Spinel and Sate Centipede tf

“You sure they’re here?”

Spinel knew that she needed not to hear from her partner to confirm the fact. The abandoned underground passageways reminded her of the perilous and yet equally adventurous wild times of the old, back when she fought with the daemons as a member of the resistance movement.

Now that her world was at least nominally free from the daemonic taint that has plagued the earth for quite a while, such tunnels were quickly abandoned as people returned back to their homes. That proved to be somewhat of an oversight, because the daemons and their monstrous spawns who survived the vengeful purging processes of the humans’ and anthros’ combined forces chose to inhibit these abandoned passageways.

Thus Spinel and Sate found their lives has not changed that much even after the death of the mighty demon lord Urevik; still they were called upon missions upon missions to completely eradicate the last remaining traces of the monsters who fled underground.

“Not ‘they,’ but ‘it’.” Sate said. She closed her eyes, straining to properly scan the place with her magical powers. “I can be sure of that, but with the places having so many corridors and other hidden shortcuts that aren’t even mentioned on the latest updated maps, I can’t pinpoint its exact location.”

Spinel nodded. The labyrinthine structure would’ve looked inviting to the giant centipede monster that they were supposed to hunt and eradicate. Last of its kind, the creature was known for its mating practice infamously known as an ‘assimilation’: the monster would attach itself to a host and then try to merge with him or her, transforming the unfortunate victim into a centipede-like creature and lay more of its kind.

“So that means we’ll have to split up and hunt the creature down. Just like the old times, I guess?” Spinel said.

“Of course.” Sate quickly replied, already holding her staff in her hand, her body tensed, ready to move in a moment.

Both looked each other’s face and grinned. Each dragon’s eyes gleamed with an excitement that was mixed with a bit of mischief. Though no longer being the dragons of the old legend-who walked on four legs and possessed a massive pair of bat-like wings on their back, as well as their reptilian body sporting a massive frame much bigger than the powerful daemons-Spinel and Sate still retained the regal appearance of the ancient creature, enhanced (or tainted as some might say) with humanoid features.

The pair lacked the massive wings of their ancestors, yet their scaly bodies retained most of the draconic features. They both had long and thick reptilian tail capable of smacking unwary foes, as well as long snout and maw filled with sharp tooth capable of tearing flesh in one single bite. And then there were additional ‘assets’ as well, making them more close to humans and other anthros. Spinel and Sate both had a physique that was definitely deemed to be attractive by other humanoid races.

Both dragons had large wobbling breasts that swayed whenever the pair moved, as well as a sizable bubbly butt that begged to be touched and squeezed. On their lower half were thick thighs probably capable of crushing unfortunate (or fortunate, as many might say) victim caught between their tight embraces.

Their scales were not outright hard and spikey. In fact, they were more like soft fur and leather, which was not far from the truth since Spinel and Sate both had a fluff patch of fur right above their breasts. Each dragon’s skin-Spiel in her red blazing ruby color, and Sate in her deep dark purple one-was soft and glossy, pleasant to touch.

The fact that they wore skimpy outfits that looked more suitable for harem girls in front of their master also served to highlight their anthropomorphized assets. The pair was almost nude. Compared to their huge breasts, the tiny bra did nothing to cover their impressive chest mounds, the outlines of the inverted nipples all visible through the transparent clothing.

Then there were their pants, which was actually a patch of loincloths attached to a string around waist and also didn’t help much in covering their private parts. The way the dragons moved was enough to lift the little piece and reveal the two dragons’ deep folds and fat (and yet also muscled) bottom capable of making the viewer salivate.

Actually, only one fold would be visible between the two females, because Spinel’s lower half possessed quite large and bulging male genitalia complete with a cock and pair of plump balls, which swayed lazily under her crotch. Despite it being mostly flaccid at the moment, her cock was noticeable enough to make others uncomfortable, at least those who were unaccustomed to seeing an anthro walking around in nude. Even now it was constantly poking the loincloth Spinel was wearing, creating quite a noticeable bulge.

Their revealing outfit did provide good distractions for Spinel and Sate to take advantage of, so they were fine to travel as such. Their scales were quite resistant to physical cuts and magical spells as well; they weren’t dragons for nothing.

“I’ll take this path.” Spinel said as she finished surveying the room they had just entered. It must’ve been the entrance for the passageway, as there was a big map nailed on right on front of them as well as a sealed door that was surely passable without employing much force, judging by the rusty surface and cracks apparent on the door. The fact that there were slimy green entrails all over the door made it quite obvious that the centipede must’ve taken this place.

“Alright. Then I’ll go this way.” Sate said, glancing at the open space that led to the underground staircase. The green slimes were also present on the nearby walls and the floor as well. “Looks like the bug stayed here quite a while.”

“So you sure there aren’t more than one?” Spinel said, stopping moment before she attempted to open the semi-closed door by pressing the button on the controller. They both knew what they were dealing with. Splitting off meant they could be picked one by one. Just like in the old legends and stories where nobody escaped.

“Absolutely positive.” Sate said in a brisk manner, already having made up her mind. “My readings never fail. If it was, then we wouldn’t be even here. And the man who found the thing turned out to be fine, remember? He said that it just ran away from him. It won’t be much of a harm unless it can find some time and place to nurse its wound. Which is why we should start hunting it now and eliminate the threat once and for all.”

Spinel nodded and shrugged. “Guess you’re right. Let’s still keep in touch, okay?” Spinel closed her eyes, trying to establish the mental link forged between the two dragons. After feeling like she was fumbling inside a dark place, she found the incorporeal ‘key’ that allowed her to communicate her with Sate, sensing the connection between the two again.

*Of course. Make contact every five minutes.* Sate followed suit, already delivering her message via the telepathic passageway in an instant.

Spinel nodded, sending her own message back. *Okay*. *Let’s go.*

*I’m entering a corridor that’s not placed on the map*. Spinel mumbled as she looked at the hologram that was displayed in thin air via her magical energy. An hour had passed since she parted way with Sate. She was tempted to walk faster just so that she could finish exploring this huge place and call it a day.

*Hmm. I think-*

*Hold on.* Spinel stopped as she sensed something. It was a familiar feeling of discomfort. Her scales tingled and her body shivered as if she had just stepped on a foul sludge.

