

A Rough Landing

Written By: Skabaard

Daryn sighed heavily, leaning back into his enormous, sturdy chair. Fatigue half lidded his eyes, and he took a moment to bury his face in his hands. He had been reading reports for hours, and he still hadn't made a dent in the pile mounded on his desk. He was idly wishing for anything to distract him, but the day had been cold and slow. There wasn't even much happening elsewhere in the Sanctum Arcanum. He liked the ice and snow of winter almost as much as Clara did, but he couldn't be said to care overmuch for the dull moods the season tended to bring over people. It was when the frigid chill gave way to the sudden bloom of vernal verdancy that he felt most at home.

Realizing he was daydreaming, he bent back to his work, pulling forward the next document for his review, something concerning a wagonload of steel ingots from the foundries to the north. Ranks and ranks of numbers, weight and prices and times, mostly, drilled into his mind, and he tried to focus enough to absorb the information he might need to remember before he gave it his approval. That firmly in his mind, he silently thanks the gods when his door burst open to admit the entrance of an entirely welcome visitor. He didn't even care who it was or that they hadn't knocked.

The door to his study, a massive, wooden affair, drifted silently on well-tended hinges, and filling the door frame, nearly a match for his own bulk, was a massive woman, her body from the hips down becoming the long coils of a sandy-colored snake. "Daryn..." she said in a powerfully feminine voice that was tinged with frightful worry.

He felt his brow furrow as he cocked his head curiously to the side. "Cera? What's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost."

Her scales rasping on the stone of the floor, she slithered into the room. As the ophidian woman approached, he slid from his chair to his feet, stepping around his desk to meet her halfway. Apprehension tightened his gut at the naga's expression. He had very rarely seen tears on that snakelike face. She slid forward against him, wrapping her strong arms around him, and buried her features into his chest, sobbing audibly. "I'm sorry..." she whispered.

His arms went instinctively around her, and he gently patted her back "For what? What happened? No... No, don't cry. Come on. Tell me what happened and we'll make it better. Just please don't cry."

At his assurances, she broke, wailing into his torso and squeezing him until he was certain that his ribs were going to snap under the pressure. He wheezed as he struggled to get air into his lungs, and she relaxed only enough to let him breathe. "There was an explosion..." she continued slowly, seeming to shrink in on herself, her eyes closed as if afraid to match his gaze. She paused frequently to sob and sniffle, crying with quiet shamelessness. "Some sort of self-destruct spell or something... It was small, but... b-but she got caught in it. There wasn't anything left, not even a scale. She's... There's nothing... I don't... She's gone."

Emma greatly wished she was dead, but by the agony searing into her mind like spears of half-molten iron, she was certain that she was alive. All she saw was blackness, and for a heartbeat that stretched on forever, she tumbled head-over-heels in a weightless void. Every nerve in her body was screaming, but she couldn't open her mouth to join them. The only solace

she was able to feel was the comforting weight of the soft form in her arms. Her hands rebelled, trying to go limp, to contort in her misery, but she resolutely held on, refusing to forsake the woman she had already done so much to save from her unknown fate.

That was, at least, until a sudden jolt tore her charge free of her arms. A wave of new sensation washed over her scales, icy cold, and she was suddenly deafened by the scream of a gale-force wind that impacted with her body strongly enough to send her spinning. Color bloomed sluggishly against her retinas, blinding white and blue. She heaved in a ragged breath to scream through her agony, but she couldn't let it out once she got it in. Her diaphragm had frozen, and her instincts, harsh and sharp, overrode every other desire. The air tasted wrong. It was bitter and dangerously thin.

With a gasp, she shoved her pain away as she realized what was happening. The blue of the sky and the white of snow-covered ground made themselves clear. She saw mountains, jagged and grey, and as she fell, she watched them get closer. Instinct tightened her body, and she surrendered to it. She wriggled in the air, righting herself and easily stopping her tumbling. However, when she opened her wings to slow her descent, she was only thrown uncontrollably to the side. She struggled to steady herself again before she peered back over her shoulder, ignoring the whistling of the wind through her horns to inspect her wings.

