

Making Dragons (Dragon TF, Egg-Laying Commission)

By FoxFace

An Anonymous Commission

The adventurer knight Alarn has retrieved the wayward Princess Jace, and is on a mission to return her to her Kingly father. However, the cocky and macho knight is frustrated by the beautiful princess, who strives for a life free from royal duty. But when the two accidentally activate a magical relic that transforms them into a breeding pair of dragons to usher the extinct beasts back into the world, they both find their priorities suddenly shifting. Especially since Jace is now the virile male, and Alarn stuck as the fertile female of the pair . . .

Making Dragons

The damsel in distress had been rescued, the valiant knight victorious over the dread necromancer who had kidnapped her, and the tale, as it is usually told, had ended.

What they don't tell in all the stories, Alarn the knight of Pannoris thought, is the damn bleeding part where you have to walk all the way back to the bleeding kingdom with an entitled royal daughter in tow!

"Dear knight, can't we take another break? My heels are beginning to hurt."

Alarn sighed. "Those are just blisters, my princess. They will soon heal over and your feet will be tougher for it. As I'm sure you know, since you were the one to run away from your father and get caught by Merklave the Dreaded in the first place."

The princess huffed, tossing her blonde hair over her shoulder.

"Well, perhaps we can make camp here, just for a moment. You must be tired."

"Sure am indeed, but the last few times we made camp you tried to run off as well. You even managed to steal my sword and half my clothing. Your royal highness."

"Ugh, and I got so close to getting away too!"

"Yes, yes," Alarn grumbled, "and yet you then required my help to save you from that group of bandits. You were lucky it was not Hanushmen, who harry your father's borders."

Princess Jace crossed her arms, pouting. "The Hanush have not yet dared invade. And if you'd taught me how to fight like a knight . . ."

"*That* is unladylike, and I will not participate in it. Listen, Your Royal Highness, there are roles we are each born to that we must all obey. I am a fighter, a knight of the realm. And I am able to be so because I was born a man, with a man's duty, and a man's strength. You were conceived a woman, a woman of royalty, and so your path too is set. You could no more be a knight than I could mother a child, and that is that."

Silence fell between them as they travelled down the winding road through the woods. It was still afternoon, but the clouds were dark and foreboding rain. It was their fifth day of travel; unfortunately for Sir Alarn, the necromancer had taken the life of his faithful steed, and so until they reached the town of Kaghurst, they had to travel the safer but wilder backroads on foot.

"I don't agree," the princess finally said, holding her head up high. "I think destiny can be changed. A woman can be a knight, or a hero. What about Balsaria the Barbarian?"

Alarn chuckled. "An outlier. She was an uncivilised southerner from beyond the Jasrati Mountains."

"And Kada the Magician?"

Alarn raised an eyebrow. "She I will grant you, but she was no knight. The magic arts can be learned by some women. And besides, she was a healer of men, only a fighter when necessary. A feminine art."

But the princess would not back down. "And what about Raleth the Swordswoman?"

Alarn paused and faced the Princess.

"She *would* be an example, your Highness, except that you will remember from your extensive royal education that she was born a man, and it was only an unfortunate strike from the wicked wizard Gellard's spell that rendered her otherwise. Besides, she gave up the sword a mere five years later and settled down with her former brother-in-arms Sir Hadley, and went on to birth him six children. Hardly a proper example."

He smiled to himself as he turned to walk back ahead, her behind him.

"Well, I still think you're wrong. I want a life of adventure, or hunting and travel and all sorts of wonders. I refuse to be married off to some . . . some cocky headstrong oaf such as yourself!"

Sir Alarn rolled his eyes, and kept on walking. When King Joris Highguard had entrusted him to the task of rescuing his daughter, he had enthusiastically accepted. Sir Alarn was, after all, among the most successful of the knighthood of Pannoris, and he was a mere thirty years of age, still in his prime. With his mid-length brown hair and steely blue eyes, Alarn had enjoyed great renown not just for his valiant actions but for his appearance as well; he had been athletic from a young age, and his manly jawline and cutting figure only further emphasised this further. More than once, he had accepted a woman's passions. Many more than once, in fact, though he was always smart and dutiful enough to ensure that any noblewomen of the realm, especially married ones, took him to bed. No, just the usual busty tavern-wenches and attractive merchant's daughters, or the occasional thankful village girl whose life he had saved. But when he received the mission, he knew King Joris' possible intent: to rescue a king's daughter, especially one of such rumoured beauty, would be a great enough act to make him a true lord of the realm, and worthy of marrying that very same

woman. King Joris liked Alarn, and this would be his final test to being worthy of having a new son-in-law. The knight had more than welcomed the notion in his head.

That soon evaporated once he met Princess Jace. It was true, she was a beauty. At a mere nineteen years of age, she cut a fine figure in her blue dress with its gold trim. It hugged her curves nicely, revealing a nicely curved behind, and a modest bust befitting a lady. She was slim, but wide in the hips, which would suit her role as a future mother of royal lineage. But it was her face, her hair, that radiated the most beauty. She had the most green eyes Alarn had ever seen, and her hair was positively golden, and fell around her shoulders in a way that was somehow both haphazard and beautifully natural. Her features were young, but possessed of an intensity in her gaze, and an intelligence in her wry smile, that made Alarn nearly trip over himself to introduce himself. Even her voice sounded like the song of birds, high-pitched without being grating.

All these warm feelings had rapidly dissipated as she proved herself the most disagreeable damsel he'd ever had to rescue. She was certain she could protect herself and flourish outside the castle, despite no know-how on how to do so, and her cloistered life had been spent reading adventure books that only made her fanatically devoted to overturning the social order. More than once, Alarn had bitterly complained that she was unlikely to find a husband as she would unman him at the moment of meeting him. She had the unladylike audacity to then stick her tongue out at him!

Of course, Princess Jace felt quite similar. As they walked down the winding country path, she was repulsed by Sir Alarn. She was once entranced with stories of his valour and manliness, his ardent adventuring and heroics. But now that she had met him, she could only roll her eyes as he droned on about the "nature of order and hierarchy," the very same hierarchy he had benefited from and she was constrained by! It was infuriating to listen to someone - however handsome he may well be - continually talk to her as if she had no capability of learning, no ability to adapt. To him, she was simply another baby-maker in the making, a helpless little princess whose only job was to be married off and mother little heirs. She had no desire for that at all.

The two continued walking.

"Sir Alarn. Sir Alarn. SIR ALARN!"

The knight bolted upright, scanning for danger. It was not quite dawn, but the first rays of sun couldn't be far behind, as he could just barely see. Princess Jace was right next to him, looking agitating. Looking frightened. And that meant something serious. The wind hit his face, and he realised what it was.

“Hurricane?” he yelled.

The princess nodded, fearful. He looked around, searching for where the black clouds lay, and found them. In the west, distant from the rising sun, a great surge of wind was beginning to vortex, grey cloud matter spiralling in increasing intensity. Already, the loud whoosh of whipping winds made it hard to hear without yelling.

“We need to find cover!” he yelled. “Will you follow me?”

The princess hesitated. She knew if she was to escape, this was her chance, but even she knew that would be suicide in the face of an oncoming hurricane. She nodded, and he stretched out his hand. She took it, and even despite the danger, she admired the strength in his grip, in the way his leather armour held to his manly form. *If only he wasn't so bullheaded*, she thought. *But hopefully that bull-headedness can save us now.*

They scrambled together, grabbing their packs but leaving their bedrolls behind - there was no time for them. The trees would be a killing field; too much debris, and the disused path was far too open. But the mountain several hundred feet into the forest, that would likely have some cave or crevice. Alarn rushed towards it, pulling Princess Jace with him. They wound through the trees together even as the roar of the oncoming wind grew, becoming a surge of enormous, god-like power. Jace looked at it once, and tears of fear formed in her eyes. She held fast to Alarn's grip and continued.

They dodged and weaved between the trees, the base of the mountain getting closer. But so was the wind, and debris whipped against them. Jace cried out, and he turned to see that a nasty cut from a shard of wood had been opened over her brow, and was beginning to bleed. Her dress was looking ripped, and around the legs was almost indecent, revealing her calves openly. Still, there was no time for it now. They reached the base of the mountain with the hurricane howling behind them.

“THERE!” called Jace as Alarn searched, and he had to commend those green eyes of hers; there was indeed a cleft higher up they could crawl into. They scrambled up together, reaching the cleft.

“GET IN!” he yelled.

“YOU FIRST!” she responded.

“BY ALL THE GOD'S - I'LL NOT HAVE A WOMAN ENTER AFTER ME!”

And with that, he pushed her in. Princess Jace bounced painfully down into the cave, and Sir Alarn followed, also scraping himself. They were just in time, as the hurricane hit, slamming against the rock and trembling the cave. Sir Alarn was already lighting a torch, however, and hauled Jace away from the wall and up a series of ancient steps into darkness. He had no time to think deeply on where it was headed, or who built them, just that they lead up into the interior of the mountain, safe from the winds.

Jace turned back, her body full of pain, and saw the entrance they had come through collapse, rocks falling to jam the entrance.

“We’ll need to find another way!” she declared, and Alarn pulled her further along. They continued on into darkness, with only the torch lighting their way, while the raging winds howled around behind them, slowly dying away as their distance from it grew.

They had been walking for what felt like hours. They were hungry, tired, and in need of a place to rest. Neither talked to the other; neither had anything they wanted to say. Jace was a bit bloodied on her legs and brow, and Alarn was feeling a bit limp in the leg and bruised on the face.

“If we get out of this, I will make sure your father builds a stone wall around your room so that no one has to rescue you again.”

Alarn turned, grinning a little. It actually made Jace laugh.

“Well, if we ever get out of this, I’m ordering my father to put you in the pillory, so I can throw a tomato at you for every time you tried to sneak a look at my bosom.”

The normally stalwart knight turned a little red. “I did no such thing.”

“You are a liar, Sir Alarn.”

“And you are in good enough spirits to continue moving, your Highness. Your hands have served that cut upon your eye well.”

She brushed the cut on her brow. It would scar, causing a break in her otherwise fine eyebrow. “Anyone can learn a healer’s skill.”

“Still, it is a womanly art, and not a bad one. You have done me a kindness too.”

For just a moment, she blushed, until he paused.

“Wait, I think I see a light ahead. Stay behind me, just in case. This is man’s work, and a woman should avert her eyes if worse comes to worst.”