*What is it?*

*I think I’ve just found that centipede monster thingy you were talking about.*

Just as Spinel stepped on this particular corridor, she glanced around, quickly scanning the vicinity for any possible unexpected ambush. So far she hadn’t come across a single living organism while she was exploring the place, but that didn’t mean she could be complacent.

And her caution was rewarded as she found what she was looking for. There it was, right above where she was standing. The corridor she had just entered was dark, but the light from the hallway that Spinel had just left permeated into the location, letting her see various silhouettes of pipelines and machineries. Among the various gadget assortments usually found on underground facilities, there was outline of something vertically long dangling from one of the pipes attached to a ceiling.

*Are you sure?*

*Yeah, definitely.* Spinel said, squinting her eyes to focus so that she could get a good measure of what she was seeing. It looked like a centipede alright, just an oversized one, and a husk that barely seemed alive. The thing had its head with mandibles and long antennae, as well as multiple segments attached to its head. From each segment there sprouted a pair of spikey legs. Just looking at the thing made Spinel shiver, her mind being forced to imagine how it would feel to have that stuff crawling on her skin. She winced a little.

*Oh, and I think it’s dead*. Spinel added, realizing that Sate might wonder how she could deliver her message so casually. She could say that with confidence, because the centipede didn’t drop from the ceiling to attack her as soon as she saw the thing. There was no life energy she could feel anyway. And the fact that its lower half was missing a good indication of its current state. Around what must’ve been its middle part, there were various entrails that faced downwards, dripping some kind of liquid. Spinel moved a back to avoid getting hit by it; the stuff was probably infectious.

*Dead?*

Sate sounded skeptical. Spinel couldn’t blame her. Many adventurers ended their career by a simple ‘play dead’ trick that many monsters liked to employ.

*Its lower part is gone*. *And I can’t sense any life force.* Spinel said via the link between her and Sate. *I can see its inside. Guess after it ran to this place it died soon after. Now how to-*

Spinel never got to finish her sentence, because at that moment the carcass suddenly moved, dropping to her head. She heard a large splat sound, and her head reeled from the sudden shock. Her scales felt the cold hard surface of the creature’s chitin contacting her body.

*Spinel? What’s wrong? Spinel?*

Even as Sate repeatedly called her name, she couldn’t answer back. It took a while for her to realize what was exactly going on. Her head felt dizzy as if she was hit hard on the head; which was partially true as the dead centipede’s body dropped on top of her, making her fall flat on the floor.

Spinel groaned. The pain was receding, but the uncomfortable feeling of something crawling on her scale remained. “Sate!” She shouted, forgetting that she was supposed to send her words via the link and not raise her voice and actually say out loud..

She then felt a sudden probing sensation on her head. Something sharp was trying to pierce her head! Suddenly remembering that something heavy was still on her head, she stood up, trying to push it away.

But it didn’t move. Spinel’s hands touched something rough, and it made her look up. She didn’t scream. Her battle-hardened self remained relatively calm, retaining control of her body. Still, the sight did made her cringe inwardly from disgust. She could see the thing’s mandibles and antenna. There was no doubt the carcass she had seen on the ceiling was now somehow right above her head.

And it was doing something. Spinel sensed her link with Sate was getting disrupted, like someone had suddenly cut off the mental cable maintaining the connection. The bug moved its mandibles to pierce Spinel’s head and inject venom directly inside her cranium. It happened so suddenly. She couldn’t react to its movement. There was a brief pain. The last line from Sate said that she would come to her right way, but she couldn’t send back her reply.

“Hey! Wha..what’s happening?” Spinel shouted. She thought she was going to panic. Perhaps she already was. Something was going inside her head! The carcass was heavy, weighing her head down so she couldn’t easily raise her head. And it no longer seemed like it was dead. It was actually tightening its grip as the soft flesh beneath the chitin started to squeeze around her upper part of the head. More of the bug’s mandible went inside Spinel’s head, the creature carefully maneuvering its grip not to force its appendage inside the captured dragon too quickly and kill her. Slowly it administered a mixture of aphrodisiac and analgesic, preparing the victim for what was to come.

It did work, because Spinel felt her body gradually growing hot. Her arms didn’t respond to her command. She knew the familiar sensation. The flames of passion were forcibly ignited as the strange pheromone ran inside her body, spreading to various parts of her body.

There was a bubbling sound, but Spinel couldn’t’ exactly figure out what was causing them. Behind her back where she couldn’t see, the husk’s entrails which she had seen before was undergoing strange transformations, perhaps fueled by Spinel’s own magical energy reacting to the almost depleted dark energy that once sustained the creature.

Like an extinguished flame suddenly alighted once again after being supplied with new materials to consume, the centipede’s innards regenerated themselves, growing longer as they crept down from Spinel’s head to her back, then all the way down to her butt. The ends of the multiple tendrils swelled into bulbous points that resembled canine knotted penis; it was no coincidence since they were going to serve the same function: penetrating holes of all kind and giving pleasure to the receiver. They even dripped semi-transparent liquid that could very well function as a lubricant to slide themselves easier into the holes.

“Ahhh!” Spinel felt the sticky tendrils touching her ass. The rapidly expanding tentacle-like entrails left slimy trails all over her bottom, and they didn’t take long to find her hole to fill. Multiple tendrils with their cock-shaped ends entered her anus. The slick substance secreted from the tentacles allowed her hole to be easily penetrated without much pain, the tentacles spreading open her hole. Once inside, the tentacles began to move in and out of her anus vigorously, making Spinel moan.

Just as her backside was getting filled, the carcass that now began to feel and taste the potent magical energy was being rejuvenated, immediately realizing that it would have to quickly drain the host’s will further to cease any kind of resistance. More of its decayed body parts began to be converted into long tapered pointed ends, which then quickly latched themselves into the dragon’s body.

Spinel felt the tingling sensation once again, this time feeling on multiple parts of her body. “Arrgh!” She shouted out in frustration. Because of the heavy centipede body pressing her head, she couldn’t easily turn around to see what was going on. The growing pleasurable sensation of getting her ass filled wasn’t helping either. She felt at least three or four thick strands of rope-like tentacles going inside her, exploring her depths and touching places she could only reach by using the most oversized dildo or mating with the most virile stud dragons.

