushing affectionately along his leg, but she was slowly getting the hang of it. She nearly jumped out of her new skin when she heard a gentle knocking on the door.

A familiar, womanly voice called through the ornate wood. "Mistress Kassiedie? I've brought you something to wear for the time being. Would you mind if I came in?"

Doing something she never had the ability to do before, she shyly curled her tail over her messy loins as she wrapped an arm over her chest and permitted the entrance of the same attractive equine as before. Her intelligent, green eyes lit up when she walked in. "Oh my goodness!" she cried giddily, "You responded wonderfully! You're beautiful!" She bounced happily on her feet as she strode over and handed Kass a bundle of folded cloth, turning her back politely to give her a chance to drape the plain, loose robes over her body, working for some time to get her tail through the hole cut in the back. "I must admit, Miss Kassiedie; red is most

certainly your color. It brings out your eyes so well." she finished as Kass awkwardly dressed herself.

When Aurora turned back around, her excited grin hadn't disappeared. She beckoned to the door. "If you would follow me, I'll take you somewhere to clean up while I make you something a bit more appropriate to wear." Kass followed the pretty equine out, Gavin trailing silently along behind her as Aurora continued. "So what kind of clothing were you thinking? Another dress? Skirt? Pants?" Kass told her that a dress would be lovely. "Wonderful. Now, would you prefer just a hole for your tail, or would you like a sleeve? Perhaps something ornate? Something ending in a cuff?"

Blinking at the barrage of questions while she was just trying to walk in a straight line, she just told the copper-furred equine that a sleeve would be enough. She really didn't need anything too fancy yet. Aurora stammered an apology, "S-sorry, Miss. I'm just so excited for you." She slowed to a halt in front of a large, sturdy door. She pushed it open, gesturing at the room within "Right through here."

Kass was swiftly ushered into a room that made her gape. It wasn't opulent, but was decorated with comfort and privacy in mind. Pale, white magelight illuminated a large, smooth, stone basin seemingly carved into a floor that was full of clear, hot water. Next to the full bath lay a tray upon which were stacked a large number of soft-looking white towels and a dizzying array of scented oils and soaps. Aurora just gave a short, courteous bow, saying that if she or her guest needed anything, all they had to do was call.

Thanking the horse morph profusely, she watched Aurora back out of the room, leaving her alone with Gavin, who just stood there, gaping at the room around them. She smiled, the feeling of her lips stretching over her long snout making her smile even harder as she sauntered over to the tall mirror standing idly against one of the walls. She had to look at herself.

Her heart nearly stopped at what she saw. Unchanged, brilliant blue eyes ravaged her body through the mirror, glimmering brightly atop a triangular, reptilian snout that was stretched into a toothy grin. She shamelessly threw open her robe, letting it slide off of her perfect body, and flicked her tail, throwing it to the side. Despite the scales around her brazenly enflamed womanhood being slick with her lusty fluids, the rest of her practically sparkled with radiance. The skin beneath her scales was hot, and throbbed with desire, and she boldly traced a flawless, white claw over the curve of a heavy breast as it heaved under her urgent breaths.

Her other hand drifted up to her head and curiously fingered the spines that had replaced her hair. Her ears had disappeared, having become slightly rounded bumps on the sides of her head upon which hid almost invisible holes through which she now heard. In spite of all that, her face still appeared delightfully feminine, with soft, delicate curves. It was exactly what she expected, and matched her womanly body to perfection.

Gavin walked hesitantly up next to her, looking with her into the mirror. "I don't know what to say, my dear. You're unbelievable."

She turned away from her reflection to peer up into her eyes. In the few short weeks she had known him, she had never seen him even close to being speechless. She smiled. It seemed she had him speechless now. Taking his hands up in hers, she playfully pulled him over to the bath that had been set out for her. She was walking more confidently now, and the sticky mess spread over the scales around her loins begged to be taken care of. He seemed more unsteady on his feet than she was. "I'm in desperate need of a good scrubbing, Gavin." she whispered to him as she dipped the tip of her tail in the water. It was wonderfully warm against her scales. Probably some magic keeping it at the perfect temperature. "Would you help me?" she finished.

He blinked as if steadily returning to reality. "My lovely Kass, I don't think I've ever wanted to do anything more in my life."

