

Dragonriders (Dragon & Kobold TF TG, Egg-Laying)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Smike

Erth Dragonspirit, a great hero and dragonrider, has been captured by the dread wizard Malkagorr. When his fellow heroes come to save him, a backfired spell and interference of a rogue dragon sees all three humans suddenly gaining scales, and new genders. Soon Erth must contend with the fact that he will not longer be a great hero, but a dragon broodmother.

Dragonriders

Part 1: The Battle

Lightning crashed upon the dark cliffs in the distance. Erth Dragonspirit gritted his teeth at the dread sight upon them, nearly camouflaged against their craggy heights. The dread black dragon Bramalxith, an alpha male of the species, and one of the few remaining wild dragons upon the land of Atarkses. Even from this distance, it gave him a little dread, and not just because of its formidable size, but because of who controlled it.

“Admiring my new pet, are you?” a sneering voice carried.

Erth looked up to see his enemy descending down a staircase of pure obsidian.

“Malkaglorr,” he said, injecting as much venom as possible into the name.

“The very same,” the dark wizard said. The Dread Mage of the West, as he was known. He was dressed in robes of dark red, his raven black hair and beard spilling over them in the slight wind atop the mountain fortress. He carried in his hand the stolen staff of Pyr, the very item Erth had come to retrieve. Unfortunately, his decision to sneak into the black fortress had gone astray, and now he was chained against a decaying pillar, overlooking the lands the mage intended to conquer.

“You know,” the mage said. “I never thought it would be so easy to catch you, Erth. I had rather been looking forward to the so-called ‘Grand Hero of Atarkses’ to sweep across the sky, riding upon his bonded dragon Zytraa straight towards me, intending to turn me to cinder and charcoal.”

“I had thought of doing as much,” Erth said, “but I could not ignore rumours that you had somehow bonded to your own wild dragon, and a black alpha male at that. Unlike you, I value life, and would not risk the life of Zytraa without first trying to minimise loss.”

Malkaglorr sneered, drawing closer to Erth. “That’s the problem with your heroes, you lack the will to do what is necessary to win. You tried to sneak into my fortress, and I’ll admit that you certainly took down most of my light guard, but you were nothing compared to Bramalxith. To see you pinned beneath his talons was a wonderful sight, Erth. I nearly gave

the order for him to smite you with his breath right there and then, but then I thought of how much more fun it would be for you to see your friends die when they arrived, right at Bramalxith's hands. Well, talons, more like."

Erth gritted his teeth. He was a tall champion of a man, with loose blonde hair and a well-muscled figure, though lithe enough to dodge blows and ride keenly upon Zytraa's sapphire back. If it were a fight of fists or swords, he could cut the gaunt mage down easily. But he had underestimated his preparedness, and the loyalty of his dragon.

"My friends are made of sterner stuff," he replied. "They will rescue me, and make mincemeat of you, and Bramalxith if necessary. I still cannot believe you somehow bonded a dragon. I thought only a man or woman of the Dragonspirit lineage could do as such. It seems I was wrong."

The mage grinned maliciously. "Oh, you were not wrong at all, my dear hero. Far from it. I have been trying to find a workaround for your ability to bond dragons, and others that share your ancient bloodline. But alas, Old Magic cannot be so easily broken, or even bent. But it can be circumnavigated, with *this*."

The boasting mage took a gleaming red medallion of crystal from his robe and showed it to Erth for just a moment, before placing it back within the folds.

"Is that a -"

"Yes, it is indeed. A binding charm, the greatest ever created. Enough that I was able to pace its magic even upon the wild brute Bramalxith, and control him."

Erth scowled. "That is a great and terrible cruelty. The enslavement of another is illegal all across Atarkses, ever since the Reforms of King Bataar."

"I recognise no such authority. I am Malkaglorr, the Dread Mage of the West, and soon I shall be king, upon the back of that mighty dragon whose will I command."

"He would surely hate you."

Maklaglorr grinned. "Oh, he does. Greatly. I will show you what his hate is worth, however. Bramalxith, come!"

He called to the dragon, and it instantly spread its great and terrible black wings, soaring over to their position. Even Erth was intimidated. Zytraa was a powerful dragon, but she was barely two-thirds the size of this great monster.

'*You called me, Master,*' came a booming voice in Erth's mind. Dragons could not speak directly, but in the minds of men their words became clear.

"I did, just to show you to my old enemy, my pet. Grin for him, show him your breath to the sky."

'*Yes, Master.*'

It did so, launching a terrible black flame into the air. It radiated not just warmth, but ash and death as well. Malkaglorr laughed, giggling like a child in joy.

“Oh Bramalxith, you do amuse me! What do you think of my latest prisoner?”

‘I hope that he kills you Master, and frees me from my imprisonment. I hope he rends your flesh as I desire to, but leaves the final kill for me, so that you may know the terrible punishment for enslaving a dragon.’

The mage just laughed harder. “See? I told you he hates me! But he can do nothing, not even try to interpret my words maliciously! He does as is commanded. And he is mine for life, to do with as I please.”

Erth looked up at the alpha male somewhat sympathetically. “I am sorry, wild one. You do not deserve this.”

‘Do not talk to me human, or give me pity. Your kind has always hunted mine, and brought the wild dragons to near extinction. Even you enslave another, through the process called ‘bonding.’ It is only a little better than what this pathetic mage does to me.’

“That’s not true! Bonding is a two-way process, willingly given!”

But the dragon was having none of it. It simply growled, its belly rumbling like the distant peals of thunder upon the horizon.

‘Call it what you wish. Such bonded dragons are traitors unless they embrace the wilderness again. Dragons are above humanity, and should not serve them, not even their mightiest heroes.’

“If that is the way you think, then perhaps there is no agreement we can form, but that you deserve freedom, and Malkaglorr must die.”

The mage tittered, examining his nails dramatically as if bored.

‘That we can agree on mortal. You are most curious. Sympathetic to dragons more than any other I have met. Such sympathy and courage, and willingness to fight, makes you a Dragonspirit in truth. The old lineage has much power, and more than you know. Old powers only ones such as I am aware of.’

Erth was fascinated, even in captivity, but before he could question Bramalxith, the mage shrieked.

“Bramalxith! My pet! Look upon the horizon! They come! How did you not warn me!?”

‘I saw no incentive to, my Master.’

The mage growled, and Erth looked in the direction he was gesturing to. The sight made him smile: from the clouds descending a large female dragon, and riding atop it were his two valiant hero friends: the Valkyrie warrior Selina, and the brute barbarian of the north, Gast. Erth grinned, sensing the presence of his loyal bonded dragon, and he heard her voice in his head.

‘Erth! Are you alright?’

“Never better now that you’re here!” he shouted back. “But come quickly: Maklaglorr has enslaved a great black dragon. We must free it!”

The mage screamed obscenities, clearly having planned for a better ambush. Still, his commands were obeyed: Bramalxith launched into the air, breathing heavily.

'I shall kill as commanded. I hope you die first, Malkagloor.'

The two forces martialled towards one another in the air, leaving just the dread mage and Erth.

"You won't win, Malkaglorr. Not today."

"Please, hero, know when you have lost. And accept the death that comes with it."

The mage pulled a cult dagger from his robe, and held it to Erth's neck.

Selina held onto the red dragoness' back, holding on for dear life.

"Please don't take offence Zytraa, but I really, *really* hate flying on dragons!"

'None taken Selina. You are doing very well.'

Garst just laughed. Unlike the beautiful, elegant form of the female warrior with her silken red hair and elaborate armour, he was bare chested, with a heavy gut and enormous muscles on full display. He was clearly having a much better time of it.

"Stop being such a scaredy cat, Selina! Embrace the wind and thunder! You're getting to do something few others have dreamed of: riding a dragon!"

'Thank you, Garst. I do like an eager passenger.'

"HA!"

Selina rolled her eyes, not that Garst could see her, given his position upon the dragon's saddle behind her. Neither were of the Dragonspirit lineage, and so could not bond to dragons. Still, they were able to at least ride upon Zytraa's back, though their ability to talk to her was limited to a much closer range, and the intuitive sense of health, thought, and battle-pairing did not exist for them as it did for Erth and the red dragon. What it meant for Selina was that she was very much missing the comfort of horseback at that moment, and the feeling of control that came with it. Garst, on the other hand, celebrated the lack of control, loving the daredevil danger of it all, and even beat his olive chest regularly with the cultural enthusiasm of his northerner background.

"I just hope Erth is okay. He must be captured or else he would have returned by now," Selina said. "Malkaglorr is a damned tricky son of a bitch, and if it's really true he has a black dragon . . ."

'He does!' declared Zytraa in their minds, suddenly much more serious. They descended through the clouds. 'Erth just contacted me. He's in danger, and so are we. We must reach Malkaglorr - he has enslaved a great alpha male named Bramalxith. I cannot beat him. We must get you to the ground, quickly!'

“Yes please!” demanded Selina.
Garst just seemed disappointed.

Erth acted quickly. He had to. As chained as he was to the decaying pillar, he could still shift just enough to get one leg free. He kicked Malkaglorr square in the stomach, forcing the dread wizard back. The dagger spun through the air, and with quick thinking Erth managed to twist his body painfully to just barely catch it in his fingers. He immediately turned it around, forcing the sharp, needle-like end against the lock that contained the chains.

“INSOLENCE!” Malkaglorr screamed. He held up his staff, working an incantation.

Erth would have died were it not for the distracting call of a barbarian. He turned to see that, at great risk to her position in the battle, Zytraa had lowered them to the ground before taking off again to face the black dragon. He felt her sense of worry in his heart, a result of the bond, and he sent a reassuring emotion her way to bolster her for the fight ahead. Malkaglorr shot forth a stream of acid, but it went wide as an arrow took him in the shoulder, courtesy of Selina’s excellent bow work.

“Fools!” he cried, his wards pushing the arrow from his body and healing the wound. “I can kill you just as easily! You will watch your dragon die in the skies!”

The two dragons clashed furiously, and Erth was momentarily wearied by the strain of battle already upon his bonded dragon. Zytraa was holding her own for now, but he sensed she would not hold against the alpha male for much longer. He sensed something else as well, something a bit disturbing: the alpha male exuded a strong scent, a powerful presence that was enticing his bonded dragon.

“Zytraa!” he whispered, knowing she alone could hear him. “Focus!”

‘Sorry! It has been too long since I scented a powerful male. We dragonesses still have instinct. Don’t worry, it won’t stop me from holding him off. But we must save him!’

“We will,” he said. Another spell from the dread mage shot off from the staff, but he managed to undo the lock just in time to duck. It sheared the pillar in half, causing it to slide off the fortress and crash below. He had only just escaped death.

He launched forward, holding the cult dagger. The mage had taken the Sword of the Ancestral Blade from him, but it would be located down deep in the fortress. For now, the dagger would have to do. He brandished it, glaring at the mage.

“Ready for a second go, Malkaglorr?” he taunted. “You won’t chain me again so easily this time, not with my friends present.”

The mage scowled, backing up the stairs a little as Selina and Garst arrived, the former with her elf-crafted bow, the latter with his powerful hammer of war.

“I can still win, Erth. I should have killed you when I had the chance. I think I’ll do so now. Bramalxith! KILL THEM ALL WITH YOUR BREATH!”

‘As you command, foul Master.’

Erth felt the shudder of fear in Zytraa’s heart, a terror not just for herself but her beloved humans. The red dragon whirled about, trying to contain the alpha dragon, but she could only do so much, despite her own size and power. It was up to Erth now. He launched forward, even the mage rattled off several defensive and offensive spells. With Selina and Garst, he was now part of a well-oiled team. The valkyrie princess loosed arrow after magical arrow, breaking the wizard’s wards, while Garst swung his hammer about, controlling the terrain and keeping the mage going backwards. A spell of paralysis dropped the barbarian, and a binding spell of vines took down Selina, but that was the plan: they had both given Erth just enough time to reach forward with his knife and plunge it to where the binding crystal charm was located. Malkaglorr screamed in fury as it shattered against his heart. He had clearly thought it protected and hidden in his clothing, but he was now Dragonspirit, and didn’t know that Erth had never lost sight of it thanks to Zytraa’s own dragon senses. It smashed to useless pieces, and the black dragon was instantly freed, roaring with delight.