Moans came out from her mouth. The face she made looked exaggerated and comical, like she was trying too hard to show that she was experiencing pleasure. But she wasn’t acting. It did feel genuinely good. Her ass got pounded repeatedly as the tentacles inside her showed no sign of slowing down, ever going deeper with each thrust. They were so thick and long, hitting just the right spot and going deep enough for her to fully experience the feeling of getting filled to the maximum.

She thought she should try to do something, at least attempt to restore her telepathic link with Sate, but as her inside felt the deep probings of the tentacles inside her, her strength quickly drained. She was panting like a dog, and her whole body trembling. Her hands curled into fists as she tried to endure the relentless and yet definitely pleasurable pounding she was receiving.

“Ummm….” Spinel could feel her cock slowly rising from its flaccid state. Some part of her mind tried to remind her that this was how the daemonic monsters took control of its victim, by effectively paralyzing her through sheer sexual pleasure, preparing for the next step.

Which was what the animated centipede husk was doing; while it was using its converted cock tentacles to penetrate Spinel and induce her to a state of mind-numbing haze, its legs that attached themselves to her head was doing something else to continue the assimilation between itself and the host.

Its legs were also transforming, fueled by the magical energy Spinel was unknowingly giving to the bug through the sexual contact established between the two. It was another kind of link that was now being established between her and the bug. The bug’s legs became thinner, becoming syringe-like. While Spinel was half-lost to the orgasm she was experiencing via the strange mating, the sharp needle legs attached themselves around the dragon’s head, plunging beneath her scale at once.

Amidst the continuous pounding and the resulting delightful sensations, Spinel felt something entering her head. Her head felt hot all of a sudden, as the ‘needles’ piercing her scale and reaching her inside injected a particularly viscous substance inside her body. Once it was the centipede monster’s venom designed to melt the victim’s inside; after it was tainted by the daemonic influence, its component changed. Once inside a living organism, the venom would still mess up its inside by melting and damaging the biological components. But now it would also promote growth of new cells in the place of destroyed counterparts, the cells of the centipede monster itself merging with the host that would initiate the assimilation between the bug and the host.

Spinel realized some kind of a venom had now just entered her head. Shrieking in terror and anger, she tried to push the husk that was weighing her down. But again, it didn’t move. Her move only made the monster to tighten its grip on her.

After some useless attempts, Spinel was forced to give up. The intense sensation she was receiving was too much. If it was pain, then perhaps she would’ve been able to endure it. But this kind of strange euphoria was not her body had been accustomed for. None of her mating had been this extreme. Even as she tried to push the thing away with her hand, her cock throbbed despite it being untouched for quite a while. She was getting an erection from the penetration. Her heavy plump balls swayed in anticipation of what’s to come. And her erect cock was swinging on its own, sending signals that the dragon was impossible to ignore.

“Hah….no…ngh…” Slowly Spinel’s hands moved downwards, towards her constantly twitching and spasming penis. Its tip was already leaking pre, now at full mast, reaching a little short of her huge breasts.

She didn’t see another pair of tendrils creeping down on her breasts. And the bug didn’t miss out that opportunity. As the link between the two began to develop further due to the physical proximity between the centipede monster and the dragon, the former could probe the inside of the latter’s head in a very literal sense. Noticing Spinel’s haze-induced desire, the monster lashed out its newly set of transformed tendrils, which latched onto her breasts.

She should’ve fought back. She could definitely do it. The thing that was molesting her-it was just a husk. A long dead thing whose power was nothing compared to Spinel.

Was it, actually? Spinel felt an electrifying sensation as the tendrils fondled her breasts and then tapped her nipples. Some teased her by slightly poking her inverted nipples and going inside a bit. It made her gasp.

And that was the sign the husk needed. It found the dragon’s another weak spot to exploit. Her nipple folds spread easily as the tentacles slid inside them. Once inside, they went in deeper, sending tiny tendrils of their own to attach the cell tissues inside her breasts and start injecting another dose of venom. Inside her nipples, the squirming tentacles spewed out its load, making the dragon’s breasts swell out, some leaking out from the folds and wetting her chest scales. At the same time the tentacles inside her anus blew their own loads as well, coating the dragon’s inside with its highly infectious liquid.

And that was the last straw for Spinel, at least for her cock. With a loud grunt followed by a series of gibberish shouts, Spinel came. It was a huge load, spurting into the air and falling on Spinel and her surroundings. More cum soon came after before Spinel could react to her ejaculation. Euphoric feelings thundered down on her each time she came, her cock spewing out cum like a cannon, making her drenched with her own secretions.

“Ah….damn…” Spinel could only mutter a few words. Her eyes went wide as she inhaled her own potent musk. It must’ve been due to something injected onto her, but her cum smelled incredibly strong, more so than ever. It made her gag and cough, so thick and potent the scent was.

She felt incredibly horny. Despite having just cummed a moment ago, her cock still felt full, as well as her heavy balls. Her male genitalia actually felt bigger and fatter as more cum accumulated in a matter of seconds.

Her body was reacting to the ‘venom’ injected onto her body. Her blood vessels became clogged with the gooey venom, replacing her own natural fluid. But due to its tranquilizing effects, Spinel didn’t feel much discomfort, but only numbing pleasures.

Now that the husk had secured hold of its victim, its tendrils were filled with something else than the potent aphrodisiac venom. If someone from a distance observed what was happening to Spinel, he could probably see the tendrils penetrating the dragon’s anus and nipple holes bulge with multiple knot-like shapes. They weren’t exactly eggs, but thick capsules designed to latch themselves inside the victim’s body to trigger transformations to complete the merging process.

Spinel screamed. Something solid was going inside her through the tendrils through her nipples and anus. Her anus easily accommodated the new insertions, as well as her gaping nipples now enlarged more than its usual size. The ‘eggs’ accumulated rapidly inside her as the tendrils constantly bulged, striving to deposit the sutff as much as possible inside the host’s body. They quickly attached themselves inside Spinel’s inner bodily passageways, making it impossible to dislodge them. Once firmly lodged inside her body using small hooks to attach themselves, their exterior shells began to break open, secreting slimes to be absorbed into her body.

