

Second Thoughts

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Luna paused where Selene indicated, and she stooped to gently lay the little cat morph on the ground, making sure he had his returned gear close at hand. He was cute when he was asleep; she hoped he wouldn't be sore from where she had carried him. His broad, heavily muscled body, though covered with a soft layer of pitch black fur, was as hard as stone. As hard as he was, however, she was harder, and she had taken care to keep him comfortable in her arms. She hadn't wanted to hurt him.

Selene scurried around her feet, making sure that Gravis--that was his name, she remembered--was more properly seen to. Luna's former mistress was even smaller than the strong-looking feline, although Luna thought she was plenty tall at a proud six feet. Selene was clad, as always, in long, voluminous black robes that tried and failed to hide a full, voluptuous figure. Blacker than her robes was her hair, long, lush tresses that cascaded past her shoulders and down her back, contained for now in a tight braid that kept it under control.

Throwing the cat's pitifully undersized cape over his crotch to preserve his far-more-than-ample masculine endowments, the dwarfed woman crouched over Gravis's head to administer something that would have him awake in less than half an hour. She then stood, craning her neck upward to smile at Luna. The scaled titan found herself immediately smiling back, humming happily as Selene sashayed over to lift a hand to her knee.

She felt it bloom in her chest, warm and familiar. It made her flick her tail excitedly behind her as it tightened her lungs and sent tingling sensations shooting up and down her spine. She was sure it was love. It couldn't be anything else. It only happened when Selene touched her, or looked at her with that small, private smile, as the tiny woman was doing now.

Her little alchemist didn't have to ask. Luna slowly, carefully, reached her tail down and looped it around Selene's slender waist, hauling upward. She squirmed gaily as her former mistress ravaged her with beautiful blue eyes. The dark, almost black armor that had been made for her left little to the imagination, and she would have had it no other way.

She was huge, truly enormous, at least twenty feet tall. Pallid scales, the color of sun-bleached bone, covered nearly her entire body. Savage and reptilian, she was graced with a long, tapering tail that was thick with muscle, and ivory horns that crowned her skull, terminating in dangerous points. Her horns matched the line of wicked spikes that grew from her back, trailing from her head to the tip of her tail, all the color of pale alabaster. Her eyes, slitted and reptilian, were the only points of color on her body, shining like polished gold as she watched Selene practically drool on herself, staring unabashedly at her immense, armored bust.

Smiling with fierce pride, she showed her former mistress her teeth as she flexed. What she most found desirable about her form was her strength. The cat sleeping peacefully below her was obviously strong, but she was far stronger, not just in size, but in stature. Her frame was thick and powerful, and carried a dense, overwhelming musculature that put any other she had ever seen to shame. She didn't know her limits; she had yet to come across anything she couldn't crush to powder in her thick, sharp claws. Selene used her strength in the forging of eversteel, the impervious metal that formed her armor and was her former mistress's alchemical specialty. Normally once the alloy was treated with the chemicals that turned it to eversteel, it was set in its shape until the end of time.

But it wasn't held in shape by the gods, and someone with her impossible strength could bend and shape it. It made her happy that she could be of some practical use to the awed little alchemist she held suspended in front of her. Luna looked down the length of her reptilian snout at Selene, past the backward-curving horn that capped her nose. Gingerly, she lifted the petite beauty further up, setting her down on a massive shoulder and holding her there with a gentle hand. She needed her tail to walk effectively.

She strode away from where they had deposited Gravis, hiking easily back up into the rocky foothills where they had found him in the first place. The rocks were rough, but her weight crushed them to dust beneath her taloned, digitigrade feet. When they got closer to their home, she would have to take more measures to hide her passage; for now, however, she grinned at the feeling of her claws gouging holes in the stone like it was chalk. Selene leaned over to press herself against Luna's head and neck, planting a fond kiss on a scaled cheek.

Luna wasn't sure if she could blush visibly, but she felt the bloom of heat that warmed her body regardless. She walked on in affectionate silence for a long hour moments. Selene seemed oddly quiet, and she felt stiff under the fingers that Luna was using to keep her seated. "Selene," she murmured, her tremendous voice rumbling in her chest as she peered over at the thoughtful woman on her shoulder, "is everything alright? You've been quiet ever since we brought in Gravis."

Selene tenderly stroked a dainty hand along the horn that she was using as a cheek rest. "Yes, my love, everything is fine. I've just been thinking very hard recently."

That had to be good. Thinking was good. "What about, Selene?"

Sighing softly, the alchemist shifted uneasily. "Luna, you told me you want me to make you bigger." The gargantuan reptile nodded gently, so as to not unseat her rider. "Is that because you genuinely want it, or because you know that I would like that quite a lot?"