‘YESSS. YEESSSSSS! I AM FREEEEED!’

“NOOOOO!!!” screamed the mage. He pushed back against Erth, surprising the hero. The black dragon approached at rapid speed, its silver horns looking quite sharp indeed, but he was still seconds away, and the mage only needed a moment.

“At least I can have the pleasure of killing you, Erth Dragonspirit!” he cried.

He weaved a powerful spell that pushed Erth back several steps. It whirled like a multicoloured vortex in the sky, and though he could not identify it, he saw that its tendrils reached all the way to the black dragon. Erth gasped in horror.

“You’re using him a focus! You foul demon! Have you no level you will not stoop to?”

“Anything to win, Erth!”

But before the mage could cast it, something shocking occurred. The vortex *changed direction*. Malkaglorr’s expression shifted from gloating to horrified as the magic exploded *from* Bramalxith, instead of suctioning from the dragon. The vortex swelled even brighter, enveloping the wizard. With one last scream, the mage exploded, erupting into fire and ash and bone as he was consumed.

‘Goodbye, ‘master’,’ the dragon mocked. ‘And now for the rest of you!’

‘NO! You will NOT take them!’

The second voice was Zytraa’s, feminine and queenly as she slammed against the black dragon, crushing him against the mountainside. The vortex expanded, but dimmed somewhat, only sending Erth flying onto his back instead of killing him. The vines and

paralysis that held his friends pinned dissipated, but they too flew onto their backs upon the fortress stone floor.

“Zytraa!” Erth called, feeling his bonded dragon’s courage and fear and rage.

But in moments she was subdued, Bramalxith’s jaws around her throat.

‘Submit! Submit and I will spare your friends for my own purposes! Do not, and you will die, though it will pain me to take a lovely dragoness such as you, and a Dragonspirit with such potential, from this world.’

Erth felt the weight of Zytraa’s indecision, but again he sensed her growing submission to this powerful dragon. He had never seen his female dragon like this, but he knew that they were often like this in the wild to their alpha males. To his surprise, but also his gladness, she let that instinct win out for now.

‘I submit, Bramalxith.’

‘Good, beautiful one. And so your friends will be spared, though they will not go unchanged!’

The vortex of pure magic expanded greatly, becoming a blinding hurricane of light that Erth could barely look at. Selina and Garst were similarly blinded, each calling out to Erth, trying to determine what was happening. But he couldn’t hear their voices, nor they his. The screaming magic was too loud, and soon they were enveloped by it. The last thing Erth heard and sensed was Zytraa and Bramalxith’s exchange.

‘What are you doing to them?’

‘I am giving them true purpose. The Dragonspirits once furthered the legacy of dragons, the bonding a much deeper process. Now your Erth shall serve a higher purpose, and so shall you, my beauty.’

But then all was darkness, and Erth and his friends fell unconscious, not knowing what was to befall them.

Part 2: Dragon Magic

Erth awoke in a massive cave far beyond his imagining. It was lit by magical braziers of silver flame, befitting the one who clearly called it home: Bramalxith. He was upon a grand soft bedding clearly intended for guests, or servants, or even slaves. Nearby was a mirror, a series of cupboards, even a bookcase filled with old and valuable tomes. The wider cave had what appeared to be several crater-like pits, clearly old dragon nests not used for centuries, and huge piles of treasure. There were many corridors and doors and vaults as well, carved and dug and crafted, some dragon-sized, others intended for servants.

Erth stood, only to feel suddenly nauseous in his belly.

“NNghh . . . by the Gods, what happening to m-me?”

There was a surprisingly intense pain in his forehead, as well as on his spine and tailbone. It was searing, and he felt the influence of magic upon it as well.

“Ahh - ahhh. D-damn. That hurts. Where are my friends?”

He wobbled on his feet, feeling another influence. This one was from Zytraa. He could feel her presence nearby, as well as her own feelings. It was odd, but she felt different somehow, in a way she never had before while bonded to him. It took a moment for him to realise that she wasn't in pain or in fear, but instead . . . aroused.

“Oh Gods!” he gasped, feeling a slight erection form in his breeches. “Zytraa! Stop it! I can f-feel you!”

‘Erth! You’re awake!’

“And you’re in heat! What’s going on? Last I remembered, Bramalxith did something with the vortex of magic, and now I’m in his lair.”

‘Stay there, Erth. We’re coming to you.’

“Wait, we?”

She didn't respond, and got the distinct sense that she was not only embarrassed, but more than a little *ashamed* of something. Something she wasn't telling him. Still, that feeling of heat was in his system, mingling with the strange pressures and pains upon his body.

“Bloody Nine Hells!? What was that!?”

Erth ran across the cave floor, identifying Garst's voice. He was around the corner, upon a far less luxurious bed. Selina was with him, looking impatient and annoyed.

“For Gods' sakes, Garst! Don't yell in my ear! The dragon brought us here, you fool!”

“I know that! But my damn tailbone feels like a lead weight's been dropped on it.”

“Mine too, but I'm not complaining about it like a little girl.”

“You are a *little girl!*”

“Little only in relation to your excess size, Garst.”

Erth smirked at his friends' banter. It was good to know they were alright. If they were bickering, it meant they were either in the middle of a fight, or bickering. The two could barely stand to be in the same room together, but would back each other in a battle to the very end like true comrades.

“Garst! Selina!” he called as he made it to them.

“Erth!” Selina cried, rushing to embrace him. Garst did the same, nearly crushing the both of them with his mighty arms. It caused all three to groan in terrible pain, and not from his strength. They each pulled back, rubbing their own backs, scratching their foreheads.

“You t-too, then?” Erth said.

They both nodded.

“We both woke up like this,” Selina explained. “I have this tight compression on my spine, and my skin itches terribly.”

“It’s a damned fucking pain!” Garst complained, scratching his olive skin. A rash was clearly developing there, spreading partway over his chest. “And meaning no offence to our lady friend here-”

“Offence taken!”

“-my bloody ass feels like it’s on fire, I swear! And my nipples too.”

Selina slapped her own forehead. “Gods, never mind what I said. I wish you did act more like I was a proper lady sometimes, if it means never hearing about your nipples again.”

She winced as she said that, nearly scratching her own chest before stopping herself. Erth was about to say something when another tremor through his form, like a powerful surge of ancient magic, forced him to the ground.

“NGNHHHH!!”

His two friends caught him. “Erth, are you okay?”

“N-never mind - ahh - me. Zytraa is coming!”

The powerful beating of wings followed, finally echoing into the immense chamber of the cave. Descending from the massive vertical tunnel leading out came not only Zytraa in all her red dragoness glory, but the even larger form of Bramalxith, the black alpha male dragon. They were . . . unusually close. Very much so, in fact.

“Zytraa! What is happening? Bramalxith, we freed you, explain!”

The two dragons landed, and Zytraa pulled back from the black dragon to Erth’s side. With their bond, he could feel quite powerfully her own feminine heat in response to the alpha, and it made his own member further erect in response. An awkward feeling indeed.

‘Erth, you’re all well. But - something has changed. I’m not myself in the presence of Bramalxith. Alpha dragons have a . . . power over dragonesses such as myself.’

“Well, you need to fight it and get us out of here. Something has happened with our bodies. We feel the surge of strange magic within us.”

There was a rumbling from the black dragon. He shifted forwards on his silver talons, his immense body easily sixty feet in length from his maw to his powerful tail. Each step was a thundering boom upon the cave floor, which sent shivers of submissive arousal through Zytraa’s body. Erth knew this, because his dick was throbbing in his breeches, a result of his bond with the dragoness.

“Z-Zytraa, you need to f-focus. I’m f-feeling strange things here.”

He was agonising, trying not to feel his dick, which was painfully in need of being touched. The black dragon roared in a manner that was much like a laughter.

'Ah, so you see, Zytraa, that the bond between dragons and humans is a foolish endeavour. It enslaves you to each other's feelings, something no true dragon would ever submit to.'

'It is a lifelong bond, Bramalxith, and one I made willingly.'

'There are . . . other kinds of bonds. Older ones, between dragons.'

There was a meaningful pause as Zytraa bowed her head in a mix of embarrassment, shame, and unbearable heat.

'What are you doing to my friends?'

The black dragon breathed over the humans before it, and each shuddered a little beneath its mighty breath.

'Your kind, Erth Dragonspirit, and those of your friends, has hunted mine to the ends of the earth. You will claim that you are not at fault for the crimes of others, but you have benefitted from it! Now few wild dragons remain in this world, the rest are either enslaved, exterminated, or bonded to become pets or partners of humans. That must change.

'I have worked for many centuries on a spell that could reinvigorate my kind. It was not intended for you, but after my imprisonment by the now-dead Malkaglorr, I knew that I had to use it immediately, and what better timing than in the presence of another beautiful female dragon, to entice her to my side?'

Zytraa bowed again, clearly guilty. Erth felt her submissiveness, wanted to say something, but the intense pressure in his chest and limbs made it hard to even speak through gritted teeth.

"What have you done to us!?" he managed to roar.

'I have made you something better than you could ever have been, Erth Dragonspirit. You know not where your lineage truly came from, do you? The Dragonspirits of ancient times were not those who tamed dragons, nor bonded to them. No, the former never happened, and the latter was just the first step, the rest of which had been lost to your kind. But I know the truth from the draconic tomes in this very cave. The Dragonspirits were worthy humans in dragon's eyes, and as such were blessed with the potential to become dragons. I have rediscovered and recreated this magic, and now have applied it to you, Erth. You are to become a dragon, and your friends minor draconic kobold servants, as they lack your bloodline.'

Erth glared. "I will not become a dragon! It is not my destiny!"

'But it quite literally is, Erth. And not just any dragon, but a dragoness. Yes, that's right. You shall become my mate, and Zytraa alongside you. You will be my pair of broodmothers, bearing my prodigious young for centuries to come, laying my clutches, and rebirthing dragons into the world. And your bond will keep you as sisters in service to me. Yesssss . . .'"

The humans were all silent, horrified, Erth in particular.

"Zytraa, you cannot allow this! We are bonded!"

The dragoness was unusually shy in the presence of Bramalxith. She gave a guilt-ridden look in Erth's direction.

'I am truly sorry, Erth. I - I cannot fight him. He already defeated me in battle, spared my life, made me a deal for your lives. Humans may be fickle with their bargains, but dragons hold them dear, bound to them by magic. I cannot stop this. He has . . . he has claimed me for his mate. And I have accepted. I couldn't do otherwise. And . . . I didn't want it otherwise. My body, just in his presence it is in fiery heat.'

"Then fight it!"

'It does not work that way. You know this. I am bound to him. And within thirty hours, so will you be too. I am sorry, Erth. But our bond will remain. We will be broodmothers together, relishing our clutches and births as one!'

"By the Gods," Selina scoffed. "And we're to become damn kobolds!?"

"Yeah!" added Garst. "What the fuck is up with that? I'll fight and die before I become bloody kobold!"

'That will not be an option. Your preservation instincts will be too great, as will your desire to serve your dragon masters, and please them when called for.'

There was another silence, longer this time.

"We saved you, Bramalxith," Erth said, trying to remain calm amidst his sudden lustfulness and painful pressures, "surely that must count for something?"

'It has, my broodmother mate to be. It has spared your life. You have proven yourself worthy of becoming a mate in your conduct, and your friends by association have been blessed also, though the chaos of magic may change them in other ways as well.'

"This is evil! This is wrong!"

'This is the way of dragons. Come Zytraa, we will give them time to change and accept their new fates. Perhaps your bonded human can experience what it is to be mated by an alpha by proxy.'

With that, the black dragon took into the air, ascending back up into the tunnels higher up within the mountain. Zytraa gave Erth an apologetic expression that seemed to say more than words, then she too extended her red wings with their golden trim, and took to the air after Bramalxith.

"What the FUCK!?! " Garst cried.

"I agree with the simpleton," Selina said, "this is crazy. We need to escape this place, before we start - NNGHHH!!"

The two companions fell to the ground, scratching and clutching themselves. Erth rushed to their sides, but they were flailing so much it was almost too dangerous to

approach. They were indeed altering: their spines cracked as vertebrae shrunk, and their skin broke out in red rashes that looked raised and itchy. They scratched and clung to their forms, wailing in loud voices.

