Spinel Ctf absorption

Another day, another giant monster to fight against.

Through the visor she wore, Spinel could see the monster walking towards her from the distance, transmitted from the mech’s visual data. It looked like an overgrown T-Rex with thick legs and relatively short arm-claws; though they still looked capable of tearing down the machine she was piloting with relative ease. From behind, the monster’s thick tail lashed in several directions, tearing down the makeshift barrier-walls and the tall buildings in the city like a gigantic wrecking ball. When the monster screeched, its sound was intense, enough to make her body shake.

On its thickly scaled body, Spinel saw the unmistakable image of the daemonic runes etched onto its scale. The infamous eight-pointed star was among many signs that hurt to look at if stared for too long. Which was the reason why Spinel and the robot she piloted was called in the first place; ordinary weapons could only do so much damage against those empowered by the dark ruinous forces.

Spinel didn’t even flinch at the sight of the monster running amok. The small dots indicated on her sight sensors were probably terrified civilians trying to run away from the scene. Business as usual, she thought.

When the siren rang back on the HQ, she just woke up from her sleep, changed to her pilot suit and then headed straight to the hangar bay. After a few minutes her knight-mech aptly named ‘Lancelot’ was out in the field again, ready to obliterate any daemonic monstrosity that dared to threaten her home planet Ascalon II.

While it wasn’t big as the titan-mech class, the biped robot Spinel piloted was as big as a regular two or three-story building. Having enlarged armor pieces attached to its skeletal structure, Lancelot looked much like Spinel if she was somehow enlarged to size of a giant, having draconic features such as tails and long reptilian snouts. It even possessed wings that could actually lift itself for quite a while.

It was also well armored. Like a gallant knight in shining armor, its shiny blazing red surface was coated with an enchanted steel that could withstand the gigantic monsters claws and corrosive fluids, Lancelot walked with a grace that belied its body parts connected via countless arcano-gadgets. Thanks to Spinel’s latent magical ability, she could steer the robot as if it really was her own body. And unlike other knight-mech, Lancelot was piloted by Spinel alone. Her rapport with the machine was truly amazing; when she was young, Spinel was told by a travelling seer that she ‘would one day become one with the giant’. She took pride in the fact that she was indeed one with her trustworthy knight-mech.

The seer was definitely right, Spinel thought, as she steered Lancelot close into the monster. She was a giant knight fighting off the monster and save the day. The thought excited her, perhaps helping her to savagely attack the monster for her own pleasure and satisfaction. On the mech’s left arm, the huge cannons were already billowing plums of smokes. She had already gave the monster a taste of modern technology by shooting it with the huge bullets specially designed to damage the daemonic giant monsters. A clicking sound told Spinel that the magically crafted ammos had run out, and it would take a while before her magical energy would create new ones to reload.

Meanwhile, the giant lizard monster still stood defiant, thrashing its tail wildly in pain. Several holes were present on its body, bleeding thick black ichor that must’ve been the monster’s blood. The gaps present on its body were closing down. It looked like it was slowly regenerating its wounds.

From the distance, there was a number of infantry and tanks directing their firepower towards the monster. Formidable they were, they alone would not be enough to take down the monster empowered and enlarged by insidious daemonic powers. It would be her task and honor to best the beast in combat to completely shatter the unholy magic that sustained the tormented soul that was currently rampaging through the city.

As the monster rushed towards Lancelot, Spinel too charged forward to take the initiative. Now that her left arm-cannons had done the job of softening up the beast along with the containment force’s fire support, all she had to do was swipe the huge sword Lancelot was holding a few times and give one strong deep thrust to pierce through the monster’s tainted heart. It always worked like a charm; no monster would survive her flourishes.

But then, at the crucial moment when Spinel inside Lancelot saw the beast’s form in close, she faltered, having caught something that she hadn’t expected to see.

The monster hand dangling cock and balls. The former was quite erect and leaking what looked like a pre…even when the monster was still constantly targeted by the containment force’s small-arm fire and occasional tank missile rounds.

