

Dying Spark

Utarian Tyran, a reptilian race with a wyvern-like appearance. Vestigial wing membranes creep down their arms leading to their four clawed hands. Unique crisscrossed reptilian pupil eyes expand and adjust to the light. Short muzzles with countless razor-sharp teeth give them a fearsome unfriendly appearance. They by nature are a war-like race, xenophobic and uncaring of any homeworld that has not yet been made their own.

Planet X-T1V-LQ91 is one such planet being converted and used for their own purposes, but this tale is not from their perspective and their eternal conflict that they have brought upon themselves, but a native of the planet which they call Electa. Feral noodle dragons with sharp claws and mouths full of teeth call this planet home. Their scales range from blue, to purple, pink, reds, greens and have beautiful manes that mimic their scale colors but can fade to silver.

One of these light blue dragons peers from the distance, deep within the jungle that surrounds the compound that the aliens built when they invaded their land some time ago. She is only two and a half feet in length, eyeing the electric fence that is many yards away with a large clearing between where she is and there. She feels a rumble within her body, claws dancing across the ground, purple eyes focused on it, "It's on... I can just go over there for a little nibble."

A silver dragon moves up against her, staring at her with her blue eyes. "Spark, you cannot go there," she warns.

"Luminous, you got to feed all the time before they showed up and you had a moment to enjoy the aliens' creation yourself, that's why you are so massive. And you have Eternal to keep you satisfied, who do I have? I'm just a runt now, but with that source of food, I'll be the envy of everyone, even you perhaps," she remarks with a sly smirk.

"Eternal was taken by them! How could you think this is a good idea, regardless of the temptations," she exclaims, squirming a little, remembering the extreme pleasure she got from the aliens' creation. She pushes back her own instincts that briefly override her grief to regain her composure, but keeps subtly rubbing her belly, grinding against the ground, her body feeling the tingle in the air that makes her heart flutter. "But we don't know anything about these things. They create strange things, come from the sky, and roar like lightning. They create barriers of food? What are they? What do they want? And why did they take Eternal? I do hope they let him go soon."

"I'm sorry... I didn't know, but it's just a quick little feed, and then I'll be back, no problem. Who knows I could grow big enough to find Eternal?"

"Spark, please, don't jest. This isn't worth it. Nothing about this sits right with me. All that deliciousness just right there? It's tempting but those who have gotten near those creatures haven't returned yet."

"I know what to do," she responds with a toothy smirk, "You watch and see."

"I prefer not to. I don't want to see you grabbed and whisked away, you're like a sister to me. I urge you, please do not do this."

“I’m no longer a worm. I can take care of myself,” she states, rushing out into the clearing.

“Spark! Come back Spark!” Luminous exclaims, feeling a pit in her stomach grow.

Spark looks back, ignoring her visible distress, sticking her tongue out playfully, “I’ll be bigger than you in no time, just you wait!” She moves through the cut fields, squirming past tree stumps, the rumble of lightning out in the distance, too far away for her to delight in feeding there, not when she feels this lovely tingle through her body.

“I can feel it from here! What a wondrous feeding frenzy I’ll have!” she remarks, panting, feeling arousal move through her, causing the area on her belly, just above her slit to blush. Her sex glistening, claws trembling in anticipation, she doesn’t notice the technologically superior aliens watching her every move through cameras on the perimeter.

Spark tastes the ozone in the air, a wonderful sensation, never before has she felt so much so close, so open, a feeding frenzy would be a shallow description of what she feels the moment she leaps on the metal fence. It rattles against her body, electricity rushing through her. She screams... in pure pleasure. Her grip grows tighter, her crotch grinding against the source of power, pleasure shooting through her, making her sex quiver. Her glistening fluids wetting the metal, making it even more conductive, allowing her to feed even more directly.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” she chirps in lustful delights, scales growing, splitting, body growing, her new scales glisten and spark like the electricity she feeds upon. She only releases her grip to reach out and stretch outward as her body grows ever larger. Panting, moaning, grinding, the pleasure grows ever hotter, tingling through her spine.

She bites onto the fence, unable to even dent it, but it makes her feel better just the same. Tongue licking across the shocking metal, growling, snarling, feeling a sexual desire and frenzy bubble within her. A force of nature that she can’t fully control once fully drawn into its depths. Luminous’ words are lost to her under her own screams of pleasure, only coming to when the flow of blissful energy suddenly stops.

“Huh? No! Why did it stop? Did I eat it all?” she whines, sexually frustrated, then feels several bites in her scales and under belly. She twitches, looking to see a strange bug sticking out of her with red colorful tails, “What are tho...” she feels a sudden faintness come over her, darkness overtaking her.

Luminous continues to yell out to her, wanting to go and grab her, pull her away, watching her grow to six feet, a little over a third of her own size. There is no way she could do it in time. The strange aliens are already upon her, tossing a net over her, dragging her away. She yells, “SPARK!” one last time, only muffling herself when the alien creatures stop and look in her direction.

The Utarian Tyran wear gas masks over their muzzles, making their features more frightening and alien to her, while they make strange noises that she can’t figure out their meaning, “Did you hear something?” one of the Utarian Tyran’s ask another.

“There are other creatures out there. Be quick and grab this one before more wildlife comes,” remarks the other.

Luminous stays low, hiding in the brush, not wanting to get caught herself, feeling completely helpless about this turn of events, wanting to do something, but knowing there is nothing she can do.

When spark awakens, she is unsure just how long she's been out or even where she is. A bright light momentarily blinds her. She tries to move, only to find her limbs are tightly bound, body spread, belly up, completely exposed, "Huh? What's going on?!" she exclaims, squirming, trying to fight against the bonds that hold her. Trying to lift her head, she discovers that even this is not possible, a metal collar around her neck which is chained to the table providing only a few inches of movement, minimal for how large her body is now.