Luna wasn't sure how to answer that, and she had to think about it for a moment. "Well..." she began hesitantly, "at first it was because I thought you would want me bigger... so that I could be more helpful, and because I liked the way you looked at me. But... but I like the way this feels, and it's not like you'll let me come with you to town as I am anyway, regardless of how much I complain about you being alone. So... I guess it's both. I want more because I like being this way, and I think being bigger would be better, but also because I want to make you happy, and if being bigger would also be better for you, then I don't see why I couldn't be bigger." She took a few seconds to chew on what she said. "Does that make sense? I hope that makes sense. Why? Have you been having second thoughts? If you have, it's okay, I promise. I like being this size just fine. I... I-I mean, I just-"

Selene laid a hand on the scales of her nose, silencing her stammering with another gentle kiss. "Don't worry, Luna. I may be having second thoughts, but not about this. I would give you the world, Love, if I could find a way to gift wrap it. I will continue to research. I think I may be close to being able to continue for you."

"Then what are you having second thoughts about?" Luna wondered innocently.

Throwing her arms around the reptile's snout, Selene hugged her tightly. "I think I've been making a terrible mistake, Luna."

The scaly giant stopped to look at her rider. "What do you mean?" she uttered in disbelief, "Surely it can't be that terrible. You're too good to make terrible mistakes. You rarely make little mistakes!"

Selene smiled weakly at her praise and stroked the horn at the end of her snout. "You're too kind, Love. And I suppose you're right. I think I can say without much hubris that I am a

rather good alchemist, but that isn't what I'm talking about. I think I've been doing the wrong thing for a long time."

Luna reached a hand over to her and gently ran a claw lovingly along her arm. "Don't be silly, Selene. Your work helps people. Your eversteel helps people."

Her head drooped with uncertainty. "Yes it does... My hesitation comes from the creeping doubt that the people we are helping are people that deserve our help." Selene patted her nose. "Here. Set me down, Love. I need to talk."

The titan pouted. She thought about complaining that the alchemist could talk while hugging her nose, but Selene looked distressed. Luna looked around. They were in a fairly secluded, rocky dell, surrounded by rough outcroppings, and small shards of stone clattered underfoot as she shifted her weight uneasily from leg to leg. Huffing, she lifted a foot and brought it down with a fierce grunt, putting her weight down atop it. She did it a few times, pounding the rock beneath her foot to sand before she took Selene up in her hand and lowered her delicately to the small patch of comfort. The alchemist smiled briefly as Luna likewise lowered herself to the ground to sit with her gargantuan legs surrounding the diminutive woman, towering over her.

"Thank you, Luna." Selene continued, reclining back against the reptile's calves, tracing a thick scale with an idle finger while she considered her words. "Gravis made me think... The way he looked at me... I was nothing but polite and accommodating to him, but he just looked at me like I was... evil... like he hated me for just trying to help him."

Luna curled her spiked tail around her legs, adding an extra layer of scales between Selene and the world. "No, Selene." she said soothingly, "You did help him. He just didn't understand. That's not your fault."

"Isn't it?" Selene retorted, "What if he did understand? The way he was willing to sacrifice himself to save his companions... I can't understand it, Luna. Such selflessness I didn't expect from a Silver Lancer. The thing is; I don't think he was willing to give his life to save the others because it was his duty. I genuinely think he did it because he cared for them. But that couldn't be. No one like that would be a member of the Lance."

Blinking, Luna shifted, scattering rock away from her. "I'm sure good people can be found everywhere Selene."

The alchemist looked up at her, unshed tears shining in her eyes. "Am I a good person, Luna?"

She gasped in shock. "Of course!" Not knowing what to do, she laid gentle fingers on Selene's shoulders. "Of course you are!"

"The others... Are the others good people as well?"

Luna hesitated. She knew who her little love was talking about. The alchemist's colleagues, the other masters and mistresses, they weren't like Selene. They were cruel and heartless, and before she had gotten her scales, her skin had been scarred and pockmarked from their various "amusements." She felt uneasy saying what she thought. "N-no, Selene. I don't think they are."

Selene sobbed softly, fighting back her tears. "But I'm like them. I do what they do. You were their... their slave. They did those horrible things to you, and I had to keep my mouth shut because it was expected of me. You weren't mine to protect. And all that time I did nothing but help them."

The reptilian behemoth squeezed her shoulders. "But now I am yours."

Her former mistress shoved her hands away. "That's my point, Luna! Who am I to own you?! No matter how nice I am to you, as long as one of us still thinks like that, you're still as much a slave as you were when you were "given" to me! I thought like that! As much as I wanted you, you were still an object for me to possess! I believed that! What makes me different than them? They would have told me the same thing about you as you told me about Gravis, that you didn't understand the "gifts" they were giving you! Did you understand, Luna? Did you understand what they were doing to you?"

She was crying. Tears were running down Selene's beautiful face. "Y-yes, Selene." Luna admitted, "Th-they were hurting me... But you're not like that! You're better than they are! You were just trying to help people! They didn't care who they hurt!"

