



SWORN to the DRAGON

18+

ADULT
AUDIENCES

A TF ROMANCE BY ABE E SEEDY
ILLUSTRATED BY ANGRBODA

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The light was starting to fade by the time Gwendolyn finally found Bertram's horse. It looked unsettled, its caparison off-kilter and torn in several places. She took a sharp breath through her teeth as she stroked her own horse between the ears, calming them both. So. Something had gone wrong after all.



The Order of the Serpent's Fall didn't allow the passing of notes between knights. They were supposed to do all their communication out in the open, as befitted their status as heroic protectors of the public good. Who would trust them to ride into town, requisition the local guard and take down a rampaging dragon if they were dogged by secrets and whispers? And yet, when Bertram had slipped the piece of paper in her hand while they passed each other in the training room, Gwendolyn had tucked it into her gauntlet without a second thought. There were a lot of conflicting reasons why she'd done so, but the one she could give voice to clearest was straightforward. If anyone was willing to break the prohibition like this, then it had to be important. As she read the note quietly in her quarters at the end of the day, she'd quickly discovered that assumption was correct.

Bertram turned out to be as talkative in his writing as he was in real life, packing a surprising amount of detail in a small amount of space. He'd found something that raised questions, the kind he didn't think he could get answers to within the Order. There was some sort of plot, or a growing danger, and the only way he could take care of it was to head off alone. He'd asked her to cover for him, which was already a substantial risk, but by the time she'd finished reading, Gwendolyn had made up her mind to help. If he was going to do something dangerous, then he shouldn't be alone.

Unfortunately, he must have slipped away as soon as he'd given her the note, and there was no way for her to leave the Keep for the next few days. The note had said he was heading to somewhere near a small village to the north, and she was worried that it'd be all but impossible to track him given his head start, but as it turned out his trail was surprisingly obvious. Just outside the main road she'd found an area that looked like he'd galloped his horse at full-tilt into the tree line, and kept going almost straight through the brush for a fair distance. Gwendolyn had stopped to tidy up their tracks before following; it felt uncomfortable being this secretive, but clearly whatever was going on was important. It would be better not to be interrupted while getting to the bottom of it.

Following and removing the trail took the rest of the day. She had to wonder what had

spooked Bertram so badly that he'd ridden so hard and so fast for so long, but by the time she found his horse, her own was on the verge of exhaustion, so it was no wonder why he'd stopped here. There was a cave just up ahead, and she fancied she could see a faint glow from within. Perhaps he was warming himself with a small fire, getting ready to hunker down for the night. She tied her horse up next to his, frowning as she looked closer at the claw marks on its armour. Had a wolf pounced on him while he was riding? And if he was resting inside the cave, why was most of his gear still in the saddlebags? Her hand found the pommel of her sword unconsciously, steeling herself for anything as she stepped cautiously inside.



The light grew as Gwendolyn made her way further into the cave. It was only a few quick corners before she came to an open cavern, and saw where Bertram had clearly made camp. A small pile of red-hot embers served for the fire, but beyond that was nothing but indistinct shapes. She moved closer, her sword still undrawn but the tension clear on her face. "Bertram?", she tried.

One of the shapes in the corner of the space started, as though woken by her voice. It turned towards her then very quickly looked away, curling up on itself protectively. "Gwen...", she thought she heard him croak.

She covered the distance in a heartbeat, almost trampling through the fire in her rush. The way her body just reacted surprised even herself, and she couldn't even pretend to hide her concern as she crouched over him. "It's okay Bertram", she said softly, "I found you. You're okay."

He didn't uncurl. In fact, his body shook a little, and it took Gwendolyn a moment to realise that he was laughing. "It's not, unfortunately."

"Are you hurt?", she asked quickly. "I have some bandages in my gear, I can..."

Even though he still wasn't looking at her, she could tell that he was shaking his head. "I'm afraid it's not as simple as that."

She started to respond, but stopped. Now that she was this close, she could see that his clothes were in tatters, his armour thrown haphazardly in a small circle around him. But it was a glint down at his feet that caught her attention, and she realised that something looked

off. There was a silvery blackness over the skin of his left heel, the discolouration extending a few inches up towards his calf. Now that she'd noticed it she followed it downwards, and realised that his whole foot seemed somehow enlarged. Not only that, but his toes ended in claws, their tips digging into the stone beneath him at the barest twitch of his muscles.

Her mind connected the visual instantly. It looked like the hind paw of a dragon, but smaller and somehow replacing his own left foot. She gasped, and Bertram reacted to the sound instinctively, pulling further away from her and into the darkness in the corner of the cave.

“What... what happened?”

Once again he laughed, and the sound was at once encouraging and disorienting. He'd always had such a warm, energetic laugh, and she could still hear that in him, but there was a sharp hiss pulling it down into the back of his throat.

“I found something”, he said eventually. “Something... big. Looks like I paid the price for it.”

“Will you just give me a straight answer?”, Gwendolyn spluttered. “I am trying to help you, stop just... muttering to yourself and let me know what's going on!”

For the first time since she'd found him, he looked up at her. His eyes were still just as warm and brown as they'd always been, but his mouth looked one size too large, his teeth sharp and menacing as he grimaced. He took his time before he spoke, the words eventually coming out low and rough. “I found a lead. Resources going to nowhere, scattered rumours of an Order stronghold where there shouldn't be anything. I thought maybe there was a fraud going on, some scoundrels diverting funds from our cause and setting themselves up with the profits. But when I tracked it down, I found...”

He shuddered, and his whole body rippled in a way that didn't seem natural. The veins stood out on his neck as he struggled to settle back down, but now that he'd started talking he seemed determined to continue.

“It wasn't someone else. It was us. Not just that, it was the sick, beating heart of the whole thing.”

Gwendolyn was completely lost. “So, what, you found a hideaway for the senior members? Somewhere where they track the dragons and send out the knights to stop them? Were they...” Her voice faltered, but she forced herself to keep going. “...taking money to prioritise some towns over others?”

That provoked another rough burst of laughter from Bertram. "Oh, I wish it was that simple. No, from what I found... they were *making* dragons. I think every dragon that's attacked in the last hundred years was made and directed by the Order themselves."

