

Flames of Passion

Written and Edited by PgFalcon

Hi! My name is Tania. No, not “Tan-yea”, it’s pronounced Tawn-yah. If you’ve got a problem with it take it up with my mother: she chose it.

I am an eight hundred pound midnight black dragon from Ohio. I didn’t always weight eight hundred pounds: once upon a time I was an ordinary girl, and couldn’t have weighed more than 120lbs soaking wet. Talk about putting on weight, right? Nobody would dare make a fat joke to my face though... heck most people just try to keep from wetting themselves.

Not Jamie though. He’s my sweet-heart, and he doesn’t mind that I’m a dragon now. In fact I think he gets a kick out of it! Not many people get to date a magical creature straight out of a fantasy novel. Most people don’t even believe I exist until they see me, and even then they usually just go all gawky and spew gibberish until I go away.

I don’t photograph well. Well.... Actually I don’t photograph at all. Point a camera at me and the camera either melts or breaks or explodes... it’s fairly sad really. This one kid once actually was able to snap a picture of me somehow, but all it showed was an overexposed blob with glowing eyes. Same thing goes for video. My presence is usually enough to interfere with lights and electricity for miles.

How did this happen, you ask? I’d love to tell you!

It all started on a cold Friday night after I had just gotten off work....

“Tawny,” says the voice over my phone. It’s Jamie, and Tawny is his nickname for me. Jamie’s name is actually just James, but I always call him Jamie. “You free?”

“Yeah,” I answer, drawing out the word and smiling as I do so, “Where we going?”

“It’s a surprise!” he answers.

“Ooo!” I squeal, “What’s the surprise!?” I ask.

“That would be telling,” he says. I can practically see his eyes crinkling from his here-then-gone smile.

“What kind of surprise is it?”

“A fun one,” he answers. “Do you want me to pick you up?”

“If you’re close by, sure! When can you be here?”

“Now, if you like,” he says stepping around the street corner.

I close my phone and pocket it. Jamie is sneaky like that. He knows all my habits by heart, including my route home after work.

“Stalking me, eh?” I jibe playfully.

“Who, me?” he says, feigning innocence. “I was just stretching my legs!”

He touches his pocket and the Jeep parked on the curb blinks twice, the interior lights turning on. We lock arms as we walk back to it.

“So where we going?”

“A new store,” Jamie answers evasively.

“What do they sell?” I ask leaning on his arm. His strong muscles can be felt clear through the thick brown sweater he’s wearing tonight.

“Toys,” he answers, grinning. A half-truth, eh? Hmm...

“Would this shop happen to be on the corner of Garnish and Pine?” I ask, looking up into his dark hazel eyes with mock shock. I can’t match his poker face though, and premature smiles threaten at the corners of my mouth until I break out in laughter.

He blushes, but laughs with me.

“Well, yes,” he says. “Now you’ve ruined the surprise.”

We’ve reached his car and both get in. The engine starts powerfully.

“It was a wonderful surprise,” I tell him, kissing him softly. “...while it lasted.”

More cattish grins from me and fleeting smiles from him.

“Do you want to check it out? It could be... fun.”

“Yes,” I agree, nodding my head and feigning wisdom. “*Very fun.*”

And he pulls out onto the road.

It doesn't take long for us to get to the store. The old place went out of business: they sold shoes or something. Now the building has been taken over by an “adult” toy store. It opened just last week. The owner had completely remodeled everything, and the windows are all done up with neon. Jamie parks the car and as we walk through the door a bell rings. Nobody seems to be inside though.

The store is surprisingly clean and neat, Organized rows of clothing and costumes take up most of the floor space. On the walls hang more... interesting items. An entire wall appears to be dedicated to bondage and dominance type things, from ball gags and pink furry handcuffs to reverse chastity belts and small whips. A square glass case labeled ‘obedience trainer’ contains a thin leather collar studded with silvery spikes. Its tag boldly states the price to be \$799, so I ignore it.

“Hmm....” I say, eyeing Jamie mischievously. He seems to be having second thoughts about coming here... or he might be reading my mind.

I slowly reach out and pick up a strap-on. List price only \$89⁹⁹.

He actually balks, and I laugh out loud.

“I'm just joking!” I giggle. “You should have seen your face!”

He laughs nervously, relaxing a little. Neither of us have ever been inside a store like this before.

“Did you have anything in mind?” I whisper.

“I have no idea...” he whispers back, overwhelmed by the selection.

“Maybe we should keep it simple, then come back later?”

“Sounds like a plan,” he answers, “but what then?”

“Mmmm...” I answer. “Maybe some dirty lingerie?” I say naughtily, shaking my booty.

