The Light in Darkness

The Underdark was a place where few went; the dark catacombs were nearly completely lightless save for the occasional bioluminescent fungus, most of the denizens didn’t even use it in order to traverse through the sprawling cavernous areas that wormed their way through the dark underbelly of the earth. Those who did live there adapted to the harsh conditions that the terrain had and those that were unprepared for the terrors that lay below often never saw the light of day again. There were very few that freely roamed without such fear of reprisal and for the huge black-scaled dragon he fancied himself as one of them. For the most part it was true as creatures that would normally attack such travelers either shied away or were quickly crushed under the massive paws of the creature that made his way through the larger tunnels.

They were dragon-sized for a reason… Vas’olar had heard a rumor that there was something down deep in the depths of the Underdark that was related to a certain deity that caused him intense distain. But while he had no love for the god himself he knew that those who worship the platinum dragon often did so with gifts of a similar nature… which meant that if no one else had sacked the place yet there could be an entire hoard of wealth that would be his for the taking. With it being this deep in the Underdark there would be very few of even his own kin that would risk the journey, but fortunately like those that inhabited the tunnels he was built for such a thing as he continued to follow the trail.

But while Vas’olar was busy already thinking about the potential treasures he could loot he failed to notice that there was one such creature that had been silently trailing behind him for a while. The elven drow had been scouting the tunnels himself to make sure that no creatures were encroaching on the territory of his clan when he came across the dragon. The massive beast had done little to hide their stomping around and while black and green scaled dragons were sometimes seen in this area they usually kept to the caves that were near the surface. This one was far away from their usual stomping grounds and as he watched the creature let out a stream of acid to melt a cave creature that had dared to be in his way he continued to follow it eagerly.

While Elijah had no means to take down the dragon himself he was not following him for that reason. The creature was clearly on some sort of mission and with one that size it wouldn’t be for some paltry matter. He had also heard rumor that there was some sort of dragon cave that was in the Underdark that had long since disappeared from the maps that the drow had created. To find it again would be a massive find all in itself, especially if it was on their territory.

Eventually both dragon and drow found themselves looking at a massive door that separated the cavern from whatever lay beyond. From what Elijah could see with his darkvision even if he had found the stone door naturally there would have been no way for him to open it. They were massive in scale and adorned with reliefs of dragons in flight; even though he wasn’t a follower of that particular religion he knew the icon of Bahamut when he saw it, and that was definitely what he was looking at. The question that he had in his mind at the moment was why a chromatic-scaled dragon would be searching for the temple of a god that was said to be the leader of their metallic-scaled good dragon counterparts… though he had some ideas as the dragon whipped his tail around and smashed the stone apart.

It took a few smacks but Vas’olar managed to cause the doors to collapse, not bothering to open them as the stone falling caused the entire area to rumble. Had Elijah not been watching he would have thought it was an earthquake or something as he also felt a breeze blow by him. At first the drow thought that maybe there was an opening to the surface, but given how deep they were and the fact that the air was being pulled inward meant that the cavern on the other side had been sealed. It was a strange sensation for the normally still caves of the Underdark and as the last of the door fell away the black dragon scoffed and made his way inside.

Vas’olar looked around at the inside of the temple as he walked in and found himself frowning. While the statues of the rather egotistical dragon god were nice they weren’t made of anything special, most likely carved into stalagmites by his former followers. So far he didn’t see anything that would be good for his own hoard and as he continued to walk forward he continued to find nothing. This journey had better not all have been for nothing, the dragon thought to himself as he pushed forward to see if perhaps all the good loot was stashed in the back.

With the dragon being so big and his focus fixated on trying to find treasure he didn’t even sense the drow as he slipped in through the piles of rubble, nor did he see that there was a bit of platinum on the ground. The precious metal was inlayed in a large carving of a circle on the ground that took up quite a bit of space in the temple with the center being right in the middle of the grand cavern. Both creatures that were trespassing on the sacred space of the ancient god didn’t think that such an old place would have any traps… but as Vas’olar stepped into the inner circle on the floor he quickly was shown that his recklessness would cost him. The dragon could immediately feel the magic starting to well up from the floor and as he turned about he saw the platinum that he had ignored as mere decoration start to glow.

“What in the infernal realm is this?!” Vas’olar snarled as he looked down at the glyph, watching as it spread out even further and start to illuminate the temple. “Ancient dragon magic… how did this even escape my notice? Unless… it couldn’t be…”

As Vas’olar turned to the massive statue of the platinum dragon he could swear he saw it smirking at him for falling into his trap, though a small squeak of a noise quickly brought his attention back around towards the entrance. It was at that point he realized he was not alone as the spreading magic had caught up another as the glow of the platinum illuminated the creature that had been hiding behind a broken bench. “An elf of the Underdark…” Vas’olar said with a growl as he shifted his body so that he could see, though his eye alone was bigger than the drow that had stood up in shock from also feeling the magic.

“I didn’t do it!” Elijah said as he began to back away with his hands up. “I was just scouting and saw that an ancient dragon wandering the tunnels near my clan and decided to see what you were up to.”

“You mean spy on me and try to take what loot I left behind,” Vas’olar replied, cackling despite his mild annoyance at his situation as he saw the drow shudder from the accusation but say nothing. “Figures, lesser creatures always looking to pilfer our crumbs thinking it’s some sort of feast. Well these crumbs are mine, you understand?”

