

The first thing the dragon was aware of was the sound of their own groaning, and how exhausted every fiber of their being felt. This wasn't *that* strange, not with the partying that had been going on last they could remember, but it stood out just for the sheer intensity. Anizhar had to struggle quite a bit to push off the comfy bedding they were on, blinking blearily around themselves to try and gather their wits.

“..Did.. I pass out? Where the *blazes*.. *this* is not the VIP wing of that dragon club. Wh-”

A sharp wince followed as Anizhar tried lifting their head and was met with a sharp lance of pain for their trouble. Disorientation followed, dizziness, weakness-

“Goodness.. I don't *usually* feel this.. am I hung over? How very odd, I-”

There turned out to be an added layer of difficulty with getting off the floor. The long, tiger patterned eastern dragon tried to lift their body and something weighed it right back down. Ponderous weights on their chest and their abdomen. Not anything they couldn't adjust for, but definitely not something they expected to be contending with. The space around them gave them pause also, it looked.. comfy, if containment cells could be called that. Anizhar usually preferred their sleeping arrangements *without* warding sigils on the entrance and what looked like *electrified* netting somewhere above the pen he – she – was in.

“Well I didn't go to bed with *that* either.. What in *blazes* is going on here..? Hello? I-”

Anizhar's intended rant about needing to speak to someone in charge is stopped short when someone who certainly radiates an aura of being in *some* kind of authority appears in front of her without prompting. It was a kobold, at least.. ostensibly. The little creature had the scaled body and lesser draconic build of a kobold, sure. It was also standing there idly patting a cock as long as its legs and noticeably thicker than the lower part of them (not so much the rest.. the thing had thighs for days and a massive heap of cargo in the ass), and *grinning*. From behind a mustache. A familiar one, bushy and curled and matched by a goatee, all of which was.. odd..? Kobolds weren't frequently found with hair, and yet this one had both facial hair and a messy mop of the stuff atop his head that his little horns were coming out of.

It was a mustache Anizhar was all too familiar with. The kobold's voice was known to her as well, mostly.

“Ah! Awake! Good, yes good. Looks like the mutagen bath did the trick! Heh, typical. Just had to bathe you and I finally solved all the *problems* attached – and detached that one *particular*

one and put it to better use~”

A slow blink followed that. Anizhar stood, or tried to anyway. They could get on their hands and feet certainly, but there was no flying – not with their belly this heavy. She could feel a whole clutch of eggs in there sliding around on each other and leaving her belly near scraping the ground even as she got to her tip toes.

“Magnus?! Why are you a kobold? Why am I- what.. *Mutagen bath?! I demand you explain what you're up to here! I.. am not alone here, am I..?*”

The little furry-faced kobold standing outside her cell started to laugh. Cackle, even. Then it gave that swollen cock it was manhandling a bapping at and set the thing to dribbling and twitching gently. Anizhar found herself hard pressed not to stare at it, and she could feel *something* inside her reacting the next time she took a breath and got a whiff of that salty-sour musk rolling off Magnus.

“Of course not! And since you're currently too *sluggish* to figure it out, I shall elucidate. I am currently a kobold, a well endowed one, because I've talked Emerald (the project head) into letting me help with her draconic fertility conversion initiative! I told her I wanted to research getting scaled creatures to grow hair. Eastern dragons are *very* useful study cases for that.”

Frustration was building in Anizhar. The dragon dragged herself closer to the pen's entrance. Magnus was, as kobolds are next to dragons, *tiny*. But he was on the right side of the wards and she wasn't. Plus there were the mechanical problems, the clearly reinforced glass and metals, the electrified net.. This was not a simple operation. Worse yet, something was making it damn hard to think. Anizhar's back legs stumbled and she ended up resting on her thick, gravid middle for a moment as she blurted out the next thing on her list of grievances that she could still focus on.

