

# A Willing Captive

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"Awaken, Love."

She sluggishly followed the familiar voice out of a deep, dreamless slumber. Fluttering her eyes open, she was greeted by the sight of a pretty, smiling face peering down at her. She felt herself return the smile with a blush of excitement and went to kneel respectfully, as would be expected of her. When her body didn't move as she expected, she blinked in confusion, looking down at herself.

Her heart leapt into her throat. She was laying on a cold, metal slab, her wrists and ankles shackled to the worktable by bands of dark, almost black metal; they were loose on her joints, and she could have slipped her hands free, but she dare not. She had seen others strapped to the table while she was working, and it had rarely been pleasant. She must have done something horrible to deserve such punishment. "M-Mistress," she said in a pleading whine, keeping her eyes down, "please, tell me what I did wrong! I'll fix it! I promise I won't make the same mistake again! Please, give me a chance, Mistress! I didn't know! I... I just didn't know!"

Before she could hyperventilate, her mistress laid a calm hand on her arm, shockingly genuine sorrow glimmering in soft, blue eyes. She swallowed her terror as she was gently spoken to. "Calm yourself, Love. You aren't here to be... punished." A dainty finger traced one of the jagged scars on her shoulder, reminders of her previous punishments. "I would never do that to you. You're here for a much different reason."

Emboldened, she hesitantly asked, "Why, Mistress?"

A slim hand fondly stroked her hair as her question was answered. "As my skill grows, I gain additional responsibilities, Love. My own mistress needed me to set up shop in a different location, to further our goals under my own direction. It was a promotion, of sorts." Her mistress gestured to the small, cramped room around them. "I had to move all of my equipment here, to these dingy quarters in the middle of nowhere."

She blinked slowly. She hadn't realized it at first, but she was somewhere unfamiliar. The room was long and rectangular, and she was laying on a table at the opposite end of the room from the only door into the space. A few more similar tables stood next to the one she occupied, making that end of the room the most open. Nearer to the door, several long, low workbenches ran along the wall, and on them sat the hastily-assembled tools of her mistress's trade.

She couldn't help but feel a bloom of dull pride. Her mistress didn't seem upset, only excited, which meant that it truly was a promotion. If her mistress had done something deserving of punishment, she wouldn't have been having this conversation. She knew her mistress was a talented alchemist; she had seen some of her abilities first-hand, but she still didn't understand, and her mistress whispered soothingly to her as she continued.

"Before my mistress sent me out here, she warned me that it would be dangerous, especially in the beginning, when I'm still laying a foundation off of which to build our new sanctuary. She told me to bring a guard or two with me, to keep me safe during this dangerous time." Her mistress looked at her, a giddy grin stretching over her face. "She gave me a gift, Love. I begged her, and she gave me you. She gave you to me."

Excitement coupled with worry tightened in her gut. "But Mistress, I can't keep you safe! I'm small and worthless! How can I prot-"

A finger pressed over her lips, and she quieted. "No, Love." she was told, "I know what the others, your other mistresses, told you, what they made you do, what they called you." Her mistress leaned over her, letting long, luxuriant, black hair shroud her. "You must listen to me, Love. Despite what they called you, what they forced you to think of yourself, you are not a bitch, or a slut, or some useless, brainless slave, good for nothing but menial labor, and you are definitely, **absolutely** not worthless. Please tell me you understand."

Her mistress sighed with relief when she nodded hesitantly. Her other mistress's never called her anything but what she had just been told she wasn't. They never looked at her with anything but anger or contempt. Her mistress's fingers slipped from her lips to affectionately caress her cheek. "Good. Thank you, Love; thank you for trusting me." Straightening, her mistress steepled her fingers thoughtfully and smiled down at her. "In you, Love, I've been given a gift I likely don't deserve, and I'd like to share my good fortune with you. Can I give you something?"

She'd never been given a gift before, nor had any of her other masters or mistresses asked her anything. She was always told or ordered. She had been given what her mistresses had deemed her fit to be given. She barely knew what to say. "Y-yes, Mistress. What... what is it?" she wondered, empowered.