She felt herself flush hotly, and she wasn't sure her scales would be enough to hide it. "I'm glad," she said as she twirled and pressed back into him. He caught her and wrapped his hands around her stomach, holding her intimately to his chest. Her brow furrowed with the concentration required to lift her tail between his legs. She tried not to seem too clumsy as she lifted it up, bracing it against his back as she draped it over his shoulder. He smiled and stroked the smooth, flawless scales of her abdomen as she writhed her tail against his crotch.

She suddenly giggled when he mercilessly tickled his fingers along her ribs and she stumbled away from him "No fair!" she cried, "I'm still tender!"

"I know," he said with a rueful grin, "I just couldn't help myself."

With a huff, she flicked her tail at him in annoyance and strolled over to her bath. She plopped down on her ample rear next to the basin and dipped her legs into the water. Satisfied that the liquid was still the perfect temperature, she slowly let herself slide into the water. She dipped her head below the surface, letting her whole body get dampened, and she watched with awe interest as the water beaded and rolled off of her scales.

Apparently, Gavin had decided that he wasn't as badly in need of a bath, and he just rolled up the legs of his pants and sat down on the edge of the pool, letting his feet dangle into the water. He beckoned her to him. "Come here. Let me get your shoulders."

She let herself drift over to the edge next to him, watching with curious eyes as he took a moment to select a bar of soap and a soft-bristled brush. As he lathered the brush, the smell of strawberries filled her nostrils and he took hold of her arms, spinning her to put her back to him. She let out a relaxed sigh as he gently worked the brush over her shoulders.

It made sense to use a brush. Her skin was sturdy enough to hold up to it, and she had to admit; it felt wonderful. Of the two of them, only Kass was a professional masseuse, but she supposed his strong fingers on her sensitive scales felt good enough for her to forgive his clumsiness. She could feel him lean down over her to put his lips closer to her ears. "You feel the same," he intimated to her, "soft and womanly and perfect. Scales just make even more obvious how beautiful you are." He once more pressed an annoyingly chaste kiss against her cheek. "I'm so proud of you. I wish I had your strength. I wish I could express in words how much I admire your passion, your drive. I can't tell you how glad I am you let me be here with you for this."

Staying bent over, he teased the brush below the waterline to scrub her chest. She hummed appreciatively as he started to work the brush's soft bristles over the scaly hide of her breasts. She was supremely sensitive, and even the lightest of his touches made her squirm happily as her body heated. He spent far longer than necessary on her hefty globes, using the brush and his hands to slowly, softly fondle her.

He knew full well what he was doing, but he may not have known how receptive her recent transformation had made her to such ministrations. Wanton desire shuddered through her body, and she could feel the throbbing in her womanhood match her quickening heartbeat as he fingered her pert nipples. "G-Gavin..." hissed the brand-new lizard morph between her teeth.

"Yes, Angel?" he whispered to her ear.

"Remember when I said this wasn't the time or place?"

"Distinctly."

"You weren't really listening to me, were you?"

He huffed a breathy laugh as he pulled his hands off of her bountiful chest, sliding the brush up and onto her arms. "Of course I was. I trust your judgment implicitly, and I'm always

listening." She let out a mournful whine at his hands leaving her sensitive areas, which made him laugh again. "It's just the spell. Aurora warned you when she put us in that waiting room that this would happen. It will wear off in a few hours, and I will gladly do what I can for you."

"But I need you now..." she whined again.

"I don't want to feel like I'm taking advantage of your... condition." he murmured as he stroked her jaw fondly, "I want your desire to be genuine."

She heaved an exasperated sigh and spun to face him, wrapping her hands around his submerged calves. "Hawk, you idiot, my desire **is** genuine. It's just suddenly become **very** hard to ignore." She rubbed his legs, raking her claws gently from his knees to his ankles. "Here I am, as I should be, all wet and so, so **hot**. I need it so badly. And trust me, the first thing I'm going to do when I'm alone is shove this big, thick tail so far into myself that I'll be able to taste it, but for now, I've got you right here. You're right here, trying so hard not to stare down into this crystal clear water at this soft, succulent body of mine, and it's just making me want you all the more."