The multiple insertions within her body happening in a quick succession induced another incredible orgasm for Spinel. She moaned and twisted as she felt like she was getting fucked non-stop in a very rough manner, her holes seemingly getting ravaged by multiple thick and fat cocks deep inside her.

The changes were subtle for the most part, preparing the dragon’s body for the complete assimilation that was to happen much later. The newly secreted liquid added to the sloshing mass thaw as already inside her. Her belly felt full.

As her body absorbed more and more of the bug’s mutating fluid, her scale was one of the first part to be affected. Right beneath her outermost skin, the usually soft, malleable and elastic underhide hardened. Spinel felt her arms and legs getting ticklish, but she never thought for a moment that the itching sensation was resulting from her skin transforming into hard chitins that would eventually cover her exterior.

As for the moment, the small patches of hard exoskeletons were merely spreading all over her body. If one looked real closely at Spinel now, he could probably see her red scales looking much darker than before. They were still shiny, but that was because the newly emerging chitins was reflecting off the light.

Her certain body parts grew bigger, most noticeably her breasts and asses. Her top and bottom fleshy mounds expanded slightly outwards each time the tentacles thrusted her holes. Her meager set of clothes snapped by the expanding body mass, reaching the threshold that it could manage. Now her nipples and crotch were clearly visible.

Almost lost in the pleasure, she didn’t mind her saliva rolling down from her mouth. Had she paid more attention, she would’ve found her spit becoming more viscous and thicker-just like the liquid that was being injected onto her from multiple ends.

Her anus expanded slightly outwards, though that had to do more with the tentacles mercilessly pounding her ass repeatedly. The flesh around her butthole expanded slightly as her puffy anal passage exposed a bit as the tentacles kept pulling it out during the penetration.

“Ohhhh….” Spinel moaned. The pleasure of being filled and penetrated kept hammering down on her. The heavy potent smell clouded her mind just as it did the room, making it difficult for her to think. Now the bug’s mandibles already halfway impaled inside her head, but Spinel didn’t feel it. She couldn’t feel it, to be more exact, her mind trying to deal with her holes getting penetrated and filled and sloshed with huge amount of cum and slimy fluid slowly changing her.

She did know her body was changing. Her entire body felt heavy, especially around her breasts and butt. They felt full of liquid sloshing inside. Her dangling scrotums ballooned out at least twice its original size, making her posture slouched. Spinel didn’t mind as she felt cum bubbling inside them. She was constantly cumming every few moments. Spurts of cum jetted from her cock, and it showed no sign of slowing down. The floor around her was messily covered with her cum.

A purple haze descended upon the place as small gaps right above the husk’s mandibles exhaled smoke. The gas was poisonous, but Spinel didn’t react. The heavy musk she was producing from her tainted cum and the air she exhaled was already poisonous to some degree. Spinel was indeed panting heavily, but that was because of the extreme pleasure she was feeling, not from a shortness of breath.

So caught up in the strange mating, Spinel didn’t even notice the urgent sounds of footsteps echoing from the distance. The sound grew closer. The dragon didn’t even turn her head. Her eyes were closed anyway, trying to get the most pleasure out from all the thrusting and her own cumming and her inside getting filled.

“Spinel!” Sate shouted in utter disbelief. She hesitated just for a moment as she saw what was happening to her friend and partner. The poisonous air felt like was burning her nose and neck. She could hear the continuous moaning and spurting sounds of cum through her ears. The voice was unmistakably that of Spinel.

Spinel didn’t reply. She probably didn’t hear it, moaning loudly as her hands moved to rub her cock which in Sate’s eyes looked the thicker and longer the last time she had seen her friend’s mast getting in its full glory.

“Spinel! Snap out of it!” Sate said again, hoping that her friend would come to her sense after recognizing her own voice.

“Ah…Sa…Sate? No…please, don’t look!” Spinel gasped. “I, I….no…nghhhh!” Spinel’s head tilted, unable to endure the ecstatic feeling. Her hands were still rubbing her cock, making it cum one more time.

Sate quickly murmured the words of power, gathering magical energy in an instant. Her hands glowed with a sphere of bright light illuminating the surroundings. The deep haze receded upon the light filling the space, and the pungent smell seemed to dissipate the moment the light shone.

She then hurled the shining ball of energy into the husk on top of Spinel. With a terrible shriek the husk caught on the magical flame. Before Sate could finish the monster off for good, it suddenly disappeared. Already it had drained much magical energy from Spinel in such a short notice, pulling off a teleportation spell.

Sate rushed to Spinel who lay collapsed on the floor. She couldn’t chase the creature while Spinel was there. She recognized the daemonic taint on her friend’s body. Fortunately she could purify the contamination. Or so she hoped.

When Sate hold Spinel’s hand, she moaned, reeling from the shock of having the ‘link’ between her and the husk forcibly broken. Her cock shot out another bath of cum. Sate frowned. Her friend’s body seemed…more voluptuous. Her curves were a lot more pronounced then before.

“Just…rest now, Spinel. I’ll begin the purification process immediately.” Sate said, hoping she wasn’t too late. Focusing on her magical energy, she directed it to inscribe a special kind of a magic circle. She could see a purple mist continually pouring out from Spinel. It looked like their mission would take a while before it could be accomplished.

“…Are you listening?”

“Huh?” Spinel looked visibly startled. She knew Sate probably saw her whole body trembling. With a guilty look on her face Spinel turned, furiously trying to think something painful and unpleasant so that her raging erection could go down. “I…uh…”

What were they doing? Spinel tried to remember. After waking Spinel up from her lust-addled unconscious state, Sate at first persuaded her to go back. The mission was to be abandoned for now. She agreed, but then there was a problem. Her body was burning with lust. They had to kill the husk for good to return Spinel’s body to its previous normal state. So instead of turning back, they had been continuously exploring the place for the past two days. And Spinel found it harder to control her body’s urges.

Damn it. Spinel thought to herself. This was the fifth time in the last hour she spaced out. Sate’s ritual did allow her to regain her consciousness and partially break the link that was being forged between her and the monster. But both knew that she was not entirely recovered.

