

Dino Eggs (Woman to Dinosaur Gal TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Sadie is an aspiring paleontologist in an undergraduate program with an esteemed professor in the subject. Desperate for a win to impress her grumpy mentor, she turns to her best friend Violet, who she knows to be a witch, to help her “produce some eggs” that will get her some attention. It turns out that dinosaurs and magic don’t mix well, as Sadie soon finds out!

Dino Eggs

Sadie was desperate.

“Please, please, please, please!” she said, begging on her knees before her best friend and secret witch, Violet. The other woman was clad in dark punk clothing and had a purple streak through her otherwise black-dyed hair, but despite her cute, goth-style appearance, she was putting her foot down and being a total rules-follower right now.

“No! I told you, magic is volatile and I’m only an undergraduate in it, Sadie!”

“But I’m going to fail my undergraduate course, Violet,” she pleaded. “It doesn’t matter how much I know or how passionate I am, Professor Barnes just isn’t impressed. We’re heading to this big dig and I just know I’m not going to cut it! I need a leg up!”

Violet looked at her friend, who was still on her knees, clutching her shirt. Sadie was a sweet-natured woman with dark olive skin and features that were vaguely Persian. Her beautiful black hair fell down her back in waves, but some strands had broken from the others to form an image of anxiousness. Fitting, given Sadie’s clear desperation.

“Sadie,” Violet said. “You know magic is a secret. You’re lucky that I even told you that I was a witch-in-training.”

“I know, but you knew you could trust me!”

“Yes, but part of me trusting you was accepting that you wouldn’t ask for favours. You said that!”

“I know! And I won’t ever again! It’s just . . . this is really desperate! I know the wider world can’t know magic is real, and I won’t do anything to give it away. I’ll do anything for you, just to help me out. Professor Barnes is such a grump, and the only thing that’s got the old man excited is the notion that he might finally find some dinosaur egg fragments. We’re hoping to find some parasaurolophus bones, and-”

Violet held up a hand. “Wait . . . what now?”

“Parasaurolophus. Um, it’s like a big hadrosaurid, quasi-quadrupedal and with a sort of duck bill but not really. It has a horn that sweeps back along its head that it could possibly

use to bellow to others in warning or for mating calls. It's really quite a beautiful creature, and quite large, and-

"And you want me to help you find parasaurolopus eggs."

Sadie grinned sheepishly, standing and dusting her skirt. "Parasaurolophus, but yes. Just a little leg up! I promise I won't ever reveal the existence of magic to the wider world. I just really, really need to impress him. Just to get my food in the door."

Violet sighed. "Okay, I'll . . . I'll try something ,okay? There's a potion I might be able to make. I can't promise it will work, and it's untested magic, but . . . it could get you the leg up. But you'd owe me for this. Big time."

"Of course!" Sadie said. "Vi, you're the best! You really are!"

She hugged her friend, wrapping her arms around the other woman's much paler skin.

"Hey, don't thank me yet. I just hope it'll work."

Sadie tried the first day at the dig site to impress Professor Barnes without the use of her friend's magic. Violet had been allowed to come with her, but only as an observer: she was insistent that she be present "just in case." Unfortunately, it just made Sadie all the more self-aware as she worked alongside the professor and her paleontology peers.

"Professor!" she declared. "I think I found a trilobite!"

The bearded man, who was in his mid-fifties, simply made a throaty huff. "Add it carefully to the pile then and I'll look at it later. I've always got cupboards of trilobites. I'd prefer to find an actual parasaurolophus, thank you very much, Susan."

"Um, it's Sadie, sir."

"Yes, well, whatever. Keep working. Maybe something will impress me."

But the mistakes piled up. She went too hard with the brush when some disparate bones were discovered, and Barnes stepped in to replace her.

"No, no, no! What are you trying to do, destroy evidence that dinosaurs ever existed? Step back and watch, will you?"

Sadie quivered, looking up to where Violet was watching from behind a cordon, wearing a sunhat to shield her pale features. Her friend gave her a sympathetic look.

"Maybe tomorrow," she mouthed quietly.

Sadie wasn't so certain. Tomorrow, Violet was heading back to the nearby town and then taking a train home, and she'd take the potion with her if she didn't use it. No, tomorrow was when she'd do it. She'd pull apart from the group and do some of her own digging, and then, voila, there would suddenly be parasaurolophus eggs!