In a show of excitement, her tail flicked through the water behind her as she saw his reluctant resistance shatter. He sighed, smiling tenderly before he pushed the surprised reptile way from the edge of the basin with his body as he let himself slide, still fully clothed, into the water. She watched him dip his head below the water before he bobbed back up, slicking his limp hair out of his eyes and shooting her a suddenly audacious grin.

She hissed impatiently and drifted forward, twining her arms around his shoulders and pressing her lavish bust into his chest. Frustratingly, he just let out an intrigued hum as he just lathered the brush again and started working it over she scales of her upper back. He scrubbed her in small circles, scouring her clean as he moved his brush lower down her back. He just smiled when she whined impatiently, her claws on the drenched clothes over his own back pleading for more.

When the hand he wasn't using to clean her dropped to her sumptuous rear, her protestations ceased abruptly. She couldn't help but let out a grateful moan when he firmly groped her, his strong, lean fingers sinking into her plush flesh. He took a short moment as he washed her back to knead her lovingly, rubbing his hand down and over her cushiony butt and over to her wide, womanly hip. When he took a few seconds to add more soap to the brush, she took her own opportunity to slide her hand between them and down between his legs.

She pulled a surprised grunt from his throat as she urgently cupped his manhood in not-so-gentle fingers. His own fingers tightened on her as she used hers to roughly stimulate him though the soaked fabric of his pants. She ignored his stubborn efforts to continue cleaning her; every second she had to wait for him was a second of torturous lust that burned at her from within. With a coo of pleasure, she felt him quickly stiffen against her palm, growing rapidly hard.

He was more than big enough for her needs, suddenly straining at the fabric of his crotch with at least seven inches of throbbing manhood. As he idly scrubbed the scales of her sides, she struggled with the unexpectedly stubborn fabric as she hurried to divest him of his pants. Her new claws made dealing with his belt without slicing it off of him an arduous task, and, despite how much she wanted to tear his clothes off of him, Aurora had said nothing about making him a new set, so she tried patiently to fiddle with his buckle.

His hand over hers made her pause. She looked up at him, and he slowly set aside the brush as he pulled her hand off of his clothing. "Let me get that for you." he begged her, "New fingers and all that, I understand. You can practice more later." She gladly acquiesced, lifting her hands gratefully to his chest so she could stroke his lean muscles. It took him significantly less

effort to pull his belt off of him, and he tossed it out of the water to clatter noisily to the side as he took her scaly jaws in his hands and pulled her into an intimate kiss.

She gasped at the electric sensation of his lips meeting hers. She had been worried that her new thin, reptilian lips would have made kissing difficult, but Gavin washed away those misgivings with a tide of scorching passion. He certainly didn't seem to mind, and she hungrily returned his romantic fervor as she took up the task of roughly jerking his pants down over his compact hips. When he was finally bare, kicking his pants off of his feet, letting them float off, neglected, to the other side of the bath, he pressed forward, rubbing his ample shaft against the scales of her belly.

She moaned into his mouth as he seemed clearly intent to give her what she so desperately wanted. He used his body to push her backward, and he slowly steered her back until she was pressed against the wall of the basin, sandwiched between the smooth stone and his hard, slick body. She shamelessly fondled every inch of him that she could get her hands on. His usually tight-fitting clothing, now drenched, clung to his thin, if masculine, physique tenaciously, and was little barrier to her roving fingers.

He was taller than her by five or six inches, and she grunted gleefully as he hooked his hands under the curve of her rump and lifted her up to his height so she wouldn't have to crane her neck upward as much for her lips to meet his. He took the opportunity to also begin the process of lining her up with the stiff shaft that jutted from his loins. Her whole body throbbed with violent urgency, particularly the cleft between her legs and the proud, flawless swells of her substantial breasts, and he seemed intent on pleasuring both areas as he left her suspended by buoyancy and a single arm as and lifted the other to once more press his fingers into her chest.

"Take me!" she said in a throaty growl between kisses, "I need it more than I've ever needed anything! Do it! Take me!"

The arms she had wrapped around his shoulders for support suddenly tightened as he let herself drop a few inches, simultaneously rolling his hips upward, pushing himself into her. He grunted and kissed her harder as he parted her well-lubricated lower lips and spread her around his girth, pushing inch after inch into her yielding tunnel.