That accusation hit Gwendolyn like a mace to the chest. "That... that can't be true!", she gasped.

Bertram shook his head sadly, then raised his hand. "I felt the same way, so I tried to get some proof. I even got a few vials of their alchemical mixture, but before I could escape entirely I got... a closer look than I was hoping for."



There was another glint in the fire light, and the shining black scales that were spreading over his knuckles gave Gwendolyn all the proof she could need. There were a hundred questions she wanted to ask, but the only one that came out was, "is there a cure?"

"I don't think so", he answered flatly. "They've never had a reason to make one. I know I only got part of the process, but I think it's still more than enough to... change me. I can feel it happening. I don't know how long I've got."

That last part came out in a rush, like he'd finally opened up enough for the fears that were swirling around in his head to come tumbling out. A moment later he caught himself again, taking a deep breath and fixing her with a darting, desperate stare.

"You need to leave. Go tell people about this, take what I found and stop them."

"What? No! I can't leave you! We can-"

His hand almost gripped her wrist, but he stopped himself just in time, falling back instinctively on the old prohibitions.

"You *can't* be here", he hissed. "I don't know what's going to happen, but it's not going to be pretty, and I don't want... you to see me like that."

She winced as his expression soured, but carefully composed herself and shook her head.

"No. I'm not going to leave you. Not like this. If you're going through something, then we can go through it together."

For a moment his breathing slowed, and she could see him relaxing. But then another spasm ran through his spine, and he pulled away with a wordless snarl.

For the first time he was full in the light, letting Gwendolyn get a proper look at him at last. His clothes barely fit anymore, torn in several places by his increasingly large frame. His feet were almost fully draconic, while behind him a large, reptilian tail was tucked pathetically into his rapidly deteriorating trousers. The tension that provided did serve to highlight the truly impressive bulge at his crotch, not to mention the way the muscles on his chest seemed to glisten with rock-hard definition, and Gwendolyn had to hurriedly shift her attention upwards to avoid getting too lost in that particular focus.

His teeth were vicious, animal fangs, and he was still sheepishly wiping away the mess around his mouth from when he'd tried to eat. When they locked eyes Gwendolyn had to fight back a gasp. He looked so... lost.

Bertram misinterpreted her reaction, mumbling apologetically as he turned away. "Sorry. I just... it's hard. There's so many... instincts, I guess, and it's hard to know what's even normal anymore."

Balling his fists up in front of himself, he stared for a moment at the claws that tipped his fingers before sighing heavily.

"Not to mention how hard it is to know just what to *do* with all this. My body feels two sizes too small for itself. Like I'm going through puberty again, but for a completely different creature. It's..."

He sighed again, but this time it finished with an angry snort, his face curling up as the frustration showed on his face. "I can't *breathe* right, it all feels so tight and I just, I feel...!"

Gwendolyn could see his muscles straining, his attempts to keep everything contained increasingly defeated by the tension building unstopably inside his changing body. In the end he dropped to one knee and pulled at his shirt urgently, tearing it in half in a single motion. It fell to the ground in tatters, leaving him half-naked and panting as he recovered himself.



He looked up at her again for a moment, scared and conflicted, then an instant later made up his mind to run. He scuttled rapidly to the rear of the cavern, moving with startling skill on all fours.

“Leave!”, he growled, loud enough to make Gwendolyn’s ears ring, and before she could recover from that he’d disappeared into the deep darkness of the cave. She tried to run after him, but half a dozen separate passageways opened up within moments, and outside the glow of the fire she could barely make them out, much less tell which one Bertram had gone down. She had to let him go. And then, after a long, slow steadying breath, she decided what to do next.



It was midway through the next day before she heard him again. It was hard to pick up the sound of his movement over the sizzling of meat on the fire, but he’d never been as stealthy as he liked to think, and that was more true now than ever. Gwendolyn let him make the first move, sitting casually in her travelling clothes and turning over the slice of deer on her sword as it cooked.

Eventually the smell of it proved irresistible, and even without looking at him she could tell he’d stepped reluctantly into the edge of the light.

“Thought you might be hungry”, she said, deliberately keeping her back turned and pointing past her discarded armour with her thumb. “There’s plenty more over there.”

He shuffled over, and after a moment’s hesitation, descended onto the carcass. The series of snaps and crunches that emerged were dramatic enough to make Gwendolyn flinch, at which point they immediately stopped. She cursed under her breath, but she could already tell he’d cleaned himself up quickly and was trying to slink away. “Stop, it’s okay!”, she pleaded, finally turning to look at him while once again forcing herself not to react.

It’d been just over half a day, and already he’d changed considerably. It looked like he was barely able to stand on two legs even if he wanted to, and his neck was long enough to turn his head towards her while still looming over the slaughtered deer. His clothes were gone, and a several foot long tail swung warily behind him. Dark, almost black scales covered most of his body, but a lighter grey shade defined protective scutes over his chest, obscuring his muscles with this thick, smooth armour. His feet were little more than great reptilian claws,

but his hands seemed surprisingly human, and she could see him kneading the stone beneath himself anxiously with them as he withstood her stare. Then she looked him full in the face, almost as though something about the way he was just standing there was daring her to. And, after a beat, she smiled.

He looked so different. That much was obvious. Horns had sprouted at the side of his head, pushing up through his bushy black hair that ran down his neck like a mane. His subtly split tongue barely fit in his mouth, and his ring of sharp teeth clearly made short work of the meat he'd been eating. His nostrils were at the end of a budding snout and the same grey and black pattern of scales crept over his face from above and below, but despite all of that, he still had his eyes. She could see all the fear, confusion and worry filling them, but at the same time they were the same kind brown eyes that twinkled just before he rushed off to do something stupid, or had met her so warmly when they passed each other during training. He was in there, she knew. There may have been so much that was changing, but that at least was solid.

So for the first time, Gwendolyn didn't look away. She'd been trying to spare him by not forcing him to confront all this, but maybe that was the wrong approach. Maybe some confrontation was exactly what was needed here.