“Oh G-Gods! It hurts! Make it stooop!”

“S-Selina’s right! N-Nine Hells, this is fucking agon-eeeerruughh!!”

Erth tried to pull them away, perhaps to drag them to a safer location where they could escape, but even as they lost a couple of inches of height each, and their ears extended to slight points, he too began to feel something. Only it was the opposite of pain. It was something *highly sexual*..

“N-no! Oh Gods, not that! Zytraa, you need to get a hold of yourself!”

‘I’m sorry,’ she communicated to his mind from afar. *‘I need him. He has claimed me. I must have his eggs. I’m sorry!’*

“But our bond! There must be another way to - Ohhhhh!”

It was too late. Already Bramalxith was mounting the red dragoness, his great cock entering her waiting wet depths. Erth felt the pleasure by proxy, reeling backwards and falling onto the bed that he had found Selina and Garst upon. He gasped, running his hands over his form, trying to call out for Zytraa. She had been his loyal companion for years, and the two were great friends. But her dragon ways were clearly still beyond his understanding, certainly so for something like this to happen.

His friends stopped shaking, their round of changes over. They were visibly several inches shorter each, their ears pointed back a little, their skin reddened in places. But even as they looked in horror at their own changes, their attention quickly shifted to him instead.

“Ohhhh f-fuck!” Erth said, uncharacteristically swearing. He could *feel* not just Zytraa’s arousal and pleasure, but exactly the bliss of being filled by a giant dragon cock. It made him shudder, his legs shaking, and for a brief moment he almost wished he was in her place, so he could feel it for real. His cock was harder than steel, at least it felt that way, and despite being in view of both of his heroic friends, he couldn’t help but lower his hand and begin to stroke it through his breeches. As he did so, the pain and pressure of his transformation grew also.

“Gods, the p-pain! The p-pleasure! It’s t-too much!”

“Get a hold of yourself, Erth!” Selina exclaimed, turning so that she wasn’t seeing his shame, though she was still peeking back and seeing it anyway. “You’re pleasuring yourself before us! It’s shameful!”

“I c-can’t help it! The dragonbond, it’s not - ahhh - meant to be like this! I c-can f-feel her being penetrated by him. I can feel how w-wonderful it is! Mmhmmm!!”

Zytraa’s core radiated ecstasy as she erupted in orgasm. She shuddered, and so did Bramalxith against her, spurting his warm seed deep into her waiting womb. It made her roar

loudly, a roar that echoed down into the chamber. Erth roared too, crying out in orgasm. His penis ejaculated, splattering wad after wad of his issue into his breeches right before the gaze of his astonished friends.

“What the fuck!?” Garst said.

“I’m s-sorry! I c-can’t s-stop! UUghghh!!”

More ejaculating, more cumming, more pleasure of a dragon coursing through his body. He felt utterly humiliated, shamed before his allies. Selina could not help but look and squeak loudly at the sight. “By the Black Mountain, Erth!”

They had been a couple once, a few years back. It hadn’t lasted, but it did mean they knew each other’s stamina and virility well. In that moment, Erth was embarrassed to realise he had climaxed more fiercely than he ever had with her, and shot a far greater load of his issue as well.

“By the Gods,” she said.

“NNGhghh! It feels too good! Damn you Zytraa!”

‘I’m sorry! The pleasure is too much! You will feel it too, soon!’

“I d-don’t - ahhggh!”

But then the pressure overtook the delirium of sex, and he writhed, scratching at his flesh. Like his friends, his skin became scaly, though his rash was blue in tone, almost sapphire. He felt his nose stretch forward, his jaw too. It cracked audibly, and so did his spine. But unlike Garst and Selina, it did not shrink, but instead extended and *expanded*, growing and elongated. A mound pushed out from his tailbone, the flesh reforming with a sickening crunching sound.

“F-fuuuuck! H-help me! Make it s-stop!”

‘It will only stop once you are mine, my future mate.’

Erth froze, even as two strange protuberances pushed horrifically from his shoulder blades, the beginnings of future wings. That was not Zytraa’s voice, but Bramalxith’s. It made a sick sense: it was his lair, and a dragon’s lair carried powerful magic on this continent. He could hear everything, and talk as if they were bonded.

“P-please, Bramalxith, you can release me - or at least my friends! If Zytraa has agreed to become your mate then - UGHH!!”

The changes continued, his toes stretching, their nails becoming longer and sharper. It was like being stabbed, like having razor’s edges placed beneath the nails and used as a wedge to pull them out. It was horrific.

But the worst part was the swelling. His body grew, expanding all over, particularly in the chest, so that he was almost bigger than Garst. It was only after he nearly passed out that it ended, leaving him easily seven feet in height, and utterly delirious. The three of them

looked over their shared, yet different changes, and it was Erth that spoke what they were all thinking.

“Gods, this has to stop. We have to escape,” he said.

Part 3: Best Laid Plans

Their initial exploration of the cave in search of an escape was thwarted by further painful changes. Erth, once the mighty leader of their band of three (four when Zytraa was with them), was now the one holding them back. Not only was he contending with changes that were both more painful, more frequent, and larger in nature, but he was also continually held back by the pleasure of Zytraa and Bramalxith’s continual mating.

“Oh G-Gods, not again!” he cried, collapsing against a cave wall. His dick became incredibly erect, and this time he began stroking it openly, unbuckling his breeches to touch it directly. Like much of the rest of his skin, it was looking a little red in colour, though not little scales had grown on it yet.

“For fuck’s sake,” snapped Selina, throwing her hands in the air. “Not again!”

“Not his fault,” Garst said, “though it is pretty fucking weird, Erth.”

“How d-do you think I f-feel!? I’m b-becoming a female dragon, and have to f-feel another female dragon’s p-pleasure! It’s humiliating! It’s - OOohhhhhh!”

He came again, cum dribbling from his penis as it stained his breeches and spurted through the air. Selina ducked to the side, barely dodging the white, sticky stream.

“Gods, this is the strangest quest yet. Let’s just - ahhh - get out of here. Maybe this next - ughhh - t-tunnel.”

Despite her attempts to hide it, she was clearly also in pain, Garst too. Their changes seemed to be slower than Erth’s but they were occurring nonetheless, painfully but surely. The pair were destined to turn into kobolds, and the prospect frightened them just as much as Erth’s own horrid destiny as a continually impregnated broodmother dragoness. After all, kobolds were lizardmen, usually red-scaled, with draconic snouts and talons and tails, but lacking in wings and any ability to breathe an element. They were roughly half the size of an average man, and often vicious little things as well. Kobolds had a habit of building warrens beneath hill mounds, in underground caves, and even within city sewer systems. But that was only when they didn’t have a dragon to serve. Kobolds adored dragons with an almost religious devotion, and they had an instinct to recognise their much larger, much more powerful and magical draconic cousins. When a dragon took a lair, kobolds were drawn to it as servants and carers, doing whatever tasks the dragons desired, and even kidnapping more servants for a dragon, or perhaps, on some occasions, slaves as well.

It was not a fate the either Selina or Garst were particularly excited to experience, and the fact that they were going to have to serve Erth and help him lay his clutches and care for his eggs was only weirding them out more, as much as the agonising lumps of flesh growing from their backsides that would soon be tails.

“F-fuck this!” Garst groaned, clutching his backside. His torn leather shorts, the only real article of clothing the barbarian even wore on the regular, were simultaneously too loose around his shrinking hips and too tight where the bony beginnings of the tail was. The two kobolds clung to one another, not intending to, but unable to stop themselves, as if drawn by instinct.

“G-get off m-meee!” Selina demanded.

“You get off me!” Garst yelled, still clinging to her. “I’m t-trying but this stupid shrinking body can’t let go!”

“You big oaf, at least I’m trying to - OOhhhh F-fuuck!”

Selina collapsed against a doorframe, cursing over and over again. It was uncharacteristic of her: that was usually Garst’s kind of behaviour. But it spoke volumes not just of the pain of the transformation but also how violated she felt in becoming another species.

“M-my eyes! Fuck! Godsdammnit!”

The other two watched in shock as she held her eyes in her hands, before pulling them away. Right before them, happening in real time, Selina’s eyes warbled and shifted, the pupils becoming vertical slits, her blue irises becoming yellow. She cried out as her hair began to thin, long weaves of her blonde hair falling to the ground, leaving her mostly bald. Below were patches of reddish skin that looked to be growing scales.

Erth tried to comfort his friend, but he too felt another painful round of changes. Already, he felt almost half again as tall as Selina, and nearly that for Gast, but now his rib cage pushed out. He clutched it, feeling the soft skin grow harder. Plates began to form, and he too had to hold himself against the wall.

“NNgghnn! S-so much! Aaagghh! Zytraa! Help m-me!”

‘My friend, it will be so much easier for you if you give in. I can do nothing. Already I am mated, and may soon be carrying my mate’s eggs. This is your fate too.’

“N-never! Aagghh!!!”

And yet the prospect of bulging with eggs sounded strangely enticing to his new instincts. He could feel a draconic mind overlaying upon his, not erasing him, but granting him unwanted desires. He pictures being gravid with eggs, and it made him erect again. Only this time, his erection was smaller. He felt a painful tug upon his member, and it shrank in, even as his thighs bulged with further muscle, and his toes extended to become talons. Garst and Selina stepped back, gasping at the sight of the ever enlarging Erth, who’s stomach was now nearly three feet in diameter. His gut twisted as his organs enlarged. He

clutched his face, only for his burgeoning snout to fully become one: it burst outwards from his face. Erth screamed as the bones shifted and rearranged, and even his teeth filed to become triangular and sharp.

“It’s r-really happening! I’m becoming a dragon!”

“I’d say,” Selina panted, still overcome by her own changes. “And quickly too. It’s only been six or so hours since we started searching through these damned tunnels, and you’re already looking like a dragonborn at the very least, albeit one without proper scales.”

“I can f-feel them under my s-skin - ughh!”

As if responding to Selina’s own point, several jagged sapphire blue scales began to push through the skin of Erth’s arms. It was agonising, but nevertheless it occurred, even as he tried to pull them out. His friends helped him to his feet when it finally abated, but he barely looked like himself anymore: like Selina, his hair was falling out. Garst made a gallow’s humour joke about it.

“At least, my friend, I don’t have to worry about losing my hair.”

He rubbed his scaly red scalp, which had been bald even before the change. His eyes had also become yellow with slitted pupils, but evidently he had taken to the pain a little better, though he was sweating profusely. His tail was more developed compared to the others, and it was embarrassing to him. Selina couldn’t stop looking at it.

Erth, meanwhile, just pushed ahead. “M-more discovery. So many rooms to go. N-need to find a way out of here, beyond the range of Bramalxith.”

“He can hear us,” Selina reminded.

“Good, then he can know I’m never becoming a dragoness broodmother. I’d rather die than spend thousands of years pushing out eggs for that brute.”

‘We shall see, my future broodmother, we shall see.’

With a look of disgust, Erth pushed ahead, his legs and arms much stronger. Any more growing, and the ordinary mortal passages wouldn’t fit him. But for now he was able to use them, and his friends followed him.

“So long as I don’t get any fucking shorter,” Garst complained.

But they all knew he would, unless they got out soon.

Erth couldn’t believe it. A literal light at the end of the tunnel. He was exhausted from the pain of his constantly changing body, and the overwhelming organs reverberating from the endless dragon sex with his bond. But now, after nearly ten hours of pushing through it all, escape was near.

Garst clasp his midsection, sucking in air as his belly deflated, becoming much thinner. The red rash and minor scales spread further over his shoulders and back.

"F-fuck, I almost want the change to f-finish, so I can be done with it!"

"Don't be a fool, Garst," said Selina, whose jaw had recently cracked forward a little, "we're nearly there. We'll get out of the range of that dread fiend and then find a good wizard who can reverse these embarrassing changes!"

Erth nodded, clutching his backside. The tail was growing further, inch by terrible inch. All of him was growing, in fact. It was getting harder to keep track of the changes simply because they were happening everywhere. Zytraa and Bramalxith had explained that his changes would take a mere thirty hours, and they had already spent perhaps a third of that stumbling through the labyrinth that was the dragon's immense mountain lair. As such, his skin was almost entirely Sapphire blue in colour, with scales extending from under his skin almost everywhere in light patches. Though they were getting thicker and more prominent all the time.