After what had happened to Spinel, they both agreed that it was too dangerous to split up. Right now the two dragons were walking together inside another long corridor that wasn’t on the map they found on another part of this underground passageway.

The place just looked like the corridor she found that the husk. And that thought triggered the intense sensation her body had experienced. She knew she was still craving it. Her penis was leaking pre. Sate chose to ignore it, but Spinel herself felt ashamed.

At the same time, it did feel good. The thought of multiple tentacles penetrating her asshole and injecting venom to keep her hard almost indefinitely made her drool.

“Are you okay?”

“Y, yes! Of course!” Spinel hastened her pace. It was a mistake. As her legs moved, they brushed her balls which still swelled to an impressive size, now bigger than her hands curled into fists. Without thinking Spinel moaned. Her hands moved downwards to grasp her huge balls and start fondling it.

“Spinel!”

“I’m trying! It’s just…gahh!” Spinel now moved her hands to rub her cock. She wanted to cum before Sate could intervene. Her right hand moved to her anus just for good measures. Her gaping and puffy anus easily allowed her entire fist, going deep inside her rectum.

Not enough. She thought for a moment. Still, she did touch her prostrate. Her cock stood up on its own and leaked cum like piss.

“Hah…sorry… Just can’t…help it.” Spinel panted. There was a silly satisfied look on her face. She knew Sate would probably make her undergo another purification ritual, but she did get to cum, didn’t she?

But definitely not enough. The thought resurfaced inside Spinel’s mind. The husk had left a deep inerasable imprint inside her. No amount of Sate’s cumbersome ritual was going to change that fact. Even if her body did seem to succeed in gradually erasing the taint, she couldn’t help but recall the vivid sensation of getting pounded without a care. Spinel’s ass and breasts size decreased somewhat, though still bigger than her usual size. So what? Her body craved to be swollen once again. Spinel couldn’t deny the fact.

More, please more…I need to feel more! Spinel imagined the husk was on top of her head once again, exhaling potent musk-poison clouding her vision and mind. Oh how she longed to have her cock grow bigger and her empty breasts filled…

“Spinel!” Sate shouted out especially loud. Spinel was laying outstretched on the floor, grinding her penis on the stone floor with her eyes rolled upwards. Sate sighed as she saw the vacant look on her friend’s face. They better had find the husk fast, or else…

“Just a bit…urkkh!” Before Sate could do anything, Spinel came, shooting out a thick torrent of cum in front of her. Her cum looked darker with more tints of purple added to the whitish goo. The feral grunt Spinel was making made Sate extremely concerned. “So…sorry…ughh…”

Sate knew Spinel wasn’t really sorry at all. Her silly look told her that. Even now her hands were absent-mindedly rubbing her cock that was still spewing cum for more than a minute. From her breasts leaked a fluid that was definitely not a milk. And even if it was milk, that was problematic on its own. She also noticed how the red dragon’s belly heaved whenever her cock came, the flesh rippling from the movement. Was she actually pregnant now, fucked by the husk?

“Let’s.. Let’s start the ritual.” Sate muttered. Her own magical energy was running out. If only Spinel could share her own-NO! She bit her lips, the realization of what she had just thought hitting her. Using Spinel’s tainted energy would make her tainted as well. She had no choice but to continue using her own energy…

That night, after the two dragons had eaten a light dinner and gone through another purification ritual, one dragon was finally able to sleep, exhausted from the ordeal. It was Sate, whose store of magical energy was running dangerously low.

But the other dragon kept fumbling on the floor, tossing and turning. Spinel had been begging Sate that she should try to get some sleep. Sate mentioned how Spinel’s changes had been slowly progressing. Or at least, how her behavior was changing; she talked how Spinel’s posture became more like a feral beast, with her back becoming more bent and stooped to the front, so that she looked like she was prowling.

Her bodily fluids were becoming more prevalent. Her cock kept dribbling a mixture of pre and cum even when she wasn’t paying attention. Then the smell and the sensation of cumming would drive her to the edge, making her eagerly play with her genitals to let it all out. Each time she did so, Sate performed a quick ritual to diminish the influence of sexual magic that was taking hold of her friend. But it wasn’t enough. From her mouth Spinel kept drooling as well.

Spinel too noticed her body becoming strange. There were no drastic changes happening. She didn’t suddenly sprout a new pair of limbs. None of her body parts suddenly transformed into cocks, nor did male and/or female genitalia started growing all over her.

But she knew she secretly wished her body to be mutated. Her daydreaming became more bizarre. She getting fucked by the centipede husk was not enough. She had to become the husk. Did it not claim her? Spinel could remember how the husk injected the strange substances onto her. And the purification spell was not working. The look on Sate’s face grew sterner and harsher each time they finished the ritual.

Once a being had become too tainted by the daemonic energy, there was no going back. Then the ultimate purification was necessary: destruction. Burned-sometimes literally-by the holy fire to completely eradicate the contamination. What if Spinel had indeed gone too far? What if Sate decided that she was a lost cause?

And god, that intense sensation of getting filled! Spinel grunted as she started rubbing her cock on the floor again. She panted. Her needy holes twitched, wishing to be filled completely and pumped full of cum. Her mouth felt dry, and her nose was all runny. For the last few hours her breathing had significantly worsened. It was probably due the venom she was injected with. Was she going to die slowly as the asphyxiation kicked in? Perhaps Sate would be right to just ‘purify’ her completely so that she didn’t have to feel the pain.

No! Spinel growled. The sound was quite large. She frowned, noticing how bestial her own voice sounded like. Thankfully Sate didn’t wake up, too exhausted after continuously enacting the ritual. Pre was flowing from her penis. Spinel went back to imagining the husk fucking her, filling her with the pods so that her breasts and ass wouldn’t feel empty…

Chitins started popping out from her scales like rashes. Her saliva was lot like phlegm, getting sticky. All the effort Sate had put into halt the changes happening to Spinel’s body was becoming nullified by Spinel’s own force of will.

“Gah….ha…..” Spinel felt her body standing up. It felt like a dream. It had to be a dream, right? She felt in no control of her body. It moved on its own, like she was sleepwalking. Only that Spinel knew she was awake, or at least her mind did, and could only watch her body move commanded by some unseen force beyond her control.