Vas’olar growled to emphasize his point, but as the drow took a step back he found himself unable to pass over the outer line of the circle that the two were still standing in. “I… think we have bigger problems then just you having claim to the treasures in here,” Elijah said, though his last words were drowned out as a booming voice spoke in a language that he didn’t understand as he covered his ears while shouting. “What’s going on, what is that?!”

“It’s ancient draconic…” Vas’olar mumbled back as his size made his words easy for the drow to hear despite the echoing still going on. “It is saying that chromatic dragons that attempt to attack this place will be purified in the light of Bahamut. Given what purification usually means I suggest that you make peace with whatever deity you happen to follow.”

“But… I’m not a dragon?!” Elijah shouted back.

“Looks like this magic doesn’t care,” Vas’olar said with a slight chuckle. “So sloppy… even the god of metallic dragons can’t set up a simple ward spell.”

“Then do something about it!” Elijah practically screamed to be heard over the voice that was causing the nearby stone to vibrate. “A dragon as powerful as you can’t break a ward like this?!”

“You don’t think I’ve tried?” Vas’olar replied as he attempted to push his hand out of the circle, only to have it rebound back in. “This is magic even beyond me… though if you think that you can break it give it a shot.” As the drow looked around his vision became even more hampered as the light around them increased, the black dragon rolling his eyes and putting a paw to his muzzle. “Dead by a trap from a metallic dragon deity next to an elf in the Underdark… just great…”

As the energy welled up within the circle both dragon and drow found themselves closing their eyes, bracing themselves for their eventual obliteration. The light from the platinum circle was blinding but as they felt the power that had been swirling around them discharge it was not the sensation they had expected. Both creatures had thought that there would be a sensation akin to being torn limb from limb or even shredded to bits, but instead all they felt was a chill and heard the howling of wind. At first the two believed they had reached the afterlife, but when they finally opened their eyes and looked around they found it to be anything of the sort.

“I recognize those mountains,” Vas’olar said as the drow squinted to try and see past the fog and mist that surrounded them. Even with it being night it was too bright for Elijah to properly see anything even without the obstructions, but that didn’t seem to hinder the dragon at all. “I think we’re directly on top of where the church was… the voice had mentioned something about ascension but I thought it was just another way ole Bahamut was telling us that we were going to die.”

“So… we’re not dead then?” Elijah asked, the dragon shaking his head. “But what did that whole thing about purification mean?”

“I don’t know, I’m not a damn Bahamut worshipper,” Vas’olar said with a snarl. “What a waste of a trip; not only did it not look like there was any platinum down there but I got caught up in some ancient metallic dragon booby trap. Never going to hear the end of this… at least it was nice enough to give me a lift back to the surface.”

As Elijah looked about while the dragon complained the drow realized he had a real problem. With no cold weather gear and no idea how to get back to the Underdark he was in a bad situation. Even with the sun being hidden by clouds he could feel himself starting to get sick from the light exposure and almost instinctively went to the shadow cast by the dragon. It sounded like Vas’olar was quickly getting ready to leave this shrine though and had no intentions of taking him along.

“Hey, could I please ask that you could fly me home?” Elijah asked as he found himself shivering.

“I suppose you can ask,” the dragon replied gruffly.

“Oh, yes, then could I beseech you to carry me down the mountain?” Elijah asked once more. “Just back to the entrance to the Underdark, I can take it from there.”

“No.” Vas’olar stated simply. As he was about to take off however he could feel something grip against one of his toes and looked down to see the drow practically clinging onto the scaly digit. “Get off me, you pest!”

“You have to bring me back down!” Elijah practically shouted. “If you leave me up here I’ll probably die before I can find my way back!”

“You say that like it’s my problem,” Vas’olar sneered, causing the drow to balk. “You were the one that intruded on my affairs, it’s only fair that you take your punishment for doing such a thing.” Despite shaking his hind paw the drow maintained an impressive hold on him, but just as he got the much smaller creature to a point where he could just bring down his foot and crush him like a bug he found himself… hesitating. It was only for a few moments but it was enough for the dragon to be thrown off by the strange sensation of empathy, especially since he had never had such an emotion before as he found himself unable to kill this rather annoying creature despite the ease that he could do it with.

As Elijah found himself on the underside of the massive dragon’s paw he was unaware of just how precarious his position was until it began to lower down towards the ground. For a second he felt that the chromatic-scaled creature would just rid himself of his presence but as he braced himself he found that it stopped far enough away from the ground that he could stand and still hold on. Vas’olar growled at him to hop on top and that he wasn’t responsible for him getting blown off, to which the drow thanked him profusely and got into a better position. The dragon just rolled his eyes and Elijah nearly fell backwards despite his best efforts as they flew into the misty fog that surrounded the mountains.

The entire trip the two said nothing, Vas’olar just focusing on maneuvering through the fog while the drow held on for dear life. The much smaller creature could feel his heart pounding in his chest as the few glimpses of the ground he saw was much higher than he expected, and the mixture of fear and anxiety was so strong it drowned out the strange sensation he was getting in his chest. Despite the bitter cold of the wind whipping around his body he almost felt too warm, though it was easily explained as the heat from the dragon underneath him. For Vas’olar he felt a similar sensation in his back paw but dismissed it as the annoyance of something clinging to him with ever-tightening grip while he flew.