"L-let's go," he managed, gritting his teeth. Even they felt odd, increasingly pointed as they were, and in an increasingly snout-like jaw as well.

They got closer and closer to the exit, which had a bright blue sky awaiting them. Bramalxith might still catch them, or grab them in his silver talons, but they would die fighting. For a moment, Erth had hope in his heart that they could escape the boundaries of his notice.

And then his sense flagged something. He was a Dragonspirit, one of the few who could trace their lineage to the dragonriders of old, though if Bramalxith was to be believed, that story was more complicated than civilisation knew. But it meant he could sense the power of dragon magic in the world: it lighted up like a sixth sense. It did so now as he stared at that blue sky.

"Something's wrong," he croaked. His voice cracked downwards, becoming a little raspier, a bit more growly.

"What is it?" Selina asked, whose voice, in contrast, was more tinny in its rasp.

"I don't know. Hard to th-think with all these pressures. But it could be a trap."

Selina and Garst nodded silently. They had no weapons, but Garst had always loved throwing a good rock with precision, and Selina was a world class acrobatic fighter. It was Erth that felt most useless without his sword or dagger. Still, he had his wits, and it was important to use them now.

"Paralysis trap," he whispered, pointing at a rock engraved with a hidden rune.

The other two nodded. Such a trap would force them to remain still for hours on end, even as they further endured painful transformation. He managed to disable it carefully, summoning the power of his lineage to turn it off. Then, they snuck past into the light.

Into an altogether different trap.

The bright blue sky with its glorious warm sun shimmered and faded, dissipating to reveal yet another enormous cavern. No, not *another* cavern. The very *same* cavern. The one they had started in, in all its immensity. They had just walked through magical illusion.

"You're kidding me," Selina muttered, "this is ridiculous! We've tried everything and we end up back here!?"

"Fucking Nine Hells," Garst exclaimed.

Erth didn't say a word, just looked at the cave in despairing exhaustion. He stepped forward, stumbling a little on his swollen feet, not used to the talons that were extending like knives from the tips of his extended toes.

"Where are you going, Erth?" Selina asked.

"To take a break and think," he muttered.

He didn't want to tell them the truth. That for just a moment as he had broken through to the outside, he felt a strange dread. And even worse, when it turned out to be an illusion, and he was back again in the main chamber, he felt something approaching *relief*. It wasn't something he planned to tell the others. Already, other draconic instincts were beginning to nestle in his mind. The notion of hunting, an act he'd only taken out of necessity on his travels, now took on a greater importance. The thought of collecting valuable treasure, beyond just his various artefacts of memory, was likewise occasionally playing on his mind. But the biggest one was courtesy of Zytraa and Bramalxith's continual lust. He couldn't escape the thought of what it would be like to bear a clutch of eggs within his belly, and lay them, birth them into the world, and reinvigorate wild dragons from the point of near extinction.

But he couldn't tell them any of that, not even if he got out and all turned out well. So instead he simply stumbled over to a particularly comfortable looking rock, and sat down upon it, feeling utterly glum.

"Erth, we need a plan," Selina said.

"You are always the plan guy," Garst said. "It's why we follow you!"

Erth couldn't help but notice that Garst's voice sounded even lighter than Selina's on occasion. His face was contracted, no longer widened, and he grunted as it shifted forward a little bit, the bones of his jaw extending and stretching the skin with it.

"I know, I know!" exclaimed Erth. "We've only got a set amount of time, I know we're on the hourglass here! But my changes are g-going faster than yours. My v-voice is already sounding more and more like a dragon's, and I can feel such awful pressures making my entire body expand. I feel like I'm nearly nine f-feet tall now."

"You are," Garst said, matter-of-factly. "You're a tall fucker."

Erth looked over himself, something that felt strange to do now that he had a slight snout. His painful jaw extension meant that his nose and mouth were always in view, and he could feel the tug of muscle and changing bone pulling his eyes to the sides a little as well. He was indeed nine feet, at the very least, but it wasn't a body made for standing all that well. Increasingly, as his arms grew out to match the length of his legs, he felt a call to begin crawling on all fours instead. He resisted it for now. Something about it would be an act of surrender, he felt.

"I just need time," he finally said, in barely a whisper. "We've gotten out of worse situations, right?"

The other two didn't answer him. After all, they had faced horrible danger and death before, but never anything so literally dehumanising, or with such far-reaching consequences. A hero that died in battle could become a great legend or martyr, but what was said of heroes who were transformed in sex and species to become egg-laying dragonesses? Nothing at all. There was no record of it happening until now, but he felt it would be a humiliating and degrading story.

"Fine," he said, clenching his hand as his nails slid out further, becoming slightly golden talons, "we find another escape. But we break to eat. One hour, then we move. Does that work?"

The other two nodded, though Selina looked at him a little funnily, as if suspecting something. But then the pain and pressure returned, and all three took time to search the nearby kitchens for bread and water and anything else that could fill them up. Bramalxith had been prepared enough to leave them materials to eat, the bread old but magically preserved as if it were only just served from the baker. Evidently, he'd been preparing this a long time, just as he'd said.

None of them talked very much, partly because the black dragon could be listening, but partly out of awkwardness and their own bodily frustrations. Already, the audible clicking of vertebrae being compressed echoed from Selina and Garst, while his own spine was growing larger, extending, pushing his body outwards in a way that was difficult to manage.

'No plan will be enough,' Bramalxith said in his head. He got the sense that this message was for him alone, and not for his friends. *'You will become my broodqueen, my future mate.'*

"I won't," Erth whispered, trying to ignore the arousal he experienced just from hearing Bramalxith's voice. "And I'll free Zytraa from your grip too, or whatever spell you have put upon her."

There was a booming laughter in his mind that sent a shiver down his back. Even just hearing the dragon seemed to accelerate his changes: he winced as his tail pushed out further, the muscles and tissue growing as it surged out over the edge of his strained shorts.

He was on the verge of having to go naked: already his shirt was useless, and Selina was keeping her pants tied around her tiny waist out of pure modesty, particularly in front of Garst, who was always standing oddly close to her.

'Zytraa is under no spell but the natural dominance of an alpha male dragon. I am no ordinary being of my kind, Erth. We are not like you humans, who have your kings and queens but otherwise are all alike. A great alpha dragon such as myself is destined to maintain several broodqueens, and hold dominance over other dragons. She cannot help her instincts, no matter how much she wished you could be free of your changes. She is mine, because in her blood she knows she is meant to have my many children. As are you. I know you feel it already, Erth.'

Erth exhaled sharply, trying to ignore the erection in his overly-tight pants, or the way his heart fluttered just hearing the dragon's low, booming voice.

"That's just the bond. I feel what Zytraa does, and you are making me . . . making me feel things no human was ever meant to feel. That no man was ever meant to feel!"

More laughter. *'Erth, you certainly have but a taste of the pleasure that awaits you through Zytraa. Certainly, she has been most pleasing to me. I can already smell that she is bearing a first clutch of eggs, though her needs for . . . fulfilment, are still great. As are mine, as you well know by now. But the need you feel for my dragon cock in your still-developing womanhood is not purely courtesy of your bonded dragoness, but also your growing dragon instincts. Soon you shall be unable to fight them.'*

"I will not lose my m-mind!"

He gasped a little as his legs swelled further, and more scaled grew over his shoulders, bright and gleaming sapphire.

'And you shall not. Your mind will remain your own, as will your friends, though I'm sorry to say that their intelligence will be somewhat . . . deflated. But their personalities shall shine through, even as kobold servants. But you will all have instincts you cannot help but obey. It is the great shackle of the mighty dragon. But do not worry, I will please you, Erth. You will long to feel me within you, seeding your womb, letting it grow gravid with eggs.'

Erth pushed away from the rock and stumbled backwards. Moments later there was a great roar of two dragons, and they were upon each other once more.

'Accept it, my bonded one,' Zytraa's voice came. *'I cannot fight it. But we will still be together, and understand each other more than ever. You will help rejuvenate the dragon race alongside me. And - oohhhhhhhh!!!'*

Erth moaned with her, out loud and unable to hide the intense pleasure. Bramalxith once more was penetrating his dragoness, and Erth's changes came over him again. They had already gone over the necessary hour of waiting, but now he was helpless but to writhe upon the ground, scratching at his clothing until it tore to pieces, leaving him entirely naked.

He came as Zytraa and Bramalxith did, orgasming intensely before collapsing into panting breaths. Selina and Garst regarded him with utter sympathy, though he felt humiliated in front of them.

“We n-need to get out of here,” Erth said.

But on the ground, he drew the word *CLIMB*. He pointed to a vertical tunnel, smaller than the one Bramalxith came from, and perhaps a chance at escape.

“Agreed,” Selina said, after a slightly long pause.

Erth hoped her intelligence wasn’t being reduced already.

Part 4: Attractions

The climb was difficult. Erth focused as much on his own Dragonspirit lineage as possible, drawing upon its magic to disguise himself. Dragons generally knew all that went on in their lair, but he felt he was somewhat successful in his obfuscation. The only problem was that it meant continual pauses for him to rest as they ascended up the tunnel. With their increasingly sharp, metallic claws, all three of them were at least able to hold steady against the wall. Even when the rending of flesh and bone came, and their bodies shrunk or grew, becoming increasingly draconic, they were able to simply latch onto the rock and not worry about falling the hundred and fifty feet or so to their doom.

“This is taking t-too long,” Selina proclaimed as they stopped once again for Erth.

“I c-can’t help it. The d-dragons are -”

“Going at it again!?” Garst exclaimed, bewildered. “I’ll say this, the black dragon has fucking stamina. Something to at least look forward to if you do end up becoming a broodqueen, huh Erth?”

Erth and Selina shot him a withering look. Garst just sighed, continued to climb.

“Just a bit of fucking humour.”

“I’m sorry if the prospect of continually pushing out eggs from my body for centuries isn’t that funny to me, Garst.”

“Yeah, well, at least you’re not reduced down to fucking five feet of height. Gods be damned, I feel tiny. And my fucking manhood is pulling inside of me. Bloody lizard biology!”

Selina gave a sympathetic look, as did Erth. All three of them were feeling that strange tug of muscle. Unlike most of their changes, this one wasn’t painful, but rather incredibly discomforting. Dragons, like most reptiles, had internal sex organs. It was something people just didn’t really think about, but they were well aware of it now.

Selina grunted.

“Everything alright?”

“Yeah, it’s just . . . on the note of manhoods and womanhoods, I must confess with some embarrassment that mine feels quite strange. A bit . . . meatier than normal.”

“Really?” Garst said, astonished. He grunted a little as his tail pushed out further. He had to pull his loose shorts down further to accommodate it. “Mine feels . . . lacking.”

There was an awkward moment of confusion. Both turned to Erth, who was slightly higher up, but trying to avoid pulling down rocks due to his increasing weight.

“I’m - ahhh! - I’m f-feeling smaller, if you must know.”

“Of course you are,” Garst said, “you’re turning into a fucking dragoness. But why is my dick getting smaller, and why is *she* feeling meatier!?”

“Please don’t say it like that,” Selina replied. “Gods, I don’t know. It’s getting hard to even think. I feel like I’m losing my mind.”

“You might be,” Erth said. “Kobolds aren’t as smart, remember?”

“Great! So now I’m - ngnh! - not just becoming a little dragon servant, but a stupid one at that! Well, at least it explains why Garst here hasn’t changed - he had no brain to begin with.”

“Oh, fuck you, lady.”

“With what? Your manhood is shrinking, remember.”

“Yeah, and apparently you’re getting it.”

That was enough for both of them to blush, even through their reddened skin. They continued to struggle and climb, occasionally stopping as they experienced another shuddering alteration to their bodies. Sometimes they stopped to set on a rocky outcropping as they ascended. There was definitely another level of tunnels far above, and with it, there might be the chance for freedom. That, at least, was what Erth hoped for.

They rested for half an hour on a large natural outcropping. The three were utterly exhausted, their mettle tested not just by the climb but their continual changes. Erth’s larger, barrel-like stomach growled in hunger.

“NNGhhh . . . damn changes have me hungry.”

“Make sense, after all . . .”

Selina’s voice trailed off.

“Yes, Selina?”