“What the…?” Spinel hesitated for a moment. Was she really seeing what she thought was seeing? How did she not see that before? For a brief moment Spinel wondered whether the monster had ‘charmed’ her to see illusions. Spinel closed her eyes momentarily and took a deep breath. The practiced meditative procedure that lasted no more than a fraction of a second had an instant calming mind.

But when Spinel opened her eyes, the thing was still there on the monster’s groin. Two swollen balls and erect penis swinging comically in mid-air, continuously leaking viscous white fluid. She thought she could somehow hear a large splattering sound as a large goo descended and splattered against the ground, leaving a slimy mess. Those unfortunate folks who happened to be near the vicinity screamed as their entire body was covered in sticky stuff.

Clearly the daemonic influences were becoming weirder and more obscene. The last monster she killed didn’t possess so pronounced genitalia. Though that didn’t affect Spinel much. A little bit, yes, as she was distracted, but it was not like she would be fazed by the sight and fail to kill the monster. That thing did not arouse her a bit. She could instantly focus back on killing the creature. Spinel grinned. Perhaps a kick to the monster’s groin would break its posture and make it groan under her. Another savage pleasure to satisfy her usually repressed draconic instincts.

That sight doesn’t affect me. She told herself. But her smile faded immediately when she found out why Lancelot’s right arm wasn’t moving as she moved her own arm.

Where the robot’s arm should’ve been, there was nothing. It was gone while she literally blinked. She didn’t even feel the part getting severed; though skilled pilots like her learnt to minimize the damage that was done to their body when the mech got damaged, she should’ve at least felt some discomfort around her arms.

Multiple error and warning screens appearing on her visor interface, but it was too late. Her mech’s software was too slow to follow what was actually happening to the robot. The monster moved in a blindingly fast speed that was undetectable to both the mech’s sensors and Spinel’s own.

In an instant Spinel heard a loud crashing sound. Her cockpit shook violently as Lancelot, now deprived of its left leg, fell to the floor; it was not the monster, but her own mech that now sprawled on the floor. Thanks to the cockpit’s protective layer the red draconian was relatively unharmed. But then the monster easily shredded Lancelot’s chest armor with its claws, confirming Spinel’s fear that unless she escaped from the machine, she would likely to meet a similar fate.

At least the evacuation process worked like a charm. After Spinel had spoken the relevant activation code, her seat shot up in the air. The thrusters were working as they should’ve been. She could see the wrecked Lancelot beneath her and the monster keep stomping the machine, probably out of anger and frustration. The sight saddened her, but at least she was still alive and unharmed. Mechs took lot of time to be built and repaired, but losing it was definitely preferable to losing an experienced mech pilot like her. Since the monster was busy venting out its rage upon Lancelot, Spinel could land somewhere safely using the parachute and call for a backup.

Or so she had thought. Like moments ago when the monster ripped out the knight-mech’s arm, it suddenly moved one of its arm in an instant, capturing Spinel inside its front paw.

“Hey! What the hell?” Spinel shouted, but the firm grip reminded her that she should stay quiet. She felt her bones were almost being crushed. Thankfully, when she screamed, the beast relaxed its grasp, allowing her to relax a bit by panting heavily and trying to breathe as if she had just came out of a water after being nearly drowned. From her high-held position, Spinel could see the people pointing at her. She felt humiliated to be seen in such a state; like a damsel in distress caught by a monster.

But she was to be humiliated more so than she could imagine. After scooping up her its face, the monster licked Spinel with its long tongue, slathering her with its thick drool. Spinel could sense the daemonic taint gnawing at her consciousness as the liquid seeped inside her body. Not to mention it felt uncomfortably dirty as well.

Spinel tried to contact the HQ with her portable radio, but all she got on her earpiece was a hissing static. And the transmissions she overheard from the mech before it was destroyed told her that the ground forces weren’t faring too well; most of them were occupied with trying to escape from the building rubbles the monsters torn down when it was thrashing madly in pain.