"It's okay", she said again softly, and even though he was still clearly on edge, he managed not to run away. "Stay."



Walking over to him, she put a hand on his flank, feeling the heat pooling under his scales. Even though he was on all fours he was large enough now that his head was level with hers as she stood next to him, and she kept her eyes on his. "Do you know what this is?"

His eyes narrowed, confronted with a new source of confusion. Flicking his gaze down to where she was touching him, he answered hesitantly, "your... hand?"

"Yes", she granted, "but more importantly, it's the first time we've ever touched."

She was gratified to see him gasp a little at that. In amongst everything else, they'd finally been able to step over all their old training, that deep-rooted prohibition against physical contact between members of the Order. Contact led to conflict, the instructions went, and that couldn't be risked when you had to be equally willing to fight alongside one another as you were to send another knight strategically to their death. But right now all that rang as hollow as it always should have, leaving the two of them just standing together, at last.

That level of contact was humanising, in a way that Gwendolyn realised she'd always missed. It was ironic that it took him turning into a monster to make them both feel human, but given what she now knew about the Order, maybe that was the point. It felt good to act against that then, shifting her hand to give him long, soothing strokes. They both leaned into it, and several moments passed as they just let themselves enjoy it.

He stirred, and suddenly Gwendolyn could see a great rush of colour in his cheeks. Shifting his stance awkwardly, he mumbled an apology. "S-sorry. There's a lot of... unnatural instincts."

Gwendolyn pressed on his side firmly to keep him from turning away. "I don't know", she answered, pushing him back around to face directly what he was trying to hide. "It seems pretty natural to me."

That caught Bertram so off-guard he coughed, choking on his sudden intake of breath as she looked approvingly over all of him. "I, you... what?"

"You're worried about being a dragon, right?", Gwendolyn asked, her hand shifting slowly up his side to cradle his elongated chin. "But we've both encountered plenty of dragons, and they've never had a reaction like... that."

Her eyes flicked downwards, and at first she felt Bertram shrink back from her attention, but her warm smile pulled him back into the moment with her.

“That’s the reaction of man, not a dragon”, she continued. “And I think that’s worth celebrating.”

Despite all the teeth crowding his reptilian jaw, he gave her that same dopey smile he had whenever she’d done something nice for him back at the Keep. “But”, he mumbled, “I don’t know if our first time should be like...” He gestured at himself with one clawed hand, “...this.”

In response, Gwendolyn shrugged. “Well, the Order didn’t let us get together before now, so I guess it’s just going to have to be, isn’t it?”

Bertram blinked, startled by her bluntness. “But...”

“Look”, she countered, “do I wish I’d done some things differently in the past? Maybe. But you can’t argue there’s been something between us for a while now, and now we’re here, finally alone together, and I don’t think we should pass up this opportunity.”

“Really?”

Gwendolyn nodded. “Really. I want to show you how much you mean to me, to let you know that you’re still the person I care about, but also...”

She bit her lip, and looked down for another moment before meeting his eyes again.

“...I really want to try out that *impressive* dick you’ve got there.”

That made Bertram laugh out loud. “Gwendolyn Frithswith, I had no idea you were capable of such wild language.”

Laughing along with him, she stroked his face. “Neither did I”, she said honestly. “We never got a chance to really know what we were both capable of. But I’d like to, if you want to.”

He answered with a silent nod, and then she changed the pressure of her hand on his head to push him backwards. Letting her move him he settled back on his haunches, leaning up against the wall to steady his still off-kilter body. Then a moment of anticipation passed between them, and he shuddered at the distinctly unusual sensation of his cock sliding out further from its new sheath.

The further it grew the more apparent how different it was. It went from a dark grey at the base to a vibrant red at the tip, and the whole thing was studded with almost artfully sculpted scales. Gwendolyn moved in to examine it closer, Bertram reacting with a quiet shudder as

she ran a curious finger over the developing bumps and ridges. It was softer than she'd feared, or at least more flexible than the scales on the surface initially promised. Soon it was slick too, a trickle of thick whiteness dripping down from the tip as he clearly struggled to restrain himself.

"Okay", she said after a quick lick of her lips. "Are you ready?"

He nodded once again, and she pulled back briefly to fully undress. That done, she knelt down next to him, and leaned in.



She could barely fit her mouth around the end of it, but she wasn't about to let that put her off. In the end she simply swept her tongue affectionately around the tip, and slid her hands up and down the shaft in an easy, encouraging motion. Leaning up against his chest, she used her body as much as her hands and mouth to stimulate him, building into a swaying rhythm with her hips that carried all the way through her to his glistening cock.

Despite the awkwardness of the size difference, it didn't take long. Whether he was pent up in general or just encouraged by new, demanding instincts, she soon felt him begin to tense, and she did the best she could to seal her lips over the end of his shaft.

Very quickly she realised how much of a bad idea that was. With a dramatic grunt he thrust forwards, an unstoppable surge of cum flooding her mouth. She fell back spluttering, but he didn't stop, his hips jerking and shuddering as he sent wave after wave slickness out over her.

After he finally finished, several long moments passed, then Gwendolyn wiped one hand over her face and slowly re-opened her eyes. Almost her entire body felt drenched, and Bertram was looking down at her sheepishly.

"Sorry", he said eventually. "I'm not used to..." He trailed off, but waved a hand vaguely over his whole body.

Gwendolyn just laughed. "You're fine. I'm glad you enjoyed yourself", she added, tapping him affectionately on his balls and making him jump just a little. "Although now I've got to find somewhere to clean up."

There was another soft grunt as Bertram's eyes shot open, and he scabbled to his feet. "I know a place actually. Here, follow me!"

He hurried through the back of the cavern, running unselfconsciously on all fours. It was nice to see some of the anxiety he'd been labouring under fall away, and seeing him charge off like a big puppy was the closest to his old self he'd been this whole time.

It probably would have been nicer if she could have seen that when it didn't mean she'd have to hurry after him while completely naked and sticky, but she'd take what she could get.



Fortunately, it wasn't far before they got to what he wanted to show her. It was a spot where a stream ran through the cave, creating a little natural alcove where a waterfall fed a small pool before draining off somewhere further on.