“That is not what I mean and you damn well know it Magnus! Why did you- I.. what the *blazes* is this place and what are you doing here and wh-why is that.. why is your cock so-”

Trying to get back to her feet and move closer just left Anizhar with fresh problems. Another lung full of that musk made her thoughts shut down entirely for a few seconds. It left her collapsed, breathing hard, rubbing at her chest and blearily staring around her. She did see others, dragons all of them, in similar enclosures all around a large cavern hollowed out of a mountainside. Not a one of them wasn't round, although some were clearly rounder than others..

Magnus clearly planned to chime in again but an interruption presented itself in the form of a slender, officious looking kobold with a staff. She was green from head to toe and looked a bit

aloof, and yet somehow manic at the same time. There was clearly a wildfire of some kind in that head of hers and yet it was 'under control' as much as could be.

“Ah, this is the one yes? That pet project of yours, proof of concept and all?”

That got an excited jump out of Magnus. He turned, grinning ear to large pointed ear, and clasping his hands while trying to keep the cackling to an appropriate minimum.

“Successful to boot! The subject is stable in their current morphic configuration, hair and fur and scales in harmony – and the project's necessary augmentations aren't conflicting in the least!”

Anizhar squinted. With the green scales and air of vague madness and authority this *had* to be Emerald. It wasn't the *first* time he'd seen the kobold but with what he knew of her rampant, catastrophic obsession with transformation you could never expect her to have the same features for long. As Anizhar wrestled with what she was hearing, which sounded an awful lot like 'permanent dragonhood' (which wasn't *such* a bad thing really – by itself), she considered trying to make a few fresh demands or see how her breath weapon was doing but then that *smell* got her again.

It stole her breath and left her collapsing just a couple yards short of the pen's border, eyes right on Magnus' bobbing shaft as it drooled sluggishly into the dust. Emerald was sporting something similar.. and seemed almost unaware of it in the wake of news about the project.

“Excellent! Get your research notes to me by the end of the week. Also, you didn't forget the breeding network inscriptions right? I know you said this one was trouble.”

No matter how much Anizhar wanted to insist on answers, or set Magnus on fire, or eat him, all she managed to do as she stretched and crawled closer was shake loose a hungry moan.

“Of course not! See, right here. Ready to go. You could fit *so much* cock in this little fur scaled slut dragon~”

It was a maddening thing, watching the kobold open up a backpack and produce a finely polished wooden mounting frame.. with a swollen, drooling dragon pussy in tiger colors on it surrounded by arcane sigils that Anizhar recognized as being Conjunction magic. It was hard not to figure out what was going on when, as Magnus slapped the top of that pussy on the frame, Anizhar felt his hand hit hers and set the whole thing to clenching and squirting uncontrollably.. Which the one on the frame mount did as well.

“Buuuuut if you ask me, this one? *Rampant slut* that I know she already is.. she won't be leaving. No. See, Anizhar – we've got a good thing going here!”

Blinking blearily, Anizhar tried to breathe and center herself but she just got more cock fumes for her trouble. Worse yet, she got to watch as Magnus' grin widened and he held the mounting board up in front of himself. The kobold nestled the head of his leaking, sweaty dick right against the thickest part of Anizhar's folds and started teasing at everything, rubbing it up and down while watching Anizhar's expressions descend into a wild parade of hilariously undignified shapes. Emerald, somehow, didn't even crack a smile.

“What we have here is *genius!* I've managed to transform the offspring of every dragon here *before they're even born!* Plus, my technique is being used in other enclaves for other races! There are going to be *so many kobolds* now~”

It took everything Anizhar had as far as willpower went to muster up a question.

“What.. the ***fuck me p- f.. fuck are you talking about?! Make sense, dammit!***”

Emerald didn't stick around, she had only seemed half present to begin with but now the green scaled kobold was wandering off to one of the other pens nursing a painful looking erection and muttering to herself about the particulars of in-vitro transmogrification.

