

I See You Baby, Shakin' That

By Candlestick's Dilemma

Story Contains:

Lesbian Dragon babe. Conjoinment. Breast expansion. Mini-Gts. Three-way relationship. Drinking. Dancing. Carrying on.

Premise:

POV: In the club I smack you girls ass with a hand like this. What do you do?

A: Fuse with you into a two headed lesbian with two hands like that and show 'our' girl the night of her life.

Story:

The Shift had caused a numerous amount of changes, but the biggest for me had been the dragon genetics haphazardly pushed into my DNA, leaving me with one hand and arm converted into a massive dragon claw, and a sprinkling of scales that had taken the place of my freckles across my pale skin.

It made hitting on other women more a force of personality than of looks as it had been before. I'm raven haired goth babe with cute little boobs. But yeah, the whole thing was harder now, doubly so when you take into account my 'new' sexuality. I'd always been a lesbian, but apparently whatever dragon energy I'd absorbed had added in a deep seated need for more than one partner at a time. I had always been open to polyamory, but wanting ménage à trois were new.

Tonight, I was in my fav 'it' club. I was hoping I could find someone, or maybe even two someones who'd be into a short goth girl with more muscle than two cis men and a flexibility that'd make even the straightest of girls rethink their options for a night of fun.

That was when I spotted *her*. The cute brunette with the green eyes, cute little boobies a bit bigger than mine, and a blue dress bunched up at the front to REALLY show off some incredible legs. She was a bit taller than me, but at 5'1" a lot of people were taller than me.

Next to her was a curvy blonde, and when I said curvy, I meant *curvy*. Tits that could fill coffee cans, *each*, an ass that would overflow any bar stool she sat on, and enough of a cute little belly to let me know it was all natural, just a genetic lottery win.

But yeah, that tall brunette had to be conquest for the night. If I'd gotten a dragon tail along with the claw and scales, I'd have been swishing it in anticipation. The short blonde too if I could hook them both.

Catching the brunette's eyes. I decided to do a move I had tried in the past. It had gotten me more than a few dates in mixed clubs, but this would be the first test run in 'single' gender clubs like this one. I strutted up to the brunette, making eyes at her the whole time, doing the full smolder in a way that would have made Flinn Ryder proud.

Getting up to her, I quickly pulled her in with a kiss with my human hand, letting her feel the different piercings I had beyond the one's she could see, like crushing my tits against hers so she could feel the

nipple piercings, her lips against mine so the snake bite piercings on either side of lips were a little more obvious, etc. It was a deal breaker for some and I wanted to get the point across quickly. Saves time.

Breaking the kiss, I looked at the blonde first, noting she'd seen the whole thing.

Giving the brunette a quick spin with my right hand, my left, the dragon clawed one, came up and gave her ass a good smack.

My imperious look to the blonde said it all, *'Yeah, you saw it. I just smacked your girl's ass with a big ol' dragon claw. What are you gonna do?'* This was a make-it or break-it moment. Sometimes it started a fight with the other person, especially if they were guys. Guys were way too possessive, and I say this as someone who's about 14 percent dragon. Sometimes it resulted in them going *'welp, she's your girl now, nothing I can do about it.'* And then just walking away. More than a few times I utterly misread who was the dominant one of the pair and had just smacked the Dom's ass instead of the sub, and while looking at the sub of the two, would get slapped, *hard*, by the woman. Yeah, do not try this shit with Cubans. The woman is always in charge.

So anyway, I looked to the blonde after getting a solid handful of ass and a delicious smack.

The blonde was smiling. No, *smirking*.

With a strut of her own that I wanted a camera pointed at those hips just so I could record that hip swing, study it, masturbate to it, and figure out how to get my hips to do that little wiggle, that heavy swish, and that rocking back and forth that would make the sea at high tide jealous. She walked right up to me, pivoting at the last second so we were side by side, hip to hip, her on my right, and threw an arm around my waist and pulled me tightly against her.