With how huge the dragon was it didn’t take long for Vas’olar to get to his destination as he landed in a rather large cave mouth. He could feel the water dripping from his scales and when his paws hit the ground he could hear the drow elf make a similar sentiment. As he looked down he saw Elijah slide off of his paw while still shivering and asked if he had anything to make a fire. Vas’olar just scoffed at that and said he didn’t need a fire, but he was welcome to look through his stuff and see if there was anything that could do so.

“Your stuff?” Elijah asked as he looked over at the alcove that the dragon had pointed too. “This is your cave?”

“Of course it is,” Vas’olar replied. “Where did you think I was flying too?”

“I sort of expected that you would take me to the Underdark first.” Elijah admitted.

“Then I am happy to dash your expectations,” Vas’olar said with a dark chuckle before looking straight at him. “Do not think of your rescue as charity, since I have saved your life as you said then you owe me a debt. I could use someone small such as yourself in order to help clean my domain and once I’m satisfied that you have earned back your life I will let you go.”

Elijah shook his head but said nothing in response; the dragon was right that he had saved him when he didn’t have to, though he wasn’t fond of the price attached to it he knew that even if that had been told to him he would have paid it anyway. Knowing that he shouldn’t push his luck the drow went over to where he had been told he might find supplies and let out a gasp when he saw a significant number of skeletons that were there. Fools that probably tried to challenge this dragon for his hoard or some other glory, the drow mused as he found that other than valuables the bodies had most of their gear left with him. There were dozens of bodies and as he looked through each one he not only found cold weather gear that didn’t stink too much but also some drow surface gear from one that had perished at the dragon’s hands some time ago.

When Elijah came back out he saw that the dragon had gone further into the cave and followed him in. The further away he got from the entrance the warmer it was and when he got to where Vas’olar had settled in body heat from the creature was enough that he almost didn’t need a fire. While most of the time they didn’t rely on such anyway, especially since the light hurt his eyes, with the goggles he had found he wanted something that he could do to pass the time as well as dry his clothing. The dragon seemed caught up in his own thoughts for him to ask anything at the moment anyway and he was thankful that at least he had his scout pack with him which had a bit of food in it.

It took him a while but eventually the drow managed to get a flame going and the crackling of wood got the attention of the dragon. When Vas’olar turned his huge head he almost snuffed out the fire with the exhale of his breath as he saw that Elijah had pulled off his cloak and was doing the same with his tunic. “What are you doing?” Vas’olar asked in slight irritation.

“It’ll be hard to serve you if I catch my death of cold in these wet clothes,” Elijah explained as he rung the water out of the dark fabric. “The rather impressive collection of bodies that you have at your cave entrance didn’t have any useful items to change out of either so I have to try and preserve these.” As Elijah looked up at the dragon after revealing his bare chest he saw the black-scaled head quickly turn away. “Are you… alright?”

“I just find your presence irritating,” Vas’olar stated. “Plus I didn’t want to blow out that fire of yours. As you said, it would be hard for you to serve me if you are dead.”

Though there was something that Elijah couldn’t quite put his finger on with the tone of the dragon he knew better than to press his luck with such a powerful creature as he continued to undress. “You know, I realize that I don’t know your name,” Elijah commented. “Nor have I told you mine, which is Elijah of the Blacksteel clan.”

“I don’t care,” Vas’olar replied bluntly as he rested his head against his forepaws, causing the drow to release a very audible sigh while removing his pants. “I’m Vas’olar.”

“A pleasure, Vas’olar,” Elijah said as he tried to remain as cordial as possible. “Could I call you Vas?”

“You can call me master,” the dragon growled. “Now enough with your incessant prattling, I am both disappointed and tired and I’m still debating whether or not you’re worth it to keep around.” That was enough to cause the drow to stop talking and sit down by the fire, still shivering slightly despite the warmth that was starting to fill the cave from it. As Vas’olar shifted his head he could see the elf wearing only the goggles that allowed him to tend to the fire without him wincing at it, though the dragon imagined that being practically naked didn’t help with things.

It was the first time he actually had a chance to really see Elijah and for such a puny creature he was probably better than most of his counter parts. Having razed enough villages and sacked enough castles in his time the dragon knew all sorts of creatures like him and there were many that were positively revolting. This one clearly took care of himself and had a rather trim build, probably from being a scout in a place as dangerous as the Underdark. The drow definitely wasn’t equipped for living on the surface though and especially up in the mountains, but Vas’olar reminded himself that it wasn’t his problem as he mentally huffed at himself for entertaining such a thought…

As night fell Elijah had managed to fall asleep despite practically having to curl up in a ball to retain body heat, awaking only when there was a flurry of movement around him. As he got up he found that there was something heavy draped around him and with it being dark he was able to easily see what it was. A blanket… it was not something that he had seen in the cave before and it wouldn’t even cover the tip of Vas’olar’s tail. The warmth from the thick material was a comfort though and as he took off the goggles to see in the cave better he noticed that the dragon was counting coins out of a chest.

It seemed Vas’olar had been busy while he rested, the drow realized as he found that there was also a pile of clothing next to his slightly damp ones. When he went over to look through them he noticed that several had acid burns in them and others were stained with blood that was fresher than he would have liked. “Vas’olar…” Elijah said. “Where did you get this stuff?”