The beast was in pain…or was it? The stench coming from below reminded Spinel of its massive penis. The smell was very musky and thick. The odor wasn’t outright bad, but it wasn’t much pleasant to smell it either. Steams rose from its groin. Obviously as a monster it wouldn’t have to keep a sense of personal hygiene…

What would the beast do to her? While the powerful smell clung to her and had created a somewhat bearable yet still unpleasant thick fog around her body, Spinel was firmly held by the monster’s front paw. Thankfully despite its wicked sharp claws, the monster delicately held her. It didn’t suddenly squeeze her body and make it pop; nor did it suddenly decide that she would be tasty and proceed to gulp her down to its huge maw and through its gullet. Spinel had heard about the grisly fates of the unfortunate pilots who met their end while fighting the giant monsters.

But it was evident the beast simply had no intention of letting her go. She kept struggling as best as she could, trying not to rouse the monster too much at the same time. But its grip didn’t falter at all.

Her questions were to be answered soon enough; the beast after licking her for a while snorted, the hot steamy halitosis directly touching her and tickling the draconian a bit. The breath reeked of its strong odor. It wasn’t poisonous, but it blasted with a hot and sticky breath was enough to make Spinel’s head dizzy. She nearly passed out, only to be awakened by an increased musk pumping inside her nostrils, forcing her to cough violently.

But Spinel felt…oddly relaxed? The monster’s grip had lessened considerably. She could try to run away, and she should…but her body didn’t move, this time by her own command. The smell was too great. She felt she would throw up, but her body felt more at ease. Her will and strength faded away like an ice melting in a warm spring sun.

Her body relaxed more as her pussy started to leak her feminine juice, wetting the beast’s paw. It growled; to Spinel it sounded like the beast was laughing. Soon the monster’s snout pressed into her wet folds, and soon after the tip of its tongue entered her tight slit, making her moan uncontrollably.

The beast knew that she was getting turned on. After ripping the uniform part around her crotch, the monster’s sharp teeth was careful not to harm her sensitive folds. Only its tongue entered her and moved inside her, swirling its long prehensile appendage and moving all the way up to nearly the entrance to her cervix. It went deeper than any male cock that had penetrated Spinel’s insides. And it certainly felt incredible.

Spinel unknowingly spread her legs wide as to make the beast gain better access to her. She didn’t care that there were people watching from below. Their shouts and pleas fell on deaf ears, both to Spinel and the monster alike.

Even the containment forces watched in shock, unaware of what to do now that Spinel was effectively taken hostage by the monster. They dared not to risk losing her by enraging the monster with their weapons. But with her legs spread open wide and her body quivering and making lustful moans, Spinel looked more like a willing pervert fitting for the monster’s depraved public wanton display.

She should’ve fought back. Spinel knew others were watching. The fact that the monster could kill her at any moment was not lost upon her. It just didn’t seem that important. Her body responded vigorously to the monster’s overpowering scent. It was creating a thick layer of mist around her, clouding her sight as well as her judgement. And with the monster’s tongue entering more of her fold and stretching her vagina beyond normal proportions, it was hard for her to think properly.

While she was lost in the pleasure, the beast lowered her to its crotch. It could sense the draconian’s growing lust. She would be fitting for him. Its twisted mind could already imagine what wonderful addition she would make to its body.

It took a while for Spinel to realize where the beast was taking her with its hand. When she turned her head sideways, she saw a large agape slit at the front. From the gap flowed sticky glue-like substance. The slit was actually connected to a large round and smooth surface, which was as big as her entire upper torso and was connected to long tubular flesh covered in wrinkly skin. On its surface were several pulsing veiny lines.

Below the cylindrical appendage, there were two heavy round objects that dangled beneath, sprouting several strands of curvy black hairs covering its crinkled surface. It churned and sloshed as full of liquid, and Spinel could actually see through its relatively transparent skin a great pool of whitish liquid that moved inside the two orbs.

There was no doubt what Spinel was looking at the moment. She was too shocked to say anything. The profoundly thick musk emanating from the monster’s groin overcrowded her sense of fear and disgust. It smelled bad…in a good way, like the smell of a fermented stuff that one couldn’t help but to keep smelling in shame. It was very addictive, making her wanting to breathe more of the stuff.

After basking in its smell for several minutes, Spinel was now more used to it though, taking a deep breath and inhaling the intoxicating fragrance. Her body shivered and her pussy came again just from the smell alone. Her hands were starting to fondle her sensitive body parts; one hand was pinching her nipples, while the other was furiously rubbing her clitoris, spraying more of her juice inside the beast’s hand.