The gesture clicked into place immediately. *'My girl? No no no, our girl now.'*

I found my own right hand, the still human one, falling into place on her waist. I had to lean a little, she had to push up on her toes just a tad, but our lips found each other and we were kissing.

And fuuuuck what a kiss. I realized quickly she had a tongue stud and with the way she was grinding it against my own tongue just right, I knew that this was a woman who knew how to make a woman scream while using it on her and rethought who I wanted on my face and who I wanted between my legs.

My whole body was starting to tingle. With want, with need, with pent up sexual energy and with... with... what?

Still holding the kiss, my eyes popped open and saw the mirth shining in the blue orbs of my blonde partner. I wasn't about to break the kiss, her lips were so soft against mine, and it felt like she was melting against me. Of course it felt like I was melting against her too. Do you know how rare it is to find someone who is just the right amount of dominant to match your own, and rather than butt heads, you fold together?

Yeah, I don't either, I always fight or fuck them. But this, this felt new, felt right.

I pulled her tighter against me, and could feel her doing the same. We felt so close, the whole thing was so hot, I thought we might melt against each other at any second.

And then we did...

We moaned into each other's mouths as briefly we had three legs, then two that were rapidly expanding and pushing us up higher. Our hips clicked together at the same time and I found my height and the blonde's equaled out and neither of us had to strain even a little to continue the kiss which I was so happy to do so.

Our pussies nestled next to each other before merging fully, and I could have screamed at the feeling it was so good. The result was a shared pussy that had all the nerve endings of both of us. If our legs were any indication, whatever was happening to me, *to us*, wasn't just putting us together, it was *adding* us together, and let me tell you! One plus One was coming out to a hell of a lot of two.

For about half a beat I was sure we were gonna be two torsos on a single waist facing each other, but when our torsos started melding I knew I'd been wrong about that. It was like someone pulling a zipper up my right and her left side, pulling us tighter and closer into each other. My tit swelled. Not tits, I only had the one after the initial pull. No, wait, I was wrong, but only kind of. I had one, but WE still had two.

But yeah, we quickly had tits the size of my little C's and her I don't know how fucking big, but BIG, tits added together and talk about a lot of boob! More than even my dragon hand could have... could...

Wait...

I glanced down and gasped as I realized my dragon shift had been permeated throughout the form, and now the arm on her side was also a massive 'ass grabbing' clawed behemoth that looked like it could 'crush men's skulls like sparrow eggs.'

If you did not read that last bit with a Russian accent, shame on you.

Finally breaking the kiss, I gasped and looked around the room. It was a lot smaller than I remembered, and I mean, A LOT. Most of the people in the room didn't come up to my waist, and NOBODY came up to my tits.

'My' tits. Fuck, they weren't just mine anymore. I was sharing this body with the gorgeous blonde from earlier. Glancing to her she smirked again, before sliding out a tongue that had to be a foot long and had the aforementioned tongue stud. I went to poke my tongue out at her and realized two things.

The first was that my tongue was now a foot long too. I guess when we overlapped our bodies, our shifts had overlapped too. Or had my dragon shift meant to give me a tongue like this and hadn't quite been powerful enough, and now with us merging had balanced us out a bit further. I don't think I remember it being that long when we kissed.

And second... I had a tongue stud now too. That was different. Welcomed, but different.

We took a quick audit of ourselves. Glancing down I noticed that our outfits had perfectly merged. My tough girl goth look and her leather and corset look had resulted in a fused number that showed off our tits, squeezed our waist in, gave us cleavage to our chin and covered it in fishnets. Beneath that was a pair of shiny, latex pants that could have been painted on our ass along with a pair of boots that looked like they were made for curb stomping some asshat.

Our boobs drew my attention, and for more reasons than the obvious.