When her vision comes to, she sees the aliens, a large clear box around her separating them from her. Their masks off, dressed in white, they hold something flat and square in their claws, making noises to each other, unable to decipher just what they are saying, or what they want. Her heart throbs, fear and concern overtake her as she squirms, thinking, "*I really overdid it now, didn't I?*"

Her squirming stops when one of the creatures in white, bangs hard against the side of the container, making a heavy thud, "Stop your squirming!" He notices the creature stops, "Hey look, it actually stopped, imagine that. Perhaps they can take commands?"

A red and black scaled Utarian Tyran approaches, "Rear Admiral Invictus wants us to study these creatures. We aren't sure why they are able to survive our electric fences, much less feed on them. There's enough electricity to kill a man dead in half a second. If these scaled eels have a use for the empire, I intend to find it," she states with aggressive concern.

"Yes, Miss Mortifer. Now that it's awake, what shall we do first?"

"Run basic tests first, after that, we'll look into this electrical feeding ability of theirs. They turn energy into mass. If we can harness this, we could make food processors, considerably cutting down on our Empire's supply lines."

"As you wish Miss Mortifer," the other Utarian Tyran doing as he's told, typing into a computer console.

Spark is left confused, wondering, "*Why am I held like this? What do they want? What are these strange things?*" and as that thought enters her mind the strange devices over her begin to move. A blue light comes across her, she eeps and lets out a draconic chirp expecting pain, wincing, then relaxing, finding nothing but a tingle across her lower region.

But then strange sharp objects come rushing toward her! They poke and prod her body, limbs, claws twitching. Feeling a pinch in her scales, blue-silver blood drawn out of her body, before a mechanical claw grabs her head, forces it still while a bright light shines into one eye and then the other, "What is it that you want!" she exclaims.

Mortifer watches, taking notes, "Normal reflexes. Nothing I'd consider supernatural, and no extra sensory to light. They can sense electricity, that much is for sure. Is the sensor in the nose like some aquatic creatures back home? Or elsewhere? And the heightened sense of arousal? Perhaps they breed when food is plentiful, sparking that response. They aren't better than our scanners for the power crystals on the planet, but I wonder..." she mutters, letting the

dragon squirm under the prodding of her assistance, taking the blood sample out of a double layered sanitization tube.

She looks over the blood sample. “Interesting, some tests will need to be run,” she mutters, taking it over to her nearby lab, leaving Spark to be prodded and poked over the next few hours.

The dragon squirms and grunts, gasping when they push into her holes, testing her body, the hum of energy from the tools, making her squeeze down upon them, trying to pull them into herself, her lizard brain, instinct driven delights stronger than her conscious behavior. She whines in delight, the constraints growing a little tighter. The warmth of the energy from the strange prodding objects into her, makes her pant, moaning softly. Her heart throbs in delight, drawing them into her body so she may draw in ever more energy, making her lust grow.

The Utarian Tyran looks at their computer console, “I’m not getting any reading. It’s like the energy from the tools are being drained by the scaled worm,” she remarks.

The yellow scaled scientist looks over the information as it develops, looking over to Spark, taking note of the growing body, and her squirming against the ever-tightening restraints, “Watch it, the creature is growing, feeding off the energy of the tools. I’ll inform Miss Mortifer right away,” says the same assistant as before, a green and yellow scaled Utarian Tyran. He approaches the head scientist lab, “Miss Mortifer?” he asks softly.

She pulls away from her scientific interests, sharply responding, “What is it?”

“Sorry for bothering you but we have a development with the scaled worm.”

“Don’t come to me speaking in a weak voice. It’s insulting. Come and tell me what is happening.”

“Apologies Miss Mortifer.”

“Stop apologizing and tell me. What are you a pacifist?”

He stiffens, taking offense to the phrase, “No, I am not,” he states.

“Good, now tell me, what has happened?”

“It grew when we tried to study it further with some of our tools. It’s feeding on the electricity of our instruments.”

“That doesn’t surprise me, what is the concern?”

“I thought you didn’t want to do any other tests if it grows further. It would be difficult to contain the creature if it grows more than two and a half feet of its current size.”

“Leave it be for now. I’ll get to it once I am done here.”

“As you wish, Miss Mortifer.”

She returns to her observations, “*Their blood holds electricity like a battery. Even better than anything we have. If we could learn to replicate this blood, we could have a liquid form of energy storage like nothing we’ve ever had before. Who knows of the possibility? Perhaps synthetic servants that run on electrified blood? Hmm,*” she ponders a bit longer.

Spark squirms and whines, trying to tug at the constraints that hold her, “I didn’t mean to take your food. You shouldn’t have it out like that! It’s so tempting!” she exclaims, whining,

aching, wanting to escape. She looks at the aliens that occasionally look then continue about their way.

“What is it that you want!” she exclaims.

One of the Utarian Tyran smacks the side of the container again, “Quiet. Last thing we need is for you to harm yourself before she gets back,” she huffs, resuming her own work.

Spark recoils, sensing the aggressive nature of the alien. “I just want to go...” she whines, ear fins folding a little, relaxing more out of exhaustion from the constant struggling than any acceptance of her position.

Miss Mortifer returns, claws tracing along the case that holds Spark within. Her vestigial wing stretching out to its fullest extent, “Now, you not so little scaled worm. Let’s run some tests. First before you get too big to handle, let’s see if your sex drive is just connected to the drawing of energy or could we stimulate it. Controlling through pleasure tends to work more on lesser creatures,” she mutters to herself, slipping her claws into glove protectors, allowing her to ‘directly’ touch her.