“Sorry, it’s just, I can’t work out why it makes sense. By the Gods, I am getting dumber! This isn’t fair! I’m a warrior princess, I refuse to lose my mind!”

Garst put a hand on her shoulder, and surprisingly she didn’t fight it. She leaned against him, and he against her, and they rubbed their scaled heads against one another. Small horns were growing, dark red and sweeping back, though they were miniscule now. They let them touch in a shockingly intimate gesture, leaving Erth to look over his own strange changes.

They had been climbing for several hours now, which meant that he was likely half way through his changes, or at least nearly so. It terrified him, particularly since his body was

only vaguely humanoid. He was hunched over, his limbs contorted to resemble front and back legs, and his tail was now roughly four feet long, having accelerated in growth rather rapidly. Long talons extended not just from his toes, but his fingers as well. Though he had lost his pinky finger entirely on both hands, absorbed back into his body. His neck had stretched, and was stretching even at that moment, becoming longer and more serpentine. This was matched by his face, which was certainly no longer that of a human's, having a snout that was ever growing outwards. It was enhanced by several golden horns that grew from his scalp, sweeping backwards in a classical fashion. His tongue had started to fork, though only just barely. His eyes were slitted, golden in colouring, though brighter than that of his friends. Starting at the back of his head and descending down his spine to near the end of his tail was a series of sharp horns, from which a long fan was growing to aid his future flight. His wings were also developing, though they were still diminutive, sad little sapphire-coloured things not yet capable of flight, but still capable of movement. They felt as alien as his tail, and were always stretching further outwards, sapping his energy.

He was a freak. He was a future dragon. And the fact that his manhood was slipping back inside him, continually shrinking, still had no effect on his masturbation. When Zytraa took Bramalxith's great dragon member inside her and roared with delight, he found himself roaring too, sounding quite dragon-like at that. He rubbed his member within its slit, almost willing it to become a womanly opening, so that he too could be flooded with the semen of the alpha dragon.

And then he caught himself, and sobbed silently at his grotesquely swelling body, now almost totally covered in the tough metal of sapphire scales. He couldn't deny his growing attraction to the idea of becoming a broodmother. He didn't want it, he knew he didn't want it, but it was like his mind and his body were two separate entities: the former needed to escape and be a human hero again, but the latter was increasingly in heat, desiring to be knocked up with dragon babies. It terrified him as Malkaglorr and a thousand other mad mages never had before.

"We n-need to get moving," he uttered, standing up. Unfortunately, he collapsed back down on all fours: two feet was just two awkward now. He was quadrupedal now, despite his desire to still feel human. It was probably a good thing: at nearly twelve feet long, it was becoming impossible to operate upright, especially as his tail pushed outwards several inches at that very moment, eliciting a groan from him.

Selina and Garst stood, still clutching one another. They seemed to realise how odd they were behaving, because they both suddenly yelped and pulled apart.

"What in the Nine Hells!?" Garst exclaimed. "Why were you hugging me!?"

"*You* were hugging *me!*" Selina corrected.

Both gave an awkward exchange.

“What’s happening to you two?” Erth asked. “You’re behaving even more strangely around each other than usual.”

Neither spoke for a moment. Finally, Selina sighed.

“I think . . . Oh Gods, I think we’re becoming *attracted* to one another.”

Erth’s eyebrows widened. Well, he didn’t have eyebrows anymore, so much as ridges above his golden eyes. “A-attracted to one another?”

Garst gave a solemn nod. The two may have been the opposite sex, but they were opposite in just about every other way too, and so wouldn’t be caught dead in bed with one another. And now they were attracted to one another? He sniffed the air automatically, and his nostrils *swelled*, becoming larger. To his astonishment, he could smell a feminine heat in the air, and a masculine response.

“It’s because you’re becoming kobolds,” he said, realising what was happening. “Kobolds breed. Like, a *lot*. They maintain large warrens. I think the magic is making you a breeding pair.”

Garst unexpectedly began laughing, big belly laughs despite his increasingly high voice. He clutched his gut, a gut that was now quite absent due to his small 4’8 size, and continued laughing until Selina gave him a light slap upside the head.

“What are you going on about already!?”

He wiped a tear from his eye, cringed as his horns pushed out a little further, and his flesh shrunk. “I’m thinking that as much as this situation is fucking terrible - and it *is* absolutely fucking terrible - it’ll be a pretty funny sight to see you all swollen up with my eggs Selina.”

“You absolute cad! I’m not letting you anywhere near me. I am *not* laying any eggs, especially not yours!”

Erth’s nostrils expanded again, causing him to bite his scaled lip in response to the slight pain. Once more they took in the scents far more powerfully than he ever could as a human, but this time the feminine heat and masculine musk were more easily traced, and what he noticed shocked him.

“Uhh, she’s right, Garst. Selina won’t be carrying your eggs.”

“Thank the Gods!” she exclaimed.

“No, it’ll be Garst carrying *hers*.”

They both looked at him like he was a madman.

“Explain, and use small words, because my brain is fucking turning to soup,” Garst said. Certainly, his head was shrinking with him, looking angular and hungry.

“I can . . . I have a dragon’s smell sense now, and I can detect your changes. Selina has a manly smell. You have a female one. I think you’re switching genders. Hence why you keep posing your body in front of her Garst. You’re trying to entice her to mate with you.”

Garst coughed, and this time Selina laughed. Both were acting sillier than usual, perhaps an effect of their slightly reduced intellect.

"This is hilarious!" she cried. "You're going to be the one laying kobold eggs, not me!"

"You get a penis though, you freak!"

She paused, having been slow to realise that. "Oh. Sh-shit. Oh, not good. We need to get out of here. I'm not being kobold, or male."

Erth agreed, as did Garst. They were all changing species and gender, and it was imperative they begin moving. But all of them were tired, and another half hour of trying to pull themselves up the immense cliff only came in fits and spurts, during which he painfully grew several more feet in length, his belly growling in hunger, his overall sharp more dragon than man, now.

"G-get on my back," he stammered, as several of the spines along his back expanded. His back was becoming ridged, with powerful humps where his limbs met the body, and crooks that were easily to hold onto.

"Are you kidding? We'll fall!"

"We'll go faster if it's just m-me. Do you want to escape or n-not?"

Selina gave a look down, then a look up. "Fine."

"C'mon, Selina!" Garst yelled. "Be a man!"

"Oh Gods, only if you stop being a such a bitch!"

Garst bit his scaled lip. "You know, the weird part is you saying that has me pretty fucking aroused. Yeah, let's get out of here alright."

They climbed up on his back, holding onto the pointed spikes jutting from his back. He whimpered in pain: they were pushing like sharp bone, bursting from the skin beneath before healing over. And yet with every change, he felt more and more powerful. More draconic. And more receptive to the idea of becoming a broodqueen alongside his bonded dragoness. His member inside his slit shrunk a little more, his testes deflating further. He could feel a passage forming. A womanly tunnel that went straight to a still-forming *womb*.

"Let's get the f-fuck out of here!" he exclaimed. He focused his energy on trying to evade Bramalxith's attention, and began to clamber up, his body moving like that of a great lizard's. The power of his movement almost made him feel kind of good.

Finally, after too many hours of pausing, gasping, growing, and changing, and endless, endless climbing, they reached the lip of the edge. The wind - the real, outside wind - howled through the large tunnels. They could not see the outside yet, but it had to be close. Erth's heart beat rapidly, and it was a far larger heart now. He walked upon all fours, depositing his

two friends beside him. His tail was nearly six feet long now, and still pushing outwards. In truth, now that he was over halfway through his changes, he could easily be mistaken for a full dragon from a distance. The only thing missing was a set of fully developed wings, though his scales were not fully grown in yet, and his legs still had a slightly humanoid shape to them, which made quadrupedal movement a little awkward. Still, it was easier than on two legs. And if he didn't escape soon, four legs would be all he'd know soon enough.

Bramalxith had not been heard from, and even his continual sex with Zytraa had cooled down. Erth trusted his bonded dragon deeply, but he was afraid she was compromised by the alpha's dominant presence. He wanted to reach out, to ask for her aid, to keep the black dragon distracted, but in the end he decided against it. Besides, such use of his bond might alert Bramalxith to their location, and he preferred to keep moving.

"Wind," Garst said, realising the rush that was coming through the great curving tunnel.

"Oh yeah, that's what it is," Selina added. "It's really obvious. How did we not think of that?"

The answer was obvious: because they were becoming kobolds, and so their minds were becoming less intelligent. Not animalistic, at least, but more single-minded. Erth couldn't help but notice that they were following his ideas more readily, acting like he was their ruler instead of his leader. Occasionally, they even heaped a bit of praise upon him, before realising what they were doing and stopping.

"Stupid compulsions," Selina said. "And stupid brain! Stupid, stupid!"

"Calm down!" Erth commanded, voice cracking a bit. As low as it was becoming, and hard to speak as well, he could also tell it was becoming a low feminine contralto in tone.

"Yes, mistress," Selina said. "I mean, Erth! Damn!"

Garst just laughed, but even that was empty. The realisation that he was going to become a female kobold, and one responsible for spawning an entire colony from Selina's seed, was clearly taking its toll on him.

Erth's stomach growled loudly, and he groaned, clutching it. It expanded several inches.

"NNghh! S-so much p-pressure!"

It was difficult to hold, so fucking tight and painful. There was so much force behind it wanting to expand, to become more muscular and armoured, larger and more powerful.

"I c-can't! Oh Gods, I c-can't keep it in any longer! I - OOHHHHH!!!"

The pressure finally gave way, the dam bursting. He crashed to his side, his changing allies leaping out of the way to avoid getting crushed by his size. His weight increased. His legs twisted. His jaw expanded further. All of him grew, but most of all his midsection, his tail, and his neck. He screamed.

“NNNGGHH!! EEUGGRH! IT - BY THE GODS IT HUUURRRRTS! IT HU-”

Suddenly his voice turned to a roar, and words were beyond him. A large gout of flame shot from his throat, burning from the fire in his belly, and it extended at least thirty feet outwards. It died away after several seconds, to the shock of all.

‘I just shot a flame breath,’ he said, astonished. But he hadn’t really said it. His mouth couldn’t form human speech anymore. No, he had *thought* it. And now he was like a dragon in one more way.

“That was most impressive!” Garst shouted.

“Yes, mistress!”

‘I’m not your mistress! I’m not female - at least not meant to be! Come, let’s get out of here, fast. Garst, unload the packs. I need to eat quick, and then we go.’

“Excellent idea, mistress. I mean, Erth!”

He rolled his eyes, though even that was painful given they were moving into a more reptilian position. It was better to not even address it. Already, he was having to manage them, even in the way they kept pressing close to one another. Their aroused musks only made him think of Bramalxith, something he definitely didn’t want to think about, given that with each pique of arousal, his body transformed even faster. Instead he pushed forward, bounding on his more draconic legs, his tail waving behind him, his wings slowly extending. The wind was rushing, and he could smell the fresh air coming. He was so, so close.

He exited out of the tunnel, onto a flat slope of the mountain, where an old fortification rested, even older than Maklaglorr’s. The sun beamed down upon skin and scale, and the warm air filled his lungs with freshness. It made him want to cheer.

Except that he could smell two other scents, both dragons. His brief moment of joy faded as he saw them fly down from the sky to land upon the fortification. Bramalxith and Zytraa perched upon the ramparts, looking down at Erth as if they had been expecting him. At least Zytraa had the good graces to not look him in the eye. From their bond, he could feel her shame.

‘Welcome, Erth. I’ve been expecting you. Already you look so beautiful, and you are not yet finished. But I have a way to make faster your changes. Come, smell the fresh air and be with your fellow kind. Your servants can be by your side.’

Erth’s face fell. There was nothing else to do. Escape was impossible.

He stepped towards the fortification, and his two comrades marched by his side, already feeling an increasing need to serve.

Part 5: Mating

Bramalxith's maw twisted into something approaching a smile. It wasn't a malicious one: Erth almost wished it was malicious just so he could hate the black dragon, instead of feeling this increasingly strong attraction to him.

'Come, my future mate, there is something you must see. You have felt it from a distance, but to see it before you is to know that you desire it. That you need it.'