Her heart dropped as she saw the source of her unspeakable torment. The hide stretched between the articulated, fingerlike struts of one wing was tattered and patchy, perforated with a dozen gaping rents that ruined her plans of just casually stopping her fall. Before her mind could quail at the implications of her ruined wing, she noticed the other, and she screamed at the sight of it, finally able to let the air out of her lung in a ragged, terrified outcry. The supporting struts of her other wing were bare, spindly and skeletal, lacking even a ragged scrap of what had been her sable membrane. Her flight had been shredded off of her body with ruthless violence, and as she fell, she was certain that her landing was going to be far from pleasant.

Blinking the agonized tears from her eyes, she tried desperately to reconcile what had happened and what was happening as the frigid, icy air tore at her body as she dropped like a stone through the atmosphere. Instead of letting her thoughts flee to the back of her mind to cower and await her doom like they very much wanted to, she forced herself to stay away, and looked for something she could do. If she could work as she fell, she might be able to transfer her vertical speed into horizontal, and the snow she could see approaching her with unnerving rapidity might cushion her landing enough to save her from smashing to pieces.

Trying frantically to choke back the fear that was robbing her of her reason, she barely managed to force her heart back into its proper place in her chest when it leapt back into her throat. Far below her, she saw a spot of black against the field of white that was the winter-coated ground beneath them. As she realized what it was, absolute resolve tightened her body, and she pulled her arms and legs back into her body, tilting into a nosedive and speeding like a bronze and blue streak downward through the air that roared past her.

She did all she could to speed her fall, flapping her only half-tattered wing as best she could, and she slowly approached the object she had spotted. As she came to within a more reasonable distance, the vague shape resolved itself as the woman whom she had pulled with her into whatever hell she had been dumped, and she was not about to let her fall to her death while she could do anything to stop it. The contours of the snow-blanketed land beneath them both began to take shape, showing hills and spots of trees, and she was rapidly running out of time.

Arms outstretched, she collided solidly against the limp body that was falling uncontrollably, wrapping her open limbs around the soft, vulnerable form in a protective

embrace. Her eyes were closed, and her figure was boneless in the dragoness's arms. Emma held her and fought to right them and stabilize their fall before she began to cautiously flap her good wing, trying frantically as she tore through the hazy clouds to level out her delirious descent. The landscape below hurtled up at her, and in spite the mind-numbing misery that poured into her brain from the wind ripping through the holes in her wing, she forced herself to, not slow down, but change her direction

The wall of white rushed up to her with speed that horrified her, and she knew for certain that she had been unable to do enough. A moment before the earth slammed into her, she twirled, using her wings to spin and put her back to the ground, closing her eyes and praying she was coming in at an angle that would prevent her death. She clenched her teeth and bent her spine, curling her body into a shielding concave a split second before her body could meet the snow.

She didn't even need to try to relax her grip on her charge when her back impacted the ground at what was entirely too sharp an angle. The sudden, jarring impact robbed her of her senses and tore the woman's body from her arms as she slammed like a scaly comet into what was mercifully a drift of powdery, mounded snow. She left her ward behind, saved from the majority of her velocity by the cushion of her body and the pillow of snow in which she was messily deposited as the dragoness punched a hole cleanly through the pile of wintery fluff, only bleeding off a miniscule portion of her momentum. Emma's own landing was far less pleasant.

The true ground hurtled at her, and she took her weight with her shoulder, keeping her weight off of her wounded wings and trying to bounce instead of burying herself into the frozen soil. It succeeded to an extent, but as the dull impact of her body shattered her focus and dashed her against the rock-hard dirt, she flipped and entered a disastrous tumble. The Universe spun around her, and she found herself slamming into the ground again and again, each time losing some of her frightful speed in exchange for a stab of horrifying agony as her form was battered against the unforgiving planet. She rolled and rolled, fumbling limply for a hold on something with which to save herself. The dragoness found nothing, only eventually coming to a stunned halt, arms and legs tangled in a boneless heap in an elongated crater of her own making.

She was numb to nothing but was only able to sense her body, and she wished for the unconsciousness on whose brink she seemed to be teetering. However, as each second stretched outward into an eternity, her mind stubbornly refused to succumb to the darkness that encroached upon her vision. All she saw was a point of white that was the world around her, and surrounding that speck of awareness was an ocean of pain dense enough to let her float on it, limp and unmoving. It was pain of a variety she had never experienced, and as her mind clawed at itself in terror of what was washing through her body she felt detached from herself. Her anguish was akin to a sound at the edge of hearing, so great and forceful as to be nearly imperceptible but impossible to ignore, and she could do nothing but languish in it.