Kass wanted to scream, but the rapture tightening her throat only let out a ragged moan that he gratefully accepted with his lips as he quickly hilted himself into her. Her womanhood was tight, but she knew that the transformation had made it more accommodating to larger intruders; however, she felt like she could have taken a horse with as slick as she was. She had never been so ludicrously aroused before in her life, and as Gavin started to thrust himself into her, all that pent up sexual energy turned into a raging fire that threatened to overwhelm her consciousness.

Nothing had ever felt as good as his stunningly hard tool buried inside her. She had grown more sensitive, and not just because of the after-effects of the spell. Muscles she felt she had no control over wrung at him mercilessly to the rhythm of the greedy throbbing in her loins, and he quickly adjusted his pace to keep up with her. Gavin moaned with her, and he started to push himself into her with greater and greater vigor as she felt her womanhood fluttering around him.

She wanted to beg for more, for her release hold off on crashing through her, to let her enjoy her bliss for just one more minute, but after what had seemed like only seconds, her eyes rolled back in her head and she let out a harsh, orgasmic cry as she felt her velvet tunnel clamp down on the delicious member sheathed in her. Her lover grunted as she came messily on him,

but he was still far from done, and, all semblance of tempo gone, he set his own, gradually building pace as he continued to assault her spasming flower.

Her release wasn't fleeting, however, and as he bounced her curvy body on him, she felt it only build higher. It was as if she was having every joyous, ecstatic orgasm she had ever had all at the same time, and it soon passed all description as lightning bolts of numbing pleasure exploded behind her eyes. It was a thousand times better than the best she had ever had, cataclysmic and earthshaking, and she saw stars as she felt herself losing her grip on reality. She closed her useless, unseeing eyes, focusing desperately on the sensation tearing through her body from her crotch and the hot, hungry lips that had fallen to her throat.

She suddenly found her breath, and she couldn't help but scream, a ragged, primal sound that tore its way out of her throat and between her teeth as her mouth hung open limply. She shook, her whole body spasming atop he who held her. Her mind couldn't put a name to him; she could only feel him inside her, feel his hands on her and her hands on him. Her tail thrashed through the water around them, splashing everywhere as her back arched nearly to the point of breaking.

All semblance of control had been torn from her body, and she knew that only the grounding presence of the man who she currently, desperately rode was keeping her from losing her mind. Kass felt him tense beneath her, and she felt him cum inside her. She couldn't stop herself from screaming again, her voice hoarse with strain as she felt the bloom of heat from his seed suddenly fill her already overheated body. His hands clutched at her back and she felt nothing but mind-shattering bliss as he bucked up into her, bouncing her exaggerated figure atop his manhood as he rode out his own release with her.

She milked him of every last drop he had; her tightly-clenching walls let none of it escape into the water around them. And then, reluctantly, she felt herself miraculously coming down, sagging helplessly into Gavin's arms. She panted wildly, her chest heaving against his like she had just come out of a dead sprint that left her gasping for air. Her head lay limply on his shoulder, and she groaned sadly when he lifted her off him. She felt him tense beneath her as he grunted with the effort of hauling her up out of the water.

She didn't have the energy to fight him as he deposited her on her side next to the pool, whining weakly. He hauled himself up with her to sit next to her on the side of the basin where he had been, his legs dangling into the water. He rested a calming hand on her cheek. "Shh... Relax." he purred to her, "I just had to get you out of the water. You're too hot, and you couldn't cool down in there. Just take deep breaths. I'm not done with you yet."

Following his instructions, she forced herself to regain control of her breathing as she twitched angrily with the aftermath of her release. She watched him fish his pants from the water and tug them back over his hips, obscuring himself from her view, to her dismay. Continuing to whisper soft encouragements to her, he picked up the brush from where he had left it and worked it into another lather with the fragrant soap before he put it back to her scales.

Perhaps she would have to rethink her opinion of his massages. Her lust seemingly spent, his fingers traced lines of calm relaxation over her stomach and sides. Facing him as she was, he had to lean over her to run the brush over the curve of her extravagant ass, and he took the opportunity to press gentle lips against her hip. She reached out with a shaky hand and stroked him with a claw. He was already becoming hard again, tenting the sopping cloth over his crotch. "Again?" she sighed in awe, "Already? Is that... Did I do that to you?" she finished self-consciously.