“Fine, I will spell it out *simply* for you. Simple is good, simple is what you have to look forward to now in fact! That, and a little bit of this~”

An audible squelch and a loud, wet, clench followed. Anizhar watched as Magnus speared that leg-sized cock of his into the mounting board that looked *suspiciously* like a slightly smaller version of the cunt she imagined she had right now and sure enough she felt a throbbing, sloppy dick plunge its way right up inside her body. Magnus wasted no time getting started, hammering away inside her, but while her body was *desperately* craving this Anizhar felt like she was being kept at a slow buzzing crest of bliss instead of the tidal wave she expected.

Wanted. Needed?

“That body of yours is *just* for breeding kobolds now! Doesn't matter what dick goes in, kobolds come out. The tits are just for fun, those were Emerald's first addition you know? I could fertilize you *right now* and fire off every biological trigger that body of yours has had put in it.. Or-”

Anizhar could scarcely hear over her own heartbeat and that wet slapping sound but she caught snippets, enough to get an impression of what was being said. What the implications were. It took a profound act of will, but she choked out a few words. It was very important to her that she manage that, and make the slightly awkward dragonish hands she had now turn just right to display

a large clawed middle finger to the kobold slowly grinding into her puss.

“Mnnnghf- *n-not*.. h-hoghd.. hrglk~ g.. *going t-* h.. Hff.. *give ths.. s-*”

Magnus couldn't help grinning a bit again.

“..Give me the satisfaction? No no no, my *very impressive* fuzzy new brood mother. *You* don't get any satisfaction.”

The kobold was right. Anizhar could feel it – no matter how she twisted or how hard the kobold fucked or what she imagined being done to her she couldn't get more than at best halfway to a climax.. and he hadn't cum yet either, and wasn't showing any signs of slowing down.

“Not until you beg me for it, at least. Mmm.. Yes, defiance! Expected, yes. *Cannot wait* to show you what we do with the defiant ones~”

Anizhar woke to a distinctly unpleasant stinging in her ear. Enough of one to set her lashing out, swinging at whatever little thing had come and stung her. Unsurprisingly it turned out that thing was a kobold. The green one, looking far too pleased with herself about *something* she'd just done. Having the little thing skitter off (somehow the fact that Emerald had a set of tits that dwarfed her head that she most definitely did not have last time wasn't slowing her down any) quick enough to avoid any kind of wrath and retaliation did not improve matters.

Some of that was certainly due to Anizhar being slower than she was used to.. mostly. The dragon felt conflicted about the whole situation she was in but there was more than enough indignity to keep her resisting.

“Nnngh, d-dammit! That was *rude* you know! You could at least ask before you.. what did you even *do* to me? I feel.. so very strange, and itchy, and..”

The little jade colored 'project lead' was already well out of range, standing atop the highest part of the comfy 'pen' they had Anizhar in and laughing.. complete with her hand held up in front of her mouth. If it weren't so infuriating Anizhar would respect the technique.

“Hrmm.. Observations so far – body seems *more than* cooperative as usual. I swear, this is one of the most aggressively fertile subjects we have – but they remain *COMPLETELY* unworthy of proper breeding! Still! Ugh. Magnus..? All yours. Keep your eye on those tits, those ought to be the ticket now that we've tagged our little problem.”

Tagged. Anizhar reached up for her ear and felt it.. heavy, wider at the bottom-

“Mmmyes! Yes, we can do that I think. Yoo-hoo! Goodness, you look *ripe* down there, don't you? I can't tell if I'm giddy right now because of this intoxicating *kobold* state of being or because it's *you* I'm seeing down there. You look much better as a beached cluster of boobies than a tyrant by the way.”

The tingling was getting worse. Anizhar looked over herself and went wide-eyed – her familiar tiger-striped patterns were changing right before her eyes. It was a bit like watching an oil slick moving around on the surface of water, black patches were clustering together and changing from stripes to irregular blotches.. they looked just like the kind of patterns you'd see on a cow.

Which probably explained why her tits were starting to throb, and why she felt fresh pressure further down her body. Little clusters of it, in pairs, one after another.. swelling like balloons. Creaking, aching balloons that were leaving Anizhar acutely aware of her own heartbeat and the way it was thundering across her skin. Especially on those nipples.. one set after another.. and the marked cleft between her hind legs.