Something hardened within her, and she felt herself blink, vision going red from the misery the tiny motion brought on. The red didn't go away, though, only growing darker, accompanying tendrils of darkness that encroached on what little remained of her sight. She struggled to find the reason, and it felt like another eternity of thought passed before she came up with an answer to satisfy her confusion. She wasn't breathing. She blinked again in surprise. That wasn't right, and her lungs burned from their haunting emptiness. Her mouth was open, she thought, and there was nothing obstructing her; she just wasn't breathing.

Without thinking further, she tensed, hauling in a breath that poured bitterly frigid air into her lungs. No sooner had she tasted the sweetness of oxygen passing through her sinuses than she immediately let it out in a hoarse, ragged scream. Her body caught fire, and life, stubborn,

resolute life, rushed into her limbs from the ball of misery that had taken root in her chest. Spine bending backward under the force of her torment, she threw her horned head back, teeth parting as she wailed her contempt for her pigheaded refusal to die when the Universe demanded it.

Her heartbeat made itself felt with sudden vigor, and she cursed its insistence. Each pulse of blood through her body shot lines of searing, torturous lava through her arteries and compounded her pain further and further upon itself. She nearly severed her own tongue as she gnashed her teeth and scrabbled for purchase on something solid against which to brace herself. Her claws dug into the frozen ground, holding for dear life as she screamed until her throat was raw and broken. She was lying on her side, bent nearly in half backward, tail curled in on itself and arms and legs locked into contorted shapes in her agony. Her wings, on the other hand, were half-open and limp, putting on display tattered onyx flesh and wounds that slowly oozed bright crimson blood.

Her leg bent suddenly and dug her taloned feet into the frosted soil, and she felt her hands moving as well. As her voice died away, cracked and rough and purely unable to make sounds anymore, she forced herself upward onto her hands and knees. She could do little but sob dryly, wishing she could just lie down and surrender, but instead, mulish resistance coupled with instinct and adrenaline forced her upward to her knees. Nearly falling backward, she wobbled as he put a foot beneath her weight, and then another. Unsteadily, she pushed herself to stand on trembling uncertain legs within a dragon-shaped crater in the snow.

As if moving was enough to drag her mind away from the agony wracking her form, pain dulled. She wasn't sure if it was the pain itself drifting away or simply her perception of it, but she didn't, and couldn't, complain as soul-crushing torment dwindled to simple, unbearable torture. Blinking rapidly, she gritted her teeth and bent, resting her hands on her knees as she tried to reconcile the world around her and reassert control of her trembling limbs. Her wings still seemed to be the source of her agony, but she knew why. The rest of her body, however, seemed miraculously undamaged, with no obvious breaks or sprains despite her catastrophically bad landing. Every muscle in her body cried out against her, aching horrifically each time her heart beat, and she struggled for a moment to internalize the sensations of her continued life as she fought against the desire to collapse once more to the ground.

She felt like she had been pounded into the dirt by the fist of a giant, and her entire body was bruised and battered because of it, but she had avoided snapping her neck, and her curling, ramlike horns seemed to have done their job of protecting her skull admirably. She whispered silent thanks to whatever god or goddess had watched over her, not because of reverence, but because if she had drawn in enough breath to speak, she would have devolved into another fit of uncontrollable screaming. Tears threatened to blind her, and she spent a long time bent over on herself, trying not to yield to her pain as she took short, slow breaths.

Eventually, she forced herself straight, shoving what she wanted to do to the back of her mind and focusing on what she needed to do. The wounds on her wings would clot quickly, and she would stop bleeding soon enough, and then, hopefully, she would be able to think around her agony. For the time being, however, she scraped away the tears from her eyes and turned, taking a shaky step back the way she had tumbled. Her legs nearly failed her, but she thanked their faithfulness as she managed a slow, staggering pace, following the scars she had ground into the dirt with her passage.

