

Mating Season (Man to Dragoness TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Justin is fascinated with dragons. But when he wishes on a shooting star to become one, he finds himself in a fantasy realm as a dragoness instead! Worse, the new female is in mating season, and finding it hard to resist the handsome drakes.

Mating Season

Justin was fascinated with dragons. He'd always been a fantasy nerd, but since getting a job as a rather boring accountant, he'd managed to fill his private life with collections of books about dragons, dragon sculpts, 3D-printed dragons, paintings of dragons, and so on.

Something about the power, magic, and reptilian beauty of the mythical creatures fascinated him, perhaps because he was a short, prematurely balding man who you couldn't pick out in a lineup of one. He was anything but powerful and magical, but all that was about to change.

It was when Justin was walking home one evening after working later than usual that he spotted a series of shooting stars in the sky. He simply smirked and made a near-silent wish to himself.

"I wish I could be a dragon."

Suddenly the world began to spin. The stars in the sky seemed to careen towards him, and the entire constellation of stars bubbled and shifted, becoming unrecognisable.

"What the -"

Justin halted, looking around as his surroundings blinked and changed. In mere moments it was no longer evening, but *dawn*. And there was no city around him anymore, but instead a gorgeous landscape dotted with forests and mountains and floating rocks of impossible size. It looked utterly untouched by civilisation, and he could witness it all, standing on a tall hill.

"What's happened? Where am I!? Can anyone hear me?"

His voice echoed through the great valley he was looking down upon, but there were few answers. Instead, a series of pressures erupted across his body, the magic still burning bright within him. Justin groaned, clutching his form as it began to swell and change in the strangest of ways. For a few moments he was utterly terrified, unsure of what was happening as his shirt ripped open, followed by his pants.

But then he fell to all fours and found his hands changing to powerful green-scaled limbs. His spine stretched further, a thick and long tail extending almost blissfully from his backside, all while his face began to extend. Pains in his shoulders erupted, only for a magnificent pair of wings to fan outwards, large and brilliant.

“Yes! YES! It’s happening! I’m becoming - oooh - a d-dragon! YESSS!!”

He *roared* as his snout formed, and then again as his bulk became larger and larger and larger. Soon he had four powerful dragon legs, an enormous draconic body, a long, thick tail, and a crest of impressive horns. His wings fanned out, powerful enough to lift him off of the ground, and as if by instinct *they did*.

“YESSSS! MY DREAM! IT CAME TRUE!”

His voice bellowed, but there was something odd about it. It was low, that was for certain, and it did have a powerful booming echo about it. But it also sounded refined. Elegant. *Female*.

He put it out of mind for now. Justin soared over the landscape, gleefully flying through the air, embracing his inner dragon. His tail whipped behind him, and the wind was magnificent. There was no fear, only power and the freedom of flight.

And then other dragons joined him. He smelled them first, and they had a strangely enticing musk. Three large specimens rose up to greet him: a green dragon, a red, and a blue. They circled around him, sniffing the air as well, and they performed tricks in the air before Justin’s eyes, each aerial manoeuvre incredibly impressive.

“Do I please you?” the red asked.

“Or I?” said the blue.

“Perhaps I, great one?” the green said.

Justin laughed. Already, the magic of this wish was incredible. “You have all impressed me!” he declared, still a little frustrated at how female his voice was, even if it was authoritative. “But you, red dragon, were most impressive.”

He flew closer, the others distancing themselves a little. “Aha!” he declared, flying beside her. “Then shall you take me as a mate? I promise to give you a large clutch of eggs, enough to rest those wings of yours, in fact! And strong dragon wyrmlings they shall be!”

Justin’s sharp new eyes went wide. It all clicked together: the magnificent smell of this creature and his male friends, the strange yearning moistness that was growing between his hind legs, the authoritative yet undeniably female voice.

“I’m - I’m a female dragon?” he asked.

“And a most desirable one at that,” her male counterpart said, sniffing the air. “I sense you could be more fertile, most *gravid* with my eggs. You are indeed in season, and I wish to continue my line. Shall we mate, great dragoness?”

Justin sped off as fast as he - or she, rather - could, and didn’t give the dragon another word.

“Have to get back!” she muttered to herself, trying to get the dragon’s astonishingly enticing musk out of her mind. “Have to be me again. I’m not going to end up a pregnant dragoness broodmother!”

Justin only lasted a week. During that time, the new dragoness learned to hunt for herself, and tried to enjoy the freedom of her new life. She even began the makings of a lair. But at every point, that yearning need to be filled with a clutch of eggs only grew stronger and stronger. Her desire was utterly rampant, and worse was the fact that in her roamings, she kept coming up against more and more drakes who desired her. According to them, she was among the most beautiful and fertile-looking dragonesses they had ever seen. Such compliments should have disgusted her, but instead they continued to pique her interest. It was as if her new lizard brain was compelled to follow its instinct, and given that it was obviously mating season, Justin couldn't help but think and dream and imagine and wistfully moan about what it would be liked to have a powerful alpha dragon fill her fertile body, and get it full of life-bearing eggs.

"I have to resist," she said, after that single week. "I have to - I have to-"

And then she smelled it. Smelled *him*. It was a more masculine and powerful musk than any she had taken in yet, and it was just upon the horizon. She couldn't help herself, she had to see what this male dragon was like. She told herself it was just the dragon lover in her, but dragon lover and dragon *lover* were becoming intertwined concepts.

Justin took to the air, her powerful body whipping through the sky until she saw the creature sailing in the air opposite her, putting on a grand mating display. He was a great golden dragon, his scales shimmering brightly, his form immense, his golden fiery breath like fireworks erupting from his mouth.

"Are you impressed, dragoness?" he bellowed, flying around her. "I have come to claim you for the mating season, if you will have me?"

It was at that point that Justin was unable to fight it anymore. The urge to procreate was too damn strong, and the sight of this magnificent creature made her horny scaled body want to receive him. She panted just a few times, then flew beside him, her wingtips touching his in a sort of instinctive acceptance of his offer.

"I accept, great drake!" she cried. "Come and mate with me in my lair. I will . . . I will bear you a mighty clutch."

The dragon grinned. "We will have to be very, very sure we get you pregnant, then."

Justin swallowed, still nervous. But it was too late to turn back now. She was a dragoness for life, and soon to be a very gravid one.

Months later, and Justin was happy with how things had turned out. Sure, it was still strange to be a female, let alone a dragon, and even stranger to be so fully laden with eggs. Her scaled stomach was enormous, and sure enough she had been unable to fly the last few weeks, and would not be able to fly for another month until her time to push out her many eggs came. But her golden-scaled mate, Dravaris, was there to sate her hunger by hunting for her. He coiled against her nightly, giving her warmth and comfort, and - of course - other pleasures as her body desired them.

It wasn't quite what she'd wanted when she said she wished to be a dragon. But at the end of the day, she could still fly (when not too pregnant), still breathe fire, still show immense power and live freely in a fantasy world. And given all that, she had no regrets.

The End