“From the earlier specimens, I know that your primary electrical feeding organ is right above your reproductive organs. Though there are smaller ones in your claws, in your mouth, and chest. For now, let’s test the theory if that area is sensitive to non-electrical stimuli,” she remarks, looking to one of her assistants, “You! Record the results!” she commands.

“Yes Miss Mortifer!” he exclaims, getting a data pad ready while getting a few cameras up and recording.

Spark squirms, trying to pull away from the insulated claw moving toward her body. She tries to jerk and bite the hand, “Get away! Don’t touch me!” she yelps, yet her bondage is too strong, her belly too far away for her to do anything.

The smooth claws run across her scales. A unique feeling, having never felt anything so smooth before, except perhaps a rock weathered by a river. She squirms at first, fearful that something bad is about to happen, that this alien is going to do something terrible to her. With a heavy pant and a pounding heart her gaze is locked on those black rubber covered claws, not knowing the substance that is touching her. But after a few rubs, she feels a tingle of pleasure through her.

Each rub sends little shockwaves of delight through her. She tenses, squirming relaxing a little at a time with each sensual rub, her sex twitches, clit starting to grow harder, sex beginning to glisten.

Mortifer remarks, “The worm appears to get sensual delight from physical stimuli of their electric organ. Perhaps the electrical impulses of their nerves that are dedicated to pleasure are intertwined. but how much? Are you getting this?” she states, looking at her assistant.

“I am.”

“Good,” she huffs, thumb running across the dragon’s belly. The dragon’s size makes it difficult for the Utarian Tyran to reach across her entire body. Pulling her hand away from the dragon’s throat, she doubles her effort rubbing the dragon’s belly, above her ever hotter and wetter nether region. Her belly grows redder as she continues the stimulation. “Increased blood

flow to the electrical organ is apparent as a result of the stimulus. This would increase the rate of absorption. Interesting.”

Spark moans softly, claws twitching, part of her wanting to bite the source of the pleasure, a matting instinct built within her, while another part knows that would not work. She starts arching her back, rolling her hips, trying her best to press up against the alien’s smooth hands, wanting to edge out more pleasure.

The thought of “I’m stuck here, might as well get something good out of it,” not echoed within her head, but the result of a subconscious decision that makes her want to edge out more delightful pleasure, want and need from the touch she’s given.

She pants, breathing heavier, deeper, the cool air filling her lungs, mouth hanging open, showing her sharp teeth, grinding up against the alien, trying to buck her hips up so that her sex may be touched by them, but each time they try the alien pulls back, keeping her hands firmly around her belly and occasionally her chest.

“The worm’s pleasure, if you can even call it that, is increasing. She is driven by simple feral instincts. Perhaps controllable given the right stimuli and training. But a purpose is not discerned. For now, let’s discover how far we can push this animal over the edge.”

“Yes Miss Mortifer,” remarks her assistant.

“I wasn’t talking to you!” she barks.

“Sorry!”

“Idiocy, how did you get onto my team? Your family no doubt,” she remarks.

Spark recoils, noticing the alien’s displeasure, and lack of her wonderful touch, “*Did I do something wrong? Was I supposed to push back? Are they wanting to just test me?*” she wonders, trying to fathom what is going on, but as the claws run across her belly once more, she relaxes, purring, chirping, pressing herself back up against the pleasing hand.

“If this is what you want, please let it be,” Spark groans, sex quivering, feeling her clit growing hard, aching, sex wanting, winking wanting to be filled, yet it was not to be. The Utarian Tyrant claws squeeze and massage her sensitive scales. Never before has such focus been put upon this part of her body. It was a low pleasure, but it continues to build, higher and higher as is apparent by the deep redness on her belly. It grows slower than if her actual sex was touched, but the building damn of pleasure, ramped up her sexual desires to be taken, filled, bucked into by a strong powerful equally sized male.

Such fantasies filled her mind, fueling the fire as she whined, wanting, a flash of a dark blue noodle dragon floats into her mind, a lovely male that she’s had her eye on for ages. Five and a half feet in size, he was big, powerful, someone to take her, and she fancied, “Lightning!” she cries out.

Mortifer hmms, rubbing harder, monitoring her pleasure with a cold calculating demeanor, watching the dragon’s facial expression, “Such a loud creature. If we trained them using this, it wouldn’t involve stealth,” she remarks, claws working harder against her sensitive scales.

Instincts taking root within Spark's mind, body and soul. Her body revved up in ever growing pleasure, ever growing lust. The harder the Utarian Tyran rubbed, the more she wanted it. She grinds, trying once again to jerk her hips so that her sex may be touched, to be pleased, to send her over the edge, yet it was to no avail.

Mortifer's palm runs across the scales, pressing down hard against the sensitive gland area, right above her sex. Each move was calculated, observed, using everything she learned from the previous moment to push the squirming dragon closer to the edge.

The other Utarian Tyran monitors the situation, constantly taking notes, camera focused on the hot glistening folds of the female dragon. They puff, making the engorged region open up to show their hot pinkish sensitive flesh. The dragon's scales glisten with her own essence.

"Take a sample of the fluids," Mortifer commands, "And don't touch her sex. I want to test if external stimuli can bring her over the edge. The previous ones were just dissected. I want to put that knowledge to use on a living specimen."

"Yes Miss Mortifer," he replies, going to the computer console to type in a series of commands, the tools hanging two feet over the dragon come to life. A suction device moves down, guided by the assistant to drink up the fluids along her tail and around but not on her sensitive sex.

"Please! Please! More!" Spark shudders, feeling herself pushed even closer to a climax.

"Careful where you take samples," Mortifer remarks.

"I am."

"Test the fluids for conductivity. I have a theory."

"Yes Miss Mortifer."