As she walked, something dark against the white caught her eyes, and she very nearly smiled at her fortune. Her satchel, singed and tattered, lay forlornly against the snow, and as she stumbled over to investigate, she laughed to find that it was still mostly whole. She dug through

it as she made her way sluggishly over to the miniature mountain of snow against which she had first impacted. It hadn't been damaged enough to lose its enchantment, and it still held everything it had before her fall. Serendipity fogged her eyes with more grateful tears. She might even be able to make it out of this after all.

She glanced up at the clean hole she had punched through the drift of crunchy powder and, ignoring the way her wounds stained the white red with her blood, she climbed sluggishly up the slope of icy fluff. Squirming through the hole she had made, she nearly fell into a little hollow carved out by the softer landing of the woman she had found. Her charge was still unconscious, limp and tangled in her own limbs. Long raven hair and obvious feminine curves made themselves noticed, but her lips were turning blue, and Emma crunched over, digging through her pack. She dragged out her bedroll and blanket and every piece of spare clothing she had with her and manipulated the woman's slight, limp weight into them, barely seeing as she tried to keep her hands moving.

She wasn't finished until the woman looked like a ragged cocoon, insulated on all sides by inches of thick cloth. Emma laid her down as comfortably as she could in the bottom of their cramped, makeshift cavern, thankful again that she didn't need to dig out a shelter when her landing had made one for her. Ensuring that the mouth of their little cave was partially closed up and out of the wind, she collapsed atop her charge, huddling close over the woman with the warmth of her body and praying that it would be enough. As fatigue and torment washed over her, she heaved an exhausted sigh, feeling the rush of action finally wearing off. "It's alright," she mumbled, to the woman as much as herself, "It's alright; I've got you." When unconsciousness crashed into her, she wasn't sure if she wanted to wake up on the other side.

With a manic grin that she made no effort to conceal, she tilted the miniscule vial in her fingers, pouring a drop, only a drop, of the viscous, yellow fluid flawless onto crystal sphere that rested in its cradle on her worktable. She had spent weeks carefully undoing the wards surrounding her prize, and now it was finally bare. At the touch of the potent acid she had created specifically for this purpose, the smooth surface of the orb frothed and hissed, rendering into a murky fluid that ran off to eat a hole into her workspace with more bubbling. The damage was inconsequential, and she leaned forward to watch as the carefully crafted concoction bored a thin hole into the globe, exposing what lurked at its core.

She looked down into the midnight depths of the fluid that was contained by the penetrated crystal. It was black, absolutely, utterly black, having no luster and appearing to absorb the light that dared touch it. It was like someone had punched a hole in reality and left a void where it was. It was enough to bring a smile to her lips. Finally, it was hers. Trembling with anticipation, she lifted her hands up to practically fondle the great orb, feeling its perfect smoothness. It seemed almost sacrilegious, what she was planning, but it was without hesitation that she continued with her plan.

Taking up a thin, glass rod, she carefully slid it into the opening, dipping the first inch of it into the murk and swirling it gently through the ebon liquid. It resisted firmly, clearly thick and viscous, and when she withdrew the transparent dowel, it was slicked with a coat of inky darkness. She held it aloft, watching with an excited grin as the midnight slime oozed sluggishly down the length of her tool. Her eyes raked along it, watching it move with laziness that spoke of its incredible density. Slowly, over the course of nearly a minute, it dribbled down into a single, suspended droplet that hung pendulously from the end of the slender instrument.

When it finally fell, she intercepted it with the mouth of a slender-necked flask, letting it drip into a mixture she had carefully prepared beforehand.

It reacted with the mixture in the small container, tinting the formerly milky fluid grey, and she felt her spine tingle with a wash of apprehensive tension. There it was, being steadily diluted in her hand. The flask felt warm, nearly alive, and she returned the rod to the sphere, letting it rest as she inspected the phial. The touch of the essence of darkness that sat with placid calm in her hand burned her even through the translucent crystal, making her skin prickle and quickening her blood in her veins. She almost didn't know what to do with the result of weeks and weeks of her constant labor.

The wards the Archmage had woven around the protective crystal had been some of the strongest spells she had ever worked with, and they were rightfully placed. In the wrong hands, there was no telling the havoc that could be wrought with what lurked beneath the surface of the smooth sphere, and pride welled up in her at the care that had been taken to keep innocents safe. It was no less than she expected of him, and she would be sure to act with the same carefully planned caution. She had spent decades in planning and preparation, and she knew she was finally adequately ready for her undertaking.