Then the monster just shoved her right unto its massive cock. The shock of colliding into the monstrous meat actually hurt Spinel physically as she was slapped by the thick meat. The pain was short though, immediately followed by a stronger dosage of the gross but musky addictive groin stench.

Being so close with the monster’s cock, Spinel’s face was liberally smeared with the monster’s cum and pre, which then flew downwards to wet her entire body. She was getting a very messy facial…though it was more like ‘being covered in cum from head to toe’. Her sleek scales didn’t allow cum to stick to the surface like a regular fur, but some of the cum did seep into her scale. From her inside Spinel could sense the heat growing, both physical and the conceptual one fueling her desire. She wished she could take off her clothes. The tight uniform she wore felt extremely itch to her skin that had become much more sensitive. The mere presence of a thin layer over her skin made her blush furiously.

Her pussy too had changed quite considerably as a result of the monster’s tongue entering her folds and applying its infectious saliva directly inside her inner flesh. Her folds had become more wrinkled and more stretched out. Gone was her relatively soft pink vaginal flesh that retained a pristine untouched slit-like look despite her repeated mating with the males and the dickgirls back in the HQ. Her vaginal flesh’s color had become darker, while the flesh itself was looser. The hole had been permanently enlarged so that through the agape slit her inside would be always visible.

She had no time to ponder upon the changes and their ramifications; at the moment the monster was rubbing its cock all over her. Her entire body was in contact with the huge meat, which had grown its length a bit more as the monster used Spinel as a live slippery flesh object for frottage. The monster groaned as if in pleasure, and soon more cum spurted out from the tip of its cock, the creamy substance falling over the draconian and then splattering on the ground below. People screamed in horror and disgust, with some even calling her out, but Spinel was too busy focusing on her own pleasure to notice what was going on down below.

The angry yelling sound did bring some of her senses back. She should escape…right? Spinel could feel some of the monster’s cum entering her body. Her tongue tasted a creamy and sticky fluid entering her mouth then to her neck. A bump visibly formed on her neck as she was forced to drink cum that kept flowing out from the monster’s throbbing meat. Her widened vagina felt really empty; she could push her entire fist and arm inside there! Her hands were gripping the vaginal flesh, making her gasp. Why didn’t it hurt, but felt good instead? She couldn’t’ stop moving her arm inside her vagina, which was sleek with her juice.

What am I doing? Spinel thought. She was supposed to kill the monster, not be molested by it! And yet here she was at the mercy of the creature, whose grip could end her life any moment…

That was how she was beginning to justify her behavior. I’m…I’m just trying to buy time. She thought. It was a good convenient excuse. Better to continue live then to be dead, right? A skilled pilot as her shouldn’t be dead. Survival comes first…

That was what she kept telling to herself as the monster began to act more aggressively towards her. All the more reason to follow to its whim, Spinel thought. After covering her body in its cum, the huge lizard was now forcefully trying to insert its cock to her agape mouth. The potent musk was nearly overwhelming, threatening to completely drown her sanity and make her a slave to its cock in an almost literal sense.

Perhaps she could use that to her advantage; while her current situation was quite, the monster looked like it would continue to use her to sate its pleasure. While it was lost in its lust, she could try to use her own magic to inflict some terrible damage… After all, if it was a living creature, then damaging its groin would surely hurt a lot. Spinel felt her confidence slowly returning. So Spinel opened her mouth as wide as she could. Her lust was definitely making her want this, at least partially. All the better than; it was killing two birds with one stone.

All of her confidence and reassurance evaporated in an instant the moment the monster inserted its cock inside her mouth.

“…!” Spinel couldn’t even scream. It was huge. Really, really huge. The extraordinary size of the monster’s cock was definitely more than she could handle. She felt her mouth getting stretched to the maximum. She even thought it was going to rip apart sideways, but thankfully the monster didn’t force that hard. When she whimpered, the monster actually held back, allowing her to take time to adjust to the massive meat that was inside her.

Clearly the monster had more cunning than she had previously thought….though that didn’t stop it from roughly facefucking her with its cock. The strong smell and the thick member filling her mouth made her nearly gag. Tears formed on her eyes: not out of sadness nor because of pain, but due to the extreme stretching sensation she was currently experiencing around her mouth.