Just as Sadie planned, the group was so preoccupied with the shattered remnants of what they'd already discovered that they didn't notice her slip off. She made her way to Violet and extended a hand across the cordon.

"Are you sure?" Violet asked.

"I'm sure," Sadie said. "I've been a disaster in his eyes, and I just need this one thing to tip the scales."

"Heh, scales. Like a dinosaur."

"Actually, we think now that they had colourful feathers. This one is not 'duck-billed' for nothing."

Violet smirked. "Just . . . consider not using it."

But she still passed the potion vial to Sadie. It glowed a vibrant green and was warm to the touch. The paleontology undergrad then thanked Violet again and moved to an undug section of Professor Barnes' site. She did a professional dig, knowing with her luck that she'd find nothing, and sure enough this was the case. But she needed to make it look like she'd started a genuine dig.

"Okay, here goes nothing," she told herself. She tied her hair back up into a ponytail, took a deep breath, and swallowed the vial. Its content was strangely sweet, and she felt a warm flush throughout her system. It made her shiver, but Sadie kept her eye on the prize, focusing on any new perceptions she had, any sense of bones nearby or eggs, or simply if something manifested from the ground.

Instead, her stomach began to rumble. It started as a small series of rumbles, but then it rose until it was growling, as if furiously hungry.

"Oh," she muttered, before clutching her stomach, which was starting to feel strangely bloated. "Oh. Ohhhhh. Oh. Okay. Okay, this is strange. Unexpected. Maybe it's some kind of parasaurolophus egg perception growing . . . or something. Or maybe - nghhh!"

She doubled over, almost hyperventilating a little as the pressure grew in her midsection. It was spreading too, down into her backside and up into her scalp. She felt lightheaded for a moment but managed to regain herself.

"Calm down, Sadie. Violet said magic takes a while. And that it can be - hhgn! - strange in its d-delivery! Just n-need to ride it out, that's all!"

But her confidence was starting to wane. The pressure wasn't going away. It was building within her, and the magic potion was suffusing her entire body. As it continued, her head began to feel like it was going to explode, and her backside was likewise in pain.

"M-maybe I n-need help!"

She got up, intent on returning to Violet, but suddenly she collapsed forward onto the ground, groaning as the pressure skyrocketed. Her stomach actually *was* growing, she realised; bloating up as if she was having a bad period, or a bad *beer* gut.

“What!? I don’t - why do I feel so - AAHHH!!”

She never got to finish the sentence, because suddenly the pressure gave way, having reached a breaking point. Sadie cried out, moaning loudly as her body began to grow - literally *grow* - in several places at once. To her shock, her hips widened dramatically, tearing at the fabric of her pants. Her legs extended, growing over a foot longer, then *two feet*, until her trousers were far too small to contain her, and began to rip down the pants leg as well as the waistband.

“Oh God! Oh G-God! What’s happening to m-meeee!”

She couldn’t even stand up properly; her legs were extended outwards, her feet on the ground and her ass way up in the air, her chest against the ground. This was because her stomach was growing, her entire ribcage swelling. Her shoulders widened, and her arms became longer too. Her shirt struggled to contain all this growth, and it left her squealing until finally it too ripped, much more into tatters than her trousers. This was enough to get the attention of her nearest peers, who suddenly began calling out.

“What was that?”

“Was that Sadie? It sounded like her.”

“Something’s happening over there!”

“Quick, get the professor!”

Sadie’s mind reeled. “N-no!” she stammered, too quietly for them to hear her. “Don’t g-get him! No one look at me like this! Ohhhhh! Get Violet! NGHH!”

But she couldn’t raise her voice effectively while everything was altering. Her bones stretched and grew. Her thighs swelled dramatically. She clutched the tattered remnants of her shirt against her chest, but said chest was growing, and not just in the general torso department as she expanded from her short five-foot-four to over six feet. No, her breasts were filling out, growing larger and larger in cup size and her nipples with them. She did her best to hide these developments, but their supersizing enlargement was strangely pleasurable, diverting attention away from the ache and pressure in her head.

“Ohhhhh!” she groaned. “S-someone help meeee! Get Violet! Help me before I - Agh!”