The princess folded her arms as Alarn moved ahead. Despite her irritation at the man, he had certainly saved her, and he was . . . dashing. But this damn cockiness and condescension of her sex was infuriating. So she stepped forward, head held high and long honey-gold hair swishing behind her, still a little frayed.

“Princess, what are you-?”

“I am no princess, not here and now. I am just a renegade woman, and I want to adventure. So you can teach me how to be properly cautious, I shall continue ahead.”

“This - this is ridiculous!”

But Alarn had already left the rocky corridor and exited out into the chamber Jace had just entered. They were both enthralled by its beauty. The light came from numerous

crystals that lit up at their presence, sparkling great azure and gold. The chamber must have been well over three hundred feet in diameter, and was nearly perfectly circular. A dim sunlight could be seen above, the chamber becoming a vertical tunnel like a shoot that must have let up out of the mountain. It appeared carved or artificially constructed in some way, but Alarn could see no staves or evidence of stonemasonry. The vastness of the chamber was enhanced by its great polished rock walls, which were incredibly reflective, as if carved from perfect opal. They could see themselves, two small figures in the immensity of the circular underground domain. But it was not even this that captured their attention. No, that was the dragon.

It was not a true dragon, and in fact was less than a fourth the size of their supposedly legendary size. And it was not alive, rather a statue of incredible likeness. Its scales were carved of crystal, its teeth sharp emeralds, its eyes red rubies. Its splayed wings were threaded with silver cord, and its belly was lined with topaz.

“This was a dragon’s lair,” he whispered.

“But I thought the dragons have been extinct for over a thousands years!”

“They are. This is an ancient place, built for their kind.”

The statue gleamed. It was a treasure of fortune beyond belief, and Sir Alarn had never seen its equal. Entranced, he stepped forward-

“Wait, Sir, I think there’s-”

-onto a pressure pad that shuddered evenly into the floor.

“-a trap,” Jace finished weakly.

Immediately the statue’s eyes lit up, shining brilliant and red, and it shifted like a mighty construct to face Alarn, who was a mere thirty feet away. Alarn tried to leap back, but his feet were frozen to the stone; ancient carved runes were lit up, holding him in place.

‘THOU ART A MAN THAT STEPS INSIDE THE LAIR OF MENDRAXIS, LAST OF THE DRAGONS. THOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY MINE ANCIENT MAGICS.’

The voice boomed, low and powerful, sounding like the cry of war itself.

“Shit,” Alarn swore, uncharacteristically in front of the lady. “I’m caught. We need to find a way free.”

“What do I do?” Jace said. She’d never actually experienced anything like this before; she’d only read it. “I’ll look around.”

“Do! And be quick! I don’t like the sound of this long dead voice.”

‘THINE FLESH AND SOUL IS NOT FITTING FOR SUCH AN HONOUR, NOR THE MARKING THINE FOOLERY HATH BROUGHT THERE.’

Alarn’s heart beat fast. He wasn’t sure what this long-dead Mendraxis meant, but it didn’t sound good. He looked at the large run upon which he’d stepped, and marvelled at the

ancient carved image upon it, right beneath the rune. It depicted what must have been a she-dragon, nesting atop a pile of eggs.

There was a sudden yelp, and he tore his eyes up to see Princess Jace caught on a separate run, only twenty or so feet from him. It was difficult to tell what image was lighting up between her feet, particularly since the energies rippling out from the rune was blowing the remnants of her dress skirts about, giving a very unladylike scene.

“Um, Alarn! I believe I have been trapped as well!”

“I can see that Your Highness. Do not panic, I shall find a way out!”

If there is one, he thought.

If he even knows of one, she thought also.

“Tell me, what do you see between your legs?”

She looked at him aghast before he corrected.

“I mean, the symbol? What is displayed?”

“It’s a big dragon. He’s hunting, I think. Raining fire on a herd of cattle.”

‘THOU ART A MORTAL WOMAN, UNSUITED FOR WARFARE AND GLORY. AS A VESSEL THOU ART INAPPROPRIATE FOR GREAT-’

“How dare you!”

The statue, which had turned to face her, oddly paused. Alarn was almost thrown back in shock; it could reply?

‘THOU DARE DISRUPT THE GREAT MENDRAX-’

“I dare!” she yelled back, holding her skirts so as not to further herself. “I may be a mortal woman, but I long for more! This knight has tried to contain me, my father has tried to contain me, but I seek glory and freedom above all and I shall have it! I will not hear a long-dead dragon now tell me what I can and cannot do! You will free us at once, so I can have *my* freedom.”

The dragon remained still, though its energies still rippled outwards to them. Alarn looked to Jace in surprise.

“I hadn’t expected such a ruse to work.”

Her glare back was fierce. “That was no ruse, *good* sir. How can I return to my cloistered chambers when wonders such as *this* fill the world?”

Alarn was about to reply, when suddenly a great booming laughter filled the chambers. It was the statue, the voice of Mendraxes now a dark, satisfied chuckle.

‘VERY WELL, FAIR MAIDEN. YOUR SPEAKETH WITH TONGUE OF FIRE AND RAGE WITH LUST FOR FREEDOM. PERHAPS THOU ART INDEED WORTHY OF GREAT MENDRAXES’ BLESSING. AND THE KNIGHT, THOUGH HIS WILL BE GREAT AND HIS PRIDE TOO, MAY YET SERVE A NOBLER PURPOSE.’

“What does that even mean?” Jace asked.

Alarn shrugged, but drew his sword. He didn't like the sound of this.

'IT MEANS THOU FLESH SHALL BE LIFTED, REFORGED IN FIRE AND SCALE TO BECOME MIGHTY. A PAIR TO BRING BACK WHAT WAS LOST, AND REBUILD DRAGON'S GLORY ANEW.'

And with that, lightning and crackling energy flooded the chamber. The statue's rubies, crystals, topaz, emeralds, and various other assorted fashioned gems shone with a near-blinding brilliance, and then it *shattered*. Jace shrieked in fear, and even Alarn yelled in surprise, as the gems fired outward and impacted on their bodies. It hurt, but only briefly, but when each opened their eyes their bodies and clothing were studded with several dozen gems of varying colours. Each tried to pry them off their forms, but they were immovable.

"What does this mean, Sir?" Jace said, becoming freaked out. Her dress was further torn, and Alarn had to look away from her nearly-freed bust.

"I don't know, my lady, I don't know what you did. But - I think we can move freely again. You have freed us, somehow."

"I did?"

'YES, SHE HATH. IN MORE WAYS THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE. THE CHANGE BEGINS NOW.'

"Change? What change?" Alarn demanded, but there was no answer. No answer except, of course, the enormous pressure that suddenly began in his gut. He doubled over, gasping as he fell to the ground.

"Alarn? Sir? Are you okay?" Jace went to rush to him, but then the churning pressure began in her stomach also, and she fell back, clutching it.

"Ohhh - by the G-Gods! Such p-pressure!" she whined. Her stomach expanded bloating outwards, and she yelped in shock. Alarn's did so similarly. The gems were brilliantly bright upon their bodies, and they could both feel their magics seeping in, changing them, altering their forms. The two grunted and moaned as they ballooned in size. Bones stretched and popped, limbs separated from their ligaments only to expand wildly in mass.

Alarn gasped as his skin began to itch all over, its surface becoming pebbled and coarse. "Wha - what's happened to ussssss!"

'A DRAGON'S MAGIC ENTERS YOU NOW. THE ESSENCES OF THE LAST OF OUR KIND, WHO SACRIFICED THEMSELVES.'

"Wh-whyyyy?" called Jace, who was beginning to feel an immense pressure in her backside. She began to hyperventilate, failing to hold her shredded dress over her expanding form.

'THE DRAGONS WERE DOOMED, HUNTED BY SO-CALLED GREAT ADVENTURERS. THEIR BREEDING WAS SLOW. AND SO THE REMAINING FEW, LED BY MIGHTY MENDRAXES AND HIS FAIR MATE NAWENTHE, GAVE OF THEMSELVES

TO A RITUAL. INTO IT, THE MOST POWERFUL VIRILITY OF THE MALE WAS DISTILLED, AND THE MOST ABUNDANT FERTILITY OF FEMALE TOO.'

"That - Aagghhh - doesn't make any - NGGH! - sense!" Alarn shouted. He was trying to stand, but it was impossible to do so when one's legs kept extending, becoming too long in proportion to one's body. But his torso was trying to catch up; numerous gems glowers upon his chest and stomach, and from them he felt ancient flesh and fat and bone pour into his form, altering his very makeup, his very essence.

'TO A MORTAL, NAY, BUT TO THOSE FINAL DRAGONS, IT WAS THEIR MOST DESPERATE PLOY. TO CREATE A PERFECT BREEDING PAIR HERE, DEEP IN THE MOUNTAIN, REBORN FROM MORTAL FLESH TO LAY CLUTCH UPON CLUTCH FAR BEYOND A DRAGON'S NORMAL PASSAGE OF TIME. TO REBIRTH THE AGE OF DRAGONS.'

Jace and Alarn looked at one another, Mendraxes' revelation hitting them like a sledgehammer. They were each utterly malformed by this point, feeling aching pressures in their skulls and fires in their loins. Their bellies were immense, their chests following as their rib cages swelled and extended in size. Jace in particular gave a high, womanly roar as her body expanded beyond Alarn's size, her skin lightening even further.

"We're - we're becoming d-dragons! Ahh - ahh - AAGHH!"

He tried to reach her, but was stopped as the pressure in his ass reached its zenith, and finally his spine shot outward, a large fleshy protuberance formed around it, ploughing outwards to slide along the cold floor. Alarn almost shrieked, barely keeping his cool as an immense, fleshy tail sprung out from his leather arms, ripping it apart. A similar scream coursed from Princess Jace's lungs, though deeper in sound than he expected, and he saw that she too had developed a tail, though hers was larger and wider in diameter than his. Was her transformation further along?

"Fight it P-Princess! I m-must get you h-home safe NGGhhNGGh!"

He fell again as the pressure in his skull burned. His neck pulled upwards, gems falling off his body as yet more landed upon it, each injecting the essence of long-dead dragons into his form.

"I t-told you!" she growled back, teeth becoming longer and sharper, "I don't - UGGHH! - want to g-go home! I WANT TO BE FREE!"

