

Eggscellent Treasures

Commission for Clock-face

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Hyper butt and breast growth, rapid pregnancy, egg laying

Read at your own discretion.



Beatrix had been ripped off.

That wasn't too uncommon an occurrence in the trade business. The opossum woman had her own score count of 'questionable deals' under her belt. Nothing that had ever left a poor buyer bankrupt or sleazy illegal stuff, but sometimes one comes into possession of a cursed relic that's just impossible to peddle under normal circumstances. Causing a few minor inconveniences with inflating bellies or growing extra limbs wasn't nearly as criminal as outright cons.

Bea was more upset she'd let her guard down enough to fall for it than bare any hatred for the bastards that'd tricked her. After kicking an adventuring party's asses at cards in the local tavern their leader had practically thrown herself at the opossums pawed feet begging for some of their loot back. Such a pathetic sight also happened in the trading business. Normally, Bea would have told them to suck it up and accept life had low points, and then the bard in their ranks had to pull out a treasure map.

She wasn't overly educated in the ways of magic, but no merchant worth their salt traveled around without some means of utility. Hers was an eye patch over her right eye capable of casting two minor, yet important, cantrips; appraisal and detect treasure. The latter was pretty self-explanatory. Detecting an items value had saved her a fortune when it came to judging random antiques like paintings. Sometimes it even worked as a way of finding hidden caches out in the wilds.

Beatrix wasn't actually missing her right eye. She just thought wearing a patch helped make her look like a cool, battle-hardened type of merchant to all the crazy drunkards and meatheads adventurers.

So, when she'd appraised the map, its estimated value came back on par with a noble's mansion. There didn't seem to be a reason to doubt the party's intentions after that, despite an obvious desperation to get their cash back. In hindsight, the parchment detailed such an easy path it should have been a red flag. More odd signs were the lack of any occupants living around or even protecting a supposed horde. This was so easy to traverse that a boy and his dog could have gotten there on a casual walk.

After only about a quarter mile through some light caves, things opened up into the only chamber of this so-called dungeon. It sure looked like it might have been lived in a few decades ago. Crumbling decor and furniture were carved out of the stone walls. Various remains of what might have once been creatures littered the floors. And in the center of it all was a pedestal that still showcased a great treasure waiting for the next brave soul to claim it.

A rock.

The longer Beatrix stared at it, the more she thought the marble carved stand looked more valuable. It was a simple granite stone smoothed into an oval shape that looked slightly smaller than her head. Her pink, fur-less tail thrashed about on the dirty stone floor while she stared with silent intent at the object like it'd committed a grave offense. No matter how many times she used an appraisal spell hoping for some clue the effect might have missed, it always came back with the same info.

Heart of The Dragons Hoard

Level 1 Mundane item

Properties: A Solid stone weighing 12.4 pounds.

Estimated value: 1/10th a copper piece.

This had to have been some kind of elaborate prank. The part that Beatrix kept tussling over was how anyone benefited from tricking her like this. If the adventurers wanted to take her stuff along with their money, she would have been mugged days ago. There weren't any signs of magic traps or dangerous monsters lurking around. Other people way more adapt at treasure hunting than the opossum had to have passed through here by now.

"Fuck it!" she mused, hoisting the stone from its resting place with both hands.

The object felt unusually warm on her pink skinned fingers, given its drab composition and dank surroundings. Still, nothing sprung out to threaten her in the few seconds Beatrix waited for dormant magic traps. She tucked her treasured stone into the backpack as big as her entire body that she always carried around and started the trek back outside. A Merchants pride left her not wanting to leave this pointless trip completely empty handed. There was an off chance this thing still had some value. Many a times she'd come across relics waiting to be awakened, or useless looking items that turned out to contain key components in alchemical mixtures. With any luck the next village over had a skilled spell caster that can give it a good look over.

"Ah, hell." Beatrix's lack of adventuring experience showed in the fact she failed to properly assess time. The trip over had cost her most of the day, so when she emerged from the dungeon it was to the increasing darkness of late evening. At least there was no hurry to head back to civilization with such an extraordinary treasure as rocks stuffed in her pack.

Since there was a perfectly good cave available, she decided to head back in and put that to use. By the time night had fully come she'd pitched a tent next to a cozy fire. Ever-burn logs were always a godsend of alchemical crafting for long travels when random kindle wasn't available. A single pound of enhanced wood was enough to warm up the small chamber for Beatrix's entire night's stay.