With a long, calm breath to sooth her nerves, she whispered an internal goodbye to the rest of her life and took the first, terminal step onto the last leg of her journey. With an effortless roll of her wrist, she tilted her head and upended the flask, pouring its contents into her mouth and swallowing before she could think twice about the implications of her decision. She'd done enough thinking, lurking, and hiding for a score of lifetimes. She'd planned and plotted and prepared, and knew without a shadow of a doubt the necessity of her actions. She'd suffered and seethed and fumed for decades, and the opportunity had finally presented itself, so she drank.

She drank, but she tried desperately not to taste, only partially succeeding. It was bitter and acrid, and burned her throat like acid as it flooded into her gut, boiling with heat enough to sear her innards with abrupt fire. She choked it down, stifling a pained groan as she slammed the flask back down to the table with enough force to crack the delicate crystal. The ferocity of the sensations that poured through her shocked her senseless, and she leaned heavily onto her worktable, her arms and legs trembling as her muscles twitched spastically.

"M-mistress?" she heard the expected voice come from behind her, "Are you alright? Is something wrong?"

She waved a shaky hand backward, silencing the lanky lizard with whom she shared the room. "I'm fine, Tyrin. Everything is perfect. It's just... intense. Give me a moment." She heard him shuffle his feet in a display of discontent, and she could imagine the worried frown that was stretched across his angular snout. She turned to give it a look, spinning to lean back against the table.

He had half risen from his seat, and his tail flicked nervously behind him. "Are you sure, Mistress? You look... flushed. Is everything okay?"

He made to stand, and she just waved him back again, watching him obediently return his backside to his seat. "Yes, Tyrin. Now calm yourself. I've need of silence. There is much yet to be done."

"Is that so, mortal?"

She whirled at the unexpected voice from her left, abruptly coming face-to-face with an absolutely impossibly beautiful woman whose humanity was betrayed by her otherworldly appearance. Pupilless violet eyes, gleaming with their own internal light, were surrounded by pitch black sclera and peer curiously up at her. The woman's skin was bright, crimson red, the

color of blood, and she was unabashedly nude, the perfection of her form opening her onlooker's eyes wide and dragging them downward. They spread further at the sight of the flaccid phallus that hung from her sudden guest's crotch, reaching to the middle of her thigh. "You... It's really you."

The creature inspected itself, delicate fingers rising up the flawless contours of its trim waist to lightly bounce the heft of its impressive bust in its hands, digits toying playfully with ruddy maroon nipples. "Yes... I suppose it is, mortal." It took a step toward her, a predatory gleam in its eyes, and she held her ground, her legs defiantly holding herself up under the wave of furious vertigo that threatened to topple her. Thoughts and images were pulled to the forefront of her mind against her will, and over the course of what must have been only a few moments, her entire life flashed before her eyes as the creature before her read her like an open book. Finishing its inspection of her, the creature only grinned, letting out a pleased, "Ah... I see. I must admit, mortal, I had expected to have to wait for much longer for someone to free me." Her smile vanished, replaced quickly with an angry snarl. "I am not one to be held at the mercy of others."

"I know." she replied, forcing herself to regain her composure. "Salaxa... I know what you are, demon. I know well your power, your potential."

"Mistress?" Tyrin murmured from nearby, "Who are you speaking to?"

"Silence!" she snapped, not taking her eyes from the creature before her.

Salaxa's smile returned. "He raises a good question, mortal. Do you know to whom you speak? Do you truly comprehend what you are doing?"

"You know the answer to that, demon." she said in a low hiss, "You saw my intentions."

"Indeed." it purred, taking another step closer, "You have an intriguing past, mortal, for one so small and insignificant. Yet you are the same as all the others; you seek what all others do eventually. Power, you desire power. For what, I care not. For what you believe is good or ill is of no consequence to me, mortal. You pathetic creatures always end up needing the same thing: Power. It would be disgusting if it weren't so amusing."

The demonic apparition was close, and she was unable to shake the unsettling feeling caused by its proximity. "I don't care for your opinions, demon. All I care about is what I can take from you. I have a need that you will sate."