They both paused, even among the changes. For just a moment, she had sounded just like Mendraxes, or something approaching him, with a voice that was low and dominating. Her skin was starting to itch, and she scratched at it with increasingly sharp nails from increasingly large hands as it became scaled. Thousands upon thousands of them grew across her now-mighty flank, pushing out of her skin. And yet it was not agony. To Jace, it felt like . . . it was meant to be.

“This - aaaghgh - it feels g-good Alarn!”

“What? Your Highness, you must fight - OHHHHH!!”

Alarn was immediately distracted by his own scales forming across his large body. The last of his clothing exploded from him, and he swelled in size, doubling in mass in mere moments as hundreds of glittering gems exhausted their magics at once and fell away from him. Hundreds more flittered against his skin, and he could not bat them off.

“No! Be gone! I do not want - MHHM! - to be a damned dragon!”

‘BUT YOU WILL BE, MORTAL. YOU WILL TAKE THE FORM OF THE RUNE THAT FATE SELECTED FOR YOU.’

More swelling, more mass. The two of whimpered as their flesh expanded further and further, bones growing and swelling, their bodies becoming heavier and heavier as muscle and tissue filled in to compensate. Alarn was already fifteen feet long, and Jace was twenty, her scales slowly becoming a brilliant gold. Alarn scratched at his flanks and chest as his own scales began jutting out in full. But they were not gold; to his humiliation they were bright purple, like amethysts.

“Wait, the rune?”

Alarn looked down in horror at the rune. Somehow, he was able to understand it now, the language that no one had known since ages past; the language of dragons. That alone would have been a shock, but bigger still was what the rune *said*.

Broodqueen of Dragons

“No! No no no - NooooougghhhhHHH!”

Even as he screamed out, the bones of his skull cracked and rearranged. A long snout pushed from his face, taking his nose with it. He groaned in combined agony and strangely pleasurable pain. He was elongating, he was enlarging, and his snout was becoming long and thin and oddly elegant. In fact, his entire draconic form had an elegance that was not occurring with Jace’s.

‘YOU SHALL BE MATES FOR THE THOUSAND YEAR THAT YOU SHALL NOW LIVE. YOUR YOUNG SHALL BE MANY, AND THE ONE KNOWN AS JACE SHALL PROVIDE FOR THE FEMALE WHILE SHE IS GRAVID WITH HIS LEGIONS OF YOUNG.’

“P-provide?” Jace asked. Her body was brilliant golden, her snout extending outwards, becoming a large and powerful maw. Already, her arms had become powerful feet, their digits still capable of being manipulated like hands, but otherwise used for walking. Muscles rippled upon her quadrupedal limbs, her toes extending to form mighty talons. Her tail had extended over twenty-five feet, muscle-bound and powerful. She felt strangely wonderful, glorious even. It was as if she was shedding weakness and taking on strength. The space between her rear thighs was pressurised, and she let loose a dragon’s roar to the

ceiling as something expanded, grew, becoming a fleshy protuberance. Jace was not unintelligent. She could tell what had formed within her new, reptilian sheaf.

I have a penis, she thought. I'm becoming a male dragon. Which means Alarn is becoming the broodmare. Oh no!

Indeed, the finishing touches were being lavished upon Alarn. Knots of muscle twisted in his shoulders, and he roared far more softly than he would have expected as they expanded, bones and leather and scales rapidly developing to form two amethyst wings, glittering purple in colour. His tail, long and whip-like, was perhaps forty feet in length, and curved around with a colourful fin at its end. He stood, getting used to his four legs, but then sagged as his groin pulled inwards.

"No! Please! Not my - OH!"

It pulled up inside him, and there was a churning shift within his draconic belly as a great dragoness' womb formed, connected to a vagina that opened up just below his sparkling tail. He turned to see Jace, now a powerful alpha male dragon, golden-scaled and magnificent, and far more bulky than he. Her eyes were still blue, but far larger, and her maw was immense. She smelled . . . strange. Almost intoxicatingly so. As he pondered this, still in shock, her wings extended outwards, reflected rays of crystal light around the cave, causing it to be lit up as if by the sun.

Jace felt brilliant. A true dragon. Becoming male was weird. Nine hells, the whole experience was weird, but if what the statue said was true, then she was a real dragon in its prime, the size of a small keep, easily eighty feet or more in length, capable of tearing down castle walls with ease. No royal decree could keep her bound now, and there was no law that could claim she should keep to womanly ways, not now that she was a *he*. She lifted her head upwards, staring up at the patch of sky far above, and something instinctive rose in her. She roared, and brilliant white fire erupted from her throat. It warmed her, giving her a sensation of absolute power, but it did not burn her.

Alarn watched, entranced, until she finished. He felt a similar impulse, but pushed it down. He needed to find a way out of this. He needed to be human again, and break the magic. Particularly since a strange heat was beginning to flood through him.

"Princess," he said, and his eyes went wide. He was not speaking the Common tongue anymore, but Draconic, the language of dragons. Even worse, his voice was smooth and feminine, bearing a regal quality befitting a queen. He decided to ignore it for now. "We must find a way back."

"I don't feel like a princess anymore," Jace boomed, and she relished the boom. Her voice was a brass baritone, echoing off the walls. It was powerful, while Alarn's was elegant. "In fact, I think I rather like this change."

Alarn's eyes widened. He could see like a hawk now, and it was fascinating, but he was far more concerned with getting Jace back under control.

"Your Highness, it must be the magic, we can change back if only we -"

"If you want me to change back, noble knight - though as you are female, I suppose you cannot be a knight, right?"

He shifted towards her, again ignoring that scent, and the low heat in his loins. His movements were fluid, graceful, serpentine, despite his immense size. "Please, Princess, this is not the time for jokes. We must end this; magic can keep if left too long. We must find a way to turn you back. Us both back."

The male dragon considered this. Jace was full of energy and a feeling of power, but there was another feeling below that. A playfulness. A need to impress. To court. She felt an instinct towards Alarn that hadn't been there before. Or perhaps it had; he was quite attractive as a man, but now as a dragon, *she* was utterly alluring.

"Very well," she boomed, "I will help you turn us back . . . if you can catch me!"

And with that, her mighty wings extended, and she launched into the air, flapping her powerful muscles and rocketing upwards.

"Princess! Wait! Oh, damn this womanly voice of mine!"

Alarn also launched into the air, his sleeker wings moving gracefully compared to Jace's slow and gusting beats. The latter launched out the mountain's chute and looked over all the wonders of creation, and then she took off, free at last.

The former male turned dragoness erupted out moments later, and twisted about, trying to find her mark. She found him, and gave chase.

Alarn soared through the air, flailing. His wings beat automatically, though he found he could control them consciously, even instinctively, in order to move through the air ever faster. He was high in the clouds, and despite the immensity of his purple-scaled draconic form, he felt light upon the air, his powerful wings holding his weight. His long, elegant neck extended from his body, and as he flew he found he was able to manipulate and move it, allowing him to look back upon his own body. It was sleek and certainly somewhat feminine - at least as close as dragons got to feminine - his tail gliding like a fish's fin through the air. She was easily the size of lord's stables.

Astonishing, he thought. *I'm an actual dragon. It beggars belief! It will make a good story - but I'll need to catch that damned fool-headed girl first!*

At the thought of the word 'girl' a dark shiver overcame his form, and he was reminded that for all the wonders of suddenly being a dragon, he was meant to be a human. Somehow, it was even more important that he simply be male.

Nine hells to this Princess! Why did she get the alpha male and me the broodmare! I have to find her before these new loins of mine drive me mad!

It was then that his sharp eyes spotted her; a golden glint upon the clouds, rising and falling and playing, overjoyed with her new form.

"Got you," he said, and uncharacteristically for a dragon, he rolled his eyes at his booming, yet undeniably female, voice. He surged forward, trying not to get too excited by the sheer freedom, power, and - surprisingly - elegance he now possessed.

Meanwhile, the former princess laughed, a great low tone emanating from her deadly maw. She barrelled and darted through the air, surprisingly agile among the clouds. All of creation was below her, the Kingdom of Pannoris stretched out below, from the Forbidden Glens to her home city of Navis, and even beyond to the bulwark of Hanush, her people's ancient enemy, ever raiding her father's borders. They had seemed so threatening to her as a girl, but now, as a gargantuan golden dragon, it all seemed so petty and small. She coiled her neck, taking in her form in mid-flight. There was a gracefulness to her bulk, but bulky she now certainly was.

A far cry from my little waist and slender neck, she thought, and I doubt I'll ever feel weak and helpless again!

Indeed, despite having become male, or perhaps partly because of it, she was actually joyful at the change. She had always loved tales of fantasy and change as a child, but as she had grown, the magic had been lost. Well, now she *was* magic, the most magic of all creatures, a great dragon at its height, and a golden dragon to boot; the most well-regarded and kingly of all their kind.

And poor Alarn as my mate! How ironic that he - or she now - would end up as such. But I suppose that teaches him a lesson for his views on femininity. We shall see how he likes the shoe on the other foot, not that the she-dragon can wear shoes at all anymore!

It was then that Jace heard the cry, coming behind her, powerful but soft, booming yet queenly: "*PRINCESS! RETURN! WE MUST RETURN!*"

She laughed, and dove beneath the clouds. There was something *right* about making Alarn give chase. She still had enough of the sensibilities of a princess within her to force him to track her down, even if her instincts were telling her they were doing this the wrong way around.

Alarn swooped in, his amethyst wings curved back like glittering bat's wings. He truly looked magnificent; even his crystalline horns sparkled, curving backwards in a long sweep akin to feminine hair, as compared to Jace's more lion-like crest of metallic horns.

“You look beautiful, Alarn!” she called, rolling to face the she-dragon.

“This is no time for jokes, your High-”

“I am no Highness now, can't you see that? I am a *dragon!* Is this not magnificent?”

And with that, she swooped towards the ground, Alarn following behind her. The male knight was frustrated, and feeling ever stranger. As Jace launched away, he followed, but he could not escape the odd instinct that it was *he* that was meant to be chased by *her*. Chased and . . .

He put the thought from his mind. Every time he got too close to the golden dragon - and close for a dragon's senses was over a thousand feet - he could smell her masculine strength, her glistening power, her golden metal. Yes, he could smell, even taste the scent of gold now, and he sniffed it in, drinking it, building the heat within his core.

“This must end soon!” he whined to the wind, and swooped down.