"I found this when I was, uh, hiding from you earlier", he admitted. "The water's cold, but it's a nice place to relax, or to clean up."

Gwendolyn smiled. "Well, I'll take both of those right now, thank you." She stepped in, ducking her head under the waterfall and shivering as it swept over her. It *was* brisk, but the shock quickly passed, and it felt good to be under the water. She ran her hands through her hair for a few moments, then jumped as she felt another pair of hands on her shoulders.

"Here", Bertram said from behind her. "Let me help. It's the least I can do, considering."

She nodded, and then leaned back and let him take care of things. It was comforting having his strong arms around her, letting her head rest back against his chest as it rose and fell. Despite the fact that they were standing in some distant cave washing his copious dragon cum off of her naked body, just being together like this felt weirdly normal. That they could have an experience like they just did, and then something as normal and benign as this - it was steadying. Without saying anything aloud just yet, Gwendolyn made up her mind.

For the first time, they slept together. They didn't have sex - he was still spent from earlier, and besides, doing anything more direct seemed physically impractical - but they did bed down together to rest. Even that was more than had been allowed in the Order, with its chaste single-person bedrooms and strict no-contact policy. Now simply resting her head against the warm scales of his chest felt to Gwendolyn as intimate as anything they did earlier, and more than comforting enough to make up for the lack of a proper bed.



Bertram woke up first the next morning. Fortunately Gwendolyn had shifted off of him during the night, so he was able to ease himself out carefully without waking her. He stretched as he stood up, the light from the rising sun catching on his scales and drawing his eyes downwards. It was done. He knew it as soon as he'd woken up, something to do with the soreness in his new muscles and the full-body stiffness it left in its wake. Seeing it though, that made it feel more real, especially given that his long neck meant he didn't even need to find a reflective surface to get a good look at himself.

If anything, it was a little surprising how far it *hadn't* gone. There was still something recognisably human about him, which was more than he could say for the other dragons he'd encountered. His front paws were still closer to hands than anything else, and running them over his head confirmed he still had a thick mop of hair, even if it now seemed a little closer to a mane than anything else. For all the little mercies though, he was still unmistakably a monstrous, reptilian creature.

That thought didn't worry him as much as it should have. Gwendolyn was a big part of that - just having the intimacy of a single person to hold on to did a lot to keep him from feeling lost. But beyond that was the realisation that he was now completely free from the trap he only now realised his old life was. Everything about the Order was designed to make him a weapon, to keep him focussed on whatever problem they pointed him at, and to keep him from forming any connections that could distract him from his duty. So he might be a big scary lizard, but in a very real way he was more human now than he had been for a long time.

Stepping out of the cave, he rubbed at his stiff shoulders, his hand soon finding the weird new muscles of his wings. They splayed out behind him as he stretched, and even just the light breeze that ran over them felt good. Maybe there were some new forms of freedom he hadn't considered yet, he thought as he flexed his wings experimentally, and he owed it to himself to try them out.



Gwendolyn was tending to their horses when he returned, a fresh kill dangling from his claws. He landed inelegantly - that was going to take some getting used to - but at least managed to avoid embarrassing himself.

Finishing up with her horse, Gwendolyn gave a good-natured wave. "I'm glad you're back, but couldn't we have just kept eating the deer I caught yesterday? There's still plenty left."

“That’s... true”, Bertram responded, his voice rough but at least still recognisable. “And sorry for leaving without saying anything. I hope you didn’t think I was running away again.”

She smiled. “I had hoped that wouldn’t be the case after last night. Besides, you always did go for a run first thing in the morning, why would now be any different? Although...”

Looking over his outstretched wings, she corrected herself. “I suppose there might be a *few* differences.”

Bertram’s response was a barely-contained babble. “You can’t imagine what this feels like. Flying? Flying is... like nothing else. And that’s even before you get to swooping through the trees, chasing a target effortlessly and just coming *down* on it, feeling every part of you just working together to make you so strong and powerful. It’s...”

He stopped, looking away self-consciously as she raised an eyebrow at him. “...it’s a better workout than a morning run ever was, let’s say.”

She kept him pinned under her steady gaze. “And you’re not tempted to, say, start swooping and chasing down any villagers, are you?”

“No”, he answered, breathing out slowly as he considered his response. “Hunting from the air was a rush, but I don’t think I’m going to... go feral or anything. I don’t think that’s *ever* the case, to tell the truth. I think without direct conditioning and control from the Order, I...”

He stopped, looking from his claws to the weapons and armour still tied to the side of his horse.

“...I don’t think dragons have been the real threat for a very long time.”

“Good”, Gwendolyn answered firmly, swinging herself up into her saddle. “Then there won’t be any problems once I put a stop to them.”

Bertram was flabbergasted. “What? You can’t take them on by yourself!”

“You did!”

“It didn’t exactly work out!”, he shot back, gesturing over his body. “And I was lucky to get away with just this. They’re on alert now I’m sure, if you go in now I...”

He stopped himself, then shook his head and stood in front of her horse. “You should stay

here. I should go. They won't be expecting me to come back, especially like this."

Now it was her turn to shake her head firmly. "No way. You know as well as I do that the Order is *designed* to neutralise rampaging dragons. Even if you take them by surprise with the way you act, they'll still be able to take you down."

They stood staring at each other for a few moments, until eventually Bertram turned away. "Even if the two of us teamed up we probably couldn't stop them. So what do we do? Try and get the word out about what they're doing, so that we can get more people on our side? That was my plan, or at least, all I could come up with while I was running away and trying not to think too hard about what was happening."

Gwendolyn sighed heavily, closing her eyes and steadying herself with her hands on her knees. "That would take too long. Who knows how many other people would get hurt if we wait? But you're not wrong - we need something more on our side."

She opened up a flap in her saddlebag, revealing one of the vials that Bertram had stolen during his escape. As she lifted it up, his eyes went wide.

"You can't be serious."

"Have you ever heard of *two* dragons teaming up? That's the one thing that the Order isn't prepared for. It's the only way we can take them down."