Erth had a feeling he knew exactly what Bramalxith was talking about. And yet he followed the dragon on all fours, his body still twisting, becoming increasingly nonhuman. His nostrils flared, his horns slid out from his skull excruciatingly, and it was obvious that his changes were over halfway done, and only accelerating from there. His two friends followed, much more slowly, still wrapped in their overly large clothing. Garst seemed to have quietened since the last revelation concerning his own future, while Selina was moving with a kind of boldness and confidence that perhaps bespoke her new instincts. Still, their changes were slower than his. Bramalxith wanted his broodqueen finished first.

The dragon brought them to the very top of the fortification, where a large stone roof could easily hold them all, even the great alpha dragon and his dragoness. It took mere moments for Bramalxith to fly to the top, but Erth was forced to squeeze and climb and walk his way to the top, across numerous battlements of a long-forgotten civilisation. That alone took time, during which his body swelled with further muscle and growth.

'I hate this,' he mentally communicated to his friends. *'It's taking us just half an hour to reach him, and yet I can't stop myself. He has the same power over me now that he has over Zytraa.'*

The others gave sympathetic words, but it was all filtered through their own changing minds.

"Agreed, mistress! I can't help but follow you now!"

"It's not fair, broodqueen! Soon we'll *both* lay eggs. Gods, I wish I still had some guile to avoid it! Only you can save us!"

It was disturbing to see how his friends' minds, while still their own, were being undermined and reduced by their lowering intelligence. And yet while his own intelligence wasn't being lowered, his will to resist was almost completely gone. Bramalxith's scent was more masculine and powerful than anything he could imagine, and it made his loins tingle in anticipation. They were so close to being female, and in the time it took to travel to where the great black dragon and Zytraa waited, he felt his loins shift further.

'There you are, you took your time.'

'I don't have f-functioning wings yet, Bramalxith.'

'Mhmm, but you will. They are most enjoyable, aren't they my Zytraa?'

The red-scaled dragoness nodded, looking sympathetically to Erth. *'You have often remarked that you wished to be able to fly Erth, on our travels and adventures together. Now you shall, even when gravid with many eggs. Such is the power of being a mighty dragoness broodqueen. I know you can accept this.'*

'I cannot! This is all wrong! You know it!'

'I do, but his hold is strong, and my instinct belongs to him now. Trust me, Erth, to be a dragon is a wonderful thing, and though this will be my first clutch, I know that to birth dragons into the world will be an act beyond any other. We can still be bonded, as sister queens to our master. Our alpha. And I know you will find pleasure in him, once it is your turn.'

Sadly, he knew that it could well be true. He would be miserable, angry, stuck gravid with eggs, but the pleasure he felt from Zytraa . . . it was addicting. Enough so that his body already demanded more. He stepped forward towards Bramalxith, who ran his silver paws over Erth's body. The changing dragon-to-be shivered at the touch, and new sapphire scales formed and bones extended purely in response.

'Embrace it, Erth. Become my broodqueen. I shall give you incentive for the next few hours.'

What followed was something Erth knew was coming, dreaded its coming, and yet simultaneously became aroused at the thought of. Zytraa shifted, the sleek red dragon widened her rear legs and raising her tail, giving access to the alpha black dragon. Bramalxith's member slid out from its reptilian sheath, causing all three former heroes to gasp at its immense size, nearly equal to that of Erth's height and weight as a human.

'That's - oh Gods, that's too big!'

The black dragon looked his way, smirking. *'It shall not be so big, once you are bigger. Watch, and feel, my future broodqueen. And take pleasure from your bond.'*

"Fight it!" Garst called.

"You can do it!" Selina added.

But then Bramaxith mounted Zytraa, and quickly plunged his immense dragon cock into the dragonesses, causing both of them to roar in ecstasy. So close to his bonded dragon, Erth collapsed to the ground, overcome with the vivid sensation of being filled, inner walls he did not possess being parted by the enormous member, and a moistness in his slit as well. The last he realised was real: his member was tugging in, and a tunnel increasingly burrowing to his growing womb. His organs shifted aside, determined to complete his femaleness in the throes of this mating ecstasy.

"NNGHH!!!" he managed to moan, "AGGHHHHH!!!"

Another gout of flame spurt into the air, some of it catching the dragons. It only increased the heat, literal and in terms of arousal, as all three of them were now immune to its effects.

'Oh Gods! I can feel it!' he moaned mentally as Bramalxith started thrusting, 'it's stronger than ever! I can feel everything Zytraa is feeling! Being closer makes it so much worse, and so much better!'

He began to writhe and squirm upon the stone roof beneath the afternoon sky. Bramalxith took his time pleasuring his mate, seeding her only after many thrusts had brought her and Erth to numerous climaxes. As much as Selina and Garst clearly wanted to help, their own instincts were not to interfere with the dread alpha dragon. There was a draconic hierarchy in place, and he was clearly at the very top of it, and that was not a status quo they were capable of breaking any more.

"This is fucking wrong!" Garst exclaimed, seeing Erth gasp in bliss. "We need to h-help him. But between these changes, my fucking slow mind, and these instincts . . ."

"We can't," Selina said. "I know. I can't even think of a way to get out of this myself. And - ohohhhh Gods - I can f-feel my penis forming. Inside me."

Garst trembled. "And I c-can feel mine disappearing. Fuck!"

'Me t-too!' Erth called, before exploding into orgasm. He could feel Zytraa's body being flooded with Bramalxith's potent dragon seed, and its warm and stickiness made him go weak in his rear legs. His tail burst out painfully, elongating several entire feet just in response. His ears retracted, leaving just holes in the side of his head, and yet his hearing enhanced, able to make out every roar of pleasure from Zytraa, every huff of her being. His entire body grew, magically so, and his hunger grew with it, needing fulfilment.

He was left overcome, and now entirely female. His body was effectively that of a completed dragon's now, scales and all, with just his wings needing a little further extension, and his body not big enough to be mounted by Bramalxith. Yet. There were still hours of changes to go, after all.

'I - you can still change me b-back,' Erth managed. *'Or at least let my friends free.'*

But the black dragon shook his head, dismounted from Zytraa, and eliciting another brief wave of pleasure from the two bonded creatures.

'Humans have hunted my kind to near-extinction. You have seen too much. It was either kill you, or make you greater. Even your friends will find glory in aiding you, and they will remain your friends, even if they are also your loyal servants, desperate to worship you. For now, you have received a taste of joy. Now, I shall give you another. You cannot yet fly, but I shall hunt for you, my mate. Zytraa will stay with you as I gain burnt flesh for you both to consume, and to complete your changes.'

With a powerful beat to his wings, he took to the sky, leaving Erth in misery. Zytraa came and comforted him, nuzzled him with her head and neck as she often did. It felt alien for her scales to slide against his new ones, and for his neck to be also elongated.

'I know this is hard Erth, but think of it as a new chapter.'

'I just can't believe you're doing this, Zytraa. I guess I never did understand the nature of dragons. And now . . . unless I turn back . . . I'll be one as well.'

'With many centuries to discover as well. Yes, you will birth many, many eggs, and so shall I, but we will also be serving a great cause in the rebirth of magic in the world, and saving a great species from extinction. Can your friends not see that? Garst? Selina?'

The two shuffled a little. They had drawn closer a second time without even realising it, and from their increasingly small size and draconic features, it was clear they too were feeling a compulsion to take to their new roles, though they had some ways to go yet.

"N-no," Selina said. "I'll f-fight it! To the end!"

"Me too! We aren't fucking kobolds! Even if I wish to serve you both, my queens. I mean, my mistresses. Fuck!"

Selina slapped him upside the ear, but she too apologised with a bow. Erth gestured for them to stop with a friendly wave of his paw, and they did so. He paused, shocked at how easily they followed his command.

'My friends, I didn't mean - never mind. Gods, I am hungry. All this insanity and my belly grumbles take my biggest concern.'

'Easier to think on that than what Bramalxith did to us. Believe me, it will be even greater when you feel it true, my future sister.'

Erth just settled on the ground, trying to avoid thinking of just that. He was tired, angry, humiliated, and damned hungry. The future seemed inescapable.

What else was there to do but wait for it to finally arrive?

Four hours. Four long hours before Bramalxith returned. Upon the stone roof of the ancient, withered castle, the three former heroes waited, unable to leave, and unable to prevent themselves from changing further. Erth had the worst of it: now that his form was entirely female and entirely draconic, now all it had to focus on was making him grow to become a full-sized she-dragon. His stomach ached for food, and he could only consume what quantities were left over from Zytraa's own feeding. She nudged a deer carcass his way, and instinct took over: he set it aflame, let it burn, then consumed it readily in his maw, devouring the crispy flesh.

'It tastes . . . acceptable,' he said to Zytraa.

'I know it tastes delicious for you, Erth. There is no need to lie. You are a dragon now. It is only a question of finishing your changes so that you can be-

'F-fucked by an alpha dragon?'

'I was going to say mated.'

He grimaced at the thought, despite his body's horniness for exactly that act. He widened his rear legs almost instinctively at the thought of it, before realising what he was doing and readjusting. But still his hunger grew, and his friends could only help so much. While they were only about halfway through their changes, still possessing human-like legs and arms, and faces that were half-kobold but possessing some human features, they increasingly had servant instincts.

"We'll get you some fucking food!" Garst exclaimed.

"Yes, the female is right! I mean Garst is right! Let us help you!"

Erth didn't want to reduce his friends to servants, but he needed food, and so he accepted them running off across the mountainscape to forage for anything that could aid him. Zytraa continued to share the remnants of her own meal, and soon the kobolds-to-be returned with forest berries, several shot rabbits, and even a pastry magically preserved from within Bramalxith's cave. It wasn't nearly enough, but Erth took what he could, devouring it upon the ground without any manners whatsoever.

'Yes! Yes, m-more! Need more food - NGNGHHH!!'

And then his bones stretched, his wings extended. The pain was excruciating, especially as his wing bones formed new joints and developed its leathery sails, but there was also a rightness to the change, as if the pain itself was a good thing, like the pain of a workout that leaves one with more muscle. And certainly, he was possessing more muscle. His snout was long and fierce, and getting longer and fiercer. His scaled belly was now incredibly armoured, and his golden talons were also matched by a golden horn that pushed agonisingly from the end of his snout, giving him a regal look, as if he were a king of dragons. Or, more accurately, a queen. A role he would share with Zytraa, unless there was some miracle.

Erth himself could barely even think about that. He wanted to escape, and his heart shuddered in fear at the thought of his changing destiny, but his hunger and increasing arousal dominated all. He hoped that Bramalxith would die, slain by some great hero, and that even if he were stuck as a female dragon he could at least be free. But another, more primal part of him wanted *his* alpha to return.

No, that wasn't right.

A part of *her* wanted *her* alpha to return. She was female, after all. Her dragon mind told her this, and thinking in the male pronoun felt all wrong. She needed to feed and mate, and be serviced by her male alpha.

'Oh Gods. Oh, by the Nine Hells. Fuck if I don't need him.'

Zytraa moved, the larger dragoness sliding her red scales against Erth's sapphire ones. It was an act of sympathy and comfort.

'Now you understand how I feel. Now you understand what it is to be a dragoness.'

It was at that moment that, finally, Bramalxith returned. Both female dragons smelled him on the winds, his dominant scent and coming power. It made Erth wish she was bigger, and she willed herself to change further. It was not long until thirty hours would expire, surely she would be ready by then!

'I can smell your desire, Erth,' boomed the dragon's voice in her head, making her feel delirious with want. *'You are nearly ready.'*

Erth made no reply. What could she say? She wanted to submit to this black-scaled beast, but the thought of it was simultaneously humiliating. Garst and Selina were in awe of him also, and she could tell their gender switch was nearly complete. The former companionable rivals were leaning against one another, clinging to one another like soon-to-be lovers. It was crazy to think that Garst would be bearing eggs in time to come.

The black dragon flapped his dread wings, and began to descend to the great flat rooftop they were upon. Erth couldn't look away, neither could his friends.

'We've lost, haven't we?' Erth said to her friends.

"Yeah, fuck."

"I'm sorry, Erth."

'I'm sorry to both of you as well. I never meant for this to happen. I didn't want us to spend our lives like this.'

"It's okay, Erth," Selina said. "You were our friend before. I know you'll be a good m-master. A good m-mistress to us."