"Good," she remarks, claws rubbing along the dragon's scales, hitting her sweet spots that weren't her actual sensitive sweet spot, driving the dragon wild with lust and need, "Such simple-minded creatures."

Even if Spark knew the Utarian Tyran language she would be paying her no heed at this moment, her lust has overtaken her completely. Her body ached, begging for just a little bit more. Her pleasure rising, higher, higher, the edge approaching quicker yet taking an eternity to do so. But then, the damn cracks and buckles, her body could only take so much even with these secondary stimuli.

Spark lets out a draconic trill of pleasure, her sex spasming her hot juices gushing out of her folds, soaking her scales with even more of her hot sticky translucent fluids. She pants heavily coming down from her sexual high, her mind coming back to her, while the alien rubs her sensitive area over her folds for a little longer, pulling away once she was satisfied with her results.

Mortifer pulls her claws out of the gloves, walking over to a nearby sink, washing her claws, "I still feel dirty."

"Miss Mortifer, it appears the scaled worms fluids are highly conductive, ten times more conductive than silver."

She stops washing her claws, "Ten times? Are you sure?"

“I’ve run the test twice just to be sure.”

“Gather a sample that’s still on her scales and run it again.”

“As you wish Miss Mortifer.”

Spark takes a moment to relax, sinking back down into enjoying her afterglow.

Twitching and moaning when one of those tools suck up her fluids, some directly from her source, making her squirm and try to break free from her constraints, “I need a break, please!” she moans out, soon finding the break once the fluids have been extracted.

Her tail twitches, claws relaxing, her long body exposed, making her feel all the more sensitive, yet the break is so welcomed. Never before has such a delight come to her, “*What lewd aliens. Just wanting to pleasure me. Is this what they want?*” she wonders.

Several minutes pass, Mortifer watches Spark, changing up the tools she is going to use on the dragon, “Time to test this creature’s ability to draw out electricity. Perhaps it is possible to use these as a power dampener. Release them on enemy power sources, let them feed and go out of control, breaking their power structure, giving us a clear edge. But could one draw enough power to even be worth using? One test at a time,” she mutters, bringing one probe down toward the dragon’s sensitive slit.

Spark watches, hearing the strange whirring noise, knowing it has something to do with the things that were poking her earlier. She is drawn from her afterglow lul, pulling her hips back, “I don’t want to be poked anymore!” she exclaims.

She winces when the cold metal contacts her lower belly, but the apprehension soon fades, feeling the spark of energy flowing from the probe. The energy tingles along her feeding organ, activating her feeding instincts. The deep blushing redness on her belly returns as the power flows. Her hips roll across the probe, pressing herself as much as she can against it, letting the delightful pleasure build within her, the lake of lust that was dammed up is quickly crumbling with the energy she’s fed from the probe.

Mortifer monitors the drain, “At this level the creature quickly absorbs the energy, but let's see how much it can draw in before being overwhelmed.” Her claws tap across the computer console, upping the power, looking at a graph that shows the current power level and the projected required power level based on the draw from the dragon. The two lines diverging with the growing power, “Interesting...”

Spark aches and pants, pressing harder against the probe, her sex growing hot and bothered, clit throbbing, the erectile tissue feeling more and more aroused by its constant growing. The electricity flowed through her, feeding her body which grew tighter. Everything feels so tight, constricting, her body steadily growing larger against the constraints. She tries again and again to mount the probe, finally with one hard thrust and the growth of her body she grabs it within herself, crying out in delight.

“Yes! Yes! Ye...” she gasps, the tightens around her body aching in delight, but the constraints do not grow, squeezing against her, constricting around her neck, the thumping of her heart felt in her head.

Mortifer monitors for a moment longer, looking at the data, “Interesting, this can be used, perhaps,” she mutters, ending the experiment, stopping the dragon’s growth, sending in a command to open the collar, breaking it free of the dragon’s neck, allowing her to breath once again, “Your growth will be an issue. Is there a limit or perhaps it's only when you are full? More tests are going to be needed,” she states with a grin that could only be considered fiendish by nature. She looks over the dragon, who is a half a foot larger in size, “At least this accursed planet has something of use.”

Spark looks up at the alien, gasping for air, feeling her limbs have become uncomfortably tight against constraints, “Is that it? Can I go now? I promise not to eat your food again,” she pleads, unaware what the next month has in store for her...

A ship lands at the center of the base, stepping out, is the rugged, scared yet overall young Rear Admiral Invictus, his stern eyes looking over those that have come to greet him. A mask on his face filters the atmosphere of the planet, he steps off the ship while Miss Mortifer approaches him, head held low.

“Greetings Rear Admiral Invictus. It's a pleasure to receive you here at base camp one.”

“How much longer till they finish scrubbing this atmosphere of foreign pathogens?” he grumps.

“Another five years at current rates. But once the reactors are built, the process should speed up.”

“How goes the mining operations?”

“I don’t know, I’m not in charge of that.”

Invictus growls, “I thought you were prepared for my arrival.”

She lowers her head more, “I am. I’ve had a breakthrough with the scaled worms. I think we could use them to sabotage the enemy’s electrical equipment and give them new problems to deal with as we move in to strike while they are confused and weakened.”

“I read your summary report. Show me what you have done.”

“Right this way. I’ve trained subject thirty-six using specialized but cheap equipment.”

“And what about their growth potential? Do they have a limit?”

“I haven’t explored a limit, the previous subjects before dissecting has gotten up to twenty-five feet, but there has not been an upper limit discovered yet.”

“If they can be used and controlled, great. If not, they’ll be a problem for us. If they can justify the extra costs they’ve incurred to our mining equipment, all the better.”

“I think their military value could justify it.”