I see his interest spike considerably.

There are several more display cases throughout the store, each one containing extremely pricey items and not explaining the reason for their high costs. I'm browsing through thongs of all colors when I notice one such display case at the end of the row. It's a tall glass box, lit with a spot light above, and on a dummy model are what appear to be black snakeskin-leather panties and bra, fingernail sized scales seamlessly blended into their design. They must be ungodly expensive, but still I read the display's label.

"Dragon-skin lingerie: for extra fire in the bedroom," I say reading it. "Weird, it doesn't have a price tag... I'll bet it costs a fortune!"

"I see you have found something you like," says a silken voice behind me. I spin around to see a dark haired man in a sleek business suit with a black tie. He has a pencil mustache on his lip, and his shoes are so shiny that they're nearly blinding. Jamie is instantly by my side. He's very protective.

"Oh, not really... I'm sure these are out of our price range," I answer.

"On the contrary," he says, smiling. One of his molars is gold. He has a very wide smile. "I can't seem to sell this pair. They are a very precise fit, you see. I have discounted them to 149 dollars.... Would you care to try them on?" He finishes with another mile-wide smile.

I hesitate: that's still an awful lot of money, but Jamie of course doesn't miss a beat.

"Do you take debit?" he asks.

"Of course," says the man. "Let me get the items for you miss; the changing room is right over there."

"Oh," is all I can say as he unlocks the case and hands me the underwear and bra. They are indeed leather, but they're unspeakably soft and supple... and very warm too. Probably from sitting under the bright light all day. The black leather looks gorgeous as I let it flow between my hands, the scales flashing occasionally in the light.

I can't think of anything to say, my breath seems to have been taken away, so I quickly turn towards the changing rooms to try them on. I find myself feverishly hoping they fit.

I quickly strip naked after locking the door shut behind me. Two tall mirrors face opposite each other, and standing in between them I appraise my body.

I have long, straight black hair that travels down my back, my breasts are full, well-formed, and, in my mind, flawless. I have long legs, an athletic build, and beach-tanned skin. I'm no cover-girl, but I'm not homely either.

I put the bra on first, sliding my arms through the loops: there isn't even a clasp in the back anyways. It feels soft and hot against my skin as it travels down my arms and over my head, pulling very tight over

my shoulders but sliding past smoothly, and finally I pull it down over my breasts and tuck them in and adjust them.

I've never in my life had a bra fit so well, it's almost like wearing a second skin! And boy is it *hot*. I mean both literally and figuratively. The bra feels like it's heated, and I feel my nipples go erect involuntarily from the unfamiliar sensation of it, forming two small dimples in the pliable leather. I let out a purr of satisfaction.

I could have stood there looking at myself for hours, but I wanted to put on the panties too! I could only hope that they fit as good as the bra.

I step into them and put the leather up my legs, the sensation sending goose-bumps up my body. The material feels simply fantastic!

After some work I manage to slip the leather past my hips, and the panties fit snugly into place. God, just wearing these things is making me wet!! They just feel so good, and they're sooooo warm, and they fit perfectly! I would hardly notice they were there if not for their radiant heat.

I am so getting these.

I hurriedly put my clothes back on, wearing my new favorite lingerie underneath, and step outside.

"Perfect fit!" I announce gleefully. Something like a spark seems to light up the dark-haired man's eyes, but it's gone in an instant.

"How fortuitous," he says pertly.

He gives the box to Jamie, then takes the plastic from his outstretched hand and swipes it once at the register. After a thank you and a fair-well we leave the shop and are back in the Jeep.

"Oh. My. God Jamie. This is the best present I have ever gotten," I whisper in his ear, snuggling up against him as he turns the key.

"Were to now?" he asks, knowing my answer before he even finished asking.

"Your place, duh." I say giggling. I'm practically grinding my breasts against him. I've never been this turned on before.

He smiles and puts the car in gear.

When we arrive at his apartment the soft leather undergarments seem to have actually gotten toastier: which is perfectly fine with me considering the weather. It feels sinfully good, and I hope I'm not making a mess out of the panties. I would absolutely hate to ruin them the first day, but considering they were sold in a sex shop I'm sure they will be fine. He unlocks his front door and I rush inside. It must be below fifty degrees, but I feel flushed with heat from both the lingerie and my own rushing hormones. Jamie turns on the heater while I immediately strip down to my new underwear.

He had turned his back to me to adjust the thermostat, but when he turns back to see me his breath literally catches in his throat and his eyes widen in amazement.

"How do I look," I ask him bashfully. I feel sexy, and I know that Jamie is of the same mind. He looks as though he might start drooling any second.