Our skin tones hadn't merged! I was still the pale goth on my half, and her skin was still the sun kissed... possibly mixed race? (I promised myself to check later) Even the scales on the arm on her side were a bit different.

All-in-all, I kinda liked the look, like some dark wizard had shoved a pair of women together to be his sex slave, and we had kicked his ass, probably eaten him in two bites, one for me and one for her and...

And this was a way more specific image than I was expecting to get.

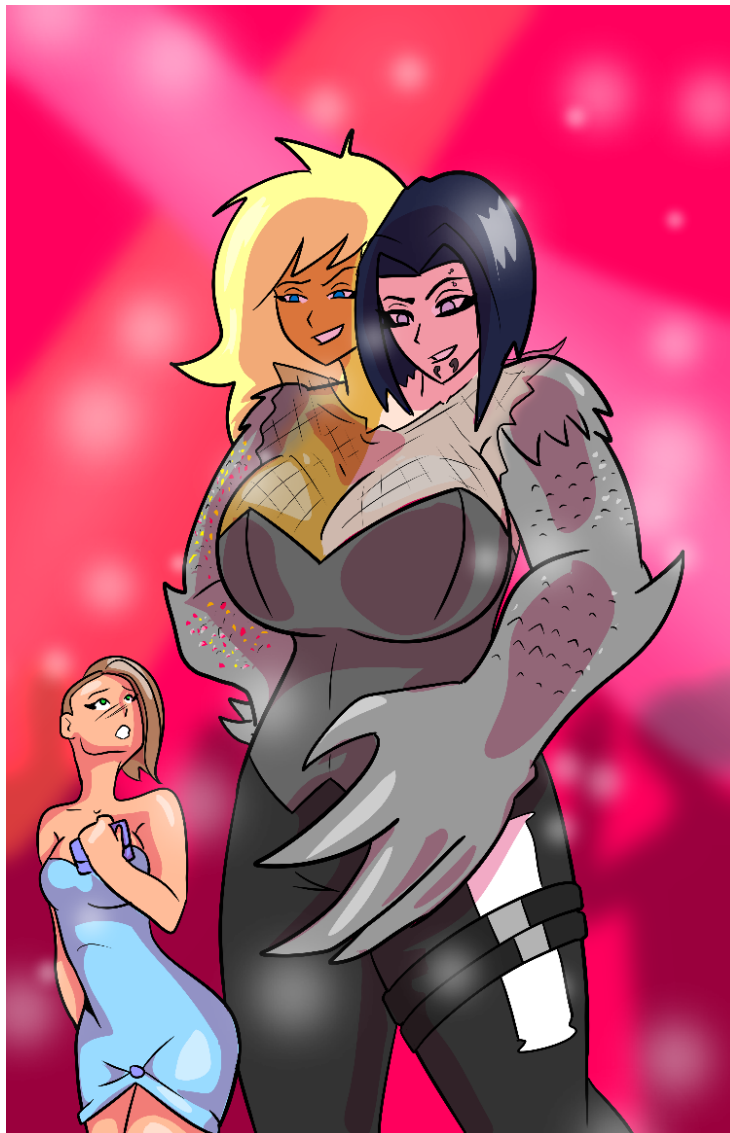
Feeling like the internal audit was done, I checked the blonde who gave a slight nod, something I instinctively knew meant she was done with her own self scan and we refocused on our girlfriend.

The hot brunette was looking up at us, eyes wide, over her shoulder. I realized that this whole thing, this whole transformation, had happened so quick her ass was probably still singing from the smack I'd given it.

Fuck.

And also.... Tying together two horny bitches sex drives like this? Fuuuuuuuuck.

I said the first thing to the brunette that came to mind. "Your place, or one of ours?"



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It was nearly four hours of love making later that my mind really came back up for air. Being like this, sharing a body with another woman, it was like being in a deep kiss.