"I'd like to give you a name, if you would have it."

She stiffened against her bonds. She had never had a name. Her masters and mistresses had called her whatever they pleased, slut... slave... love. She couldn't remember a name to put to herself. She couldn't remember much of anything prior to her service to her mistresses, if she had any at all. "Yes." she cried softly, "Yes, Mistress, please."

Her mistress rested a hand on her forehead, pushing up her short, ragged mop of dark brown hair as she was looked hard at. "You're beautiful, Love." She twitched, something else she had never been told. "I must admit. I thought about this a lot while I was relocating us. I watched you sleep as we moved. I pondered this for some time." Her mistress's hands dropped to her body, gently touching her. She knew better than to resist, but she truly didn't feel the need to. Her mistress didn't touch her like the others; her mistress was kind and tender.

She found herself smiled at as she wriggled, trying to present herself to her mistress, as she was affectionately caressed. "I noticed it when I first saw you in my workroom, cleaning up after one of my experiments, trying desperately not to draw my attention." A firmer, more passionate stroke up her leg. "You failed miserably, Love. No amount of grime and filthy rags could cover up how hauntingly attractive you are. I knew then that you were special, that I had to have you. You weren't like the other slaves I was forced to work with. You were something so much more."

She didn't know what to say, so she stayed silent. "I will take care of you, Love. When we got here, the first thing I did, before I even set up my equipment, was wash you. I bathed you in one of my empty vats, scraped away the signs of your servitude. I used my hands to clean you; I admired you. I... lusted after you. I wanted so badly to... to do things to you, while you were sitting there before me. But I didn't. I just looked and rubbed away the dirt that had taken up residence in your skin.

When I rinsed you, you were so bright. I thought it would blind me. You're so bright, and full of life, something the others couldn't see." Her mistress reached down her body to squeeze her fingers. "I saw, Love. I saw it in you. You look... imprisoned in this body, so bright and full and alive. I'd like to call you Luna, if you would let me." She could only suck in a shaky breath

through her teeth. "It means moon, Love. I'd like you to be my big, bright, full moon, my lovely little Luna. Will you let that be your name?"

"Yes!" she begged through her tears. It felt right, the name, and she couldn't wait to hear her mistress say it again.

A happy smile for her. "Wonderful! I can't tell you how happy you've made me, Luna, and I'd like to give you something else." She couldn't believe her mistress would have anything else to give her. "Luna, I'm going to tell you my own name."

She had never heard of anything so ludicrous. "Mistress! Y-you can't! I'm not worthy! Y-you... the others... I'm not-"

Another finger over her lips. "Luna..." She stopped, and her mistress smiled at the recognition of the name she had just been given. "I know that the others gave you no more worth than the dirt you scrubbed from their floors, but you mustn't say things like that. You must still call the others master or mistress, and around them, you must still call me mistress, but when we're together, alone, I'd like it very much if you were to call me Selene."

She recoiled like her mistress had struck her across the face. Not once had she even thought of her mistress as having a name, let alone dreamed of knowing it. Tears sprang unbidden to her eyes and she cried, not knowing whether in joy or not. Her mistress just gently cupped her cheeks and held her until she stilled. Selene. It was a perfect fit for her mistress. Tall... thin... waist-length, raven hair... expressive blue eyes... an elegant figure that couldn't help but be noticed beneath her loose, black robes... the name was perfect. "Mistress..." she sobbed, unable to find the words to express herself.

She just received a graceful nod in answer. "You can still call me mistress, if it pleases you, Luna. That you know my name is enough."

"No, mistress! I mean... S-Selene. I like it. It's pretty, I-like you."

A rosy blush touched Selene's cheeks, and her mistress dipped her head in polite recognition of the compliment. "Thank you, Love, though I wish I could be as lovely as you. You've got the most exquisite features. You look like a queen, even in those tattered rags, and I watched the others... look at you, lust after your body, your big, soft breasts and shapely hips." Selene balled the hand not grasping her fingers into an angry fist. "I thought about poisoning them when they bragged about what they had done to you. They're blind fools, not worthy of my mistress's gifts, and I wanted so badly to kill them for what they did to you! But they weren't mine to dispose of, and I couldn't."