The last part of her shorts ripped to shreds as her hips expanded unnaturally wide and something new burst forth from just above her backside, sending the remnants flying. Sadie made a loud, hoarse, borderline animalistic sound as an entirely new and incredibly alien development pushed out from the base of her spine, forming new ligaments. A very thick, fleshy tail was growing out, the same colour as her skin, and it was pushing back and

back, becoming long and gaining a *lot* of weight. It hit the ground and then kept growing, causing her to squeal and finally get to her feet, purely because the weight of it was enough to lift her onto her legs.

“No, no, no, no! This can’t be happening! This really can’t - ahhh - be happening!”

It was the most foreign series of sensations in the world, and Sadie could barely focus on one, let alone so many happening at the same time. She was naked, and growing, and trying to cover herself even as her underwear pinged off into the distance, having snapped at their weakest point due to her growth. Something was happening to her toes, but she couldn’t focus on that right now, not with the pressure in her skull and the weight of her tail and the-

She tripped over, and realising too late that she should have paid attention to her toes, because when she lifted an enlarged foot up to inspect it, she saw that the toes were *fusing*. There were now only three of them, and they were extending outwards, becoming just like a *parasaurolophus foot*.

“No! NO! FUCK NO!” Sadie screamed, terror coming over her. But then that pulse of pleasure hit her, that strange dopamine rush from the changes accelerating, from her breasts growing even larger along with the rest of her. She got up on her knees, managing to stand again. Only her tail stopped her from falling over as it acted as a far-too-heavy counterbalance. It flicked to the side a little, rising up, and she realised she could manipulate it slightly. It wasn’t reassuring.

“Get to Violet! Get to Violet! VIOLET!”

But it wasn’t Violet running towards her and gasping in shock; it was her paleontology peers, with Professor Barnes in tow. It was the very worst possible outcome for Sadie, who had already grown to six-foot-five by this point, and couldn’t possibly hide herself. She turned to try and at least cover her face, but this just caused her large tail to sweep across the ground, making itself all the more visible and nearly making her fall over. Her feet were still adjusting, but her hands were reforming as well, her thumb staying in place but her fingers fusing into two large digits.

“Holy shit!” one of her peers yelled. “It’s Sadie!”

“She’s mutating or something!”

“It looks like she’s becoming like a dinosaur!”

“Don’t be an idiot, Mark, dinosaurs have-”

Scales. Poor Sadie groaned as they began to push out all across her skin, right as the Professor arrived on the scene, his face red from the effort of running. There was no hiding her changes, however, as a pattern of green-brown scales slid forth from her skin, enveloping her in a new covering. She scratched at her growing body, trying to avoid hyperventilating even as the itchiness spread and new scaly patches grew in. They extended

along her thighs and down her new tail, then surged upwards to cover her torso. She grimaced as her underside became more rubbery; under her tail and along her stomach and chest was a lighter yellow-cream complexion, not quite scaled but not quite skin-like either. It affected her breasts, which were still growing. She pawed at them with her three fingered hands, feeling the sensitivity of her nipples, which turned a darker tan colour to match her body.

“Susan!?” Professor Barnes exclaimed. “Is it really you!?”

The scales shifted up to her face, and a pressure grew in her jaw, signalling that her changes were far from over. Her height extended another few inches, her body growing all over the place. When she turned, she nearly struck the professor with her still-growing tail.

“It’s S-Sadie!” she yelled.

The professor gasped. “My God, how is this possible!? You’re taking on the features of a hadrosaurid!”

“I d-don’t know!” she answered, hiding the truth of the magic vial. “But I c-can’t stop growing! Somebody get my friend Violet! She’s on the other side of the digsite! I need someone to warn her and help me - NGHH!”

She moaned once more, this time as the pressure in her head and face reached its apex. Her scales now covered her entire body, leaving her form smooth but not silky, her skin now hard and armoured and yet possessing a surprisingly streamlined set of scales. But she could barely pay attention to that, because she was clutching her face, crying out as the dam finally burst. Her face pushed forward, just slightly, her mouth hardening and gaining a slight beak shape to it. The centre of her face - her lips, her nose, a thick line in the middle of her forehead - all hardened, becoming bony as an enormous crest began to push upwards from her skull, extending backwards as new bone matter, tissue, and scales formed.

“OHHHHH!!” she cried, clutching her growing head. “What’s h-happening to m-meee!?”