"Aren't you cold?" he asks, shivering as I walk over to him. I answer him by wrapping my arms around him and kissing him passionately, letting my body heat sink into him through his thick clothing. I wrap my leg up and around his hip, practically hanging on him, and with my other hand unclasp his belt.

He quickly starts undressing, shedding his sweater to reveal hard-won muscles: the body of fighter. He is a champion wrestler and takes boxing and martial arts lessons. Despite all of that he is a gentle man, as well as an intellectual. Right now he's not doing much thinking though, least ways not with his brain, but to be fair I'm not either. We're both losing ourselves to our growing passion.

I manage to unbutton his jeans and unzip his fly when he grabs me under my leg and around my waist, and hauls me high up into the air: he's over half a foot taller than me and probably weights nearly 190 pounds. The furnace kicks in and hot air blows up out of vents that we pass as he carries me down a short hallway, both of us kissing the entire way with my arms wrapped around his broad shoulders, my legs around his waist.

He takes me into a small bedroom with a queen sized bed in it, and drops me onto the cold sheets. Fiery heat quickly transfers from my skin to the cool fabric. Strangely, I am not in the least bit sweaty despite how hot I feel. Hot cocoa has nothing on this.

Jamie crawls on top of me, his hands playing over my body, his fingertips trailing along my skin. More goosebumps. My hands reach underneath him and begin working down his pants. He quickly kicks them off, and is now only in his boxers. He has a raging erection easily visible: Jamie is bigger than anyone I have ever known. I once measured him to nearly eight inches long. I myself am very much wet, I'm so horny it's almost painful: my need is escalating faster than it ever has before.

Jamie cups my breasts and we kiss for what seems like forever. I reach down to play with his balls and he reaches down to put his hand over my pussy. It feels like it's practically pouring out heat, steam is actually rising off my body! I've never felt like this before! I'm already panting and the fun hasn't even started!

Then something unexpected happens. We're both toying with each other, playing around to see who would cave first, when I feel one of Jamie's fingers slide into my pussy as he gently rubs my mound through the thin leather.

I'm so surprised that I actually shout a little, and sit up. The panties are still on, but he definitely touched my pussy!

Jamie seems to be surprised as well, and scoots back to look at the naughty underwear.

At first it's completely unnoticeable, but upon close examination we discover that there is an opening in the front of the underwear corresponding perfectly with my puss, a discreet slit that can be parted with the fingers to reveal my pink flesh underneath.

The leather moves with my skin and body so well it is hardly noticeable at all, and now with this convenient discovery I won't even need to take the panties off! Jamie takes the cue and begins stimulating me with his fingers, and I spread my legs. Jamie is so very good at this.

My skin feels as though it is vibrating with sensation as he goes to work on me. It doesn't take much: I'm so wound up that could have achieved orgasm simply from kissing.

It is the most blissful climax I have ever felt to that date. I buck my hips on the bed, and Jamie unexpectedly dives in and starts tonguing my clit while I'm in mid-orgasm, and oh my God I never knew I could feel like that. My body is electric. My mind in a fog. Surely heaven has nothing on this.

Slowly I regain control and composure, and sensing this Jamie climbs back up on top of me. I'm panting as if I just ran a mile, yet my lust hasn't been abated in the slightest.

I tear Jamie's boxers off his body, the fabric ripping easily under the shadow of my desperate need. His rampant erection is incredible, a testament to maleness, and everything clean-shaven and smooth, just like myself. I pull him on top of me and roll my hips to slide my wet sex up his shaft, coating it in a layer of my personal brand of feminine product. He shudders from the touch, and I grind against him letting my pussy make a beautiful, glistening mess. It's like I'm not even wearing anything anymore: the lingerie might as well be forgotten now.

"I need you inside me," I whisper in his ear.

"I love you," he replies breathlessly.

I grab hold of his meat and he lifts up, and in one smooth motion he penetrates me all the way. I grab hold of his back tightly and wrap my legs around his waist, squeezing him as tight as I possibly can. His

face twitches as he controls his breathing. Our eyes are locked, and we kiss without moving for the longest time, him as hard as stone inside my body and me tightly squeezing him.

Jamie picks me up off the bed powerfully, his arms wrapped around my ass and back, and spins around. If I were to release my legs from his waist my toes wouldn't even touch the floor. My breasts are mashed up against his chest, our mouths and locked together, and our sexes intimately joined. If only this moment could last forever.

We are both laughing as he holds me up in the air, the intimacy of our positions overshadowing all of our thoughts, and tightening my legs around Jamie's waist I lean away from him. Jamie strains to counterbalance my weight by leaning back and holding onto my waist, until I'm nearly level with the floor. If my mom ever knew that I would be using the skills I learned in gymnastics in the bedroom like this I'm not sure she would have signed me up when I was little.