“Ummm….”

Spinel froze. Did Sate wake up? She glanced at her friend who was turned away from her, managing to sleep soundly on the hard cold floor. Her body shivered. She had to call Sate. Her body was acting all weird. She could probably shout. She did growl a few seconds ago. Her body was moving on its own, but she felt she could control it.

But she didn’t.

With trembling hands Spinel began to cast a spell. She knew what she was doing. Had she been lying? Perhaps she did. She didn’t care. It was the same magical spell that Sate had cast on her for the past few days, making her feel more eased and relaxed so that she could get some sleep without her sexual urges bothering her.

She couldn’t go back. Then what else than to keep going forward? To see how further down can one go? Going back was hard. Perilous, and was it worth it? Definitely not. Having experienced the extreme ecstasy, she found it hard to forget about it.

And her own friend’s concerning look; whatever Sate had in mind, Spinel could no longer bear her gaze. Sate was probably worried about her, and that made Spinel feel more wretched. She felt like a big liability.

So why not throw it all away? Spinel thought as she no longer felt weighed down by her ponderous body. Her ass and breasts started to swell again. Her cock which had recently ejaculated became hard, and her heavy balls moved even more downwards, dragging along the floor. The sensation only made her feel excited.

The venom inside her head was indeed working, insidiously turning her mind to listen to her base desires, to forget about the heavy strain she had to endure. Why not purse your own lust and wishes? Why be restrained to complicated and cumbersome obligations? Time to enjoy and reap the fruits that was long denied to you. You don’t need to undergo all that pesky rituals to live your life to the fullest. Her own voice whispered to her.

Under normal circumstances Spinel would’ve been able to shake it off. But with her own mind and body having partially succumbed to the daemonic taint, her resistance quickly crumbled. Soon she was running down the corridor, not even pausing to see where she was going. But she could feel it. The smell, the intensely thick fog coming down her throat and rejuvenating her once again. The path was simple. She just had to follow it.

As the purple haze surrounded her, Spinel realized why she found hard to breathe up till now. As soon as her nose greedily inhaled the poisonous air, she felt reinvigorated. Her body was so tainted that it found normal clean air harmful to her, and instead favored the contaminated atmosphere that would normally burn one’s neck and lung.

Spinel kept sucking the foul air with her nose, like a nearly drowned person who got to resurface to the ground again and was hyperventilating to get some fresh air once again. Inhaling poison made her feel more excited as her nipples started to leak more fluid, as well as her cock which spurted cock even without her touching and her anus getting fingered. The strong odor was enough to drive her wild. Even her mouth was drooling, tongues rolling out. She didn’t mind her saliva leaving messy trails all over her face.

Spinel ran and ran, never feeling short of breath, the poisonous air sustaining her. She actually felt stronger. Her huge body moved with an ease that belied the newly added mass she had to carry around. Her balls, for instance, kept dragging to the floor, but she found no trouble managing to keep running as fast as she could.

And after running down a crisscross of maze-like passages, turning left and right in several intersections, her corrupted mind telling her exactly where to go, as well as the growing smell and her own arousal guiding her way, Spinel had come across what she was looking for.

It was right there, dangling above the ceiling pipelines. Just like the last time. Spinel grinned. Her body was trembling all over. The scent was so strong. The call was too loud for her to ignore. Had Sate somehow managed to chase her and cast her most powerful purification spell, Spinel by now would’ve rejected it by her own will.

“Come…finish what you’ve started…” Spinel panted, moving her hips and waist to make her cock wobble up and down. She didn’t care the obscene gesture she was making. She was far too gone now. So why not embrace it?

The thing could probably read her minds, Spinel thought. Because she could sense its calling. Its own desire, to continue its life and propagate its existence by creating more of its offspring. It didn’t want to die.

Was it wrong to fulfill its wishes? No, Spinel thought, her mind clouded by the poisonous air she inhaled as well as the venom that was continually circulating inside her body. She was saving lives. That’s what heroes do, right?

When the husk dropped, Spinel caught it with her own hands, gently caressing its hard surface. It wasn’t that rough to Spinel, whose own scales were hardened enough not to get hurt my merely touching the bug’s carapace.

“Hah…Let us be one…” Spinel mumbled, licking her lips. She placed the husk right above her head, so that it may continue what it had started few days ago. “Yes…oh, yes…” Immediately Spinel could sense its tendrils sprouting from its dead body once again. She felt the link being reestablished between the two as well. The connection even happened faster than the last time as the two different bodily energies mixed together, one draconic, and the other daemonic. Both know which would overwhelm the other, and both didn’t mind.

This time Spinel knew what she had to do. Adjusting herself to a complete leaning position against the wall, she spread her asshole wide so that the tentacles would enter it. It stretched easily, far larger than it should’ve been. The tentacles originating from the husk quickly moved downwards, entering her anus.

“Mmph….yes, fuck!” Spinel’s cock came. It had no trouble shooting out cum in a quick succession. Now the act felt so natural for her. Her balls were pumping full of virile cum to spill, swelling and swelling. She felt the tentacles penetrating her anus reaching those itchy spots even her fists could not. For a whole solid minute Spinel came repeatedly with her eyes closed, fully focused on savoring the intense sensation of having her prostate touched.

Her hands then moved to her breasts, also spreading her nipples wide enough for the husk’s tendrils to enter and ravage her. Her plump breasts were feeling quite bereft; she missed the pods deposited inside her and making her feel full.

The husk didn’t disappoint. Her nipples easily accepted the multiple tentacles going in. Inside each nipple fold was at least five of six tendrils moving in and out. Soon she felt her breasts swelling with newly produced ponds latching inside her, further making her body suitable for the merging process to occur.

“Mm….hah…” Spinel knew what she was doing. To go further, they had to be connected more. Closer. More intimate.

From the husk’s mandibles there dropped a long strand of proboscis. It soon landed lightly on her snout. She opened her mouth wide, letting the proboscis enter her and start sucking her tongue. She didn’t protest. It didn’t hurt at all. She did feel some kind of clicking sensation as the insectile trunk attached itself to her tongue with tiny hooks.