"That's no excuse, Luna! I just wanted to help people, but I feel like all I've done is devote years of my life to robbing people of their bodies and free will! I've been hurting people just like they have! If anything, it's worse because I was sure I was helping those I tended to! I've been a blind, stupid fool! How many times has my eversteel been used in a blade that hurt someone, been used in armor that turned a knife away from a heart that deserved to be pierced, been used in manacles to imprison an innocent?! I thought cruelty was everywhere, and I just had to follow along, trying to help who I could! I tried to do good; I was so sure I was going good! I was just lying to myself as much as they were lying to me! I had deluded myself so firmly into my personal illusion that I was ignoring the harm my actions were causing! I'm no better than they are! I'm worse! I'm cruel because of my own stupidity! I didn't... I... I don't want this!"

Luna started when Selene jumped to her feet with an angry scream and dug her fingers into her robes. She tugged desperately at the fine, black cloth, peeling herself out of her clothes and throwing them as far away as her slender arms could manage. Her frantic mission completed, she collapsed against Luna's titanic thigh, throwing her arms over the hard muscle and weeping into her scales.

When she reached down to lay comforting fingers over her back, Selene slapped them away. "Don't touch me!" the distraught woman snapped, "Don't look at me! I don't deserve it! I'm not worthy of your loyalty!"

She hesitated, but wrapped insistent fingers around her former mistress anyway. She hoisted the struggling woman into the air in front of her face and cradled her in gentle hands. "Selene," she murmured softly, "do you remember what Gravis said about his leader? He said that he was willing to give his life for him not because it was his duty, but because he cared for him." She ran a finger through the tears on Selene's cheek, wiping them away. "You keep telling me that I'm not a slave any more. If that's true, then I'm going to give my loyalty to whoever I want. I care about you, and not just because you saved me from them." She leaned her head forward in the closest thing she could come to giving her a kiss, pressing thin, reptilian lips against Selene's cheek and trying not to swallow her head. "I think I love you, Selene."

When she tried to pull away, Selene just held onto her nose horn and shuddered. "Can you still love," she said in a desperate, quiet whisper, "after everything that has been done to you?" Luna hummed an affirmative. Her lovely opposite sobbed again, pressing lips to her nose. "I need your help, Luna, because I don't know if I can. I feel like I love you back, but I can't really remember what love feels like. How do I know? I just feel hollow... hollow and dirty, like those awful robes leeches into my skin. I'm so dirty, and I don't know what to do."

Luna huffed, blowing black hair away from Selene's face. "Whatever you decide to do," she replied as calmly as she could, "I'll be there with you. I trust you to do the right thing."

"But I can't trust myself to do the right thing. I've made so many mistakes. Who am I to judge what is right and wrong anymore? What do I know of kindness or cruelty when I can't tell the two apart? How do I know what I'm supposed to do?"

Doing her best to comfort the tiny woman, Luna considered what to say. "What if you just stopped helping the others? I could... I could carry you far away from here."

"They would find us, Luna. One doesn't just walk away from them. They would come to punish us."

She wrapped hands over Selene's back protectively. "I won't let them hurt you."

"That wouldn't stop them from trying. Besides, they would find a replacement for me soon enough. And they would continue to hurt people with or without me. What about all those people, the slaves they abuse and the innocents they torture and warp to their purposes. We have to help them!"

Luna smiled. That was more like it. "How do we do that?"

Pushing off of her face, Selene frowned thoughtfully, pressing her full lips into a determined line as she leaned back against a chair formed from Luna's fingers. "Carefully. We would have to be very careful. They know where we are, but we can use that to our advantage, because that means we know where they'll look for us. If, say, they received a few faulty shipments, they might send someone to investigate. I... I know them. I know who they'd send for me. They would send my old master. He would have more information. We could use him to hurt them. He could lead us to more of their sanctuaries! We could take the entire organization apart from the inside!"

She felt good seeing Selene suddenly so impassioned, and she stroked soft, black hair with a clawed finger. The little beauty sighed, burying her face in her hands and wiping away her tears as she leaned hard into Luna's hand for support. The scaly colossus frowned when Selene shivered. She supposed it was a little chilly, and without her robes, the alchemist's thin underclothes wouldn't provide much warmth. Putting them back on was certainly out of the question, so she hugged Selene's body to her chest, willing her own warmth to pass through her armor. "I'll take care of you, Selene. I promise."

When the alchemist squirmed in what she dearly hoped was happiness, she lifted her back up to her face. Selene was smiling. That was a good sign. She smiled back, showing all her teeth, and the puny woman laughed in spite of herself. "What could I have done to deserve you, Luna?"

She wasn't certain there was a safe answer to that, so she didn't answer. She just kept smiling and gently stroking. Selene was like a doll in her hands, soft and fragile, and so, hauntingly beautiful. Divested of her robes, Luna could see even more of her flawless body. Full, pert breasts were hidden behind a thin, black undershirt of a fabric similar to that which covered her crotch. Remembering what Selene had said, the mammoth lizard lifted a lazy claw, slipping it up under the edge of the shirt. Selene couldn't have been cold. She felt wonderfully warm to the touch, and she gave a plaintive whine when Luna pulled her finger back, slicing through the cloth like it was made of air.