“Found it,” Vas’olar replied simply.

“I see…” Elijah stated softly, unsure of what to say to such a hulking creature before he saw the dragon move deeper into the caverns of his lair. The drow quickly followed behind and found himself a bit at home in the dark tunnels, though as he came to another cave he found something there that wasn’t part of his usual Underdark haunts. “Is that… all yours?”

“It is,” Vas’olar replied as he dumped the pilfered coins onto a pile that was almost as big as him. The treasure that had been amassed in this area was enough for every clan he knew to live as kings for generations, all of it covetously guarded by the dragon who eyed him up wearily as he approached. “Before you think of anything I know every coin and gem that’s here and I won’t hesitate to add you to the pile of those who thought they could help themselves to it.”

“I understand, even if I wanted to take something there’s nowhere I could go anyway,” Elijah said as he walked over to a different chest and opened it. “There is so much wealth here, perhaps you could have spared a few coins of it to trade for my blanket and clothes instead of… finding it.” The drow found himself swallowing hard as the dragon stared at him like he had just spoke in ancient dwarven.

“But then I would have less in my hoard,” Vas’olar stated in a matter-of-fact tone. “What would be the point of that when I can just take whatever I want? Then I keep my hoard and I make sure my new servant can serve me.”

“Right…” Elijah said, sighing inwardly. He knew that chromatic dragons had a reputation for being evil but this was the first time he saw such a thing personally; it was as if the mere concept of not just killing for what he wanted didn’t even connect in his mind, making him wonder just how much of a chance he had of leaving as he went up and put a hand against his flank. “Perhaps I could just go next time and-“

As soon as the drow’s hand made contact with those warm scales Vas’olar’s head whipped around so fast it caused some of the coins to cascade down the pile. It wasn’t from the contact itself, the dragon would have hardly noticed it normally, but both he and the drow sensed a spark of power between them and it was enough to grab both of their attentions. When Elijah pulled back and looked at his palm he saw instead of the usual ebon flesh that the skin had hardened and gained an unnatural luster to it. It looked like… scales, and as he looked at it in shock he found that the dragon’s head had drifted behind him to see it.

“Dragon scales…” Vas’olar muttered. “You didn’t tell me that you were a sorcerer with draconic lineage.”

“I’m not though,” Elijah replied, shaking his hand as the bizarre sensation slowly began to dissipate as the dragon looked at him incredulously. “I swear, I don’t have any dragon’s blood! Plus if I did it would likely be from the deep dragons that dwell in the Underdark and they have leathery skin instead of scaly.”

Though Vas’olar continued to frown the expression was because he was sure that the drow was telling the truth on that. There was no reason to lie to him and he seemed just as shocked at the changes, though if it wasn’t because of that then there was no reason he would have manifested a physical change. “If that is the case, then there is something else going on with you,” Vas’olar finally mentioned, looking over the still naked elf before a thought came to him. “Let’s see just how far this goes drow…”

Before Elijah could ask what that meant he suddenly found himself nearly knocked off his feet as he was licked practically head to toe with one swoop of the huge tongue of the dragon. The drow suddenly found his heart racing as he could feel the tingle of the saliva on his skin, though instead of what he expected to happen he found that his skin was starting to harden just like what happened on his palm. “Are you insane?!” Elijah shouted as he looked at the dragon in anger. “You’re an acid dragon, you would have melted me!”

“And yet here you stand,” Vas’olar commented simply as Elijah started to sway slightly. “Our elemental affinities come from our draconic blood, so I figured if that’s the case this would be faster… or kill you, either way the mystery would be solved. Let’s see what else you manifest aside from resistance.”

Elijah tried to respond but his entire body began to tingle strongly, briefly raising the fear that the acid was having an effect on him especially as his dark skin began to lighten considerably. But instead of a cry of pain he let out a groan instead as he doubled over, feeling his insides shifting as his head started to throb. His vision blurred for a few seconds before it became sharper than ever, but as he began to feel his skull pushing out into two horns just behind his ears the face of Vas’olar had changed significantly. It had gone from the casual sneer that he usually wore to a look of utter disgust, which confused the elf before he lurched forward again from his spine stretching and he had to catch himself on his swollen hands…

…hands covered with scales and growing claws.

…hands growing draconic scales…

…platinum scales.

“You lying piece of filth!!” Vas’olar practically roared with indignant rage at the transforming creature. “You are a worshipper of Bahamut after all!”

“Noo… I’m nottrr…” As Elijah tried to talk he found his teeth growing and sharpening, pushing out past his lips as his face began to bulge out from the muscle and bone growing behind it. The ancient dragon looked like he was ready to kill him and even as his frame began to swell with new growth he could easily do it with one swipe of his paw. But even as acid practically began to drip from the maw of the black-scaled creature the killing blow never came, which caused almost as much confusion to the drow as the muscles of his back pushing up to grow into wings and his tailbone pushing out to grow into a proper tail.

Elijah wasn’t sure what to be more fearful of; the dragon who was staring at him with murderous intent or the fact that his body was becoming more feral by the minute. What made the entire situation even more bizarre was that as his shoulders rolled forward and his arms popped at the joints it felt… rather pleasant actually. The sensation of warmth was unlike anything he had ever experienced before, and as he continued to pant he found that the changes were starting to slow down. At this point he was three times the size that he had been and most of his drow features were obfuscated even as his elven foot swelled and his toes merged.