"But...", Bertram flailed for words, in the end just gesturing over his draconic body. "Is this what you want?"

Meeting his eyes, Gwendolyn considered his question. "I...", she swallowed, showing a rare moment of doubt as she looked away. "If you'll stay with me too, then yes. I think it's something I could get used to."

In that moment his heart melted, and he moved up next to her. Her horse started a little, but a calm hand from her steadied it enough that he could rest his head on hers. "Of course I will", he said softly. "If you truly think this is the best approach, then I'll be here for you. It's the least I could do."

She pulled back, a hand on his snout. "I don't want this to be payback", she cautioned. "If you want to be with me, let it be because you want it, not out of a debt you owe. Okay?"

He smiled, then nodded. "I do want to be with you. Why you're willing to put up with all this

to be with *me* I'll never understand, but I'm thankful for it all the same."

Laughing, she smiled back. "Okay then. Let's do this."

Popping the vial open with her thumb, she looked him in the eyes one more time. "To service and victory", she toasted, then drank.



By the time it got to noon the next day, Gwendolyn's leg itched something fierce. "I don't understand how you put up with this", she said, scratching distractedly at the scales climbing slowly up her leg. "It's maddening."

Bertram gave her a mostly sympathetic look. "Well, I did have other things I was worrying about. Running for my life from the Order, for one."

He paused, looking over the discarded scraps of armour and clothes that formed a haphazard trail around the cave.

"Not to mention I wasn't as prone to being distracted given that I wasn't *quite* so eager to be naked."

Gwendolyn waved him off. "Oh shush. It's purely a practical consideration. There's no sense ruining good armour, is there? And if I should just happen to need to reach something up above me..."

She stretched upwards, arching her back and emphasising her bust, much to Bertram's amusement.

"You're enjoying getting away from the Order's rules against intimacy, aren't you?", he said eventually.

Her chest only thrust out further. "Why, whatever could you mean?"

They each smiled for a moment, then Gwendolyn sighed and spoke again. "In all seriousness, were you this horny before I got here? I can't imagine why this would be a normal part of the process."

Bertram shrugged. "Again, I was focussed on other things, so I can't really say. Maybe it's part of how they control their new converts though. Somehow they channel that... intense desire into something that works for them."

"Hm", Gwendolyn sniffed, narrowing her eyes as she considered yet another way the Order had been secretly terrible. "That does sound like something they'd do. But you know what? The hell with them."

She spread her legs, circling a slightly pointed finger around her increasingly golden slit.

"What do you say to breaking their rules some more?"

Despite the dark grey scales that covered his face, there was still the visible hint of a blush on Bertram's cheeks. He swallowed hard, but at the same time as he struggled for words, she could see his thick dragon cock starting to slide out of its sheath. Nonetheless, he held himself back, at least for the moment.

"Are... are you quite sure? I thought we were holding off, to avoid getting in the way of all the... complicated alchemical work that the potion you drank is doing."

Gwendolyn started back with a glib remark, but caught herself. "I know", she answered eventually, "and it did genuinely feel better to just take it slowly and relax with each other again last night. But..."

She waved her hand in front of herself briefly, searching for a way to phrase what she was getting at. For a moment the light caught on her growing claws, and somehow that helped make it click.

"It's a whole new world, right? Both because of everything that's happening to us, and because of what we know, but even just because of what we can *do*. What we're allowed to do. It feels like I spent my whole life with only the scent of food drifting in from the next room, and now suddenly I'm invited to a feast. It's exciting. It's *scary*."

Her eyes slipped back down to his cock for a moment, provoking another blush from both of them.

"Sometimes it's both exciting and scary at once", she added with a sheepish grin. "But", she continued, "with all of that going on at once, I don't think we're ever going to be able to pull out what parts are due to the process of the potion we took, and what's just due to... us. So, maybe we just do what seems good in the moment, and we... figure it out from there?"

Bertram was smiling warmly when she looked back up to his face as she finished, although there was that same twinkle in his eye when he spoke in turn.

“That’s a very sweet sentiment”, he said with an approving nod, “although it might have been a little sweeter if you hadn’t spent half the time saying it staring straight at my crotch.”

Exhaling into great, sudden laughter, Gwendolyn all but fell backwards. “Well, come on! What was I supposed to do? That thing is *huge*! Where else could I even look?”

Bertram laughed in turn, then moved up next to her. Resting his head next to hers as she sat back against the cave wall, his smile turned into an almost predatory grin.

“Oh, I can think of a few different places...”

She let that go, even though she couldn’t put together what that innuendo was supposed to mean. “Finally trying to join me in setting the mood?”

“Yes”, he said bluntly. “It’s hard, and it’s not what I’m used to, but I think I can work with it.”

“That makes two things”, she answered quickly, staring back down between his legs.

He spluttered into another big, surprised laugh. Even as a dragon, he was never shy about appreciating a good joke. “How are you so good at this?”

Gwendolyn gave a little shrug. “The Order might have been against anyone getting practical experience, but I was able to at least keep a few particular books hidden away. They proved to be quite useful as both instruction and inspiration.”

She paused for a moment, placing a hand on his snout.

“Just promise me that you’re not going to ride out tomorrow morning to have a tragic final duel with your sworn rival.”

“I promise”, Bertram laughed.

“Then we should be fine”, Gwendolyn finished happily.

He started to turn towards her, then once again stopped. “Are you sure? I think you’ve gotten closer to me overnight, but I’m still bigger than you are.”

Again, Gwendolyn avoided making a glib response to his earnest question. "If there's one thing I learned more than anything else from those stories, it's the importance of communicating what you like and what you don't. So I promise you - if it ever is too much, I'll let you know."

"Okay then", he said approvingly, an eager grin once again sliding over his face. "Then let's get started."

He stalked towards her, starting by drinking in the heat from her crotch with his blunt snout before moving slowly upwards. In response she sighed, relishing the way his hot breath tickled over her intimate parts. The fact that so much of that area was already increasingly reptilian made for a delicious mix of sensation, and it was all making her little nub of a tail twitch. That was something she was going to have to get used to. For now though she simply leaned back as he pushed inwards, her whole body shuddering as his thick cock pressed into her.