It wasn't until she'd settled in with a heated can of baked beans that the opossum noticed there was a ceiling carved into the place too. Lots of tiny tunnels no larger than an orange were somehow drilled straight up so the stars and moon could shine light in.

There must have been some kind of architecture trick to this place that Beatrix didn't understand. Most of the hand carved portions reflected a glow around her that was surreal and calming at the same time.

Trying to see this little misadventure as a miniature vacation, Beatrix let herself sink into relaxation. The walk had certainly burned a lot of calories as she still felt ravenous hunger after finishing a full can of beans. She began heating up one pack of rations after another in an improvised feast. There was little else for her mind to focus on except the relief of filling her belly.

Although, she did wonder if the eerie lights were aiding her fire in warming this place. Beatrix felt like her body was getting warm from something other than the fire, but she didn't pay it too much concern. There was a traveling pharmacy worth of medicine in her backpack. Most of it was for trading, though she wasn't stupid enough to risk her own life over profits like some merchants. Still, the place was getting a little too warm even in her summer clothes. When bedtime rolled around, she couldn't resist crawling into her tent stripped nude. The fresh air venting through the cave made a perfect balance on her burning fur that the opossum was out seconds after hitting the pillow. The dying embers of her special log would continue to keep this at just the right temperature as its dim light illuminated countless food wrappers and empty cans strewn around the rocky floor.

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Beatrix regretted eating enough beans for five people the second she woke up. First thing that registered was how everything ached. In the darkness of early morning, she rested both hands on her stomach and groaned through grit fangs. She'd gotten so bloated it was easy to imagine the normally flat abdomen having a slight bulge to it.

Trying to move only made things exponentially worse. Upon sitting up she had to immediately fight back the urge to vomit. Crawling out of the tent became a chore with how her hips protesting to every movement, with feet screaming as she stood to put weight on them. Hell, even her breasts were so sore they hated every gust of wind that blew over their bare nipples for some reason.

Something was definitely wrong, even though Beatrix couldn't see what just yet. The sun was far from high enough to shine through the ceiling holes, forcing Beatrix to fumble around with only blurry shadows for reference. Her movements felt clumsy and sluggish thanks to the queasy bloating warping her senses. More than a few bits of trash were tripped over before she finally found her clothing discarded before bed.

"Hrrk! W-what the hell?"

Beatrix had dressed herself enough times that having to do it near blind wasn't an issue. She'd stepped into her pants and pulled them up, only to get caught off guard when the waistband caught on her upper thighs. She tried tugging on them again. Three times. On the fourth attempt she jumped in hopes the momentum would help her fall into the garments. It still didn't work. They refused to get up over the curve of her hips.

"What the hell!?" Beatrix repeated her question, this time loud enough her voice echoed through the small dungeon. Hands moved from ill-fitting pants to her naked pelvis to discover everything much bigger than they should have been. She groped blindly at the generous cake of her glutes, feeling the soft flesh bulge through her thin fingers. Her hips, her ass, hell, her thighs were swollen to positively massive sizes. Just fidgeting around in the dark her hands could feel herself sporting the heavy sashay of someone with a fertility goddess' figure.

The thought of that simile made her tail stiffen. She put hands back on her belly finding it definitely wasn't toned flat anymore. Both it and her waist were pushing out into a considerable rounded, firm, bulge. Fingers traced along the curved edges trying to define her changing outline in the dark for a few seconds. After which she reluctantly moved up to grasp at her chest. Beatrix gave a gasp mixed in shock and arousal coming into contact with nipples overly swollen and tender. Her girls had not been spared an influx of overnight growth. Their mass spilled over her palms like the full bags of milk they probably were easily the size of her head if not more so.

Uttering a string of curses, Beatrix flailed to get the pants back off her now chubby thighs. Any desire for decency was forgotten in the rush of thoughts going through her clearing mind. Fighting against her body's own changed weight, she fumbled through her backpack grateful that her vision was adjusting enough in the growing light. She first tossed a powder onto her spent ever-burn log that reignited the embers enough to illuminate the chamber, and then she pulled a pocket mirror out to take better stock of her ailments.

"Aw hell!"