Before Selene could mount a confused complaint, Luna let her tongue fall from between her teeth and trailed the tip up along the smooth, elegant line of the alchemist's slender abdomen and up between her perfectly-formed breasts, leaving a line of slick saliva over her front. "Wh-what are you doing?" her little toy wondered, not understanding.

She pulled her tongue back into her mouth long enough to reply teasingly, "You said you feel dirty. I'm giving you a bath."

Selene assured her that wasn't exactly what she meant, but Luna was committed to her former mistress's cleanliness, and returned her tongue to the flawless body in her hands as her doll wriggled. Her senses were as powerful as her body, and she could taste on the skin that passed beneath her tongue sweat, traces of the chemicals that the alchemist worked with, but little dirt. Selene kept her body clean, but one could never have too many baths, so Luna continued.

Spluttering as the leviathan licked her face, the miniscule woman otherwise let herself be "cleaned," hardly in a position to debate with the two-story creature that held her. Luna giddily licked and orally caressed her angelic body, savoring each curve as Selene wrestled with her tongue. Foot after foot of muscular appendage coiled and writhed over smooth, perfect flesh. She tried not to just drool over her former mistress, but she felt herself growing excited. She intended to see her self-appointed task through to completion.

Selene didn't even complain when Luna used a second claw to strip her of the cloth that was insultingly hiding her crotch from the goliath lizard's tender ministrations. Long, shapely legs wiggled as she licked along them. Naked, the alchemist was long and curvy, a picture of feminine perfection, and she added her fingers to her efforts to lovingly stroke each square inch of wonderful, soft, yielding flesh. She was everything Luna wasn't, slim, soft, and not twenty feet tall. Luna admired her for her inner strength. Selene may have made mistakes, but she recognized them, and wanted to correct them, and the former slave she had worked so hard to free was going to help her see it done.

Puffy, lust-darkened netherlips parted hesitantly around her tongue as she licked a few feet of it up along Selene's delicate womanhood. She could taste the need in the moisture that had begun to gather on the dainty petals of the elegant flower before her, and she favored it with her slick, oral appendage as it writhed with single-minded desire against her little love.

When she pulled her tongue back, Selene cried out in a soft, mournful moan and reached out to encourage her tongue to come back. She smiled. "Do you still feel dirty?" Luna wondered aloud, confidence creeping back into her thunderous voice.

"I feel wet." she was answered.

"Let me help you." Not daring to touch the offensive robes, she picked up her former mistress's undershirt and wrapped it around her finger, using it to rub Selene dry. When she was finished, she tossed the slimy fabric away and looked with pride over her work. The minute alchemist was splayed out over her fingers, gorgeous breasts heaving as she panted. Her legs were splayed wide apart, and she was lightly touching herself with a shocked expression on her face as if she felt nothing but stunning disbelief.

Luna snorted and pushed her hands away from her crotch, fending off Selene's attempts to pleasure herself. The tiny woman shuddered, arching her back with a moan as the lizard put her dexterous tongue into action once more, running it along the needy cleft between her legs. "I sad let *me* help you. I promise I'll feel better than a few skinny fingers."

Selene could only gasp as she brought her nimble oral appendage to bear on her tiny, perfect womanhood. She slid between her exquisite lips and probed at her entrance with gentle teasing thrusts that resulted in no penetration, just another ardent moan. Luna smiled harder. She paused and readjusted, bringing her little love close to her mouth as she coiled her tongue around Selene's plush thigh, rubbing it lovingly as she pressed the tip of her thick muscle back against the alchemist's delightful womanhood.

Pulling a grunt from the beautiful creature occupying her hands, she pushed the tip of her tongue into Selene, stretching her walls around the surprising girth of a long organ. She petted

the fragile woman fondly as she gently worked inch after inch into her. Luna moved with as much easy gentleness as she could muster from her huge body. Selene's hands slapped down onto her fingers as she lovingly fondled the woman's bountiful chest, stroking soft, ample breasts with the back of a scaled finger.

Every bit of affection she had she lavished over her delicious love, rubbing away insecurities with light fingers and an increasingly insistent tongue. She felt her own excitement growing with Selene's. Her tongue was a fairly sizable burden for the little woman's petite womanhood, and she could feel the alchemist's walls fluttering around the girthy muscle. She writhed inside her lover, whirling around like a pale, muscular serpent. This got Selene's attention, and Luna used the length of tongue wrapped around a shapely leg to monitor the tension in her lover's body.

She rocked her head back and forth as she thrust her oral organ in and out of a tightly clenching tunnel that began to spasm with increasing frequency. She urged her graceful love onward with a thirsty tongue that drank greedily of Selene's loins. With sudden, urgent strength, the woman occupying her fingers lunged forward, wrapping slim arms around the horn that tipped her snout and rolled her womanly hips urgently against her tongue. Luna growled happily and accepted the unexpected aggression with an increase of her own, and she used as much force as she dared to pound her tongue into her fragile love.

Looking giddily down the length of her snout, she peered at Selene, who clutched at her nose, mumbling desperately under her breath. Luna couldn't make it out, and she could hardly respond with her tongue twined around her lover's limbs, so she just continued her ministrations, cradling Selene to her nose, holding her steady as she began to spasm against her scales.