At that moment I was... we were using our foot long tongues to lick out the brunette babe who was sitting on our chest, her lower back curved against our big tits, her upper back and head cradled in one of our massive hands as we devoured that pussy. She was trembling and before I knew it had orgasmed again.

Again, as in there had been many more than one. For all involved.

Letting the tired out brunette roll off of us, we cozied her up against my side, her head resting in the nook of my big arm and I laid back in a bed that didn't even begin to handle what I'd realized was over nine feet, close to ten, of 'lesbo-dragon-queen' as I was thinking of our form, panting, the blonde doing the same on our shared shoulders.

Next to us, our brunette girlfriend was just starting to nod off. We'd been fucking her for close to four hours and had utterly wrecked her shit. That's not to say she hadn't given as good as she'd gotten, fuuuucking hell I'd never had a lover more attentive to my needs before, I'd cum at least a dozen times, and not small ones either. I'm not sure this body even did SMALL anymore.

We just had more stamina than I'd ever had alone. Which was ok. I kinda wanted to curl up around our brunette girlfriend and be all protective of her, like a big two headed dragon lady protecting her precious treasure.

"Sooo..." We'd talked before, and during, but something about having the blonde's voice for the first time calm and not dripping with sexual need, *right next to* my ear was a bit startling. "What do you think of all this?"

"The threeway?"

She snorted. I grinned. Yeah, wasn't my first and it clearly wasn't hers either. Might have been for the brunette, but I wasn't sure. Fuck had I really not caught either of their names? I'm not sure I'd given mine either. Well, we'd been horny, wet and willing, so it could be excused.

"I could be talked into keeping it." I corrected myself. Hefting up a hand, strangely the one on her side, to cup the heavy, now naked tit, on my side. On getting our top off earlier in the night I'd noted we both had our nipples pierced and absently wondered if that had been because they had both been before hand, or if it had been like her tongue stud, copied over for symmertry's sake during our fusion.

But my comment, 'talked into keeping it' had brought a laugh from my body partner, one that had me shoot her a look that was hard, and a bit concerned. Was she... not as ok with all this? Were we about to be separated and me kicked out the door while she and her girlfriend had a good laugh about the stupid goth bitch they'd roped into-

Nope, could feel it in my heart. Hearts. We had two. Her's and mine, right next to each other. But yeah, I could feel it in them. She hadn't meant the laugh to scare me. It was a joke she hadn't let me in on yet and was about to. Fuuuck being able to feel each other's emotions was making me way more emotionally secure in this than I was expecting.

I prompted her explanation with a quick question. "And you're laughing because...?"

"Because I have no fucking clue how to separate us."

My heart skipped a beat. I'd just been scared of separating a second ago. But now... knowing that this might be a thing, my mind started scrambling over the things that being fused and super tall were going to fuck up for me. Going to the store, I could reach the top shelf. No, wait, that was an upside. Ummm... Going to work would be.... Fuck work. Ok, well, driving would be.... At this tall we could probably jog anywhere in the city faster than the traffic would let most car's drive.

Ok, I really wasn't finding a whole lot of down side really. "Well good, because like I said, I could stay like this."

"Same." I saw her eyes wander to her lover. At first I thought it was because she was worried about what the brunette would think of all this. No, wait, that can't be right. She'd LOVED it for the last four hours, and I didn't feel even a tingle of worry from my partner's side.

I gasped as it clicked into place. "She fused us."

"Yeah." The blonde giggled, giving me a quick kiss and letting our tongues tangle for a second before pulling her back in.

"That's why you don't know how to unfuse us. You can't."

She shrugged our shoulders. "Yeah. In fact, I've never seen her separate *anything* before, and this is the first time I've ever seen her merge two people so..."

I kissed her. She kissed back. I didn't care. We were fused, I finally felt balanced, both in a relationship and in my own mismatched dragon body that finally had its own other side. If we stayed like this, we stayed, and it would be fucking awesome.

But seriously, I needed to get their names before it became embarrassing.