

Dragon Noble, Part 1 (Noble to Dragoness TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jorgamund

Josefina Asquith is a shrinking violet of a noble who is the 'spare' of her otherwise powerful family. Never one to like being in the spotlight, she leaps at the chance to investigate ancient draconic ruins alongside her noble boyfriend Stepan and friend Ursula. But when she finds a glowing red orb and touches it, Josefina is shocked to find that her body is slowly changing to become a mighty dragoness broodmare, destined to rebirth the entire dragon race. Soon the shy young noble will find herself the centre of a kingdom's attention!

Dragon Noble, Part 1

Wake Up

Josefina had to be woken in her tent once again. The other three members of the team were irritated, though her paramour Stepan at least showed some understanding.

"She's a member of the royal family, after all," the nobleman reminded the others.

"Yeah, the *spare* of the royal family," Ursula said. "She's, like, five spots from the throne between her older brothers and her nephews. She's literally here *because* she couldn't be bothered playing court back in the capital."

"Now, now," said Izabela, the professor in charge of their expedition. "I know you and Josefina are friends, Ursula, but one should not insult a member of the royal family. Unless, of course, one has been granted charge over her." She sighed, raising her voice. "Lady Josefina, can you *please* wake up so that we may *finally* get to our duties! We are waiting on you, and we don't have much light today! We can't keep delaying, I only have so *much funding!*"

Josefina stirred, groanings. Gods above, she *hated* getting up early in the morning. Well, to be fair, anything before midday was considered 'early' in Josefina's mind. She was not by any account an early riser. Still, she managed to pull herself out of her sleeping mat and throw off the covers, albeit with a glacial pace.

"M'up," she said. "M'up. I'm up!"

"Thank the seven heavens," Professor Izabela sighed. "When can you be ready? Can I come in?"

"N-no. Not dres'd yet."

She yawned loudly, stretched, and got up. Ursula rolled her eyes.

"Maybe I should go in," Stepan said.

“Please, that’s much too scandalous,” the professor said. “I know you and Josefina are . . . close, but this is a respectable expedition and I can’t risk having the royal family view it with scandal.”

“I’ll go,” Ursula said. “I’ll be the lady-in-waiting.” She barged into the tent while Stepan and the professor looked the other way. “By the Black Mountain, Josefina. You’re not even changed!”

“M still wakin’,” the noblewoman replied, hair still mussed. “Need coffee.”

“You need a hiding. You’re lucky I’m your friend. C’mon, let’s snap to it!”

Ursula practically dragged her hopeless royal friend up and began to help her change. Josefina smiled awkwardly, realising perhaps that her tardiness had worn the group a little thin. It was understandable: she had always been a bit hopeless. It was the whole reason she was here.

“I made you a new thing last night,” she said as Ursula helped deal with her bedraggled black hair, and applied enough perfume to make her presentable before doing up her clothing.

“Oh, what is it?”

“It’s on my little shelf. I thought you might like a jade dragon this time.”

Ursula beamed. “Oohhh! Let me see! You take over from here, and for the Gods’ sakes make sure you eat some bread.” She practically *shoved* it into Josefina’s mouth before going to the little dresser and picked up the item Josefina had made. It was crude, but not unimpressive. Josefina had always been a fidgeter, much to the annoyance of her family and social peers, but in magic university she had taken to creating little figurines and models and ornamental displays from just about anything. Over time, she started using little tools, even ruining her hair pins to scratch in details, to the frustration of her teachers. This time, she had worked away at carving a little dragon out of jade, and applied various paints and chips from other rocks to bring it to life.

Ursula gave a little squeal. “I love it!”

“I thought you might. I was up last night worrying, so I had to calm myself, so I worked on it.”

Ursula sighed, once again reminded of why she cared for her friend so much. “You are very, *very* lucky that I like you, Josie.”

Josefina smiled, feeling just a little better. “I hope I haven’t held up things too much.”

“It’s not midday, so it’s not a complete loss. But if we don’t go soon I think the professor will explode. And frankly, so will I Josie. I want to deal with this ruin. It could be the key to bringing back the dragons!”

Josefina didn’t believe it for one second, but she wouldn’t dare mention it to her friend. For one, the very prospect made her nervous. She didn’t like confrontation, or

standing up to people, or conflict in general. Even perceived conflict. And for two, she loved how excited her much more studious friend got about the expedition.

“Okay, I’m ready. The professor won’t be *too* mad, right?”

“Josefina, you technically are her boss. Technically.”

“I know but, well, I don’t *feel* like her boss. Gods, I don’t want her to be angry.”

“Then wake up earlier!” Ursula said with a chuckle. “Or next time I *will* send in Stepan just for the scandal.”

“You wouldn’t dare!” Josefina replied, pale cheeks going red.

“Oh, I would. I want to investigate dragon ruins Josie, even if I have to drag my friend to them. Now c’mon!”

She pushed her friend out of the tent, and Josefina stumbled into Stepan’s arms. She looked up into his handsome olive complexion, his short black hair curling under the sunlight. He gave a grin. “Finally up, I see?”

She gave a weak, embarrassed smile. “S-sorry.”

“It’s okay. I think it’s kind of cute.”

“You do?”

He gave her a light peck on the mouth. “Really, I do.”

“It we are *done* with the romance?” Izabela said. The dark-skinned professor pulled at her dreadlocks before adjusting her glasses. “I would like to move us to the ruin now. We have a lot of work to do, and only so many hours of daylight.”

“I’m so sorry, Professor Izabela,” Josefina said. She covered one eye with her dark hair, before realising she was ‘hiding’ again, something she had been told over and over again by tutors not to do. “I don’t know what - I just - I’ll do anything I can to help! I’ll get much more involved today. I promise!”

The professor sighed. “Well, it’s a kind of enthusiasm, I suppose. Did you at least get that reading done like I asked you?”

Josefina went pale. Well, *paler*. “Um. I - I forgot.”

Another sigh. “Josefina, you are a member of the royal family, so I must pick my words carefully. But it would be good if you could commit as fully to this expedition as Ursula and Stepan here. We are struggling to keep this class running as it is. You are a good young woman, but at twenty years old you must have *some* passion?”

Josefina was stumped. Many had asked the question before, but always it was the same - she didn’t have one. Archaeology interested her, but she always found herself on the periphery, and that was where she preferred to be.

“I’m - I’ll try my best,” was all she could muster, appearing once more the shy girl. Even with just four people present, being the centre of attention was galling to her.

The professor's expression softened. "Well, that's all I can ask. You can do the reading while we're there, and help with some of the lifting. I'll make sure we're following good protocol. Stepan, we'll use your magic-detection to aid our uncovering, and Ursula will be there for transcription and treatment of any magical vessels we may find."

They all gave their confirmation loudly and proudly. Well, Stepan and Ursula did. Ursula very much did.

"Then let's head. Don't forget your water and supplies! The desert is not to be trifled with!"

They set out on the walk to the nearby ruin. It was only a couple of miles away, but the heavy sands that covered it made camping close impossible, and they had only excavated enough of the entrance to start their discovery, and so could not camp within. Ursula bounced with excitement, uncaring of her heavy pack, simply eager to see more. Stepan walked alongside Josefina, holding her hand and testing several detection spells with the other, anxious about his own abilities, especially before the eyes of the professor. And Josefina kept her head down, feeling embarrassed already, but hopeful that things would improve. After all, at least she wasn't in the capital, under the eyes of the court and the public. Here, at least, she could enjoy her boyfriend's presence, the fresh air, and feel a bit more free.

The expedition was into the arid Southlands at the edge of the Iralis kingdom, though even this was nominal control. It was effectively a natural border that did not hold much in the way of civilisation, except for the bones of a long gone one. Everyone knew that the southlands had once contained a draconic civilisation: their bones littered the wastes, as did ancient tombs, crumbling underground citadels, and expansive lairs. Even the stones of long-vanished cities which held their human servants and tributary cities were present, though these had long since been pilfered. Still, the place held a remarkable interest in the imagination of Iralians. After all, the dragons were long gone, disappeared into legend and myth, with only bones and ruins to tell their tales. But all the legends and myths carried one central feature: Whether they were rulers or servants, kind creatures or self-interested ones, the very presence of dragons alone made the world flourish in a golden age. Crops were more plentiful, creatures more bountiful, disease practically non-existent. Wars, while still a feature of life, were greatly reduced compared to the modern era, and the art of magic was beyond anything even students like Ursula and Stepan, whose talents were impressive, could imagine. And with the end of the dragons - however it had come, for the stories

differed - this golden age had come to an abrupt end. Everything since then was but a pale imitation of this long lost age of greatness.

For Iralis, being a kingdom at the epicentre of what was once draconic civilisation, this was particularly felt. Technically, one of the great edicts of the throne was to see a return to the age of dragons, though this was only a centuries-long formality of ascension to the throne. Still, it showed how central dragons were to the tales, plays, entertainment, culture, architecture, and even magic of the kingdom. For Iralis tended to produce the strongest magic users, a fact long associated with the notion that they drew from the remnant arcane essence of the long-dead dragons that once inherited the region.

Which was why there were still funded expeditions to the Southlands, even if they rarely produced anything of real value. This latest one had only a paltry four members: Professor Izabela, Stepan Fastwright, Ursula Montway, and of course, Josefina Asquith, who was the only reason the expedition went ahead in the first place, despite her lack of studiousness. As the five-times-spare to the Iralian throne, Josefina grew up living a life of luxury with no responsibilities. Overshadowed by the 'more important' members of her family, it quickly became clear that she did not have the temperament for court life at all. To her father's despair, she proved to be a terrible marriage match. She was a shrinking violet: shy, wilting, and totally uninterested in matters of politics or religion. She stuttered and embarrassed herself at galas and major cultural events, and fumbled her speeches before important dignitaries. Even her appearance reflected this: she was of regular height, yes, but she regularly had her black hair cut just to below her chin rather than a long royal braid, and it was always a bit bedraggled, curling all over the place messily. She was slim, thin-hipped (not a good sign for child-bearing either), and lacked the tall height her good breeding should have ensured. All in all, she felt utterly out of place in the capital of Herathon.

The only thing she ever really showed even a meagre interest in was archaeology, so she was shunted off to a magic academy to study that and be out of the way, which was where she met Stepan and Ursula. The former of whom was a handsome, olive-skinned magic user of lower birth. Like Josefina, he could be a bit awkward, though for him it was because of the circumstances of his low birth compared to other students. He was always afraid that he would be kicked out of the academy unless he excelled, since his low-birth meant he was effectively only there because of his talent. And yet Josefina was in awe over the things he could do, even simple summons of illusions. Not to mention he was a handsome young man with a stout appearance, short curly black hair, and the beginnings of a moustache that she found most attractive. After a lot of dancing around, vaguely complimenting each other and getting embarrassed about it, he had eventually asked her out, and she had accepted with some nervousness. They'd only had a few kisses, but enjoyed each other's company.

Ursula, on the other hand, was a short woman with pale skin and gorgeous blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail. She had fine looks, but a rabidly obsessed mind. Where Stepan simply wished to increase his understanding of magic, and Josefina had no true idea what she wanted, Ursula was a dragon obsessive. She was studious in her work, always learning more, and even held open fantasies about being the one to find a way to bring dragons back into the world. And yet despite their differences, she had actually become good friends with Josefina, finding the royal noble lacking the pretensions of other students, and endearingly kind. For all her nervousness, and frequent lack of interest in subjects, she was generous and interested in people, even if they made her frightfully nervous. She never forgot anything Ursula told her about her own life, her interests, and she actually took her ambitions seriously. And she also made those adorable figurines as gifts: a non-verbal way to communicate her care. So when she noticed that the student of low-birth named Stepan seemed to be interested in Josefina, she'd taken great pains to interview him, interrogate him, and make sure that her vulnerable, shy friend was not being taken advantage of. And when she was sure of this, she immediately set about bringing the two together after months of careful planning and egging on both sides.

In the end, the three of them became a close-knit group, despite their differences. Their chief interest was in archaeology, and while Ursula was most obsessed with dragons, they were each captivated by the myths and legends, and talked about them often. So when Professor Izabela approached the king's administrators and requested funds for an expedition to a potential new draconic ruin, it was granted immediately: with the proviso that Josefina be taken. And Josefina, in turn, asked that her friends be included. The desperate professor agreed immediately, particularly given that Stepan and Ursula were her best students. With her class in danger of being cancelled, the forever stressed professor was keen to find something big as a last ditch measure to save it. She adored her students, but as a forty-five year old woman who had studied draconic ruins for literal decades, she had seen them come and go, wax and wane. Well, mainly wane these days. She needed to find something to justify her budget, and this was her last chance.

It was just a shame that Josefina couldn't quite understand the urgency, and seemed to enjoy just being away from civilisation a little too much.

The Red Orb

They had been at the ruins for hours, and despite the initial interest, Josefina was getting a little bored. Stepan seemed to know what he was doing: he was constantly engaged with the

professor, probing the walls of the ruins for magical traps, determining where certain wards were in place, and even detecting several fake walls that were physical illusions that he had to dispel. He beamed as the professor praised his work, reaffirming it with her own expertise. Ursula translated and transcribed the various etchings on the walls, and conferred with the professor also on the theories of what this place could be.

“Definitely a temple of some kind, I agree Ursula,” Izabela said, looking around the chamber they were in. “Too small for any dragon, and yet as we can see, it is also full of draconic inscriptions, runes, and even some of the language of the ancients.”

“Renewal chamber,” Ursula said excitedly, adjusting her blonde ponytail. “What could it possible mean?”

“Hopefully something big. Stepan, come over here. The inscriptions seem to indicate these next chambers could be important.”

He did so. He squeezed Josefina’s hand as he passed, gave her a little peck on the cheek. “You okay?”

“Yeah. Feel a bit out of place.”

“You always feel out of place, dear.”

She gave a small embarrassed smile. She hated how easily she blushed. “I know. But I’m not an expert. I struggle with it all. Gods, I’m useless.”

“Nonsense. You’re helping in your own way.”

“I’m a pack mule. A royal pack mule.”

“But better being a pack mule than a pampered member of the royal court, right?”

She actually giggled. Stepan always had a way of making her feel better. “You’re too cute. Father would hate you.”

“Well, at the risk of making a dangerous statement, I’ll take that as a compliment.”

She kissed him back, until an impatient grunt from the professor informed them both that Stepan should probably hurry up.

“Josefina, you move our equipment to the other antechamber please. We’ll investigate this next one, but I think we can set camp inside there now that it’s clear.”

“Yes, professor,” she said, nodding. She didn’t exactly love being little more than hired muscle, particularly since she was so lithe she practically lacked any muscle at all, but at least it felt like contributing. And besides, being alone with her thoughts could be heaven in its own way. She let the group go ahead as she shifted packs and torches and the temporary tents they’d brought with them into the antechamber. The echoes of Ursula’s excitement carried from the distance, and it made Josefina happy for her friend. She was jealous of her passion, and wished she had as much, but passion always felt like something that brought attention, and she hated attention. Stepan was the only one that gave her

attention she actually kind of liked. So instead she simply worked in her own way, grateful to not feel like a member of the royal family and instead just like an ordinary girl.

After twenty or so minutes work, the group ahead wasn't done. They talked excitedly about something, but she decided not to interrupt them and make a fool of herself. Instead, she simply sighed in relief, enjoyed the silence, and rested against a nearby statue.

Only for part of the statue to shift, groan, and then disappear entirely as she fell back *through* it into a chamber that none of them had even discovered.

"What in the heavens!?"

She managed to get up, feeling very dusty and even more embarrassed. She was incredibly grateful that Stepan had not seen her at that moment, as she knew she looked ridiculous. She mussed up her hair, making it 'orderly' in its own slightly chaotic way, and had a look around.

"Oh, it's boring."

She was disappointed. For a mere moment, her imagination had set loose, and she'd wondered about all the different kinds of wonders that could be in a hidden chamber. But it just had a small stand and a number of strange inscriptions, none of which she could read. That was Ursula and Izabela's specialty. With a sigh, she turned to leave, catch up with the group, and inform Stepan with a bit of humour that she'd found a new chamber using her own blunt 'magical detection' prowess.

But then she stopped as her foot rested on something round and metallic. Curious, she bent over and picked it up. It wasn't particularly large, able to just barely fit into her dainty palm, though it was heavier than expected, as if made of stone. Its exterior was plain, though there was the faint impression of a runic inscription long worn away, and perhaps some indentations that were made to be representatives of scales.

"What are you?" she asked.

At the moment she spoke, suddenly the orb lit up. She squeaked as it turned a bright red, the runic inscriptions illuminating so powerfully that she could barely look at them. Her heart races as a dragon's roar rushed through her ears, echoing through her mind. An influx of power, red like a raging fire, coursed from the orb and straight into her belly. She tried to throw the object away but she was stuck in place, unable to move for a moment as more and more of that energy thrummed in her core, becoming intensely warm. For a brief moment she was terrified that it would kill her. That she would die, and no one would understand why. She wished in that moment that she had done something important, committed to some passion or even just a cause. Given something to the world so that she wasn't just a shrinking violet of a royal 'spare', trodden on by others.

She wished she had done more than just kissed Stepan.

She wished she had been bold.

But then suddenly, as quickly as the process had started, the flow of red energy stopped. The orb stopped glowing, and then disintegrated into dust in her hand, joining the other piles of dust upon the floor. It was as if the orb had never existed at all. There was a brief residual warmth in her belly, a short glow that emanated through her light clothing. It almost looked like the pattern of that runic inscription; circular, with intersecting like the maw of some great beast. Or dragon. Then that too dissipated, and she was left hovering and whimpering in terror.

“What. Was. That.”

She waited, squeezed her eyes shut. Waiting for something, *anything* to happen. But nothing did, and in the minutes that followed her heart rate began to slow back to its usual rhythm. She pulled up her shirt, looked at her slim belly. Her skin was still pale, perhaps a bit more so from the recent fright, but there was no mark at all. Not a runic symbol, not even a burn or mark where the strange energy had flooded into her.

“Maybe it was nothing?” she said to herself. “Yes, it was old. Ancient beyond ancient. There’s no way it worked. Or did something. Whatever it was meant to be.”

In fact, she had no idea. She loved the digsites, the atmosphere of it all, the process of uncovering ancient treasures and knowledge. But the actual recognition of devices and relics, particularly magical ones, was mostly beyond her. After all, for all that she had learned *some* magic at the academy, it was mostly rudimentary compared to Ursula, and especially to Stepan.

“Oh Gods, what if it was important though?”

The thought hit her that she had just wrecked something ancient with her idle curiosity. She had hoped it was important, but now she hoped far more that it was *unimportant*. After all, it evidently held magic in it, perhaps even dragon magic, however decayed. She peeked out of the hidden chamber, terrified that the others were there, had witnessed or heard what had happened. But there was no change. Their conversations echoed distantly, ignorant of what had occurred.

“Thank the Gods,” she sighed. “They don’t have to know.”

She moved quickly down the ancient ruined hallways of this buried temple, and found the trio pouring excitedly over a number of relics. They were all pots and amphoraes and a variety of other holding devices. Ursula in particular was trembling with excitement, so that the professor refused to even let her *touch* one of the items.

“Just translate that shelf while I take this one, Ursula. Stepan, you cast some protective magics on these for transportation. I don’t know that they’ll be enough to continue our funding, but it’s certainly an exciting start.” She turned, saw Josefina standing in the entrance. “Oh, Josefina, you were quiet as the ghost of Mahlarr! Are you okay? You look pale.”

Josefina gave a nervous nod. "I'm okay, thank you. I was just feeling a bit lonely. A bit scared."

Stepan moved to her, gave her a little hug. "It's okay," he said with a smile. "Come look at what we've found. Ursula can't keep herself away, and I need someone to translate her language to mine."

Josefina gave a slight giggle. She wasn't the most knowledgeable student like Ursula was, but she was an expert in interpreting Ursula's excited ramblings when her keenness for history and discovery overwhelmed her.

"I'll get right to it," she said with a smile, as the team continued to work over the items. Relief flooded through her: everything would be alright. No one had discovered that she'd lost an important artefact, especially her best friend or the professor. She got to work with Stepan, and helped move the items once they were stabilised.

It felt good to have a role, even if it was small.

First Night Fevers

The excavation was as much of a success as they could have hoped for when it came to their first full day. Still, there was much of the ruin still to sift through, and Stepan was already practicing his spellcasting in order to shift the sand away, while Ursula searched up spells that could help fill in the missing spaces of ancient etchings. The professor guided her in doing so, and recommended Josefina try to "start a little smaller" on magic detection spells. Unfortunately, those always flustered Josefina, for whom magic never came easily. Instead, she practised minor illusions of little dragons flying about. She could impress Stepan with them later when they had a late night talk. It made her blush to think of his lips on hers, but also sent such a flutter through her that she almost became anxious in the presence of *herself*.

Her stomach growled as she practised, so she stopped her incantations for a moment and tucked into her rations. She was quite ravenous, and courtly manners were something she always struggled with, so it felt good to just be able to eat with her bare hands, even if she did so with a lady-like delicateness.

Stepan approached as the sun was dimming and sat down beside her. "Wow, you're really hungry, huh? Not looking very royal, my Lady."

"Mhm hngry," she muffled between bites of biscuit and bread. She swallowed them down. "It must be all that hard work. I was doing a lot of heavy lifting, for a royal."

He chuckled, kissed her on the cheek. As always, she blushed at the contact.

“Don’t eat too much! We’ve only got so much rations. Besides, I rather like your body. You’re very . . . lithe.”

She raised an eyebrow, not sure how to take that. “I’m short and thin,” she responded. “And I’m not pretty.”

He kissed her on the lips. “You are very pretty,” he said.

“The girls in the academy whispered behind my back. And Ursula is beautiful.”

“She is, I agree. Do you know what she’s not, though? She’s not *you*. And I think you are very beautiful.”

Josefina looked away. She grabbed another biscuit to stop her stomach growling. Gods, she was strangely hungry. “You just want me for my money,” she joked.

“Oh, yes. That’s true. I’m low-born, so it’ll go down real well when I marry you and could conceivably become part of the royal family.”

“But then you’d have to murder my brothers and help me claim the throne so you could be my king-consort,” she added, grinning.

“Oh, that’s easy!” he said, twirling his finger in the air and summoning a brief illusion of a dagger. “We go from youngest to oldest, obviously, and then secure power with the military.”

“Of course, *even I* know that. Father taught me during one of his boring lessons.”

“Hmm. The real question is what do you do once you’re actually Queen? You’ll be in the spotlight.”

She gave a sweet, teasing expression his way. “That’s the best part. I’ll wall up the palace, and let you make proclamations on my behalf. I can just do whatever I want, be whatever I want to be.”

“And what is that?”

She froze for a moment, trying to think. “Well, I’m not sure yet. But I’d have no one pressuring me to do things I don’t want to.”

Another little kiss from Stepan. “Then it’s a wonderful fantasy, murder aside. Plus, I’d look pretty handsome with a full beard and a kingly outfit.”

He would. She could imagine it. Even as her stomach growled for more food, there was a sexual tension in the air. The two stared into each others’ eyes, their gazes locked beneath the glittering starlit sky. She felt a deep arousal grow within her, and she pulled away, squeaking in her shy, mouse-like way.

“Time to go to bed!” she cried.

“Yes. Yes, I’m sorry. Time to go to bed. Ursula and the Professor are already in camp. No doubt reading and translating into the wee hours of the morn, but in their tents. I should join you. I mean, I should join them. I mean, I should join them in the sense of being in my own tent, away from you, but not *away* from you.”

“Same. I need to sleep with you. I mean, engage in the act of sleeping with you, in the sense that I am asleep and you are asleep and we are both in separate tents.”

Another stare. Another ripple of lust. Her stomach growled.

“Goodnight!” she said, then turned tail and speed-walked to her tent.

“Don’t eat too much!” he exclaimed. “You’ll run out of rations.”

“I won’t!”

She restricted herself to just a half loaf of buttered bread with some preserved jam upon it. It tasted wonderful, but her stomach continued to growl. And she continued to think of Stepan.

“Why am I so hungry? And why am I . . . I’m not even going to say it. I’m going to bed.”

She did so, but her stomach continued to twist and turn.

Josefina woke in the middle of the night. She’d been dreaming. Something about dragons, and great red scales, and a great cave filled with glorious dragon eggs. She had felt powerful, and heavy, and *magical*. But she was also the centre of something, gazed upon with wonder by many. In a lot of ways, it had seemed as much a nightmare as a glorious dream. But the part that made it feel *fantastic* was Stepan. He was there, gazing at her in wonder and love and attraction. Ursula spoke of her brilliantly, and even the professor was in awe. Her entire family too.

Her stomach growled, long and loud like a great beast. For the briefest moment, she thought she saw a glowing red sigil beneath the fabric of her night shift, but then it disappeared. It was probably a trick of the light.

“Black mountain,” she groaned in her spacious noblewoman’s tent, “I’m staaaarving.”

She spoke a brief incantation to give herself light, and immediately moved to her rations. She didn’t care in that moment that she had to pace herself, she was simply too hungry to care. Josefina had never been so hungry in her entire life. She wolfed down her biscuits, her preserved bread, the dried meats, and the many preserved fruits. She ate and ate and ate, slowly becoming more awake, shocked at how deeply, *agonisingly* hungry she was. She burst from her tent after she’d had most of her own food. She needed more. She was feverish with need.

The expedition’s shared reserve would have to do.

She bolted beneath the starlit sky. The honeywine - the professor’s favourite, and shared only to the group of twenty-year olds lightly to give them some constitution under the

sun - was calling to her like an old friend. She grabbed the jug that held it, removed the stopper, and drank so deeply that it dripped down her cheeks.

"M-m-more!" she cried. And more she had. She held her stomach as she ate. It was pressurised, taking in far more than she should be eating. She tried to stop, but her hunger was too powerful.

"This isn't - eeurgh! - right!. It's n-not natural!"

But she needed to feast. As she did, another feeling rose, as if displacing her slowly shrinking hunger. The image of Stepan returned to her mind, with his handsome westerner features. That olive skin. The dark curls of his hair and his pretty grey eyes. He was strong, stout without being too stolid. And, as much as it made her feel guilty, knowing he was born a commoner enticed her further. Every time she kissed him it felt like breaking a sexual taboo. Every time she kissed him she wanted to do more than just kiss.

"Ohhhhhh G-Gods," she moaned, as the lust rose within her. It was like a great forest fire sweeping through her body. Her womanhood roused, becoming moist as it did during those most tender moments. Her nipples stiffened in her small but pert breasts. Even her skin felt sensitive to the touch, as if it yearned to *be touched*.

"Stepan," she stammered. "N-need Stepan."

She needed him more than words could say. When they kissed, or lightly touched one another, she had often thought about . . . that act. But never more than a nervous imagination. An anxious excitement. Another taboo that the shy royal would never dare break, for fear of the scandal.

Not so now. The need was too urgent. She stuffed one last rasher of salted meat into her mouth, chewed it, gulped it down, then moved to Stepan's tent. It was thankfully further removed from Izabela's and Ursula's. It would 'not do' to have a man so close to the women of the camp, at least for the traditions of Iralis.

But it would do for her purposes. Her feminine slit was almost starting to drip its juices down her thighs, she was so aroused. Her breathing was quickened as she opened the tent carefully, silently, then folded it closed behind her. With a brief incantation, she could see Stepan still asleep in the now-dim light of her magic. He was gorgeous, but useless to her as he was. She had enough to sense to rouse him slowly.

"Stepan. Stepan. *Stepan*."

His eyes slowly opened, and upon seeing her they went wide. "Josefina? Wha - what's going on? Did something happen?"

"I - I need you," she managed.

He pulled himself out of his sleeping mat, and her eyes focused on his bronzed chest, revealed by the two undone buttons of his shirt.