My abdomen flexes as I reach up to pull my hair back over my shoulders to let it fall to the floor, my breasts jutting into the air underneath the very supportive leather bra.

Jamie quirks his brow appreciatively, his neck bulging as he strains to hold me up, and I smile back up at him. Something like electricity seems to pass between our eyes.

But he cannot hold me up forever: I'm not feather-light, so he falls backwards onto the bed with me on top of him, still clutching him tightly, my hair flying like a cape behind me as I wrap myself tightly against his body, riding my dearest bronco. He leaps at the last moment launching us both into the middle of the mattress with a resounding bounce. The springs of the mattress squeak in protest.

I release his back and loosen my legs, sitting up to straddle him, my pelvis resting on his, the sensations of my motions exquisite. The scales of my lingerie grind against his groin.

"God! It's like being fucked by a snake!" he exclaims deliriously. I smile at the connotations.

I reach up and rub my breasts through the smooth scales of the bra, the leather so close to my skin and so perfectly matched to me that I feel naked: the skin of the bra might as well be my own. It's beyond blissful, and bordering on sinful.

I rock my hips, and Jamie moans underneath me. Oh god my skin feels like it's on fire! And my pussy... it feels fantastic. I slide up and down on Jamie, my movements smooth and slow.

"Oh Tania," he moans. "I love you so much."

I grin. I know he loves me, just as I love him, but right now it's the sex talking. The boy would love Hitler if he did this sort of thing to him.

Jamie begins thrusting desperately back into me as I move my body up and down his cock, and we're rocking the bed now. Euphoria clouds my mind and his as we lose ourselves to the rhythm. I rub my breasts, and am surprised to find that they feel completely naked now. Did the bra slip off? I don't care, I twist my aching nipples in my fingers and squeeze my flesh as Jamie fucks me, soft sighs escaping my throat.

I've never before felt like this during sex. I find myself moving and bucking on top of Jamie in time to his thrusts. My hands switch back and forth between kneading my breasts and clawing at the sheets. It feels so damned good! What's different? What is going on here?

Jamie is of the same mind. It's all he can do to keep himself from prematurely ejaculating; holding back that inevitability is requiring every ounce of his concentration and constitution. Something odd seems to be happening here, but he simply can't place it. Concern passes a curious shadow over his face, but it's gone as quickly as it appears.

We're both growing desperate for release, and Jamie is rapidly picking up his pace, when I notice something very strange. Despite the mind-numbing pleasure that Jamie is giving me I can't simply ignore it. As it turns out I must have been ignoring it for quite a while, because the problem seems to be quite a ways along.

I notice it first when something brushes against my leg that isn't Jamie. It's soft, dry, and scaly. My first thought is that there's a snake in the bed with us, but I can't gather enough panic to do something about it. Whatever it is I don't care: I'm in the middle of having sex and dangerously close to my second release. Jamie is grunting desperately, and I know he could blow at any second, so I tear my thoughts away from this odd development and give him my all, praying that he can hold back a few moments longer, grinding against him in such a way that I feel my clit rub against his bulging shaft. I can feel his dick stroking my g-spot from this position too.

It turns out he was able to do just that, and I manage to climax just after he does, crying out as I feel him tense up inside of me, both of our bodies straining as he deposits his genetic information into me. I'm on the pill of course, so no worries there, but for several minutes I forget all about anything but the incredible all-encompassing satisfaction that is flooding over me. My pussy explodes like a bomb, and I feel as though I'm drowning in a sea of happiness as I lay there forever with Jamie collapsed on top of me, but alas it was not to be.

Jamie jerks, startled out of what would have been a wonderful post-sex-coma.

"What was that?!" he asks, jumping. "Something just touched my leg!"

"Like what?" I ask dopily. I'm still glowing from my twin orgasms. Jamie's dick is still throbbing radiantly within my loins.

“That!” says Jamie, alarmed. He sits up, sliding out of me deliciously, and I fall backwards onto my ass.

But I don’t fall down on my ass. I fall down on my tail.

I leap up out of the bed, and the tail follows me. I spin rapid circles and it trails behind me.

It’s black, scaly, and reptilian. It matches my panties perfectly... in fact its growing out of them!

My first reaction is of course to take off the panties.

“What’s going on?” asks Jamie loudly, panicking.

“I don’t know!” I shout back, fumbling with my fingers to remove the panties. This has gone straight from fun to scary. “Help me!”

Jamie gets to his feet immediately, and rushes over to help me remove the black snakeskin, his erection still stiff and demanding against all odds, but I don’t give it a second thought.