Selene was so close. She could taste it on her tongue, feel it in the way her lover's body tensed and flexed against her hands. She hurriedly pushed Selene beyond the limits of her endurance, bracing her with unyielding hands, giving her something to push against as an orgasm shuddered into her. Selene cried out as she came, a light, squeaky sound, more like a whimper, and Luna worked her over as she thrashed against her horn. Her former mistress bucked her hips wildly, and the titanic reptile eagerly mined her depths as her tiny love whined and grunted on her as the walls of the womanhood she was so vigorously pleasuring clamped down on her tongue, wringing it with ecstatic contractions.

As her love's strength flagged, she slowed the rhythm of the moving of her tongue, eventually pulling out completely as Selene sagged into her fingers. She gingerly licked the remnants of her saliva mixed with her lady's lustful secretions from the still-spasming womanhood before her with gentle, languid strokes, cooling Selene's ardor slowly as she brought her down from her orgasmic high.

Gasping, Selene lifted shaky hands to her ample bust, caressing the pliant swells of her bust as if reminding herself that she still had them. Finally pulling her tongue back between her teeth, Luna smiled as her little alchemist struggled to get her breathing back under her control. "L-Luna..." Selene panted, already starting to tear up again, "I definitely didn't do anything to deserve you. I'm sure of it."

Not wanting to lay her down on the cold rocks, Luna gently set her on her thigh, giving her something to lay on, hard and uncomfortable though it may have been. "If someone's made a mistake in sending me to you, then I should thank them for it. But if they want to take me back, they better bring friends, because I won't let that happen." She pressed a warm hand down over Selene's body, blanketing her torso with her scaly palm. "I won't let anyone separate us, Selene. I won't."

The alchemist threw her arms over powerful fingers. "They'll try, Luna, if we do what we're planning. They'll try very hard."

She balled her free hand into a threatening fist, popping her knuckles and straining the eversteel buckles that held her gauntlet on as she flexed her arm. "I *won't* let them." she growled.

Selene sat up, grunting with the effort of pushing Luna's hand off of her and sliding off of an enormous thigh to the rocks. She looked almost comical, dressed in nothing but her soft leather boots with her hands on her plush hips. Sighing, she looked thoughtful for a moment, as if considering her options. She smiled eventually, swaying over to wrap her arms as far around the titan's hard, muscular waist as she could in a calm embrace. It wasn't very far. "I believe you, Love. Thank you for trusting me when I can't trust myself. And thank you for giving me the opportunity to correct my mistakes. Few would have given me a second chance. I promise I won't let you down."

Luna acknowledged that with a grinning nod. She knew she wouldn't be let down. She had never seen Selene fail to keep a promise she made. When she made a move to get up, she was stopped by gentle hands on her leg. She looked down at the alchemist, who was looking back up at her with a terrifically happy smile. Without a word, Selene put her hands on the scales between her legs. Luna tensed. "Be careful, Selene." she cautioned, "I... I'm very... I mean, I don't want to hurt you."

Selene nodded knowingly, but kept her hands where they were, rubbing around Luna's scales with slow, tender fingers. "You won't, Love. I know you won't. But you need this more than I did. I can feel you throbbing through your scales. You've been neglecting yourself. It's dangerous to stay so pent up. Please, Love, let me take care of you like you've promised to take care of me."

Luna squirmed as she fought the rising tide of desire within her. She always felt pent up; it was just stronger and more insistent some times than others. Now was one of those times. The washed-out, ivory scales over her crotch hid a set of genitalia whose dimensions and eagerness she couldn't comprehend, and the more Selene stroked her, the closer she came to losing all semblance of control over her body and exploding from her loins with the force of an erupting volcano.

The ever-present heat that was pooled constantly and mind-numbingly at her crotch was growing warmer and more urgent, and she could feel her thunderous heartbeat quicken in anticipation. She clenched her teeth around an ardent moan as she shifted, spreading her legs and flicking her tail through the air behind her, rasping her scales over the stony monoliths that surrounded them. "Selene..." she hissed, "I can't... we're so far away from home. If you keep this up, we'll never make it back to my... tools. I can't... I need... Oh...!"

"I know, Love. But you're a clever, resourceful girl. You'll think of something. Just let me help you. We'll have much work to do when we get back, and I want to touch you almost as much as you must want to be touched."

A needy growl rumbled to life in her chest as she felt Selene's hands move with greater and greater urgency. She felt her lust crystallize, and she huffed out a dire grunt as she snatched up the alchemist in her hand, hauling her to safety as she felt herself open. Like floodgates being shattered, her resistance collapsed, and the slit between her legs was suddenly shoved wide open around a massive, semi-erect cock that flopped heavily onto the stones and immediately began to throb to stiffness. Her own womanhood followed it out only a second behind, situated just under her pulsing masculine endowment.