Salaxa grinned at her choice of words. "Is that so, human? You think yourself capable of forcing me into anything? You who, in your state of desperation, already drank of me? You think to take what is mine by force? You think you can? I welcome you to try mortal. It would be an interesting diversion while I wait for you to die of old age."

She frowned furiously, holding her position in the face of the demon's slow, swaying advance. "You have no power here, demon, and none over me, none without my assent."

Scarlet skin stopped a hair's breadth from her own, and the demon, who was several inches shorter than her, peered up into her eyes. She didn't turn away, though she flinched internally when a demure, red hand came to rest on her shoulder. "Is that what you believe, mortal?" Salaxa breathed, full lips parting around every syllable like she was kissing each word. "Power..." Both slender hands rose to her cheeks, and her skin crawled where they touched her jaws. Salaxa rose up on the balls of her dainty feet, leaning forward to push her breasts into the robed woman's, squishing provocatively as those same plush lips closed over her own.

She was frozen. Neither could she break the kiss nor could she retreat, and she felt her body betray her as her lips eagerly returned the kiss that was pressed into her. Her bewildered gasp turned into a brief moan, low and hot, and her hands rose up to likewise cup the demon's

delicate cheeks and pull with hunger that was not her own. The intimate meeting grew deeper and deeper, and not many seconds had passed before a long, wet tongue invaded her mouth to tangle playfully with her own. Her body heated, and her pulse quickened in her veins, and when Salaxa pulled hesitantly away she was panting with a mixture of lust and disbelief. "Power" repeated the demon, "Those with power bend their knees to me, mortal. Legs are spread and mouths are opened in my presence. Even reduced as I am, I still feel my worship in every brothel, in each bedroom, in the most chaste of kisses and the most carnal of acts. The gleam of desire in the eyes that look upon beauty is my herald, and the fires of blind, mindless need are *mine*, human! I am that heat, the warmth of a body beneath you, atop you, within you, around you! I am yearning! I am *lust*! I may not have power as I am, mortal, but even then, I *am* power!" Her eyes flared violently, and her low-burning smile tightened into a furious snarl as her fingers balled into defiant fists. "It is my power that you desire, human, and you shall not have it without my consent, regardless of what vile concoction you mingle with my essence!" As suddenly as it had come, the demon's fury abated, its arrogant smile returning, showing pearly white teeth in a confident grin. "But... perhaps we can come to an agreement."

The women took a step back, putting space between herself and the demonic creature, vigorously rethinking her plan. She was certain she suspected the demon's desires. "A bargain then..."

"Perhaps... As loathe as I am to admit it. My options are limited as I am. I require freedom, and I require a vessel, neither of which you will grant to me, I know. I could drive you mad with desire, drown you in pleasure until your heart stops, and perhaps someone with less resistance would come along, perhaps your scaly, green friend, but... Your determination intrigues me, mortal. Your plans are ambitious beyond the scope of your stature, and knowing what you need of me, I can't help but find myself... curious. A stroke of good fortune for you, perhaps, perhaps not; I am willing to consider an arrangement."

She frowned down at the demon, who now looked so small and innocent. "Is it my soul you want?"

Surprise flickered across her expression as Salaxa laughed, a rich, throaty sound that reverberated in her ears. "Please, mortal, do not insult me so. Souls are such an easy acquisition. Mortals throw themselves at me, upon me, at even the slightest glimpse of the pleasure I have to offer. Your soul, however bright and potent it may be, is not what interests me." It stepped forward again, pressing into her, whispering. "I have seen what you need of me. You seek strength, change, vengeance. Your success in your endeavors does not interest me, but *you* do, mortal. I would have your body when you die. I would have a vessel appropriate for my splendor, and you will help me create one. When you are done with it, your soul shall be free to go to wherever it may be destined, and I shall have my form." A hint of anger danced over its alluring, feminine features. "You are not the only one who seeks retribution."

Suspicious roiled in her gut. That offer was heavily weighted in her favor. "You will grant me your power, aid and patronage, in exchange for my body when I depart?"

"Yes, mortal." it hissed breathily into her ear.

Her mind boggled at the havoc that could be wrought if the demon had access to the form she required for herself, at the power she sought to instill within herself, but her mission would be complete, and she would be gone when that time came. She had little other choice. "I accept your terms, demon."