"What for? Is something the matter?"

She kissed him softly, placed her hand on his chest in such a daring manner that even with all the horniness in the world she couldn't help but feel nervous about. He pulled back, clearly shocked.

"Josefina, this is - I'm sure - we can't!"

But she was already fumbling with the buttons of her own night shift. "I know, I know! But I was so hungry Stepan. Really hungry. And now I'm so very, *very* aroused. I can't think of anything but you. I need you. I want you inside me. I *have* to have you inside me."

She pulled away her night shift, revealing her naked chest. Stepan looked away . . . but only for a moment. He returned his gaze. Josefina often felt like a stranger in her own body, but she'd always loved her perfectly symmetrical breasts. They were small, but not tiny, and full enough that they had an elegant shape topped with full pink nipples. They were, as she had been told by one of her handmaidens once, "quite lovely." And evidently more than enough to entice her boyfriend's gaze.

"Are you - are you sure about this?" he asked, but it was already clear that he was aroused too. She'd never, ever done the deed, and wasn't sure he had either, but she could see the erection of his member in his pants, and it only made that desperation to be filled all the stronger.

"YES!" she all but shouted, launching herself upon him.

Stepan stood no chance. Soon the virginal pair were kissing, touching, squeezing, caressing each other's bodies, and removing what remained of their own clothing as well. When Stepan's manhood was released from its confines she gasped at its impressive size, but barely had time to take it in: he took her by the shoulders and positioned her on her back. She spread her legs automatically. Somehow, her body knew exactly what to do. What it needed. She didn't say it, but the thought of his seed inside was something she needed more than anything.

"In - in me!" she cried.

He kissed her, panting, wordless as he then nibbled at her breasts, causing her to moan. She was about to scream at him, demand that he fuck her as if she had all the power of the throne behind her. But he beat her to the punch, positioning his hard cock against her dripping wet lower lips.

And entered her.

She groaned in an unexpectedly husky tone as he slid his girth inside her. It was unlike anything she had felt, but she had certainly imagined what it would be like several times, including when she slid her own fingers inside herself. But this was more potent than even those imaginations: her inner tunnel gripped him, interior muscles massaging his cock even as he went further and further in. Finally, he reached the apex of his entrance, so that

she could feel his hips against hers, and his balls against her skin as well. She shivered in delight.

“Yesssss, I need this!”

“Oh Gods, Josefina.”

Stepan was overcome, but he too had a fire inside him. He had wanted to go this far for a long time, but the actual act of having sex with a king's daughter, even an unpopular one like Josefina, it was absurd. But now, here she was, in heat like an animal. He began to thrust, bringing his impressive length almost entirely out of her sex before plunging back in. She clung to him, kissing his neck, his chest, his muscular arms.

“D-don't stop! I need you to cum inside me! I want your s-seed! Please! Fuck m-me!”

She'd never felt such passion, not even in her most private, aroused moments. More than anything, her body craved her lover's semen, required him to ejaculate within her. Her continued to thrust, changing position only to stroke her pink nipples, bringing her little bubbles of pleasure.

And then the dam burst. The pleasure built and built as he thrust and thrust. He was about to climax and he knew it. The real risk of what he was doing rose up within him, and he began to pull out. Somehow, Josefina sensed what he was doing and gripped him with her legs, refusing his escape.

“N-no! Need you in me! Need it all in me! Need to - to - to -”

The thought came that she thankfully chose not to voice. She needed to be *bred*. It was an alien thought. It was not hers. She didn't even want kids! She was glad that as a spare she wasn't expected to produce them!

But her words were enough to cause Stepan to groan loudly and spurt his seed deep into her. It was hot, sticky, wet. She whimpered, overwhelmed by her own climax. She raked her nails down his back and only just managed to silence her wails of pleasure, reducing them to passionate squeaks.

“Yes! Ohhhhhh y-yesssss, ahh! Nngh! UUhhhhh . . .”

He gushed inside her in several more torrents. The warmth returned, that strange warmth that had come from the orb. For a moment, the tent was bathed in red light as her stomach lit up with that same runic symbol around her belly button.

“What - what is . . . what is that?” Stepan asked.

But the act had taken something out of them. Something magical. He tried to sense with his magic what it was, but it was feeding *off* his magic, among other things. In the aftermath of his bliss he just managed to pull himself off of his still groaning girlfriend, and place himself naked alongside her. The two curled against each other for warmth, bare bodies pressed against one another, as the magically-induced drowsiness set in. The last

thing either of them saw was something like a runic connection form between them, shooting from Josefina's belly into him.

And then all was darkness, and dreams of scales, dragons, and eggs.

Josefina dreamt that she was flying among the clouds. Dragons were all around her, mighty and magical, beyond the scope of mortal ken. They were all the colours of the rainbow, except for one: there was no red dragon. She looked around in vain to try to sight in among the clouds, until she looked down at herself, and saw that she was the red dragon. She was confused: how could she possibly have become such a creature? As if to answer, another dragon drew close, flying parallel to her, wings beating as heavily as her own. Its mind seemed to communicate with hers.

You have accepted the orb. The change will soon begin. You will bring forth a new golden age.

She managed to speak. It didn't make sense. Why could she speak, if they couldn't? Or perhaps they chose not to.

"What do you mean? What change? What was that strange sigil on my stomach?"

It is the Rune of Rebirth. The final contingency of a dying race. And you, blessed child, unlikeliest of humans to be our saviour, have found it. And so you are now blessed and cursed in equal measure, burdened to perform a great deed.

"What deed? I don't understand, what are you talking about?"

But the dragon flew away, and then the pressure began. It erupted in her belly, and the overwhelming need to push came over her. Rain began to fall from the clouds, but it was not rain, it was *eggs*. Thousands upon thousands upon thousands of them poured from the sky, more than could ever be counted.

The pressure in her belly reached a breaking point.

Morning Growth

Josefina woke up feeling absolutely *wonderful*. The princess of the Kingdom of Iralis had always been a slow starter for the day, so it was sort of surprising to her that she had woken up early. But for reasons she was not yet cognisant of, it was like her body was satisfied at completing some great task, or at least the first major step in one. She felt fulfilled, literally *full* in a way that eating a wonderful meal brought. And, of course, she also felt the warmth of

another against her body. She shivered with nervous excitement, unbelieving that she had done the deed with Stepan the previous night, or that she had even dared to remain in his tent with him, least of all naked. He cradled her from behind, his bare crotch against her rear, his chest against her back, and his strong olive arm resting comfortably over her stomach. She sighed, blushing a little just at the remembrance of the previous night. The feeling of Stepan's member inside her. The series of climaxes she had felt when he had come within her. The utter *rightness* that came with being *bred*.

She stopped at that word. *Bred*. Little things that didn't make sense clicked together. She had her hand on her belly, but the angle made no sense. And that wonderful 'fullness' was starting to feel a whole lot more literal than she had first thought. Josefina rubbed her stomach, and was alarmed at how far her hand was from where it should have been. She looked down, and to her horror witnessed a sight that should not have been possible.

She was pregnant.

And not just a wee bit pregnant either. No, she had a taut, rounded half-dome of a belly, one that looked to be equal to a woman in her fourth or perhaps even fifth month. The skin was stretched, though thankfully without any terrible marks, but her belly button had most certainly popped out. From her perspective, she was *huge*.

"Oh Gods! Oh Gods what in the Nine Hells! Someone help me! HELP ME!"

Stepan woke in shock, scrambling back from her, naked. "Josefina - are you alright? What's happ-"

He stopped talking, his gaze frozen on her belly. "Is that what I think it is?"

She nodded, covering her womanhood and breasts with her hands. But there was no hiding the distended nature of her stomach. It was simply too big.

"H-how? Last night we - but that couldn't have caused this, surely?"

Josefina squeaked. There was a tiny pressure in her stomach. Well, tiny at first, but growing every second. She rubbed her belly, unused to its significant weight of heft.

"I don't know, Stepan. I woke up like this! I had weird dreams and last night we came together and then I had weird dreams again and there was that orb and - and now I look like I'm with child! Oh, what will I do? Izabela will kill me, and if not her, then my father will certainly take up the task!"

She winced, the pressure rising again. Stepan looked at her with awe and terror mingling on his face. He was beginning to breathe heavily, losing control of his breath. That happened sometimes, it required fresh air or magic to heal.

"You're pregnant. Oh Gods, I got the king's daughter magically pregnant, or something. And worse, *very* pregnant. I might have casted a spell without realising it, or even *miscast* a spell. Oh - oh God. Ohhh. Ahh. Ohh. Ahh. I can't breathe. It's s-so hard to breathe! You're pregnant, and I'm a commoner, and we - ahh. Ohhh!"

Josefina groaned as the pressure increased. "Stepan! Please, get ahold of yourself! Your magic!"

He nodded, still huffing. He made a brief incantation, weaved it about himself, and a stream of blue energy entered his lungs, calming them. "Ahhh. S-sorry, Josefina. I was in a panic. I still am. What in the Nine Hells are we going to do?"

"I - uughh - don't know," she whined. "I didn't want this. I didn't even m-mean to have intercourse with you last night. It was - ahhh - my f-first time!"

"Mine too," he said, beginning to dress into his trousers. "I'll get the others. We'll sort out a spell."

"No! They can't know! I'm a freak! And now m-my belly, it - OHHHH!!!"

The pressure peaked. She managed to get herself to a sitting position, but she proceeded to topple back as the unbearable tightness gave away. To both their shock, her belly began to *expand*.

"OOHhhhh G-Goooooossss!! It's t-tight! I'm g-getting b-bigger! NNGggggghghhh . . ."

She groaned in response to the discomfort, which was tempered by a strange pleasure. She felt her belly blow up, but it wasn't just her belly either. Even as it expanded, inch by terrible inch, she felt her spine adjust, new vertebrae clicking into place while others expanded. Her entire form stretched, and she didn't know what to do. Once again Stepan had to cast a spell on himself to control his breathing as he staggered back. He fell out the back of the tent even as Josefina continued to groan.

"Why d-does it f-feel soooo good! I d-don't want th-thissss!!!"

Her belly lit up, the runic circle around her belly button intersected by dragon's teeth. It glowed a bright red, the magic she had absorbed clearly still within her, and now intent upon changing her. Josefina tried to stand, but the unexpected weight and altered sense of gravity caused her to land back on her ass. She squeaked as her hair grew out a little longer, as her shoulders widened, her rib cage too, though thankfully her breasts got not bigger. Still, she could only whine and clench her teeth shut as tendons shifted, as tissue grew, as muscles expanded.

Finally, it ended. She lay back, holding herself up with her hands, breathing heavily as her breasts bobbed slightly, and her enormous belly rose and fell. She looked fully six months now, though it was hard to tell: she was quite literally a bigger girl. She idly scratched her shoulder, feeling a rash that had developed from the strain. The same was true of her thighs, and a small bump just above her ass.

Stepan looked back to see Izabela and Ursula running towards his tent. Evidently, they had heard the commotion and were coming to investigate. Ursula raised an eyebrow, as did the professor, as they crested up the hill.

"Uh, why aren't you wearing a shirt, Stepan?" Ursula said.

"This is most irregular," the professor added.

"I was - well, in my tent-"

"Josefina was gone. Ursula decided to check on her earlier. Then we heard her call out. Her voice echoed this way - did you hear her pass?"

A bead of nervous sweat dripped down Stepan's forehead. Josefina could hear the commotion outside, and was panicking as well. She had no idea how much she had just grown, but it most certainly had to be related to that strange orb, as well as her odd appetites. Even at that moment, her appetite was returning, her large stomach growling like a beast. She scratched at the various itchy red parts of her body, not wanting to see her belly even if she was forced to feel it.

"Stepan," Ursula said, slapping the man on the shoulder. "What's wrong with you! She's your girlfriend. It's a simple question. Did you see her or - oh no. You cad! You absolute cad!"

It took the professor a few more moments to realise the train of Ursula's thoughts, but then her expression became one of anger. "Stepan, open the tent."

"There's nothing in there!"

"Then you won't object to opening it. If you have Josefina in there, against the strict rules of this expedition, the charter of our school, the code of gender mixing on camps, and - worst of all - the laws of our very kingdom about commoners cavorting with *princesses*, then I can tell you that trying to hide the truth will only bury you further beneath it!"

He coughed, barely able to control his breathing. It was like his worst nightmares were coming true. "N-no. You can't-"

"I am your professor, Stepan. I order you to open it."

"I'm telling you, she's not in there! She must be over the hill!"

But Izabela brushed past her only male student and reached out to pull open the tent flap.

"NO, DON'T!" came the loud cry from inside the tent. It was clearly Izabela's voice. Izabela and Ursula stared daggers at the man, who looked about to faint in the sun.

"Oh God, it's not what it looks like."

"I'll bet!" Ursula said. "How could you be sooo stupid, you moron! I did all my work putting you together, but not for you to bed her without good cause! Are you a total nimrod?"

"DON'T COME IN!"

But the professor opened the flap. "You can't hide Josefina. We have to deal with this situation. You don't understand the risks, foolish girl. Especially if you get . . ."

"Pregnant," finished Ursula, also sticking her head in.

The two looked at Josefina in awe, the woman not only physically bigger, but literally looking almost as if she were entering her third trimester of pregnancy.

“By the Black Mountain,” Izabela said. She and Ursula both saw the fading runic mark on Josefina’s belly, but not long enough to commit it to memory.

“Please,” Josefina said, trying to cover herself as much as she could, hiding her shame. Tears poured down her cheeks. “You n-need to help me!”

Her stomach growled. Loudly.

“And I n-need food! NOW!”

Josefina wolfed down the rations of the camp, despite Professor Izabela’s cringing concerns. Her hunger had returned, and it was arguably bigger than the night before. She was ashamed of herself, blushing terribly and continually facing away from the group as much as she could so that they did not see her terrible eating manners. She had been raised to be courtly and polite, and here she was eating with her bare hands with wild abandon, desperate to sate the monster within her that needed to be fed.

“Ohhhhhh . . . m-more!” she cried. “N-need more! Sooo hungry!”

“Princess Josefina,” Izabela said gently, “perhaps you could consider a pause in your eating. Whatever this magic is, it seems to be fueled by-”

But Josefina shook her head, wilting away. “P-please, Professor. I can’t s-stop it! I need more. I can’t explain it but it *has* to happen. I do not want this, and I feel terrible, but I *have* to.”

The beleaguered professor sighed, opened her satchel, and passed along some of the dried bread. “Perhaps you’ll want some preserved jam on-”

But uncharacteristically, Josefina simply snatched the food away and began chowing down upon it, a fact that made even Ursula shocked.

“I’ve never seen her like this,” the friend said. “Even when she was terrified of being seen as an outcast in the academy, or worse, a bratty royal, the closest she came to eating like this under stress was just a bit of overindulgence of the tennebar sweets. This is unnatural!”

“I’m w-well aware,” Josefina moaned, clutching her belly. It trembled, as if preparing to grow further, and she was thankful for Stepan by her side, rubbing her hand tenderly. She wanted him to rub her round belly, but there was no way she was risking another bout of impropriety. She already felt like dying of embarrassment from being seen in her tent!

The whole story had come tumbling out between her ravenous consumption of their rations, as well as a good portion of their honey wine. Josefina couldn’t hide her shame any longer now that it was made manifest on her body, and whatever humiliation that came from admitting she had ruined an artefact was insignificant against her desire to be normal - and

hopefully not pregnant. So she had told them every detail she could remember, repeating it over and over as the professor and Ursula both practically interrogated her. Naturally, Izabela was livid, but did her best to hide it.

Ursula did not.

“How could you be so stupid!” she had cried, batting her friend on the shoulder. “You’re smarter than this, Josie! And you promised I could see any draconic artefact you found to assess it, once Stepan had cleared it for magical traps, which this was *clearly* had.”

“I know,” the girl said miserably, trying to not rub her stomach, which was groaning for more food. “It was just a stupid curiosity. It looked harmless.”

She then told them about the previous night, with her prior bout of hunger as well as the . . . event that followed. Stepan went stony-faced as she tried to briefly allude without detail to the goings-on between them. She’d never even thought to admit such lurid and embarrassing details before, so most of her explanation had consisted of her repeating that she was “not that type of woman,” and that “it was the effect of the artefact, I swear it by all the heavens and their Gods!”

Ursula and Izabela looked to Stepan, who bit his lip, clearly unable to dig himself out of any culpability on his own part.

“You absolute dog,” Ursula said. “I can’t believe you took advantage of my friend! I can’t believe you failed to be a gentleman!”

“I’m sorry! I didn’t realise. But she was all over me, and saying these things, and I thought that -”

Josefina shrieked, her skin turning red. “Stop it! Please stop talking, all of you! This is humiliating enough already. I don’t want anyone to talk about that bit. I want you to fix *this*.”

She went on to tell them how she had woken with a belly, the red runic signs he had seen, and the inscription upon it. Moreover, how her body had actively *grown* in height and size. She had been a woman of a bit less than 1.8 metres before. Now, it was very clear she was at least two metres in height, if not taller. She was taller than Stepan now. Only the rather tall Izabella had a bit of height on her, but it wasn’t much. She’d somehow grown twenty centimetres in the span of seconds, and her belly had become larger as well. Not just in proportion to those other changes either: it had literally grown larger compared to the rest of her body.

Unfortunately, the explanations went no further, as she was wracked by further hunger, and the others had to discuss their thoughts and help soothe Josefina while she gorged upon their reserves of rations.

“What could possibly have caused this?” Izabela asked herself. “Such a change is astonishing, but I fear for my student’s life. Is she truly even pregnant?”

“We’ll have to see this chamber for ourselves,” Ursula replied. “And see this rune on her stomach again, should it reappear.”

“I can use my magic to detect when it returns, and to make an exact copy,” Stepan said. “That way we can heal my girlfriend. I feel so terrible about all of this.”

“Good! You were meant to help her come out of her shell, not make her even more awkward and weird!” Ursula snapped.

The professor stepped in. “Stop arguing, you two. We have research to conduct. Stepan, stay with Josefina. Ensure she remains in the shade and has enough to drink. We’ll plumb the depths of the ruins once more. Make sure our noblewoman doesn’t get into any further trouble.”

“And don’t *get* her into any further trouble,” Ursula added. “Try to keep your shirt on around my best friend this time.”

Stepan went to his girlfriend’s side under the shade of the professor’s tent, and took her slightly-enlarged hand. She whimpered a little, feeling utterly embarrassed. Her clothes were stretched far too tight, revealing much of her pale shoulders.

“I’m scared, Stepan,” she said.

“I know. Don’t worry, we’ll find out what this affliction is. I’ll do my best, I promise.”

He took her hand and kissed it. She blushed, as she always did, before scratching a red spot on her thigh. She did indeed look redder than she should have been. But he chalked it up to the sun.

Josefina startled, clutching her stomach again. It was hours later, and Stepan had not left her side. But the aches and pains and slight pleasures of further growth were coming. She could feel them.

“S-Stepan! It’s coming. I’m scared! I don’t want to grow again!”

“I know, my dear. I’ll be here. I need you to unbutton your desert coat and reveal more of your stomach to me.”

“But - but it barely fits! I might not be able to get it on again!”

“I know,” he repeated. “But I need to see the sigil. The rune.”

She nodded, bowing to the inevitable. Besides, she was afraid of splitting her clothing wide open. She did as he asked, and began to focus on her breathing as the professor had advised her to do when the time came. At least the others weren’t present. She was terrified of growing in front of them. She loved Ursula, but she would find it all too fascinating.

“Oh G-Gods. I c-can’t hold it off. I’m t-too full! OOHhhhh!”

She leaned against the hard stone behind her and held her large belly. She felt unbelievably pregnant already. How could women do this to themselves? It was absurd! She felt enormous, and heavy, and exhausted. But then the tremors began, and more changes were already on the horizon for her.

“NNGH! UUNNGGHH!!”

“The sigil! I can see it!”

“Get it d-down!” she groaned, as her limbs began to extend, as her spine elongated further, as something hard made itself known above her rear. “H-hurry!”

Stepan worked furiously, using his magic to copy its strange appearance. The rune was also growing, expanding as her belly expanded. Not just stretching either: as Josefina groaned terribly, her loins tingling in a reluctant bliss, the rune began to take on more complexity, with ancient symbols that looked draconic in nature appearing around the circular line, and even within the ‘teeth’ of the markings. A thicker vertical line appeared, like the linea negra of a deeply pregnant woman. It made Stepan uncomfortable to think about that particular portent.

“It’s changing! I’m getting it down!”

But all Josefina could do was groan even more loudly. This change was different than the previous expansion. Her womanhood, now deflowered so embarrassingly, was becoming wet and aroused. She panted as her nipples stiffened, and she had to fight the urge to feel her lower lips. She rubbed her belly, overcome with need. The base of her spine pushed out, extending a little, at least that’s what it felt like. Her ears seemed to burn, and her feet and hands flexed oddly without her permission. She clutched her gravid dome, gasping in waves of strange bliss as it bloated outward.

“Oh Gods!”

“Does it hurt? Are you alright?”

She clenched her eyes shut. “It f-feels t-too good! I’m feeling - oh Gods, Stepan! I need you again. I need you more than anything. I can’t explain it.”

Stepan swallowed. The girl already looked to be 2.3 metres and growing. Thirty centimetres in just a few minutes, far beyond anything natural. Far beyond the heights of most anyone, including men. Her clothing was being pushed to the very boundaries of what it could take. A seam gave. Followed by several more. Something was starting to rip apart. She had already pulled down her top slightly, simply so that her shoulders could be freed. And always her belly pushed outwards. He placed a hand on her enlarged thigh, trying to ignore how strangely arousing her panting was.

“We can’t, Josefina. You have to fight this, my dear. Ignore the feelings!”

“NO!” she cried, grabbing his shoulder with more strength than he assumed she had. “I NEED YOU! I NEED YOU TO BREED ME!”

She did. Gods, she did. By all the Gods and all the heavens and all the hells, and the Black Mountain beyond them all. The dream vision returned to her. The feeling of being gravid. The rain of eggs. Her body craved his seed more than she craved life itself. And with that need came a coursing of that now-familiar energy. A bolt of it shot out between them, from her belly straight into Stepan's chest. They both felt it at once; a strange connection between them. An unbreakable bond that let one feel the emotions and needs of another. Stepan was instantly overwhelmed by his girlfriend's arousal.

His cock hardened instantly, and her cravings transmitted straight to him.

"H-holy heavens," he exclaimed. "Wh-what just happened. I - I feel you!"

"I know! I know!" she gasped, clutching her body. The rashes were spreading, and she scratched at them. Her tailbone continued to jut out behind her, and her ears twisted, extending unnaturally. But neither could pay much attention to her unnatural expansions.

Both of them needed to consummate their relationship again.

To mate.

To breed.

Stepan immediately began pulling at her clothing, overcome with ravenous lust for his girlfriend once more, this time magically induced. He needn't have bothered: with a great cry of utter ecstasy, her coverings shredded, ripping apart to reveal her newly maternal form and altered body parts. She had red patches on her skin, and there was something off about her feet, but he didn't care. He needed to be in her, as much as she needed it as well.

"Lean back!" he shouted, and she did so, pressing back further against the rock she lay against. She spread her thighs automatically, feeling like a common whore in heat, yet uncaring in that moment.

"H-hurry up then! Before the others - oohhh - come back!"

He pulled down his trousers, exposing his cock. Her womanhood was already exposed to him. Her pubic hair was gone, vanished since their copulations last night, but once more he gave it no thought at all. He needed to mate this woman. He needed to *fuck* her. It was a good thing she'd gotten bigger, because it allowed him to position himself to kneel against her, clutch her big belly, and thrust his cock into her.

"Yesssssss," she moaned. "Keep g-going! I - ugh! - need it! I have to have it! This body needs to be bred!"

The runic symbol glowed even brighter as he thrust again and again. Soon the two were moaning in pleasure, Josefina in part agony. She was shamed as much as she was pleased: she knew she shouldn't be doing this, but her new magical instincts were too strong, and she could feel Stepan's own lusts through their bond igniting her own to ever greater heights. They fed upon their shared arousal. And despite how her slit had expanded, it still gripped his cock possessively, milking it for all the seed to come.

“I’m going to - I’m nearly there!”

“Ohhhh! Ahhh! Yesss! DO IT!”

He came. By all the Gods, he came. An onrush of semen flooded her for a second time in less than a day, perhaps in even more prodigious quantities. It was as if their bond made him produce greater amounts, and it pleased her, for that’s what her body needed. His racing seed entered her womb, and she could swear her body actually *felt* it.

“Mmhmmm, oohhhh, ahhhh . . .”

She clutched her belly, breathing heavily as finally the runic symbol finished glowing and disappeared. Her stomach expanded a couple more inches, the skin almost *creaking*. And then it was done. She was fulfilled.

“What have we d-done?” she groaned.

Stepan looked to her with guilt. “I’m so sorry, Josefina. My dear. I didn’t mean to, there was some kind of magic!”

“I know. Oh Gods, this is so shameful. I’m even bigger. What’s happened to me!”

Stepan pulled back, his cock sliding from her. Curiously, not even a small trace of his issue leaked out from her wet womanhood. It was as if her body had swallowed it all up, storing it for us. But his attention quickly went elsewhere, and he was unable to break the news to Josefina at first.

“What? What is it!?”

“Josefina. I don’t know how to say this, but you appear to be growing red scales. And long ears. And, well, a *tail*. Almost, um, a dragon’s tail, in fact.”

Josefina was struck silent. She had no idea how to process that at all.

She coped by fainting.

New Dragon

She dreamed of dragons in flight, once more. But her flight was short. Slow. Her belly was too full. Gravid. It did not rain eggs anymore. No, she was the one who carried the eggs.

She was their breeder. Their broodmother.

Her stomach clenched, and she swooped down towards land, where a lair awaited her entrance. It was time to lay. This was her role.

Forever.

Shadows shifted, talking to one another. From Josefina's waking, confused perspective, she could only make out the words, and was unable to realise just yet that they were talking about her.

"It can't be. Are you sure about the translation?" Stepan asked.

"Look at her, Stepan!" Ursula replied. She looked up at him, hands on hips in an intimidating fashion, despite her short stature. "Are you telling me that I'm wrong? She's got a godsdamned tail!"

"Not a big one!" he said, a little panicked.

The professor cut in. "But one all the same. Not to mention her feet have developed claws. And those red patches look to be growing scales. And her hair . . ."

"What about her hair?"

"It's going red, you lout," Ursula said. "Trust a man not to notice how a lady cares for her roots. Look."

Josefina groaned as her hair was adjusted, a small hand running across her scalp.

"See? Red roots. Her hair is literally turning *red*."

"I guess her ears do look strange. I thought, maybe something elven? Dragon's don't have ears, after all."

"But they do have crests, Stepan," the professor said. "This could be the start of one. My, this is fascinating. A real dragon, of a sort!"

The second utterance of the word 'dragon' made Josefina wake completely. She bolted up, or at least tried to. Her belly was too big. She groaned, and the three others of the expedition moved to calm her.

"Slowly, Josefina, slowly!"

She did so. She was partly on her side, and when she pressed her rear against the large mattress that had been placed beneath her, she nearly jolted again. There was something fleshy and very real sticking out from her backbone. It wasn't huge, perhaps just thirty or forty centimetres or so. But it was real.

"Oh Gods," she whined. "Oh Gods! I'm huge! And I'm red! And - oh dear! - my feet!"

Her feet had indeed altered. She could literally only see them past her big belly because she had lifted them in trying to move again. They were hard and scaled, and much bigger. Her toe nails had become yellow, extended like miniature talons. Just as strangely, her two smallest toes had fused together, and another was growing out the back of her ankle. Like a reptile's foot.

"No! NO! Stepan! Ursula! Izabela! Help me! You've - you've got to help me!"