She gasped at the relief she felt. Whenever she was hidden away, she always felt so... disastrously full, like she was always just on the brink of exploding. She understood why. She was at least twenty feet tall, but her elephantine member was more than a third her height, and Luna held Selene to the side as she cautiously touched it, encouraging it to attain its full, seven-foot length. The normally pallid skin was tinted a ruddy, reddish-grey with the gallons and gallons of blood that roared almost audibly through it.

It was so big and thick, and she wrapped her hand around it, trying in vain to encircle her girth. She gave herself a slow, languid stroke, rolling her fingertips over veins that pulsed with each beat of her heart. When she felt Selene squirming against her fingers, she looked down, already breathing hard with lust. "Where do you want me, Love?" the suspended woman asked coyly, caressing the fingers wrapped around her chest.

"Everywhere." Luna admitted with an ardent groan, "Always. Everywhere. I need you. I... I-I need you to touch me. All the time. Sometimes so badly it hurts."

"Is now one of those times?"

"Y-yes..."

"I can't do much from up here, Love."

Luna squeezed her gently, giving Selene a full-body grope as she considered debating the statement. Instead, she carefully let the alchemist down, setting her lightly atop her twitching masculinity. She smiled at the tiny woman's gasp. She was a full foot longer than her love was tall, and her rigidity easily supported the weight of the petite beauty. "You're so hot, Love, so hot." Selene moaned as she wriggled against Luna's sensitive flesh. After a brief, gleeful moment, her arms and legs dangling limply, the drastically outsized woman lay supine on her steel-hard bed and looked up at Luna with bright, finally happy eyes. "What do you need from me, Luna?"

Her mind threatened to explode from the sheer size of the list of things that sprang to Luna's mind. Instead, she reached her hands up, letting Selene keep her own balance as she fiddled with the thick, eversteel chains that held the armor plates to her torso. When they came loose, she hefted her breastplate free, letting a thousand pounds of black metal crash to the rocks next to her. "I need you to sit up," she growled as she pressed her fingers into the bleached scales of her massive breasts, finally free to hang, huge and ripe, off of her broad chest.

Swallowing like the sight would make her faint, Selene did as she was told and sat up, straddling Luna's dick like a bench, and not like the tremendous, throbbing shaft that it was. A good first step, and Luna gave a satisfied nod. Her lover's legs were long enough to go around the base of her monolithic cock, and she took a moment to heave a couple deep breaths, trying, and failing, not to continue to growl like some titanic predator. "Turn around."

The alchemist grinned like a lunatic and hiked her legs up and over, spinning on her shapely rear and putting her back to Luna's stomach. The scaly giant reciprocated by laying her hand over Selene's torso and hugging the little woman to her abdomen, fondling her affectionately and trying not to be too clumsy. Her lover thusly secured, she rose to her knees from her sit and, getting a viciously clawed foot under her bulk, hauled herself to her feet.

Selene was suddenly a dozen feet off of the ground, and she laughed as she clutched the fingers Luna was using to rub her breasts. With her free hand, the giant reptile continued to stroke her overwhelming tool as she took an earthshaking step that bounced the alchemist on her mount. Her scales were thick and sturdy, and her skin was as durable as her might made it seem. She burned with desire; there was no way she could make it back to their home, she just selected one of the squat, rocky spires that rose up around her, finding one that would suit her needs.

She pounded up to one with a long, shallow groove gouged into it by the elements and slid her pulsing member up along it. As she stepped closer, she used the massive boulder to lever her pulsating cock up until its shaft was pressed into her chest and its slightly tapered head was within easy reach of her mouth. Selene was trapped between her abs and her adamantite hardness in front of her.

Luna experimentally tested her makeshift setup as she dragged the underside of her mythically-proportioned shaft against the rock. Selene squirmed, wrapping arms and legs around the person-sized cock before her, rubbing and stroking every square inch she could reach that wasn't shoved against the stone. Her tail thrashed behind her, slamming heavily on the ground in impatience and turning the rough stone shards that littered the little dell into powder.

Continuing to hump against the rough outcropping, she sunk her claws effortlessly into the stone, bracing herself in preparation for how energetic she knew she would get. Luna could feel it already, searing through her veins with the strength of an out-of-control wildfire, the urge to grind herself against the sturdy stone until it was naught but dust, to scream and tear a hole into the ground just to give herself something to penetrate, something to fill with her boiling seed. She was glad for Selene's grounding presence on her crotch. Her desire to protect the fragile alchemist would keep her from losing herself.

She wasn't sure if it was something that had been inside her all her life, or if it was implanted by the potions Selene had fed her, but she had already lost control once, nearly destroying her former mistress's lab, their home, in a blind, reproductive frenzy. She had punched a hole in one of the alchemist's steel plates--the one she turned into eversteel--just to give herself something to push herself into. Her thrashing had nearly brought down an entire wing of the structure they had been slowly making into a home. She had been confused and afraid when she had finally regained her reason, laying half-conscious in a lake of her own making, surrounded by the tattered remains of countless hours of work, turned to twisted wreckage by her flailing body.