She had never seen her mistress anywhere close to angry, and that it was protective anger over her made her feel warm inside as Selene went back to gently petting her. "That's not going to happen again, Luna. I promise. You're not communal anymore. You're mine, and I swear, if anyone even looks at you the wrong way ever again, I will peel their skin off a square inch at a time, whoever they are. Do you understand? I'm going to keep you safe."

"Y-yes, Miss- S-Selene."

"Good. Thank you for your trust. It means a lot." Selene lifted hands off of her body, returning her fingers to a thoughtful arch. "This still leaves me with a need of a protector of my own. It's dangerous out here without anyone to look over you."

"Selene..." she breathed urgently, "I would if I could. I promise. B-but I'm small and weak. You're bigger than me; how could I... Tell me what I can do!"

Her mistress laughed, a breathy, yet musical sound that made her want to laugh along. "So eager, Luna. You do me honor." Selene laid a hand lightly on her slender arm, squeezing it gently. "Yes, you're small. And you may be weak, physically, but your inner strength burns

bright enough to scorch away all resistance." Selene rose, strolling casually down the room to the long table and busied herself with selecting a handful of simple, glass vials.

Her mistress sashayed back over to her, leaning against the table to which she was bound and flashed the vials. "This brings me to my third gift, Love. Alchemy is useful for a great many things, and I've become rather good at it." Her mistress gave her a longer look at the fluid-filled containers in hand. "You drinking these in turn will let me coax out that inner strength, let me remake you into something big and powerful, powerful enough for you to watch over me when I need protection, protection from those who would do me harm. Would you drink them, Luna? Would you do that for me?"

She wanted to more than she had ever wanted to do anything, and was she not shackled to the table, she would have snatched them from Selene's hands and drank them immediately. Instead, she just squeaked out a desperate, "Yes!"

Selene bowed her head with an abashed smile. "Luna. I'm so glad you said that. I was so afraid you would say no." The thought that she had made her mistress afraid made her nearly faint, but Selene's hand on her arm pulled her back from the brink. "It won't hurt, Luna. It will feel good. I've made it so that it will feel so good for you. Are you ready?"

She nodded frantically, and Selene giggled at her eagerness and pulled the stopper off of the first vial. "Here, Love. You have to drink them all in a row, an ounce at a time. Let me help you." Her mistress cradled her head in a loving hand and held the vial up to her lips, carefully pouring the viscous, milky fluid into her mouth. She swallowed. It tasted delicious, better than anything she had ever been allowed to eat. Only a second after she had cleared her mouth, a second vial was pressed against her lips. She drank that too, noting that it tasted even better before another potion was emptied into her mouth. She drank and drank, and Selene watched her with wide eyes that were filled with growing excitement. Her mistress's movements were growing shaky, and Selene had to go back to the table to fetch the rest of the potions before she could finish drinking.

Ten in all, Selene practically vibrated with giddy energy, standing next to her. She just licked her lips, not daring to miss a drop as her belly filled with the odd tingling of the potions mixing in her stomach. It spread outward from her abdomen, pouring slowly through her body and slowly resolving itself as an urgent, insistent heat that worked to fill her from the inside out. "Selene... It's hot... really hot."

"Yes, Love?" her mistress answered, watching her with intense interest. "What else do you feel? Tell me, Luna. Tell me what you feel. Let me feel it with you."

She huffed a grunt that turned into a traitorous moan as the sensation passed over her crotch. "It... feels good, really good, Selene. It's just getting hotter. Hotter and hotter..."

"Is it too hot, Luna? What kind of heat is it? Tell me everything, please."

Arching her back against her bonds, she was briefly grateful she had something to strain against; it felt good to push against something unyielding. "It feels so good!" she cried, losing control of the volume of her voice, "It's like fire! It feels like I feel when you touch me! It makes me want you to touch me more!"