When the pseudo-muzzle began to push out past his line of sight Elijah could see the platinum scales on the bridge of his nose. As his gaze went back to looking at Vas’olar the rage was still on his face, but it was tinged with confusion as the forepaw that he had up remained hanging there. As the transformation ceased to progress he found his half-changed eyes shifting down to see that the pose the dragon was in showed him something else. The dragon had not only abstained from delivering an easy killing blow to someone becoming the avatar of a god that the chromatic dragon despised… but he was also fully erect.

Even with the growth of his elven body Elijah was still dwarfed by the ancient black dragon and his cock was probably as big as he was at that moment. It was something he had not been expecting to see and the shock of it was clearly on his face as the one in front of him went from seething to surprised to embarrassed. Though the display interested him the fact he was on thin ice with the dragon already and the fact he was starting to transform back occupied his thoughts more, groaning as he found the partial tail and wings he had been growing where merging back with his form as platinum scales turned to black flesh. Within a few minutes it was like it hadn’t even happened save for the somewhat awkward atmosphere that Vas’olar quickly vacated by saying he had to do something.

Though Elijah wanted him to stay there was not much he could do against a massive dragon as he braced himself against the thundering footsteps that Vas had as he walked to the entrance. At the moment the drow just let him go as he found himself with his own problems to dwell on. As he looked down at his hands he could feel that even with them being their usual slender elven digits that those scaly clawed paws were just underneath. He was sure that there was no dragon blood in his lineage, and given the nature of his transformation he had an idea of where to start looking as he peered over at one part of his hoard and saw a number of rather large scrolls and tomes…

About thirty minutes later Vas’olar found himself staring down at a village he had managed to find that was on the edge of the mountain range he called home. Already he could hear the screams coming from those below at the sight of such a dangerous and powerful creature looming over him, and while normally that would cheer him up all on its own he found himself letting out a sigh. Coating the buildings and people with his acid breath and then smashing what was left to pieces before taking everything of value didn’t have the same feeling of anticipation that it usually had. It was jarring to the dragon considering he used such rampages as his main form of catharsis and even more to his surprise he felt… something else about it, something he couldn’t quite put his paw on.

It took him more than a few moments before he figured out what it was, though it was just as baffling as the question itself. He found himself feeling guilty about ending all those lives even though it would be no more different than a human crushing an anthill. To care about such creatures so below him was unthinkable to that moment but the hesitation he felt was enough to sour any enjoyment he might have gotten out of the act. He could still hear the screaming even as he turned away and as he began to fly off once more he could almost imagine the looks of terror and horror at their impending death turning to confusion.

Vas’olar found himself angrier and more pent-up than ever since his chance at stress relief as he flew aimlessly over the mountains. That drow… somehow he was involved with all this, especially after revealing his true nature like that. The only problem was that given the centuries of interaction with the creatures he knew when they were lying to him and this one wasn’t when he said he had no idea what was going on. That meant that his true ire was on the one that was probably behind it all, that damnable dragon deity Bahamut.

That trap had done more than just transport them out of the temple, Vas’olar mused as his mind perfectly recalled the moments that he had met Elijah and the trap that had been set off. He had thought that perhaps they had just gotten lucky and the magic was a dud or, more likely, he was far too powerful for such profane goodness to work on him. Then he thought about what happened after… giving that drow a ride, getting him something for when he was cold, not entirely decimating a village and it’s population. Doing any of that would have never entered his mind before going into that cursed place, which meant that the dragon magic had done something not only to him but to Elijah as well.

That meant that the answer lay with whatever magic was transforming the drow, but the reason he wasn’t there right now interrogating the puny creature was that when he watched him changing there was another feeling that he rarely felt. This one was far more identifiable as lust and he could tell that as he watched Elijah transform that he had seen his excitement. The idea of rutting such a creature was bad enough whether drow or platinum dragon, but what made things even worse was that… the dragon couldn’t even allow himself to finish that thought at he shook his head. He was an ancient chromatic dragon, Vas’olar reminded himself as he let out a roar of frustration, he wasn’t going to be brought down by some pathetic dragon playing god or a lesser creature like that drow!

His anger started to boil over and his focus turned to Elijah, but even as he started to fly back towards his den it was starting to cool. Even though the dragon knew that he could easily rectify the situation with the drow the thought of smashing him with his paw it had a stronger reaction than the village. He couldn’t bring himself to even think about it, and as eh thought more about him the small amount of conversation they had came bubbling back to the surface. Trading for things that he wanted… it was such an absurd concept, but the more he thought about it the more he wanted to… actually listen to him.

It caused the dragon to open his mouth in disgust but as much as he attempted to fight against it the more he found that the idea of just taking what he wanted was becoming distasteful to him. That was the last straw, Vas’olar grumbled out loud as he shifted his wings to fly back to his den, even if he didn’t just kill him the drow had to go. This creature was massively crimping his style and he needed to get such a terrible influence out of his life. If not then he feared that he could keep getting ideas from Elijah and he would start becoming something like a conscience to him, another thought that caused the dragon to practically gag.

When Vas’olar landed back at his den he immediately heard something that caused him to pause. Even at the entrance to his den he could sense that someone was touching his hoard, which caused his nostrils to flair as he barged inside. No one touched his treasure and he was about to make sure that whoever was doing it had just made their last mistake. As soon as he got to his hoard chamber though the dragon practically skidded to a stop as he found what had been making the noise.