"Yeah!" Garst pitched in. "And at least we'll be doing some kind of g-good, right?"

His words weren't convincing, even if they were correct. Garst was clearly still grappling with what he was becoming, and trying to put on a brave face. Erth nudged her maw against him, in the way Zytraa once did to him.

'At least we'll be together, friends.'

The black dragon landed upon the rooftop. In his maw was a great oxen carcass, freshly burned. In his talons was a second, even larger one. He discarded them both in front of Erth.

'Eat, my mate. Eat, and embrace your final change. The food will be the fuel for it.'

Erth didn't even hesitate. She wished she still had the will to hold off for even a short moment, but she lacked even that power now. She was too hungry, and her body wanted to prepare itself for her alpha. So she immediately began chewing and tearing and rending at the cooked carcasses before her, and devouring the flesh and innards. It was the most

delicious meal she'd ever consumed as either a dragon or a man, and as she did, her body stretched and expanded. It took time, perhaps another half an hour to down both meals, but as she did so her wings stretched to completion. The deliciousness of the meal managed to dull some of the pain, and even the agony she did experience made her roar in passion, willing it to continue so she might reach the end of her physical transformation.

She was indeed getting close: her body expanded, scaled thickening, tail lengthening, her golden crown of horns upon her head became a proud crest. Selina and Garst looked on in shock, and more than a little awe, as the new dragoness extended in size to become thirty feet in length. Each extension of her spine, each enlarging of a limb, each growth of a new fin or scale brought its own brand of hurt, but she was on the final stretch, and the end was in sight.

Zytraa's body lit up in heat, and Bramalxith took his won pleasure upon her even as Erth changed. The former hero turned to her comrades.

'Quickly! I can't escape, the dragon instincts are too strong. But you can still get out of here! I command you!'

They both gave an indecisive look, stepping back just a moment before stopping.

"We - we can't," Selina said, despondent.

"We're too stuck in damned instinct too," Garst added.

They were all stuck, doomed to watch Bramalxith mate the horny Zytraa again. It flushed Erth's body with pleasure as he mounted her and began thrusting, her feeling the psychic aftermath of it all. It only increased her changes, something Bramalxith obviously intended: while he fucked the red dragon, his eyes were on the sapphire the whole time, as if he were more aroused by Erth's changes than anything else.

'NNGGGGHHHH!!!'

Bramalxith came, and consequently so did the two dragonesses. It supercharged Erth's final change, leaving her now full grown, nearly forty feet in length, her wings mighty and proud. She panted, relishing the disappearance of pain.

'It . . . it is done,' she said.

'Mhmm, you are, my mate. Then are you ready?'

Erth looked at the alpha. She could smell his semen, but more than that, she could smell that he still had much more to give. He was astoundingly virile. There was no escaping it, and at this point she didn't want to. Even the humiliation of being fucked in front of her changing friends wasn't enough to sway her. She needed that dragon cock in her more than anything. She *had* to be bred, and become gravid with his eggs.

'I'll never be ready,' she communicated. *'But I can't stop it. I need it.'*

'That is all I needed to hear.'

Zytraa panted in the corner, shifting aside to give them space for mating. *'You will learn to love it, Erth. I promise it. I will do my best to help you. I have not forgotten our bond.'*

Erth took a little comfort in it. *'Thank you Zytraa. I suppose . . . that's all I can ask. Maybe you'll get enjoyment out of this. Goodness knows I have felt your . . . pleasure.'*

She shifted away, looking a little embarrassed.

'Perhaps, Erth.'

The conversation ended, to be expanded upon another day. For now, Erth's main focus was on being bred. Her body craved dragon seed within it more than anything, and now that her hunger was sated, she had a different kind of hunger dominating her focus. She took her place in the centre of the old stone roofing, and adopted the same stance as Zytraa had. Operating by instead, she broadened her rear legs to keep a firm footing, and raised her tail over to one side to allow her alpha male access. Bramalxith moved closer, the large dragon making her shiver in anticipation. He placed his nostrils against her womahood and breathed deeply.

'Yesssss, that is it. You are wet for me, my mate. Ready to receive me. Do you want this?'

It was the last chance to say no. But she had no chance at all.

'Yes! Please, just do it! Fuck me already!'

'Call me your Alpha.'

'Fuck me, my Alpha!'

'Beg me as if I were your master!'

She cringed, but relented. *'Please fill me with your seed, my Alpha. Make me yours! I have to bear your eggs! I can't fight it anymore! I need to birth your dragon hatchlings!'*

'Very well, my broodqueen. I shall do my best to fill you up . . . for centuries to come.'

And with that, he gave a mighty roar, and rose up upon her, mounting her. She took his incredibly weight, her own strength holding him up. His enormous dragon cock probed at her entrance, and then once it had found its positioning, Bramalxith thrust, and he entered her.

'N-Nine hells! Oh GODS! OH GODS OH GODS IT FEELS WRONG AND GOOD!'

'I know it does. You will become intimately familiar with this feeling, every day for the rest of your long, long lifespan.'

She roared. She gritted her teeth. She bucked her hips slightly as his penis slid further and further into her depths. He was unimaginably big, and yet surprisingly gentle. His mammoth member parted her passage, igniting every sensation of pleasure that could possibly exist. Zytraa had been right: it was much better to feel it for real. Still, the other dragoness moaned and groaned, growled and roared in pleasure.

'Erth! I can f-feel you! Is it not w-wonderful?'

The bond was strong, particularly so close. The two females rose each other to ever greater heights, and that bliss only increased as Bramalxith began to thrust in full, working his way in and out of Erth again and again and again.

'Nngghh - yes! Yes, d-don't stop! It feels t-too strong! You're t-too strong!'

'Yesss, and you submit to me, don't you!'

'I do! I s-submit! Ahhhh! I'll be your b-broodqueen, my mate! My alpha!'

The words poured from her mind, and she was unable to stop them. They were words of total sincerity as well: the thought of becoming bloated and full with his eggs was too enticing to resist. It was humiliating, shameful, embarrassing, totally wrong for the formerly human, formerly male hero, but now as a powerful dragoness, her body craved to lay clutches upon clutches of eggs, and rebirth the age of dragons into the world.

Another thrust, and she was thrown into delirium. She felt strong, but he was stronger still. His gigantic size was nothing on him, and with each thrust she became more submissive, yielding to him further. She was already addicted to his cock, and thinking about how many times she would feel it within her.

'I'm c-close, my mate! Very close to giving you what you desire!'

'Y-yes! I want to cum! I want your seed within me!'

'And you shall have it!'

He thrust into her again, and she raked her talons into the ground, delighting in the power of her form. The stone cracked and crumbled beneath her as they went at it hard, his ferocity growing with each entrance of his member down her passage. She was incredibly wet, but her new draconic womanhood was also tight, the muscles gripping him for dear life, milking him for all he was worth. She smelled the air and sensed his pleasure at the act, the emanation of control and satisfaction that came with taming a new dragoness. It made her swell in pride, even as she saw her friends were looking on. Their expressions were a mix of sadness and amazement. She sniffed again, and realised that Garst was even growing surprisingly jealous as well.

'Garst, it - it feels so good!'

"Gods, I bet it fucking does!" he exclaimed, before silencing himself in shame.

But Erth was even beyond shame. Her body was building to an enormous orgasm. She could feel it rising, coming at her like an unstoppable force. She wanted it, Gods she wanted it, and so she began to buck her hips slightly in time to Bramalxith's thrusts. It made Zytraa roar all the louder in her own pleasure, feeling it by proxy.

'Bring me there, Erth!' she exclaimed. 'I wish to feel it through our bond, as you have! Let us share the pleasure of our alpha!'

And perhaps that was what finally made Erth orgasm. She grabbed the ground, ripping up chunks of stone. With a mighty roar, she shot a geyser of flame to the sky, and

Bramalxith joined her with his own black breath. Her tunnel gripped his massive cock, holding it in place as it slid in one final time. And then the floodgates burst, and she was drowning in pleasure.

'YEESSSSS! YEESSSSS! PUMP YOUR SEED IN ME!!!'

He did exactly that. His dick throbbed, eliciting more orgasms, and then the onrush of his seed poured forth. There was literally gallons of it, all pumping into her, filling her up. It moved like a flood towards her womb, and she knew at that very moment she was ultra-fertile in his presence. She was pregnant almost at that very moment, she could somehow sense it.

'Yesssss . . . yesssss . . . Oh Gods . . . I am yours.'

'I know, my beautiful broodqueen. And in moments you will be growing your first clutch, and a large one at that, given your performance. But a dragon can be impregnated several times over within a few days of the first taking of an alpha's seed. I intend to get the biggest clutch from you, and take the greatest pleasure.'

'That sounds . . . ohhhhh . . . wonderful.'

He pulled out of her, and a river of his dragon semen poured out of her opening upon the ground. Selina gasped. Garst as well. There was so much of it. She looked at her friends, looked away in embarrassment, but she could not deny how good it felt. She was a sapphire dragoness in full now, and her purpose was clear: to make many, many eggs in the centuries or even millenia to come, and all of them with Bramalxith. Zytraa approached her, rubbing her scales alongside her own, and the two new broodqueen sisters took comfort in one another.

'It was good, wasn't it?'

'Oh God. I still can't believe it. But yes, it was. It was too good. Too damn good. What is happening to me?'

'You are becoming a hero of a different kind, bonded one. But a hero still. You and I will be mothers to a new race of dragons, and bring an age of magic back into the world. Even your friends will be glorified as the first servants of many to aid in these efforts. They are heroes still, even if their definition of heroism has changed considerably.'

Erth sighed, feeling more of the dragon's seed dislodge from her dripping behind. The post-coital bliss was strong, but already a slow arousal was rebuilding, a need to be filled a second time. Whatever clutch was just beginning to grow inside her draconic womb, her body instinctively knew it could be bigger. And Bramalxith, she knew, was plenty virile enough to go a second round soon. Evidently he smelled her arousal, but he grinned, shifting around to nuzzle her.

'Already, my mate? You have given yourself over to this fate far more willingly than I could have imagined. If you wish, I can service you again immediately.'

'P-please. I need it. I need all the eggs in me that I can make. I don't want it, but I need it.'

He made a roar that was somewhat like a chuckle.

'That is all I needed to hear. Such is the way of a good broodqueen. Though time, I promise you, you will not just need it, but want it too. Even if it takes centuries.'

His words hurt to hear. It was impossible to imagine the scope of such a span of time. And yet Erth still widened her stance, lifted her tail to the side a second time. Her entrance was soaking wet, and in need of filling. Bramalxith rose to the occasion as well, and this time she moved her head back on her long neck to take in its size. Gods, it was big. It amazed her that it even fit inside her. The fact that his girth was so impressive made her all the wetter, and soon she was begging him once again.

'Alpha, I beg you! Make me your broodqueen again! Make me like my new sister! I need to be as gravid as her! I don't care that I was a human man, at least not right now. I n-need this!'

'And so you have have it, as many times as needed. And more. I am not like some alphas whose desire for sex wanes once my broodqueens are pregnant. No, I intend to fill you every day until you lay your clutches. A dragoness' body is most resilient. It will not take long for you to be in heat once more after that. You will know the skies and the deep, the mountain lair and the open air. But you will do so carrying my clutches, always.'

'G-good. So long as you satisfy me!'

He smirked, then plunged into her. He pumped again and again, no longer going slowly and gently, but instead showing a more aggressive and dominant side. This time Erth didn't feel the embarrassment or hesitation she had before. She embraced it all willingly, and roared in pleasure as once more she was filled again by a flood of his seed. It was heavy in her belly, but not as much as his eggs would be. She collapsed upon the ground, no longer able to keep herself up with all the ecstasy coursing through her body. Bramalxith left her there, seeing to Zytraa instead, and giving Erth time to process all that had happened to her not just in those last few minutes, but in the last thirty odd hours as well.

Garst and Selina ran to his side, looking stupefied.

"My queen!" Selina called, her voice deeper. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah!" Garst added, more and more female. "I can't believe that just happened, mistress. How can we help you?"

Erth sighed, her long neck upon the ground, her maw resting comfortably on stone as she continued to take it all in.

'I think . . . I think there's nothing that can be done. Nothing but perhaps making sure I don't leak too much of his cum out of me. This body craves pregnancy, and I need your help in ensuring it, my friends.'