Stepan rubbed her stomach, which was oddly calming. "Shhh, Josefina, wait. Just listen. Breathe, okay? Breathe, my dear."

She did so, basking in the bond between them. It did indeed calm her.

“We’re going to explain a few things to you,” Izabla said, taking the lead. “It’s going to be hard to hear, but you’ll just have to trust us. We discovered hidden writings in that passage you found, and were able to transcribe much of what Stepan learned of that runic symbol that keeps appearing on your stomach.” She paused a moment to remove her glasses, give them a quick clean, and place them back on. It was obviously a delaying gesture.

“Please,” Josefina panted. She realised she was just covered over by a large sheet, one that looked suspiciously similar to the spare used for their horses’ tent. Otherwise, her body was fairly naked. “What’s h-happening to me?”

The professor grasped the bridge of her nose for a moment. Ursula looked agitated, but there was also a strange frustration emanating from her. She almost looked annoyed at Josefina. Stepan, at least, was full of concern, holding her enlarged hand. She must have been 2.5 metres tall by that point, perhaps even taller.

“There’s no other way to say this,” the professor said. “Josefina. My lady. Princess. We have good reason to believe that - somehow, impossibly - you’re becoming a dragon. Or dragoness, to be specific.”

Josefina gaped. She looked to Ursula, who nodded glumly, a little irritated. Stepan nodded as well. “Y-you’re lying!” she said.

“I can assure you I am not. Stepan, show her.”

“I’m sorry about this, Josefina, but it’s the best way to show you,” he said. He cast his hands into the air and began to weave them, incanting a spell. She recognised it: it was one she could never do, no matter how many times she tried. It was a summoning spell for a mirror effect, one that could reveal beneath one’s clothing without any other seeing it. Often used by women to check their undergarments. Or sometimes shared with another, to tease them without anyone else being able to fully tell. Sure enough, a large one warbled into existence ethereally, not exactly physical, but certainly blocking out the view of the desert in front of her.

“My hair,” she said. “My feet. My feet! No, this is all wrong!”

The others waited in silence while she viewed her changes easily in the mirror, especially the areas her belly blocked. There was no covering sheet in this reflection, and her nakedness was shamefully displayed. It made the signs all the more obvious and impossible to ignore.

For one, the patches of red skin that were increasingly looking like they were developing scales. They were mostly over her legs, on her flanks, and - as she adjusted herself to see more - on her rear and tailbone. But there were some beneath her belly and on her shoulder blades.

For two, the strangely elongated ears. Like elven ears, just as Stepan had said. Only they had a red tinge to them also.

For three, her feet, which were the most draconic thing about her. They were large, and clawed, and quite terrifying for her. Their shape was all wrong. She flexed her toes, and to her horror the rear one - the one that jutted from the back of her heel - flexed a little too.

And lastly, and perhaps most confronting of all, was the tail. It was stubby, perhaps thirty-five centimetres long, and not yet flexible or controllable, as far as she could tell. Josefina wondered if having some control over it would be better or worse, and decided on the latter - it would make the whole thing feel all too real. The skin was reddened, and had a hard rash to it that was annoyingly sensitive. Small ridges were growing from the top like coarse, dried ripples of skin. She had little doubt that the scales would spread there too.

"It's - I can't deal with this. I'm not meant to be a dragon!"

"I'll say," Ursula remarked, folding her arms. "You pick up an item without thinning, and *you* get this honour?"

"Honour!?" Josefina cried, tears forming in her eyes. She looked down at her short friend as she managed to get to her feet. She clutched the sheet to her body, gestured for Stepan to dismiss the mirror, which he did. "I'm a freak! This isn't an honour!"

"You're literally turning into a dragon! An actual dragon, one who is probably pregnant with eggs right now if you hadn't figured it out. But you see this as a curse, don't you? Because you think it'll make you stand out!"

"Because I don't want this!" she cried.

"Then maybe don't touch artefacts! I've dreamed my whole life of finding something like this, and so has the professor!"

At that point Izabela gestured for calm. "Okay, everyone settle. We may yet be able to, uh, transfer this. We certainly can't dissipate it."

"Why not?" Josefina asked, holding her belly. She loomed above them all by half a metre or more. She was still grappling with Ursula's earlier statement: she could be *pregnant? With EGGS!?*

The professor frowned. "Josefina, I know you're scared. But we need to be realistic about this. Inadvertently, you have stumbled upon the greatest find . . . ever. Ever. In history. At least since the actual age of dragons, which was untold thousands of years ago. The transcriptions in the ruins described the orb as a final measure. A way to return the dragons to the world should they perish by transforming a 'servant', one who would become a great dragoness and be invested with the essence of their most fertile broodmares. And using the, uh, 'spark' of a fellow mate, she would birth the dragons back into the world, welcoming a new golden age for the world."

Josefina trembled. "But, what has that got to do with me? I don't want to be a broodmother! Everyone will look at me! Everyone will know!"

"And we will do our best to change you back, I promise. But we can't give this up. It's too important. For everyone. For everyone *in the world.*"

Josefina gulped, rubbing her belly. She wanted to shrink into herself and die, because she knew Izabela's words were the truth.

"We better be able to transfer it," Ursula said. "But in the meantime, I'll do my best to help you, Josie. I'm just - it'll take me time to get used to it. I'll put my best dragon knowledge forward to help you."

"As will I," Stepan said.

Josefina could only nod weakly.

Over the next three days, Josefina's boyfriend and best friend lived up to their words. Stepan did his best to soothe her, especially when the great bouts of hunger came on. Much to their shared embarrassment, it was discovered by Izabela that the magic of the orb apparently was designed to create a 'dragon bond' between the broodmother-to-be and an appropriate 'seeder' of the new race. Stepan wasn't sure he was 'appropriate' in that way, but nevertheless their bond was real. When she was hungry, he could sense it. When she was despondent, he could tell light jokes from his faraway home town to cheer her. When her clothing was uncomfortable, he could talk to Ursula about getting her better improvised garments from their spare supplies. But most of all, when she was horny, well . . .

"I c-can't help myself!" Josefina moaned as she got on all fours, her enormous belly nearly touching the ground. She looked to be perhaps eight months pregnant, and she certainly felt it. There was a hardness to her womb, as if she were definitely carrying eggs. She pulled up the back 'flap' of her 'tent-dress' to allow Stepan access to her. He was overcome with arousal himself, and quickly thrust into her. They had privacy while the other two were away, and both needed to fuck one another, to seed the future dragoness once more.

"I don't want to b-birth eggs, but I need you to p-put more in me!" she moaned. "It's all so w-wrong, Stepan. So unfitting! I just w-wanted to be left alone, now I'll be f-famous everywhere. Oh G-God! Keep going!"

As usual, he finally came inside her, even more than the first few times. Taking her from behind was new, but with her growing size, it was certainly the easier and most convenient way.

“Yesssss, ohhhhh Stepan! I c-can’t fight it! I swear I’m not that type of r-royal! My f-father would think that I’m - ahhh, but it f-feels sooooo good!”

Her voice became a sweet song of sultry pleasure as he pounded her from behind. He gripped her growing tail, which was increasingly covered in those not-quite scales, giving it a slight red colouration. It only made Josefina’s pleasure all the greater. As with all their obsessive couplings, their bond caused their mutual attraction and pleasure to heighten the others, forming a feedback loop of bliss that eventually saw him ramming his cock into her wet opening one last time before cumming wildly.

“Unngghh!” Stepan groaned, as his tight balls unleashed torrents of his seed into his lover. She in turn squeezed him for every drop, until finally her womb seemed to almost *hum* with satisfaction.

“Ohhhhh, I c-couldn’t fight it, Stepan. This curse, this ‘blessing,’ it’s making me so voracious. It’s so awful! I mean, it *fee/s* wonderful, but it’s terrible. I’m going to keep changing, and it terrifies me.”

Always he comforted her, but always neither were able to resist the other. Her legs slowly morphed over those coming days, even as Ursula and Izabela researched and studied every inch of the underground ruins, and even as Stepan pushed his magic to the limits trying to find a way back. Josefina herself was actually being studious for the first time in her life - she had no desire to become a pregnant broodqueen of a dragon, after all - and spent long hours reading and attempting her own weak magic. But even if there was a spell to undo the effects of the orb, she didn’t know it, and certainly didn’t possess the magic for it.

And so the poor, shy young noblewoman was forced to experience more hungers, voracious and unstoppable, causing her to consume ever more of their dwindling supplies. With no small amount of terror, she even found herself licking her lips at the sight of the horses tied up on the hill, despite their importance to the caravan they’d need to get back. Not to mention they had names!

And yet, she was unable to prevent herself from feasting. She had always under eaten before the orb, hence her perpetual thinness, but now she only bloated up. And it was no longer just her gravid stomach, but her thighs and upper arms. Her hips appeared to be widening, and her tail thickening, lengthening. Most of the changes were in her legs, which looked to be slowly adopting the digitigrade configuration of a classical dragon skeleton structure, but her hands were somewhat developing small dragon claws, much to her embarrassment.

“It’s all too much, Ursula,” she whined. “I’d do anything to be human again. If you really want this, I’d give it to you!”

Ursula stroked her friend’s back, lowered her hand to the woman’s altered thigh. By that point, Josefina was approaching three metres, and showing no sign of stopping. She

didn't like to stand though, because it only made her quite literally 'stand' out. Instead she was hunched over her ballooning stomach, crying again as her friend comforted her.

"I wish that too, Josie," she said. "You have no idea how much. To be a dragon! To actually birth the glorious race into existence! I'd give anything for it - but I am sorry for how I came across before. It's just - it's such a beautiful, wondrous thing. And to know *you* get to experience it first hand, whereas I have studied this, dreamed of this my whole life, and yet can only watch it. Feel it."

She ran her hand over Josefina's belly, and it made both of them tingle. There wasn't the bond that existed between Stepan and Josefina, but Ursula couldn't deny her growing attraction not only for Josefina's changing form, but also what she represented. A real life dragon was coming into existence before her. And for all her jealousy, her fascination continued to be piqued.

"You're growing horns," she remarked. She grabbed her handy stepladder and used it to reach Josefina's head. Even her increasing size made her loins tingle. She'd loved dragons, but now that she could associate a human with them, well, she was beginning to feel another kind of attraction to them.

"What? No!" Josefina felt at her head, and sure enough a small pair of horns were growing through her crimson-coloured hair. They weren't particularly long yet, merely a few inches, but they would no doubt get a *lot* longer. Dragons were known for their prized, magical horns after all. "Don't I get to keep anything? Oh, Ursula, people are going to look at me! They're going to *know* me, and make paintings and magical impressions of me. It's just - so awful!"

"There, there," Ursula said, kissing the transforming woman's forehead. "It'll be okay. We'll find a way to transfer it. Hopefully to me. By the Gods, I hope to be the one to lay dragon eggs, you have no idea!"

Josefina groaned, clutching her belly. "NGNhh . . ."

"Another change?" Ursula asked excitedly.

But Josefina just shook her head. "N-no. Not exactly. It's so embarrassing, by the Black Mountain, but I feel the need again. Please, you must get Stepan. I'll go crazy if I don't have him."

Ursula frowned. "Stepan is in the ruins, dismantling some of the final incantations in the rooms to see if they're of use. I won't be able to retrieve him."

"Noooo . . ."

"But perhaps I could be of help?"

Josefina raised her eyebrows. "You could? How?"

Ursula laughed. "Oh, my dear friend, you are so naive. Why do you think I never took a boyfriend, hmm? And why was I so close with Posie last year? You lie back, and I'll do my best to simulate Stepan, okay?"

Josefina nodded, awkward as ever. "Oh - okay. Are you s-sure you know what you're doing?"

But Ursula just made her lean back farther, and to spread her increasingly draconic legs. "That's right, spread them. Don't worry, it may be redder, but it's not anything I haven't seen before."

She drew close, licking her lips at the seeping slit that was Josefina's magically-altered womanhood. It was nearly twice as large as it had been, but recognisably womanly. And yet, for the dragon-obsessed woman, she found it arousing as the bathhouses of Lyanesium. It was a revelation.

"Hold still," she said over the woman's belly, where Josefina could no longer see her. "And don't crush me with those thighs." She grinned, then whispered to herself: "at least, not yet, you sexy dragon girl. I can't believe I'm doing this. If I can't be a dragoness myself, maybe I can *enjoy* one."

She lowered her face to Josefina's womanhood, and began to lick.

"Oohh! Oh, that f-feels most e-excellent!" Josefina cried. She trembled, clutching her belly. Her shoulders tingled a little, and her tail was a continual nuisance she wanted to be rid of. But Ursula's ministrations made her forget all about it. Even about the horns. She began to mumble and breathe rapidly at the sensations the woman produced. Ursula teased her lower lips with her hands, inserted four of her fingers into the transforming woman's enlarged opening. It was slick with juices, as if preparing to lay eggs, and that was enough for Ursula to lower one hand to her own wet crotch and begin rubbing it.

"Mmhhh," she moaned, sucking away at the throbbing clit of her friend. Josefina responded with a high cry, spreading her scaled legs yet wider apart to allow Ursula entrance. Soon the woman's tongue was upon her most sensitive parts, and the two were moaning together - though Ursula kept her own voice as quiet as she could.

"Y-you're doing it, Ursie! You're doing it! By the Gods, thank you! Thank you, thank you! I needed this, I needed - UUGGGGGHHHH!!!"

The orgasms rolled through her, and then Ursula produced her own as well. Josefina wobbled her stomach as another rocked through her core, only to be hit by another series of changes. Somehow, Ursula had sated her body in just the right way, and it was triggering more transformations.

"Gods, here it coooooomes!"

Her horns extended further from her scalp, spiralling out like screws. She clutched her head, even as her legs became red all over, and the bones clicked, altering configuration

fully. She yelped briefly as they became fully digitigrade, and the prominent red scales finally became to make themselves known across her feet, calves, and even sections of her thighs. Her talons extended, feet becoming larger, her rear toe becoming large in its own right, capable of forming a new kind of 'first' as it curled inwards.

"My-my HIPS!!"

Ursula stood back, wiping her mouth, amazed and still aroused. The sight she was witnessing was magnificent, and she was filled with a mix of jealousy and awe, and utter delight as well, as her friend's hips expanded outwards. The bone shuddered audibly as she developed a true set of babymakers, and it was only exaggerated by her height growth, which continued unabated. Josefina cried out, her cheeks blushing red in shame as her clothes exploded off of her, leaving her naked.

"SO. MUCH. GROOOOWWWIIIIINNNNGGG!!!"

Her body shuddered, expanding all over again, even larger than before. Ursula felt a strange ripple of magic within her, but it was not a bond. She cast a small incantation as her friend's shape continued to increase, then grinned maniacally at the realisation. It wasn't just Stepan's seed that allowed Josefina to grow into her role. No, having a willing participant nearby *urging* her to grow, *excited* to see her change, also sped up the transformation.

"Yes, do it Josefina. Become the dragoness."

She said it near-silently, so that her friend would not hear. After all, Josefina was not anywhere near ready to accept this role. She was more focused on how her tail was sliding outwards, becoming two, then three feet long.

"STILL G-GROWING! S-STOP!"

As if by command, her body did finally halt. Her horns were unmistakably protruding now, and her legs were now almost fully draconic. Her tail was impossible to hide, though not nearly so long as it would eventually become, if all went well.

"Oh dear," she breathed. "Oh dear. That was a big one! Ursula, what will I do!?"

Ursula was unable to answer for a moment, until she saw the Professor and Stepan running up over the hill in the far distance. Evidently, Stepan's bond had activated, sensing the change. Ursula looked over the remains of their food, then to the enormous size of the now-3.6 metre-tall Josefina, who was just beginning to stand awkwardly on her new feet.

"I think," Ursula said, "the only thing we can do is get you back to the capital, Josie. It's the only place we can help you."

Despite her redness, her flushed cheeks, her overly-warm pregnant body, Josefina still managed to go completely pale.

"To Herathon? But - people will see me!"

Ursula chuckled, sorry for her friend, but also excited. “I know, Josie. You’ll be very hard to miss. But it’s our only choice. I’m sure the professor will agree. We won’t have any food left soon, otherwise.

Josefina looked down at her bloated, heavy, enormous body. She was twice the height of her old self, and three times the weight if not more. Her tail twitched, and she gained some semblance of control over it. But walking on her new legs was difficult, unfamiliar. Alien. Her stomach growled, as if wanting the energy to be able to use those new legs.

“Oh Gods, I don’t have a choice, do I?”

To Be Continued . . .

Dragon Noble, Part 2 (Noble to Dragoness TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jorgamund

Josefina Asquith is a shrinking violet of a noble who is the 'spare' of her otherwise powerful family. Never one to like being in the spotlight, she leaps at the chance to investigate ancient draconic ruins alongside her noble boyfriend Stepan and friend Ursula. But when she finds a glowing red orb and touches it, Josefina is shocked to find that her body is slowly changing to become a mighty dragoness broodmare, destined to rebirth the entire dragon race. Soon the shy young noble will find herself the centre of a kingdom's attention!

Dragon Noble, Part 2

Going Home

Josefina tried not to think of what a sight she presented. She was too big for clothing now, and the other three members of the archaeological expedition had already seen her naked. Still, on the immense wagon that she was curled up on, she still took to having a sheet over her form just to hide it. She was scaled all over, and had a large tail that was urging to grow even more. Her ears were extending and hardening, likely becoming the first part of a majestic draconic crest. Even her teeth felt pointier, though at least the shape of her face was still largely her own, though there was the slightest suggestion of a cute little snout slowly forming.

All in all, it was dreadfully embarrassing for the shy young noble, particularly one who had been raised with a strong sense of modesty and preservation. Now, no clothing could fit her, she was a magical freakshow, and her belly was growing with what could only be fertilised eggs courtesy of her lovemaking with Stepan. A series of lovemakings, in fact, and none of them within the moral confines of marriage, as should be the case given her status. She should have been ashamed of that too, but thinking about them just made her bite her scaly lip and think very dirty, quite immoral thoughts. And then that led her to wanting him to fuck her all over again, and breed her full of more eggs.

"No, no, no, no!" she exclaimed to herself in her newly husky voice. "Not thinking about that! Not thinking dumb breeding dragoness thoughts. And certainly not wanting to be *even more* pregnant. Gods, father will kill me, if he doesn't mount my red scaly neck on the wall!"

In the meantime, the other three of the expedition continued to check on her. The progress was slow, especially because they had to stop to give her water, and a lot of food

that her stomach demanded, but they were also truly worried for her. As the head of the expedition, Izabela was fretting with excitement, but that excitement was tempered by the concerns of her student, who she did truly care for. As such, her visits were a delicate balancing act of showing deep patience and care for poor Josefina, while at the same time trying to sneak in repeated questions for her to answer concerning the draconic transformation, the transformative orb, and the instincts the young woman was developing.

“I’m so glad that you’re not hurt and that the magic has fused to you as a vessel safely, Josefina. Obviously, my primary concern is for you as a student . . . but could you tell me again of the nature of this bond between you and Stepan? When you change, does he feel everything too? Does your arousal inflame his? You have a breeding instinct, clearly, but how strong is it? Is it something you embrace, or something you cannot help but follow out of instinctive urges? And do you receive wisdom from the dragons of old, or will that likely be the province of your fertilised eggs? Will they be half-human, or does Stepan’s bond simply randomise the spiritual energy within your eggs, to allow for different dragon types to form?”

Josefina just groaned, clutching her naked belly where the eggs were still growing. Her tail shifted, revealing more of her form. Izabela, the professor that she was, began sketching her immediately.

“P-please, Professor, j-just leave me alone. I want my d-dignity at least!”

“I understand, and I’m very sorry. Your privacy matters most, particularly as a member of the royal family . . . but as a dragoness-to-be, do you feel your reproductive instincts have a limitation, or that you might be laying clutches until the race is fully restored?”

Josefina shot her a weary look. She was embarrassed to the nine hells and back, and while her body was now scaled a bright, crimson red, she hoped that the professor got the genuine sense that she would be blushing if she could.

“Gods beyond the Black Mountain, please no eggs at all! Not even these ones!”

The professor apologised and excused herself again, but poor Josefina couldn’t help but hear her mutter under her breath, “this would be so much easier if Ursula had been transformed. The information I could be writing down! Not to mention should be all over it.”

‘All over it’ was right. Ursula likewise dropped in to see her friend, and like Izabela her fascination with Josefina’s draconic form was obvious, though at least it was up front. The short, gorgeous blonde spoke admiringly of Josefina’s changing body as they travelled, but while this made the transforming noblewoman feel all the more awkward, she was still appreciative for her friend’s constant encouragement.

“You really are beautiful, Josie. I know you don’t feel it, and by the Gods you have every right now too, but look at those scales.”

“Not meant to have scales,” she whimpered to herself as they made camp for the night as part of their long journey back to Herathon. “Meant to have *skin*. Miss *skin*.”

Ursula cooed, and continued to rub the parts of Josefina’s shoulders where they were sorest. Neither of them had much doubt over what was likely going to develop there eventually, but for now it soothed the three metre tall woman. She lay across a great blanket beneath the stars, allowing Ursula to massage all over her body.

“I know. I wish I could switch places with you. I really do. But you are doing something wonderful and amazing and *good*, even if you can’t appreciate it yet. Your father will be proud of you. I know we all are.”

“The professor just wants to pepper me with questions. I’m a lab experiment.”

“Izabela is just excited because of what you represent. Please don’t blame her, Josie. I don’t blame you for taking this from me, because you didn’t. It was an accident. They happen, but sometimes the consequences stick. And as your best friend I promise I will do all I can to make you happy, including this lovely meal I’ve cooked for you.”

She went to the pot and pulled forth a near-boiled stew that bubbled with something that smelled so delicious that Josefina went nearly faint.

“By the Gods, what is that?”

Ursula grinned. “Boiled skink soup.”

“What!? Yuck! That’s so . . . beneath me. And also gross!”

“Not for a dragon! It’s tough, and it’s meaty. Trust me, I’ve done my research, sister. Just try some.”

She looked at it. “It’s near-boil. It’s much too hot.”

Ursula grinned. “*Not for a dragon, it isn’t.*”

And she was right. It smelled delicious, and Josefina’s stomach was once more growling with desire for food. It was a large pot, and yet now with her size increase it was little more than a large bowl to her. She took it and slurped it up: it felt boiling still, but boiling didn’t bother her, nor did it hurt her one bit.

“Okay, that is delicious. Which just makes me more miserable.”

“Well,” Ursula said, still her bright, cheery self, “I’ve got something else that will cheer you up. Remember the other day, when I could be Stepan? I could do that again, with my fingers . . . or my tongue.”

Josefina shifted - a struggle, given her belly. She tried to avoid using her claws too much, which were only getting bigger. She trained her reptilian eyes on her friend and raised a now-hairless eyebrow. “I don’t think that’s a good idea, Ursula.”

“Why not? Dragons *always* had more than one mate! And besides, you enjoyed it!”

“I’m *not* a dragon. I’m going to turn back. Then you can be one! I just want to sleep. Please.”

Ursula was disappointed, but left Josefina respectfully. What the transforming dragon-to-be couldn't know was that Ursula was feeding her as many draconic meals as possible, massaging places of future change too, and even applying her own magical runes to calm the girl. In her mind, it came from a place of goodness: she was aiding her friend in transforming faster, just as she should. After all, if she couldn't be the dragoness herself, she was damned sure to help her friend take on the mantle.

"You'll understand someday," she said to herself as she went to her tent. Josefina heard that with her better auditory senses too, but didn't understand the full implications of it. Instead, she coiled up her large body as much as possible and hugged her scaled belly, breathing slowly.

There was a lot of pressure to be contained.

The last individual was the one that visited her, thankfully, the most of all three. Stepan was still awkward around his girlfriend, particularly since the bond ensured they *really* felt one another's embarrassments and arousal, but he spent most of each day travelling beside her wagon or in it with her, talking to her and kissing her when the others weren't looking. This was most easily accomplished at night, when he left his own camp to see her, caressing her scaled form.

"Stop! Stoop!" Josefina said, giggling in a way that assured Stepan that she most definitely *did not* want him to stop.

"I can't help it. I like you too much."

His words made her smile. Even among all the changes, at least he hadn't left her side, even if he did occasionally hyperventilate at the thought of explaining to her royal father that he, a lowly scholarship student, was the one to 'do the deed' and fertilise her draconic eggs.

"I like you too," she said, caressing his back carefully with her larger arm. "I just wish things could go back to normal. I wish I'd never touched that stupid orb and ended up like a total freak."

"You're not a freak, Josefina. You're very magic, and still very beautiful. And I promise I'll do everything I can to change you back. I won't leave you. We're bonded after all, right?"

She smirked. "Well, I suppose you are right about that. It's funny, being able to know when you're awake and when you're asleep, when you're worrying, and when you're . . ."

She trailed off, and the two of them realised that one of her stubby finger talons had trailed down to between his legs, and had come up against something similarly hard. Stepan grinned sheepishly.

"Sorry, I can't help it."

"Is it the bond?"

He gave a sort of ambiguous shake of his head, as if he did not know. "Er, perhaps? Maybe? I meant what I said, you're still very beautiful."

"I'm literally turning into a gods-damned dragon, Stepan. A fat, pregnant one."

"Well, uh, motherhood is also beautiful, right? And dragons are the most beautiful and grand of all creatures?"

She sighed, not really comforted by what he was saying, but at least being relaxed by his presence. "Your moustache is beautiful," she finally said.

It was such a turn that it took him a moment to realise she was kidding - he'd been trying to grow that ridiculous thing for far too many moons. Together the pairing laughed, her voice booming louder than intended.

And then, predictably, the growling in her stomach began anew, disrupting the pleasant distraction. She shifted on the wagon, dispersing her weight so as not to splinter one of the boardings. "Damn it all to the nine hells, I need to eat."

"Are you sure? It was a big lunch we had?"

She sighed. Her tail began to shake impatiently. It was now long enough to reach to her knees - far too long in her opinion - and while she could increasingly control it, it had a habit of reflecting her mood at times.

"V-very sure. Ohhhh! Very! This is s-so humiliating, but I n-need more. And that wine of the professors - Gods, it was so good!"

She grabbed Stepan's arm, and her fingers easily wrapped around his lithe bicep. "P-please, can you get some? It's like some kind of craving. I can't even describe it!"

Stepan nodded. "Of course, Josefina. Of course. Anything for you. I'll be back!"

He snuck off into the darkness, leaving her to whine and moan and thrash a little on her wagon.

"Wh-when will it end?" she asked herself. "How b-big will I get?"

And as if to answer her, she felt her muscles, her bones, her tendons, all stretch a little further. Her ears extended that little bit more, her talons too, and her tail pushed forth with some effort, another few centimetres.

"NNghhhh . . . great. Just great! I bet Ursula would love this!"

The only respite was when Stepan returned with rations, foods, and the last remnant of honeywine from the professor's hidden stache. She devoured and imbibed it all greedily, guzzling it down as if her life depended upon it. Afterwards, she clutched her eight-month pregnant belly, the one that was verging on looking due soon, rubbing it as her stomach was packed full of contents to grow yet more dragon eggs. She whined a little, whimpering in response to the tremors in her belly.

"S-so, s-so big," she stammered.

"I know. It looks like a lot."

“I’m m-meant to be thin! NNghh! S-so tight!”

He caressed her belly lovingly for several minutes until finally the tightness dissipated, and she was left with a slightly larger dome than before. Still, despite her irritation at this, it felt good to have the hunger gone, at least for a time.

“You’re amazing,” she said, as he kissed her on her lips. “I can’t believe you.”

“Anything I can do to makeup for what I did to you,” he replied.

She gave a sheepish look of embarrassment. “You didn’t do this. I did. And this bond . . . I’m glad it’s with you.”