Salaxa's eyes flickered hungrily, and her stance shifted, her hip thrown out, hand resting casually on the sweeping curve. "Then begin brewing your concoction, human. I will lend you

my power when it is required." Her expression grew thoughtful for a moment before turning coy. "But first a taste, perhaps? See what I can do now, with just a drop, and while bound up in such a pitiful form. You will... enjoy it."

The demon spun on her feet, sauntering over to Tyrin, who was still seated patiently in his chair in the corner of her room, waiting to be called upon. He perked up when he thought he saw her looking over at him, his tail wiggling happily through the air. Salaxa approached the unsuspecting lizard, dropping smoothly to its knees next to the seated reptile. She watched as the demon laid a small hand on Tyrin's shoulder, eyes glowing more and more brightly as it worked whatever power upon which it was set.

After a brief second, the lizard's happy smile faltered, becoming uncertain. He fidgeted in his chair, squirming in obvious discomfort, his hands twitching awkwardly as his breathing hitched in his lungs. "M-mistress..." he whined, "I am feeling... unwell. Might I retire to my quarters to... rest?"

She watched her servant writhe in his chair, looking pleadingly at her, for a long moment as the demon, invisible to all but her, slowly rubbed slender fingers over his chest, caressing him through his shirt. "No you may not, Tyrin."

He whimpered wordlessly, his fingers and toes curling helplessly as he languished in whatever sensations were pouring through him at the demon's touch. "Mistress... Please."

"What is the matter, Tyrin? Is something amiss? What are you feeling?"

Letting out a hopeless groan, the reptile stretched his legs out, making seen an undeniable bulge in the fabric over his crotch. "It... tingles, mistress. I feel hot. I don't know what's happening. I... I don't... Oh... Nnh!"

One of his hands twitched towards his loins, clearly eager to sate the need on display before her, but she snapped a firm command. "No!" His fingers jerked back like she had struck him, and she was sure to soften her voice as she continued to croon, "Remove your clothing, Tyrin. Slowly. Let me watch."

"Yes, mistress." mumbled the lizard as he cautiously pulled his shirt up over his torso, revealing his lean body to her inquisitive eyes. He was skinny, but far from unhealthily so, with a coat of lean, defined muscle that moved beneath his scaly hide as he breathed heavily. He pawed clumsily at his belt, numbly tearing it off and wriggling his trousers off of his narrow hips without removing his rear from his seat. He winced as the cloth of his pants dragged over the crown of his erection, and his manhood sprang free as he bared it, his taut, masculine flesh slapping against his abs.

As the demon grinned like a starving animal, she watched with a raised eyebrow at what began to unfold before her. Tyrin wasn't the most impressively endowed of men, but she had never seen him harder. His maleness stood out from his loins, bouncing under the beating of his heart, such a deep, ruddy red from the flow of blood into it that it seemed almost purple. Salaxa touched it gingerly, her intangible hands sinking through it where she used too much pressure, but Tyrin reacted anyway, his entire body going rigid, lean muscle standing out in sharp contrast with itself. "Mistress!" he moaned desperately, "What... what's happening?!"

"Silence, Tyrin. Let it happen. Feel it. Enjoy it, but do not touch yourself."

"Y-yes... M-mistress..." he gasped, gripping the edges of his chair as he weakly bucked his hips, humping an invisible hole with blind determination. Demonic hands fell to cradle his scaly sac, gently touching meager gonads with only the most feathery of contact, contact she was sure he couldn't tangibly feel. He spasmed bonelessly, making his chair creak as he leaned hard

back into it, letting his head roll back, mouth hanging limply open as he let out a long, low moan that terminated in a strained grunt, like he was hefting a great weight.

At the demon's unknowable touch, Tyrin climaxed, the muscles of his abdomen contracting rhythmically as spurted a few thick gobs of pearlescent fluid through the air to make a mess on the ground before him. With little external stimulation, it ended quickly with him dribbling down his steel-hard length, but the demon kneeling next to him only smiled dotingly, continuing to rub and fondle. She looked on, watching her servant's orgasm continue, the trickle of virile seed slowly increasing to a constant stream that ran down his member to slick the scales of his taut sac.