“T-this is.. too far Magnus. Also I am *not* a tyrant! You're just.. b.. biased.. and.. and you-”

Anizhar fell forward. Part of that was the weight of all that tit flesh growing onto her body, the heat of it, the tingling fury of her nerves growing into new sensitive bulk. Staying upright wasn't easy with all that overwhelming her nerves, and doubly so with her over-loaded belly. All of that ensured that Anizhar's attempt to slap Magnus for his impertinence fell woefully short and left her instead sprawled out, fondling what she could reach of herself, and struggling to maintain her composure as the steady thrumming pulse in her nerves got worse.

The part that was hardest to deal with was how much more she seemed to see and hear everything around her, every sense was sharper. Including just how pungent that erection Magnus was coaxing out of himself was getting. Anizhar had to put quite a bit of effort into not having her mouth hang open when she got her first real whiff of that.

“You *totally* were, though. Smooth-talking tyrant-lizard. But we've nipped *that* in the bud. So! How are the tits feeling? A bit much, aren't they? I'm seeing.. six pair, so far? You want to know what makes them stop growing in..?”

It was getting hard for Anizhar to focus. She heard the mustached kobold just fine but there was the problem of her brain just not being able to handle this. Not for much longer anyway.

“T-tell me, dammit! I.. I need to.. *Gods* these are gorgeous~”

Some little part of Anizhar was pleased to see the annoyance on Magnus' face as she basked in herself, despite the madness descending upon her. The little kobold just scrunched his face up and stamped a foot to get her attention back before he spoke up and did his best to sound important about it. Which he was largely successful at, having some experience with sounding like he knew what he was talking about. Actually knowing tended to help.

“You need a *hormone* dump, kitty-lizard. And you need it in abooooout.. two or three minutes? Or you're just going to be a noodle beached on a cluster of boobs and it *might* fry your brain just an itty bit. A good, proper *breeding* and you'll stabilize.. Mostly. Of course, all those eggs-”

The eggs. Anizhar felt them, they sat in her belly like a payload of precious stones, but Magnus was right. Without being fertilized they'd just sit there, maybe re-absorb eventually, inconvenient and leaving her with the occasional flood of *furious* desire but.. if she was bred-

“W-with so m- *mooo*- any in there.. they would, it.. I would..”

Magnus let out a distressingly amused giggle over that moo, then hopped down next to Anizhar and stayed just out of reach of her claws. Already she felt the breasts getting wildly out of hand, they were turning into massive pillows she couldn't properly reach past let alone lift or function with, and that moo had been completely involuntary. If this got worse..

“Mmn.. your call to make! Consent is *very* important. You have to *submit* to being a brood mare for Kobold superiority and *then* we'll make sure you spend the rest of your days as a squirming, moaning egg factory! We'll get those *ridiculous* packs of tits milked and you'll be fed and pampered and *stop trying to run things* and can be a 'mother to your people' -”

The images flooded Anizhar's mind as much as ragged, wild pleasure and a deluge of hormones were flooding her nerves. Lines of kobolds behind her, making sure she was stuffed to the brim and leaking all day long, entire swarms of kobold children milling around her heaving bosoms feeding day in and day out while she just.. gestated, and-

“A mm.. *moo*~ m-mother to.. to *so many*.. a-and..”

Magnus was somewhere back behind her, by her flank, patting her thickened up thighs and taking his time trailing his claws over her side.

“You just have to say it – 'I'm a slut for kobolds – all this is a dream come true'.”

Anizhar's eyes fluttered as she felt another set of breasts growing in down around the sides of her belly, spreading out wider to the sides as they contended with her swollen middle for space.

“Ohdear.. t-they just won't stop t-tin..gling.. a-and- and it's..”

A body-wide convulsion left Anizhar's back arching as much as it could, left her bouncing atop her own debilitatingly full tits while she panted and moaned, and fought for just enough focus to say what she had to say. She *needed it*.. and as she felt things breaking inside she was even pretty sure she meant it.