It shouldn't have been this good. Bertram didn't have any experience with this sort of thing, and even if he had it would have been with a completely different body anyway. But his dedication and attentiveness counted for a lot, and the rest was accomplished by his sheer brute force. For as much as Gwendolyn felt she'd already started to grow, he was still a lot larger than she was, and it was only through very careful positioning as she sat in his lap that he was able to fit in her at all.

If she was honest though, there was something beyond even that. The fact that he was so bestial, that his cock was decorated with inhuman ridges, and that she could feel his sharp teeth pressing softly on the skin of her neck - it felt, if she was blunt with herself, like she was being ravished by a beast. Growing up in the Order, where human contact was prohibited, it was easy to associate that forbidden desire with the monsters they were taught to defeat. It was all a part of the same sense of victory, how victory over the self through training led to victory over the dragons. But... what if you lost? Not practically, because reality didn't come into it when you were alone in your tiny cell at night and seeking what comfort you could find. And even then, it had never been anything more fully-formed than a vague feeling of threat mixed in with the need, something that Gwendolyn had always managed to corral back to a desire to be the best dragon-fighter the Order had ever seen. Now though, she could connect the dots. Sometimes you wanted to be pounced on, to be vulnerable as something much larger and more powerful held you to the ground. To feel its massive tongue licking slowly along the length of your slit, pressing inwards *just* enough to be tantalizing, and yet the entire time moving exactly at the pace it desired. And then he reveals his cock, and you can't do anything but shudder with poorly-suppressed desire of your own.

And now on top of all that, she could add the satisfaction of actively turning away from all

the lies the Order had taught her. Not only was she breaking all their commandments, not only was she somehow fucking rather than fighting a dragon, but she was slowly, willingly and pleurably turning into one. She imagined it happening more with each slow thrust of Bertram's cock, and in turn all she could do was let her mouth fall open in a delighted moan, her own thickening tongue running over the fangs that were growing in among her teeth.

She felt him tense a little, and it was only after they stayed together a little more on his next thrust that she realised her tail had curled around the base of his shaft. Some part of her was encouraging this, Gwendolyn knew, and it felt *good* to grit her teeth and lean into that. To press herself down as much as she could on his slick cock, or to trace the growing golden outline of her own scales as they marched up her chest. Her tail squeezed him just a little more, while at the same time his great heavy hand pawed at her slit. They both wanted this, wanted the other to enjoy this as much as possible, while at the same time eagerly and happily leaning into it themselves. It was enough to let Gwendolyn finally shudder in release, and a few moments later Bertram followed suit, his mouth falling open in a long, rasping roar as he came deep inside her.



For a long time they stayed together, Gwendolyn resting back on Bertram's chest as they both just breathed.

"Was that... okay?" he eventually asked.

Gwendolyn patted his flank encouragingly. "Yeah", she answered. "I think we could give those books a run for their money with that."

Instead of responding with words, Bertram curled forward, licking his long tongue affectionately over her face. When that was done he stopped and blinked. "Uh, sorry. I'm not sure why I did that. It just felt... like the thing to do."

"No no", Gwendolyn laughed, "I liked it."

She leaned back, turning around and licking across the bottom of his chin.

"I think we're going to have to figure out exactly what combination of things, uh, works for us", she added.

Bertram smiled. "That sounds fun."

"I certainly think so", Gwendolyn said, twisting around to lie face-first on him and nuzzling happily into his chest.



Time continued to pass, and Gwendolyn was surprised at how easy it was to settle into some sort of normality during the process. Whether it was because of a lower dose or a less-panicked situation, her changes were less overwhelming than Bertram's had been, and it made it a lot easier to roll with them. Going without wearing clothes certainly helped - she couldn't imagine how constricting it must have felt for Bertram to have to burst his way through them slowly. Not to mention having someone to be with you through the process, to help rub away the mysterious strains as muscles and bones stretched slowly, or scratch at an itch in a place you could no longer quite reach. Overall, it was all going smoothly. At least, that was true right up until one evening when Bertram was out hunting more food, and Gwendolyn suddenly found herself freezing in place.

Without thinking her legs swung open, dropping her body into a wide squat. By now her feet had become almost fully draconic, her claws digging into the stone and easily steadying her in this stance. Her foot-long tail swayed slowly behind her as something inside twitched, her mouth falling open as she panted with ready heat.

The sensations of whatever was happening were intoxicating. But on top of that was a wave of deep and powerful instincts that just utterly swept over her. It was hard to keep straight between what she wanted to do and what she *had* to do, so much of her body was suddenly just moving on its own, and the part of her that was still Gwendolyn was increasingly carried along for the ride. Thankfully, it was certainly a pleasurable one.

Deep inside she felt movement, her hands bracing herself on the ground as her body *shifted*. It was only now that she put together that the weird feeling of fullness she'd been dealing with recently wasn't simply caused by her changes. It was so easy to write off each odd new sensation as a part of that same package, but this, she knew instinctively as her eyes widened and her teeth clenched - this was something extra.

Bertram returned just as the first egg began pushing slowly through her slit, making her whole body shudder as it stretched her deliciously. Distantly she heard him drop what he'd been carrying, rushing towards her on all fours in frantic haste.

"I'm... fine...", she panted. "This is just... intense..."



With a sudden gasp the egg slipped free, falling to the ground between her feet in a small puddle of protective slickness. She went to straighten up, but another subtle twinge kept her in that same position.

Looking over her from behind, Bertram made a good faith effort to be helpful. "How... how are you doing?", he asked softly.

Turning towards him, Gwendolyn cleared her throat to answer, then stopped as her eyes flicked downwards.

"Enjoying the view?", she said, nodding her head towards his raging erection.

Bertram had the decency to blush a little in response. "Sorry", he answered. "I just... seeing you there like that... something I didn't know I had inside me just sort of... kicked in."

Grunting softly, Gwendolyn nodded. "I can relate to that."

Before he could respond she gave him another appreciative look, pausing for just a moment in her trembling tension to lick her lips and smile.