Selene just gave her a cool smile and brushed fingers along her arm. She cried out again. It felt like her skin was going to burst into flame, though it hardly hurt, and her mistress's hand on her drove her mad with need, need for more of her mistress's tender caresses. She could only gasp in shock as the inferno within her abruptly crystallized, collapsing down into a throbbing sphere that raged in her core and beating alongside her heart. It seemed content to sit there, and for a moment nothing else seemed to happen. "S-Selene! Wh-what do I do?! Help!"

Her mistress just laid a hand more firmly on her arm. "Does it still feel good, Love?"

She swallowed hard around a scream. Her mistress didn't deserve to be shouted at for everything that had been given to her. "Yes!" she hissed in a ragged whimper, "It feels so good, but I need more! I need something else! Please!"

Selene blinked in surprise. "My, my, Love. That was faster than I expected. You're responding well. Tell me what you need, Luna. Tell me what you need, and I'll make sure you get it. What do you need?"

"I need you!"

Leaning in, Selene pushed a gorgeous face close to hers. "You have me, Love, but I need more than that. What from me do you need?"

"I need you to touch me! Please touch me!"

The hand her mistress already had on her shifted, stroking her lovingly. It was ecstasy. "I am touching you, Love. Is that not enough?"

She hesitated to say no. Any contact with her mistress was bliss, and Selene continued to touch her lightly. "I need more." she said in a dire whisper, the fire in her chest raging against the confines of her body, "I need you... down there, between my legs. I need you to touch me there. I need it so bad it hurts!"

Panting excitedly, she felt Selene's hand on her body slide southward. The clothes she wore were tattered and patchwork, and there were ample ragged holes through which she could be touched, but her mistress teasingly avoided them. Still, she tensed when Selene pressed a palm boldly over her crotch and slowly rubbed her. "Like this, Love? Is this enough? Or do you want more?"

"M-more. Please!"

"How much more, Love. Tell me what you need."

"I... I n-need more! P-please! I need s-so much more!"

"I told you, Luna, I need more information than that. What is it that you need?"

She snapped. "I need to cum!" she screamed, doing her best to writhe against Selene's hand, "I need to cum! Please let me cum, Mistress! I need you, Mistress! I need you to make me cum! I need yo-Mph!"

Selene kissed her, and she went limp, going numb. She had never really been kissed before, and it was like getting hit by lightning. She was panting when her mistress pulled lips off of hers. "That's all I needed to hear, Love. No need to shout. If it is an orgasm you need, it is an orgasm you shall have. Do you have any particular preference?" Her only answer was a needy moan as Selene increased the pressure behind her rubbing. "Is it alright if I use my mouth, Luna? I'd like to use my mouth."

"Please." she croaked, desperation overwhelming her, "Please, Selene. Please."

When her mistress smiled like she had just given Selene the world, she felt life seeping back into her limbs. The conflagration that was roaring through her veins and feeding the ever-growing fire in her body was not becoming any less insistent, stoked only higher by Selene's fingers touching her through her rags as her mistress drifted down her body with an expectant smile. Flicking a lever hidden underneath the worktable on which she lay, Selene tilted her part-way upright, putting her at almost a forty-five degree angle and leaving her there as her mistress strolled in front of her.

She moaned loudly when Selene splayed out over her legs, laying a slender, beautiful form over her lower body and leaving smiling lips hovering over the cleft between her thighs.

"When it begins, Love," her mistress purred up to her, "please remember who is between your legs."

"I will, Selene! I promise!"

Her euphoria was blinding when her mistress finally pressed lips to her skin, forgoing any attempt to divest her of the cloth covering her loins, and just finding a hole through which to lovingly kiss her most delicate parts. Selene slowly, tenderly worked her over, and she really needed nothing else as the strength in her threatened to blow her body apart under her mistress's stimulation. It was like her desire and her mistress's mouth were linked, and as one grew more urgent, so did the other.