“Me too.”

It was at that moment that a new feeling rose up in Josefina, and one that she had been both dreading and anticipating with reluctant excitement. As her boyfriend’s hands stirred over her, she felt that heat return to her nethers with a vengeance. Her hunger quenched, her body’s priorities shifted back to insemination, and try as she might, the thought of having her gorgeous olive-skinned boyfriend mount her was too powerful to put away. She breathed more heavily, her now-husky voice a little raw.

“G-Gods,” she moaned. “Black Mountain. Again?”

Stepan found his manhood hardening in his pants. He could feel her arousal through their bond, and it was just as strong as it had been a couple of days previous.

“Oh. Oh, Josefina. Um, you’re making me very I-lusty right now.”

“I can’t help it!” the poor girl said. She ran her sharp taloned fingers through her red hair. “I need to get out of this f-fucking wagon!”

It wasn’t like her at all to swear, so Stepan knew she was being serious. With her impressive weight she clambered awkwardly out onto the ground, which was no longer sand but instead dry earth matted with soft plants. She moaned softly as she could, falling to all fours. Stepan couldn’t help but notice that she arched her ass high in the air, her tail sticking upwards, as if ready to receive his cock. Her womanhood was clearly soaked through, juices trickling slowly from the reddened slit surrounded by scales.

“UUghhh . . . n-need it so bad. Already s-so big!”

She wasn’t wrong: her belly was almost touching the ground as she leaned forward, round and full of heavy eggs. And yet her new dragon instincts demanded more, to bring forth the Golden Age of Dragons and rebirth their race entire upon the earth. She shook her body, which only emphasised her rear to her lover, inflaming his own lust. That lust then fed into hers, then back again, and so on until the bonded pair was almost *painfully* in need of sexual satisfaction.

“Josefina, do we fight it?”

She shook her head, feeling her crest develop further. From her red hair emerged several smaller horns that she knew would join up with the others eventually as they grew.

“C-can’t! N-need you in me. Need it s-so bad.”

Stepan grew closer. He wanted this, he knew he did, but he still felt so obviously guilty, and she felt that guilt through their dragon bond too.

“Maybe if we hold off-”

“C-can’t,” she whispered harshly. “I’ll only g-get louder, and then the o-others will wake up and it’ll be soooo embarrassing. Please, S-Stepan. Just breed me. Gods, I’ve never wanted it more. I need you to put more eggs in me. I need you to make me bigger, bigger, and bigger. By the Black Mountain, I need you to *mount* me. Mount me, p-please!”

Her begging eyes were too much, and indeed his cock was already hard and throbbing, his balls tingling with the need to expend his seed. He dropped his trousers as he took up position behind her. She lowered her rear just a little, squatting wider to give him the best possible access to her tunnel. It smelled warm, almost a little sulphurous, and yet sweet at the same time.

“Gods, you smell wonderful,” he remarked. “So inviting. Are you su-”

“Ask me again and I’ll seriously grow a dragon’s breath just to fry you.”

Stepan gulped. “Okay, then. I hope we don’t regret this.”

She shivered as he pressed his penishead against her remarkably sensitive folds. “Ahhhhh . . . I don’t c-care if I do. I just want you to cum inside me! I want it sooo bad! F-fuck me, Stepan! I don’t care if it’s out of wedlock or beyond our social classes or whatever, just f-fill me up, okay?”

“Whatever you say, my princess.”

His words made her shiver with excitement, and then she cooed again as he slid into her. Just as before, despite the increasing size of her womanhood, her vaginal muscles were remarkably flexible, and easily held tight to his impressive member as he slowly thrust into her, then withdrew, then thrust again, gathering inevitable speed. Josefina was lost in the throes of passion as she was mated. It felt right, Gods it felt so right, and soon she lowered her tail so that it draped over her mate’s shoulder, caressing his bare neck. It didn’t stop him: in fact, it only added to the sensuality of their magical bond.

“S-so good. M-more! More! Want all your seed! Need all of it! Do you f-feel it?”

“I do,” Stepan replied, keeping his voice as quiet as he could while he fucked her much larger form. “I f-feel your need. And Gods, Josefina, it’s giving me a need too. I’m about to b-burst!”

She stifled a cry of satisfaction at hearing that, at *feeling* that. She could sense the enormous amount of semen he was about to ejaculate inside of her, and it caused her to orgasm early just from the thought of it. He in turn gripped the wideness of her expanded hips, feeling her soft, yet armoured scales, and found himself aroused by how much bigger she was compared to him. Like a glorious dragon-woman, which she truly was.

It was enough to finally make him groan in ecstasy, and cum inside her.

The two barely managed to contain their moans, but they had to keep silent. Instead, they both shook, her almost collapsing as his seed gushed into her waiting room. She could just imagine it: more and more of her eggs being fertilised, her belly readying to grow ever bigger.

“Mmhmmttttt . . . oohhhhhh . . . y-yes. B-breed . . .”

She fell to her side on the ground, curling around her big belly, smiling in deep satisfaction. She had just made her whole situation worse, she knew it. So did he. But Stepan put his clothing back on and pressed himself against her big belly, and allowed himself to be held by his giantess of a girlfriend.

For that moment, at least, things felt right.

Neither noticed that Ursula was watching the entire time from the distant darkness, a silence spell cast to make her presence unheard. She was moaning too - silently, of course - as she rubbed her own womanhood, aroused by what she had seen.

And by the slow changes occurring to her best friend.

“OHhhhhh,” she stammered. “You’re s-so perfect, Josefina. I want to *be there* n-next time. I’ll do everything I can to make sure you keep being bred.”

After a few minutes, the pair shifted, uncomfortable. The arousal was still present, and it shocked Josefina, who thought it was done for another couple of days. Instead, she begged for Stepan’s touch again, and he was eager to answer. She rolled on her back and he positioned himself over her. And in moments, she was being bred all over again.

Ursula rubbed her own breasts, fondling herself, please and proud that her plan had worked.

The aphrodisiacs in the honeywine had done their trick, it seemed.

Slow Travels

The days of travel back to the capital continued, and Josefina found herself simultaneously wishing they could hurry up and be there as well as desiring never to arrive. Her body only continued to transform further as their little convoy continued, and each change was questioned and discussed at length by Izabela, and then felt over and touched and magically graphed by Ursula. It was embarrassing, and it only served to remind the royal daughter that while she was a noble, the formerly awkward girl would soon be the centre of attention at Herathon.

She couldn't imagine a worse fate. All those people looking at her, gazing at the bloated young woman in her red-scaled nakedness, still-growing to become a cursed dragon broodmother. Would she be put on display? What would the magicians of the academy think? Or her own kingly father? Or elder brother? She'd always hated being in the circles of nobility, but now each of them would want to study her, see her, or even cosy up to her for some potential power or favour in the new Golden Age she was supposedly meant to be bringing.

"Oh, it just sounds so terrible!" she whined to Ursula.

"You've overthinking it," Ursula said, running oil over her scales that had been simmered to just below a boil. It felt *magnificent*, though she was concerned it was making her scales come in faster - there were just a few places they had not grown in, and even her face was developing them in full now. "It'll be a hard adjustment at first, but you're tougher than you think, Josie. Besides, we'll be right by your side. I know Stepan has bonded with you - lucky man, by the way - but we friends have a different bond. And since I was the one that finally got you nervous lovebirds together, it's only right that I help deal with your babies."

"We're not using the 'B' word."

"Eggs, then, if you must deny it. But trust me, Josefina, you will overcome it. Besides, I'm a noble too, and can exert considerable willpower. You were always a little lazy in that sphere, but just you watch, I'll show you what a hardworking noblewoman can really do when she's the High Priestess of the Red Dragoness."

"You're making a religion about me now? Gods, that's so embarrassing!"

Her tail curled in horror just at the thought of it. She pulled her camp tarp against her naked, scaled chest, as if trying to hide entirely beneath it. Ursula just giggled.

"Oh, Josie, don't be nervous! I think it's a great idea. Gods and holy creatures get to dictate who sees them. Think of it as a way of securing privacy."

"I just can't th-think about that r-right now. Ohhh! Even thinking about it makes me nervous, and when I get too nervous, I - ahhh - f-feel this n-need!"

She rubbed her scaled belly through the tarp, trying to ignore the budding heat. Ursula's eyes lit up.

"I sent Stepan out to get some food, don't worry."

"It's - ahh - not food I need. I - this is so embarrassing, Ursula. I think my b-body wants to grow. Can you - ahh - can you do that thing you did before, with your hands?"

Ursula cheered. She danced on the spot as she gestured for the 3.6 metre tall dragon-woman to lie on her side.

"I'll do even better, my wonderful friend. I'll use my *tongue*."

Josefina huffed in arousal, the heat inside her needing an outlet. She could never have imagined she would need such treatment, but now it was all she could think about.

“P-please do,” she said. “But be gentle! I’ve never - oohhhhh!”

Josefina was already between her thighs, lapping at her draconic slit with her tongue, and drinking in its wetness. Josefina huffed again.

“AAhhhhh - mmhmm! D-don’t stop! I n-need to grow!”

Afterwards, the usual growth occurred. Her ears fused to the side of her head and grew another inch. Their matter was hardening, becoming like bone, or steel. Most definitely like a crest. Furthermore, her spiralling red horns were now over nine inches long, impossible to hide by any measure, even with those ridiculous hats worn across the Southerlands. Her body extended in height several inches, and her tail pushed out further, even gaining some ridges; similar ones were appearing along her spine, which brought her no end of frustration. Her mouth even pushed out a little, forming a cute but noticeable snout that would only get longer. And were her teeth getting sharper?

She ran her tongue across them.

Yes, definitely sharper. The kind of teeth that would be meant for rending flesh and even hard bone, and gulping it all down into a furnace-like stomach. Josefina bore all these changes with as much dignity as she could bare, which wasn’t all that much given her nature. Still, her friend comforted her, despite the fact that she was even shorter compared to her now, being easily less than half her own height.

“It’ll be okay. It’s a beautiful thing, you’ll see.”

It was a worldview she continued to espouse in the coming days. Ursula still hoped for a way to change Josefina back, but there was an eagerness to her best friend that sometimes became rather worrisome. The short, beautiful blonde made no secret of the fact that she found Josefina’s changes marvellous, and even a little bit sexually exciting, and while Josefina would normally try to set boundaries, there was at least a wonderful comfort in being fed, massaged, and cared for by her friend. She was showing her love, in her own way, and it was quite nurturing, she found. Certainly, the woman’s immense understanding of dragons paid off when it came to caring for a future one: whenever a spot was a little sore, or her position a bit too uncomfortable, Ursula was there to give her the right remedy, magical or otherwise. And the food, of course, was divine, even if eating these days made her quite horny in the aftermath, and she had to seek out Stepan. And if Stepan was off elsewhere hunting for the group, then Ursula was there to please Josefina with her fingers, or as she had done so recently, with her tongue as well.

The journal began to gain speed, at least. With her impressive height and expanding musculature in her legs, Josefina found herself walking for longer periods. She still felt lethargic from the sheer size of her belly, which looked utterly overdue on her figure by that point, but with the increasing power of her limbs, moving alongside the caravan was not as much of a bother as being on a wagon. Besides, she was practically too big for one now, and it creaked in awkward ways. As such, the group had collectively decided only to transport her when she was overly-tired from holding up her heavy pregnant belly, or when they were distant traffic coming the other way, in order to keep her presence secret.

The last was particularly important. More than once, a party came past them along the old trading road, despite them choosing that path because it was windier and less travelled. Merchants, wayward travellers, and even bandits roamed such areas occasionally, and each time Josefina was required to awkwardly clamber into the wagon, have a couple of tarps tossed over her, and endure minutes and minutes of this unendurable stealth. It was difficult when she felt a pang of hunger, or worse, arousal. Once, it got so bad that she literally *lifted* Stepan away and carried him into the privacy of the woods. She couldn't look her professor in the eyes as she did so, and knew that if she was still human she'd be blushing bright red. But she needed to be mounted and bred, and moments later the sounds of orgasmic moaning and thrusting continued for several minutes, until finally he filled her with his issue once more.

This time, she roared, and a small flame burst from her throat into the air.

"By the Black Mountain!" Stepan called, nearly collapsing backwards. "You can breathe fire!"

She gave an awkward grin, though it no longer fully suited her scaled snout.

"Um, surprise? I guess I'm a dragon, right? Please don't tell the professor!"

He swore not to, and the journey continued, both of them shocked by this new development. Occasionally, she belched smoke, and this was enough to get Ursula's interest. She kept a keen eye on this new mother of dragons, and each change brought an equal mix of jealousy and joy.

"Tell me when you roar fire, of course!" she reminded her.

The changing noblewoman just gave her blankest, most unreadable face - easy with a snout - and said with level seriousness, "I promise I will, Ursula. B-but for now, I think I n-need more food."

Ursula laughed. "You're lucky we're only two days out."

Josefina couldn't exactly agree. Her footsteps now shook the ground around her, and her legs had swollen along with her hips, so that they now had the lizard-like appearance of a great beast. Her tail extended down almost to her ankles, and yet a further pressure still exerted within it, willing to grow further. To be long enough to snake across the ground as

she moved. Of course, she was just as worried about her arms. They were still similar in nature to human arms, but for how much longer? Would she end up with draconic front legs as well? And when would her wings come in? Surely, if she were getting stuck as a dragon, then the best part of all could not be denied to her. At least among the clouds she could theoretically find some privacy, even if she were still packed full of eggs.

“If only I can get something good out of this. No, that’s not right. I won’t, because ‘this’ is not something I’m going to be stuck with. I’m a noblewoman, not a dragon, and even if I have to learn how to coexist at court I’d rather that than be some permanently pregnant broodmother!”

It was a vow she made to herself. If Ursula loved the idea of dragons so much, they could find a way to transfer this ‘blessing’ to her instead. But Josefina would have none of it.

They were only a day away from being in sight of the capital when things went wrong. Josefina had already eaten almost the rest of their rations, and so they were subsisting off of the fruit they could find and what Stepan could hunt. Ursula was with Josefina while they waited. The dragoness-to-be was on her side on the road, breathing slowly, taking a rest from the long walk. The blonde student rubbed Josefina’s belly with oils, and incanted spells to keep her relaxed. It was wonderful.

“So, you and Stepan seem to be enjoying yourselves,” she whispered, as the professor moved ahead to do her own academic writings.

“I - I don’t want to discuss it.”

“C’mon, we’re both girls. I mean, you’re a bigger girl now, but you’re literally bonded with him. Must be nice, to feel both your pleasures at once. To have those urges.”

Josefina coiled her tail around one of her legs, trying not to look at Ursula. “It - it was nice. It’s really nice. But each time I change more, and I’ve got even more eggs in me! I look almost due with twins, now!”

Ursula grinned. “I know, isn’t it exciting?”

“You’ve seriously got to stop this. Please.”

The noblewoman nodded, pausing to change tact. “Josie, I don’t want to make you uncomfortable. It’s just that since I confessed my nature to you, about liking girls - which by the Gods, girl, you should have been able to guess already - well, I’ve started to realise maybe I don’t just *like* girls in general, but maybe I like you two. I mean, we’ve gotten along so well, and I’m sure we share as much, if not more than you and Stepan do in common. I just think that maybe you and I could . . .”

She let the possibility hang in the air, grinning a little, in that half-confident, half-sheepish way of hers. And while Josefina was ready to dismiss the possibility outright, the feel of Ursula's fingers across her smooth scales made her almost purr with an undercurrent of bliss. The sensations of Ursula pleasuring her had been immense, and the desire to feel her tongue, her soft feminine touch, had only grown. She just hoped Stepan still thought she was just pleasuring herself when he felt her sexual excitement through their bond, because as she looked at Ursula in that moment, the other woman waiting for a reply, Josefina did indeed feel a strange lust.

"Ursula, I can't - I know it feels wonderful, and you really like me like this, and you've done s-so much, but . . . oh Gods, I'm not sure. I'm feeling so many things right now.:

Ursula took her moment. She moved up besides the dragon-woman's face and planted a kiss directly on her lips, keeping it there for longer than perhaps even she expected. To her own shock, Josefina returned it, placing a large red arm around her friend's waist, and feeling the magnificent curve of her own wide hips.

"Mhmmm, oh U-Ursula - you - this is - ahhh!"

"BANDITS!!!"

The two lovers pulled away, so quickly in fact that Josefina rolled a little onto her belly and ended up groaning from the pressure in it. There were far too many eggs inside her, and she had no idea how big they were going to get. Professor Izabela was running at full pace towards them, the dark-skinned woman in an absolute panic.

"BANDITS!" she repeated at the top of her lungs. "Where's Stepan? We needed him!"

"Still hunting," Ursula said. Her heart was beating so fast that Josefina's enhanced draconic senses could hear it. "How many of them? I could use a counterspell. I know some defensive weaves."

"As do I," the professor called back, "and I managed to get one of them with a lancing strike spell. But there are at least twelve more, and coming fast from around the corner! We must act! They believe we carry precious cargo no doubt - and they are more right than they think!"

Both sets of eyes turned to Josefina, who was struggling to her immense, golden-taloned feet. Her rear talon sunk into the earth, gripping it and helping her stay upright. Her tail was necessary just for a counterbalance. From her height, she could see black-armoured figures approaching from less than a hundred feet away.

"Oh, Gods!" she cried, clutching her naked figure. "They'll capture and take me away! What do we do? I can't *do* magic."

Ursula planted a quick kiss on her belly - she couldn't exactly reach her lips now, after all, not by far - and began to incant a defensive spell. "Don't worry, gorgeous. I won't let you fall into their hands. You won't become some bandit's pet dragon breeder."

“Black Mountain, I didn’t even think of that.”

The bandits rounded the corner, and they must have been quite successful, for nearly all were in heavy armour, sans their leader, who wore a wizard's robe. They were well-armed too, with swords and crossbows, maces and the one wizard staff. Professor Izabela and Ursula gathered themselves in a defensive posture, protecting the now very obvious dragon-woman’s presence. It was enough to catch the bandits briefly off-guard.

“Give us everything in that wagon and - by all the Gods above what is that thing!?”

“It’s a dragon!”

“It’s a woman!”

“It’s a dragon-woman,” said their leader, and his eyes lit up like stars, a malicious grin upon his features. “I’ve heard stories of such things. Ancient ones. Boys, look at that big ole belly of hers. This lass is ripe for the taking. If we take her, we’ll be the most powerful men on the continent. Kill the other two, but secure her!”

They rushed forward, impelled by their leader. Josefina stepped back in a hurry, only to topple over her own tail. She squealed as she did so, just managed to dodge a freezing spell that might have immobilised her. Izabela and Ursula shot forth spells to incapacitate, wound, and yes, even kill. The young blonde student was particularly ruthless.

“You. Will. Not. Touch. My. JOSEFINA!” she cried, as if protecting her love. It made the transforming woman’s heart flutter with something approaching awe, perhaps even attraction. Izabela’s trap spells exploded, sending bandits left and right, but several of them were countered or diminished by the opposing wizard, who was not himself unskilled. He duelled in a flurry of summoned hands of earth, smacking aside tree roots that the professor shot forth in turn. They continued their battle, leaving Ursula to immobilise, freeze, and flamespiral as many of the bandits as she could. But she was no combat enthusiast, and it was clear she was being overwhelmed, especially when an arrow caught her in the shoulder.

“No! NOOOO!!”

Josefina felt something build deep within her, a roiling anger that was bestial, instinctual, *primal*. She couldn’t explain it, but all at once her fear dimmed, still present but more like a background noise that was easily ignored. She launched forward, overwhelmed with fury at the bandits that would dare hurt her friend . . . her lover.

“YOU WON’T HURT HERRRRR!!”

Her belly proved quite the opposite of an impediment: she used it like a battering ram. It smacked aside two bandits, sending them flying across the dirt path. Two more moved to intercept her, and operating on pure instinct she twisted, causing her tail to flick out and crumple on of their helmets. The bandit panicked, flaying about as he tried to remove what was now blocking his sight. The other bandit halted just long enough to rethink his tactics. He drew a longsword out, but before he could strike with it, he was hit in the leg by

an arrow. He cried out, and it was then that Josefina's bond activated, and she realised Stepan was up on the left hill bank, having returned with spare arrows. He rained down more shots upon the enemy, and it was enough to start overwhelming them. Ursula struggled, pulling back against the advance of one soldier, but again Josefina moved forward, her heavy pregnant form quaking the ground. Her body was changing further right before their eyes, empowered by her embrace of its nature. Her crest grew in more, now noticeably a crest, while her two horns before it thickened and expanded. Her jaw distended, snout lengthening as sharp teeth became almost serrated in nature. A longer tongue slithered in her mouth, and for a few moments she was unable to even speak properly.

"RRRAARRGGGGGHHH!!!"

One of the bandits screamed, horrified at the fact that she was growing inch by terrible inch in real time right before them. Her tail pushed forth, swelling at its base, but rather than fight the change she openly accepted it, refusing to back down if it meant saving her friends. It slid against the earth, and a series of spines jutted from it, golden just like her talons. Her hips cracked wider, appearing even more fertile than before, and even her arms changed, cracking and shifting so that they looked almost capable at walking, growing to be near equal in length to her legs. But she could keep a bipedal stance for now, and that greater height terrified her enemies, especially what what came next.

"RARRHG - OOHH! AAAH! NNGHH!!!"

The two sore mounds at her shoulder blades shifted, expanding a little down either side of her back. And then, all at once, they *surged* forth, exploding outwards in a magical creation of flesh and bone, tendon and leather, leaving her with two great red wings. They were not nearly large enough to carry her, not by far, but they were easily two metres wide each, and could extend to make her look even bigger. Ursula, still wounded on the ground, looked up to her like she was a goddess, and for just a moment Josefina was proud of her body, pregnant and huge and inhuman as it was.

The bandits fled, but the dark wizard remained. With a quick counterspell, he trapped Izabela in her own pillar of ice, so that only her shoulders and head were out of it.

"No! Josefina, run!"

For a moment, Josefina nearly did. She was naturally shy, after all. Fearful. She hated confrontation, and what could be worse than a confrontation with a powerful wizard intent on capturing her.

"What a prize you'll make, my pretty," he snarled. "A dragon's eggs have not been seen for thousands of years. They'll fetch power and price beyond all measure, that's for certain!"

Immediately, a strong maternal instinct reared in Josefina. Until this moment, it was only in dreams and during sexual congress that protective thoughts about the contents of her

belly flared into being, but now those flares became a roaring fire. The notion that this evil man would try to steal *her* eggs, *her* future children, the product of her and Stepan and the ancient bloodlines of dragons long vanished, it filled her with fire.

Literally.

A sudden rush of power accelerated out of her lungs, and before Josefina even knew what she was doing, she poured flames from her mouth, screaming it forth in a deadly pillar. The wizard dodged, fearful in his expression, and quickly threw up a magical counter. But it was too late, and too weak: even Josefina in her lazy study knew that dragon magic override every other kind. And now *she* had dragon magic.

The wizard's runic protections tore apart before her flame, and he was suddenly overwhelmed by her jet of fire. It lasted only moments before she began to cough and splutter, smoke pouring from her bulbous nostrils, but by that point the wizard was gone. Only a smoking charred body remained.

Stepan ran from the hillside. "Josefina! Are you alright!"

But Josefina was already awkwardly lowering to all fours. She would have been certainly over four metres in height by then, and her hands were harder to use. She was trying to inspect Ursula's wound. It didn't look good. There was a lot of blood. It had hit a major artery, and the girl looked weak. She must have panicked and not made a healing spell in time.

"B-breathe on m-me," Ursula stammered.

"Wh-what!?" Josefina managed, figuring out her new jawline.

"F-focus. I trust you. I meant what I s-said earlier," she said. She glanced to Stepan, clearly deciding not to reveal what she was referring to. "You c-can heal me. Dragon magic. I kn-know you can do this, Josie."

Josie nodded, still not used to seeing her own snout in her vision. She focused inwards, ignoring the pressures in her belly, or even the hunger she had for that smoking body. She felt something stir, something instinctive and full of life energy. And then, keeping her focus on that, she did something she'd never successfully achieved before.

She magically healed someone.

Josefina breathed not fire, but a warm gust of air that healed the wound. Stepan was amazed. He pulled the arrow out as the flesh knit together, and in moments the wound closed.

"By all the Gods, that was amazing."

Even the colour returned to Ursula's cheeks. The studious magic user grabbed Josefina's lizard-like head immediately and planted a wet kiss on her 'lips'.

"*She* is amazing," she corrected. "And it worked! I knew it would. A good thing you don't know healing spells Stepan, or she never would have tried it."

"I *do* know healing spells. I was just preparing one. You know that."

Josefina looked at Ursula with shock. "Are you serious?" she said, voice even deeper now, perhaps even older sounding. "He could have healed you the whole time?"

Ursula grinned mischievously. "I probably could too. But I had to see you do it! And now you know you can!"

Josefina was annoyed, especially given all the changes her body had just gone through, but she couldn't deny that the woman was right. For a long moment she simply got her breath back, sighing in relief that they were all still safe. And that was when a fourth voice spoke.

"This is all good and wonderful that my students are learning magic and getting along. But if you really don't mind, I'd rather not spend the rest of my summer STUCK IN THIS GODSFORSAKEN ICECUBE!!!"

"Sorry professor!" they all called at once.

"Maybe Josefina's fire can get you out!" Ursula said.

The professor just raised an eyebrow, as if the suggestion was not particularly useful. Josefina was happy to at least try to melt the ice with her breath, however. Anything to get away from that burning remains of a wizard. To her new draconic nostrils, it smelled far, *far* too tasty.

Gates of Herathon

Finally, they were about to arrive. The white walls of Herathon in all their striking glory were only a thousand or so feet away, and getting closer with each turn of the wagons wheel and the horses' trots. Josefina was incredibly nervous, not least because, despite her agonised pleas, Professor Izabela had seen fit to send letters ahead by magic to inform the Academy, the Royal Court, and the Historical Society of what had happened. That was only yesterday, after the bandits had attacked and the professor had decided anonymity carried too many risks by that juncture. Which meant that, by now, the city's higher administrations and more learned cultural centres would be buzzing with anticipation, expecting a hoax and yet excited to be proven wrong.

It also meant that for poor Josefina, she was hiding beneath the tarp on their largest wagon, nearly overwhelming it with her size. It was slow, incredibly slow as a result, and the wood creaked loudly, constantly threatening to break. Ursula kept stride beside it, trying to encourage Josefina, while Stepan kept pulling the tarp that way and this way, trying to keep her hanging tail, draping claws, or golden-scaled belly out of sight.

“Ughhhhh,” she groaned. “Soooo hungry . . .”

“Not long now, dear,” Stepan said, brushing her flank before covering it. “We’re nearly there.”

“Can’t we go back?” she rumbled. “I feel so ridiculous. My belly is even bigger and I’m bloated and I’ve got scales! My breasts are even disappearing!”

Izabela gaped. “Josefina, you should keep a civil tongue!”

“But it’s true! I don’t even have nipples anymore, and it’s all sinking back into my chest. It’s awful!”

“A dragon doesn’t need breasts,” Ursula said lightly. “Their clutches contain all the nutrients their young need.”

“Ughhh, like I need reminding of *that*. Are we there yet?”

“Nearly,” said Stepan. “We’re about to reach the gates of the city. There’s - oh my, there looks to be a party ready to greet us. Um, don’t be too alarmed, Josefina, but it looks like the king is among them.”

“WHAT!?”

Her voice roared, and a nearby apple seller nearly overturned his applecarr out of fright. The group hushed the hidden dragoness-to-be, though her stomach growled almost as loudly not too long after.

“It’s a big oxen!” Stepan explained, to a traveller as they passed. “Just . . . a little sun-shy! Hence the tarp!”

