

Name: Luna
Age: 24
Height: 45'3"
Weight: 48 tons
Gender: Hermaphrodite (Identifies as Female)
Sexuality: Bisexual
Species: Unknown Reptilian

Appearance:

Having been born a human, and having developed into a mousy, brown-haired woman of slight stature and full figure, it would be a challenge for Luna to be any further now from what she once was. Throughout the course of several rounds of alchemical treatment, to which she responded even better than the woman administering her transformatives expected, she was made into what she now is.

When standing, she is more than four stories tall, and is hesitant to be seen for less than she is. Her body is clearly reptilian in nature, possessive of a coat of sturdy, overlapping, shield-shaped scales the color of sun-bleached bone. Her entire body is thusly armored. Augmenting her lizardlike appearance are the four-toed, digitigrade feet on which she stands, which are capped in talon-like claws that are an even paler ivory color. Matching the hue of those that cap her toes, her fingers are likewise terminated in a full set of thick, savage claws that leave her armed even when lacking a manufactured weapon.

Enhancing her threatening bearing are a pair of long, tapering horns that sprout from the back of her triangular, reptilian skull and curve backward over her head to end in fine points. They are the same pure ivory color as her claws, and joining these two is another horn, thick and also backward-curving, that juts from the end of her snout, much like that of a rhinoceros. In addition to her horns, there is a series of sharp, bony spikes that follow the line of her spine beginning at the crown of her hairless, scaly scalp and ending at the tip of her long, powerful tail. Her spines are longest between her shoulder blades, but dwindle to thin needles at the nape of her neck and the terminus of her scaly tail.

Aside from her sheer stature, what sets her further apart from other is her muscularity. Luna's entire frame is lined with a musculature that would put to shame most others, even if she possessed normal dimensions. Her breadth of her frame lends itself to carrying the sheer amount of muscle that coats her body. Her arms are thick, and her legs are even more so. Her shoulders are heavy with muscle, and her torso is wrapped in layers of clear, resolute strength that, combined with her size, boggle the mind and make it seem like there is no physical task of which Luna is not capable.

In spite of her clear, rigidly defined strength, her femininity is not marred, and the breadth of her hips and expansiveness of her bust are a fit for a creature of her physique. She's thick and womanly just as she is muscular and shamelessly strong, with breasts nearly the size of her head and hips girthier than even her massive shoulders. Her nipples are unscaled and exposed, and are the color of the rest of her skin, a pallid, ashy grey.

Looking past the horn that caps her reptilian snout are a pair of slitted eyes of a bright yellow color that gleam like burnished gold in all but the dimmest of lights. Her lips are thin, serving little purpose other than as sheathes for the twin rows of saber-like teeth that hide within her maw, but they are prone to smiling and pouting nonetheless. Her tongue is long, tapered, and dexterous, and is a favorite tool for pleasure, both for herself and for her loved ones. Her nostrils

are visible but not prominent on her snout, and the scales that line the parts of her body that require flexibility are fine and smooth.

Being a hermaphrodite, Luna possesses the sexual organs of both genders, but when not in use, they rest internally, behind the hidden lips of a reptilian genital slit. When aroused or relaxed, the muscles that hold her within herself can be persuaded to release their charges. Her feminine sex is a match for her stature, large and thick-lipped with a prominent clitoris and flesh that is a pale, ashy grey. Her masculine endowment is more than a match for her, however. Luna's male member is, at more than fifteen feet in length, more than a third the length of her body. Its flesh is the same tone as the rest of her skin, though is given to being a ruddier, pinkish color from the blood that makes it stiff.

Its flesh is smooth but crisscrossed with thick veins that throb eagerly when she is in readiness, and despite its prominent glans, it still has a tapered, somewhat inhuman appearance. Luna lacks external testes, but her internal organs are capable of producing a more-than-proportional amount of thick, alabaster seed.

Because of the magnitude of her form, she goes without clothing or ornamentation. When she was smaller, she was usually expected to wear a suit of plated eversteel, a material made from alchemically-treated steel that turned the metal nearly black and made it almost unbreakable. Now that she is as large as she is, however, she really requires no armor other than her impregnable scales, and no armaments other than her claws and teeth.

Biography:

Luna's first memory is waking up naked in a cold, dark room, shackled to the wall in chains of iron. She was young at the time, barely a woman, and she remembers nothing of the time before her imprisonment. From that day onward, her life was hell. She was tortured and abused, utterly broken over the course of months and years. She was given no name other than "slave" and she knew nothing but pain and misery.