Selene's tongue and lips were all she could feel. She hoped her mistress liked it. She could feel how slick she was, and her mistress's efforts were sounding increasingly wet as her bliss grew ever higher. Her body shook and strained against its bindings as she felt glorious, heart-stopping release quickly approaching her. She urged it on, begging for it with wordless moans. She wanted it; she wanted it so badly. She had a name, and someone who cared for her, someone who needed her to be more than she was, and she was going to be more if it killed her.

When it finally hit her, she thought she might actually die, not from pain, but from utter, overwhelming rapture. The alchemically imbued strength that had taken up uneasy residence in her chest exploded outwards just as she felt herself explode against her mistress. Selene just dug harder into her as her body tried frantically to accommodate.

She grunted in surprise when her body abruptly pressed against her clothes, and she gained a couple inches in height in an instant. Gasping in shock, she looked down at herself to see her body swelling outward across the table as she shuddered with her release. Her mistress looked up at her past her growing form, a smile touching vibrant blue eyes as Selene earnestly stroked her legs.

As if in response to her mistress's doting caresses, the otherwise unremarkable layer of muscle that lay along her frame suddenly surged to life, pressing urgently up against her skin. As she grew longer, her body became hard and muscular and showed no sign of slowing as the ragged fabric around her torso started to give noisily around her barreling chest.

At the sound of shredding cloth, Selene looked up again from her self-appointed task with an excited grin. Her mistress was right; she was curvy and womanly, a fact that was becoming increasingly difficult to hide as more and more of her slowly swelling breasts tore their way free of her already ruined clothes, rising up on the shelf of a broadening ribcage and powerful new musculature. Her shoulders crept outward with meaty, popping sounds as her unsleeved arms thickened dramatically with mounds of powerful new muscle.

Selene watched with hungry eyes, not daring to cease or slow her ministrations. Her mistress did, however, slide a hand up and onto her stomach, feeling with curious fingers as her abdominals throbbed up onto a thickening waist, keeping her well-proportioned. She could feel her increasingly naked body sliding along the cool metal of the table as she grew, and she whined and bent her surging legs to keep her crotch at her mistress's level. As her widening hips began to tear her rags to ribbons around their swelling girth, Selene giggled happily at the sight of her suddenly bare loins, and dug into her with wild gusto.

She tensed, spasming as she felt her growth accelerate. The power pulsing through her progressively more muscular body raged through her veins and forced her to become larger, and she begged for more, straining her physique against her bonds. As the last shred of filthy, worthless cloth fell from her body, she gasped at an insistent tingling sensation that swept over

her. She was forced to watch with shocked awe as her skin, stretched urgently around her throbbing body as it was, began to split and harden.

Her already pale skin lightened further, becoming a pallid, bone white as it stiffened further, gradually becoming a coat of thick, overlapping scales that rapidly sprang into existence across her body. Selene stroked the new scales of her expanding thighs as if to remind her that her mistress was still between her legs, and her new might could prove dangerous if she were to bring her thick, muscular thighs together around her mistress's head.

There was no worry of that. She wanted more; she **needed** more, and she just threw her legs as wide as she could, urging Selene to increase the enthusiasm of her lips and tongue, which her mistress did gleefully, making her yelp and grow a few more inches in an instant. She had already put on a few feet and countless pound of dense, unyielding muscle, but the urgency of the energy tearing through her enlarged body wasn't slacking, and with every passing second was growing only more demanding.

She blinked wildly as she saw her hair falling off of her head as if it had been cut off of her by her scales. She didn't mourn its loss, but she didn't have much time to contemplate it before a rough grinding sound in her head broke all semblance of concentration. She cried out as she crossed her eyes, watching her nose flatten and push out from her head, elongating along with her jaws into a tapering, reptilian snout that was filled with slowly sharpening teeth. She gasped, a long, tongue, as pale as the rest of her, snaking from between her teeth to trail along her lips.