“My God,” Professor Barnes said, quickly gesturing to one of the students to start taking photos. “She’s becoming a hybrid between a human and a parasaurolophus! Observe the horn crest! Someone take footage of this!”

Sadie had never been so overwhelmed, or so humiliated. Her crest extended far behind her head like a giant tuba horn, and with that comparison, she felt an immediate instinctive need to use it in her clear panic.

“Someone help me! Someone get Violet! Get - *BWWOOOOOOO MMM!!!*”

Her lungs pushed air right up through her mouth and then up into her crest. The air rushed through the horn, and it *bellowed* across the digsite, all the way through the valley, in fact, the first time such a sound had been heard in well over seventy *million* years. It was the

sound of panic, an instinctive dinosaur warning that predators were coming, or some kind of danger. Or, in Sadie's case, a call for help from her herd of one: Violet.

As the sound died down, the magic continued. It completed the rest of her body, finalising her hybrid state. With another burst of growth, her height shot up to what had to be eight feet; she now *loomed* over the other students and especially her short professor, though she was still far short of an actual parasaurolophus' height. Her figure was still humanoid and female, with wide hips, though her figure was thicker around the waist. Her breasts, however, were *massive*. Despite their changes in texture, they were clearly still mammalian breasts, and they had grown far in excess relative to the rest of her proportions. She felt like she was lugging around giant F-cups at least, and they wobbled with her movements. Her tail jutting out far behind her, thick and powerful, and her thighs were similarly powerful, able to hold up her whole body, and with a more digitigrade structure which made movement awkward for now. Her arms, at least, were more humanoid, but she had three thick fingers including her thumb, and they ended in rounded bony growths instead of soft digits with small fingernails.

All in all, she was now some kind of anthro-dino-gal. The only thing she didn't know about was her face, and she felt it in a panic, even as more footage was taken of her.

"My face! I need to see my face!"

Another horn bellow, another sweep of her powerful tail in agitation. One brave student - Mark - approached.

"H-here!" he said. "Don't hurt me! But - you look a bit different! Still pretty human though, right?"

She had to lean right down from her eight feet of height to see what he was showing her, and it caused her to bellow her horn and gasp. She didn't look like herself anymore, but she didn't look *not* like herself either. Her lovely dark hair was gone, which instantly made her sob a little, but her face was recognisably her own, except for the fact that her mouth pushed forwards a little in a sort of mini-snout. Her eyes looked identical, just larger, and she still had her cheekbones which so many people complimented her on. But her face was now scaled, with dark green-brown colouring into her dark olive skin, and instead of hair she had a dark brown horn that swept up and behind her head in a long arc, thick and bony. It divided the two halves of her scaly face with an inch wide strip of that same dark bone, though it clearly melded with her scales rather than remaining hard all throughout, which thankfully left her able to form expressions.

But still, she was a parasaurolophus woman.

A dino gal.

"Oh shit!" came a voice. Sadie reared up to her full eight feet of height and saw Violet coming over the nearby hill of the dig site. "Sadie!? What happened!?"

“The v-vial!” Sadie announced, her voice strangely unchanged except that it boomed louder now. “It did this, Violet! It’s made me some kind of huge dinosaur!”

“Half dinosaur, half human,” Professor Barnes exclaimed. “This is the most astounding find of our times. Look at the gorgeous patterning on her scales. And look at her reproductive organs - exactly as we imagined them to look!”

If Sadie could have blushed with humiliation now, she would have. She looked to Violet, extending her arms to gesture to her huge, naked, and oddly busty anthro-dino body.

“Help me!” she cried. “I don’t wanna live like this!”

Violet ran down the hill, almost stumbling. “I don’t know - um, let’s see - oh stars, this has gone really wrong. I don’t even know where to start on how to reverse this.”

Professor Barnes looked at the new entrant like she had three heads. “Reverse this? What on earth are you talking about, child? Who would want to reverse this? She’s beautiful! Whatever miracle disease or infection caused this, it’s going to become a scientific find to dwarf all others, and I’ll be here with my students to discover it! Sadie, the only way you could be better is if you had some dinosaur eggs with you!”

It was at this point that another ripple of magic rumbled through Sadie’s form. She experienced a sudden lurch in her stomach, just as powerful as the one before. She groaned, doubling over, her tail extending briefly into the air and her massive tan-coloured breasts wobbling heavily upon her chest.