“N-*nnngh*- needs.. k-kobold.. dick, t-to fixs.. n-needs to be *big* Magnus.. **BIG**. S-oo-”

A fresh, sharp slap on Anizhar's thigh answered that.

“Good enough! Heh, took you long enough. See what being a big stubborn cow gets you!? If you'd admitted I was right back when this started you could've at least still been waddling around all stupid and round by yourself. Now we're- *Hhnnnghf~*”

Anizhar felt the little kobold's mustache brush up against the steaming lips of her cunt first, then felt his hands grasp her thighs. The first real touch from Magnus' dick slipping inside, spreading her open, bringing what she *needed* to her – that was all it took for a flood of dragon-cow cum to drench the kobold's legs. She clamped down tight on the throbbing, impossibly large shaft and really did try to start bucking back against her partner. That effort only failed on account of Anizhar having no purchase on *anything* outside her own body anymore.. but the kobold was ready to pick up the slack. Magnus recovered after a moment.

“Feckin.. *hhnnngh*- a-alright.. thisz better than I thought.. Going to h- *Hnngh!* Have.. to haul your.. your heaving *whale* body b-back to our town. B-build a new club around your- *ohyes.. right there, tighter!*”

As Anizhar did precisely what her kobold ordered her to do and clenched tighter, right where Magnus had hilted himself inside her, she squeezed another drenching rush of cum loose.. and got one right back. The hot sticky rush inside was just what her body was waiting for, in more ways than just the obvious. It was like someone had found the one string in the knot holding all the tension left in Anizhar's being about waking up in this place, being altered and conditioned, and had undone it. She sank into her own bed of breasts and buried her face in them, wracked by a shuddering moan as her brain hammered at itself with a mix of bliss, relief, and the hard-setting of new realities. The kobolds were right – that thought cemented itself in Anizhar's mind just like the torrential spray of kobold spunk into her belly was cementing her purpose from this day onward.

“*Nnnghoghawd..* I f.. feel them mo- *OooooOoo..* oving..? I-”

The eggs were growing. The first touch of that massive load in her womb started them, the shells were softening into something leathery and the potential inside was being cultivated. Not the kind her body was *meant* for.. not as it used to be. No large, solid eggs meant to be warmed by great fires or desert suns. This was dozens of smaller, softer things.. but they were *better* ones. Even as she felt the dozens of young in there force her back legs up steadily further from the ground with Magnus still buried inside her and holding on.

When it came to her tits the tension break was paired with profound relief, they were *finally* able to start leaking. All a once, from well over a dozen of the things, jets of thick cream sprayed out onto the floor of her cushy prison and spattered everywhere nearby. It wasn't quite enough by itself, Anizhar still felt overly full and like she desperately needed to be emptied, but it was better.. and help was coming. The kobolds would see to that now.

Magnus was seeing to what he *could* from where he was, which was mostly just holding on for dear life and continuing to hump Anizhar's backside while his alchemically empowered junk maintained its constant, throbbing climax. The kobold held on tight, sweating and grunting riding his own delirious high.

“Fuck.. yeah, w-we're gonna *have to*. Your big, fat, egg-laden ass.. centerpiece of our latest recruitment club. Big score counter of how many kobolds you've given birth to in the middle. How's that sound?~”

It took Anizhar a few seconds to get enough breath together that she didn't immediately spend moaning as she massaged her chest to manage an answer. Even when she did.. it was brief, it didn't take many words to sum up everything she felt right now. Just a simple, bliss-ridden-

“Anything you want sounds *great*, my Kobold~”

The firm pat on her ass and fresh rooting around of that cock inside her were everything she could've wanted in an answer.

“Good answer. *Good girl*, breeder-slut.”

A fresh shiver ran through Anizhar at that as she tried her level best to squeeze down onto Magnus and hump him back. The praise felt *astounding*. She couldn't wait to see what the Kobolds said when she laid those eggs.. and got started making more.