The two of them rushed over land and water, across river and bend, soaring up over hill and across valley. Numerous denizens, hill people and distant farmers, and even a few townships, emptied to see the sight; the dancing dragons. One broad and golden, the other sleek and amethyst. A metallic dragon, and a gem one. Wonders long thought lost to the world. And all the time they boomed in draconic; one voice clearly female, the other male, making some arguing that seemed both large enough to shake the world, and yet strangely petty. Alarn pleading with the princess to halt, but she snaked across the sky, intent upon seeing the ocean sight she'd ever been denied. He followed her, and despite himself, he could not help but wonder at the world in all its majesty, and what it felt to soar over it. Bird flocks that had once called the air their dominion now scattered before him, and he couldn't help but smile, his draconic lip - if it could be called that - peeling back a little. He closed his eyes just for a moment, and felt the rush of wind upon his gem draconic form.

It was . . . free.

It was then that he sniffed, and realised that the princess was not without her cunning wits still; she had darted around a mountain tip, and was behind him. She smelled hungry . . . and it was a hunger that filled him with a strange longing. She was the chaser now, and he the chased. And there was something right about that. He wanted to turn and confront her, but instead he decided to wait a while, soaring instead low. She followed, and the two of them glided at great speeds down the Orion Mountains, last stop before the eternal sea. Alarn swept back his wings, gaining ever greater speed, his female dragon form moving with alacrity. And yet still, somehow, Jace gained on him. It made his enormous dragon's heart - a thing of immense magical power - beat ever faster, and there was a small part of him that wanted to slow down, and not just to confront her. An onrush of cliff whooshed past, and then there it was.

The ocean.

It stretched out across the forest cliffs and over the horizon, a world of blue that was supposed to be endless.

'Only dragons know what is on the other side,' it was said. Alarn had dreamed of discovering it. Now, he realised he could. He swept low, and Jace followed, nearly parallel in their flight patterns. She smelled wonderful to him, and he now to her, but for now, both were transfixed by the ocean, and their paired course across it, no more than twenty feet above its surface. The water rippled beneath them, and they continued like this for some minutes until, finally Alarn sensed a sudden movement to his left. He made to move away but it was too late. Two great talons briefly gripped his haunches.

"Got you."

And the fire in his loins became a raging inferno.

The two dragons settled down on a clearing several hundred feet back from the cliffedge, surrounded by forests. Apart from the teeming wildlife - much of which had long fled from their presence - they were alone. There was no nearby civilisation for a hundred or more miles. They had truly reached the edge of the continent.

"That. Was. Exhilarating!" Jace declared. She turned her jaw to the sky and, opening it, shot a jet of white flame into the sky. It was a display of power that made Alarn shift uncomfortably. Her haunches bore no marks from Jace's earlier grip, his gem hide was much too strong, but it had left a mark on him nonetheless.

"I'm glad you enjoy it, Your High - Jace. And I will not lie, it was certainly exhilarating."

"Wasn't it just?" The golden dragon turned and shuffled over, shaking the earth with its movements, but possessing the energy of an excited young damsel. "Have you ever dreamed of such an experience?"

"Often," he replied, and it was truthful. "And to explore beyond the Endless Sea."

They looked out on it now, as the sun fell slowly to the horizon, still in that mid-afternoon stretch. The sea shimmered beautifully.

"We could, you know," Jace replied, drawing closer. It almost made Alarn shy away.

Would that I were a dragon without the instincts!

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, only dragons have seen what's on the other side. Well, we are dragons, are we not. A mated pair who could see beyond to -"

Alarn drew back her magnificent wind, and let loose a powerful roar. A powerful exhalation of cold erupted like a geyser from his mouth, freezing a nearby canopy of trees over fifty feet away.

“We are *not* a mated pair, Pri - Jace! And while you may be having fun, enjoying your new, uh, manhood, I would greatly prefer to have mine back, instead of a - a . . .”

“A woman’s flower?” Jace chuckled, voice low and assured.

“Well, to put it that way, yes.”

“Oh Alarn, how much you have changed and yet remained the same. Still a stick in the mud even as a woman. Fear not, though you are beautiful, I can see you are still powerful. Does this not teach you, perhaps, that women can be beings of power and action?”

Alarn was in no mood for a fight. In fact, his body was in the mood for something else. “Perhaps. Dragons are . . . outliers. But this is irrelevant. We must change back, we must -”

Jace’s great stomach growled, and it seemed almost to shake the trees. Alarn’s stomach followed not far behind it.

“Well, it appears I am quite starved,” Jace said. She turned expectantly to Alarn, who gave the closest approximation of a shrug that a thirty ton creature was capable of.

“Did you wish for me to hunt for you, oh Princess?”

“Well, I had *assumed*.”

Alarn let loose a laugh, relishing for a moment how a haughty female’s laugh could sound, enough to crack any ego.

“Ah, but you are not a princess, did you not just say? Unless, of course, you wish for me to hunt your game for you, and prove me right on the roles we must play in society. One cannot have it both ways, Jace.”

The golden dragon glared, but Alarn held the glare, and was oddly proud of himself for doing so. Instinct was telling him to be more suggestible, more . . . servile was not the right word, but certainly complimentary to the dragon’s nature. But he found it didn’t extend to outright submissiveness, which made him glad.

Perhaps she is not too wrong about a woman’s strength, at least when it comes to dragons.

“Fine, we *shall* have it both ways,” Jace replied, standing tall so that her mighty head rose above the treeline quite easily. “Let us both hunt. I’m sure we shall catch plenty of game with these mighty forms. And perhaps I can teach you a thing or two.”

Two hours later, and the two returned, Jace a little humiliated. The former princess still had a prideful, royal spirit in her, appropriate for a golden dragon but not for petulant outbursts.

“Not fair!” she whined, sounded all the odder for her roaring white breath. “How did you do it?”

Alarn flashed a purple grin.

“It is not enough to be powerful, Jace. One also has to know the nature of beasts. How they move, how they react, how they go to ground. And, I will not lie, having a great icy breath changes matters a great deal also.”

“Well, my food is cooked, at least.”

Indeed it was; Jace had greatly enjoyed expelling flame from her belly, incinerating creatures entirely at first until she learned to manage it and lower its intensity. Still, she had only claimed a few boars and a couple of wild oxen. In that same timespan, Alarn had claimed *six* boars and as many oxen, as well as a mighty stag that was exceedingly tender.

“Here, have some of mine.”

“I refuse.”

“I am not hungry, and I can tell you are, Jace. Don’t let this new male pride of yours blind you to the fact that just because I’m now female, doesn’t mean I can’t help you.”

There was a long, pregnant pause.

“Wait, when I say that -”

But it was too late. Jace had never given to guffaw as a princess; it wasn’t regal. It just *wasn’t done*. But she did so now. She rolled onto her heavy back, knocked over several large trees and crushing their roots, causing hundreds of birds to flock to the sky in great swarms towards the now-setting sun.

“Jace, please! It is not such a ridiculous statement if you consider that dragons -”

“Every excuse under the sun now that you are a woman!”

“I am not a woman, my manhood has merely been taken.”

“And replaced with a woman’s parts! I can *smell* them now, Alarn. And they do smell nice. Can you not smell my new manhood as well, sheathed as it is?”

He could, but chose not to answer, but Jace could tell the truth either way.

“Let’s just get back to the cave. I wish to turn back.”

The golden dragon shifted, and for the first time she drew her golden head close to his, almost affectionately. His eyes were wide, and despite their menace, Alarn could sense that the only radiated concern.

“Are you certain, Alarn? We have been given a great blessing, unusual as it is. The dragons are gone, and we are a chance to give them rebirth. We are strong, we are free, the skies are ours, and we will never be lonely if we have each other, at least as friends. Companions. And we shall live for a long time, long enough to see a new age of magic and wonder sweep the skies. Is this not what you dreamed of, as a knight of the realm?”

He shifted his form closer, moving on all four limbs and draping a golden wing over his form. It felt strangely comfortable, and that heat in his loins that had thankfully dissipated during the hunt, rose again once more..

“I did dream of it, I suppose,” he answered. “I could never imagine how brilliant it would be. And I won’t lie, princess, it is an adventure beyond any I have ever encountered.”

“Then let us have tonight, at least. We can head back in the morn: magic takes at least a few days to dissipate, right? I’ve never heard of a spell or curse that had a shorter time to be reversed.”

Alarn was not so sure, but after such a long flight, and such a generous meal, he was feeling quite tired. Dragons, he supposed, were lizard-like in that way. More than that, there was that instinctive drive to pull against Jace, and feel her metallic scales against his gems. It overrode common sense.

“Very well then, Jace. One night. We shall sleep here, and in the morning we fly back with good memories. Then, back to your father’s castle.”

“On that last part, I make no promises.”

Alarn woke in the night, flushed with heat. He had been having strange yet alluring dreams, involving piles of eggs and hatching young. It disappeared from his mind as he raised his head high in the dark, able to see with perfect clarity. For just a moment he forgot he was a dragon. A female dragon. From the tingling wetness in his loins, it did not take long to realise.

“Jace? Jace?”

The great golden dragon slumbered heavily, her wing over him. The need grew. It was stronger than before, far stronger. It was more than instinct, it was a deep-rooted need that went to his very draconic essence. To *her* draconic essence, though he shied from that thought it was impossible to deny completely, that he was gripped by a feminine need. It was as if his amethyst form, mighty as it may be, was still empty. Unfulfilled.

“Alarn, you smell different.”

The voice boomed, even in a whisper, though why they needed to whisper was beyond either of them. Jace’s powerful masculine tone, deep and foreboding in its draconic tongue, was enticing to Alarn, and it only made the growing wetness between his rear haunches all the more pronounced.

“I feel different. I have . . . a need, princess. Jace. Whatever you wish to be called.”

“I know, I can smell it.”

She sniffed the air, savouring his strong scent. It was delightfully female, and it made her own scaled penis begin to slide from its reptilian sheath, emerging as a large cock well over the size of a full grown man. Alarn stiffened; he craned his long neck and witnessed its incomprehensible girth, and yet it only made his draconic instincts go even further wild. He felt an overwhelming need to widen his stand, and move his long, whipcord tail, even as Jace moved around.

“This isn’t right,” he said, even as he shifted his body.

Jace observed the former knight’s form, softly glowing purple beneath the moon. She wanted him, as much as she wanted the freedom that she finally had. It felt right. Not like mind control, but rather instinct. The same way men lusted for wenches in a tavern after returning for war, or at least so she’d heard. She imagined their lust was something like this; capable of being pushed against, but difficult. Too difficult when one didn’t care as much.