Seeing herself in a clearer light helped wipe away whatever sleep grogginess Beatrix had left, reassuring her this wasn't some pleasant dream. The opossum's scrawny figure had positively bloated into an hourglass shape bovine bar wenches could only dream of. It would have been easy to assume this was some kind of fattening curse, but the way her midsection distended into a big, round bulge tied everything together. She'd made sales to more than enough mothers to spot someone nearing the end of their second trimester.

There was only one suspect that could be causing something like this. Beatrix growled as she dug deeper into her pack, only to get her breath caught in her throat. The stone she'd pilfered from its pedestal hours ago was no longer a stone. What she ended up pulling out was a work of art master craftsman would salivate over the idea of making. It was still a smooth oval shape, but looked to be composed of six different kinds of gemstones; rubies, emeralds, and maybe four colors of diamonds. All perfectly melded together to look like one coherent stone.

Heart of the Dragons Hoard

Level 80 magic egg

Properties: Evolves from mundane stone upon contact with a living humanoid. Once activated, produces magical aura effect that impregnates all humanoids inside it with the dragons blessing. Duration of production cycle ranges from 10 hours to 10 days depending on proximity to the heart. Upon completion of a cycle, if no new hosts enter the aura within 30 minutes the heart becomes a dormant stone once again.

Estimated value: 14,000 gold pieces.

Well, that was certainly an upgrade from a worthless piece of rock. A few keywords in the appraisal spells summery did stick out, though were shelved for a second as Beatrix's profit instincts went to work. Trying to get the full value out of this relic would be tricky. It's dormant state apparently fooled basic detection magic, possibly in the hopes of some fool merchant coming along to pick it up and activate it.

"But if I take this back to town while it's active there's going to be a lot of girls and guys spontaneously wondering about how biology is supposed to work." The thought of a town full of people as gravid as her made Beatrix chuckle. That'd be one way to make sure she'd gotten some vengeance on those damn adventurers for their map. "Aah!?"

The opossum had placed one hand on her belly during the idle musing, and got jolted out of such playful thoughts when the half-sphere subtly pushed back. She took a deep breath and cupped her the area around her belly button again. There was no doubt it was swelling, slowly and steadily as the seconds ticked by. That brought Beatrix back to what the rest of the item's description was talking about.

"Okay. So, you magically made me a pregnant cow," she hissed at the gemstone oval, no, egg in her one hand. The other absently groped at one of her engorged boobs, shivering when it caused a trickle of milk to spurt onto her palm. "What the heck are you even filling me up with?"

Obviously, no answer came from the magical object infecting the whole cave with its aura. Nor did recasting appraisal garner any new information. If the talk of production cycles were to be believed she'd probably find out what 'dragon's blessing' meant soon enough. It was hard to see between her sloshing mounds, but checking with her free hand found her belly had swelled even further, marching through the third trimester without pause. Probably something to be expected when literally holding the source of her inflation problems.

"Guess I got no choice here." Beatrix sighed in defeat. After placing the relic inside her pack, she dug deeper until finally producing a leather bikini and thong. A set of undergarments she'd kept in the trash pile donated by a Clydesdale mare she'd traded with some months back. Under normal circumstance the sizes would have been like small blankets over the opossum's lithe figure.

Now, they fit on her bloated maternal curves with comfortably snug support. She stared straight down and couldn't help grinning at how the cups hefted her boobs together. A person could lose a hand in cleavage that soft and deep. Then there was the way her plump butt squished around the thong until it'd almost vanished inside the

crack. She gave both cheeks a clap of her hands, purring at the resulting jiggle effects. It might be fun to show off such a ridiculous figure once the magic had worked its course.

"Aah!" Twinges near the front of her belly made Beatrix stop her self-admiration. A quick feel found her belly button had just popped into an outie. "Y-yeah. You're not wasting any time. Are ya?"

She slung the backpack over her shoulders, huffing with the motions. All this extra weight was slowing her down a bit and it was only going to get worse by the second. With the need for decency, somewhat, covered, Beatrix's plan of action was to try getting as close to town as possible before her so-called production cycle completed. Might as well burn energy closing the travel time while she still had some to burn.

A plan that would have been a lot easier an hour ago when the opossum's stomach only rivaled a large pumpkin. Now she had to waddle out of the dungeon encumbered by the weight of a boulder. Her waist had lost all its inward curve trying to make room from way more than one thing growing inside her.