Her bindings were growing increasingly uncomfortable; she was now wider than the worktable to which she was shackled, and much longer. She fought instinctively at the bands of metal around her wrists and ankle, desperate to give herself room to grow; they were starting to get tight. However, her manacles were made of tougher stuff than the table, and she felt it begin to give under her weight with the groan of tortured metal. Her mistress laughed as the supports of the table started to bend backward, and they eventually snapped with loud, metallic pops and dropped her to the floor. Selene just followed her down, not even flinching.

When her lengthening body pressed her head against the wall, she thrashed against the table, suddenly desperate for a more concrete release. She strained mightily, and with more metallic ripping, she tore her manacles free of their mounts. Reaching behind her, she grabbed the table and flexed the muscles of her legs, doing the same to her ankles. Somewhat free, she levered her thick, powerful shoulders against the wall and pushed herself up into a half-sit.

She wasn't able to do much else as she was suddenly very distracted by a developing pressure at the base of her spine. She shifted to give enough room to the abrupt bulge of flesh and bone that pushed itself free from her back, below her waist. She felt it wriggle nervelessly beneath her as it added inch after inch to its length and thickened with explosive force. It snaked down under her and between her legs as it grew, pushing Selene off of the ground as it writhed under her mistress.

Selene ignored it, only taking enough time to straddle it before bending back to work. Her mind struggled to cope with the sensations pouring into her from her new appendage as it was quickly filled with the same fiery energy that coursed through her ever-expanding body. Her tail quickly grew thick and muscular with the same frenetic zeal as the rest of her compounding frame, and she fought her urge to flail it through the air in her ecstasy; she couldn't hurt her mistress.

She arched her back against the wall as she felt as much as saw her legs bend awkwardly. Her joints popped and shifted, her feet taking on a new shape. She watched the nails ending her

toes grow long and sharp, curving into vicious talons as her feet quickly became digitigrade and even more powerful. As if reminded of her continuing transformation, her hands balled into desperate fists as she felt her fingernails likewise lengthen, sharpening to wickedly dangerous claws against her scaled palms.

She was so big, and still getting bigger; she was sitting, and her head was approaching the ceiling. She had long since outgrown the bands of dark, hard metal that were wrapped around her wrists and ankles, and they were beginning to constrict her painfully. When she turned her attention to them with a fierce grunt, Selene lifted her head, replacing lips with the fingers of a graceful hand so as not to leave her wanting.

"It's eversteel, Love." said her mistress, continuing to stimulate her roughly, "I made it myself. I need you to break it. I need you to get so big and strong that you tear right through it." She was so big, and her mistress abruptly pushed a hand into her and began to rock it back and forth in a fervent rhythm. "I need you to make it look like paper for me. Can you do that for me, Luna? Can you shatter it like glass?"

She forewent an answer, taking one of the torturously tight bands of dark, glittering metal in a huge, clawed hand and pulling on it with desperate strength. Her tremendous musculature heaved beneath her scales, fighting the resistance of the deceptively strong metal. She growled threateningly; her voice had grown deep and powerful, and as she strained, her efforts seemed to spur on the growth of her body, and a furious insistent pressure throbbed to life in her as she continued to grow, fighting the metal from within and without.

As she struggled, she felt the pressure condense down into her, becoming increasingly needy as it seemed to crystallize behind her crotch, just above her trembling womanhood. She nearly lost her focus on freeing herself, clenching her teeth tightly around a spastic groan as a lump of incredibly sensitive flesh shoved itself from between the scales just above her spasming slit. It grew with furious speed to catch up, quickly taking the shape of an enormous throbbing penis, as pallid as the rest of her, that throbbed steady larger with her. Selene had to look past it to grin at her before, while continuing the assault on her shuddering gash, her mistress pressed tender lips to her new masculine endowment.

She let out a triumphant, fiercely proud cry as she tensed, tearing the puny strip of metal free from her wrist as her body quaked in her first masculine orgasm. She screamed, her entire body surging outward with violent force, growing frantically as the first rope of her thick, virile seed splattered over the ceiling. She shook in an orgasmic frenzy as she felt her head press against the ceiling. Bending only saved her a few seconds, and her shoulders were soon shoved against the roof with climactic finality. Desperately wanting to save her mistress's workshop, she scooted frantically down.