To not to suffocate or have her jaw dislocated, Spinel had to take it in, according to the relatively gentle manner the beast was inserting its cock inside her oral passage. Now the monster’s cum was directly deposited unto her, and she had to keep swallow the fluid. The taste was very salty and so thick Spinel wondered whether it would cling and block her neck… She frantically had to gulp down cum not to be overwhelmed by the monster’s seemingly endless ejaculation.

She was ashamed to admit that her mouth getting filled was starting to feel pleasurable. It hit all the right spots, the extreme length and girth making her feel very bestial. Her nipples were quite erect. The disgustingly heavenly smell clung to her, further draining her resistance.

Those below the ground could see how the monster was using Spinel to pleasure itself. They noticed something strange starting to happening, and shouted. Some even took out their phones and started to record Spinel getting molested by the giant lizard. Both of the participants didn’t seem to mind, too engrossed in the mutual pleasure they were feeling.

Through Spinel’s mouth, the monster’s cock was going in continuously, somehow without ripping apart Spinel’s mouth or bursting her neck. The draconian’s body was adjusting to the massive girth and length it was taking: first it was her mouth was stretched to the maximum with no sign of closing down; like her pussy, the skin on her lips was to become very loose. Then her neck was actually growing to accommodate more of the monster’s cock.

Spinel felt the changes happening. With her mouth entirely plugged with the huge cock, she couldn’t say anything but writhe in the perverse pleasure that was constantly hammering upon her. Her empty lengthened passages were immediately filled by the monster’s cock going deeper inside her. Draconians were known to have long necks, but hers was now more like a creature of its own. Like a long slithering snake it moved, filled completely with the monster’s flexible cock that bended as her neck did so. As it grinded her inner fleshy walls, Spinel felt like it was scratching all the itchy spots that was developing inside her. Without the monster’s cock, she would now be unable to satisfy those places.

And before Spinel could do anything, the monster came. Her neck instinctively tightened around the cock; her inner neck muscles were working like vaginal tissues squeezing down the meat and trying to milk out cum. Her body followed its natural instinct of wanting to feel more pleasure, fueled by the unnatural sexual molestation Spinel was receiving. Against her better judgement, her neck relaxed more and allowed more of the cock to enter her depth, stimulating the monster’s cock by making her passage impossibly tight.

Again, Spinel couldn’t say anything. The pleasure was too great, and her neck was entirely filled with cum blasting from the monster’s cock and directly going inside her body. A very visible gulp appeared on her neck and travelled all the way downwards to her stomach. Several more bumps followed, extending her stomach in an instant like she had suddenly few months pregnant.

Like a torrent the monster’s cum rushed inside Spinel’s body. She tried very hard to swallow, but it was too much. The lizard’s balls were pumping out all the stored cum ever since it had been twisted to become enlarged by the daemonic influence. Soon cum poured out from Spinel’s nostrils. She tried to cough, but found out she couldn’t since her mouth was completely filled with the cock. Inside her neck cum overflowed aplenty.

Muffled sounds came out from her mouth. Spinel thought she would throw up. Only the excessive amount of cum going inside her prevented that; the monster’s cum managed to forcibly push the regurgitated fluid and force Spinel to feel the bitter taste and feeling of having to swallow what had been inside her body for a while.

Disgusting, absolutely disgusting. That was what Spinel was thinking. But her body was reacting very differently, betraying her last remaining sense of decency. Her swollen belly heaved with all the cum that was flowing inside her. It ballooned outwards with no sign of stopping. When Spinel tried to look down, Spinel couldn’t see her lower part, her line of sight obstructed by her huge fat belly. It took a while to get used to her unusually long neck as well; it was disorienting to see her body so far up from her face.

If she thought the beast’s ejaculation would be lessened after a few minutes, she was gravely mistaken. She gulped and gulped vast amount of cum that would’ve normally made her suffocate from extreme intake of liquid. But her changed neck could take it all, though at the cost of making her body more susceptible to the daemonic energy that constituted the monster.