“I’ll be the judge of that. In your reports you mentioned replicating some of their unique characteristics.”

“We discovered the compounds that make their fluids very conductive, which could unleash a new level of technological computer advancement. The battery blood is getting close but we have not yet cracked it.”

“And their energy to mass conversion?”

“We’re still working on that.”

“That can be invaluable if we crack their secrets.”

“Of course, Rear Admiral Invictus. But right now, I have a demonstration you’ll find most intriguing.”

“We’ll see,” he remarks, walking with her to a large open warehouse, filled with a maze that can only be fully appreciated once they have climbed to a platform that hangs over it all. He looks over, “A maze?”

“Merely a demonstration to show how well-trained the subject has become. They feed on power sources, and once their hunger is satiated, they grow in size. Starving them and giving just enough energy to keep them going, they won’t grow further in size. With that knowledge I managed to make them focus on only the energy sources I want it to feed upon. If you take notice, I’ve reconstructed one of the local enemy’s power generators at the end of the maze right below us. That’s its goal.”

“And where’s the creature?” he asks sternly.

“Being brought in now at the other end of the maze. Which I will add is completely unique to any the creature has run into before. I want to show off its abilities to handle new and unique instructions, following commands of the one in charge.”

“Carry on.”

“Right away,” she whistles, the other end of the warehouse is opened.

Spark is dressed in a piece of headgear with parts designed to be separated in case of expansion while still functioning. The partial helmet doesn’t cover her vision, or much of her head, but what it does is have two round nubs under her throat, right where her electric organs are.

She paces within her clear cage while she’s moved, *“Another one of these things? How many do I have to do? They are boring. Can I go home now? I don’t get what you want from me!”* she thinks, knowing her yapping draws only ire from the aliens around her. Her claws tap on the base of her clear non-conductive cage, *“They put food on my head and have me not eat it in order to get other food. These are strange creatures. And stupid. Don’t even know what to do with their food.”*

The cage connects to the maze, which has a clear protective cover along the top, ensuring the seven foot some inch long dragon is unable to escape despite her wishes to do so. The moment the door opens, the nubs under Spark’s throat vibrate, “I know, I know,” she huffs, slipping into the maze, walking forward, feeling the vibrations lessen on the left while increasing on the right, “This is so easy. Why do this?” she huffs, moving through the maze, sensing energy sources nearby.

Her sex twitches, feeling the energy in the air, *“No, no, not tricking me again. The moment I go for those you’ll make the food go away, and prick me!”* she thinks, continuing to bob and weave through the maze, her body bending and turning with the walls, showing her impressive flexibility that would make a cat jealous.

Rear Admiral Invictus watches from above, “I’m impressed you trained the beast to avoid other energy sources.”

“It took a little bit of work, but within a week we managed to get it to ignore non-target energy sources.”

“And how does it know when it's the target?”

“The helmet on its head, provides gentle stimuli, nothing it can feed off of, but it follows it with ease.”

“So, it needs to be told what to do then?”

“At the moment, extended training could be required for a helmet free control, but I thought you'd be pleased with the results,” she explains.

“It shows promise,” he remarks, watching Spark continue to move through the maze with impressive speed, “Is it sensing for the target power source or is it being led by the helmet?”

“Helmet is programmed with the answer to the maze and all it has to do is follow. It's more of an expression of the creature's ability to learn to follow instructions rather than expressing what limited intelligence it has. Doesn't matter if it's smart if it can't obey, right?”

“True.” He peers over the edge, seeing Spark continue to navigate the maze.

“I'm hungry. Can this be done and over with? Why do you have to make this so complicated? These aliens are so dumb. Do they have to work for their food like this all the time? Maybe they are jealous that we can eat so readily here?” she wonders, following the vibrations from the mask, moving faster, sensing a larger power source growing closer, her body aches with anticipation.

“I'm close...close. So very close. I haven't eaten in three days! Let me feast!” she yelps, turning the corner, seeing a source of power, her helmet vibrating on both sides. She salivates from her mouth and with a wettening sex, instincts flood into her mind. She sprints, coiling herself around the strangely shaped food source. Her body grinding against it, sex twitching. She trills in pleasure, biting, clawing it, wanting to get as much of her body around it as she feeds.

“Ahh, yes...” Spark hisses in delight. Her hot sex growing ever wetter, hotter, body grinding along the device, sparks flying from it and herself, feeding her with more near orgasmic delight

Invictus looks down upon the dragon with disgust, “Feral creatures. How much energy can it drain? It won't make a difference if it only absorbs enough energy to make the lights flicker.”

“According to my readings, the larger they are, the more they can absorb. Its current size can absorb enough power to knock out half a city block.”

“That depends on the city block but holds some promise. Continue your tests. See if they can grow to larger sizes. If there's a limit, find it.”

“And if there isn't? I've been trying to keep the creature at a controllable size.”

“If you won't conduct the tests, I'll find someone who is strong-willed enough to do so. If they grow to a destructive size, we'll only need one for operations. Only a fool ignores using every possible resource. You never know when the tide of battle could turn against us. The monstrous aliens we are at war with, the so called Sleek, must perish.”

“Of course. I’ll set up a test and provide you with another report within a month.”

Invictus smirks, “Excellent. If there’s nothing else you’ve got to show me. I will depart.”

“I won’t keep you Rear Admiral Invictus.”

“Excellent.”

Spark continues to hungrily feed, her sex quivering in ecstasy. She chirps, purrs, moaning, feeling the warmth of the energy flowing through her body that had felt weak, beginning the process that would have led her to shrink down in size, starting to reverse. Her muscles relaxed, the energy they hungered for, given to them once again. She bucks and slides her nethers across the object, ready to explode in delight, “Close! Very close!” she exclaims in wanton delight, ready to unleash her hot juices across the object. Caring not if anyone is watching her. Being able to feed lustfully is a wonderful dream.