"...and I can also relate to that level of enthusiasm you're working with right now."

Pushing himself up into a standing position, Bertram's brow furrowed in confusion as he looked her over in turn. "I'm glad", he said tentatively, "but how do we do something about that? You seem a little occupied for me to..."

He finished by gesturing downwards, and as his claws brushed over his cock he also shuddered for a moment with suppressed need.

Gwendolyn exhaled sharply. "That's true, but..."

She shifted around, turning to sit with her back to the wall behind her and her legs splayed out in front, the egg she'd already laid sitting awkwardly off-center between her feet. At the same time her fingers swept restlessly over the swollen folds of her slit, pressing and rubbing in distracted heat.

"...remember what I did for you that first night?"

Bertram blinked. "Oh. Oh!" He screwed his face up in concentration for a moment, an expression that looked both bizarre and endearingly goofy given his draconic features. But

then he nodded, and settled into a predatory grin as he confidently stalked forwards.

“My pleasure”, he rumbled, pressing his blunt muzzle firmly between Gwendolyn’s thighs as her head drifted upwards hazily.

It was soon pretty clear he didn’t know what he was doing, but that didn’t really matter. His snout rubbed at her crotch as his tongue slathered over her slit, the enthusiasm he took to the task more than making up for his lack of experience. He proved willing to adjust his tempo to her subtle instructions too, the slow steady movement of her hips setting the rhythm that he happily fell into. All of that combined to make an experience that left Gwendolyn’s whole body tingling, and she soon felt that weird sensation deep inside her come on even stronger.

If laying an egg had been surprisingly pleasant before, then doing so while Bertram licked at her was overwhelming. Somehow he knew instinctively to tease her lips with his tongue as she slowly stretched around each egg, adding a delicious counterpoint to the powerful feelings of fullness and satisfaction that laying provided. Soon she was shuddering through a powerful orgasm, but neither the eggs nor Bertram showed any sign of stopping, so it was all she could do to bear down onto it and keep going herself.

By the time she was finished she was little more than a twitching, dripping mess, leaning heavily on the cave wall behind her as she breathed slowly and steadily. She had to tap Bertram on the muzzle to get him to stop, at which point he obediently pulled away. It took some effort for her to focus her eyes enough to see him as he sat back on his haunches, and then as soon as she did she couldn’t help but laugh stupidly.

He raised an eyebrow, thankfully just confused rather than offended. “What?”

She waved him off for a moment, so giddy that she couldn’t catch her breath. In the end she slid sideways down the wall, collapsing in a heap as she laughed and laughed. Eventually she managed to compose herself, coughing into her clawed hand and looking up at him apologetically.

“Sorry. You’ve just got a lot of...”, she waved her clawed hand in front of her face, accidentally bumping her own nose as she was caught off-guard by how far her own snout had grown in.

Bertram mercifully cut her off before she had to explain it. What he did surprised her again though - rather than sheepishly turning away and wiping it off, he simply extended his long tongue and ran it slowly around his mouth, cleaning off her slickness in a single lick.

He leered down at her for a few moments, then abruptly broke, grimacing and looking away.

“Uh, is that actually hot?” he asked quietly. “I thought it might be, but I have *no* idea what I’m doing so I…”

Gwendolyn laughed again, breaking the tension. “I am right there with you, I have no idea. Maybe? I appreciate the effort, at least. Maybe let’s come back to that later, when I’m not still recovering from all these eggs I laid?”

That got her to look back over at the small pile she’d left behind, still tucked under the crook of her knee even as she’d slid to the floor.

“Speaking of which, do we need to be worried about these? I don’t think I’m ready to be the mother of a dragon clutch right now.”

Bertram shook his head. “No, we should be okay. I think you probably joined the Order too late to hear this, but part of our instructions used to be to check for eggs whenever we defeated a dragon. It takes the heat and pressure of being buried for them to actually hatch though, so we had to do a lot of annoying digging. They stopped getting us to do that a while back.”

He paused for a moment, considering things. “I guess they got better at controlling their pet dragons so they were able to stop even something as natural and powerful as breeding”, he added with a rueful look.

“Oh wow, that is awful”, Gwendolyn responded. Then, without saying anything further, she slowly raised her leg, moving it very deliberately off of the pile of eggs and leaving them sitting harmlessly on the floor.

They both stared at them briefly, then their eyes met and they each looked away.

“So, dinner?”, Gwendolyn prompted.

“Oh, yes!”, Bertram sighed thankfully. “I thought you’d never ask.”



The next morning, Gwendolyn woke up with stiff muscles throughout her whole body. Although the earlier parts of her transformation had gone relatively smoothly, now she felt almost stuck. Rolling over on Bertram's chest, she asked if he'd felt the same way.

"No...", he said slowly, considering it carefully. "But I didn't lay any eggs either, so I'm not sure how much we can judge from just my experience."

Gwendolyn huffed. "Lucky."

"Oh?", Bertram answered, eyebrow raised. "I suppose if you didn't enjoy it we should probably just abstain from now on, right?"

"Well, hey, I didn't say *that*..."

Bertram raised his hands up in front of himself in mock concession. "No no, you're right. It's a return to knightly virtues for us. Never again will I service you with my tongue, or-"

"You 'serviced me with your tongue'?", Gwendolyn shot back. "Are you *sure* you never read any of my books?"

Blushing a little, Bertram broke eye contact. "I... may have looked at one or two", he admitted.

Gwendolyn laughed, swiping playfully at his snout. "You rebel", she teased. "But in all seriousness, I wouldn't *mind* that thing you suggested, if you're up for that."

"You want me to service you with my tongue?", Bertram replied, now equally teasing. "Well, I don't know, surely a prim and proper damsel like yourself couldn't want anything as carnal and forbidden as that."

She fixed him with a stare. "I was going to return the favour too, but if you're going to be like that then I'll just go take a bath in the pool."

"No no, I'm on board", he said sheepishly. "So... now, then?"

Once again Gwendolyn laughed, then settled back as Bertram sunk down below her waist. He had gotten better at this, or at least, now that there weren't the eggs to distract her, it was a little easier to focus on the work he was putting in. His tongue was wide and slick, sweeping in long slow circles over her slit as he settled into a rhythm.