Almost always half-hard, she could feel her impossible endowments always straining at the prison of her crotch, always fighting to get out, to fuck and be fucked in the most primal ways possible. It was like an unquenchable thirst, always nagging her, even though there was no living thing alive that could accommodate her dimensions. That didn't matter to Selene, that they couldn't make love like she felt she should; she knew she was loved anyway. If anything, the alchemist was more sorrowful that she couldn't take what the titan was packing beneath the scales of her loins.

But out here, beyond the confines of her home, far away from the contraption Selene had made for her to pleasure herself, she had little to worry about, save for the safety of her little love, and she stimulated herself with increasing vigor on the stone beneath her cock as her excitement grew. More and more blood pooled at her crotch, and she saw as much as felt herself grow even harder, gaining even more in length and girth as thick veins throbbed down its length. Selene traced them with her fingers, stroking each beating artery like it was a little cock of its own, pressing fine, soft lips to her lust-taut flesh, worshipping it like a monument to her own personal goddess.

Luna joined her, letting her long, pallid tongue spool from between her lips to trail around the incredibly sensitive flesh around her tapered glans. She pushed her shaft further up, hugging herself tightly to the rock against which she was grinding herself as she pushed it between her breasts. Unafraid of her razor-sharp teeth, she pushed her tip between her lips, taking a modest portion of her gigantic member into her mouth so she could begin to suck on it

like the handfuls of candies Selene sometimes brought her from the alchemist's trips into town to purchase supplies.

She had to open her reptilian maw wide, and still there was barely enough room for her between her teeth. That was hardly going to stop her, and she gleefully used a combination of her mouth and tongue to thrill her enormous endowment. She humped into herself, simultaneously rubbing the underside of her massive cock on the rock, using everything at her disposal to bring rapture to herself, never once forgetting the presence of the puny alchemist that was shrouded by her tool.

The thick, jagged spikes that lined her spine made it impossible to bring her tail into play, but she had nothing to fear from her claws, and she tore one hand free of the stone to dip it further south, between her titanic thighs. Gingerly, pulling a ragged half-moan, half-growl from her own lungs, she pushed a single finger up into herself, feeling the inside of her cavernous pussy and slowly teasing her womanhood to life.

She was wet down there, and she could taste the intoxicating flavor of her precum as it began to leak from the head of her goliath cock in increasingly copious amounts. She had no trouble pushing in another finger, and she flicked a clawed thumb over a tender clit the size of her former mistress's fist. She twitched violently at the abrupt sensations of euphoria. She did it again and again, humming around the girth of her huge member as she worked herself into a steady, ambitious rhythm.

None of what she did to herself could feel as good as what Selene was doing to her with graceful, delicate hands, and Luna moaned for more. The sound only came out as a wet, voiced gurgle as she was forced to swallow a thick glob of her pre that suddenly issued from her tip. She was rapidly growing close to the limits her inhuman endurance, and she energetically serviced herself as she crammed another finger up into her, pumping the three powerful digits with fervent zeal.

She could hear Selene talking, but Luna couldn't make out the words through the haze of her bliss or the sounds of her slurping noisily. She felt her silken, inner walls threatening to collapse down onto her fingers, and she eagerly urged it on. Her body was growing tight, and she tried desperately to swallow more of her trembling tool, pressing down on herself hungrily as she grunted, the vibrations of her voice pushing her even higher in rapture.

Selene was rocking her own hips against the trunk of the tree-like shaft on which she was sitting, and Luna thought she felt her lover cum again, shaking against her. The titan's tremendous body flexed with each thrust of her rigid member into her own gullet and with each ardent shove of her fingers into her greedy pussy. The muscle lining her other arm bulged with strain as she forced herself forward into the spire of granite that had been sheared off of the mountains above them to lay placidly in the dell that was filled with Luna's frantic energy.

She moaned again, harder and harder, devolving into animalistic grunts of strain as she zealously forced her herculean stature into the rock. Her claws tore shards the size of Selene's head from the massive boulder like it was made of clay. Luna felt her release boiling up from her toes like an oncoming hurricane, full of rage and power, and she stiffened as she buried as much of her hand as she could into herself on such short notice. It felt like it took ages for the first thick, hot rope of her seed to hurtle up the length of her surging cock and spill into her throat.

She growled and swallowed with desperate urgency to prevent herself from drowning in her own cum. She thought her fingers were trapped within herself with as much force as her feminine passage used to clamp down in orgasmic ecstasy. She drank of her loins for as long as

she could, but she quickly overwhelmed even herself and had to pull her head off of the end of her cock lest she inhale a gallon of her own jizz.

Her throat finally free of obstruction, she let out a harsh, guttural cry that rattled the chips of stone around them with its depth and strength as she hosed herself. Jerking her hips in time with the furious throbbing in her loins, her muscular arm slowly shredded the boulder before her to tattered splinters. Luna leaned forward hard to maintain the friction she had against the rough stone as she ground the rock to pebbles beneath her weight. Sprays of her cum arced through the air dozens of feet to splatter messily over the rubble around her.