The drow that he had left in his cave had not left the chambers and also had not bothered to put on any clothing, which left the dragon staring at the naked elf who was half-buried in his coins. Given the thundering footsteps that had preceded him Elijah was aware that Vas’olar was coming but hadn’t any time to do anything about it as the two just stared at each other awkwardly. “I… can explain…” Elijah said as he slowly shoveled some of the coins to cover himself, though it was rather hard to do since he had a sizable erection.

“Go on then…” Vas’olar growled as he leaned in until his muzzle was practically touching the drow. “Explain.”

In reality Elijah had no idea what he was doing; once the dragon had stormed off he had intended on doing more research from the books and scrolls in the corner of the cave only to find himself practically hypnotized by the allure of the glinting treasure around him. He had never particularly desired such things before, there was not much use for them in the Underdark where other commodities were more commonly traded, but there was something about it that had drawn him in. Though he tried to walk away he found himself drawn back more and more towards it and eventually just pressed his naked body against the pile of gold. Not only did the feeling of the cool metal against his skin cause his arousal to build but he could still smell the scent of the dragon on it, something that had gotten him even hornier as he continued to frolic in the hoard until Vas’olar got back.

That was what Elijah ended up telling the dragon and as he waited for Vas’olar to go crazy for touching his hoard he found himself surprised. “I suppose you’re just indulging in whatever this transformation is that’s happening to you,” Vas’olar grumbled, Elijah hearing the anger in his voice tinged with something else. “Looks like it’s not just my touch that’s changing you either now.”

Elijah wasn’t sure what he meant until he looked down and saw that his maleness had poked through the pile of gold and was starting to shift in coloration, becoming a bright pink as ridges had started to form on shaft. “That… wasn’t like that just a short while ago,” Elijah said as he pulled his feet out from the pile and saw that they had become swollen while the black flesh had shifted to a brighter hue more akin to the metal that he had just pulled them out of. “I can feel it, I’m starting to change again… I think it’s your presence.”

“All the more reason for you… to…” Vas’olar found himself stumbling as he found himself unable to speak the words that he had thought about on the flight over, eventually snarling that caused the drow to jump as he began to pace back and forth. “You are a curse! There is no earthly reason why a creature such as I should be like this, I should crush you now like… like the… agh! I can’t even insult you properly anymore!”

Elijah had gone from terrified to intrigued as the dragon continued to vent, though as he did he could see that there was something else going on with Vas’olar. Being as huge a creature as he was his sheath was massive and he could see it starting to fill out especially when he glanced over at the much smaller drow. This was more than just a simple infatuation, and he had been so distracted by the sudden appearance of the dragon and his own arousal that he had forgotten he had found something interesting in the scrolls. At first they had been hard to read but before he became distracted by the gold he found the draconic language becoming easier to translate and even understood what some of the markings had been that surrounded the information on the temple of Bahamut.

Had Vas’olar been able to read the deific dragon language he probably had never gone down there as it was a temple to purify the souls of those that wished to serve the platinum dragon. Whatever magic they had tripped was probably that ritual, but he saw that it was made for only one creature to go in. He had guessed that since both of them were caught in the magic and no one was there to guide it that it was affecting them together and with the way the chromatic dragon acted it seemed he was right. The ritual was to create an avatar of Bahamut, a dragon free of darkness; and with Vas’olar being evil but a dragon and himself being good but not a dragon they technically fit the bill… but only together.

As Vas continued to growl and pant Elijah decided it was time to reign the dragon in, emboldened by the muttering he had heard that the ancient being seemed unable to harm him. “Vas, will you stop and look at me?” Elijah said, prompting the dragon to cease his pacing and stare at him. “I think I know what’s going on, but you need to come over here so we can actually talk.”

“I don’t want to talk,” Vas’olar replied, though the dragon did move towards him. The drow suddenly found himself a bit intimidated by the massive shaft of the creature that was almost as big as him, though the other male seemed unaware that he was even erect as he heard another growl reverberate from the chest of the creature. “I want to go back to smashing villages and destroying caravans without this… weird feeling of darkness that’s clouding over me.”

“I think you’re talking about feeling guilty,” Elijah explained, though it was hard for his purple eyes to focus on anything but that throbbing shaft he pulled up to look at the orbs of the dragon. “Before you came in here like a storm I found that the temple was designed to create an avatar of Bahamut, which is the magic that we encountered. I think it was meant to help create a safe haven in the Underdark for metallic dragons.”

“I don’t care,” Vas’olar seethed before his muzzle tilted in confusion.

“Well I think it’s messing with you more then you’re aware,” Elijah said. “The ritual was meant for one creature to become a platinum dragon and I think the two of us being in there messed it up. We’re connected now it seems, and while I’m adopting your physical nature I think you might be getting more of my… mental state.”

It took a second for Vas’olar to realize what the drow meant and when he got the connotation his eyes actually widened in response. “So that’s why I’ve been having these strange feelings despite breeding dragonesses,” Vas’olar said as his lips turned up in a slight snarl. “You enjoy doing the same to males?”

“Well… sort of,” Elijah replied with a sheepish grin. “I do think dragons are pretty hot, and normally I’m not the one doing the breeding, so to speak.” Vas’olar’s jaw dropped slightly but at the mention of the drow’s proclivities he found his draconic dick twitching. “It seems that has imprinted on you, though I wonder how much.”