“Ohhhhhh,” she grunted, bellowing a little through her horn again. “There’s s-something new. I can feel - oh God! No!”

The realisation hit her just as the change did. Suddenly a tightness developed in her belly, one that elicited further groans. Something was growing in there, a whole *load* of somethings, in fact. The dinosaur woman took two heavy steps back, and sure enough it was like a titan’s footsteps, shaking the earth a little from her thunderous weight. She rubbed her stomach, urging it not to grow, but the tightness gave way to new expansion, surging forth with a shocking speed. Immediately, Professor Barnes’ group of acolytes began filming and taking pictures again, and the Professor himself went wide-eyed, staring in awe and even starting to tear up from the sight of this wonder made real.

Sadie began to cry for an altogether different reason; her stomach was bloating up rapidly, and she could quite literally *feel* hard semi-spherical objects forming within her. She wasn’t stupid, she immediately connected the dots. The vial was meant to give the magic to uncover parasaurolophus eggs. Well, she was finding them now alright; right inside her body! She panted, horn bellowing again as her stomach bulged forth, easily large enough now to look like a woman six months into pregnancy. Her breasts responded as well, expanding as they grew yet more fat and tissue, and her still-existing milk glands went into overdrive. She raised her three-digit hands up to cup her enormous dino-boobs, moaning

from the delirious yet unwanted pleasure all this growth was providing. Some deep, primal, hadrosaurid instinct in her was revelling in her growth, feeling the sheer *rightness* of filling with eggs to lay. She had to mentally rebel against this, remembering who she was and who she was supposed to be. Violet was flicking through a tome from her satchel, clearly looking for a solution, but the more clearly pregnant Sadie got, the more she could see her friend failing to come up with a solution.

“You’ve g-got to do something! I don’t want to be a giant freak dino!”

“I know, I’m looking, alright? I told you magic was unpredictable!”

“You didn’t tell me - nnngh! - that it could make me a fucking pregnant dinosaur!”

“I didn’t know! I told you, I’m just a witch undergrad! We shouldn’t even be talking about this! They can’t know that magic is real!”

“I think - nnggh! - the cat is out of the bag - ahhh! - on that one! Ohhhhh!”

More eggs, more contents in her stomach. Her belly swelled, growing tighter and tighter, her dome protruding out massively before her, so heavy that she would easily fall over were it not for her gargantuan tail, which gave her a much-needed counterweight. She curled the end of it as if she were curling her toes, moaning erotically as her ultimate reproductive function was filled in a fashion she never could have imagined. It was like she was being actively *pumped* full of eggs; they weren’t just growing to ever larger size inside of her, she could feel *new* ones forming at a shockingly rapid rate. Her breasts gained another cupsize, and with her height and thick anthro build, it was clear she’d need an entirely custom-made bra to contain them, as they were the size of *basketballs*, drooping onto her swollen womb. Her nipples tensed, leaving her to gasp again. Milk flowed forth from them, her glands in overdrive. Her breasts throbbed, expelling rivulets of milk with each terrible and wonderful burst of expansion.

“Dinosaur eggs,” Professor Barnes whispered, just loud enough for Sadie to hear, though she realised that she didn’t, strictly speaking, have ears anymore, just reptilian holes in the side of her head.

“N-no!” she cried. “I don’t want them! No matter how much this body does! Violet, change me back! At least s-stop me from - hhgn! - growing any m-more!”

It was indeed a desperate need by this point. She looked overdue with *twins* by this point, and that was relative to her already huge size. Her breasts were leaking their produce down onto her belly, and she was panting heavily, cupping the underside of her dome and trying to lift it, just to take the weight off of her.

“Ohhhh!” she moaned, the bellow from her horn continuing to sound. “It’s t-too much! Oh God! Another one!”

Sadie clenched her eyes shut, and there was yet another burst of growth. Now she looked well overdue with triplets, or perhaps quadruplets. Somehow, her belly was holding

literally *dozens* of huge dinosaur eggs inside of it. Her own peers were now treating her as a creature of fascination, filming and narrating her.

“As you can see, Sadie Atwell has been infected with some kind of disease or perhaps even a supernatural condition, and she has become a hybrid hadrosaurid. Her pregnancy is astounding, and it makes us wonder if we’ll get to see her start to lay her clu-”

“OHH GODDDD!!”