“We could . . . just this once, Alarn. It will settle us, can’t you feel it?”

There was a pause.

“It - it could. I’m a man, Jace, this isn’t meant to be! It isn’t normal!”

“No, my dear knight, you are a *dragon*. Nothing about this is normal. But while we are dragons, why don’t we do as dragons do? We can leave this part out of the stories; I promise I’ll never tell.”

Alarn didn’t want this. He was certain he didn’t want this. He didn’t want to feel that great, wonderful draconic cock fill his emptiness, make him whole, and - and - and . . .

“Do it,” he said, his voice so quiet and small that even for a human it be a whisper. It was enough for Jace, however, and for him, as he widened his stance yet again, shifting his tail to the side to give her access. “This is absurd. By the Nine Hells, what am I doing?”

“If it helps, just pretend you’re one of those busty tavern wenches you like to tumble with.”

“That does not help, highness.”

“Very well, then / shall imagine you as the wench. *You* can see me as the noble knight, about to take his pleasure.”

Alarn groaned. His feminine lips throbbed with need. “Please, princess, just be done about this business. Do not make me beg like a woman, even if I am to act the part of one.”

“Very well, *wench*. Let me show you my new knightly sword.”

“Oh, that is terrible, do you really think we makes puns like-”

And with that, Jace thrust into him. Into *her*.

Alarn roared impressively as Jace gripped harded, rocking his enormous body against hers and shifting his weight so that more of her great dragon cock filled his vaginal passage. It was pleasure and pain, it was wonderful and terrible, and the moments stretched out into eternity as her heat and warmth continued to build and build, his tunnel milking her

scaled cock for all it was worth. They thrust like animals, like beasts, like *monsters*. The two of them breathed heavily, their bellies rumbling with magical energies; Jace with fire, Alarn with ice. Her broad body was heavy upon his, but he could take it, and something about that broadness, that immensity, comforted him, made him even more turned on. He wouldn't say it, but his instincts were telling him he'd picked a good mate, one that would protect him. One that was *worthy* of taking him, and taking him hard.

Jace huffed, and she spread her wings outwards, flapping, to alleviate her weight upon Alarn. She felt strong beyond words, beyond all known measure, and in taking Alarn it was as if she was proving her right to be free, to adventure, to take the world by the horns. To take *him* by the horns. She did so, gripping his horns with her forward talons as she gave another mighty thrust, her six-foot cock pressing deeply into Alarn's tunnel, until the former male could barely take it, his body craving more than anything for Jace to spill her seed inside it.

Jace roared, and Alarn's body shuddered in female climax as what felt like gallons of semen shot deep from Jace's manhood and into Alarn's new womb. It was a warm rush that came in thick spurts, and Alarn collapsed the moment Jace withdrew, panting and overcome with all the events of the last twenty or so minutes.

"That," Jace said, panting, "was good. Quite good."

Alarn couldn't disagree, despite feeling embarrassed. "It was," he said. "I don't know where that came from."

"Me either. I never expected to lose my virginity as a dragon, or a male one at that. How did it compare to your busty tavern wenches?"

"It, uh, compared well. Quite well. We'll speak no more of it. It was a need, and now it has passed. Tomorrow back at the cave we can forget it altogether."

They didn't take long to fall asleep, Alarn trying to ignore how absolutely wonderful the whole act felt. Jace fell asleep slightly later, and couldn't help but notice how Alarn shifted his heavy form closer to lie against her, scale against scale, her large form comforted beneath his golden wing.

The flight back was not without its events. Word had caught on that dragons once more took to the skies, and several figures were out in force to see them. Jace and Alarn took in the scenery and people across the land, flying in greater arcs on their way back to the mountain lair. Hunger was also an issue; dragons could by legend go great lengths of time without eating, but they had not consumed nearly enough the previous day for that. And so it was that Alarn took some time to teach Jace the art of hunting, until she learned some

of the basics, and together they worked well to use their new abilities to gain a great chunk of game. Alarn was surprised to find that his new amethyst dragon body enjoyed the taste of flash-frozen flesh, while Jace - formerly a royal stickler for the medium rare meat - now preferred hers to be well done. *Very well done.*

But all good things must come to an end, and the two lowered into the cave, landing in the great chamber with its shattered statue. Only a small pile of gems remained, still glittering, but the runes still glowed now that they had been activated. The two exchanged a glance, and Alarn saw that Jace was utterly morose. The great dragon, immense and powerful and manly and terrifying, still had a bit of that sulky princessy nature in it, and it looked the part as it idly scratched the floor.

"Princess, it's time," Alarn said, and his voice was confident and feminine. "We have to turn back. No matter how . . . magnificent, it all was."

Jace looked at him. "All of it . . . even?"

Alarn was glad that he could not blush within his dragon's body. "Yes, even that, though I would ask you do not tell it to anybody."

"Cross my dragon's heart." She made a ridiculous gesture, given her golden nature. "Very well, Sir Alarn. "On to the runes?"

He nodded, and the two awkwardly shuffled their huge haunches as best they could, until the runes glowed brighter. They exchanged another look, and gave what they discovered was the natural dragon's shrug: a brief lifting and sagging of the wings upon their back.

"Oh great Mendraxes!" Alarn called. "The change you have wrought upon us was not asked for! We have sampled it, but it is not meant to be! We ask that you change us back, and we promise by all the Gods and Hells and oaths of men that we shall find two willing to take our place, and see your kind reborn anew."

There was a long pause, and for a moment, Alarn was deathly afraid that it was too late, just as Jace was excited at that same possibility. But then, trembling, the mound of powered gems at the centre of the raised chamber dais piled together, forming a statue of Mendraxes once more, albeit much duller, with a lot of its energy expended.

'MORTAL, YE WOULD REJECT THE GIFTS OF THE DRAGONS? A BLESSING BEYOND THAT OF ANY OTHER?'

"We . . ." Alarn paused, and turned his head to see Jace. "*I would, alone. My . . . mate, desires to remain.*"

"Alarn, what are you doing?"

"What you truly want, Jace. I won't deny you this. You were right, in a lot of ways, and in two days you have shown too that I was wrong. I will return to your father and find some

way to tell him of this, but it would not be right to cage you once more. You simply . . . gleam too bright.”

The great golden dragon grinned, long metallic teeth shining with joy.

“Thank you . . . sir.”

“Just I then, might Mendraxes. I can return to my kingdom, and find one who would willingly join Jace as a mate.

‘THIS COULD BE ARRANGED.’

“Thank you. It was an interesting experience, and I’m thankful for-”

‘I SAID IT COULD BE ARRANGED, ONCE. BUT NO LONGER. YOUR FATE IS SET NOW. YOU HAVE CONSUMMATED THE RITE OF DRAGONS, AND THE REBIRTH IS UNDERWAY. THE SPELL IS NOW PERMANENT.’

Alarn rose, panicking, great heart pounding in his scaled form. His very footsteps quaked the chamber as he moved forward.

“What? No! Surely there is - I don’t understand!”

But Jace did. She could smell something had changed in Alarn, but only now did she realise what it was. He still exuded a wonderful heat, a need that she wished to satisfy as his mate, but there was more. A change in his very core. Something growing, slowly but surely, in his purple belly.

“Alarn . . . last night, when we, when we lay together.”

“Yes, what? We consummate, but that doesn’t mean-”

The full weight of Mendraxes’ words and Jace’s implication hit him, and he reeled.

“But . . . it was only once!”

‘ONCE IS ALL IT TAKES. YOU HAVE INHERITED THE FECUNDITY OF OUR GREATEST PRODUCING BROODMOTHERS. YOU WILL BE BLESSED WITH LARGE AND HASTENED CLUTCHES SO THAT YOU MAY BIRTH FORTH OUR RACE. YOU ARE NOW, AND WILL FOREVER BE, A MOTHER OF DRAGONS.’

And with that, the statue’s magic dissipated entirely, and collapsed before their eyes, leaving Jace and Alarn in shocked silence.

It had been a wild four months together, during which Alarn had been forced to come to terms with the fact that he was no longer a *he*, but a *she*. A she-dragon, in fact, for the rest of her life. It had been a hard transition, but one made easier by Jace’s presence; her love of her new life was infectious, and while he miserably groaned at the fact that he was now a woman in full, she buoyed him up with her zest for freedom and protective nature. They flew together, hunted together, watched the sea together, and built their hoard of gems

and gold together, seized from ancient ruins that could not withstand one dragon's might, let alone two. It was enough to make Alarn see the upsides of her new life, and at least her instincts brought her some direction, and comfort, particularly when it came to her mate.

And they were mates. While Alarn's belly slowly but surely expanded, her draconic form becoming even heavier, her womb distended with round eggs, her lust never ceased. Jace had come to love possessing a firm manhood, in no small part because he was able to please Alarn with it, making her appreciate a little more her feminine state. He had taken to being the other sex quicker, and still loved the occasional jibe at the former Sir on the matters of her new gender, but in truth, he was a caring mate that doted on her. That counted a lot for Alarn, as by the third month she was becoming big and pregnant enough that she was often lethargic, her energy sapped away from making so many eggs. It was embarrassing to the former bull-headed knight, but by that point simply feeding her ravenous appetite was more important than her knightly pride. She did her best to teach Jace how to hunt, and how to defend himself; already, mercenaries and hunters wanted to find the dragons and put them down. Jace did well, becoming increasingly aggressive in his defence of her mate, and his golden dragon's heart swelled with pride when he delivered a wild oxen or great stag for his egg-laden mate to consume.

It was four months from their change when the contracts began. Alarn glared at Jace as the pain started, and the eggs shifted downward to the rear of her body. Alarn had never experienced a contraction before - how could she? She'd been a man up until four months ago - but she had a feeling she was getting one right now. Her vagina was stretching itself, preparing for her eventual lay. Some part of her mind told him that she should waddle over to the large circular hoard of gold coins and piled gems.

"Alarn," a great golden voice spoke, "is it time?"

"I - ugh - think so. It feels . . . odd. I think I need to put them here."

The purple dragon indicated to the nest they had slowly built together.

"That's good, Alarn! My mate! It seems your instincts are already preparing you to mother our young.'

Alarn made to snap something sarcastic in return when the urge to push overcame her. Her tail raised, her body buckled, and she squatted down as the first of her eggs reached the entrance to her tunnel. She roared, pushing as the first egg descended.