Spinel’s belly growled. Something was happening, though Spinel couldn’t tell exactly what. Her inner passages where the monster’s cum had flown, strange changes started to happening. Cum started to flow inside her body through her veins, further spreading the corruption. The organs touched by the seeping cum started to mutate, turning into gland sacs that would fill her body with more cum, now produced from her body. Her body structure started to become a lot simplified as well. Her intestines straightened as to make cum easily flow from top to bottom.

The process was slow at first, but Spinel could feel something wrong with her body. Suddenly it felt more soggy and heavier with all the newly produced cum forever staining her. She heard and felt sloshing liquid flowing inside her…and it was definitely not blood.

What was awaiting her, Spinel was yet to know. But the beast knew. It sensed her body smelling more and more like its own-very musky cum smell that was capable of literally creating a thick foggy mist around her, steam rising over her hot body. The fire inside the draconian was more than a metaphorical one; her body temperature was actually rising. Droplets formed on her scales like she was heavily sweating.

When she thought she couldn’t take it anymore, Spinel felt something coming out from her pussy and anus. All the cum gathering around her belly was probably pushing out what was inside her stomach before; Spinel closed her eyes, thinking that she was about to let out her excrement while everyone was watching; why the monster decided not to stomp the gathered onlookers below, she could not tell. Or was it actually trying to humiliate her further by letting others watch the show?

Her questions were left unanswered as her sphincter and vaginal muscles relaxed. Something did flow out from her overstretched hole and her relatively intact anus. She thought she was going to cry, this time out of shame. She was being watched and filmed; how could she go back after this?

But something was off. The stuff coming out from her anus wasn’t really something solid. It was more like liquid. So was she shitting out diarrhea now? Spinel tried to look down below. It was hard as her face and elongated neck was still occupied with the monster’s cock, but she managed to see the white stain that pooled around the beast’s paw that was holding her body.

The pool was white-just like the monster’s cum that was still going inside her.

Spinel thought she was going to faint. She didn’t, of course, the dark energy forcing her to stay awake and feel every bit of transformation happening to her. She wasn’t sure how it was possible, but it seemed like all the cum she was gulping down was coming out from her bottom holes…through her vagina and anus.

Shocked as she was, Spinel didn’t have much time to react. Seeing how its cum flowed from top to bottom as if the draconian’s body, the monster realized that she was ready for the next step. Its perverted mind could already see what she would end up with.

It took a while for the giant lizard to move its cock out from Spinel’s mutated mouth and neck, since her passage was so tight. She was ready for the next step.

With a loud flop sound the still rigidly erect cock came out. From her enlarged mouth the remaining cum came out like a waterfall, dropping on the floor and wetting those who weren’t quick enough to escape. By now even the remaining containment forces had gathered to see Spinel in her predicament.

Spinel tried to say something to the people down below. Her body continued to feel strange as she heard a gurgling sound in her stomach. She was probably mutating. Perhaps they could call in another knight-mech… But her hopes were once again dashed as she felt her something thick unexpectedly entering her vagina. The monster’s cock was inside her body once again, this time the lower part.

“Arrgggh!” Spinel screamed. But the reaction was more psychological than physical. Her swollen and enlarged vagina had no problem admitting the monster’s huge meat. Already well lubricated with the beast’s saliva and cum, it easily slid inside, filling her passage instantly. Her flesh tightened around the meat, trying to squeeze out more cum…

Still her lower belly bulged outwards from the cock entering her. The bump extended all the way just beneath her sagging breasts. How she did not pass out, Spinel wasn’t sure.

The beast moved its hips, hitting Spinel deep with its cock to a place hitherto untouched by any males. The monster’s cock spurted cum every now and then, the feeling of the female’s tight passage too much to bear. Thus its cum now affected Spinel’s lower part as well. Every time the monster came inside her pussy, Spinel’s butt swelled, just like her belly which was storing vast amount of cum. After several ejaculations her fat hips wobbled, each mound as big as her waist.

The mutated glands in her body reacted to the new batch of cum flowing inside her. It started to produce cum at an increased rate, filling her body with more cum. To do so required great amount of energy. Luckily they had plenty of ‘resources’ ripe for conversion.