It may have been the most unconvincing lie in existence, but the traveller just shrugged, clearly wanting nothing to do with whatever monster was under there. “Leave it to the city guards,” he just said. “They’ll sort out this . . . ‘oxen’ of yours.”

Josefina heard this, and tried to hide deeper under the covers, not that it was possible. Somewhere, a plank of wood gave way, and a nailed section came loose and fell off the side of the wagon. The horses strained to even pull it, and knowing this made Josefina even more embarrassed. All she could do was stroke her heavily pregnant belly and hope that this would be over sooner and later.

“Why, why do I have to see my father? Can’t he just see me privately!? This is going to be the utter worst!”

She wanted to crawl into a hole and die, and it was only the confidence Stepan gave her, her bonded mate always reaching out to stroke her back, that helped her centre herself. Ursula was similarly helpful, doing her best to cast magic runes to keep the wagon from exploding or the horses from tiring. But a thousand feet is not a long distance, all things considered. The great white walls of Herathon, capital of the kingdom, were soon right before their procession. The magnificent city lay beyond them, a population of over five

hundred thousand, almost all of whom had no idea that a new Golden Age was upon them, and in the unexpected form of the king's famously talentless and overly-shy daughter.

The wagon pulled to a stop.

"Oh Gods, deliver me," Josephina squeaked, though even a squeak from her now had a slight boom to it. "Maybe we can still turn around."

"None of that now," Izabela said. "Don't worry, my student. I will handle this. You may have to reveal yourself, however."

"Gods . . ."

Stepan, sensing her humiliation and anxiety, got up into the wagon with her, and began stroking her neck, which had started to become just that little bit longer. She was a fan of his comforting massage, though certainly not of the whole 'elongating neck' part. Ursula strained to simply keep the wagon together while the two had their fun. She looked on, more than a little jealous, and tried to avoid letting that emotion overwhelm her. If only there was a way to forge her own bond with Josefina. If she couldn't replace her, as she suspected was the case, then perhaps . . .

The thoughts were halted as the king's representative spoke. He was a thin man, but his voice boomed, high and clear.

"King Maximilian Asquith bids you welcome back to Herathon, Professor Izabela, as well as your students, among them his beloved daughter. Your letter indicated that a change has come over her, one of incredible interest to our mages, and to the security of our kingdom, of our very future, in fact. Can you confirm this is the case?"

"My King, I am honoured to be in your presence," Izabel said, bowing. "And I can attest to the facts of my letter! It is all true, and remarkably so!"

"Is young Josefina with us to confirm these facts?"

"She is, good sir." She indicated to the wagon, under which a large form was buried beneath the camp tarp. "She is the reason we moved with all haste to return."

It was the king that spoke this time, after conferring with his speaker. His voice was low and booming, contain a brass resonance that could only belong to a mighty king, the kind of confidence his daughter had never inherited.

"I would see my daughter now," he said.

Josefina, hearing all of this, cringed further, whispering to herself. "No. No, no, no, no, father. Don't do it!"

Izabela paused. "Uh, my king, perhaps that is not the best idea right now. I would suggest that within the privacy of some sanctum, perhaps the Archives, that it would be best to -"

"I would see my daughter now," he repeated, and there was no mistaking that he would not say it again. The king did not have an ounce of magic in his system, but a

powerful force of personality was its own magic, in a way. He brought his horse forward until he reached the wagon, and then dismounted. Josefina smelled her father approach, heard his footsteps. Her body was so hungry, and there was another loud rumble in her belly which she knew only increased his curiosity.

“Sorry, Josefina,” Stepan whispered. He kissed her hips, then left her side, got out from under the tarp, and then awkwardly stepped off the wagon so that he could bow before the king. Maximilian Asquith nodded at the boy, and gave a slight bow to Ursula, who bowed back as best she could while trying to bind the wagon together. It was splintering apart, and her brow was matted with sweat as she focused.

“She is under here?” the king said.

Stepan nodded. “Yes, my king. I am afraid . . . she is much changed. Are you certain that-”

“I will not take the advice of one vaulted from such a low class,” the king said. “I wish to see if what you have said is true. Josefina, reveal yourself.”

“Um, I don’t want to, father.” Her voice was lower in its new, slightly raspy tone, but there was no mistaking that it was hers, even if it sounded more mature now.

“Josefina, I am lifting the covering. I *will* see you, and what mischief you have gotten into once more.”

“Father, please. It’s really, really embarrassing! Please tell me that my brother isn’t here.”

“He is waiting at the gates. He is eager to see you.”

“To mock me. Please father, I look ridiculous. I *feel* ridiculous. I just want the mages to look at me and change me back so that no one ever knows that -”

Maximilian tore off the cover, and suddenly the blinding light of midday fell upon the dragon-woman, and the king’s jaw fell at the sight of her. It was exceedingly clear that he was sceptical, certainly, but even more so that he did not expect her to be so incredibly changed regardless, or to be so big.

“My word . . . *Josefina*? It - it can’t be?”

She lifted her neck up slightly, one clawed hand on her distended golden belly as she did so. “Um, hey, Dad.”

He gaped, searching her eyes, the eyes that had changed to the similar golden yellow, complete with lizard-like vertical slits. And in that moment, Josefina’s father seemed to recognise her.

“By all the Gods and the heavens beyond, it *is* you, my daughter. What on earth have you done to yourself?”

“I, uh, picked up something I shouldn’t have.”

“I should certainly say so. I - I can scarcely believe it. My own daughter, a dragoness. And pregnant! How?”

“Can we talk about this inside, father? I don’t want anyone to see me! You can agree on that at least. And if brother Aurelius sees me he’ll never let me live it down, even out here in the open. Just get me to the Academy. Please.”

For a moment, Maximilian seemed almost unable to hear his daughter. He was too busy looking over her body, her wings against her back, her spiralling horns and growing crest, her digitigrade legs and altering arms, which were longer than they should have been were she a standard humanoid race. But most of all, his eyes kept lingering on her swollen stomach, which made her feel all the more like some object on display.

“A belly full of dragon eggs, I never would have believed. To think I assumed you wouldn’t even be successfully married off, and now you herald a new golden age in your womb.”

“Father, it’s your daughter you’re talking about. That’s *my* womb, and I’ll not have you talk about it like that!”

There was a prolonged silence. Ursula and Stepan were trying very hard not to look Josefina’s way, the professor too. The king was shocked.

“My daughter, it seems a dragon’s fury has rubbed off on you. It can only be a good thing. Come then, cover her up young Mister Fastwright. Professor, Lady Montway, ensure she is not seen on the way into the city. My daughter will be escorted. It is imperative that no great fuss is made of this until it is sorted, and the mages looked over her. This is . . . this is incredible. Shocking. And yet . . . it heralds a new age. My own daughter . . . but it must be quiet for now. Celebrations later, if they are called for, but we cannot be hasty. Discretion is everything.”

“I will see to it, my king,” Izabela said, bowing deeply. “Come, let us enter the gates.”

They were opened, and the king’s procession moved to intercept them and guide them through to the city. The great gate was passed, and each of them sighed a breath of relief that they were finally inside Herathon.

“A damn good thing that nothing went *too* wrong there,” Stepan said, walking alongside the wagon. “You did so well, my gorgeous girlfriend.”

He rubbed Josefina’s tail beneath the tarp. It was at that moment that the struggling, straining focus of Ursula snapped. The sight of Stepan once again being granted the privilege of being the close consort of the dragoness-to-be stirred the dragon fanatic to fits of anger, and it was enough to disrupt her ability to maintain the mending spell on the wagon completely. For a brief moment, there was an awful, loud shuddering at the busy entrance to the city, and Josefina did her very best to remain perfectly still.

“Oh Gods no,” Izabela could be heard saying, as she realised what was about to happen.

All at once, the wagon split apart, collapsing into a pile of wooden planks and busted metal fastenings. A wheel shot off, tumbling down a street and gaining the attention of a crowd there. The tarp pulled over to one side, and in her haste to keep herself invisible Josefina accidentally wrenched it too hard one way. She stumbled, falling over her own tail, and the painful experience caused her to rise to her two feet, roaring in shock.

For a brief moment, there was nothing but silence as the dust of the market stalls around the gate area cleared. As it did so, the full, 4.4 metre tall form of Josefina Asquith, a figure that was now more dragon than human, was fully revealed, her large wings beating instinctively to push away the dust that was causing her to sneeze through her large nostrils. All eyes were upon her, frozen in shock and terror and confusion. And then . . .

“Ah - Ah - Ah - ACHOOOOO!!!”

The naked, heavily pregnant dragoness woman sneezed on the dust again, and this time a geyser of hot flame erupted vertically into the air from her mouth. The king’s jaw fell once more, and several of his most talented soldiers fell off their horses, or fled.

“Oh, darn,” Josefina said, blushing internally as her full scaled, gravid nature was unveiled. “Sorry about that!”

All hell broke loose.”

Diagnosis

Word was out, and nothing could stop it. It spread as surely as the wildfire that Josefina could most likely start with her breath now, judging from the enormous flame she had sneezed out of her. The city guard was out in force trying to quell the panic, and to crush rumours that a monster was hiding in plain sight among the people. During the disaster, there was nothing to do but follow the king and his remaining men into the palace itself, which was no small journey at all, especially when one is hugely swollen with dragon eggs. As such, King Maximilian ordered streets cleared, martial law in particular districts enforced, and tunnels in the walls opened where Josefina was capable of fitting through, in order to move her as anonymously as possible. She herself rumbled the ground with each step, moving as quickly as possible. Her draconic instincts made her feel fiercely protective of the eggs in her belly, especially surrounded by so many soldiers who couldn’t help but look at her with a mix of reverence and awe, but also terror. And, making things just that little bit

more annoyingly chaotic, Professor Izabela was profusely apologising the entire way, trying to make things right after such a mess.

It seemed like an eternity later when they were finally ensconced within the palace itself, while the city proper was roaring with rumours, fears, jubilations, and all kinds of reactions. No one could mistake that she looked draconic, but what kind of sign was that? Soon, the whole city would know, and the king would have to make a declaration. In the meantime, the group was ushered into a section of the Great Hall, which could be used as a private lounge of sorts for visiting nobles and dignitaries. The king bid everyone from the room but himself, the archaeological party, and Josefina's eldest brother, and heir to the kingdom, Aurelius Asquith. The tall, handsome, black-haired man had always lorded his existence over his shy sibling, never bullying her but always pushing her to be more 'proper' and social, and land herself a marriage for the good of the family. She had feared he would endlessly torment her with jokes upon seeing her, but instead he just looked plain awkward beside her, as if her giant size made him a puny little child just like she had been to him. It actually made her puff up a bit with pride, until her father spoke.

"Well, that was a *fucking disaster*," the King said.

"I'm very sorry, my king," Izabela said. "I take full responsibility, and -"

"Please be silent, Professor," he said curtly, and she was. She gulped audibly, and Josefina could tell she was terrified of this ultimate opportunity of hers being ruined. Perhaps she wouldn't just lose her course, but her job as well.

King Maximilian paced the room. The carpet was a resplendently rich red, and the couches, arm chairs and the like were all deeply comfortable . . . for humanoids. Josefina sat awkwardly on the floor, dominating the centre of the room, her crest and horns only a couple of metres from touching the tall ceiling. Certainly, they'd already bumped the chandelier more than a few times, and everyone winced when she accidentally tapped it, fearing it would fall. She was still naked, and though her breasts no longer had nipples, and had shrunk yet further, there was still the feminine suggestion of them. But with her legs awkwardly splayed out, her talons ripping up parts of the expensive carpet, it was possible from certain angles to see her reddened womanhood beneath her breast golden-scaled belly. She was only made aware of it when Ursula gestured madly from behind the king's back in a way that caused her to squeak - which for the rest of the room was more like a low rumble.

"Okay, first order of business," the king said, "someone cover my daughter's shame."

Aurelius gasped in realisation, then looked away immediately. "By all the gods, Josefina!"

"I can't help it, brother! Look at me, I can't exactly wear a ball gown now, can I?"

"S-still!"

She folded her arms across her chest, atop her belly, which was still groaning. Her father opened the curtain behind them and gave some orders for servants, who went to retrieve large sheets and cloths from everywhere in the castle to cover her with. As help, Stepan took a soft hanging sheet that worked as a sort of diplomatic veil and passed it to the dragon-woman, who immediately placed it over and between her legs. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief for a moment.

“Next item of business, I think we need to get my daughter some food.”

“Oh Gods, thank you father! I’m sooo hungry, you won’t even believe it.”

He and Aurelius exchanged a glance, and both returned a gaze to her huge scaled belly. “I rather think I can,” he said. “I imagine you want your food cooked?”

“Or boiled. And some good wine, please. Boil that too, I need it mulled. Everything should be hot. And spicy is good too. I think, erm, that the dragon part of me really wants hot things.”

“You always hated spice,” he said, rubbing his forehead. “Now, while that’s being settled, the third and fourth thing can happen simultaneously. I’ve already called a meeting of the Council of Academy Mages to come inspect you-”

“Oh, please no!”

“It must be done. Professor Izabela will naturally be able to explain her finding.”

All eyes fell on the professor. She looked about ready to faint. “M-my king. I - *my* finding?”

He gave a surprisingly genuine smile. “You secured an expedition in which my most . . . directionless child found a destiny greater than all the rest of my children and ancestors combined, did you not?”

She *really* looked ready to faint. “Oh, um, yes. I suppose I did. Are you . . . happy with this outcome, my king?”

Maximilian turned back to his daughter, looking up at her. She didn’t really know what to do under so many gazes. It was like being a museum exhibit.

“I think once I get used to this incredible change, it may prove to be the greatest boon my life has ever experienced, and the world too, since the Golden Age at least.”

Josefina was getting the distinct feeling that perhaps her father was on a very different side to her initial hopes. She rubbed her scaled belly instinctively, and her tail shifted from side to side in agitation, smacking a chair as it did so.

“Father, I *don’t want* this ‘boon’, as you call it. I want to be normal again.”

“Yes, well, we’ll see what the mages think of that, and if it’s even a possibility. For now, I think the fourth thing will be to tell me the entire story. I must know from the beginning to this very moment *everything* that has happened to you. Only then can I make a judgement

of what to tell the city, with the provision of the mage's assessments as well. When they arrive, you can continue your story and inform them as well.

Josefina nodded awkwardly. For a moment, Stepan's eyes locked with hers, and she could see the incredible anxious terror in his face, bordering on imminent hyperventilation. She tried to communicate a sense of peace through their bond, a mutual encouragement that she would defend him. Besides, they were bonded, and that had to mean something, right? It must have worked a little, because her boyfriend settled a little, and managed to keep his calm.

"Um, I'll need others to talk at certain points," the dragon woman said, "but here's how I remember it, and everything I can think of happening to me."

It was a tale long in the telling, and, just as she indicated, the others pitched in at times, adding details or clarifications or particular events from their perspective. The king listened passively, along with several advisors he had called in. To Josefina's gratitude, her brother stepped away, looking too awkward to even take this in. He was immediately replaced with the dark red-robed figures of the Council of Mages though, whom she knew Izabela desperately wanted to impress - they ran the Academy, after all. They took one look at Josefina and basically babbled to each other for minutes on end about 'prophecies' and 'reawakenings' and 'blessings' to the point where Josefina genuinely thought she was going to lose it. But then they got down to work, covering the floor with ruins, weaving magic in the air, and even painting runes on her belly - which embarrassed her, like everything else - to determine her nature.

Still she continued her story, stopping to answer queries from king and mage alike. Food was brought in, and there was a much needed intermission. She gobbled down plate after plate after plate of roasted hog and duck and cow and sheep and goat and just about every kind of meat that could be served up on a noble woman's plate, albeit *just* the meat, and in quantities that were most certainly unladylike. The fact that she belched a small flame afterwards set everyone on edge again, especially since a one hundred year old tapestry had to be frozen by a mage spell before it was completely burned.

"Sorry! Sorry!" she exclaimed. "I just overate!"

Her stomach growled, demanding more.

"Um, maybe underate? Can I have a little more beef? Well done, please?"

Ursula, at least, found it exceedingly funny, because even in the presence of the quite serious king, she burst out laughing completely, which made Stepan chuckle under his breath for a moment, until he saw the royal court's reaction, and those of his superior mages, and proceeded to shut up immediately. He continued to breathe at an accelerated pace while Josefina completed the story. Of course, in this version, the 'mating' was described in the briefest of details, not sexualised at all, and she emphasised that it was

something her body needed. More than that, she claimed it was only the one time. When pressed by a knowing mage, she admitted maybe twice.

“Or three, at the very most!”

The professor was thankfully silent, for now. She knew well it had been more times than that, and Ursula was trying not to grin with the knowledge that her own fun was still secret. Poor Stepan looked ready to die, withering under the stare of the king.

“Well, that’s quite a story,” he said, eyes not leaving the young man whose station was so much lower than their own. “Preparations will have to be made. And lots of . . . considerations. For now, the mages will have to give me their summary, once they are finished. We must know if this truly is the blessing you say it is -”

“Doesn’t feel like a blessing,” Josefina muttered, grappling with the pressure in her stomach and the urge to grow further.

“- or a terrible curse. I hope you all understand how important this is.”

Ursula went to Josefina’s side and held her hand. Well, more like placed her human hand in the much larger scaled palm of her friend-slash-lover. It was comforting. Josefina wished Stepan would do the same, but after the awkward talk of ‘mating’ with him to breed her dragon eggs into being, it probably wouldn’t be a good look. Thankfully, before things got too awkward again, the mages finished their work, and erased the runes from her belly. A good thing too: it was on the verge of expanding yet again.

“My king,” their leader said, Senior Mage Cathick, “we have done what we can to determine the magic that afflicts your daughter.”

“Speak,” the king said. “I want nothing held back. You, servant, bring back Aurelius. I don’t care how awkward he finds these proceedings, as my heir this concerns him too.”

Soon, Aurelius was dragged back in, and once more gaped at his littlest sister’s enormous size and power.

“You may begin now, Cathick,” the king pronounced. “Speak all.”

The man extended his hands and gestured to Josefina. He looked so tiny from her perspective. She was barely managing to hold back another growth spurt. In fact, there was a slight tingling in her loins that Stepan was probably feeling too. A want to breed again. She suppressed it, hoping against hope for a cure, and that Ursula could take this burden instead.

“Josefina Asquith is indeed touched by the power of the ancient dragons,” Cathick explained. He was an old man, but he had a hardness to him, and a well of knowledge that could eclipse most libraries. “From our own runic investigations, in combination with Professor Izabela’s notes and Lady Josefina’s tale, we can determine that she is indeed becoming a great dragoness broodmother. Already, our magical sensors determine she is pregnant with fertilised dragon eggs.”

“How many?” asked the king.

The man shrugged, his expression briefly astonished. “We have no specific number, my king, but to our best determination . . . dozens.”

“Dozens?”

“DOZENS!?” Josefina cried. She clutched her rounded belly. “Count again! It can’t be that many!”

Stepan gulped, trying not to look at anyone. He was less surprised. They really had ‘done it’ numerous times by that point.

But Cathick just continued onwards, ignoring the awkwardness. “Furthermore, while our predictions are preliminary, it truly does appear that Josefina has become the one to herald back the Golden Age of Dragons. It fits with numerous prophecies we have seen from ancient past, and makes many references to the runic orb that she found make senses - many surviving stone tablets and mosaics of the great dragon civilisations were vague on this point - protective, perhaps - but now it makes sense. Josefina has been infused with the blessed power to rebirth dragonkind.”

“For how long?” she asked.

“Yes,” he father said. “For how long?”

“Well, I apologise if this is hard to hear, my king, but for the lifespan of a dragon. A thousand years.”

Josefina’s snout fell. Ursula clutched one of her talons. Stepan threw her a sympathetic glance.

“How long would I be pregnant for?” she asked.

Cathick turned his face upon her. “For a thousand years, my lady. The same time. The magic is infused deeply within you, and the life energy is unlike anything I have ever seen. It appears that your transformation has given you a destiny of laying dragons back into this world, a monumental task that will persist for the entirety of your greatly expanded lifespan. Effectively, you will be mating, breeding, and laying . . . forever.”

A long silence filled the room. Aurelius looked very odd, trying not to meet his sister’s eyes. The king, too, looked surprised. “This is . . . marvellous.”

“Marvellous, father? I’m stuck as a pregnant dragon! I don’t want to be huge, or the centre of attention! I don’t want to be full of eggs and giving birth to them all the time. Please, mages, you have to turn me back!”

“I would volunteer to take this magic on!” Ursula said instantly, her expression hunger. But that hope was dashed immediately by Cathick, who shook his head.

“Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunate by fate, the orb magic has deemed Josefina to be a perfect host. Why, I cannot say. It would take magic power only of a full grown ancient

dragon to rewrite this magic, and that would take hundreds and hundreds of years - Josefina's entire future lifespan, for instance.

"Great, and I'm garbage at magic," she whined, lying back. She collapsed a couch, much to the annoyance of a member of royal staff, and lay on the ground, moping. The floor creaked, trying to hold her. "So I'm stuck like this, for good? And I'll be pregnant forever? What if I don't, um, mate anymore?"

Cathick nodded and continued. "Dragons have the ability to form magical bonds, bonds that enhance the lifespan of an ally or rider. The legends speak of this. In this case, however, the bonding has a mating element. We suspect, from the bond we can sense, that not only is Stepan Fastwright your bonded mate, but that he *must* continue to mate with you, and that the magic will compel this with powerful instincts. Perhaps you have felt these urges already?"

Stepan collapsed, fainting.

"I'll take that as a yes," the king said dryly. "Someone see to the nervous boy. It seems we will have to uplift his station." He shook his head, unbelieving. "My own daughter, who I thought would be directionless and hidden away all her life, has now taken centre stage in this kingdom, and this world. The gods do indeed have unusual game they play. Josefina, I know this will be uncomfortable for you, but we there must be a public ceremony to calm the public. And a pronouncement. And a celebration. A new age is beginning, and the Asquith dynasty is at the centre of it, is that not right, Aurelius?"

The praised heir even looked a little sullen. "Oh, ah, yes, father. Most wonderful."

The king clasped his hands together. "Josefina, I know you hate the social mingling, but I'm afraid we can't keep this locked down. The world must know, the kingdom must know, and the people must see this new blessed mother of dragons. I'm so proud of you!"

Josefina's large draconic heart beat wildly in her chest. Panic filled her. She didn't want to be on display. She couldn't want anything *less!* And she was still grappling with the notion of laying eggs from her pregnant belly for literally a thousand years."

It all became too much.

"Ohhhhhh! G-growing! Oh no, I'm growing again! Watch out!"

The mages backed away, watching in awe as her body expanded right before their eyes. This time, her neck stretched away from her shoulders, and her snout extended forward until it was undeniably a dragon's snout. Her crest stretched forth, becoming the equivalent of a sharp, pointed princesses' tiara. The dragon-woman roared as her flanks expanded, and her shoulders too. They became wider, particularly her hips, perfect for laying large eggs. Muscle and flesh grew in, and fat too. Her scales grew in larger and tougher as she gained this new bulk, her entire form expanding to fill the room. The king tore back the curtain, and many of the members retreated simply to give Josefina space.

“B-big!” she cried. “H-have to g-grow big! My instincts are g-going crazy!”

Aurelius gaped. “Josefina, how on earth did you come to be *this*?”

Stepan pulled him aside before her lengthening tail batted him away. Her belly ballooned as well, eggs swelling through magic, and new, already fertilised ones, developing even faster. Her hands cracked and reshaped to become front feet, and to the noblewoman’s despair she was now a fully quadrupedal figure, though at least her feet had long talons for gripping things. Her wings expanded another two whole metres. Still too small to use, but large enough to hit the chandelier. It crashed and smashed to the floor, signalling the end to the transformation.

“Ughhhhh,” she moaned. “I think I n-need a bigger chamber.”

The crowd looked upon the stature of the now-six metre tall princess.

“Accelerate the preparations,” the king said. “I want them to be ready for midday, two days hence.”

Revealed

Josefina dreamed. She was in a great chamber, a lair, of stone and crystal, covered in gemstones and precious metals. She was gravid and immense, easily fifteen metres in length from her nose to the base of her tail, which was easily another nine metres in length on top of that. Hundreds of individuals, human and orc and elf, surrounded her in great circles, servants and aides and travellers engaged in worship. Many were on their knees, prostrating before her for blessings. Women especially surrounded her, young mothers or those who desired to become mothers desiring blessings of fertility. Others were injured or sick, desiring healing. But all came to marvel at her greatness, at the mother of dragons.

Josefina groaned. She was an immense dragon, so bloated with eggs that she was fully immobile. Her wings flapped, not to help lift her into the air but to simply cool her overheated body. She roared, then calmed as several worshippers rubbed her bloated stomach with hot oils that were deeply comfortable. An immense dish was prepared for her to consume, and she gobbled greedily from it. She needed food to grow her endless procession of eggs: there were seven great clutches of them at the walls, and others hatching. Always hatching.

Suddenly, a contraction ran down her enormous pregnant body like a great earthquake. Josefina roared, shooting flame, and then bore down. Her body needed to birth its eggs. There were so very, very many of them. She pushed, feeling them leave her body, a mix of pain and strange instinctive pleasure following. She had done this for many years in

the dream, and the mere act of birth gave a strange sense of arousal to her. She roared again, demanding her bonded mate. Servants fetched them immediately.

Two figures approached in flowing robes. Her high priest, her gorgeous mate and husband Stepan. He was older, but at the same time un-aged. Already, his lust had risen to meet hers.

But the other was a woman, shorter, with golden hair that fell to the stone floor and a mischievous smile on her intelligent features.

“Ursula?” Josefina said, shocked.

Josefina woke. “Ursula?”

“I’m here,” came her friend’s voice. “I thought you were asleep.”

“I was, I was just . . . dreaming about you.”

“Mhmm, that’s a good sign.”

They were in mostly darkness, but Ursula had a darkvision spell up, and Josefina’s draconic vision could easily see in the dark now anyway. She was in the Great Hall, but further down in an even larger chamber, usually for great palace pronouncements. Now, it was walled off, a private sanctum for the noblewoman egg breeder. That was how she felt, at least, especially after that dream. She hoped it wasn’t prophetic. She was slumped on the ground, resting on half the palace’s collective pillows and rolled carpets, and had been surprisingly comfortable in her sleep. The first night had been harder, but as she’d grown again (courtesy of a private mating session with Stepan that embarrassingly shook half the castle, and was likely recorded by the mages in their many files), her need for soft things had dimmed a little. She was nearly seven metres tall, and effectively looked like a young dragon by that point. Her changes, at least in terms of losing her humanity, were almost complete. But how big she would become . . . that was something she suspected she still had a long way to go.

Ursula stroked her friend’s elongated neck. “I wanted to come visit you. I didn’t mean to wake you straight away.”

“I’m glad you did. I had the worst dream.”

“Was it bad because of me?”

“No, but it was strange. I was all big and pregnant and laying eggs - yuck! But, and this is the weird part, but I was bonded not just to Stepan, but, well, you as well.”

Ursula grinned. She kissed part of her friend’s crest, since Josefina was resting her big head on a pile of pillows. “I knew it! I could be a sign! Josefina, that’s why I came to see you, and this could be fate. I’ve been translating what I could of the ancient tomb’s writings,

as well as the histories and magics. I've drawn upon all my expertise over the past day of pronouncement preparations."

"Glad you had the time," Josefina grumbled. "All I did was get bigger, fatter, more pregnant, and had to beg my poor boyfriend to mate me - twice - because this stupid dragon body needed to be bred. All the mages keep telling me how 'blessed' I am and how powerful my magic will be, and all I can think of is birthing these stupid eggs. I'm nervous! Ursula, by the Black Mountain, I don't have my tits anymore!"