"You're doing well, Alarn! That's one already!"

"It's - ahhh - not as painful as I thought. But d-difficult. Nghh . . ."

More plopped free of her feminine lips, pushing through her vaginal passage and down into the nest. They were a mix of colours; topaz, gold, brass, bronze, and of course, amethyst and gold.

"The first few of many, Alarn, you are doing so well! You are doing a good thing!"

“Oohhh . . . I think, Jace, I am getting more of an appreciation of what my m-mother went through. Ahh . . . can’t say I ever expected th-this. Hmmph!”

“You can do this, Alarn. Man or woman, so long as you have the strength. Push, my mate. Push.”

Alarn did, unable to stop herself, unable to stop her body as a sixth egg emerged through her stretched opening, providing a moment’s relief before the seventh pressed against his entrance. She squeezed, and that too shifted, followed by the eighth, and the ninth, and the tenth, and so on, until finally Alarn had laid fourteen dragon eggs, each still slightly sticky and nestled against one another in the great nest. Alarn was exhausted, still sore, and panting heavily as she flopped down into the nest.

She wanted to curse Jace out for getting her pregnant in the first place, for ensuring her future as a broodmother, but she knew that was just the last pangs of pregnancy pain talking. In truth, she cared for Jace a great deal. She couldn’t have done it without him.

“Fourteen eggs, Alarn. You did it.”

The amethyst dragon looked to her mate. Already, a slight need, a trickling warmth, was returning to her loins. She knew it wouldn’t be full blown for a few days yet. Maybe even a week. But it would be back with fire, and she could not deny it forever. Jace smelled it too, and the great dragons shared a long, gentle glance, before looking over their eggs.

“There’ll be more to come,” Alarn said.

“Mm-hmm. I didn’t ever expect to get my hero, Sir Alarn the Noble, pregnant. Especially with dragon’s eggs.”

“I was your hero? You never told me that?”

The golden dragon grinned. “I didn’t want to bloat your ego further, my loving knight. My mate. I had to wait until after you gave birth. I figured that you might have less to jibe me with if you have just committed the supreme feminine act.”

The still panting Alarn nestled against her partner.

“You were right. I’m positively beat. That was strenuous. Do I have to do that again?”

Jace chuckled. “I rather suspect our instincts will make it so. In fact, given that your pregnancy was only four months compared to what should have been two years, I suspect you’ve got a body made for laying eggs, my knight.”

Alarn sighed. She pressed further against the warm, comforting scales of her mate. And despite how she had once seen the princess, it was undeniable that the troublesome young woman was now her mate. Her protector. The father of her children, as crazy as it still sometimes seemed. But looking now, over the slightly gooey eggs of the clutch she had laid, and the still-developing life within them, Alarn felt the first true maternal flutter in her heart.

“I suppose I do,” she said, thinking of the low heat already returning to her haunches. “But I think, given time, maybe I can get used to that.”

Jace nipped at her mate's neck playfully.

"See? I told you that a woman can be strong and free. And all it took was turning the brave noble night into a dragon broodmare."

Alarn pulled closer. Perhaps not a week. Perhaps not even a few days. Perhaps a few hours. Her loins were tingling yet more.

"And the beautiful princess into my dragon protector," she said.

It didn't take thirty minutes.

The End

Hatching Dragons Epilogue: Welcome Return

Jace flew through the air, his brilliant gold scales shining. Just one year ago, he had been a human princess, a woman whose sole purpose was to be married off and produce heirs and secure alliances. Now, she was a brilliant golden dragon, larger than four great elephants put together, an apex predator. And he was on the hunt.

A year can make quite the difference in one's focuses and talents. When he had first become male, he didn't know the first thing about hunting. As Princess Jace, she had assumed when she first ran away that she could simply 'pick it up.' How wrong she had been. Now, Jace knew better, and *he* had spent a long time learning from his mate, the former heroic knight Sir Alarn, the behaviour of beasts, where they could be found, and how to hunt them most effectively.

Of course, he thought, gripping a spare set of talons around a weighty treasure chest from a coastal shipwreck, *I've still managed to find time for the adventures I always wanted, too*. It had been an enjoyable battle with the great kraken-like beast that called the lair its home, but even water evaporated into steam with a roar of his white-hot fire.

It was on his way back to his home, roaming across the skies, that he saw something that made even his dragon heart pause.

Fire, and not his. Fire that had ravaged village and home, and torn apart towns at the edges of Pannoris, the kingdom that he had once been princess of. He recognised the flag that had been raised over the ruins; the crossed spears of Hanush, the rival and enemy of Jace's people. She flew faster, clutching her prizes a little more tensely.

He beat his wings as he re-entered the cave he had called home - had called his *lair* - for the last full year. Already he could breathe the sweet scent of his mate, and the related scent of their many young. Her swooped down, taking in the many changes they had made to the empty chamber; there was now a comfortable hoard of gold and gems to lie upon, as well as other treasures, pieces of art, and various wooden chest games they had collected. It had gone from being a place to sleep, to becoming a home, and not a small part of that was the multi-coloured collection of large dragon's eggs, thirty-nine in total, carefully nestled on a separate hoard. They glowed softly. As always, Jace swept to them, counting each, before moving to his mate.

"My love, my mate," he said, nuzzling her neck as she breathed slowly, gravid with their young.

The former male knight was a magnificent amethyst dragon, scales gleaming a royal and queenly purple, sleek and elegant in shape. Well, sleek and elegant, except in one place: Alarn was once again bloated full with Jace's children, her abdomen swollen with

eggs in what had become her near-permanent state. Life wasn't always easy for the man-turned-female dragon. Alarn's life had become an endless cycling of mating, pregnancy, and laying, having laid three clutches of over a dozen eggs each in her time as a dragon, each pregnancy lasting a mere three months compared to what should have been anywhere between two years and two decades, according to legend. But her draconic nature was infused with the fertility of the greatest of the last female dragons, and so it was that she carried not only large clutches, but more of them in a quicker span as well. Still, there was a beauty in it; when their first little hatchling had emerged, golden like her father, Alarn could not help it. Though she could never have done it as a man, she wept great tears to see her hatchling spring into the world, and was equally sad when, having known their daughter for only month and a half, she departed to the north, to find her own range and survive, as was a dragon's nature. Jace had consoled her, and soon they had mated again, the she-dragon's rapid gestation cycle meaning she was already pregnant with more young. Alarn's ego still reared its head from time to time with a bit of embarrassment, but her instincts drove her to derive great pleasure from being seeded with more clutches, and Jace enjoyed seeing his wonderful 'knight' squirm with need, and finally beg to be made full with eggs once more.

"Jace," Alarn responded, her voice a little strained from the burdens of the pregnancy. "Did you bring me dinner?"

In the final month of each pregnancy, Alarn found it almost impossible to leave the cave. She was too weighty to fly, and was constantly lethargic, her body's energy devoted to nurturing the contents of her bloated womb. It was a good thing the former knight had taught the former princess to hunt, and Alarn was thankful Jace had learned well, as she nudged several burnt meats towards her.

"Mmhm," she said, and with a light roar, she flash-froze them with her cold breath, before grabbing each in turn and devouring them. It was these moments of consumption that she loved the most when she was stuck 'aground.' That, and the feeling of her eggs growing within her, though the latter was harder to admit; she still had some embers of a male's pride.

"So hungry Alarn," Jace teased, rubbing her scaled belly with his talons, "you must be carrying a large clutch this time."

Alarn snorted through her large reptilian nostrils. "I'm always carrying a large clutch for you."

Jace nuzzled her, and Alarn reciprocated, and then the golden dragon placed his snout gently against the amethyst dragon's swollen side. "When will you birth, my love?"

"Any m-moment now," she said, focusing on the task ahead. Already, she could feel the familiar sensation of contractions, her womb and passage tightening and relaxing in preparation. "Patience."

A booming laugh. "Well, good knight, I'm an expectant father now. Haven't you heard that a father knows no patience at the birthing bed? He is always eager to meet his children while his wife labours."

"Well do I know *that* feeling," Alarn said. She rolled her eyes, about to give a further retort, when she felt her passage widen fully. She bore down on her haunches, widening her stance.

"Oooof," she grimaced, as the urge to push began. She raised her heavy tail, squatting down so that the eggs had less distance to fall into their shared nest.

"I love watching you lay our eggs," Jace spoke with delight.

"Ahhhh . . . that is not a sentence I ever th-thought would apply to m-me."

She gave a low, feminine growl as she squeezed the first egg from her vaginal lips, allowing it to roll into their nest. Even after all this time, laying eggs still required active effort on her part. She was more than used to it though, and soon the next one was making its way down her passage. A recent hatchling, a red dragon they had named Katiroth, butted his head against her legs. He was no larger than a hunting hawk, and was as eager as a dog.

"It's okay m-my I-loved one," she grunted, a third egg leaving her body, "your mother is j-just giving you s-some brothers and s-sisters."

Jace snorted with affection. "You are so good with them, my love. A perfect broodmother."

Alarn smiled a little. She had never thought to take pride in the compliment, but there it was. It was just good that they weren't all hatching at once; she suspected that part of the magic that altered them was intended to make them on a 'time release' so to speak. The chosen broodmare would lay eggs of all kinds, but the eggs would only hatch over hundreds of years in order to allow dragonkind to continually flourish safely. Still, at night she would sometimes dream of the young who had already left their nest to go make their own. They were only five in number, but she looked forward to seeing her grown children in the air one day, however many years it would take.

Another urge to push brought her back to the present, and the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh eggs quickly evacuated her body, to make room for the dozen or more still remaining. With a groan of irritation as Jace pawed her gravid belly, she realised he had been right; this was a large clutch, even by her standards. She whimpered as once more the urge to push came over her, and she pushed with all her might to expend the remainder of her latest clutch.

When she was done, she lay panting on her side, her scales brilliant in the moonlight shining through the mouth of the mountain cave. Twenty eggs in total; her largest clutch yet.

Are they slowly getting trending bigger? Am I somehow getting even more fertile?

It was a very real possibility that his - her - body was 'just coming into age' of fertile ripeness.

"Well done, Alarn," Jace said. He was transfixed by their new children, and picked little Katiroth up with one claw and placed their child upon his shoulder.

"Big . . . clutch," Alarn said, panting a little. But it had, as always, feel like a wonderful accomplishment to birth them, even through the pain and pressure. "You arrived with good timing. I had to dispatch two annoying mercenaries sent to hunt our eggs."