She tried so hard to avoid damaging anything, but an unexpected pressure along her spine took her by surprise. It intensified, shifting up into her skull, and she winced, groaning in discomfort as, at the same time as her body exploded free of the manacles that were clinging fervently to her joints, long, ivory horns erupted from her skull. As they lengthened and tapered to threatening points, a row of similar spikes burrowed up from her spine, sweeping down from the center of her head to the tip of her tail. She felt them dig into the wall behind her and into the floor beneath her as she writhed.

As she felt her climax finally beginning to die down and the energy scouring her insides begin to cool, she felt one more twinge of discomfort, and she watched as one last backward-curving horn slowly rose up at the end of her snout, completing her savage appearance.

Shuddering with one final mighty throb outward that once more threatened her mistress's workspace, she collapsed downward, spent at last.

She felt movement, and she cautiously lowered an arm bigger than her old body, loyally helping her mistress climb up her titanic form. She was afraid to move, worried that any motion might break something else. When Selene finally managed to complete the hike over her huge breasts, she tensed in fright. Her mistress was drenched from head to toe in thick, alabaster goo, the same goo that dripped from the ceiling and coated the majority of the rest of the room. "M-Mistress!" she cried in a thunderous, deep voice that was shocking enough to give her pause, "Forgive me! I didn't mean to... I couldn't help... I-I tried not to break anything! I promise I tried!"

Selene just giggled and slicked back drenched, black hair. "Calm yourself, Luna." she purred soothingly, "I was prepared to lose the table. Its noble sacrifice will not be forgotten." Laying a gentle, delicate hand on her nose, her mistress lovingly petted her new horn. "As for everything else, worry not about it, Love. It's nothing that can't be replaced." Looking around, Selene gave her the once-over with a pleased smile. "You got so big, Love, so much bigger than I expected. You've got to be twenty feet tall, and so, so strong."

She couldn't stop her tail from wiggling happily at her mistress's praise, and she winced when she slapped the leg of one of the worktables, knocking it over and dumping its contents into the cum-drenched floor. She opened her mouth to beg forgiveness, and her mistress immediately quieted her with a placid hand on her snout. "Relax, Love. Like I said, nothing that can't be replaced. Just... Just let me take you in, Luna. Let me experience you."

Slumping against the ground on which she lay, she let Selene run dainty hands over her as she just tried to reconcile all that had happened to her. Her mistress urged her to open her mouth, and she did so, allowing Selene to run awed fingers over her mouthful of ferociously sharp teeth. Reaching between her teeth, absolutely fearless of the danger they posed, Selene grabbed her tongue and pulled it out between her lips, encouraging foot after foot of muscular appendage to life, and she licked her mistress's hand, making Selene smile happily.

Her mistress's hands left her tongue, letting her lick away without retribution. She could taste herself on Selene's robes; she tasted like nothing she had ever tasted before, odd, but not bad, and she continued to lick her mistress clean as Selene moved on, running exploratory fingers over the scales of her face. "You're still beautiful, Luna, more so now than before. I can't believe how well you responded to the potions. I was right about you; you are so special. I'm lucky to have you."

Speaking would mean pulling her tongue back into her mouth, and she was hesitant to remove it from her mistress's body, so she growled appreciatively in answer. The sound rumbled in her chest; it felt right, and Selene's excited smile encouraged her to continue it. Her mistress reached up to finger her horns. The sensation was dulled, but she could still feel it. Sweeping up to the tip of the dangerous curves, her mistress's fingers scratched her gently before Selene stood up and looked down the length of her body.

Selene let out a long, shaky breath at the sight of her, splayed out on the floor, cramped into the narrow space, afraid to move for fear of breaking anything. "There's so much of you, Love." She nodded shyly in answer, and her mistress took a step down her length to favor a bicep the size of her torso. She flexed for her mistress, making Selene coo in delight as the huge mound of muscle rose up against her scales. With a giddy giggle, her mistress just sat down on her arm, straddling it as Selene lifted reverent arms to her chest to fondle her gently.