Her mouth was soon filled with a sticky fluid directly spewed out from the husk’s inside. Then more proboscis came out from the centipede and forced its way onto her. Spinel stretched her mouth wider with her own hands. At some point there was a loud ripping sound as her draconic jaw unhinged due to the constant stretching.

But there was no pain for her. Her body was already ready for the transformation to happen. The tube was entering further onto her body, first her neck, then all the way down to her stomach and her lung. She didn’t choke. Instead she only felt bliss as the bug was effectively deepthroating her in the most extreme way. Soon her two inner passageways usually reserved for food and air became clogged with the centipede’s corruptive juice. Her eyes rolled at the sight, her hips moved on its own, which made her cock cum again.

From her ripped mouth there sprouted several sharp mandibles, dripping with her own forming venom. The sounds Spinel made was now mostly chittering sounds as her mandibles clicked against each other.

Somewhere inside her body new organs were being created, those more suited for a centipede monster than for her original draconic self. All the fluid entering her was being absorbed onto her body, both inside and outside. Her organs became bloated, mutating under the daemonic influence.

One result of her insides changing was her scales becoming more chitin-like, finalizing the initial change. Her outer scales rapidly hardened into purple exoskeletons, spreading into various parts of her body like wildfire. But not all of her body was covered in hard carapace. Beside her back, her belly and her breasts actually became much softer; since she would crawl on her legs like a centipede, her flesh beneath her carapace would be slimy and slick. Her belly and breasts became sticky as slimes started to secrete from her softening scales like sweats.

When her developing chitins on her back crept towards the husk and touched its hard case, the outlines between the two chitins began to blur. Then the bug’s form started to lose its cohesion, becoming more like sludge that flowed downwards, smearing all over Spinel’s body and changing her further. Spinel felt the weight on her head growing less. In reality that was due to the husk becoming absorbed onto Spinel’s body; after its tube connected with Spinel’s tongue, other tendrils grew from its dead body and merged with the dragon’s transforming body. Spinel’s own body reacted to the tendrils merging with her own skin, creating tiny hooks so that the tendrils could lock themselves onto her body and secure the connection further. They were now literally linked together. The husk’s antennae positioned themselves right above Spinel’s eyes and took root with its tentacles burrowing deep into her head.

Too late to regret, and having already tasted much of the addictive pleasure that only kept increasing, Spinel welcomed the foreign intrusions seeping through her body. More mandibles grew on her mouth, making incessant chittering sounds that conveyed Spinel’s continuing pleasure. The husk’s head was merging with hers. She could almost feel and taste the monster’s desires and thoughts as her brain was seeped with the liquefied mass that once constituted the monster’s head.

As the husk’s body were added to Spinel’s body, it began to redistribute its mass. Spinel now lied on the floor, feeling her flailing body growing longer. Her waist was growing. Her tail too, was undergoing the same change, though it was getting wider as well, becoming indistinguishable from her main body. In fact, after a while it became the extension of one long body. At its end sprouted two spikes which began to drip with Spinel’s own venom. From her mandibles came a heavy purple fog, exhaled by a long tube of her own that served as her tongue. Now she was producing her own poison to defile her surroundings.

That snake-like shape began to diverge into various segments covered by hard chitin on the top and soft flesh on the bottom. Then Spinel felt a particularly itching sensation. She tried to move her arms to scratch, but found that she couldn’t. First her fingers felt like they were glued together. Then they actually diminished in size, becoming thin and covered in newly grown chitins.

She flailed her arms uselessly while they shrunk further. Her legs too, were not much different, forcing her to topple completely on the floor, buoyed by her large breasts and erect nipples. Then she felt the satisfying sprouting sensation. Each body segment from her long singular body popped out a pair of legs: just like her transformed arms and legs, they were thin centipede legs that would move her around.

Spinel naturally crawled on the floor using her multiple legs to propel forward. She felt she had been doing it since she was born; which was not entirely true as part of her was now the centipede monster. Her still sizable breasts, cocks and balls all dragged along the floor, but she loved the frictions making her excited further.

The changes happening to Spinel’s body wasn’t completely finished. As she crawled using her many legs, her upper part of the segmented body began to swell on the soft bottom side. Below her massive tits, her flesh swelled to make multiple round orb shapes, ballooning out and forming sticky slit at the end, almost like vaginal folds. Spinel felt her new pair of breasts blossoming into its full mighty size.

Despite them being smaller than her original breasts, her newly grown breasts-six in total-were still quite massive in its volume, jiggling merrily under her carapace. The sensation of her breasts causing frictions on the ground increased. Their nipples spread wide open, their folds wide enough to be mistaken for multiple vaginas. They were even leaking some kind of fluid as well.

Spinel continued to chitter as she felt the pleasure overloading her mind. Her remaining regrets and concerns melted away just like the husk had done above her body, drowned in the lustful sensations she was experiencing.

There was no going back. She said to herself, trying to make sense of her newly transformed body. This wasn’t what she had expected. All stories Spinel had heard about daemonic transformations always ended up as the victim completely losing her mind. She didn’t feel herself fading away. Despite her body being merged with the centipede monster, she could still recall who she was.

It was just that the past didn’t matter that much to her. It didn’t seem that important. She felt more liberated than before. She didn’t have to care about the consequences of her actions. At least not in a way she would’ve done before. She was a monster. Everyone else was going to treat her as such. Then why not accept what she was?

Would the purification ritual work? No. She thought. Her body just felt so good. Too good. She didn’t want to go back to her old boring body. Her four pair of breasts felt incredible as they swept the ground, as well as her cock which grew long enough to be encased in her soft tits. Her cock would be almost permanently erect from now on, constantly massaged by her own bosom, leaking pre and then occasionally shooting out cum.

She felt something click inside her mind. It was the link between her and the husk finally coming into the ultimate completion. There would be no need to differentiate between the two. She was the centipede monster, and that monster was her. She felt her own desire to live, to produce more offspring, as well as her desire to look after her friend…

Sate! The image of her came to her mind, and Spinel shook her body excitedly, her mandibles busily cracking against each other. She could satisfy both of her urges. To breed, and then to meet her friend. The link between her and Sate was yet to be broken. Her centipede body could sense the sleeping dragon. With her multiple Spinel easily climbed the walls to positon herself on the ceiling, then she moved towards where she had once come from. It was time to reconnect the link proper.