Jace stood up, alert. "Here? They came here?"

A shake of the head. "The lower tunnels. Never this cave. Never *my* eggs." She spoke with the fierce protectiveness of mother. "I froze them in an instant, but it is getting to be a problem. One day, a good hunter may come."

Jace nodded. They would have to think of something. It made him feel a little weak at times; he was instinctually drive, and wanted to be, Alarn's protector, but it was the former male who still knew best about defences. And even in the joy of a new clutch, he remembered what he had seen.

"The Hanush have skirmished again at the borders of Pannoris," he said. "My father's kingdom. I am worried what will happen if it becomes a full scale ware."

Alarn rested her tired head against her mate, not wanting to reply just yet. She had just laid an incredibly large clutch, after all. So instead the two dragons took solace in each other, thinking on the problems that lay ahead.

The war was going badly. The Hanush had not just sorcerers, but wagons and weapons of war, and dreadful steel to back it up. The borders of Pannoris were falling, and the banner of King Joris Highguard, Jace's royal father, was unfurled and flying as ranks of soldiers pulled in tight in one last desperate defence against the invader. The Hanush were human, as ordinary as folk anywhere, but they had always laboured under cruel tyrants desperate for conquest, and they stoked this hatred in their people. They would not show mercy. And yet, despite knowing they would lose, the last defenders of the realm gathered upon the plains.

A horn sounded, and a great warcry followed up from the Hanush, who began to pour forth against the defenders of the kingdom. Ballistas fired, trebuchets launched infernal flaming rocks, and cavalry moved forth to run down the enemy on both sides. King Joris Highgaurd rose upon his saddle, knowing his time had come.

"I only wish I knew what became of my dear daughter," he whispered to himself. "I'm sorry Jace. I could not protect you, and now I cannot protect my kingdom."

The clash began, but even as it erupted into fighting, the ranks on both sides began to falter, the momentum of rear lines slowing. Men were turning, pointing, gasping. It took King Joris a moment to see it; the sun was high in the air.

But then they were there.

The great gold and amethyst dragons he'd been having reports of. The ones he'd sent hunters to find proof of.

"They're . . . they're real," he realised, and his stomach, and those of his men and enemies alike, lurched collectively as they began to descend.

"Watch out!" a man cried, and they drew back, only minor clashes occurring. To the Pannorian side's astonishment, the dragon's sped down over the Hanush lines, streaming out bursts of fire and ice, melting and freezing the enemy forces in a lightning strike that left them bewildered. They split apart, dodging ballista fire, the purple one in particular moving deftly, dismantling them with grace and intelligence. They knew what they were doing, though several times the amethyst roared something to the gold, just in time for the latter to dodge a gathered spell, or dismantle a trebuchet in the act of firing. They moved through the air as if they were swimming, and the Hanush lines disintegrated as they struck unexpected places. Lines of screaming Hanush surged forth to damage the Pannorian lines, to cut down their most valiant. The amethyst gave a roar - she was clearly a female - and she bellowed such volumes of ice that a wall over ten feet thick and fifteen feet high erupted upwards, defending the Pannorian flank entirely, and leaving the Hanush trapped.

"By the Gods," Sir Trelle said, flipping up his helmet's visor. "They're only attacking the enemy, Your Highness."

"Not just that," Joris said, bewildered, "they're defending us. Not a soldier put down."

The golden dragon incinerated another battalion of the enemy, but it was the amethyst that struck surgically. It was as if they were hammer and anvil, working perfectly together, the amethyst directing the affair, focusing her mate's harsh breath where it would shatter the enemy most.

A ballista fired, and a great bolt launched free, straight towards the King and Sir Trelle. Both dragons folded their wings, time slowing, as the bolt flew. With a surgeon's precision, their powerful talons snatched them to safety, Joris in the gold's talons, Trelle in the amethyst's. They were set down, and both men looked up at the immense creatures with an awe they had never known.

A great cheer went up. The Pannorians had won.

"Dragons! Dragons! DRAGONS! DRAGONS!"

The King removed his helmet, and stepped towards them, still daunted. They had won the impossible battle with no more than two dozen casualties. He could see now that

the gold was male; its bulkier form was obvious. And the female was . . . pregnant? She was lower to the ground, her stomach oddly rounded, and she looked suspiciously at the crowd.

“YOU ARE SAFE,” the golden dragon said. *“WE WILL KEEP YOU SAFE.”*

“BUT YOU WILL NOT HURT OUR CHILDREN,” the amethyst said. *“THIS IS THEIR HOME TOO.”*

“I swear it!” the king replied. The golden one was looking at him, interested. The purple was strangely looking at Trelle’s feet. “I swear it by all the Gods and my own daughter’s fate! You will never be hunted in these lands! Please, you broken the enemy, and given us the strength to retake our lands. If you are able, we would host you in our city, Navis, and feast in your honour. I would see our finest bulls and sheeps given over to you, and great treasures, to thank you.”

The two dragons looked to each other, and communicated in guttural tones that signalled the long-lost language of draconic.

“GIVE THE CALL, WHEN WE MAY VISIT.”

They took to the sky, and the soldiers burst into cheers once more.

It was almost two months later when the Hanush formally surrendered, and the land was peaceful again. There was still rebuilding to be done, but the feast of celebrations was to be had in honour of their victory, and the dragons who had turned the tide of battle, and pushed the Hanush back several times again after. It was in the mid-afternoon, but the sun was still high for now, bathing the world in that beautiful hue of lazy orange. The king, his knights, and many servants and individuals of power and prestige waited. The messages had been sent by the finest hawks, and a second set delivered by the bravest men to the outer reach of the dragons’ lair. And so they waited.

It began as a gleam upon the horizon, the golden dragon’s metal shining brightly. The purple followed it, trailing behind. Their wings were wide, and spread out.

“Are you nervous?” Alarn asked the former princess as they flew.

“No at all,” he replied, with enough haughtiness and speed that it was obvious he was indeed nervous. “What about you?”

“I shall be honest, Jace, I very much am. Sir Trelle is a good friend, and I admired the king. It will be more than a little embarrassing to appear before them as I am.”

The golden dragon turned his eyes on her mate’s rounded stomach, so close now to laying. They had set an impressive series of traps and arcane wards upon their lair before leaving. Still, his mate occasionally clutched her stomach. She was so maternal these days, though she would hesitate before admitting it.

“Well, just wait until my father sees me.”

They landed before the procession, outside the city gates. They had not been this close to their former species before, at least not without violence; the people before them were awed, even the guards startled. True to his instincts, Jace landed ahead of Alarn, guarding his mate, and the contents of her fruitful womb, from any potential archers or ballistas.

‘YOU CALLED US,’ he proclaimed. *‘AND WE HAVE COME.’*

“We are honoured!” the king proclaimed, and Jace sniffed a little, overcome with emotion at seeing his father. “We wish to celebrate for you a feast. We cannot accommodate you indoors, of course, but out here on the grounds, we wish to give tribute to the dragon saviours of the kingdom.”

‘WE WILL FIT INDOORS,’ Jace said, and before his father could respond, she began to gleam even more brightly, until she was just a golden silhouette of light. Alarn followed, becoming an outline of cosmic, dancing amethyst. And slowly, before the stunned crowd, their forms receded, shrinking to take on humanoid proportions, until the light dissipated, leaving them human. It was a trick they had learned only recently, reading the tomes of draconic lore that existed deep within their mountain home. It was only temporary, and could never last longer than eight or so hours, and they could not do it often; once a week or so perhaps. But still, they could take on human form, though they were much hardier than that, with a dragon’s strength and speed and power still remaining. Both their forms came naturally to them; they could not choose, though they could assume certain preferences for clothing. Not enough, in Alarn’s mind.

Jace appeared regal, a golden-haired prince in his early twenties, with a hero’s face and commanding smile. He wore a princely outfit, white and gold in colour, his boots fine, his tunic impeccable, and just tight enough to reveal his strength. He was tall, easily 6’2, and a large golden sword was at his hip. He appeared like a young king from legends, and his eyes sparkled gold.

Alarn, on the other hand, appeared as a beautiful woman with purple hair that reached all the way down to her knees. It shone, sparkling a little with amethyst glints. Her eyebrows were purple also, and her lipstick and eyes too. But her face was rounded, with a gorgeous feminine aspect that projected a maternal strength. And maternal was right; she was clearly heavily pregnant, appearing full term in her white and black dress that clung to her form, subtly outlining ample breasts.

“My word!” said the king. “It is true then, the dragons have returned in all their might and magic. Would that my daughter have lived to see this day. She loved such stories.”

The two human dragons exchanged a brief awkward glance. Alarn clutched her belly, idly stroking it nervously as they wondered how to make introductions.

“I am King Joris Highguard of Pannoris, Lord of the Citadel of Vanis. Please, grace us with your names that we may honour you. We would delight in hearing your stories, and knowing how dragons once more reign in the skies.”

The crowd was expectant. Jace was nervous. She was used to being largely in control. Not a battlefield strategist or master hunter just yet, but certainly a powerful provider for Alarn now that he had become an egg-laying she-dragon.

“I will tell you surely,” he said, stepping forward. Tears welled in his eyes. “I just hope that you believe me. My name is Jace.”

Her father’s features froze.

“And my mate, my love, her name is Alarn.”

Sir Tellen and several other knights looked to one another, unsure what to say.

“You - you knew my daughter? My knight?”

Jace shook his head. “Father, it has been a long and strange journey.”

The king looked into his eyes, and for a long moment, no one spoke. Alarn’s heart beat in a flurry, and she was irritated at how plump and weak she felt in human form, her pregnant form even more obvious, and two useless fleshy milkbags upon her chest. She stared at the ground, trying to force away the flush in her cheeks. Finally, the king spoke.

“My daughter, is it really you?”

“Your son now, father. But yet, it is me. I’ve missed you so much!”

And with that, the former princess and his father embraced.

The feast inside the halls of King Joris’ castle was immense, great tables lined with food and drink, meads and wines of all the best vintage. Enormous roast lambs and stuffed pigs were available, and fresh caught fish in large servings. Hundreds of guests, ranging from valiant knights to modest administrators to noblemen and women, and the bards played sweet tunes to accompany the colourful festivities. At the table of honour sat the King, Sir Tellen, and golden-haired Jace and amethyst-haired Alarn. Theirs was the table served the finest and greatest portions, which was a good thing, as even in human form the dragons had voracious appetites, Alarn especially; she wolfed down enormous hunks of meat hungrily and in a most unladylike manner, to the consternation of some, and the amusement of her former friends

“My word, Alarn,” Sir Tellen said, smirking, “you may be a lady now, but you certainly haven’t slowed down on the appetite.”