Thoughts fill her mind of her possible lovers, the awe and admiration she’ll obtain from her peers, from Luminous, with how big she could perhaps get. A power fantasy filling her mind, she screams out in pleasure, climaxing, hot draconic juices gushing out of her wet pink folds, body ready to expand once more, now that her body has been satiated with the energy she needed to continue on.

Mortifer looks down from her perch, letting out a sigh of relief once Invictus has left her presence. “He was hardly impressed with my hard work,” she grumps, “Turn off the power. I don’t want it to grow large till we are ready for it!” she growls out the command.

While the afterglow of Spark’s climax begins to turn to another building, hungering delight, the energy is cut off. She absorbs what little she can, squeezing, wanting, “Just a little more! A little more! I’ll never grow if I only get this much!” she exclaims.

Mortifer monitors Spark’s discontent, cracking her neck, “Such a simple creature, but the next experiment shall be something. It’ll take some time to prepare. Last thing I need is for it to get out of control,” she remarks, whistling, her assistant rushing in to apprehend and subdue Spark.

It will be ten days from now when the experiment is ready. Mortifer and her scientists are by their monitoring equipment that’s placed at the edges of the emptied warehouse. The Utarian Tyran goes through a checklist, ensuring everything is in working order, ending with, “Constraints of subject thirty-six?”

The same male Utarian Tyran from earlier responds, “Tight and ready to adjust to the subject’s predicted growth, with a fifty-percent margin of error.”

“Excellent,” she states, turning to Spark who is tied to the center of the room with large adjusting constraints around her neck, ankles, midsection and tail. The constraints are connected to heavy mini tanks for lack of a better word, providing weight and mobility necessary to the experiments.

Spark tugs at the constraints, testing their strength which far outstrips anything she can do, “What is this now? I’ve been good. Can you let me go now?” she whines.

The Utarian Tyran ignore her growls and chirps, “It’s louder than usual today,” remarks one.

“Ignore it. It’s trying to get attention. Once we begin it’ll be happy. All they want to do is feed and fuck. Such simple creatures.”

“You’re right,” he remarks, getting back to work.

Spark watches helplessly on her back once more, limbs tightly bound and spread. She looks at the aliens in the distance, ignoring her pleas to be released, “These dumb creatures can’t understand me. They make little sense,” she remarks with a long drawn-out sigh, giving another test of the constraints in vain, “What is with their desire to tie me up on my back? Do they find me so lovely they want me exposed?” she says, thinking out loud.

“Maybe that is it. Perhaps if I show I am willing to do it without need of constraints, they’ll let me go?” she asks herself, looking at one of the aliens, giving a playful matting call and wink.

The Utarian Tyran shudders, “Such a lewd creature. How much longer till we start this dumb experiment?” he asks, huffing within his gas mask that all of the Utarian Tyran’s are wearing.

Mortifer yells, “We will begin when I am ready!” she growls.

“Yes Miss Mortifer!”

The Utarian Tyran moves around the building, checking equipment, giving one last quadruple check over everything. She whistles, her assistants grabbing a large prodding tool which they drag over to the dragon.

Spark looks at the phallic-shaped device, torn between unsure what that is, and what they could be using it for, and an arousal as it could be something pleasurable, feeding into some of her speculations that the aliens just want to have her give a show. Part of her suspicions might be justified. The probe pushes into her folds. She moans in delight, bucking against the device, wires attached to it that lead out of the warehouse and toward a dozen machines that will be monitoring her.

“Placing the electrodes on the subject,” one of the Utarian Tyran states, putting a cool gel across Spark’s sensitive electrical gland.

“Hey, that tickles,” she giggles, squirming, wiggling, panting, enjoying the cool sensation of the liquid before the pads are placed all across her primary gland, but as the liquid warms she relaxes once more, looking to the aliens curiously. “What is that you want?” she huffs, nostrils flaring.

“Everything is in place Miss Mortifer.”

She nods, “Good, begin the experiment, start with twenty-thousand volts,” she commands, the scientists quickly getting to work.

Spark shudders, her sex quivers, clenching hard across the probe, “Ohhh, I knew it!” she exclaims, squirming, aching, tugging against the constraints. The energy feeds into her body which she hungrily draws into herself. She bucks her hips up and against the tools, her limbs too tightly bound to do anything more than a squirm.

Mortifer looks at Spark for a few moments, seeing the dragon's hotly blushing belly and her clear desire for more before turning to her computer, monitoring the results. "Double it," she states.

"Yes Miss Mortifer," one of the scientists states, typing into the computer to raise the electricity feed.

The hum of electricity growing louder, the smell of ozone lingering in the air. A lovely, tasty smell that Spark loves like a person who would drool over freshly baked chocolate chip cookies. Her heart throbs with wanting delight, her sex growing hotter, more sensitive. Sex squeezing, some of it caused by the electricity, some of it is her own volition, her hot juices flowing out of her sex, making the flow of energy all the better. Filling herself full within only a minute, what hunger pains she had whisked away under a torrent of energy.

"More, more!" Sparky cries out. Her pleasure building up, sending over a climax, her body tugging at the constraints, her body feeling tighter, muscles squeezing and milking the probes ever harder. She aches and moans, rolling her hips to draw herself to a deeper state of pleasure, her concerns melting away.

Mortifer occasionally looks over her shoulder at Spark, watching her hips buck into the air. Scanners hanging overhead from the ceiling monitor her growth. Complex calculations are constantly going on to judge the rate of growth from energy taken in. "Increase it by another fifty-percent," she commands, claws dancing across the keyboard, constantly making notes.