“I can’t get it off!” I cry, panicking.

“Don’t worry,” Jamie reassures me, exploring the boundaries between my waist and the leather. “It looks like it melted to your skin or something.”

“What!? Leather doesn’t melt! And what about this?” is ask gesturing to my tail. I accidentally knock a lamp off a nightstand, the slender appendage moving like a bullwhip.

“I don’t know,” he admits, “Just help me get this off you.”

I nod my head, not trusting myself to speak. Then a strange pang hits my lower belly.

“Oh!” I say in surprise, then feel a flush of heat like a furnace. “Oh God I feel really funny,” I breathe.

“Where?!” he asks, alarmed.

“Oh make it stop!” I cry, crossing my legs as my knees nearly give out. “What’s happening to me? My puss-AH!?”

“Try to hold still.” he says calmly, then grabs hold my wrists and pulls my hands away from my pussy.

“Somebody please help me!” I beg, tears forming in my eyes as I struggle in Jamie’s grasp. “Oh GOD JAMIE MY PUSSY! IT FEELS SO-ARGH! HOLY HELL!”

But Jamie freezes, and as I look down at myself I freeze too.

My pussy... it looks like it's joined seamlessly with the panties, my skin has fused with the black, scaly leather, but moreover: it doesn't look human anymore.

"What the hell is that?" I whisper, shaking with desperate need. I need to fuck someone *now*! How can I be this horny!?

But before both of our eyes it changes further. My pussy is changing!!

My eyes widen in denial as I watch my pussy change shape, the feeling of which only drives my mind deeper into the thralls of maddening horniness. My pink flesh poofs up and pushes the slit in the scales farther and farther apart until I'm splayed wide by involuntary muscles and my sex paints an easy target against the black leather. My clit disappears altogether, and my vaginal canal moves from the bottom to the middle, puckering tightly, becoming a bulls-eye almost impossible to miss. Slick, sweet smelling fluids begin to gush from me and I cry out breathlessly as convulsions rack my body, but I don't dare touch it to satisfy the burning need that is even now growing beyond anything I have ever known. My entire body begins to ache for sexual release from this agony. I fall backwards onto the bed, my legs splayed wide, my tail snapping back and forth, and I can only gasp over and over for breath. What is this thing!?!?

"Ah!" shouts Jamie, but not because of me. He's stopped paying attention to me entirely in fact, and I look up from my warped body to see the reason why.

His dick, still glistening from our sexual fluids, is rampantly erect, and he's clutching it as if in pain.

"Holy Fuck!" he shouts, groaning as I see his dick visibly swell a little bigger as blood engorges him member further. His manhood swells again before both of our eyes.

"I can't make it stop!" he shouts at me. Then falls to his knees as his dick pulses again.

"Aaargh!" he yells, clutching his man-hood. Already it's an inch longer than it should be. "Oh my GOD WHAT THE HELL?!"

I'm on the verge of a breakdown. My pussy feels so... and I'm... and Jamie is... I can't stand it!

"Jamie!" I practically scream. "I need you to fuck me!" This impossible lust is beyond anything I have ever known. I'm being driven insane by my own body!

"Are you kidding?!?" he shouts back, groaning through clenched teeth as his dick throbs steadily, and with each throb his dick visibly lengthens. It's already an inch longer than it ought to be.

“Do I look like I’m kidding?!” I scream back at him.

He looks up at me and sees that my skin is starting to turn black, and scales are starting to spread outwards from where my panties and bra were, although both no longer exist. All that remains is my scaly skin, vibrantly hot and sensitive, as my pussy practically screams at my brain that it needs sex. I reach down and try desperately to masturbate... but without a clit I quickly find that I can’t stimulate myself to orgasm this way, and my fingers are far too small to orgasm through penetration. I’m shaking with frustration as I try to find a way to satisfy myself while I watch Jamie have his troubles of his own.

I said before that Jamie was already a massive eight inches big in the bedroom. He definitely never left me wanting...

But now his dick is exceeding ten inches, and it’s still growing!

Jamie falls onto his ass as the changes start to become more physical. The head of his dick rapidly flattens, his glans disappearing, forming a sharp, clean angle. As it grows further in length the shaft changes shape too, becoming perfectly smooth and graceful.

When his dick has become a ridiculous 12 inches long, however, things start to accelerate. The very tip of his dick turns pitch black, and the unnatural color spreads down the skin of his manhood until it reaches his balls and his groin. It stops before it spreads to his legs or past his waist.

But his balls... they practically explode in size, each quickly becoming the size of tennis balls. Agony is written plainly on Jamie’s face, but it’s not due to pain. His dick has never in his life been this hard... and now he feels a gentle yet unstoppable pressure on his now enormous balls as his now black ball-sack starts to tighten with no signs of stopping.