Alarn wiped her mouth, a little embarrassed. Her belly felt quite constrained in human form, and she was aware that several slightly-tipsy eyes had already wandered to her maternal breasts.

“Sir Tellen, you try suddenly weighing fifteen tons and finding yourself expecting a clutch of eggs on top of that, and I imagine your manners would go out the window as well.”

Her comments caused some laughter, and she took the moment to grab another pie. Breathing on it, she gave it a cold, icy finish, before devouring it.

“So it is true then, you really are expecting?” Tellen asked.

The beautiful purple-haired woman gestured to her round, taut dome of a belly, outlined perfectly by her feminine dress. “Is not the evidence before your eyes, my friend?”

“Is it hers? The Princess’s?”

Alarn nodded, patting her belly. “Aye, it is *his*. But not just ‘it’.”

Tellen’s eyebrows raised. “More than one?”

That caused her to chuckle a little, feeling red-cheeked in the presence of her old companion, suddenly so fertile and fruitful. She sighed, leaning back to compensate for her large belly, which rested on her thighs. How did ordinary women stand it when they couldn’t even fan themselves with their wings?

“Much more than one. My first clutch I laid fourteen. My last was twenty in size.”

Several of her former knights gasped.

“Jeez, I should think that’s a mighty effort! Elaine struggled with just our twins.”

Alarn grinned, starting to feel a little more confident. “You should pay her more honours, sir. Having laboured three times already in the span of a single year I can assure you it is rather an effort, though I imagine being a great purple dragon makes it a bit easier. I was a fat headed fool to overlook the trials and tribulations women undergo.”

Sir Tellen leaned in close, as did some of the other men. “You sound almost proud to have become a mother, Alarn.”

She blushed, stroking her fertile roundness. “Do you know, my old friend, I rather think I am.”

“Well how about that!” He raised a glass. “To Sir Alarn, once man, now dragon, but all warrior! He who fought with us, and she who saved us! Hear hear!”

The other knights repeated the chant, and Alarn revelled in it. For all her pregnant form and womanly looks - and those looks were indeed drawing eye from her friends - she was beginning to feel the same companionship with them she’d had as a human man.

Jace, meanwhile, talked to his father of many things; what he’d experienced in the past year, why she had never visited, how Alarn treated him, and moreover how he treated *her*.

“I just cannot believe that my beautiful daughter is returned to me . . . as a male golden dragon.”

“Alpha male,” Jace corrected, still possessing her cheekiness.

“And to think, I was planning to wed you to Alarn when he returned with you.”

Jace chuckled, downing another wine. “But he was such stubborn, cocky knight, father! I couldn’t stand him when we first met. He treated me like I existed just to spread my legs and spit out little heirs.”

The king became pensive. “Well, I suppose I did too, in my own way. I thought your wild spirit could be tamed, and now I see that this was not only an impossible task, but a deeply foolish one. Forgive me, my Jace, for how I have treated you.”

Jace embraced his father once more, his firm and manly muscles nearly choking the older man briefly. “Already forgiven father. I am just glad to know that I can live my adventures now, and not always guard my lair from interlopers.”

“I shall see to it. Especially since Alarn is also there. To think, you did end up with him anyway.”

Jace watched Alarn as she talked with the various old friends at her table, laughing and telling crude jokes, and occasionally snapping at one of the knights for looking at her breasts like she was some lusty wench. But occasionally she withdrew a slender hand to feel over her stomach, and she looked lovingly at it.

“She’s changed a lot father. We both have. It seems we both had in our lives a little part of what the other needed, in order to flourish.”

“Well, she’s certainly flourished! You can see the evidence sticking out from her! But then so have you, my Jace. I am deeply proud of the man you have become. You have saved your father on the battlefield, and sired a great and noble line, and have become the stuff of legends. But most of all, you are still my Jace.”

Jace placed his hand on his father’s, lovingly, as he once had as a princess at court.

The celebrations continued into the night. When the feasting had ended and the entertainment begun, Jace walked up to Alarn, and pulled her away from the several maids who were fussing over her condition.

“Thank the Gods for rescuing me,” she said. “Such a flock of hens! What is it, my love?”

“Well, I may be wearing human skin again, my mate, but I still feel a dragon’s wants for his mate. There is a room that is always free for guests upstairs. Why don’t we enjoy ourselves for a brief moment, and get away from this crowd?”

It was an attractive proposition.

“But, we wouldn’t fit, my love.”

Jace smiled. "Well, I just thought . . . we haven't actually committed the deed in *these* bodies, have we? Could be interesting."

Alarn glanced down at her breasts, where her unfamiliar nipples were stiffening. They felt sensitive, and there was a need to be touched there. Squeezed even, like a tavern wench.

"Well, it couldn't hurt to try."

Alarn gasped, her voice a high, feminine whine as Jace thrust his human cock into her. She moaned in animalistic lust as his large penis pushed in further, then out, then in again. She was too pregnant to perform the 'kingdom standard' as it was known; her lying beneath him. So instead she was on top of him, riding his wonderful cock, her fertile belly right in her mate's face. Her caressed it as they timed their thrusts, and his wandering hands came to her bloated breasts, feeling at her nipples, causing her to groan again.

"S-so strange!" she stammered.

"It is! But not bad!"

"N-not as g-good as in dragon form!" she cried, as orgasm approached.

"Agreed! But I won't lie Alarn, I rather like you as a busty pregnant wench!"

She made to snap something back, but he squeezed her milky tits, causing her to clench her eyes. Her body throbbed in orgasm, and Jace spent his seed inside her several times. It took some manoeuvring to get Alarn off of her lover.

"I hope that no one heard that last bit," she said.

"I should think that whole kingdom heard you scream. That was most womanly, my love."

"And you were most manly. All that grunting! You're not like that in dragon form!"

He shrugged. "Perhaps I overheard too many servant's stories as a girl."

Just as she was putting her dress back on, Alarn paused and her purple eyes went wide. She grabbed her belly.

"Oh dear. Oh damn. I think - oohhh! - I think that coupling has brought it on, my love. I'm getting the c-contractions, nghhh . . ."

She tensed her gorgeous human features, clutching her heavy stomach as she concentrated on maintaining her human form. She would be happy to lose the breasts, even if they had proved . . . fun, during sex.

"Can you hold them in?" Jace asked, helping his love to continue walking.

Alarn gave a strained chuckle as another contraction rolled through her. "Ha! I had better. It wouldn't do to destroy half the castle walls by reverting, and laying nearly two dozen eggs upon a nest of makeshift ruins!"

"Yes, I think my father might have a thing or two to say about that."

"And I would never hear the end of it from Tellen. Bad enough he sees me so damned full with child - eg, eggs - but I couldn't stand the humiliation of roaring ice as I plopped out a clutch of two dozen right in front of him."

Jace hugged his partner closer. He enjoyed her human form; the purple hair was gorgeous, and even as a bratty princess, Jace had loved her hair. It was the one thing she really missed as a dragon, and she loved seeing the beautiful sheen of Alarn's purple hair.

"Hmm, you still have some male pride in you, my love."

She rolled her eyes. "Oh stop, I accept that I'm going to be pregnant with your little hatchlings for a good few centuries to come, but that doesn't mean - aahh, mhhmphh! - that doesn't mean I can't feel a little odd about it from time to time. It's not like I expected to g-give b-birth. Nor did anyone else!"

Jace gave her a kiss on her forehead. "But you do it so well. I'm proud of you."

Alarn looked around, to see if anyone was watching, and she stood on her toes and returned the kiss. "Well, I'm proud of me too. I'm doing something marvellous, even if it's not quite what I expected of life."

"We both are."

"Well, you don't get to feel them *in* you. It's . . . it's like nothing else."

"Proud to be a broodmare, then?"

A slight red flush in her cheeks. "So long as you don't *call* me that. At least . . . not publicly." It had indeed been an arousing term to be called when she was in heat, or peacefully gravid in their cave, her mate lounging warmly against her.

"You could always tell that to Sir Tellen."

"Ohhhhhh . . . maybe another day. I think this is a b-big clutch, my mate. Let's say our goodbyes so I can give b-birth back in our home."

The two took to the air, having said goodbye to the gathering. Jace shed gentle tears at parting with her father, who wept far more than his new 'son.' As they gave parting words and gifts - a priceless Dumi treasure from Jace, a family locket from her father - Alarn shuffled and squirmed awkwardly on the spot, accompanied by a number of maids who were doing their best to keep her 'delicate condition' under control.

"I will see you again father, I promise," Jace said, parting from Joris.

“And I you, my daught- my son,” he replied.

Jace turned to Alarn. “Now, it is probably time we went, before my good Alarn begins to lay her clutch right here and now.”

“That would be - Ngngh! - appreciated!” Alarn said, voice slightly squeaky.

“What a sight to see,” Tellen called, “our brave Sir Alarn experiencing the throes of motherhood.”

Alarn turned. “D-don’t forget - ooohhh - who saved your behind in the battle, friend. And besides, I may have been turned into a *broodmare*, but I can also do this!”

And with that, Alarn’s form expanded, becoming purple and infused with light, rising to her incredible extent as a pregnant amethyst dragon that towered over the crowd.

‘*SEE?*’

“Point taken, friend!” Tellen called, laughing and amazed.

Jace rose up as well, golden light revealing his true dragon form. Together, the two took to the air, graceful and awe-inspiring, back to their cave. The humans below cheered them, until they were just dots in the distance.

And off the golden and amethyst dragons sped, back to see their sleeping hatchling Katiroth. And back for Alarn to lay her latest heavy clutch. She groaned and grunted and even gave demure little roars as she pushed her large eggs through her canal, again exhausted, and again encouraged by her loving mate. And when each of the twenty-one eggs were laid, and Alarn had checked over each one with a new mother’s care, the dragons lay together also, their long tails intertwined. They would sleep through the night, their rumbling breaths lulling one another into unconsciousness, to greet another beautiful day. Alarn could already feel that trickling heat slowly seeping into her form, and the great amethyst dragon smiled as she fell into unconsciousness. Tomorrow, they could get started on making the next clutch.

The End