Something gave way in her tunnel. An enormous amount of amniotic fluid suddenly flooded out of her, pouring down her scaled thighs and then splashing audibly upon the ground. Sadie, already overwhelmed by everything, suddenly whimpered as a powerful urge to push hit her.

“No! Violet! Stop this! I’m going to - NGHH!!”

The urge to push was instant, and she couldn’t fight it. Without even meaning to she squatted, supported by her tail and lowering her huge body down a little. The entire dig site crew shifted around to watch the event unfold, and with a massive cry and the loudest horn bellow yet, Sadie bore down and pushed, clenching her eyes shut as something large and ovoid in shape moved *through* her passage, spreading her hips wider. She exhaled sharply as it suddenly exited, squeezing her vaginal lips wide and then falling to the soft earth she’d instinctively manoeuvred herself over.

“Oh my God,” Violet said. “Sadie, you just laid an egg!”

“No! I can’t, it wouldn’t - oh no!”

She stepped back a little, careful not to crush it. Sure enough, an egg the size of a grapefruit was upon the ground, dimpled and rock-like in appearance, but certainly an egg.

“That came out of me!?” she said, bewildered. “I just laid an egg!?”

“*Magnificent*,” Professor Barnes said, rushing to hold it. He cupped it in his hands, lifting it up for his students to take footage. “Actual parasaurolophus eggs! Sadie here has brought back the species from extinction, somehow!”

Any consolation that at least the professor now valued her and knew her name vanished immediately as the pressure began again, the tightness of a new contraction, a new urge to push. Sadie cried out again, widening her stance as she pushed out another egg, then another, then *another*. Another four came out, but it was clear that she wasn’t nearly done yet, and her belly was still churning with yet more eggs, almost growing faster than it was shrinking. The poor dinosaur woman whimpered, cupping her sore breasts as they leaked yet more milk everywhere. She lowered herself to the ground, shifting her body so that her clutch of eight eggs was near her vaginal passage. Her tail coiled out the side, allowing her to spread her legs wide like a woman undergoing traditional labor. With her side, she rested her back against the small hill so she could see what she was doing, though her huge tits and far more massive belly blocked more of her sight anyway.

“H-have to p-push more!” she announced loudly. “Have to lay m-more eggs! Get them out of meeeee!”

She bore down again, and now the eggs emerged from her wet entrance one after the other. Soon her paleontology peers were having to move and aid her, shifting her clutch further away to make room for the dozens of eggs she was birthing into the world. It was wrong, all wrong, and utterly alien to her, but Sadie was now at the whims of her altered body, subject to her reproductive needs, her body urging her to push and push no matter how much she cried out or how much she bellowed. She rubbed her breasts, moaning as she stroked her belly. She wasn't sure if it was better or worse that the whole experience was accompanied by an endless release of pleasure which mixed and danced with the discomfort. With each new egg pushed forward into the world, a rush of dopamine hit her brain, a primal, long-extinct need to rebirth the entire race.

“Ohhhhh, s-stop this!” she cried, fighting against the relief. Violet had flocked to her side, gripping her much larger hand to help in the only way the unprepared witch now could.

“I - I don't think I can!” she declared. “I think I made the magic permanent!”

“Euugh! What did you do to me? Help me! I don't want to be a freakish dino broodmother!”

But whether she wanted it or not, Sadie was becoming a freakish dino broodmother regardless, and very likely one permanently for life. She wasn't even sure when her birthing would end, if it would come in cycles, or if she'd need to have sex to trigger it again. But for now, she was *still* making new eggs, still going into immediate labor, still occasionally gushing fresh fluid from her private parts as labor retriggered with the next part of her mega-clutch. She squeezed the eggs from her body, filled with the desire to stop birthing eggs and the competing need to make more. It was all wrong, and she'd be famous as a strange busty dino-girl for the rest of her life now!

But there was no stopping it. She bore down and pushed again, and the only solace she could take from it was the delight on her professor's face.

If nothing else, the new dinosaur woman had certainly, and finally, made him proud. And not for nothing, either; she'd finally gotten him his parasaurolophus, and more eggs than he could know what to do with.

A shame she just had to be the dino-gal birthing them.

The End