The wrinkles disappear from previously loose skin, and very quickly the pressure becomes a tad more than just a bit uncomfortable, his balls being squished up against his body by his gradually constricting nut-sack, when out of no-where he finds unexpected release as one of his balls disappears up into his body with a gentle pop.

“AH!” shouts Jamie, more out of surprise than anything else. His dick is now nearly 14 inches long, but he doesn’t even notice.

His scrotum tightens further until his second nut follows suit. He can still feel them both, large and in charge deep within his belly, but no longer does he have anything to scratch down there but an elephantine shaft and a patch of smooth, taut skin where once his balls hung.

Meanwhile my own changes hadn’t stopped either. My entire body is being invaded by the black scales, and other things are changing too. I’m growing bigger, my hands and feet are transforming into claws,

my tongue has already become long, thin, and bright red, my teeth are multiplying and becoming ideally suited for killing and eating meat. I can feel my insides twist and churn as they too change.

And all the while my desperate need only becomes stronger, overwhelming my intelligent thoughts with animalistic ones. I do my best to drown them out, but at this rate I need to do something. My pussy is practically on fire between my legs, and I'm so wet I could scream.

And Jamie just sits there as his dick just keeps getting bigger like some sort of nightmare. I'd guess it's longer than 16 inches now, and still going strong.

I need that inside me.

The bed groans as I crawl off of it, my steadily increasing bulk already too much for it. The floorboards are of like mind.

Jamie appears to be out of it, but he suddenly looks up with a half pained/half amazed look on his face, and manages to stand up as well.

Suddenly, despite the power our bodies is currently wielding against us, we both become very clear headed.

My pussy drips onto the carpet, and I laugh. My voice is growing deeper now, but also softer and clearer. My voice has notes of power. I hadn't noticed that my face has changed shape, nor that my neck is now rather long and flexible, but I notice now.

"I think you're turning into some sort of dragon," Jamie says rationally, also laughing.

"Mmmhmmm," I agree, ducking my head underneath my hind leg and licking tenderly at my wetness. I taste rather sweet actually.

"Can you still talk?" he asks.

"I think so," I chirr... although my words don't come out right. In fact, I find that I can't speak a word of English anymore... but at least I can still understand it.

"Ah, so we can speak some other language now then?" he answers back to me in the same way I spoke to him. "That's cool."

"Can't we analyze this later?" I ask. His dick is now over 20 inches long, and, amazingly, still growing like a sprout. I'm going to need every inch of it though, since I'm even now having trouble fitting inside the bedroom. Two extra arms have grown out of the bone and muscle of my back, strong leather webbing

having formed between their finger bones to form gigantic wings, but I don't even bother trying to use them right now. I'm still gaining weight like nobody's business.

"I think I'd like to analyze this now," he says, backing up a little.

I step down off the bed, the floor groaning as I continue to grow larger. I'm now the size of a small horse.

"And I'd really like to have sex now," I reply, strolling towards him.

"But you're some sort of dragon... and look at my dick!"

"I'm looking..." I reply licking my lips and sauntering closer.

"Hey. No. Bad dragon. We need to be rational right now."

"I'm through being rational for the moment," I answer, squatting low and wiggling my butt in the air as I prepare to pounce.

His dick, now just a tad over two feet long, swings from side to side as he leaps out of the room, and I pounce just a millisecond after. The doorframe is too small, but after some pushing and squeezing (and some splintering of the door frame) I bound out into the hallway in chase.

He doesn't get very far. I tackle him into the couch, knocking both it and him over.

"C'mon," I hiss with a grin. "You know you want to too."

"Yea," he agrees, his dick is massive now. He could put a horse to shame. Nearly two and a half feet.

He catches me by surprise though when he headlocks me and throws me to the side. I never knew he was *that* strong... but then again I never actually wrestled with him before. I probably weigh nearly 500 pounds now, but he moves my weight around like an expert.

He manages to dash out the back door, which is ultimately his last mistake of the night. It turns out I'm much faster than him on open ground.

"Gotcha!" I squeal as I tackle him again, then pin him by the shoulders. I'm far too heavy for him to even try to throw me off, and his dick is now a ridiculous three footer... half as tall as Jamie himself, and thick as a mooring rope. Steam is rising off his big, black dick as if it were made of hot iron, and I myself am rather... steamy in certain places.

I wrap my tail around his thick shaft and guide it to me, and Jamie finally stops struggling.

“Aw hell, who am I kidding?” he says, submitting, but I don’t even hear him as I lower myself down onto him, sighing with the sweetest relief all the way.