Her new scaly hide was so thick and tough, but she could feel every slight caress of her mistress, and she squirmed happily across the floor as she was dexterously manipulated. Selene

had to stretch to reach the tips of the tremendous globes, and she dutifully lifted her arm, hoisting her mistress up to herself. Her mistress took a firm hold on her scaleless nipple, firmly twisting and tugging as Selene climbed up onto her chest. She moaned; she was incredibly sensitive, and her mistress's fingers began to fill her with a gentle, throbbing heat that pooled behind her loins and began to force blood into her crotch.

Cautiously, she lifted a hand to touch herself, unaware if her mistress would approve of the action. When Selene ignored the hand that went to her loins, she trailed a lazy, curious claw down the pale skin of her turgid member. It felt tight... and so good, and she felt it jump up against her fingers as it hardened, her heart pushing blood into it with thundering beats.

As if her mistress could sense it rising up toward the ceiling at her back, Selene slowly turned, peering at her with a coy smile. Less hesitantly than she had been doing, her mistress touched her, laying calm, confident hands on her stiffening flesh as it throbbed to life before her. Selene stood, her feet easily finding purchase on the thickly scaled muscle of her abdomen. Her mistress was light, no heavier than a feather, and Selene rose and fell with her breathing.

Her shoulders tightened as her mistress took a step to press her full frame against her enormous endowment. Wrapping it in an intimate embrace, Selene laughed joyously as it swelled thicker, forcing her mistress's arms apart. A needy grunt escaped her throat as Selene ground a lithe, cum-slicked form against her. Selene languidly pumped her arms up and down a throbbing cock longer than her mistress was tall, casting an impish smile back at her over a shoulder. "Does that feel good, Luna? I thought you'd like it, so I made its potion extra strong so you'd get nice and big. You must have seven feet here, and I'm going to take good care of every last inch, I promise."

She struggled not to arch her back in euphoria. "Y-yes, Selene. Th-thank you, Selene. I like it v-very much. Don't... please d-don't stop. It feels so good! K-keep going! Y-yes, Mistress! Yes! S-Selene, yes! YES!"

Thick arms shot out to brace against opposite walls as she came again, once more with enough force to send arcs of jizz across the ceiling of the room. Selene just laughed manically and stroked her vigorously as her pulsing tool throbbed against her mistress's body as gallons of cum rained down around them. Selene just accepted it, letting her dying flow drip down her member and onto her mistress's robes. She gave her mistress a fragrant, sticky bath that seemed to never end, and when she finally sagged against the ground, panting, she was lying in a veritable lake of her own creation.

She felt her mistress shift, and heard Selene sigh happily and be borne down under the weight of her softening member. Selene crawled out from under it and climbed back up her body to peek at her over the curves of her gargantuan breasts. "You're perfect, Luna. Absolutely perfect."

Her heart threatened to burst from her chest at her mistress's praise, and she hesitantly lifted a strong hand and laid it protectively over Selene's back. Her mistress just smiled kindly and tenderly stroked the scales of her breast. She sighed and rested her head on her horns, blinking bleary eyes as sudden fatigue threatened to overwhelm her.

Her mistress took notice, as always. "It's alright, Love. This was hard on your body, and you need to rest. Sleep now. I'll stay with you and try to find a way to get you out of this room while I clean up." Selene laughed. "You got bigger than I anticipated... much bigger... a whole lot bigger. I'm so proud of you."

She boldly, gently pressed Selene more intimately into her breast when her mistress made no immediate move to rise. "Th-thank you." she whispered, still getting used to speaking through her new teeth, "I'll keep you safe, Mistress. I promise."

"I know, Love." Selene whispered right back, "I know. I've never felt safer than I do right now, here, alone with you. Now rest, Luna. I will take care of you, just as you will take care of me. Sleep, Love; regain your strength. We have a lot of work to do tomorrow."

She smiled, closing her slitted, reptilian eyes. We...