At first Spinel didn’t pay much attention to the strange feeling around her arms and legs. She was too busy occupied with trying to squirm out from the beast’s cock filling her. But then she felt her arms and legs growing weaker; she couldn’t feel them much.

“What…what is going on?” Spinel shouted, hoping the strange feeling would go away soon. But that wasn’t the case, unfortunately for her. She screamed when she saw her arms atrophying before her very eyes: first her hands shriveled into her palms. Then her palms retreated to her arms, transmogrifying into a short stump. The stump travelled all the way to her ankle, then to her shoulder until her entire arm was gone. All the flesh that suddenly disappeared was converted into a fresh magical energy for her changing body to use: her butt swelled even more, her neck grew longer and her glands produced more cum for her body to store.

Her legs underwent a similar process: her toes would get stubby, then her feet would turn into smooth stumps that kept eating itself until it stopped right below her plump jiggly butt. All the while Spinel didn’t feel any pain…but the shock of losing her entire set of limbs was still there. Devoid of her arms and legs, all Spinel could do was to squirm helplessly. Now all that supported her body was the monster’s cock inside her body. Those below too watched the strange changes, too shocked to say anything. Morbid curiosity held some to stay while others ran away in terror.

“No….no! Why, why!” The sound of her wailing was promptly ignored. The monster kept pushing its cock deep inside her, enjoying the feeling of this female’s passage that was pleasurably tight while large enough to hold its cock. The distance between the root of its penis and her vagina grew shorter with each thrust. Within a few moments her body would actually come in contact with the monster’s heavy testicles bristling with cum, eventually slapping her body with a loud smacking sound.

Like an onahole, Spinel’s limbless body was moved to and fro by the monster. The repeated penetration was promoting another changes unto her body.

“Noooo! No, no….” Spinel could see what was happening. Strange signs were appearing on her body. They hurt to look at. The strange symbols were definitely daemonic, and the implications of them appearing on her body were unmistakably clear.

She was turning into a daemonic creature just like the monster that was fucking her.

But that was not all, wasn’t it? Spinel felt her body tingle. She was growing very itchy. But without her arms and legs, she couldn’t do anything. Moments later the source of the itchiness became clear: thick bushy hair started to grow around her butt. They were curvy too, just like a pubic hair would be.

“No…no…please…this…I…” Spinel watched in absolute terror as the hair continued to grow. Like a thick bush, her butt was covered with multiple strands of hair. They smelled bad, just like the strong musk coming from the monster’s groin. The smell excited her further. She was powerless to fight it.

While her butt was growing pubic hair, her body was starting to fuse with the monster’s groin. Being saturated with the corruptive fluid and daemonic energy had made her body a suitable host for the monster to merge with the monster’s cock.

Spinel knew what was happening. The hair growth was just one step in herself becoming a cock for the monster. A few more especially savage thrust made her butt completely touch the beast’s crotch. She tried to move, but her body felt like it was glued down to the groin. Her butt started to become wrinkly as her scales’ color faded from red to black, becoming exactly like the color around the monster’s genitalia.

She felt something inside her connecting with the monster’s baleful influences. The beast’s muscles and tissues shot out tendrils inside her body, connecting with her own organic structures. Her entire body was getting penetrated by the ropes of tentacles sprouted from the monster, which were then subsequently absorbed into her own body as they were her own. Spinel felt strange liquid pumping inside her as the beast’s blood, chemical and hormones poured inside her body. Her own draconic bodily fluids were quickly corrupted and became just like the monster’s own.

When her neck started to go stiff, Spinel was torn between growing pleasure and extreme terror. There was no denying it now; she was turning into a cock and a set of balls. There was a reason why her plump butt did not disappear along with her legs; she could feel cum starting to accumulate in her bottom as her cum-glands tirelessly produced cum for her body to store. Its surface was all wrinkly now complete with curvy pubic hair as well.

The monster’s cock inside Spinel was blending with Spinel’s body. Her internal structure shifted further. Her respiratory and esophagus were combined into one singular tube for cum and urine to move from the beast’s body to her face that was soon to become the beast’s glans and urethra. The monster’s own nerve systems and blood vessels took over Spinel’s own; they rooted inside Spinel’s body and spread in an instant, dominating her physiological system. Her body was no longer her own, but connected and controlled by the monster. Her pussy ceased to exist as an external hole since her body had merged with the beast’s cock. Even her anus disappeared as new skin grew over the hole; a cock wouldn’t need such exit.