His hands hesitated on her, and he chuckled. "Well, I don't see any other stunningly beautiful ladies laying here naked letting me run my hands all over their heavenly bodies. So yes, I think it was you, Angel." He scrubbed her hip as he gently pushed away her probing fingers. "Now let me get you clean, or we'll be here all day, and evening."

She sighed dreamily. "I wouldn't mind that."

As he rubbed her shapely thigh, he smiled happily. "Be that as it may, I'm sure the Archmage would like back the use of his facilities, so quit wiggling and give me your feet." Doing so, she giggled as he scoured her calves and tickled the still-sensitive scales of her feet as he cleaned her clawed toes. He tapped her soapy thigh, gesturing for her tail. She rolled over onto her stomach for him, and he brushed the full length of her tail clean, favoring its base with teasing fingers, making her wriggle excitedly. The scales around it were sensitive, and shot pleasant sensations directly to her crotch.

Which left only one place that still needed to be clean. She stayed where she was, making him dip his hands through the space between her thighs to get at her loins. He murmured reassuringly to her, promising to be gentle on the still aching-tender flesh. He fulfilled the promise wonderfully, gently groping her inner thighs as he ran the soft bristles of the brush gingerly along the slit of her well-used womanhood. Appearing to be in no clear hurry, he took a few more moments to caress and fondle her before he pulled away, leaving her panting again with chest-tightening desire.

He rose coolly to his knees and hoisted himself over her, and she followed him with her eyes as he knelt by her other side. She peered at him curiously before, with a startled yelp, she was roughly pushed into the warm water of her bath. She came up spluttering as she got her feet beneath her, and she flicked a handful of water at him for his treachery. He just laughed cheerfully as he stooped, picking up one of the soft-looking towels in one hand while offering his other to the thoroughly rinsed reptile.

She considered pulling him in, but just huffed and let him help her out of the sudsy water. Immediately, she found herself wrapped in the towel he held, and though the water sluiced readily off of her scales, he helped her dry with a vigorous toweling. He pulled her away from the basin, dragging the tray of accoutrements with them, and she idly preened the spines on her head, making sure they were dry with the corner of her towel as she watched him select, with great care, a soft cloth from a stack of its brethren.

He pulled up with it a small, glass jar that, when he pulled the lid off, seemed to contain a viscous oil that smelled strongly of flowers. Dabbing the cloth in the oil, he took her hand in his and rubbed the cloth on her scales with tight, circular motions. The garnet scales that came out the other side of his delicate ministrations practically glowed with their own radiance, and she bounced giddily on her toes, taking the cloth from him as he grabbed another. She stood there and polished herself, Gavin getting the places she had trouble reaching, until she shone like a dull, red sun.

Tossing the cloths away when they were finished, she let herself be pulled back in front of the mirror to inspect their handiwork, gaily clapping her hands at what the results showed. She spun toward Gavin and surprised him with another aggressive kiss that put him suddenly up against the wall under the weight of her breasts. He hardly complained, returning it eagerly and stoking the fire that was once more beginning to rage again under her scales with light, graceful fingers.

It wasn't until he abruptly stopped and pushed her off of him that she heard the gentle knocking on the door. "Miss Kassiedie?" Aurora called through the sturdy wood, "I've come with some clothes for you to try on. Is it alright if I come in?"

Panting, Kass swallowed hard, trying in vain to cool her lust before she told the equine to enter, wrapping a dainty arm around her chest and coiling her tail over her crotch once again. The Archmage's assistant strode in with a happy sway to her hips, carrying a small bundle of fine-looking cloth. She handed them to Kass with another excited reminder of how wonderful Kass looked with scales before she gestured to an opaque screen that stood over on one side of the room.

She listened to Hawk and Aurora make small talk while she tried awkwardly to dress herself. It looked much like the dress she had worn on her way in, but was of a much finer fabric and was colored a dark, mellow blue, likely to contrast with the color of her scales and compliment her eyes. It was beautiful, and as she put it on she realized it fit her perfectly. The sleeve that hung off the back of the dress snugly hugged her tail, but didn't restrict her movement in the slightest, and she gave a fiercely satisfied nod as she gave the dress a firm tug to ensure that her curves were sitting in it properly.