And oh god what relief it is! I nearly crush Jamie under my body weight as I just melt on top of him. His three foot long dick hilted me slowly as he stretches me wide. I could cry it feels so good.

Again, Jamie surprises me with his strength as he lifts me up, then once again throws me to the side, but this time he rolls with me and we stay connected.

It’s as if all the strength has left my body as I lay limp on my back, and now it’s Jamie’s turn to straddle me.

I feel I’ve finally stopped growing in size, finally reaching about 800 pounds and am around the size of a small pick-up truck, yet Jamie continues to grow in size within me.

It quickly becomes... almost uncomfortable as his dick thickens and grows, stretching my sex somewhat painfully and penetrating me so deep that Jamie has to lever his entire body weight to continue to hilt me. He finally stops growing at what I later discover to be just over four feet long, and four inches in diameter.

And that’s when the real fucking begins.

Me and Jamie... we’d never done it like this. He ravages me, and I, being an 800 pound monster, ravaged him right back once I could move again. It was crazy.

It was almost like... yea, the sex felt awesome, but for some reason it was taking both of us a massive amount of effort to achieve orgasm. Me less than him admittedly. I managed to orgasm once without him, and by god it was the most unbelievable experience I’ve ever felt. I think part of it is because my pussy is now HUGE.... But also because Jamie’s thrusts were so much more powerful and forceful and his dick was just INCREDIBLE.

He did rather amazing considering it was his first time fucking a dragon... and I did okay too considering it was my first time BEING a dragon. At some point he ended up screwing me from behind: him standing up and thrusting wildly with his hands gripping my waist powerfully and me pushing back against him.

It was when *he* was starting to approach climax, however, that things started to get a little more intense.

“Oh god Jamie don’t stop doing that...” I moan in ecstasy as he furiously pounds my vent.

Jamie just grunts desperately as things reach a crescendo between us, but he still needs to make that last effort.

It was hardly noticeable at first really, just an odd swelling at the base of Jamie's penis, but it just keep growing!

"Hey Jamie?!" I ask slightly nervously. "What is that?"

It's popping now as he slides in and out of me. It's starting to become unpleasant. Sex is one thing: but this is altogether new.

But I don't have time to do or say anything as the bulge pops inside of me one last time... and doesn't pop back out.

"Ow!" I cry as it continues to swell, doubling in size in a matter of seconds. "Jamie stop you're hurting me!"

"Oh Jesus..." he moans, his knot expanding within me at an exponential rate. My tight flesh is stretched farther and farther. Very soon I won't have any more give in me, and then things will *really* start hurting.

My flesh stretches like taffy around his expanding orb of rock-meat, and my body is impaled upon his incredibly long and hard dick. I find that I can't move my body freely.

"Oh god what is happening!" I cry. To my disbelief, on top of Jamie's knot swelling up like balloon inside of me I can feel my pussy lips shrinking around the still rapidly engorging knot. The sensation is beyond belief. It's like I'm shrink wrapping his dick with my pussy. There ain't no way he's pulling out of me now.

"Oh god Tania! I'm gonna blow! Oh God I'm not wearing a condom!"

For a second I don't get what he means. I'm on the pill aren't I?

But wait.... what if the pill doesn't work on dragons? Jamie has what I can only assume to be a fully functioning dragon dong, buried deep within my folds and locked tight inside my body. He can't pull away, and with my tight pussy enveloping his manhood it's only a matter of time before nature finishes what we've started.

"Jamie! Listen to me! You've got to relax! DON'T CUM INSIDE ME!"

"I don't think I can stop it Tawny..." Jamie exclaims. "God stop moving!"

I freeze, and so does Jamie. We can both feel our heart beats through each other's skin, each pulse causing our sexes to pound in a staccato rhythm.

"Oh Jesus..." he moans.

“Don’t you dare!” I cry.

His knot swells a little further.

“I can’t hold it back,” he says, almost in disbelief.

“You better notaaaaaaaahhhhhrrrrggh!!!!”

I had been so worried about Jamie that I had neglected to notice my own body until it was too late. The gradual swelling of Jamie’s knot (only now slowing down as it has reached the size of cantaloupe), has been triggering an avalanche of sensation from my very sensitive and overstretched pussy. It finally pushed me over the edge, and my mind reels as I experience my second orgasm as a dragon... only this one is far more intense than the first. My eyes roll up inside my head as I crouch low, raising my ass in the air. The dragon part of my brain want’s Jamie’s seed to flow directly into my womb, even without the human part of my brain understanding it. All I know is that I’m experiencing mind blowing ecstasy and Jamie is roaring like a demon behind me as I feel his dick pulse powerfully within me, then flood my body with his molten hot seed.