The feeling of being completely filled slowly receded for Spinel. The monster’s cock seemed to vanish inside her. That was true up to a degree, since now she was the monster’s cock.

Even her curvy waistline became ruined as her torso took a cylindrical shape, which was then covered by a new layer of skin that would act as a foreskin to her cock body. Her breasts deflated while her butt swelled, making her chest a flat surface. Veins popped from the layer, making Spinel feel dizzy as the blood rushed from the monster to make her body constantly erect.

Spine’s remaining brain was connected to the beast’s own feral psyche, making her more difficult to think. The word cum, sex, fuck kept ringing inside her addled brain.

From her stomach something shot up; Spinel could feel it. Already her tongue felt the salty taste of her own cum produced within her body. Trying to fight it was no use. When the beast’s paw rubbed Spinel’s cocklike body, cum spurted her mouth as her eyes rolled upwards in a maddening pleasure. Never had she thought cumming with her own mouth did feel so good. Any words she tried to say were converted into mindless gurgles as cum bubbled from her tip.

“Ah….hah….” Spinel never managed to say another word. Whenever she tried to do so, more cum spurted out from her inside, filling her neck in an instant. And all the cum coming out from her mouth was now affecting her face as well. So far it had been the only place that had left unchanged… But that was about to change.

Spinel’s beautiful white hair fell beneath her, strand by strand. It hurt to look at, but another batch of cum blasted form her depth made Spinel cum, turning her attention away from her head that was becoming smooth and glossy. Her horns grew limp, melting and converted as another energy for her body to produce more cum.

“Mmmf….mhph…” With her teeth receding into her gums, and that also transforming into thick inner flesh fitting for the head of the beast’s cock, Spinel could no longer speak. She could still think; her brain remained, albeit in a very corrupted form. The glands were forming even within her brain cells, submerging her brain entirely with her own cum, made possible by the daemonic energy that freely flowed inside her along with the beast’s cum.

The unbearable sensation was too much to bear. Spinel felt compelled to close her eyes, the thick lid shutting forever and never to be opened again. Her sight grew dim, replaced with a hot and musky sensation that was to be her only remaining sensory elements.

With her teeth gone, her tongue melted away to nothingness. Spinel’s mouth became one vertical slit that would function as the beast’s urethra, while her entire face was smoothed out in a sensitive pink glans covered by the foreskin below.

Spinel’s consciousness faded away while the transformations ravaged her body. It became difficult to distinguish between her own terrified and aroused thought and the alien psyche of the monster. With her sight and most of other senses cut off, she had to rely on the monster’s senses… and that made her more dependent on the monster.

But since she was a cock now, that didn’t matter, right? She had truly become one with the giant, wasn’t she? Her rigid body writhed as cum spurted from her urethral mouth. From her inside her mutated glands worked constantly to produce cum and fill her butt-testicles already heavy with the thick whitish fluid. She was now inseparable from the beast. The beast needed its cock to pleasure itself.

And a devious idea formed inside Spinel’s now completely corrupted mind. She could still sense the terrified and shocked people milling around the monster. The truth was that the intense transformation Spinel had undergone had captivated them literally like a charm, making it hard for them to run away.

Sensing its now sentient cock’s corrupted mind, the beast in a quick motion picked up a handful of people that seemed to stand transfixed on the ground. The strong musk was indeed acting like a magical element that made it difficult for those who smelt it to think properly.

Not one of them screamed when they were face to face with Spinel’s gaping urethral mouth, too lost in the beast’s strange musk. To that slit they went in. Spinel’s cock body worked hard to move them inside her testicles. She felt no resistance from them. Their body would provide new fuel for her to produce cum… If she could still speak, she would’ve merely moaned uncomfortably as she felt the humans inside her churning and melting like slime to become cum, sharing the beast’s pleasure. The prophecy was right; she was indeed one with the giant now. And she could guide the monster with her remaining intellect, however twisted it was.