She could feel herself relaxing even as he began to pick up his pace. When his heavy claws fell on her thighs she wriggled happily, adding the pressure of his snout against her crotch to the sensations she was enjoying. But beyond just that, there was the feeling of her body finally settling into place. It was like getting a skilled massage that put tired muscles right after a long training session, or like finally getting to sleep on a soft bed after a whole night of hard riding. Something about what they were doing seemed to be releasing the pent-up tension inside her, and now every part of her body was able to slide smoothly into shape.

He actually noticed before she did, at least if the way he shifted himself around was any judge. Without realising it her hips had splayed out wider, while at the same time her body stretched and grew as the last of her new scales swept over her. The most distracting part was the way her tail strained behind her, caught between the rock wall and Bertram's insistent pressure, but after a brief moment of strain it finally extended to its full length, slapping heavily in the dirt as she twitched absently.

With all of this extra stimulation, it was a wonder that Gwendolyn could keep things together enough to actually enjoy herself. Fortunately Bertram seemed happy to continue for some time, and eventually her restless body quieted down enough that she could let her claws wrap around his scaled head and push him inwards. He took the hint and redoubled his efforts, and within a few moments Gwendolyn's own long tongue was lolling from her now-fully draconic muzzle. She clutched at him firmly, her whole body shuddering as she finally found her climax, then fell back happily against the wall to catch her breath.

After giving her a little time to recover, Bertram slowly resurfaced. Before he could say anything though, Gwendolyn beat him to it.

"That was good", she said slowly, still breathing a little heavily. "Now, I believe I promised to return the favour?"

He smiled, but held up a hand. "Actually, I have another idea." Seeing her confused expression, he continued. "It looks like most of your changes have finished, and you're certainly at least bigger."

"You charmer", she said dryly.

He coughed. "What I *mean* is, I think even though there's still a bit of a size difference, we could probably, y'know... properly."

"Properly? What do you call what we did before?"

Surprisingly, he looked a little sheepish. “Uh, to be honest? I call that holding back.”

There were a few moments as Gwendolyn just looked at him, blinking silently. “Well, yeah”, she said eventually. “If you were holding back when you fucked me before, I think I would like to know what you can do.”

Bertram nodded, smiling a little wider with unguarded excitement. “Excellent, excellent. That’s good. Uh, I think you should probably flip over, and face away from me. That’s probably going to have the best angle.”

Sinking her claws into the rock wall above her to brace herself, Gwendolyn raised her tail as she settled onto her knees. “Like this?”, she said, a deliberately enticing tone to her voice as she looked over her shoulder at him.

She was gratified to see him swallow hard, not to mention how stiffly his cock sat between his legs. “Uh, yes”, he managed.

Then he moved in, putting his own arms over hers as the weight of his body descended over her.

“That will do nicely”, he growled, then pressed himself forwards.



The rest of the morning flew past. Bertram proved that he really had been holding back, and despite how much she’d grown Gwendolyn found he was still deliciously large and powerful inside of her. But even so, there remained a hitch in her spine that she just couldn’t shake. In the end, she decided it was better to go for a short walk, stretching her legs as she stepped into the light of the new day.

It felt good to be out here, with the sun warming her new scales. She didn’t even realise at first that she’d naturally walked out on all fours. Moving like that just felt simpler, and unlike Bertram’s first experiences, Gwendolyn felt no need to be embarrassed by it. She’d chosen this, and she was who she was now. Or at least, she *would* be, if she could finally get this last bit of stiffness out.

She was reminded of one time when a piece of stone had fallen inside her armour, and she’d ridden all the way to the next town with it wedged into the small of her back. That had

thrown her off for days, but for as annoying as that was at least there was a straightforward solution. This just needled at her, and for as much as she stretched and strained she couldn't quite get it to come right.

Maybe moving her body a little more would help, she thought, padding a little further down the path from the cave. They'd let the horses loose awhile ago - there was too much risk of them drawing attention just standing outside the cave all the time - but the upside of that meant that she could move about as much as she wanted here without the risk of spooking anything. Soon she fell into a loping run, and rapid motion finally seemed to settle her limbs into place. Then she picked up the pace, and before she realised it she was just running for the sake of running.

How long had it been since she'd been able to focus on the wind whipping through her hair like this? Whenever she'd been hurrying somewhere in the past it was either for training or because she was on a mission, but now she was simply here, and able to actually enjoy herself.

She stopped, panting, and finally the stiffness in her back started to come loose. With one last yawning stretch her wings slipped free, flapping contentedly in the open air.



She pumped the new muscles a few times to work out the last of the kinks, but the accompanying sensation of lift threw her off, and she found herself stumbling. A moment later she collapsed to the ground, the sudden impact knocking the breath out of her with a mumbled “ooph”.

“Ah, the graceful champion of the skies”, Bertram said, apparently watching her from behind.

Gwendolyn blew her hair out of her eyes. “I don’t recall you being particularly graceful when you were tearing off your shirt and scampering through a cave”, she huffed.

Conceding the point, Bertram nodded. “Would you like a hand up?”

“Thank you”, Gwendolyn answered, “but I’m not so disoriented that I can’t stand up myself.”

He was already at her side as she got back on all fours, his clawed hand curving under her chin and tilting her head towards the sky. “That isn’t what I meant by ‘up’, actually.”

Gwendolyn turned away. “Oh, no, I don’t think I can fly with these yet.”

“There’s only one way to find out...”

Suddenly they were running, Bertram’s neck stretching out into the side of her field of view as the two of them raced down the path. It sloped downwards for some time as the trail cleared the foothills, and before long she could feel the lift tugging at her wings. Following Bertram’s lead she stretched them outwards, and a few moments later her feet started to lift off the ground. And then she was flying, the sky lifting her up and setting her free.

When they’d gotten well clear of the ground, Bertram turned back to face her. “How are you doing?”

She smiled back up at him, the wind tousling his hair and the sun shining on his brilliant black scales. “Good”, she said simply. “I think we’re going to do good.”









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