She nuzzled further into the pillows, morose. Ursula stroked her snout lovingly. "I'm sorry, Josefina. I held out hope I could take this from you. But if I can't, then I want to swear myself to you. To your service. Josefina, you're remarkable, and I've done all I can to give you the best food, the best oils, the best treatment and massages to make you comfortable. Please, let me help you."

Josefina took a heavy breath - and they were very heavy these days. She was about to reject the suggestion, but in truth Ursula wasn't wrong. She was a good, loving friend, and no one knew more about dragons than her, not even Professor Izabela. And in the dream, she had felt such lust towards not just Stepan but her as well . . . a lust she was beginning to feel at that moment. She had looked so gorgeous in that robe, and how it clung to her curvaceous form. She had always been jealous of Ursula's looks, even if standing out with them would be anathema to her. But now, those looks had an altogether new appeal.

"Ursula, that sounds . . . amazing."

"It does?"

"You've already done so much for me. The food, the care, your kind words. I love Stepan - I haven't told him yet, but I do - but I love you as my best friend. And also . . . when I have that need, and you can help."

Ursula grinned. "I know what you're talking about."

"Um, that need. I kind of, well, I kind of have it now."

The woman frowned. "For Stepan?"

The dragoness lifted her larger head, and shook it slowly, nervously. "No. Um, I have it for you, this time. I think. Would you mind . . . helping me with it?"

Ursula could barely contain her giggle. "Josie, you big nervous dummy. I would *love* to help you. You know that I *love* dragons, and I love girls. And now, I can love both in the form of my best friend. Roll back for me. I'll make you moan in pleasure."

Josefina did, and Ursula stroked her hard scales, walking a little down to where her wet slit was.

"Ohhhh," she moaned as Ursula caressed her opening. It had grown yet again in size, and Ursula enjoyed using *both* her hands this time, sliding them deep into her tunnel and feeling its unnatural, wet warmth.

“That’s w-what I n-needed,” Josefina moaned. Her voice bellowed, and she hurried to silence it, or at least lower it. Her tail trembled, and smacked against a wall.

“Not so loud!” Ursula hissed. “You magnificent klutz. You haven’t changed except in size and, er, condition.”

“J-just don’t stop!”

“I don’t plan on that, my delicious dragoness. I meant what I said: I want to bond with you. I want to be *your priestess*.”

Josefina ran her long tongue over her serrated teeth. Various eggs shifted inside her womb, and she rolled a little more on her side, allowing Ursula to access even more of her private parts. Small trails of smoke poured from her nostrils, and embers flickered from her mouth, sparking before going out. She didn’t want to add ‘burning down the palace during an orgasm’ to her list of awkward life errors. But the pleasure was rising, and somehow having Ursula there, so small compared to her, this little short, sexually attractive woman working supplicantly at her womanhood . . . it made the pleasure all the greater. Like she truly was a goddess being worshipped and treated.

“Mmhmmm! S-so close! I’m g-going to - MMHHMMMMPH!!!”

She clamped her jaw shut as the orgasm came. Ursula had already lowered one hand to own womanhood, which was damp with her own horny lust. She moaned with the dragoness, rubbing her clitoris sensually, gaining speed as Josefina’s orgasm went on and on, each one overlapping the last. Her draconic opening contracted, vaginal muscles clamping down on her other hand, and the sensations of it were so wonderfully arousing that it didn’t take long for the dragon expert to orgasm too. The women moaned under their breath, shaking, and Ursula collapsed against Josefina, laying against her scaled belly and feeling the eggs beneath it as a series of hard lumps.

“No bonding yet,” she muttered, withdrawing her wet hands and wiping them on a pillow.” She raised one, licked the juices, and trembled again. Dragon pussy was so very delicious. “But I th-think I’m not far.”

Josefina was too busy coming down from the high she’d just experienced, and the usual several inches of growth in the aftermath, to hear her friend. Ursula was content not to let her know. Josefina needed to be pushed at times. Into study, into relationships, into accepting her new destiny. And she wanted to make sure that no matter what, she would also bond with this dragoness, and share in those gifts for eternity.

“I’m going to take care of you, Josefina,” she said a little louder.

Josefina nodded, pawing at her pillows like they were treasure. She wanted to imagine they were treasure, which was a new thought.

“Th-thank you, Ursula. You’re the best.”

“It certainly sounded that way.”

The two women giggled, and fell asleep together. Ursula put up a ward to alarm her to any interlopers. Stepan still thought Josefina was self-pleasuring during their female-only sessions. It wouldn't do for him or anyone else to discover them together just yet.

Stepan was quite nervous, particularly in his higher class regalia. Josefina could sense his nervousness, and he could sense her even greater anxiety too. She was naked - what was the point of clothes anymore, after all? - and large, and quadrupedal. Her face, long-snouted as it was, still had a lot of human expression to it, at least, particularly as her brow and eyes were quite human, and her red hair fell in a messy imitation of what her human look had been. But for all intents and purposes, she was a dragon, albeit one whose limbs weren't totally equal: her 'hands' were more like legs, but did allow a bipedal stance for a short time while she used them in traditional ways.

"I really don't want to do this," she said to him. It was meant to be a whisper, particularly as she was craning her longer neck, but the surrounding party of mages, Ursula, Professor Izabela and palace guards likely all heard it. "It's incredibly embarrassing. They'll think I'm a freak."

"They won't," Stepan assured her. He stroked her cheek, if it could still be called her cheek, and smooched it too. It felt soothing to the both of them, and that was a lovely feedback loop in of itself. "They'll love you. They'll see hope in you. I know we're both nervous as Haythor was upon the Sacred Mount, but like him, we'll see through this to the end, and victoriously. Ursula is right: you're ushering in a new golden age."

"Wish she could do it."

"I know. Maybe there's still hope. I just, Gods, I just hope no one flings things at *me*. I'm just a Fastwright! I'm only at the Academy on a scholarship, and even then I'm not some amazing mage. My spells helped repair some of the damage to the palace and have helped make our bond more, er, *positive* rather than feeding the negative, but what if I'm not good enough? What if they know I'm just a low-class nothing compared to you?"

Josefina raised her heavy head, and blew hot air across the top of his, causing his hair to flatten to one side. He worked rapidly to get it back in order.

"Who cares what they think?" Josefina said. "You've stuck with me through this. I'm so scared, Stepan, but you - and Ursula too - have kept me sane. You're good enough for *me*, that's all that matters."

Stepan finished adjusting his proud moustache, a fact that she was starting to appreciate. He smirked. "That's what I've been trying to tell *you*."

It was a dashing enough look, and a romantic enough statement, that she felt her draconic scales part a little, and her feminine opening became that little bit more moist.

“Shh, stop b-being so attractive and handsome,” she whispered through her snout. “I don’t want to go all mating and breeding crazy in front of everyone.”

He nodded. “I shall think the least sexual of thoughts.”

“Good.”

Suddenly the signal came. A palace servant waved the party to move forward. At the end of the Great Hall was the overseeing balcony from which all incredible pronouncements to the city were made. Here the King was seen, alongside his advisors and family, by the public, and it was here that the new dragon broodmother would be unveiled. The mages had reinforced the balcony itself just to hold her incredible mass, a fact that made her feel even redder than her scales. She could hear her father’s speech to the public, magically enhanced in volume.

‘And so it is with immense pride, joy, and awe that I can announce the greatest news of this generation, or any other. A gift not just to Herathon, or the wider kingdom of Iralis, but to the world entire. For so long, the Golden Age was thought lost to us, that time when dragons wandered the earth and brought immense blessing to the people.’

Josefina swallowed some flames, fearing she would belch some out of nervousness. She moved forward, shifting to her four-footed stance that was still unusual. She was careful not to smack a guard with her tail, and kept her body low so that her wings did not smack another chandelier. It made her feel like a predator.

‘But now, a long-lost prophecy is nearing its conclusion, and one of our own has been transformed and reborn in the image of dragons, to bring their kind back into the world and bless us with their magic and divine righteousness. Yes, I speak the truth, people of Herathon. From an ordinary human woman there is now a great dragoness in the making, and in her belly the future makings of their entire race. I feel personally blessed that this individual belongs to my own family line, who has given and sacrificed much in her noble quest to become so deeply honoured, and so deeply burdened. In her womb is the future of thousands of dragons that will bring magic in full to the world.’

Ursula walked alongside Josefina, and she placed her hand on her rear thigh. There was something undeniable sensual to the touch, but it also carried the affection of friendship. For just a brief moment, Josefina sensed something. A flickering of a connection that vanished just as rapidly. But it had felt . . . right. Izabela put her hand on her other flank. She looked back to her professor, and she nodded, encouraging her forward.

“You can do this,” she said.

Josefina didn’t feel like that, but Stepan caressed her cheek one last time.

“Josefina, I love you,” he said, simply and certainly. And through their bond, she knew it was the absolute truth. And she knew also that he felt that love flow back through that same bond.

“I love you too,” she replied.

She lumbered forward, encouraged by her mentor, her friend, and her lover. The great double-doors that led to the balcony opened magically, and the perfect light of the midday sun poured through. The cheer and excitement of the crowd of tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, could be heard. The king’s voice overrode them all as he stepped to one side and waved his bloated, pregnant, dragoness daughter forward.

‘My subjects, my people, be jubilant for the first appearance of the transformed and transcended Josefina Asquith, my beloved daughter, and broodmother of the future dragon race!’

With one last, terribly nervous sigh, Josefina stepped out onto the balcony and spread her wings, her gravid scaled body on display before the crowd.

“Uh, hello?” she said in her low, maternal-sounding voice.

Silence fell at the sight of her.

To Be Continued . . .

Dragon Noble, Part 3 (Noble to Dragoness TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jorgamund

Josefina Asquith is a shrinking violet of a noble who is the 'spare' of her otherwise powerful family. Never one to like being in the spotlight, she leaps at the chance to investigate ancient draconic ruins alongside her noble boyfriend Stepan and friend Ursula. But when she finds a glowing red orb and touches it, Josefina is shocked to find that her body is slowly changing to become a mighty dragoness broodmare, destined to rebirth the entire dragon race. Soon the shy young noble will find herself the centre of a kingdom's attention!

Dragon Noble, Part 3

Suddenly Famous

It wasn't as if her appearance was out of nowhere: she *had* entered the city in a very public manner earlier on, and rumours spread fast. But only a portion of Herathon's population had actually seen Josefina's draconic might, and only then for fleeting moments. Furthermore, her size had only increased, her belly also, so that now she was a spectacle to behold, her red scales shimmering in the sunlight like immense rubies carved to perfection.

The crowd remained silent.

"HELLO!" she boomed, voice echoing down to the enormous gathering below the palace promenade. Part of this effect was magically enhanced, of course: she was surrounded by a team of mages and Professor Izabela was pleased to be at their head with her 'find.' But another part was that her voice now also *roared* like that of a dragon, carrying its own powerful magic. She knew instinctively that even the people of the farthest reaches could hear her. And to think that Aurelius had often mocked her for being so tiny, so waif, and so *quiet*. Even her father, the glorious king, seemed so small positioned in front of her. She had to be careful not to accidentally step on him, or swat her 'little' older brother with her tail.

"UM, I AM JOSEFINA!"

More silence, followed by whispers and discussion, a wave of murmuring across the crowd that seemed to range from awe-inspired to terrified to just plain damn confused.

"A DRAGON."

Somewhere, Josefina slapped her forehead. It was only the touch of Stepan against her scaled red belly that seemed to give her a little more flair for speaking. Josefina rapidly

worked on a calming spell as well, aided by the professor. Josefina swallowed, then expanded her wings further so that she could achieve maximum dramatic effect with this proclamation.

“I HAVE BEEN BLESSED WITH THE POWER OF THE ANCIENT DRAGONS, GOOD PEOPLE OF HERATHON. I DO NOT DESERVE THIS HONOUR, BUT YOU DO. THE GOLDEN AGE OF DRAGONS AND THEIR MAGIC IS RETURNING TO US, AND I AM THEIR . . . BLESSED VESSEL. THROUGH ME, THE ANCIENT DRAGON LINEAGE WILL RETURN TO THIS WORLD, AND SO SHALL THEIR RESTORATIVE POWERS, THEIR ARCANES KNOWLEDGE, THEIR CARE FOR THIS WORLD. A NEW AGE OF PROSPERITY IS UPON YOU, AND THIS IS A DAY THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO TELL YOUR CHILDREN AND CHILDREN’S CHILDREN FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES. I PROMISE YOU THAT I WILL NOT LET YOU DOWN. THE ASQUITH DYNASTY WILL NO LONGER BE SIMPLY YOUR RULERS, BUT THROUGH THIS BLESSING, WE WILL DO OUR UTMOST TO ENSURE THAT YOUR TIME IS ONE OF PEACE, JOY, AND PLENTY!”

She roared into the air, and a great gout of golden flame erupted. Josefina and Stepan worked out of sight to make it shimmer and shift to form the flag of Iralis, their kingdom, and the effect was astonishing. Josefina brimmed with a strange pride, and clearly this final touch won the people over, because after a momentary silence, they *erupted* into cheers and salutations. Thousands upon thousands of people roared like dragons themselves, overcome with joy at this astonishing news, and it spread like wildfire throughout the city, to the point where Josefina’s incredible draconic senses could make out celebrations and wine openings as far as the fourth corner, well beyond the sight lines of the palace itself. Josefina tried not to let it go to her head, but perhaps a small part of her had been mentally transformed as well. Dragons were wise and noble creatures, but the legends did tell of their impressive vanity and self-importance too. At that moment, she felt *very* important.

“Told you that you could do it,” Stepan whispered, rubbing her belly, which was so increasingly full of eggs.

“Thank you,” she whispered, though her whisper was more of an impressive rumble. “And thank you Ursula, too.”

“No problem,” her friend answered knowingly. “I didn’t doubt you for a single moment, Josie. You deserve every moment of this.”

Thankfully, from that point, Josefina was allowed to move backwards - carefully - to allow her kingly father and annoying ‘heir to the throne’ older brother Aurelius to take the stage. Already, her dad was announcing sweeping reforms that would allow for the creation of a new temple for his “grand broodmother of a daughter,” a phrase Josefina would have gone red at had her scales not already been ruby-shaded. She listened patiently, quite bored

and a bit overwhelmed, as other policy changes were announced, including a whole month of festivities that she was expected to be in attendance for, and not just in attendance, but as the star attraction.

“Oh, by the Gods,” she moaned to herself, but one of the mages shushed her, as her loud rumbling voice still had the power to carry. It didn’t help her calm for the remaining speeches, or for when the numerous members of the immense crowd roared and clapped with approval at the announcement of these celebrations. All she could think was that the worst had come upon her: not only was she going to spend literal centuries as a dragon as well as giving birth to eggs over and over again, but she was going to be the *main spectacle of a party*.

Somehow, in that moment, it felt all the worse for the shrinking violet.

Ursula and Stepan could sense their friend’s dissatisfaction. After the pronouncement, Josefina was taken back into the palace to her improvised room, the great chamber big enough to hold her. She was hungry as hell, wolfing down upon roasted ducks, pigs, and large pieces of cooked cow. The room smelt delicious, but as much as the new dragoness moaned and rumbled with approval at the delicious taste, a small part of her new draconic instincts desired to literally cook the food with her own breath instead. It felt right, which was all wrong, of course. She looked up, feeling a bit embarrassed at her size and situation, as her lover and friend-slash-secret-lover approached.

“Um, hi you two,” she said. “I’m . . . well, I’m stress eating. I think.”

“Yeah, I figured, Josie,” Ursula said, smiling sweetly. “How are you holding up?”

Josefina sighed as she stared down at the diminutive blonde beauty that was Ursula. She could scarcely believe how small she and Stepan seemed to be compared against her now. It was hard to manoeuvre her body in such a tight space, so she used her long dragon neck to lower her face down to theirs. Stepan reached and and rubbed the scales of her snout, which soothed her somewhat.

“I’m struggling, I think. I know this is my new life, and I have to accept it. But it’s all so - so - so public! And humiliating! Everyone was cheering me on out there, all because I’ve got a belly full of dragon eggs and I’m huge and fat and gross and -”

“You’re not fat,” Stepan said quickly. “Or gross. You’re just, er, large-boned.”

“Nice one, wordsmith,” Ursula said, rolling her eyes. She reached out and patted Josefina too, and for a moment the dragoness felt that same slight connection; a flicker of potential bonding too, just like from her dream. And then it went away.

“Look,” Ursula continued, “you’re beautiful, Josefina. A real dragon. I know the pregnancy thing isn’t what you’d like, but I’m sure you’ll still be able to fly when your wings are fully grown.”

“Do you really think so?”

“I know,” she countered. “Isn’t that right, Stepan?”

“Of course,” he said encouragingly. “You are indeed beautiful Josefina, in your own unique and wonderful way. You know that I love you.”

Josefina smiled, trying not to reveal too many sharp teeth.

“I meant about her being able to fly, you love sick moron.”

Stepan started. “Oh, uh, definitely. Absolutely. You’re soar, Josefina.”

He peered up at her large wings, which Josefina still wasn’t used to possessing. They folded easily upon her back, which was where she left them most of the time, for reasons of space concerns as well as the fact that she didn’t want to deal with having seven limbs instead of four. Bad enough to have a tail, even if she had a slight fondness for it.

“Well, that could be something, at least, because I don’t know the first thing about being a mother, let alone a dragon one!”

“How could that be, Josie?” Ursula asked. “You’ve been the king’s daughter all your life! You’re a noblewoman, like me. We’re literally bred for breeding!”

“Yes, well, I didn’t think I’d ever . . . oh, never mind. This is all ridiculous. I’m permanently stuck as a dragon. I miss having *thumbs*, Ursula. I miss having a face that isn’t a giant snout. I miss my wonderful black hair. Oh, don’t you miss my hair, Stepan?”

The young nobleman bit his lip, and decided on the truth. “It was very lovely. You have such wonderful dark curls.”

“See! And I don’t like being on all fours, or having this super long neck. If I have to be like this couldn’t I at least look a little more human? That at least would help with being the centre of attention all the time.”

Ursula was about to say something, but paused in deep thought. Instead, it was Stepan who spoke, though not before leaning over to plant a kiss on Josefina’s large scaled forehead.

“I know it’s hard, my love,” he said. “I know you didn’t ask for this. But I am bonded to you, and would be even if there were no magic pulling us together. I promise I’ll do everything in my power to help you cope, and even flourish. And I’ll be by your side during the festivities. Not even your father could move me.”

Josefina raised a brow. Not an eyebrow - she missed having those too - but a brow.

“Even if father orders you to move?”

Stepan halted. “Uh, well, technically an order from the king . . . uh, that would be quite a pickle. Um . . . I’d ask him to reconsider?”

Josefina chuckled, and her hot breath made him step back. Another example of awkwardness. “You’re so cute, Stepan, even if you are way too small now. But thank you. I mean it.”

“So do I. I’ll do everything I can to help you, Josefina.”

“Yes you will!” Ursula cut in, grabbing his arm excitedly. “Even if your own magical talents are meagre against mine, they are still fairly impressive when you aren’t suffering one of your annoying panic attacks, Stepan!”

“Well, that’s seems a little offensive-”

But she interrupted again, striding forth to grab Josefina’s head - a head that was half of Ursula’s own size - and pull Josefina’s snout in her direction so that dragoness and sorceress were locked in a shared gaze.

“I promise nothing!” Ursula declared, “but I may have something that could help you.”

“But the mages said I cannot be turned back! They conducted that ritual!”

Ursula shook her head. “And they were right. I’m sorry, Josie, but nothing is getting those eggs out of your womb, except the old fashioned way. You can thank your bonded lover for that one.”

Cut outside of this connection, Stepan simply blushed. “Yeah, sorry.”

“Not your fault,” Josefina grumbled. “I was insatiable.”

Ursula grinned. She knew *exactly* how insatiable the dragoness was, and still wanted more in on the action. And she knew this could be her ticket, which was why she was building the excitement up.

“Anyway,” she continued, “while I can’t *fix* you back to before the draconic orb, it occurs to me that perhaps reverting you entirely isn’t what we should be looking at here.”

“What should we be doing?” the dragoness asked.

Ursula giggled. “I’m so glad you asked that, Josie! Because maybe we should be looking at *altering* you.”

“I already feel very altered. And big. And pregnant. And far too much on display. How is this going to help me with the festival? I’ll be in front of everyone!”

“Just trust me! I’ll need Stepan’s help, and maybe the Professor’s, though probably just getting dragon information off of her. I doubt she’ll go along with this plan. I offer no promises of success, Josie, but do you trust me to try?”

Josefina considered this. Ursula could be manipulative and jealous in her own way, but she had always been a good friend. And no one knew magic better than her. And besides, there was that dream she’d had, where Ursula was also a bonded spirit to her own.

“Of course I do,” she said. “Just please, please, please don’t make everything worse. This is already way too crazy, Ursula.”

“Well, sometimes you need to get a little more magically insane before you come out right on the other side, right?”

Josefina’s eyes went wide at that particular proclamation, but Ursula was already sprinting out of the room in excitement, her tiny form moving impressively fast, blonde hair waving about behind her as she sped towards the magical academy with all haste.

“Give me a week!” she cried. “I’ll summon Stepan when I need him! You two have fun for now!”

And then she was gone, leaving the two lovers - one over seven metres tall, the other a regular human - together in the room. Josefina sighed.

“I really hope whatever she does won’t make things worse.”

“I don’t think it will,” Stepan reassured her. “Ursula is many things, but she is magically talented. And loyal.”

“Just like my cute boyfriend,” Josefina whispered. She was feeling that itch rise again, that need in her nethers. Already she was slowly shifting her immense bulk forward so that Stepan was entirely beneath her, and then she pulled her tail up, exposing her draconic slit that so readily clamped down upon his human member previously. It desired to do so again.

“Stepan,” she huffed, small flames dying in her throat, “I f-feel that need again.”

“M-me too,” he replied. Already, the bond was activating, and he was submersed in her body’s arousal. “It’s s-strong this time.”

“I think it’s s-strong when I’m worried. I n-need something to relax me. I need you. Am I - am I too big for you?”

“Not at all!” he replied. Just lower your hips, and don’t swat your tail. It could crush me these days, I think. Gods, I’m aroused, Josefina.”

His penis was hard, and he could smell her draconic juices in her womanhood. Their scent filled the air, warm and fiery and somehow sweet all at the same time. He couldn’t believe that her body needed to get more pregnant, but apparently there was no limit to the amount of eggs her draconic form could take, and in that moment he didn’t care. He needed to fuck his gorgeous dragon girlfriend, and revel in their bond.

Josefina lowered her hips, but found it difficult. With her body now that of a dragon’s, it was difficult to mate with a human, but she needed it too bad. Much like Stepan, she didn’t care that she was being even further impregnated. She could deal with the tightness of her belly and the discomforting feeling of expansion, of being filled with ever more eggs, later on. For now, she needed to be mated. Gods, she needed to be mated more than anything in the world.

“F-fuck me, Stepan!” she whined. “Please! I n-need! Aahhhh!!!”

He entered her, and not in a usual manner. Stepan was not the strongest man, but coming from a lower class he had been required to maintain his muscles. Which was why he could climb up her left leg, grab hold of her tail for support, and use these hand and footholds to plunge his cock into her entrance.

Josefina roared, flaming shooting from her throat, and it was only her good sense to swing her head around to an empty space that prevented part of the building from being lit on fire. She groaned in ecstasy as her entrance milked her lover's cock, drawing out every tantalising sensation. She could feel Stepan's bliss, and he could feel her own. It was heaven as always, and made her instincts light up, her draconic needs superseding her human ones.

"YESSSSSS!!!" she roared. "Fill me up, S-Stepan! Give me more eggs! I want your dragon babies! I want to have m-more inside me! I want to be s-so full of your eggs! I want you to breed me forever! B-Breed meeeee!!! YESSSS!!!"

He came inside her, barely able to hold off in all the excitement, and it was enough that she came explosively too, roaring flames a second time, which caused part of the stonework on the floor to turn black and charred. It was exquisite, and with each pump of Stepan's seed inside her, she was simultaneously filled with the wonderful knowledge that she would become even bigger, even more pregnant, even more *fertile*. The pleasure rippled outwards, her senses heightened, and once more - for a brief moment - she felt a connection to Ursula in the library. Her gorgeous blonde friend sat upright with a squeak, trembled in an unexpected orgasm, and broke all rules of the library by moaning in erotic pleasure. Somehow, Josefina knew this: she could feel a bond between them.

Once more it disappeared. Stepan extracted himself from her, and in the aftermath she had to move away from him, shaking the room as she did so. The next round of changes were upon her, and she gasped and groaned as she was subjected to them, rolling onto her side so she could paw at her belly with her front claws. It grew ever bigger, containing yet more eggs, and the rest of her grew too, easily gaining over two or three metres in length, her snout elongating, her limbs surging, her wings growing ever bigger.

It felt terrible. It felt wonderful.

In the aftermath she simply lay back and tried not to think about how much more attention she'd soon be having.

"Worth it," she said to the shocked Stepan. "B-but only just. Gods, what am I going to do at this festival! I'll be a museum display! A big one!"

Readying for the Party

The festivities were not set to begin for two weeks. The kingdom needed time to prepare, get its funding ready, and hire all sorts of bards, playwrights, artists, entertainers and so forth. And there was the matter of all the food, and the foreign dignitaries who would be visiting as well. With each passing day, Josefina only became more and more aware of just how much of a big deal she was going to be during that whole month, and it galled her. Even more so was the fact that her father, the king, had already ordered the creation of a grand temple - much like the one from her dream - to serve as the centrepiece of her 'nest' in the city. It would be a future site of worship, festivities, magical blessings, academia, and - how could she ever forget? - endless birthing and breeding for the poor transformed former noblewoman.

"Just let me live out in a nowhere field of something, father!" she pleaded.

"Come now, my dear, you know that is literally impossible. In your state, you won't be able to hunt, nor take care of all your draconic children. Besides, you will bless our kingdom foremost before the world. I promise you'll be well taken care of."

"I'll be a freak. A spectacle! Look how big I already am!"

"Don't worry, the architects will account for everything, including how much bigger you'll also get. Don't think I am not aware of some of the . . . rumblings that happen here at night."

At this she simply laid her head down on the ground and tried not to think about how easy it would be to roast her father with a single breath. Already, she was having to be moved out of the palace to a highly secure pavilion area in the palace gardens, walled away from commoners but certainly seen by many guards and wandering noble types. At least it was lovely and warm, and she could bake herself in the sun. She had her own internal combustion heating, of course, but as a reptilian creature - however magical she may be - there was still a wonderful feeling to lying on warm rocks with the summer heat upon her. She spent long hours ignoring any thought of her condition, sprawled out on her side and taking up an enormous area, laying languid beneath the heat. Only the occasional tremor in her womb of eggs shifting, or the strain of muscles and scales expanding to indicate further growth disturbed her. That, and the irritable visitation of dignitaries and nobles.

That had been another thing she had pleaded with her father to avoid allowing to happen, but the best he could do was limit the visits of nobles and merchants and other important figures.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he said gruffly, "but a king's power cannot be absolute. If I keep a dragon to myself, even one who is my own daughter, I would not be a king for long, and you would have a less kindly host, I imagine. No, nobles may act like children but they must

be entertained: they want to confirm with their own eyes the miracle that is your existence, and feel as if they too have been blessed in proximity. Let us not forget that you can heal.”