“No… no way,” Vas’olar said as he shook his head. “There’s no way I’m getting bred, especially not to some elf!” As the dragon snorted though he could see the smile growing on the drow’s face as scales began to appear on his face. His mind told him that he needed to get rid of this terrible influence, but as the gold began to shift from the one starting to grow on top of it he found it harder to look away.

“If it makes you feel better I don’t think that I’m going to be an elf for much longer,” Elijah replied as his voice already started to get slightly deeper while platinum scales appeared on his throat. “But I am so horny right now, but considering you’re a bit big for me yet I need you to speed things up a bit. I’m sure you can think of a way on how to do that, isn’t that right?”

It wasn’t just the sound of his voice that was changing, Vas’olar thought as the ancient dragon shuddered slightly, the one was also shifting to that of a far more dominant creature. This drow elf should be quaking in fear for his life at his mere presence, not giving him bedroom eyes and stroking his cock while motioning for him. If he got away at this moment perhaps he could retain his dignity but instead he found himself slowly moving forward, a perverse curiosity starting to fill his mind as he lowed his ridged length against the drow. He had plowed into plenty of plenty of dragonesses while on a pile of gold but this was a much different experience as he still practically dwarfed the other creature.

Elijah found his confidence skyrocketing even as he found the slick appendage starting to press against his toned body. Whether it had been his own natural submissiveness or something that was in the ritual of Bahamut it seemed like Vas’olar was enjoying himself, especially as the shaft throbbed hard when sliding against him. The sensation of pleasure from this huge appendage being rutted against this entire body was secondary to the feeling that this dragon was following his direction despite being able to crush him with his huge shaft if he wanted. Even though Vas’olar continued to hiss in protest at being pleasured in this way Elijah could practically feel him getting more aroused by the second, especially as the much smaller drow grew even faster.

The two shared a groan as Elijah found his spine stretching, his mostly elven form becoming almost distorted as his ribs and chest quickly expanded to follow suit. Anywhere his skin stretched it was scales that formed there and as with his legs up in the air pressing against the dragon’s huge cock they were practically trembling from the added muscle. For a few brief moments his arms were weighted down as his fingers merged and morphed until they became massive paws, but the power was quick to cause his biceps and forearms to follow suit as they swelled with growth while shifting in orientation. With them being pressed against one another so intimately whatever magic inside the drow was blooming quick, his neck stretching his somewhat elven head before his muzzle grew out while his tail flopped on the golden coins while attached to his still somewhat narrow torso.

When Elijah had gotten to be about twice the size he had been he had become an interesting mix of dragon and drow, his longer tongue licking his lips while they pushed out as he found himself exhilarated by the changes instead of fearful of them. “There is… so much power…” Elijah gasped out, enjoying the rumble of his deeper voice as he saw that Vas’olar was looking down at him. “I need more…”

“Not sure what else to give you,” Vas’olar replied as he shifted his own position to accommodate the growing creature beneath him.

“Just relax,” Elijah replied as he licked his new growing teeth, this time a smile framing them as he humped his own growing cock into the one on top of him. Even with his new growth he was still practically dwarfed by the huge member, though now he was at least bigger than it and especially his maleness that was five times it original size and still stretching out. “I’ll take care of you just like you’ll take care of me.”

The words sent another shiver down the ancient dragon’s spine. This position was embarrassing and what made things worse was it was getting him off, feeling the increasingly scaly flesh of the drow beneath him as he was told what to do made him practically snarl in lust. Somewhere in his mind a growing voice told him that this was the way it was supposed to be, that he was supposed to listen to this increasingly platinum dragon even though such a thing was against his very nature. But there was a lot of stuff that was going against it at the moment as he felt the stretching mouth of the drow against he tip of his cock, which was only able to get around it as his lengthening limbs wrapped around it once more.

The sounds of their groans and snorts filled the cavern as both found their minds clouded by lust as well as the magic from the ritual they had unknowingly activated. Even though he could just get his lips around the tapered tip Elijah made up for it with enthusiasm as he stretched out his growing tongue to tease the sensitive shaft. When he was pushed against the treasure once more and practically grinded against Elijah allowed Vas to do so as another swell of growth hit his form. Once again it started in his feet and hands and as they flopped to the sides away from the sensitive ridged flesh his mouth opened in a silent cry of ecstasy when his digits pushed out even more. They spasmed and curled as they became proper draconic paws, no longer the hands and feet of a drow but those of a proper dragon as his gait grew bigger and his hips ballooned with growth to support his more feral stance.

As his arms and legs no longer needed to be supported to be up in the air, his new quad nature helping him wrap around the thick shaft, his neck and back continued to push him up to the point where he was starting to match the length of the dragon on top of him. Elijah had to blink a few times as he felt a pressure in his skull, groaning loudly as his hair shifted from white to platinum while growing down his neck as a pair of horns pushed out from it. His eyes practically bulged while his skull was molded into its new shape and as his eyes opened again they had adopted a platinum hue that took up their entirety. The drow was quickly disappearing from his form and with it what little remained of his timid nature as he used his new found flexibility to get out from under Vas.

“I think it’s time we change position,” Elijah said, pausing as his jaws popped and snapped while growing out even more. “I’m big enough for the main event.”