They got to work, also lost in their roles. As they all would be, for the rest of their long lives.

Just half an hour later, and Bramalxith was entering her all over again.

Part 6: Broodqueen

Erth was just as insatiable a broodqueen as Zytraa, as it turned out. Over the next thirty hours followed those few sessions, her body was aflame with heat, demanding to be seeded again and again by her black dragon alpha, in order to become as full with a great clutch as possible. Even her former bonded dragoness was astonished.

'I can barely believe this change, Erth, but I am glad you are taking to it well!'

'Not like I have a - nnggh - choice! These instincts are too s-strong!'

Bramalxith was more than happy about that. The black dragon was endlessly virile, a fact aided by the magical nature of his lair, and so even the healthy appetites of two great dragonesses were not too much for him. He was always ready to plunge his massive member into their depths, and on the following day he even did something Erth never expected: he had a threesome with the both of them. He caressed and scratched playfully at Zytraa even as he pumped into Erth, and she licked and lapped at his scales. When he had deposited his warm load into Erth, he switched focus to Zytraa, reversing the positions of the broodqueens. But both were lost in the feedback loop of pleasure that resulted, and it made their bond even stronger.

Garst and Selina continued to change, sadly with not a small amount of pain as before. Like Zytraa had indicated, their changes were slower, and so it took a second lot of thirty hours for them to become little four foot tall kobolds, complete with red scales skin, mean looking maws, and sharp talons. Their backs were covered in larger scales, mixed with sharp spines, and they had eschewed clothing altogether, but for some simple shorts. They were almost identical in looks, except that Gart's crest was more elaborate, and his body thinner, with wider hips. They were still glum about their changes, but with their reduced intelligence they could think no way out of it, and it made it easier for them to eventually accept their new roles.

This was perhaps helped by their obvious attraction to one another, a fact that was most amusing to Bramalxith.

'I did not mean for them to switch sexes, but this is perhaps quite entertaining. The loud masculine male will be a prime warren producer. Kobolds make eggs more quickly than dragons, and can lay larger clutches than you would believe. They will do well to spawn us a great horde of servants.'

This was not incorrect. Within just a few hours of finalising their changes, the two former humans were all over each other, a fact all three dragons could easily detect with their enhanced senses. Garst was humiliated by it, but much like Erth, he was now governed by an instinct to breed and become full of eggs.

“Oh God! Yes! D-don’t stop Selina! Fuck me!”

“I am fucking you, you dolt!”

“I know but - Godsdamnit, it feels g-good! NNGhh!! Fill me up already!”

“I am! Stop being such a pussy about it!”

“And you can stop being such a c-cock!”

“Stop acting like you don’t - ahh - want this Garst!”

“I want it - but why does it have to be *you* filling me up!”

“Just for that, I’m going to give you a big clutch, Garst! See how *you* feel being a woman with a belly full of life!”

“F-fuck, that actually sounds really godsdamn good! OOHhh!!”

And so on. Their tirades and exchanges had the same rivalrous banter as it did before, now filled with a strong dose of lust. The two kobolds were at it almost as busily as the dragons were, and so the lair echoed with the sounds of orgiastic pleasure for many days before things calmed down. By the time they did, the females of the lair were most certainly pregnant. The first pregnancies of many.

Erth had yet to internalise all of it. It seemed so insane to her. To go from a male human hero and dragonrider, to now being a female dragon herself. There were parts she loved, she could not deny. The power of flight was the biggest one. After enough impregnations, Bramalxith allowed her to enjoy the pleasures of soaring above the world and looking down upon all of creation. She felt like she was living out every boyhood dream in those moments. Sure, she had flown as a dragonrider before, but it was nothing to being the one purely in charge of flight, to stretching one’s powerful wings and soaring across the land with absolute ease. That was a joy beyond any other.

Hunting was likewise fun, for different reasons. The feeling of dominance and power that came with catching one’s own meal was matched only by the delicious taste of burning meat. Her breath was powerful, able to set alight almost anything, though she tried to limit its use. It occasionally escaped from her maw as she climaxed, but otherwise it was purely for hunting, something she was instinctively good at. Even Bramalxith was impressed.

‘You are a dragoness true, my mate. Of course, when you are most gravid, hunting will be harder, even if flight is still possible. Then I shall provide for you, as an alpha should.’

His words made her large dragon heart flutter in her chest. She always felt this way in his presence, submissive and smaller, protected by his power. To surrender to him had been the greatest battle of her life, but now she did it eagerly despite still carrying

hesitations: she was addicted to her alpha, and it felt all wrong to disobey his whims. She was, after all, a dragoness in full now, just as he had said.

Sometimes she took Garst and Selina with her, and they went on their own hunts. As servants, they often prepared even great meals, but they also had to organise treasure, clean the most-used caves, and most importantly pamper the dragons when required. Erth didn't want that of her friends, and so she tried to rebuff them several times, in order to not make them her servants. But they had a deep-seated need to please her, and turning them down only made them all the sadder. And so she relented after a week's begging, and soon Garst and Selina were experiencing a quiet thrill at massaging her form, cleaning her scales to a nice shine, keeping her talons trim and sharp, and brushing her teeth for her.

All three participants felt still quite odd about it, but the happiness that came with performing their 'proper' role was too great to resist, and slowly even that minor resistance crumbled away to nothing.

After all, they had a cave to prepare for the many eggs to come.

Erth strained as the first of her eggs pushed against her opening.

'Yesss, my mate. You are doing well. Both you and your sister. Appropriate, for ones so bonded to birth your eggs at the same time.'

Across the grand chamber, Zytraa also pushed, straining her body to eject the large eggs that had grown within her for the last several months. Where before they had a feedback loop of pleasure, now they had one of struggle. The two bonded dragonesses were sisters in pain and pressure and pushing, but were at least able to draw strength from one another.

'It's - ahhhh - it's so much. It's too big!'

'Your body is up to the task, my broodqueen,' Bramalxith answered, brushing against her. *'Do you not think so, Zytraa?'*

The red-scaled dragoness lifted her head a few moments. *'It is, my alpha. You can do this, Erth. Your first clutch. Our first clutches. We share this experience together! It is a beautiful th-thing! Nngh!'*

Erth gasped, feeling absolutely shamed by the act she was undertaking. All the preparation in the world couldn't prepare her for the ultimate emasculation of birthing a male dragon's eggs from her womanly passage. Still, she had little choice. She bore down and pushed again.

'NNGGHH! UGGHH! It d-doesn't feel beautiful!' she cried.

'The pain is part of the beauty, my broodqueen,' the black dragon said. *'And our servants will see to you.'*

Indeed, Garst was attending to Zytraa, while Selina attended to her. Erth didn't know what was better or worse - to have a former woman at least help with her birthing, or to have a former man who also knew what it was to push out eggs. Indeed, Garst's belly was swollen out as if bulging with twins, though it was simply a very large clutch courtesy of Selina. Unlike the longer gestation period of dragons, kobolds were quite swift, and so Garst had already experienced the displeasure of laying eggs four times already, and a fifth not far away. Erth was starting to suspect that Selina actually liked seeding him with very large clutches, all the better to tease him about in their back-and-forth fashion.

But Garst didn't have to deal with eggs this large. Her stomach cramped, another immense contraction jolting through her body. She pushed again, bearing down. Gods, the egg felt big, but her body wanted to birth it.

'OOhhhhhhh . . . annhhhh . . NNGGHHH!!!'

Another push, another strain, the pain and pressure enhanced by her connection to Zytraa.

'We must be in sync, Erth!' the bonded dragoness said. 'Together! N-now!'

Erth followed Zytraa's lead. The two dragonesses were on separate sides of the chamber, but this was the nesting room, and so the distance was a mere forty feet from one another. They pushed together, and something *clicked*. Using their bond, they formed the ultimate connection, breathing and pushing and straining and squeezing as one, until at the very same time the first of their eggs finally pressed against the lips of their draconic womanhoods.

'N-nearly th-there!'

And then it passed through, right into the hands of their kobold servants.

"You did it, Erth!" Selina called, taking the egg.

"Fuck yeah!" Garst cried, struggling with the egg a little more due to her distended womb full of her own eggs. "Well done Zytraa! Well done my broodqueen! Both of you!"

"They're not done yet, you simpleton!"

"Shut up, we're both pretty fucking dumb now as kobolds. Didn't you literally forget how to make lamb stew the other day?"

"Shut up!"

'Both of you, silence!' Erth called. In that moment of labour, she no longer cared about treating her friends as servants. She needed them to be calm and not so easily distracted.

"Yes, broodqueen!" they called, obeying.

The next egg was already coming, and Erth had to focus on pushing it from her body. It was heavy and round, but now that her passage had widened for the first egg, this one came a lot more easily. She pushed in tune with Zytraa, and soon the two bonded broodqueens were pushing egg after egg out of their bodies, quickly surpassing more than a dozen over the next half hour. Erth's stomach was round and fully laden with eggs, a fact that had made her body sluggish and tired in recent months, and so she felt a little lighter with each expulsion. More than that, she felt a little more motherly, too. With each egg she pushed out, she couldn't help but imagine what the hatchling would look like, how they would take to their mother and aunt and father, and what it would be like to raise them.

Zytraa clearly felt her excitement, and beamed at her sister.

'But first we m-must finish h-here!' she called.

Erth refocused, continuing to push. There were many more to go still, and she wanted to impress Bramalxith, despite still hating him more than a little for her current fate. The black dragon entered the chamber, and both broodqueens bowed slightly, even as each squeezed another egg from their loins. The kobolds took them, added them to the nests, and Bramalxith smiled at the sight.

'You are doing so well. Both of you. Such fertile broodmothers for the new dragon race. So incredibly fecund. I look forward to impregnating you both all over again.'

'Mhhmmm,' moaned Erth mentally, just imagining it. *'That s-sounds good. Gods, I can't believe I want it. But I do.'*

The black dragon came around to her side, witnessed up close her birthing another egg. She would have blushed a deep red at the feeling of birthing before her alpha, were she even capable of such a feat.

'Push, my mate. My love. The sooner you lay our large clutch, the sooner you can get ready to carry a new one all over again.'

'F-fuck. That sounds . . . stupid dragon body!'

'I'll take that as a 'yes please, my Alpha'.'

'Take it how you want! So long as you give me m-more eggs!'

She birthed her next egg, and her next, and the next after that. She and Zytraa continued to work together, encouraged and teased by Bramalxith, until finally they had laid their enormous clutches. Zytraaa had laid thirty two eggs. To Erth's embarrassment, the former male had laid thirty six, four more than the dragoness who had been such her entire life.

'I must confess jealous, my bonded one! I shall have to up my fertile efforts next time!'

Erth didn't want to admit she was already planning the same. She felt a strong streak of pride at having laid the larger clutch. For now, she rested, blissful in the aftermath of birthing. But already she could feel Bramalxith's arousal.

'J-just one hour. Then we can work on the next lot.'

In the years, decades, and even centuries that followed, Erth and Zytraa remained Bramalxith's loyal broodqueens. Erth never quite got over the embarrassment of her continual pregnancies and clutch laying, but she did resign herself to them, and even come to enjoy them despite the effort. She was forever addicted to her alpha male, and so the times she weren't pregnant even after hundreds of years could be measured in mere days, not even weeks. Her kobold servants shared a lifespan, tethered fortunately to her own. Poor Garst became a broodmother herself, the creator of a great warren that served and worshipped the dragons, and Selina delighted in filling her rival with as many eggs as she could. The two even led forays into the hills and forests, tackling bandits and would-be attackers, and dragging them back to the lair to have them turned into kobolds as punishment. In doing so, they made sure that not only were the hundreds of hatchlings well defended, but the main broodqueens and alpha were living in luxury too.

Erth continually bid farewell to her children as they left to enter the world. On her soaring flights, she had the pleasure of seeing many again, but others had gone to the far corners of the world, as they should in order to restore dragon magic across the globe. Still, it saddened her.

But that sadness was always taken away with the latest pregnancy, the latest hatchlings. As strange and endless as her broodqueen fate was, she still had her bonded one in Zytraa, and her friends, even if they were now her sister broodqueen and kobold servants. She was never alone, and she always had more hatchlings to love and raise.

As she would, for centuries and millenia yet to come.

The End