It was true. Josefina still didn't think of herself as a dragon so much as a young woman trapped in a dragon broodmother's form, but she couldn't escape the genuine power of those ancient beasts that flowed through her golden blood. Several important individuals had come to her with their children, or their parents, or even with their own health concerns, and just as she had healed Ursula, she was able to do so for them. And not just injuries from some foppish jousting tournament either, but genuine conditions such as a hunchbacked child, a cleft palate, even the blind eyes of a beautiful noblewoman whose cataracts had failed her. And while a number of these visitors to her did so opportunistically, others left gifts of meat and gold and items of comfort, which Josefina readily accepted. It began to form a pattern, because when Aurelius came by, strutting haughtily like the heir he was and demanding to take the items to the treasure (sans meat), she reacted with surprising violence despite her immensely round dome of a stomach. She whipped her tail out, tripping him over, and with a flurried help of her wings she stood quickly, lunged around and chomped at the air between them, her hot breath causing the air to sizzle.

“Do. Not. Touch. My. Stuff. Brother.”

He scampered away with so much boyish fear that the guards had to restrain themselves from laughing. They were assigned to protect *her* after all, not him, and who was going to fight a dragon? It earned a strong talking from her father, but it was Professor Izabela that put it into an understandable explanation for her.

“It's simple, my student,” the Professor said. “You're protecting your lair and your hoard.”

“My . . . hoard?”

“Of course!” she said in a peppy, excited voice. “You have the instincts of a dragon broodmother, but that doesn't just come down to breeding, Josefina. It also means that you are feeling the need to have your own space, your own belongings - specifically, a hoard that you can sleep upon and around - and your own followers. I've noticed that while you don't like being visited and gazed upon - you are very shy and always have been, after all - that your guards don't seem to bother you.”

Josefina considered this. “I didn't realise - they just sort of feel in the background. They protect me, I guess.”

“They *serve* you,” the Professor said knowingly with a smile. She looked a lot less stressed these days. Just a week into this new glorious age, and Izabela's funding for her courses and research was not just assured, it was booked out. Classes were being expanded, and she had full control not only over the curriculum, but the very Mage Academy's access to Josefina, and all magical artefacts and knowledge regarding it came

through her. Someone at least had majorly benefited, though Josefina was happy for her: the Professor may be milking all this newfound fame, but she was using all the funding possible to help her, including how to aid her own draconic magic growth.

“I guess they do serve me. It feels kinda right, as weird as that is to say.”

“And have you noticed your magic comes more easily the bigger your hoard grows?” Izabela asked.

Josefina blinked. She raised her long neck, looking down at the professor. It wasn't an angle she often went for, as it made her feel too big and superior, but in this moment a strange pride came over her. “Yes, I have. Actually, I really have. I was able to weave stronger illusion magic than I ever could before when entertaining that little girl that visited!”

“Lord Hawswith's daughter? Yes, I'm told your silent image was impressively large.”

“Wow, I had no notion it was because I'm a really greedy dragon now.”

“Nonsense, you're not greedy. Just protecting your hoard. It's just like Ursula and her books. Where is Ursula by the way?”

Josefina lowered her head to the ground with a loud thunk. Her tail swatted frustratingly to one side, accidentally knocking over a well-groomed tree.

“Oops,” she said, grinning with her sharp white teeth. “But I don't know where she is. Well, not all the time.” She opted not to tell Izabela about the strange, flickering second bond until she knew what was going on. She didn't want to be fussed over *even more*, especially by her over-eager professor.

“She's been asking a lot of questions about draconic power and artefacts and the old legends,” Izabela mused. “Is she planning something?”

“I have no doubt,” Josefina said honestly, “but I've got no idea what. Hopefully she can shrink me.”

The Professor laughed in a high note, before giving a guilty look. “Sorry. I shouldn't mock, particularly when we're discussing your health, my student. But I don't think any force is going to stop those dragon eggs from coming, Josefina. As your hoard grows, so will you.”

Josefina sighed again, causing nearby hedges to rustle. A few leaves turned crispy just from her hot breath.

“That's what I'm afraid of,” she said, and then, with great effort, she rolled her gargantuan body further away from the hedges and let the sun's rays fall down upon the golden scales on the other side of her belly and haunches. She was so full of eggs that she felt she might burst, and yet still she could feel the urge to grow. The professor had the good sense to leave her in peace.

Stepan visited her often, keeping her company when needed. After a particularly humiliating incident in the evening when - looking resplendent in a new court-approved outfit, his moustache perfectly trimmed - the need to mate had come over her once more, a new tent had been erected to allow them privacy during the necessary breeding. Stepan was far more red-faced about this, surprisingly. Josefina chalked it up to the fact that at least she could roast a guard that displeased her. She never, ever would, of course. The very thought made her ill. But the fact that they didn't know that, and that she cut an increasingly intimidating figure even with her overstocked womb, meant that few were willing to say anything to her face about the fact that she'd fucked her boyfriend in plainview of several dozen guards in the middle of the gardens.

The same could not be said of Stepan, who was the subject of sniggers, rumours, and even quite a few bardic tales. The common crowd loved him, something that brought him mixed joy and anxiety, but higher ups viewed him with some disdain. So from that point on at least their necessary lovemaking was, as he put it, "back in the tent where it all began, right?"

Thankfully, their bond was not just magical, but born of love as well. He spent a great deal of time reading her poetry, finding lovely paintings to add to her hoard, and generally acting as her advocate when she was tired or hungry or needed massaging. He also loved giving massages himself. She didn't have the heart to tell him that Ursula was far better at them. After all, a massage was a massage, and she loved her boyfriend dearly. Despite all the insanity of her changes, and the fact that her name was now being sung across the entire continent, if not the entire world, he was still by her side. He wasn't as anxious about the attention as her, but he was always questioning his own abilities and his worth. Being looked down upon by 'higher up' members of society will do that.

"I just worry that I'm not worthy of you," he said one day. He was lying on her stomach, several metres off the ground, his arms behind his head as he gazed up at the stars. Her belly was taut enough that she didn't mind the extra pressure, and besides, she got the sense that her boyfriend, as much as he was nervous about literally being the father of future dragonkind, liked being near his progeny. That in turn helped soothe her. Perhaps even made her feel just a tiny, wee bit maternal as well. Her womb appreciated his presence too: it felt less overworked in his presence, and more . . . efficient.

"Honey? Did you hear me?"

She opened her dazzling golden eyes and craned her neck right around so that she rested it against her own belly and beside him.

"I'm sorry, Stepan, I was distracted by your presence. You just feel soooooo comfortable. I can't even describe it."

He winked. "Glad to be of service. Don't mind me, I was just . . . complaining."

She rolled her eyes. "Well, I don't know what *you* have to complain about. You just get to breed me. *I'm* the giant dragon monster carrying all *your* eggs."

He rubbed her belly scales, and she shivered in pleasure, nearly knocking him off his perch due to her tail slamming against the ground.

"Sorry," she said.

"Don't be. You're right, of course, this is all my fault and-"

"Don't be stupid, it's not your fault, Stepan. And it's not mine. Well, it is mine, actually. But I don't deserve this. I just have to . . . live with it. For a very, very long time. Gods, that's a lot of pregnancy. A lot of birthing."

"I'll be right by your side."

"Again, not that you'll be complaining! But seriously, that just means you *are* worthy of me, whatever that even means. I don't care that I'm the king's daughter, I never even held the actual title of princess - I missed most of the confirmation ceremonies that would have done it! I just wanted to find out what my purpose is in life. Turns out it's going into labor with hundreds of dragon eggs."

"Thousands, I think," Stepan added. "Technically. Not that you want to think about that."

"Don't ruin this. You're beautiful, and amazing, Stepan, so please just don't make me think about *that* part."

"Sorry."

"My point is that you're wonderful, and I never once cared that you were lowborn, or what station you were. I had a crush on you because I liked *you*. And . . . I hope you still like me too, even if I'm stuck like this."

Stepan crawled across her scales, causing a couple of large eggs inside her to shift. She let a moan out, though it was not entirely without pleasure, because he cradled her dragon-snout face in his hands and kissed her gently above her nose. More than ever, she missed having lips. Still, she purred softly, belly rumbling with fire, as he held that kiss for a long time. Then he gazed into her eyes. It struck her that the love he showed was not dissimilar to Ursula's own gaze a week before.

"We are bonded, love. I may be nervous as a man in the Nine Hells, but I would never leave you, Josefina."

"Aww, you're so romantic!"

A chuckle. "I try!"

"Good," she countered, "because this stupid horny dragon body needs your seed in it again. Gods, it's embarrassing, but I need to grow bigger. I've been having these pressures all damned day. I really, *really* need to grow bigger. I n-need more eggs in me. Can you help me?"

“That’s one thing I can do,” he replied, perhaps a little too easily. Goodness knows, she could smell his own arousal too, and see his dick pulling tight against the fabric of his pants.

“Then please get to it. Guards! Scram!”

The guards did, moving away from the courtyard as Stepan climbed upon her back and she lumbered towards the centre of the garden. The tent was too far away, and she needed him now, beneath the stars once more.

As the festivities drew closer and closer, Josefina grew more and more nervous. She only occasionally saw Ursula, and when she did, it was more often for some private ‘massages’ than it was for magical study, though in the aftermath of the much-needed pleasure, when the bonded connection between them manifested briefly, Ursula quickly whipped into action studying it, drawing upon all manner of arcane power in order to unlock its potential. Josefina watched this happen, and with her draconic vision, found that she could actually see the magic being weaved in a way that she never could previously. She told her best friend this.

“Josefina, that’s wonderful! You can help me chart the connection, when it’s strongest, and when it’s weakest. That way, we can-”

“Ursula, I have to talk to you about this.”

“Not right now, Josie! This bond is the key, and if I can tap its power, even strengthen it, then-”

“Ursula,” Josefina roared in the privacy of her pavilion. “Right. Now. I say this like a dragon, not as a noblewoman.”

Ursula raised an eyebrow. “Not the most intimidating dragon.”

“Would you prefer me to start breathing fire in a tent?”

“Good point.” Ursula became more serious. She put her clothing back on, falling silent and readying herself to listen, and Josefina found it quite a shame. She’d never known that she swung, well, *both* ways, but increasingly she was finding pleasure in Ursula’s appearance, not just her ministrations. The short blonde beauty had even more curves than Josefina had realised, and the feeling of her naked softness against her red scales was . . . nice. Quite nice. Very nice, actually, and getting nicer by the second until Ursula had pulled away. When Josefina had come from Ursula’s pleasure spells, she almost could have sworn that her womb had quickened. But that would be impossible, right?

“Okay,” Ursula said, placing her hands on her impressive hips, now covered by her magic student robes. “What’s going on, Josie?”

"It's . . . this," Josefina said, gesturing to herself using the points of her wings and her prehensile tail. "All of this. And us. And me and Stepan."

"Stepan and I. You're a noblewoman, use the right grammar!"

"Please, be serious, Ursula."

Ursula looked up at the immense body that her friend now possessed, and her grin fell away. "Oh, my poor Josie. I've upset you. I'm sorry. I'm trying, honey. I'm really, really trying. I've been working myself sick for nearly two weeks now."

Josefina could see that. It wasn't just the evidence on Ursula's face or her tired demeanour - recent carnal pleasures aside - but also the fact that with Josefina's own increased magical talent, she could also somehow sense that Ursula's own had been depleted quite a lot recently, and often at that.

"I know, Ursula, but I don't know *what* you're doing."

"I just don't want to let you down, Josie," she said. "I don't want to get your hopes up either. If this doesn't pan out, then you won't be any the worse, at least."

But Josefina narrowed her eyes. Summoning a bit more courage - the courage to stand up to a friend, no less - she snaked her long neck down in front of Ursula, to the point where her friend actually took a step back.

"Ursula, you're my best friend. I know I can trust you with whatever you're doing. I'm just . . . worried about *why* you're doing this. Is it really for me? Please, I have to know."

"It is for you," Ursula admitted, but she withered beneath that golden stare. "But . . . it's also for me too. I'm sorry. Gods, I'm so sorry. I have to come clean, don't I?"

Tears began to bubble in her eyes, and they were honest tears. Josefina, surprised once again by her draconic powers, could literally *smell* the truth in them.

"Please, Ursula, you've been just so - so *weird* ever since this started! You've helped me so much, just like Stepan, but I need to know what else is going on. Is this just because you wished you could be a dragoness instead of me?"

"Of course it is!" Ursula cried. She threw her hands up in the air, causing her hair to spill all about. She collapsed dramatically against one of Josefina's claws: she rotated it to catch the woman easily. She was, after all, over ten metres in length by that point, and that *wasn't* including her tail.

"It should have been me," Ursula sighed.

"You think I don't agree!" Josefina whined in her rumbling dragoness voice. "I'm stuck pregnant, full of eggs, and the thought of pushing them out - for centuries - terrifies me!"

"But that's just it," Ursula said, "the magic *chose* you! I looked further into this Josie, and I don't even know if it would have opted for me if I'd found that orb before you. The legends I've been able to uncover - legends that only make sense with the revelation of the orb - all seem to indicate that it *chooses* a so-called "perfect vessel," or at least only endows

its power to one that meets the criteria that comes across it. I guess . . . it's just another strike against me. All my love of dragons and their history, and I *still* might not have been chosen."

Josefina fought the impulse to say something nasty. It wasn't in her nature, but she couldn't understand Ursula's obsession. Who in all the planes would ever want to be stuck in a bloated, pregnant dragon body, and borderline immobile due to all the eggs? And that wasn't to mention the feelings of growth, the constant hunger, and the eventual need to push and push and push for literal centuries! She communicated this to Ursula who nodded, unable to meet her gaze.

"I know, I know. It sounds crazy. It would be most people's worst nightmare. But to be the centre of attention, and to know that my body was breeding new dragons into the world. A whole new age through me, after all my hard work. I just . . . wish I could be in your place. And since I can't be . . ."

Josefina, not usually considered the brightest person, felt like she'd had an intelligence boost. Or perhaps she simply knew her friend. Either way, she could sense something else.

"And if you can't become like me, you thought you'd form a connection in another way," Josefina said. "The bond, like what Stepan and I share."

Another tear fell down Ursula's cheek.

"Yes," she admitted. "I did think that. And . . . I pursued it. In fact, I pursued it pretty much from the start."

Josefina raised her neck up. The fire within her great belly burned. "That's why you were so close to me from the beginning. Why you fed me so insistently? Ursula, what in the Nine Hells!? You *wanted* me to keep changing? Is that why you - why *we* - together!?"

Ursula was full on sobbing by that point. She nodded profusely, wringing her hands together in the shadow of her friend, who was now unbelievably bigger than her.

"Yes. Gods, it sounds so horrible when you put it like that. *It is* horrible. I'm sorry, Josefina. I just thought that if I could change you, and be the one to be so close to you, then perhaps I too could have a dragon bond like you have with Stepan. And - and it worked a little, didn't it? Haven't you been feeling it? A connection?"

Josefina glared. She was aghast, and when she was this shocked, she fell silent and simply waited for the other person to speak. Ursula rushed to fill the silence.

"I can't describe it, Josie. It's amazing. To feel you. To know you. Stepan doesn't know how lucky he is! Do you know he'll live as long as you do? He'll get to bask in your wonder, to worship and love you forever. I just . . . wanted that too."

She hung her head in shame.

"But I don't deserve it. I'm sorry."

Josefina had tears herself. They sizzled in her eyes.

“Me too, Ursula. Gods, this is so unfair! I can’t believe you’d do this to me! Please - please just get out of my sight. I don’t want to see you again, at least for some time”

“Josie, what if I made it up to you? What if I could -”

“Please, just go. I just . . . I need space. Thanks to these stupid dragon instincts and this stupid dragon body, I *always* need space. Just go.”

Ursula reached out, but Josefina pulled her claws back, scraping against the stone. Faced with the looming broodmother, the short blonde beauty sniffled, wiped away another few tears, and fled from the tent, overcome with guilt. Josefina could smell that guilt too, and it turned her stomach. She felt terrible, but then Ursula deserved to feel terrible too, didn’t she?

“Oh Gods, what have I done?” she roared to herself as soon as Ursula was out of earshot. “I have three people supporting me, and even the professor is iffy. Now I just have Stepan. This is all so - so - so *shit!*”

She laid her head down on the ground, and cried too. Her tears boiled before they reached the ground.

Stepan comforted her, of course, and the Professor too, in her own way. Her father even visited, though being the kind of man he was, he continued to not understand the kind of woman that Josefina was, and so the father and daughter instead spent time in awkward silence. Even that was a bit comforting for the dragoness, particularly with all the anxieties ahead. She felt larger than ever - she *was* larger than ever - but more than that, the contents of her belly was worrying her. She hadn’t experienced any prophetic dragon dreams again, nor felt that connection to Ursula either - it was only Stepan. But there was a tightness in her overstuffed womb that felt like a ticking time spell or clockwork bomb. At night, she would occasionally awaken to feel a tremor run through her scaled belly, and for just a moment her draconic slit would quiver, just a little painfully.

There was pleasure too. A spike of excitement. That too concerned her.

“My stupid dragon brain actually *wants* to go into labor, Stepan,” she whined to her boyfriend. He was coiled in her tail, and her neck was lying against her own side so she could face him. It was oddly comfortable.

“Isn’t that what you want?” Stepan suggested. “I mean, obviously birth can be, uh, not *relaxing*, but you’ll get the eggs out of you, won’t you?”

She snorted a bit of smoke from her nostrils. “Sure, but I still have to push them out! And I’m a *broodmother*, remember? I’m stuck like this for the rest of my life, which is

measured in *godsdamned* centuries! You're just going to get me pregnant again, probably even *more* pregnant since I keep growing. Not that you'll complain about that act, I'm sure."

Stepan grinned, and his suave expression made her heart skip a beat. "Well, I won't lie, my beauty, it would still be a pleasure."

She chuckled. "Oh Stepan, I just wish I were more human. Even if I can't be exactly human again, just to have hands to hold you, and hair for you to stroke, and lips for you to kiss. And to be able to stand upright!"

He stroked her tail, causing it to writhe gently, soothed by his touch. "I want that too, Josefina. I truly do. I'm nervous about all of this, to be honest. But when I'm with you, at least I know things are right. My magic is more powerful, my confidence too. And you still make me happy. You are still beautiful."

She grinned. "That, at least, I know is kind of true. I thought I was becoming a monster, but dragons really are beautiful, aren't they?"

"Truly. The legends are there for a reason."

But that just made her glum again, and her huge claws raked at the stone of the garden walkway beneath her. "But then it just means that I understand Ursula's perspective even more, and realise just how much *she* should have been like this, instead of me."

"Hey, you can't get lost in hypotheticals, Josefina. Otherwise you end up like me, always imagining what it would be like to be born in a higher social class. You ended up like this, and she chose to take advantage of it."

"But she's my friend," Josefina said softly - at least as softly as a massive dragon could. "She was in tears, and I pushed her away. I didn't realise how much I'd stolen her life's dream. I know she was manipulative, but we did actually have a bond. I just . . . I just wish she had tried to help me without trying to help herself."

"I know," Stepan said, continuing to stroke her scales. "Maybe Ursula just needs some time to fix her priorities. It doesn't have to be the end of your friendship."

Josefina snorted some further smoke, which trailed above their forms. "Maybe," she said. "But I'm not bonding with her. She's closed that door for good."

The Festivities Begin

The time for the month of festivities came, and Josefina's dread for it made no difference upon its eventual arrival. Despite her pleading with her father not to put her 'on display' in the great centre of the city, where all the greatest marches and performances were conducted, there was no dissuading him. She understood his position: he was making a statement of

power for Herathon and unity for the world, and allowing all to see the reality of this new age: the Age of the Return of Dragons. But for Josefina, it simply meant that her huge dragon body was rested upon an enormous stone dais with numerous treasures and gifts piled upon her, and thousands upon thousands of city residents finally getting a look at her up close. Even among the numerous plays, performances, comedies and food, she was clearly the main event, and the citizens of the Kingdom of Iralis flocked from outside the city to see her with their own eyes as well, so that Herathon was stuffed full with people. The city guard had a big task on their hands, that was for sure.

Stepan was by her side, as much as he could be. But even he had to be dragged off by Aurelius and the King to talk to visiting dignitaries, ambassadors, and even other royal family members. He was the man who was the fire that set the fuel of Josefina's womb alight, of course, and so he was of particular interest to many. He was under the King's protection, and this was made very clear, but he was also now an elevated man, something Stepan was still getting used to. Titles were already being conferred upon him.

Josefina had titles too. They were conferred with honoured sacrifices, gifts, treasure, coins, marble busts, and so on. She was named Queen of Dragons, Mother of a New Age, Princess of the Red Scale, and all sorts of made up things that she had never cared for. But the treasure at least gave her a lot of joy: enough so that despite being the star attraction of a literal month-long ceremony, she could sometimes ignore the immense amount of pressure upon her. She had to act with poise and wisdom, after all, and speak to numerous important figures herself, even a few minor kings.

"It is good to meet you, your majesty," she said mechanically, trained in the words again and again by Aurelius and various court tutors.

"And I you, great dragon mother!" one replied, a king whose origin she'd already forgotten among the hustle bustle of it all. "Tell me, when do you think you shall birth your first clutch of eggs? When will this new age fully commence?"

She had to give a mysterious expression, which at least was pretty easy as a dragon. "In time, when the stars are right and the magic is most appropriate," she said, which was just another way of saying "I have no fucking clue but you lot love omens of great portent."

It seemed to satisfy him, because then the questions turned to her plans as broodmother, which kingdoms she planned to patronise, what gifts would be most appropriate, could she stop people from aging, could he heal her daughter's skinscale disease, and so on. She tried to stay distant, but the opportunity to heal always felt good, and for once her draconic instincts and her own residual human ones were in alignment, and so she accepted some nice rare coins in exchange for the service. The young princess giggled - she had to be only five or six - and literally *hugged* Josefina's tail, an act which brought her a surprising amount of comfort. It was something she noticed again and again in

those first few days of festivities: while the diplomatic aspects of her new 'job' were anathema to her, and frequently embarrassing, she did love the little children, even allowing them to climb all over her. Aurelian and her father hated it as they felt it unseemly, of course, but she put her heavy feet down.

"Father, I am a giant, pregnant, hormonal dragoness. Even if you don't count my tail, I'm nearly twelve metres long and I weigh as much as half a manor. And these kids are the first fun I've had during this whole festival that didn't come from growing my damned hoard or being able to eat a heap of mint-scented cow. So I *will* have my way on this, because I'll be damned to the Nine Hells if I'm just going to lie here for a whole month entertaining boring politicians who can't stop asking me when I'm going to give birth."

Her father frowned, but relented. "Fine, but just . . . schedule the times, perhaps. Please, my daughter. I know this is difficult, but it is important, politically speaking."

She sighed. "Fine, father . . . so long as I can have that marble bust of Aurelius on the third floor."

Aurelian beside him blanched. "What? That was commissioned by De Santiago himself! I would never-"

"Fine," the King said. "But that is the deal."

He turned and left, leaving the haughty Aurelius flabbergasted. She stuck her long, forked tongue out at him, before puffing a bit of smoke out in victory. Unfortunately, before she could get a good jape in, she felt another one of those painful tremors down her side.

"Uughhnnn," she groaned.

For a moment, the entire crowd seemed to go very still, and the celebrations fell away. The eyes of hundreds turned on her. It was only when the tremor passed and she blew out a little flame of annoyance that she was able to dispel the tension in the air.

"False alarm," she simply said, voice echoing across the great plaza.

There was a collective sigh, or murmur of discontent, and Aurelius simply smirked.

"Well, it can't be too long, sister," he said, and walked away.

She lowered her head in annoyance. Stepan found her later, still sulking even while peasant children used her tail as a slide, something which lifted her mood a little.

"Everything okay?" he said, rubbing her scaled cheek.

She looked at her lover, so comparatively tiny.

"No," she replied, whispering as much as she could. "We're only five days into this festival, and I'm already bored. Everyone looks at me, just wanting me to give birth, and apparently father has some special new announcement tonight about a lasting alliance treaty that I need to be in attendance for. And worse, I keep getting those tremors."

"I know, I can sense them through our bond. Do you think you're close?"

“Gods, I hope not. But also . . . I hope so. Well, no, that’s just instinct. Oh Stepan, it’s impossible to explain! I just - just fucking hate the anticipation. If I am to give birth, please not around so many people! Worse, I haven’t even got the chance to fly yet. My wings keep growing, but my belly grows quicker. I’m practically immobile already!”

“Things will change, my love,” he reassured her.

But she just grunted. “I know. I just miss Ursula.”

“I haven’t seen her anywhere.”

“I can’t sense her. The bond she tried to make is gone.”

“Perhaps that’s a good thing.”

She shifted her heavy form. “I hope so. Gods, I hope so. But it felt so nice when it was there. Would it be so bad to be bonded to two people?”

To her surprise, Stepan shook his head easily. “Of course not, Josefina. A bond is not the same as romantic love, though I’m sure it overlaps somewhat. But you are a dragon now, and they were known to have bonds with those they cared most about. It makes sense to me that you would gain from one with Ursula, had she not tried to engineer one.”

Josefina sighed. “Thank you Stepan. I don’t know what I do to deserve you.”

“Well, I like to think you’ve given me some pleasures that make the exchange worth it.”

She moaned, more loudly than she wanted. Thankfully, it was night, and so the festivities were brighter and more drunken by that point, allowing her not to be the centre of attention for once. “Don’t talk about pleasure! I’m trying to hide this arousal. It’s so f-fucking hard. It’s like I still need to get more pregnant, to have even more eggs! Can’t we find a spot for you to breed me?”

Stepan considered this; he too was feeling the heat. “I’ll ask the king. Um, not in those words, though.”

Thankfully, the request was granted, and they were allowed to leave the plaza for a short time. It was a difficult journey for Josefina to make, but all the worth it for when - after immense difficulty due to her increasing size - Stepan was able to cum inside her. She grew yet more, to the point where the journey back required many stops.

During one of them, she felt a brief flicker of connection to Ursula, back in the Magic Academy. She was tired, sorrowful, yet alight with the fires of redemption, working hard upon something. What was she doing up there?

While this was happening, Ursula was feverishly working. She had not rested nearly as much as her body required, but she knew she needed to redeem herself in some way. The

bond, that wonderful connection to this new age of dragons, was still something she coveted, but she knew she had destroyed her chance at it, and she pursued it no longer. For all her ambition, she knew that she had 'stuffed up' as the younger mages colloquially put it during their alchemical experiments, and hoping to still achieve a bond was a fool's errand.

More than that, though, it was also morally wrong. Ursula had spurred on Josefina's changes even when the poor girl was terrified and anxious about all that was happening to her. It had been cruel, manipulative, and all the kindness she'd poured on after had been little more than a salve for her sins. She knew that now.

"I don't need a bond," she said aloud as she continued to read and encant, read and encant. "I just need to make things right. Or as right as I can make them for Josefina, and for Stepan too."

She wiped away a stray tear from her tired left eye, took a deep breath, and turned the page. She was having to read passages twice over now she was so tired, but she couldn't stop. If her calculations were correct - and as the most studious of the three (possibly former) friends, she was rarely incorrect - then Josefina was due to lay her first clutch any night now. She was potentially overdue. And once the birthing began in full, even her own magical power would not be enough to help Josefina.

"I just want to be her friend again," she muttered. "I just want to make things right."

She continued to study. She needed to be ready for the following night. The pronouncement, with all the nobles and royal blood in one place, could well be a trigger for Josefina's labor. There was magic in such events, and with all eyes on the dragon broodmother, it could well happen.

"I won't fail you again, Josie," she said. "I promise."

She turned the next page.

The following night came the announcement that the King had been looking forward to proclaiming. An ongoing alliance and trade deal between Iralis and its five neighbours, which also included peace between them as well. It was a recognition that this new age needed to be one of peace, though no doubt having the future of dragons in Iralis' heartland made the neighbours more inclined to take the deal. Of course, the public didn't know any of this yet, why else have an announcement? Instead, hundreds of important persons of higher classes, as well as the greater mages of the Academy, and various diplomats and rich merchants, were all placed in resplendent seating near the dais upon which the King, his son, the Kings of the other nations and their right-hand men and women, all sat.