Like the good yes-men that they are, the scientist in charge does so, the energy flickering, spiking then stabilizing as Spark's body feeds upon it, adding to the bubbling pleasure within her.

Never before has spark felt such wondrous delights. Her body growing tighter, sex stronger, her growls deep and feral. She bucks harder, body aching for more. Her juices glistening, sparkling as they are fed with electricity, giving a faint glow that can be seen even under the lights.

Mortifer monitors the dragon's expansion, the heavy tanks that hold her limbs move to keep the constraints tight and her helpless. The straps expand and remain tight around the dragon without constricting like the previous restraints back in the lab.

Spark aches in delight, bucking ever harder. Her mind feeding on the pleasure, building up her feral lust. "Yes, yes, yes!" she exclaims, her body feeling so tight. Strength growing with each volt surged into her. Her claws twitch and body aches, feeling the energy flowing through her.

Never before has she ever imagined that such a thing could even be possible, except the once in a lifetime of being struck by lightning. A kiss from the gods themselves, said to expand a dragon a full foot in an instant. But here, now, she's growing inches over minutes. And with her expansion, her sex would be bigger, having her feel even more pleasure than she's ever felt before. The area of pleasure is growing several times the size of her original body. More sensitive scales and more energy to draw into her body. Her fur mane matted with the juices, sizzling with energy as she groans in wonder.

She knew one such dragon that was so lucky, and now she could live up to his size and strength, “Lightning... lightning!” she screams in wanting love, imagining him over her, taking her, thrusting into her body, their bodies coiling over one another, over a stone of energy and food. Letting them both grow, feed and mate with the other, to take him into her.

She pants, muscles aching as they expand, yet it's far from over. She climaxes again, gushing out excess love juices out over the tools that are feeding her. Short circuiting the device causing the surge of delight to suddenly end.

Mortifer growls, “Did I tell any of you stop!”

“The device broke.”

“Get subject thirty-six ready for the more durable device.”

“Ahhh...” the assistance says, noticing a strange slip of the tongue.

“What is it?” she growls.

“Nothing! We’ll get it done right away,” he rushes over, shutting down the generator, pulling out the probing device which is now dwarfed by the dragon who lays at over twenty feet in length.

Taking a moment to catch her breath, she looks over at how small the aliens are becoming compared to her, “*Never before have I thought I could be so big and sexy. Now they will all be jealous. I’ll have him.*” Her thoughts swimming in desire, lust, and a critical misunderstanding of the situation she has herself in.

Her body thrums with energy, enjoying the breather while part of her is leaving her wanting for more to enjoy and love, to take that power within her so she can expand and grow, building up her hunger and lust in a compounding way. Her claws run across the ground, straining against the tanks that are part of her bondage, still too heavy for her to move, yet the weight of them feels less than they did before. Not so out of reach, even if it is more than she can currently do.

The interim period is an aching want. The starvation before a feast. She smells the ozone still heavy in the air, keeping her wanting for more, sensing within her engorged, blushing sensory glands that there is more energy nearby. So much for her to take and feed upon. All she needs to do is take it.

“Are you going to do more? I’d like more,” she moans, looking at the aliens that are moving about her, working to get her ready once again, “Is this an apology for before? If so I like it,” she chirps.

The Utarian Tyrans get the heavier duty probes and electrodes ready. The process taking several minutes to complete. Minutes that leave Spark simply aching. Far from simple minded, but her instincts driving her mad with the knowledge that there is more coming to her right now. Just a little bit more and she’ll be the biggest one in the clan, and none will be able to compete with her, not even Luminous.

The thought of which fed her urge, her want, her need. The lustful dragon, ready to engorge herself on the energy these aliens were willing to give her, not questioning it. She

gasped, feeling the probes push into her large pinkish wanting flesh. She milks the device, pulling it into herself, yanking the tool right out of the alien's claws.

The Utarian Tyran give grunts of disgust but press on, putting the new pads into place, getting her ready for round two of this smorgasbord of nourishment and ecstasy.

Mortifer checks that everything is in place, stating, "Start at 50,000 volts and then reduce to thirty-five thousand after sixty seconds. Let's test how well it can absorb a burst of energy or if that will fry her at the sudden surge."

"As you wish Miss Mortifer," they respond, resuming the surge of energy into the scaled dragon

Spark cries out in delight, bucking her hips, the sudden surge almost sending her over the edge outright. The dragon squirms and wiggles, wanting to touch herself in this moment of renewed feeding frenzy.

Her mind over-stimulated, unable to think of anything but each moment. A stream of bliss and pleasure that could not be compared to anything that can't experience the wonders and joy of feeding on electricity. Her sex grows wetter, body tighter. Her form expands out as she is sent over the edge. Another wonderful climax, which only eggs her on with a need to be filled.

Her mind is full of the fantasy of being taken by her dreamy dragon. "Lightning! Oh yes, lightning!" she exclaims, humping the probe that is within her, shuddering at the sparks that bounce within her folds, fluids and flesh arching. Her strength growing with each moment, each passing orgasm, the liquids rolling across the floor.

The nearby Utarian Tyran step back from the sexual fluids, seeing it spark with energy, "Careful. That stuff is electrified!" cautions one of the scientists.

Mortifer monitors the dragon's growth, "Though overwhelmed initially the body does compensate with the increased electricity, and grows faster, but the subject doesn't appear to be able to function cognitively at this level of feeding. The body's growth outstrips their minds' ability to see past its own ecstasy.," she mutters, not noticing that dragon's fluids have snaked underneath one of the tanks, hiding its approach to the control equipment that they use to adjust the power going into her.

With a spark and a sizzle, the control equipment fries, sending the generator out of control. The Utarian Tyran at the controls leaps back, almost losing an eye in the process as things break down.