Uncomprehending of what was happening to him, Tyrin's eyes rolled back in his head, his spine arching further as he let out a pitiful, plaintive cry, pleading wordlessly for help that wasn't to come. He came again, harder, more messily, his jets of fragrant cream arcing through the air feet further than they just had. His muscle was rigid beneath his scales, and his teeth snapped together as he gritted them furiously as with each delicious pulsation that wracked his body, his orgasm increased in strength, his outflow reaching further and further.

Her eyes widened in awe as she watched, stunned and excited, the veins lining her dutiful servant's geysering manhood thicken noticeably, dilating to carry the volume of heated blood that flooded his loins. He hardened impossibly further, bulging frantically as he released barely-muffled cries of rapture. He spasmed and grew, another inch of adamantine flesh pouring from his crotch to join the rest of his spewing cock. With each stifled grunt and buck of his hips, he stood further and further from his loins, sheer lustful rigidity supporting the weight of his increasing length and girth. He shuddered, thickening between his legs, growing and growing. Wetly and heavily, his orgasm continued onward, gaining force as he gained size in spurts that matched the waves of shivers that swept visibly over his body.

Thicker and harder, he distended with blood as new flesh forced itself from his loins, filling with fire and abrupt lust as his needy bursts of thick jizz began to splatter against the far wall, launching from the intersection of his legs with explosive force as his growth continued. Beneath the thickening column of flesh that jutted from his crotch, his scaled sac received the same demon-powered treatment, suddenly bulging under the sudden expansion of the firm organs that filled it with unexpected vigor. His testes grew huge and heavy, stretching his scrotum over their girth as they ballooned from what looked like cherries to churning globes the size of eggs. She could practically hear them sloshing over the wet splattering sounds of her servant emptying himself against the wall, trailing a line that reached closer and closer to the ceiling.

Her feet carried her forward a shaky step as she listened to Tyrin burbling wordless pleas, begging for salvation from the sensations that filled him and stretched him outward, but she was sure it was far from coming. The demon chuckled, licking its plump lips in its excitement as it flexed its transformative muscles. Inches and inches exploded from between his legs, surging thicker, keeping its masculine proportions, and the urge to reach out and touch it filled her mind. She was uncertain if it was some work of Salaxa, or genuine desire, but she restrained herself, relegating herself to observing for the time being.

The lizard's chest heaved under the force of his breathless panting, and the gonads that filled his stretched sac swelled, hanging heavily from his crotch as a pair of apple-sized spheroids that were deformed only by their own massive heft. He grew a cock to match, inch after inch after inch of throbbing, spasming meat that was lined with veins nearly as thick as her fingers, which pulsed visibly with his thundering heart. He moaned and grunted, bucking his hips

and making an unholy mess of the far wall and portions of the room's ceiling, and it was with a single, final heave that he finished what had been his seemingly endless orgasm, firing a terminal rope from his loins to plaster it over the roof.

He went slack as Salaxa rose to stand next to him, its work done and a pleased smile stretching her lips. Tyrin sagged into his chair, gasping frantically for enough oxygen to maintain his consciousness. What had begun as six inches had nearly tripled in length and girth, and as it drooped under its own fatigued weight, drooling a streamer of alabaster goo onto the floor between his twitching legs, she stepped forward enough to let her finger trail curiously along its upper half.

At her touch, Tyrin grunted, his body growing stiff again, and his hulking cock sprang up into readiness, pushing up into her palm and spreading her fingers with its sheer, humongous thickness. She felt her pet's heartbeat through the length of burning flesh that shoved itself boldly into her hand, and her mind quailed at the thought of the pleasure she could extract from such a tool. Rubbing her thumb along a dilated vein nearly as thick as it was, she gave her scaly green pet a slow stroke, rewarding him for his obedience. He spoke in a pleasure-drunk slur.

"Mistress... I... I don't know..."

"Enough, Tyrin. You have done enough. Let me take care of this next step for you." Her legs bent, as she let herself fall to her knees to put her face near the head of the massive manhood on display for her, and her mouth opened as wide as it could to accept his tremendous girth between her lips. Her body burned with need, and she would have the beast that had been made for her within her before the next minute could pass or she would kill him trying. The deal had been struck, and she gave into her fate, closing her eyes and pushing forward, filling her mouth with her new toy as the demon loomed over them both, watching with an eager grin.