She was pleasing to the eye, and the men and women who were her masters and mistresses prized her for her appearance, though some of them took perverse joy in marring it for their own enjoyment. She was scarred and pockmarked from their amusements, and she could do nothing to cry out against their injustices, because they were, in the end, her judges, juries, and executioners. She was theirs to enjoy and use, and they all loved it. After a time, even, she had grown to love it, because it was all that she had ever known.

Years that she had no ability to count drifted by, and she was used as menial labor as often as she was used for entertainment. She was with others, and for most of her servitude, she was a piece of communal property, something that she knew would keep her alive, because if she died in service, the others that owned her would be made upset at her loss. She worked hard, because she had no other choice, and part of her took pride in the little, meaningless tasks she was given: scrubbing blood from stone floors, disposing of bodies after her masters were done with them, carrying and cleaning.

There was one, though, that did not abuse her like the others did, a woman of unsurpassed beauty and kindness. That one was the only one to treat her as another living thing. Her favorite mistress was tender towards her, gentle. When her mistress could get away with it, her mistress would use the alchemy that she had so often seen being used to torture and warp to heal her wounds and lessen her agonies. What had once been fear turned into admiration, and then into worship. Her mistress was clearly not like the others; her mistress was of a different breed entirely, secretly but unrepentantly human.

She leapt at every opportunity she was given to leave the pens where she was kept and work for her mistress. She cleaned diligently, listened attentively, practically worshiped the ground her true mistress walked on, all while praying silently to whatever gods would hear her to be made her mistress's property so she would be safe from the others' prying fingers and lecherous glares.

One day, it finally happened. She woke up, shackled once more, in an unfamiliar location, her mistress looking tenderly down on her. She had finally been given to her mistress once and for all, and she had been taken far away from where the others could get to her. Her freedom from the others, however, had come with a price for her mistress. Her mistress had sacrificed the opportunity to take more slaves with her just to ensure her safety, which left her mistress wanting for more substantial assistance.

Once more, she had leapt at the opportunity to be of service. However, before she had taken the potions that would begin her transformation into a proper protector for her mistress, she had been given a name, Luna, and told the name of her sole mistress, Selene. Selene had used the alchemy at which she was so gifted, and began Luna's ascension to what she now is. She was gifted with strength, nearly unending strength, a coat of scales to protect her, horns and claws to protect Selene, and even her massive, proud masculinity with which to give both her and her mistress delight.

Time passed, and her mistress worked for those above even Selene, but with time came thought. She would follow Selene to the ends of the world, but Selene began to change. Her mistress held doubts about their appointed tasks, and began to voice them even as they grew closer to one another. Her feelings were love; they had to be, and she watched her love's shifting thinking with worry. She wanted the best for her love, the woman she loved beyond all else, and it was with a mixture of delight and dismay that, after a particularly seditious test subject was released that she watched Selene complete her creeping realization.

Plans were made, and Selene confided in her everything, every little doubt and insecurity, and she took them as even deeper signs of the love she knew her... former mistress felt for her. Her mission was unchanged; she would protect Selene from the oncoming retribution without hesitation, and now that she was free, she could do so against those who had been so cruel toward her, which brought her no small amount of joy.

She loved Selene, and knew she was loved in return, and when she and Selene discussed the potential for her to be even larger, she eagerly awaited the possibility, not just because being larger would allow her to better ensure Selene's safety, but because she liked being at her current size and knew that she would like being bigger even more. She liked the power her stature gave her. The pure, raw physicality of her form delighted her, and the way Selene ogled her made her burn with pride in herself.

Before too long, the time to begin their fight against they who had so brazenly sought to lay claim over her body and mind came, and Selene had managed to fulfill her promise. She was transformed again, more and doubling in size, accepting the power that came with it, and with her new, enormous body, carried Selene off, ready to begin their private war.

Personality:

Luna is characterized by her innocence. In spite of the truly terrible horrors she has seen, she retains an air of almost child-like delight in the simplest of wonders. She's naive, but far from stupid or unseeing. She's capable of comprehending what was done to her, and understands that there are terrors in the world; she just isn't bothered by them anymore. When Selene named her, she was no longer a mindless slave; she was Luna, and Luna, despite her size and frightening appearance, is a preternaturally happy and joyful creature. She's unfazed by even the gravest danger to herself, facing threats with giddy glee, provided Selene is far out of harm's way. If, however, the woman she loves is threatened by anything, she turns in a heartbeat, losing herself to dire rage at whatever would harm Selene. In this state, she's very nearly a mindless, feral beast, and few things shy of Selene's intervention are capable of stopping her from seeing the threat utterly obliterated.