When she stepped back around the curtain, she saw that Gavin already had the tall horse morph blushing fiercely. Kass didn't think he could even help the effect he had on women, and not a small percentage of men. Something about him was just... magnetic. Aurora murmured a short phrase, and he was suddenly perfectly dry, his dusty blonde hair sticking up in a fluffy mess that he grumbled and tried to smooth down over his head.

He hesitated when his eyes caught her, and Aurora turned to look. The equine practically jumped into the air, she was so happy, and she seemed to be unable to stop herself from charging Kass and pulling her into the air in an ecstatic hug, saying how happy she was that the dress fit and how amazing Kass looked in it. Kass just did her best to return the embrace, hoping Aurora's strong arms wouldn't crush her ribcage. As she was lowered back to the ground, the equine's ears drooping apologetically, she found herself pulled into another, gentler hug as Gavin stepped over.

"Beautiful as usual, Angel." he told her in an intimate, rumbling murmur, in spite of Aurora towering over them both, barely a foot away. When the robed equine coughed politely, Gavin hesitantly released her and she looked expectantly up at the young wizard. Aurora grinned and gestured for the door, saying that the Archmage was waiting to see them. The two followed her out and back down the curving hallway and eventually into the tremendous entry hall of the Sanctum Arcanum.

There were a dizzying number of people in the tremendous, airy room, but the Archmage could be seen towering over everyone else, and Aurora quickly cut herself a path through the crowd, pulling Kass and Gavin along behind her. When Daryn's eyes landed on the three, his face crinkled in a joyful smile and he shooed away a young-looking, silver-armor-clad cat morph that had been talking up to him.

"Kassiedie!" he cried as they approached, taking a knee, presumably to appear less terrifyingly enormous, "You look wonderful! You're walking rather nicely, I've got to say. Give it a few more days and it will be like you were born like this."

She looked up at his sincere expression, her eyes misting against her will. Stepping toward him, she threw her arms around as much of him as she could in a desperate hug. A chuckle rumbled in his chest as he held her to him with a huge hand held to her back. "Thank

you." she whimpered into the fabric that was stretched taut over his powerful frame, "Thank you so much. I don't know how to thank you for this."

He grinned down at her. "I believe you just did. Twice, no less." She sobbed. "Besides," he continued, "You paid a fortune for this. You worked hard for so long to earn this for yourself. If anything, I should be thanking you for letting me be the one to serve you. You deserved this, and you do me honor by letting me help you achieve your desires."

She digested that for a moment before she peeled herself off of him. "You sound like Emma."

He snorted in sudden laughter, a plume of wispy smoke drifting up from his nostrils as he rose back to his feet. "I couldn't possibly imagine why." He glanced aside as a handsome, well-build otter morph trotted up, standing at a respectful distance, but clearly needing to speak to the Archmage about something. He shot another smile at Kass. "Do you have any further questions?" She shook her head. She was perfect, and everything was better than she could have imagined. "Excellent! If you think of anything you need to ask me, please don't hesitate to come speak to me. I'm here more often than not, and I'm sure Aurora or her brother could help you in my absence."

He took her hand in an impossibly gentle handshake that she numbly returned before he bid her a warm farewell and turned toward the small army of quietly patient Lancers that was forming behind him. Aurora just led her away with a smile, stepping smoothly around the people hurrying to and fro. The sheer urgency with which people were moving through the main thoroughfare of the Sanctum Arcanum made it seem like there were more than there were, and Aurora quickly had them standing just to the side of the massive doors.

She stopped, turning toward them and gesturing at the city that could be seen through the gate. "The world is yours, Miss Kassedie, but I do hope you consider coming back to see us sometime. It means a lot to him when people come just to visit, without bearing some horrible news or another."

Kass promised to do exactly that before she hesitantly walked through the doors and started down the hill, casting glances over her shoulders at the rapidly receding form of the equine waving to them. As they left, Gavin's fingers curled over hers. "What do you want to do now?" he wondered casually.

She squeezed him for a moment as she listened to her claws clicking on the stone pavers beneath her toes. Sighing happily, she couldn't help but feel utterly fulfilled. "I still have some silver left.... Would you like to help me find a few other things to wear? I'll have to rebuild my wardrobe. Maybe I'll let you talk me into wearing something a little more... revealing." He just smiled in reply and let himself be pulled along behind her.