“Ummm…” Sate suddenly woke up from her stupor. Her eyes were still closed, but she sensed something was not right.

There was something wet on her crotch. It was moving, and it felt good. Even her tired self could appreciate the pleasurable sensation she was receiving. But what could it be? Lying on her belly, Sate unknowingly raised her tail a little, letting the thing touch her crotch more. Was it Spinel?

Wait. Spinel? Was it her? That thought made Sate’s eyes wide open. Then she saw a long shape right next to her. She couldn’t even scream-she was too shocked to understand what exactly was going on.

“Oh, you finally woke up.”

“Spinel? But…” Sate watched in horror as she realized the shape she saw was a body of a large centipede that was right next to her. Its many legs were gripping her body, making her unable to move. She saw what was touching her butt; it was the monster’s cock, fully erect and leaking pre and cum. “How….what…” But she knew the thing that was restraining her was Spinel. There was a loud chittering and skittering sound in the monster’s voice, but it was unmistakably that of a friend she knew. She could feel it. The link was still there…

But there was almost no trace left of the red dragon in what Sate saw. The color of the monster’s eyes were just like Spinel, a light blue hue, but its body was completely that of a centipede, connected by multiple segments that sprouted a pair of leg on each side. Sharp mandibles and antennae protruded from its menacing face. Hard chitins covered the top of its body, and its lower abdomen was covered in slimy flesh. It somehow possessed breasts, four pairs, which were all leaking liquid. On its end there were multiple spikes jutting out.

“Oh…I know. I’ve been…changed.”

“You’re a monster! How.. No, I mean…” Sate turned her head, realizing what she had just said. She knew she had made a mistake. She shouldn’t have called her friend as such.

“Oh yes, I am a monster. A sexy monster…” Spinel said in an almost delirious tone, her legs moving all at once. She seemed unfazed by Sate’s accusations. As Spinel moved Sate could see the other half of her erect cock nestled between her massive lumps of breasts, making the latter gasp. Spinel grinned at the sight. “And I think you would look lovely as one.”

“What? No! How could you even-“

“Don’t worry, you’ll thank me later.” Spinel cut off Sate’s words and then plunged her cock right into Sate’s swollen vagina. The venom she had injected while Sate was still sleeping was starting to take effect, as the avian dragon’s body easily accepted the Sate’s cock dripping with cum-poison.

“Arrghhh!” Sate’s lower stomach bulged noticeably as Spinel plunged her gigantic cock inside her. The dragon’s hole could not accept all of the huge length, but still, more than a half of Spinel’s member slid inside as Sate’s vagina easily spread.

“Hah…tight…ugh! But..ah…gonna…oh! Fit…” Spinel moved her cock without any respite for Sate. She knew the dragon would hold; the venom would make sure of that.

And Sate did hold, too shocked to say anything but undeniably feeling the pleasure of having her vagina penetrated all the way near cervix. It should’ve hurt like hell, but only numbing euphoria she could feel.

“Ahh…fuck…” Spinel’s balls shivered, signaling her that it was time to come. Not a minute had passed since she started fucking Sate, but that didn’t matter as she now cummed frequently in quick succession.

“Urk!” Sate’s entire body buckeld as she felt her inside getting filled to the maximum. Cum leaked from her pussy like a broken tap, forming a wide shallow puddle of centipede monster cum. Spinel watched in satisfaction as she saw chitins covering Sate’s back. The transformation was happening at a more rapid pace for her. The dragon’s body was swelling, her butt and breasts growing larger to make room to store more eggs. Her arms and legs was shrinking to match her other small and thin chitinous legs.

Sate’s body grew in length as her tail expanded outwards, becoming longer than the rest of her body. She felt tickling sensation on her longer waist, and watched in a mixture of terror and pleasure as her new pair of legs burst free from her hardening chitins.

“You’re becoming lovely…just like me.”

“No..no…arrghhh!” Sate shouted in shock as she felt her mouth rip into pieces. Mandibles broke forth from her shredded snout. Not missing the change, Spinel opened her maw wide, sending her long proboscis and inserting it inside Sate’s mouth.

“…?” Sate couldn’t speak from the shock as well as having her entire mouth filled. She thought she had peed a little from the intense feeling. Just as the husk had done to Spinel, the newly transformed centipede monster that was Spinel plunged its tube deep inside Sate’s throat, filling her with a concentrated dose of venom and transformative liquid, hastening the changes happening to Sate’s body.

As her bod flailed helplessly, it grew longer, now long enough to receive Spinel’s cock almost to the roots. Sate turned to lie on her back, so that the growing chitins wouldn’t block Spinel’s cock continuing to penetrate her deeply grown vagina. She knew she was doing this on her own, drowning in the sea of pleasure that she had no hope of getting out. She couldn’t go back. Now her own body would reject her purification spell.

And so just like Spinel, Sate let go of her old self. It wasn’t worth trying to get back. Thus another centipede monster was born, her mind and body both completely succumbing to the change. She relaxed her vaginal muscles, making Spinel cum again.

How many times, both she and Sate didn’t care. What mattered was the thick virile cum filling Sate’s womb completely. Now looking much like Spinel except lacking her male genitalia, Sate’s many legs entangled with Spinel’s, locking in a tight inhuman embrace that signified the link between the two.

Spinel kept pumping gallons of cum inside Sate, whose breasts now started swelling with sloshing cum. Beneath her breasts a new pair was emerging, the transparent layer revealing huge amount of cum. Spinel was exhilarated by the mesmerizing sight. That breasts would soon be filled with eggs. Lots and lots of eggs.

Spinel plunged her cock inside Sate once again, making sure she hit her spot and fill her more of her cum, which would be stored into her developing multiple breasts.

“This...this is…” Sate said, her body trembling. It wasn’t entirely due to fear though-her body getting filled to the maximum was indeed exciting.

“Lovely, don’t you think so?” Spinel lowered her head, letting her antennae touch Sate’s.

“…Definitely.” Sate’s own mandibles clicked. Both centipede monsters felt their thoughts shared through the touching antennae, dreaming of countless eggs hatching with their adorable offspring. The centipede monster would not be gone from this world.