And, of course, Josefina lay behind them on her side, her enormous golden-scaled stomach expanding and falling with each great breath. The day had really taken it out of her, and even more because she was living with the consequences of last night's passionate lovemaking with Stepan: the evidence of which was in her overly-full belly. It truly felt like she was going to explode, and yet she had been unable to resist further egg-making. She was paying for it now: every so often she let out a long groan which sounded like a hefty, husky *roar*. The crowd would stiffen, fall silent, and watch, hoping to see the very first dragon egg enter the world. Each time they would be disappointed, but Josefina got the feeling that their disappointment would not last too long, if her over-gravid stomach and its consistent tremors were any indication. She was filled with anxiety, and it made her enormous stomach turn knots within her. The notion that she might possibly give birth to her dozens and dozens of eggs in front of thousands was horrifying, because beyond the crowd of nobles and very important guests were the ordinary citizenry, watching as the King made his pronouncements. Izabela was at his side, proud to help amplify his voice using her magic.

"People of Herathon, of Iralis, and of the greater world, tonight we bring yet more grand news!"

There was another applause, and Josefina winced as her stomach trembled like an unstoppable earthquake. It visibly shifted, eggs moving within her. She grunted, and her tail thumped on the stage. Several mages used auditory silencing spells in order to dampen the effect and not take away attention from the king. Aurelius looked back with irritation.

"What are you doing?" he whispered.

"You try being a big fat pregnant dragon!" she uttered back, annoyed. Her talons scraped against stone, and again the mages had to flank in order to conceal it. Step remained by her head, stroking her neck, trying to calm her.

"Is it happening?" he asked.

"I th-think no. Maybe. It could just b-be the first signs. Gods, Stepan, this is so ridiculous, can't father go faster?"

". . . with the neighbouring kingdoms of Grudd, Hythamere, Parak, Kaleth, and Veer. This contract will ensure not only a lasting age of peace, but that we may all prosper from the return of dragons, whose magic will bring forth healing to the lands. With their wisdom, our arcane arts will better serve the people, increase our wealth, and allow living standards to rise from the highest king to the lowliest peasant. Which is why . . ."

Josefina grunted again. Another tremor. Stepan winced, and she knew that through their bond, he could feel it too, albeit not nearly as powerfully: lucky him. She clenched her claws, all four of them. For a moment she was tempted to simply rise to her feet and move as quickly away as possible, and damn and fuck the consequences and what it would mean for her father. But as she tried to at least stand, she realised that she couldn't. Her wings

were still not fully grown, and might never be able to lift her when so fully gravid. She was literally immobile, resting on her side like some fat sow feeding her piglets, only her 'piglets' were still trying to evacuate her womb.

"S-Stepan," she said, as her draconic slit was hit by a sudden discomfiting pain. "I th-think it might be happening."

"Just hold on, Josefina. I think he's nearly finished. Ahh! Oh, was that a big one?"

She closed her eyes for a moment, bore out the pain, which mingled with an increase in pressure and even a strange, instinctive *pleasure*. It had to be a contraction, and her ridiculous reptile brain was interpreting this as a *good thing*.

"Ohhhhh, I don't want to enjoy this," she moaned. She knew that Stepan could feel that undercurrent of desire. That need to not only be pregnant, but to birth and birth. To lay and lay. To bring forth as many clutches as she possibly could. "Gods, Stepan, I don't know how m-much longer I can hold it in!"

Someone tried to hush her. The Professor looked back, and her eyebrows raised in alarm. She indicated nonverbally for her to hold on as long as possible.

"With the signing of this treaty, we believe that the new age will formally begin. So I invite my fellow monarchs to step forward with me, before the eyes of Herathon and their visiting peoples, to make this alliance - and new age - official beneath the eyes of the Gods."

More applause as the figures moved and assembled. Josefina could barely hang on. Her wings fluttered, sending waves of wind through part of the important crowd, who grabbed at their robes.

"Please, just a few more moments!" Izabela hissed, coming over to try and soothe Josefina. But not even Stepan could totally soothe her now: she was at the mercy of her broodmother body, and she could feel the eggs beginning to shift downwards, her stomach contracting to squeeze them forth towards her entrance, which itself was beginning to dilate. She hissed with her forked tongue. Gods, what she wouldn't do to at least feel like a woman again! If she had to give birth, why as a pure dragon? She missed her curves, her butt, her breasts! She missed her hair - Stepan had loved her hair!

"I m-miss Ursula. Where's Ursula!?"

"I'm sorry," Stepan said, "she's not here. Just focus, Josefina, you can do this."

"I can't. I can't. I CAAAAAANNNNN'T!!!!"

She roared into the air, and an enormous fireball lit up the sky like fireworks. It cascaded for a long time, until finally it dissipated, leaving the audience stunned. Only half the monarchs had managed to sign the elaborate parchment treaty, and Aurelian and her father were looking at her with a mix of dread, fury, and shock. Then both their features changed, and the king spun around, grabbing a mage to amplify his voice again.

“My daughter, great dragon broodmare, goes into labor! The new age is already beginning! Let us finish signing the document, and all may witness the birth of the first dragon eggs back into this world!”

Josefina could have died right there and then, and even more so when she lifted one leg up automatically, the strain of contractions beginning to reach a conclusion: she was almost ready to push. In fact, her instincts were already trying to make her do just that. Gods, she needed to push. Her mind was going crazy, and increasingly it seemed like the best possible outcome: to get these dragon eggs out of her, to relieve the insane pressure, and then go back to making more, more, *more* eggs. To getting even more pregnant!

“N-NO!” she cried. “DON’T WANT! CAN’T BE! WANT TO B-BE HUMAN!!”

“It’s okay!” Stepan and Izabela said at once. The dais was erupting into minor chaos as the visiting kings tried to sign the declaration quickly, along with their advisors, all while a giant dragon squirmed and shook the platform, writhing in contractions. Several individuals had to move as her tail slammed against the ground, and her wings began to beat furiously, a reaction of hers to try and calm herself. She was hyperventilating.

“Sister! Stop this at once!” yelled Aurelius, only to be pushed embarrassingly off of the platform by the wind produced by her wings.

“STEPAN, I CAN’T DOOOOO THISSSS!!!” she cried.

“Yes you can!” shouted a familiar voice. For just a moment, the contractions and the immense pressure let up, and Josefina gazed across the dais, through the crowd, to the tiny blonde figure lost among the much taller ones.

“URSULA!!” she cried.

“You can do this, Josie! I know you can! Don’t listen to anything other than your body if you have to, but if you can wait just a moment, I can help you!”

Her voice was lost in the awe of the crowd, and the shouts of those pushing back as she thrashed. Stepan stayed loyally near her, as did Izabela, who was checking on the progress of her contractions, but Josefina remained fixed upon her friend, who was trying to approach but being stopped by numerous guards. Josefina roared.

“LET HER THROUGH!”

She spat a stream of fire into the air as a warning shot, more defiant than she ever had been. Labor will do that for a woman. The guards took one look at her, another back at Ursula, whose face was full of determination, and they parted to let her through, just as Josefina had demanded.

“Josie!” she cried, running up to the platform to stand alongside Stepan. She was panting heavily. “I’m so, so sorry! I was so stupid!”

“It’s oohhhhh! It’s okay!” Josefina said more quietly. “I f-forgive you! Just don’t - ahh! Try anything like that a-again! I j-just need your help! I need you and Stepan! Both of you!”

Stepan was already 'holding' her hand, which was more akin to placing his whole hand around one of her red-scaled digits, and invited Ursula to do the same.

"Thank you for coming, Ursula," he said, though part of his voice seemed to hold a degree of caution, perhaps even judgement. Ursula bowed a little in shame.

"I'm sorry to you too, Stepan. I never should have stepped in on your relationship. I was an idiot. A selfish moron. A student who couldn't find the glossary even if the back of the book was right in front of her-

"CAN YOU JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP M-MEEE!!?!"

Josefina gasped, roared again. The urge to push was so powerful, but Ursula was warning her not to push just yet.

"Whatever you do, don't push!" she cried. "I just need time!"

"This isn't the d-damned bond again, is it? Because I told you-

"Don't worry!" Ursula said. "This is something I'm doing to make it up to you. Old magic, and an old ritual that only makes sense with dragon magic back in the mix as well."

The king was soothing various individuals, and they were all pulling back to look at the stage. Josefina used her tail to push aside more guards as gently as she could, so it was just her and the professor and Stepan and Ursula on stage. She tried not to think about the thousands of individuals who were currently watching her.

"M-make it q-quick then! I don't kn-know how much I can take! I really, really n-need to give b-birth! Ohhhhhhh, I don't want to, but I also have to, and I really want to! I can't explain it! I need more *eggs! I need MOOORRE!!!*"

She roared again, shooting fire. The urge to push was frightening, and her body gave in for a moment before she pulled herself back. Ursula was burning several components, and getting Stepan to draw a wide circle around in chalk around Josefina's draconic body. The professor was also aiding Ursula's enchantments, boosting them and adding wards where necessary. Ursula was chanting something, but Josefina could barely take it in. Her worst nightmare was coming true: she was going to be a dragon for life, and condemned to birth egg after egg in front of a massive audience of the entire city, kingdom, and its neighbours.

But then something happened. Ursula had made a loud, fierce chant, and from her very body came life energy. Josefina felt it leave her friend and cast right into her own form, mingled with magic and love. Ursula fell to the ground, looking utterly thin and pale, and in that moment the dragon broodmother realised how much her friend was sacrificing to make things right.

"NO! URSULA! DON'T!"

But it was too late. The magic was alive, and powerful red cords of lightning-like energy emanated from Ursula, who began to float into the air, still chanting even as her

features weakened. Josefina tried to reach out, but the birth pangs were too great, and she needed to push. Before she could though, her body began to shift and transform right before the eyes of the entire kingdom.

“OOHHH!! AHHH! What’s - what’s h-happening to m-me!? Ursula, what are you d-doing!?”

“Making up for my sins!” the other woman cried, going in and out of unconsciousness as the spell sucked her dry. “I hope this will h-help, Josie!”

Josefina tried to reply, to beg her friend to stop, but she was suddenly overwhelmed by a series of changes. Her forelegs tightened and reshaped, bone extending and growing longer even as her digits changed. All of her was growing bigger, in fact, except for her womb, though that would in time. Her tail lengthened, her shoulders expanded, and hips cracked and popped and creaked wider and wider. But not her neck, or her head. Instead, those reduced. To her astonishment, Josefina found her long, serpentine neck clicking skeletal digit by digit down in size, even as her snout began to shrink back into her face. She almost giggled in excitement as she regained a set of lips, and as a curtain of dark black hair began to push through her scalp once more, long and curly and just as wild and misshapen as ever. She had missed her messy hair.

“Ursula! You’re doing it! You’re making me human - or humanoid, at least!”

Stepan was in awe. “My love, I can see your face again! It’s your face, even if it still has scales!”

It had to be true, because she could feel all her bones realigned, jaw reshaping to become humanoid once more. It was amazing, and she closed her eyes, relishing each fine adjustment of bone that left her more and more human. She moaned in pleasure, both sexual and cathartic, as she regained her nose and eyebrows, even her chin and lips.

“My face! Ohhhhhh, finally I have my f-face again! Yes! YESSSS!!”

Ursula smiled. Even as the magic continued to leech away at her body, she beamed at the sight of her friend’s changes. Of course, Josefina was still becoming larger, more powerful, and more ready to birth her eggs. The pressure was mounting ever more to push, but the dragoness was reinvigorated. She held off against even the most powerful instincts to wait out the effects of the spell.

“Yesssss, thank you Ursula! My legs! Ohhhhhh, I missed my legs! MMMHMH!!!”

They weren’t *her* legs exactly. She still had golden talons at the ends of her toes, and the red scales, and the digitigrade stance that marked her as a powerful magical reptile. But they were bipedal, and longer, and even as they altered her forelegs become *arms* again once more, toes re-extending to become taloned fingers, her muscles and bones gaining a flexibility that would let her grab things, manipulate things, hold *people* and objects with far greater ease. She bit her lip - actual lips, even if they were scaled - as more ecstasy coursed

through her. To her utter bliss a pair of breasts reappeared on her chest. They were small at first, just like the pair she once had, at least in comparison to the rest of her body, and just like Stepan had enjoyed playing with.

“Ohhhhh - nnggh! They’re growing! OHHHH!!!”

Then they rose. Fit for the pregnant dragon-woman that she was becoming, her red-scaled breasts surged forth, gaining considerable weight and heft until they were astonishingly big, nearly the size of her own head in fact. They had a surprising wobble and softness despite the ruby red scales, and her nipples were bare and pink, flushed and full. She groaned as her chest filled with milk, her human aspect returning in a way she certainly hadn’t anticipated.

“OOhhhhhh Gods! S-Stepan! Am I - oh Gods, am I!?”

Stepan looked up in shock, then stepped aside just in time to avoid being splashed as her breasts became so full and tight that they literally *sprayed* prodigious quantities of milk outwards, catching a number of other noblemen and women and even some guards. There was laughter from the back of the crowd, but most were looking on in awe as Josefina’s body finally found an equilibrium with her human self. She moaned out loud, experiencing a powerful orgasm as the changes settled, squeezing her breasts instinctively in order to empty them faster.

“Why. Does. It. FEEL. SO. GOOD!?!”

More milk sprayed, and then the streams finally emptied, gallons having been expressed from her now incredibly full chest. Josefina beheld it with awe. She’d always wanted a larger chest, but the current melons on her form were massive to the point that they literally rested on her belly, at least after she had managed to shift to her bottom. She couldn’t make out all of her feature without a gigantic mirror, reflective spell or body of water, but she had little doubt that she now resembled a draconic woman who was heavily pregnant, rather than strictly speaking a dragon. She had arms and feet, a human rear (albeit one with a huge dragon tail sticking out from above it) and a human face, complete with her old nose and chin and hair. She even had her breasts again, thank the Gods! But there were other, more dragon-like aspects, such as her full covering of scales, her fan-like spine, her big tail and marvellous wings. She also was still exhaling fire when agitated, which was what she became in the aftermath of her pleasure when she realised that poor Ursula had fallen from the air and only just managed to be caught by Stepan.

“What’s wr-wrong with her?” she breathed, barely coming down from the pleasure of the change, the chance to be at least human-like again, even if she was nearly fourteen metres tall.

“I don’t know!” Stepan said. “She used her life energy to power the change.”

“Fool!” Izabela said, the professor striding over. “She could have killed herself! She may yet - her life energy is still bleeding out!”

Ursula opened her eyes, barely. “S-still worth it.”

The pressure to give birth was now utterly unbearable beyond all measure. Josefina could barely focus. Even her vision was blurring. The need to push was not just physiological but psychological. She *needed to become* a mother. She needed to feed her hatchlings, with her breasts if necessary, now that she had them. Gods, she was happy to have boobs again, even if they were very, *very* big.

She shook her head. Her friend was her first priority though. If she began birthing, she might not have the energy to help her.

“B-bring her to m-me,” she moaned.

Stepan and Izabela did so. Josefina felt the life energy through her dragon senses. She scratched at the horns that still protruded through her dark hair, sensing the power that she had, and what she might be able to do. She had never been a good student, but perhaps that lack of rigid thinking made the dragon magic she now possessed come naturally to her, because she reached out and easily took the withered form of the dying Ursula.

“Josie, just f-focus on yourself,” the blonde woman said.

But Josefina just hushed her. For the first time in her life, she didn’t care that the eyes of the world were on her, even with the massive crowd watching silently. And more than that, for the first time, she knew exactly what she had to do, and how to do it. She was in tune with herself utterly.

“Shhh, Ursula,” she said, as sweetly as her still-husky voice allowed. “Just drink. Drink, okay?”

“But-”

“I know it’s really weird, but I know it will help. Please! They’re really stupid full anyway. Drink. Gods, I’m so f-full! Drink, you stupid, wonderful, crazy friend!”

Ursula did as she was ordered. She opened her mouth wide, and drank from Josefina’s new human-dragon body. Sweet milk flooded her mouth, and she swallowed it. It was utterly delicious. More than that, it was incredibly invigorating. Josefina moaned, and so did Ursula, as healing energy poured into the blonde mage. Slowly, the body that had been withering mere moments before was being restored, coming together, wrinkled disappearing, grey hairs becoming blonded once more. Finally, Josefina pulled her friend away when the rejuvenation had finished. Ursula looked at her body as she was set back down, marvelling. Even Izabela and Stepan were without words.

“Josie, you healed me,” Ursula said. “I owe you everything.”

“We all do,” Stepan added. “My love, you look incredible! Like a dragon version of your human self. You are very beautiful. I hope that -”

“NNGHHH!!! No time! Have to - AGGHH!! BIRTH!!! HELP!!!”

The three of them set to work as the enormous anthro-dragoness positioned herself like a human woman in labor. She just managed to lie back against the stone wall behind the great platform, her tail off to one side and smashing against the ground, while her wings extended to cover her from view as much as possible. She spread her legs wide and rubbed her enormous belly. As humanoid as her arms were now they *still* couldn't reach all the way around to hold her entire golden-scaled stomach: she was simply that gravid.

And now the eggs were coming, and no force of will or magic or desire to help a friend would help them. The King gazed on in shock, as did Aurelian, until Professor Izabela launched herself towards them.

“This is not an appropriate sight for a father and brother!” she shouted. “The broodmother of dragons requests *some* modesty, thank you!”

They were too astonished to argue back, and quickly herded the other royals back. But there was no stopping the crowd of thousands along the partition from viewing this moment, the spectacle beyond anything they had seen. Each shoved and moved to be the first to see the new dragon eggs enter the world, and the mages had to act with stalling magic just to avoid a crowd crush.

“NNGHHH! HAVE TO P-PUSH!!” she cried.

Stepan went to one side of her, and Ursula to the other. They each held her arms, even though said arms were larger than they were. What mattered was the encouragement.

“You can do this,” Stepan said. “I know you can!”

“You're stronger than you think!” Ursula cried. “I know you are, Josie!”

She didn't feel strong enough. The pain was unbearable. Stepan struggled with the pain of it too, the bond transmitting the agony of impending childbirth to him. It was not something he ever expected to feel, nor the instinct to push that he now understood completely. Simply put, one bond was not enough. It was an epiphany to Josefina.

“One - ah! - bond is not strong enough!” she cried. “It's not enough!”

She looked to Ursula, who had redeemed herself so dramatically, and was now by her side. She felt nothing but love and admiration for her friend again. Something flickered between them, and this time Josefina used her own arcane draconic magic to reach out and keep that connection, to make it grow stronger. It secured itself, and suddenly there was a rush of energy that made Josefina and Ursula both cry out. For a moment, the blonde mage was in shock.

“But - why? I don't deserve it!”

“I know!” Josefina said, gritting her still-sharp teeth. “But you will! And I need you with me! Both of you! Help me PUSH!!!”

They each groaned, holding fast to her, and finally she felt powerful enough to do what needed to be done. She gave herself entirely over to instinct, and the world seemed to pause as she pushed, pushed, and pushed.

Something large and rounded descended between her hips. She bucked them, scraping against the stone of the platform, and her tail writhed as well. Her wings extended outwards further, sending great gusts up as they flapped.

“IT’S C-C-COMING!!!!”

She strained, whining in response to the discomfort. And then, as if by magic itself, the first of her many eggs entered her tunnel, descended, and pressed against her lower lips. Pain gave way to mere discomfort, and then discomfort gave way to a raw, animal pleasure. She was a broodmother. This was her purpose. She could feel it in her bones, and so could her two friends, her two lovers, her two bonded ones.

“OH GODS! IT’S HAPPENING!!”

She roared into the air, but there was no gout of flame this time. Instead, she spread her legs wider, pushed again. Her womanhood bulged, and the scales parted, allowing a large ruby-coloured egg to exit from her. It squeezed out of her, sending ripples of unimaginable pleasure through her body, better than any sex she’d ever had with Stepan or Ursula. And then it was out.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh,” she moaned, voice lowering. “Ohhhh, I did it. Did I do it? Stepan, my love, did I - did I do it?”

“You did, Josefina!” he declared, grinning from ear to ear. “You laid your first egg!”

“Ohhhh, Gods. My first egg. By the Black Mountain, that was only one. How many more must I - oh! NGH!! MORE COMING!!”

Labor continued, and she realised she was in for the long haul. The crowd erupted in their own roars of excitement, and numerous individuals cried out what had to be prayers of worship to her. Josefina felt very embarrassed by it all, but less so than she imagined. The pleasure of birthing had been far too erotic to be so public, but her instincts were her instincts, and labor was labor. She needed to lay her clutches, *now*. So she strained and squeezed and moaned and pushed, bearing down for more of the eggs to leave her body. They did so, coming much faster now that she was fully dilating.

“Another one already,” Izabela marvelled, using her magic to shift the eggs out of the way so that they formed a clutch at the end of the platform. Numerous guards gathered at the King’s orders to protect them. Josefina was glad: it allowed her to see entirely to her responsibilities, and push more dragon eggs into the world.

"I c-can't believe it," she said, able to speak more quietly again. "I'm b-becoming a mother. I'm giving b-birth to actual dragon eggs. With dragons inside them! Stepan, Ursula, this is crazy! I'm a dragon mom!"

"You are," Stepan said, marvelling. "You can do this, Josefina. It's a good thing. I'll be right there with you."

"And me as well," Ursula said. "This is so exciting! Thank you, Josie!"

'Josie' gave her a weak smile, but then a new need to push began.

What followed was actual hours of pushing. Only a small segment of the crowd left: the sight was too spectacular, especially since her eggs were in many different colours, ranging from red to blue to white to silver to even some rainbow-coloured ones. Others were metallic, or glowed a soft green, or shimmered under the starry night in a strangely magical manner. And yet still they came, pouring forth from Josefina's gravid belly with alacrity, as if they were long overdue and tired of her previous hesitation. She was immobile before her belly, forced to push and strain and buck her hips, with only her wings to fan her and her allies to encourage her. And yet the pleasure was mighty: the pain never went away, but the bliss of birthing was so much stronger, and despite herself it was borderline impossible to keep from moaning in arousal and delirious bliss.

"Mmhhh! Yes! More! I need to b-birth more! More eggs! OHhhhhh! YESSSSS!!!"

The King and Aurelius blushed, trying to ignore this. Others in the crowd were more amused, or even titillated. But the womenfolk cheered her on, particularly the mothers in the crowd, which gave Josefina yet further strength to carry on. The feeling of eggs leaving her body seemed even better than having Stepan put them in there, and while her human side was still utterly hesitant about her new life, it was so easy to fall into her draconic mindset and relish each birth.

"Mmhhh! Yes! More eggs! More clutches! Ohhhhhh, it feels so g-good! So w-weird!"

"But so right," Ursula said with a smile, encouraging her.

Josefina smiled, whimpered as she pushed the last of her ready eggs from her belly.

"Yesss, ohhhh. S-s-so right."

Her stomach had deflated somewhat. Large enough, perhaps, for her to even fly, but it was still a large dome, that much was obvious. Her body was still gestating her more recent eggs, courtesy of Stepan of course. Already, the desire to make more was infecting her mind, only this time she wasn't trying to push away those thoughts. Her arousal was slowly peaking, and the warmth in her full breasts was returning. She imagined feeding Stepan and Ursula both at them before commencing sex at the same time. It made her moan.

"I did it," she said, staring at her clutches of eggs in their many colours. "I did it. And I'll d-do it again. I can make more."

“Yes, you will,” Izabela pronounced, checking over all the eggs. “The broodmother has laid her first clutches! Many new dragons will return to this world! Praise Josefina, mother of dragons!”

There was a roar to eclipse all roars from the crowd, and she basked in it, uncaring that she was the centre of attention for once in her life. With her arms she easily scooped up her two bonded ones, placing them on her massive stomach so that they stood above the crowd, and all could see them.

The three of them, and the professor, took it all in. Josefina’s broodmother role had begun in full, and with the help of her friends and allies, she felt she could do it.

“I’ll need a really big temple, though,” she said to herself.

And then she fell asleep. She could get impregnated later, after all.

Aftermath

From that day, Josefina truly came into her role as a true dragoness broodmother. Ironically, it had taken becoming more of a human/dragon hybrid to really make her accept the position, but now she finally felt as if she straddled two worlds, and could finally dip her toes (or claws) in both without feeling as if she had to leave her human side behind entirely.

She was pregnant on a permanent basis now, of course, but to her delight there were still times she could fly, the great anthro-dragoness soaring in the clouds with Ursula and Stepan (and occasionally the rather terrified but curious Professor) upon her shoulders or clutched in her arms. But those times were few and far between, as most often her instinctive need to breed left her so gravid with eggs that she was literally immobile. It would take her years to get fully used to that state of being, she knew, as well as the fact that her temple, still under construction, would have potentially hundreds of worshippers and attendants to see to her needs. It was still a lot of attention to take in, but she was slowly getting accustomed to the sacrifices, at least: her love for her hoard and the magical power it granted her had not waned, but only grown with her.

Still, Josefina birthed and birthed, laying her clutches regularly, sometimes even daily where there was an unlucky stretch (though she didn’t call them unlucky when in the throes of birthing pleasure). After just six months, her eggs were already in the hundreds and still counting, and her earliest laid eggs had already hatched. While they were far more draconic than her changed self, she felt a strange compulsion to feed them from her breasts, and they nuzzled against her, suckling at her vast quantities of milk. Her magic told her that it made them even stronger and longer-lived, and formed a bond between them that would last for life. Not the same kind of bond as she had with Stepan and Ursula of course, but a bond that

would allow her to always know where her children were, and to help heal them even from a distance if needed. When not nursing her dragon babies, her milk was used in all its great gallons to feed those with sickness and disease in the city. It was even preserved and traded to other kingdoms for its vast healing properties, magically sustained on the travels.

Embarrassing, yet, but it felt good to be helping others. More severely injured persons came directly to her, though, where her magical dragon breath could do even greater healing work.

Of course, she was a powerful political figure now, and that was a role that she would grow into over time. Professor Izabela was her advocate in this regard, and Ursula helped her too. Stepan was a bit over his head in that regard, and so he too had to learn at a fast pace. Each had agreed that while Iralis would remain their home, they were here to help the world. The Age of the Return of Dragons belonged to everyone, after all. So when Josefina was able to fly, she sometimes opted to stay in other kingdoms, despite the anger of her father and brother, so that she might bless them directly with eggs for a time, leaving at her choosing and taking the unhatched with her.

Stepan and Ursula stayed at her side during all of this. Just like in her dream, they were regal in new robes and vestments of her draconic temple. And they did worship her, in a way: both were empowered to take care of her constant breeding lusts. It had been a shocking discovery the first time Ursula got her pregnant when the two had made love, but then it made sense: Stepan's seed was the ignition that made her pregnant, but he was not directly the father, per se. The real fathers were the great lineages of ancient dragons. So Ursula's lovemaking too was able to impregnate her, and soon the great anthro-broodmother was finding herself even more fully pregnant than she could imagine, panting on her side as she reached full term again and again, and laying larger clutches than ever.

It was a life that would take many years to get used to. There were still embarrassments and shameful moments, births she wished she weren't so public, and moments of lust that were difficult to hide. And her followers could sometimes be too worshipful, which just felt odd. But in a way, she truly had become a goddess of sorts, ushering an entire species into the world. Already, peace was trending, and great projects undertaken across the continent. Disease was being eradicated, and people were living more prosperous and longer lives. And Josefina's life, even if marked by strange changes and a lot of pregnant immobility, was also full of pleasure, love, and joys, even if they were not the ones she would have initially chosen. She was a noble dragon, and would be for centuries to come. She could come to accept that life, and to even love it. In fact, she felt that this might already be the case.

The End