She threw her head back in a tremendous roar that rumbled briefly in her throat before it shuddered through the air. The boulder was almost gone, and she viciously shouldered it aside, falling to her hand and knees as she struggled to maintain her sanity. She savagely fingered her quaking pussy, grinding her palm into her aching clit and mindlessly humped herself against the ground, digging a rut into the gravel as she thundered in a wild, fervid uproar.

Luna thought it would never end, and she didn't want it to end. She couldn't count the seconds, the minutes she spent emptying herself onto the rocks in front of her, how many gallons of sticky, virile seed with which she drenched the crushed rock before her in a wide arc that turned the gravel into a slurry of stony, fragrant mud. But even her godlike strength couldn't last forever, and as it began to ebb, she fell onto her forearms, pulling her fingers out of herself to brace herself against the uneven ground.

All she could smell was her cum. Everywhere. Splattered across her face and nose, soaking into the rock, she could hear it dripping from her body and the outcroppings around her. She liked it. She gulped it down as she panted; she wanted to lick more of it from the dirt as she licked what she could off of her lips and snout. She was so big and strong, and she smelled like something big and strong as much as she looked like something big and strong. She was a titan, a gargantuan beast, and she liked it.

Luna felt Selene move against her and she grunted with the effort required to roll herself onto her back. Before the sheer weight of her softening member could fall on the alchemist who found herself laying on her stomach, she caught it and shifted it to the side as it sluggishly receded. Her horns supported her head as she let herself lay supine on the rocks, the spikes trailing down her back digging into the stony earth beneath her.

Her huge, heavy breasts rose and fell with her gradually slowing breathing, and she gently touched herself as she came down from her frenzy, her tail flicking with decreasing energy across the ground. Selene stirred on her abdomen, and Luna lifted a languorous arm to delicately brush fingers against the frail beauty. The alchemist returned the tender affection with a warm hug around her wrist before she slid clumsily off of the densely packed muscle of her torso to the ground.

She lifted her head to watch her. Selene staggered around, dazed from her delirious ride, and Luna kept a hand hovering near her to give her something to hold onto, which the alchemist did with bleary-eyed confidence. She was so pretty, her long, black hair a wild mess and her opulently-shaped form slicked with the jizz that had dripped down to her from Luna's sloppy drinking. She navigated with some difficulty the rough terrain over to the giant's hard, muscular shoulder, collapsing onto it with a giddy giggle.

Lifting her head, Selene looked up at Luna with happy, fulfilled eyes. "You sure know how to make a mess, Love."

"I've got a good teacher."

Selene laughed again, pressing smiling lips into the scale of Luna's shoulder in a happy, affectionate kiss. "At least out here we don't have to spend hours cleaning up." Luna shook in a laugh of her own, and her former mistress rested a cheek on her arm, tracing the outline of a scale with a slender finger. "I can't tell you how much I appreciate you, Luna. You defy all explanation. Thank you... Thank you."

Luna patted her daintily on the back with as much delicacy as she could manage. She didn't know how to respond, so she scooted over, giving her enough room to roll onto her side. Selene adjusted her location so she could lean what felt like all of her slight weight onto Luna's horn-tipped nose. "What should we do now?" she asked her former mistress.

Selene ran a finger through the coat of slime that slicked her body. "A quick clean up would be nice. And then we should head back home. We have preparations to make before we start making menaces of ourselves."

She smiled and sat up, pulling Selene into the air with her. She set her long, nimble tongue to the alchemist's delectable flesh, licking the remnants of her intoxicating seed from her lover's body. Setting the slight form far enough to the side, away from her mess, she likewise leapt to her feet. She had a plentiful oral organ, and what she wouldn't similarly lick from her body, she dropped back to the ground and rolled around on the cleaner of the rocks to scour her scales clean with sharp shards of shattered stone. She had pulverized the clearing with her body, and it had turned into a murky quagmire of grit and cum.

Standing up, her job completed, she rolled her tremendous arms in their sockets, crossing them over her chest as she flexed and stretched. She heaved a deep, steadying breath and tensed hesitant muscles, pulling foot after foot of her cock back into her body before her scales once more sealed over her crotch. She already felt full and needy, like she hadn't just spent minutes cumming herself dry, and she knew that at nothing more than a word from Selene, she would be ready to do it again. She liked it.

She stopped to haul the thick, shaped eversteel of her breastplate off the ground and took a moment to chain it back onto her torso. It was molded very closely to her body, and showed off each muscle like it was a second skin. She liked it too, even if it was dangerously tight. If she flexed hard enough, she was sure she could shatter the unbreakable chains that kept her armor on her immense frame. Yawning mightily, Luna popped her jaw with a loud crack that sounded like she was shattering more boulders, and snapped her teeth noisily, doing a few full-body stretches, more than necessary, because she noticed Selene gawking at her.

Luna grinned and strode over to the alchemist, taking a knee and offering Selene her hand. When her little love leaned into her fingers, she wrapped her up and hoisted her up to a broad shoulder. She set a brisk pace for home, leaving her former mistress's robes behind, buried under a tide of pulverized granite and an ocean of her seed. She liked that too.