It goes on for minutes. Him screaming like the incredible hulk, me roaring and wailing. Midway through the marathon orgasm I come a bit to my senses and balk at what is happening. Oh god if I get pregnant... But such thoughts are washed away in a sea of bliss.

I’ve never before felt so satisfied by a fuck. Nothing I have ever known could compare to it. As our bodies wind down to a finish, and the last drops of Jamie’s ample semen is emptied into me, we collapse to the ground entirely spent. My long tail twitches in a happy way. Jamie lets out a long sigh.

“What the fuuuuuuuuck,” he groans after an indeterminate amount of time has passed. The sun has long since risen. I just thank my lucky stars that our backyard has a privacy fence... although our neighbors have got be wondering what all that racket was.

“Ditto,” I murmur.

The shock is just now starting to hit us both. Jamie starts giggling.

“Just what’s so funny!” I ask sharply.

“I just had sex with a mythical creature,” he snorts, causing his dick to jump inside of me.

“Hey!” I shout.

“Sorry!”

We lay there a little longer in the shade of the house as the sun rises higher in the sky. The cool grass feels good and I claw at it with my talons. I have sharp black claws that could tear through steel now, and I flex them experimentally.

"I really need to get ready for work," Jamie says, moving as if to get up.

"Good luck with that-" I snort back, since his dick and my pussy have as of yet shown no signs of releasing each other. However, I am surprised to find myself rising to my feet involuntarily as Jamie stands up.

"Weird..." he says scratching his chin, then experimentally turns around. I find myself unable to resist accommodating him.

"Hey!" I protest. "What are you doing to me?"

"Don't know. Shall we try to separate each other on our own, or shall we pay that shop keeper a visit?"

"Maybe we should just wait and see if it fixes itself?" I ask, but Jamie just starts walking forwards towards the house and I can't help but be compelled to do so with him.

"This sucks," I pout. "How come you can make me do stuff?"

"No idea." He replies, forcing me to squeeze through our double-wide back doors and into the living room. "But if I had to guess I'm thinking an evolutionary solution to us being tied together like this. Forces one to follow the other, and I guess the male is dominant. Just a survival trait."

"That is so unfair!"

"Sometimes life is funny like that... think you can fit through that hallway?"

"You're kidding right?"

"Though so. My clothes are in the bedroom, could you be so kind as to see if your tail will reach around the corner?"

"Yea, sure..." I say, but already my body is moving without my permission. I turn around, back up as far into the hallway as far as I can, then start feeling around inside the bedroom for Jamie's clothes.

The look on my face tells Jamie everything.

"Interesting... vocal commands work too."

“This had better be temporary,” I grumble, feeling around for his pants. I find them, hand them to Jamie, and start feeling around for more of his clothes while he puts them on. He can’t zip them up (of course), but he can still button them (barely... his dick is freaking massive).

“Which part? The involuntary obedience, the being stuck, or the being a dragon?”

“Do I have to pick?” I find his shirt, then continue my search. I quickly find his shoes and socks, and lastly his underwear (he can’t put them on while we’re knotted like this), and thus somewhat decent looking (so long as you ignore the fact that we’re still technically engaged in sex), he walks back out into the backyard, forcing me to lead of course, and we walk back to the sex store together. We got some weird looks I can tell you.

This dude sure has some explaining to do.

In the end, it turns out that the effects of the panties were irreversible. I temporarily considered mauling the shop keeper, but ended up deciding that I liked what his merchandise did to me.

Me and Jamie were able to separate after about a week of very intimate companionship during which he regularly deposited more of his seed into me about twice a day. It was effectively guaranteed that I would end up egg heavy, and I did.

The involuntary obedience to Jamie only lasted while we were tied together and wore off during the first couple days after separation. Me and Jamie have never been closer.

I met the president twice since then, secretly of course, and have had loads of adventures with Jamie. We even eventually got married and, after about twenty years of waiting my first batch of eggs hatched (two girls and a boy).

As you might have heard dragons are damn near immortal as far as father time is concerned, and Jamie, due to being my mate, would live to see the end of time alongside me so long as he didn’t hurt himself doing something stupid. We have dozens upon dozens more eggs, but they haven’t hatched yet. They might not hatch for centuries yet. We got pretty lucky really with the first batch hatching as early as they did. We still go on regular adventures of course: the kids just tag along. They grow up so fast... although technically it takes dragons thousands of years just to enter puberty. I took one hell of a short-cut there.

According to official press releases and the government I don’t really exist, and that’s the way it ought to be. Only the locals really know anything, and ain’t nobody gonna believe them if they talked about it.

Dragons in suburbia? What a silly notion.