Vas looked over the former drow and found that while he had significantly grown with only his ears and a few other elven features left he was about the size of a large horse, maybe a little bigger. “I’m not going to fit in you like that,” Vas stated. “Not with you still that small.”

Elijah just smirked and grabbed Vas by the haunches before pulling him down. Being in the position he had been before the dragon had slid a bit on the pile of coins and was angled so that his hips were in the air but still low enough for the other man. The ancient dragon balked at the idea of being bred like this but as the former drow had said before it seemed his preferences had rubbed off on him. Plus there was something about this creature being his superior that for a brief moment felt right, even if it did fill the chromatic creature with shame at being underneath a metallic dragon and the avatar of Bahamut even.

But even with how humiliated Vas was at the moment his tail still raised up in the air as the still growing dragon went behind him. Despite how small he was Elijah’s cock had preceded him in the size department to the point of almost being unwieldy as he pushed it up against the exposed tailhole. His knuckles popped as they pressed against those black-scaled haunches and having seen enough dragon rutting himself knew how to get up behind him. Even though he had to stand on the tips of his toes and slipped a bit his new talons found purchase and allowed him to start pushing his own throbbing member inside.

“Ohhh, this feels so good…” Elijah said, his voice still distorted but growing more powerful instead of deeper now. “I can feel you trembling in anticipation, are you sure that you’ve never been bred by another dragon before?”

“Fuck off,” Vas replied, which only caused the other dragon to chuckle as the shoulders of Elijah stretched apart to allow his shiny new wings to form.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Elijah replied as he massaged the sides of the dragon while his chest and torso pushed out and became the same thickly muscled configuration as the one beneath him. “It seems Bahamut has tasked me to put you in line, and that’s exactly what I’m going to do. But I can do it without the fun I suppose, so if you’re going to want me to keep going I need you to beg for it.”

The tone of the platinum dragon was shifting hard and Elijah was practically drunk on the power that he was getting as he was able to reach up with his forepaws and stroke the neck of the surprised dragon. “You want me to what?” Vas found himself asking. “I… would never…”

“Not even for the pleasure you know I can give you?” Elijah replied as he let the tip slide past the ring of muscle, keeping himself from going any further as his own rear rippled with new strength while his tail slid out more. “C’mon Vas, this isn’t so bad, nothing wrong with appreciating having a bigger dragon on top of you. I can make being good feel so good… but you have to want it, say you’ll be a good dragon and beg me for me to continue.”

With the weight on his back increasing Vas found himself in an unusual position of vulnerability; even as they went back and forth Elijah was still getting bigger and soon they were going to be the same size. It was something that the other dragon, which was what he was now, was swift to take advantage of as he heard a growl of impatience come from behind him. There was no way he would give Bahamut the satisfaction, he wouldn’t be bred by his avatar despite how intensely good it felt to just… give in and submit. Even that thought made him practically whimper as he tried to push back a bit to get more of that twitching shaft inside of him only to be stopped.

“You know what you have to do in order to get me inside of you,” Elijah said as, his muzzle practically up to the ear hole of the other dragon as he felt a thick tongue lick against his scales. “Beg. For. It.”

Vas started to tremble and when it was clear that Elijah had more patience he found his pride finally hit the breaking point in the face of so much pleasure. “Please… please breed me,” Vas said in a voice so quiet despite his impressive nature that it even surprised the dragon on top of him. “I’ll… be… a good dragon…”

“I don’t think I quite heard you,” Elijah replied, though as he slid forward he pushed his cock in a little more. It was partially to reward Vas and also because his maleness was still growing along with the rest of his body as his paws could touch the ground even when on top of the other dragon.

“Just pound my tailhole already!” Vas said. “I’ll do whatever you want, I won’t rampage anymore, I’ll even give… some of my hoard away! Just stick it in me already you platinum fuck!”

“Close enough,” Elijah replied with a chuckle as he started to slide forward while nuzzling against the long black-scaled neck of the other dragon. “But we’re going to have to work on those manners of yours if we’re going to take you out in public.”

“Public?” Vas asked, though it was punctuated with a gasp as he began to get stretched open by the thick cock that had been eagerly awaiting his submission. Though it was hard to tell just by his inner walls clamped down around it he could sense that Elijah was bigger than him, and the more the platinum dragon moved about the more he found it was more than just in his draconic dick. Even with being an ancient dragon somehow Elijah had grown to the point where he was bigger than even him, though part of his mind still equated being plowed into by this creature the same as the small drow he had brought to his lair…

…a thought that both continued to humiliate and arouse him.

Elijah didn’t respond to the other dragon’s question and merely enjoyed the sensations of sliding in and out of the tailhole that he dominated. Even without the influence of the platinum god on his mind he had ideas for how best to put his new body to use, along with this new pet of his. While he was unsure if he could ever return to being a drow again he found himself not really caring; it would be easy enough to return to his clan as this in order to try and help them as well as the rest of the drow in the Underdark. With the help of the other dragon they could make some real changes down there in order to ensure the safety of his people, or rather his former people as he doubted he would give up this platinum dragon body even if he wanted to.

As the two continued to rut on the pile of treasure that Elijah knew was his even without asking there were other places that he wanted to go though too, with a little training for Vas the platinum dragon found his sights on more than just bringing light to the darkness.