"What is going on?" exclaims Mortifer, covering her face as sparks fly out in all directions, "Shut down the generator!"

"I can't! The entire thing is electrified!"

"Hit the physical shut down switch!"

"Are you crazy?! Everything is electrified!" he exclaims.

Spark screams in pure pleasure, body growing larger and larger, claws twitching tugging, pulling the tanks back as their treads slide across the floor, her body becoming big enough to move them before the restraints snap one after another. Her size, now over sixty feet in length, is filling out the warehouse quickly as the generator overloads her with everything it has.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” she cries out, her body shuddering in delight, another climax, more of her fluids spilling out, catching some of the Utarian Tyran in a rather shocking end for them.

Mortifer rushes out of the building just as Spark grows big enough to block out any others to escape. Her tail sweeps along the ground as she squirms, pushing aside the mini tank between her legs to make room as her feet meet the other end of the building. Her growth remains unchecked as the metal wall of the building groans and buckles under her body’s rapid expansion. The dragon is oblivious to her broken restraints, too focused on growing, lost in ecstasy, her one chance at freedom passing her by as Mortifer calls out for aid.

The military rushes to battle stations while she tries to explain what the heck is going on, the situation quickly spinning out of control. They line up outside the building, energy-based weapons at the ready. The sounds of crackling and groaning from within suddenly went quiet. “The generator must have overheated,” Mortifer suggests. Meanwhile, Spark’s ecstasy-fueled fugue state subsides as the energy is no longer flowing. She looks over herself, unable to believe her own size. “This is amazing! Wait till the clan sees me!” She rolls herself back on to all fours.

From outside the soldiers hear the beast stirring within. They ready their weapons for whatever may come. Spark looks at her surroundings, seeing there is no way out but to go through the wall. She gives the wall a little test push and feels it buckle under her mere test. A tingle of pleasure buzzes in her loins and she shudders as she realizes the power she now holds. The soldiers hold as they see the wall bend briefly. Suddenly, claws tear through the metal wall like paper and Spark pushes her way through her makeshift exit. As her eyes adjust to the light she sees, she is looming over dozens Utarian Tyran soldiers with heavy weaponry pointed in her direction. The wave of energy she feels from their weapons causes her to hesitate for a split second rather than immediately dashing to freedom. The officer in charge commands, “Fire!” Sparks’ eyes go wide, and her pupils dilate as the incoming fire contacts her chest.

The concentrated energy bolts felt unique to anything she’s experienced so far. It was like being fed and massaged at the same time as each bolt impacted her. Spark screams out at the unique feeling. Her mind being overridden by desire, she begs for more! Her plan to run was forgotten outright. Her sex begins to leak as her electric organs engorge, working overtime feeding her growing body, keeping her in an endless cycle. “Yes! Yes! Feed me more!” She cries out in endless bliss.

Her clit engorges as she grows. Wanting more stimulation, she rolls onto her side and spreads her legs like a dog wanting its belly rubbed. The soldiers, seeing her fall to the side, think they are hurting her and continue firing into her belly. Like a target they aim for the great red, blushing spot on her lower belly, just above her leaking spasming sex. Mind overridden by instinct she is driven to want even more, “Yes! Right there, don’t stop! Please don’t stop!” Spark screams out, clawing into the ground with growing forepaws. The bolts of energy massage her sweet spots, some of them hitting her clit which throbs madly at the assault of pure pleasure. She writhes and grows for a short time under the assault before spurting her juices with a climactic roar of orgasm! She thrashes her tail, destroying what’s left of the building behind her

and cracking the concrete beneath her, just barely revealing the damaged main power lines for the colony.

Finally, Mortifer cries out to the soldiers, clearly seeing that the dragon is enjoying this and still getting bigger. “Don’t use energy weapons on it! You’re only feeding it! Get the projectile and explosive weapons you idiots!” she screams, contacting the base commander as she does all she can to cover her own ass. As the assault of pleasure finally stops, Spark is briefly left panting with delight in her afterglow.

Suddenly the ground gives under her sheer weight and the main power lines, hidden beneath, make contact with her body. Her mind blanks and pleasure becomes her world. Her growth explodes while the soldiers rush to switch to conventional weaponry. The sexual wonton destruction at the outskirts of the base continues, the dragon’s body feeling so wonderful, tight, the growth spurts making her surpass anything that could ever be imagined even by Mortifer as the dragon exceeds over a hundred feet in size. The Utarian Tyran rush to get the correct weapons to the ‘battlefield’ that is transpiring at the base as Spark destroys the two nearby structures during lustful thrashing. She is doing more to help her people against these invaders in these few minutes than the entire time the aliens have been here. All the while she’s lost in the bliss of the moment, the power fantasy that is playing in her mind, helping her cope with sensations, instincts, and sexual gratification that is beyond compare.

But even this won’t last, as the Utarian Tyran aren’t a world conquering race for nothing. Their weapons that can harm her were brought to bear. The explosions that will rock the base. The thunderous roar of what happens echoing out into the jungle, where Luminous looks out in the distance through the jungle canopy to see smoke that rises up into the sky. The dragon feels a pit in her stomach, claws tensing, mind drifting to all those that have already been taken by these invaders and why she’s spent all this time finding a place where she could lay her eggs where they won’t be disturbed. Instincts drive her to know that this is not a safe time or place to lay and that she needs to place them somewhere safe. She will hibernate for now, until it becomes safe for them to emerge and enjoy their natural world once again. So, she hoped.

Luminous mutters to herself, “Hopefully they won’t be here for long...” sinking into the cave system that she’ll call home, not knowing that while Spark is being snuffed out, she is going to give birth to and raise the one that will exact revenge on the Tyran for her people several times over.