Huffing and sweating, the half-naked opossum marched on anyway. The sun was finally getting up into the sky and the cool breeze it brought soothed her matted fur. Heavy footfalls in the soft dirt gradually put that stupid place behind her, though not as fast as she would have liked. Her belly continued bloating ever outward, forcing her steps into a wider gait with so much mass hanging between them.

Beatrix essentially followed the trail she'd taken to get there in the first place. There hadn't been sign of anyone having come this way in a long time in spite of its ease for even a woman that looked pregnant with seven kids to traverse. Thinking back, she wondered if this relic's effect was exactly why the place had been relatively left alone for so long. If that was the case, her chances of selling it might be harder than simply subjecting innocent passersby to its magic.

"D-damn it! There's got to be a way I can make a profit off this mess."

After little over an hour of walking, Beatrix was sure she hadn't reached the halfway point to civilization yet. It wasn't just her belly; the opossum's tits and ass were still filling out at a significantly slower rate. Mounds struggled against the cups of her bikini, testing its limits, while the thongs had vanished entirely up her crack. She could sense their excess fats wobbling about with every step she took, enjoying the tingles of pleasure that teased on her nerves.

Coming across a small grove seemed like as good a time to take a break as any. Beatrix dropped her back before letting her butt flop beside it. The extra lift of her enlarged lower body was uncanny compared to how she normally sat. Pushing that aside, she rummaged through her supplies for whatever rations remained. Whatever was going on wanted to burn up her calorie stores really fast.

It never occurred to Beatrix that her stomach had ceased growing during her gorging. It'd easily become the largest part of the opossum's bloated body, being slightly

ahead of the two breasts pouring off either side of the pronounced sphere. All the while the cups of her bikini became soaked in the milk leaking out of them.

"Gah!" she sighed upon swallowing the last mouthful of food. Several more canisters littered the peaceful forest surroundings while she stroked the edges of her spherical middle. Being full helped gather up a second wind. After a good ten minutes of waiting for things to digest she managed to find the strength to stand back up on wobbling knees to continue her journey.

"Hmmp!" She wasn't back on the trail more than a few minutes when things took a drastic shift. Out of nowhere the muscles along her stomach began to tighten, drawing the giant bulge tight as a drum against her abdomen. It held for a few seconds only to pass just as quickly, letting her load sag once more.

Beatrix took a deep breath trying to keep herself focused. She had an idea of what was going on that got confirmed a short bit of walking later when her belly tightened again. This time it lasted much longer with a stronger intensity gripping her lower back.

"Ooooooh. Here we go," she huffed between light pants. Pure stubbornness kept her walking the trail, this time carefully counting the seconds. Roughly six minutes passed before another hard squeeze came, again taking longer and really knocking the wind out of her already compressed lungs. Another four or five minutes of walking and an even tighter squeeze made her moan.

Yup. She had finally passed on into labor. And the gemstone emitting magic pregnancy mojo in her backpack was making sure it moved really fast. Beatrix grit her teeth, waiting over a minute for the latest contraction to pass before pushing onward. Her pace slowed trying to walk through ramping contractions, but she refused to let them completely stop her. It'd be nice to get at least close to someplace comfortable before things finished up.

"Haah? G-gah!"

Part way through a really strong squeeze Beatrix felt something inside her pop. Her cry echoed through the trees as water gushed out from behind her thong and down her thighs. After that the pressure in her lower back got monumentally worse. She could actually feel her insides slowly stretching open under the weight of something large being pushed against it.

"C-come on!" she hissed through grit fangs. Not much more ground got covered before the intervals between belly squeezing was reduced to barely two minutes. It wasn't until there was another rush of something giving and Beatrix felt the heavy object slide into her vaginal tunnel that she relented her traveling time was up.

Seething curses, the opossum staggered off the trail in search of someplace more comfortable to rest. An overwhelming urge to push came on with her final stage of labor, which she fought against with all her exhausted willpower. Not that her efforts

seemed to slow things down any. The large weight continued to drop with her contraction, further hindering her steps as it spread her open from the inside.

"F-fuck!"

Beatrix shed off her heavy pack, eyes growing wide. She could feel her crotch changing shape, bulging from the mass creeping towards her entrance. Looked like all her options were expired. The opossum braced against the first tree her gravid body could reach giving fully into the magic overtaking her anatomy.

The result was her lips surging outward into her thong before yawning open in a grand reveal of something smooth and shiny grey. Cursing at her stupidity for forgetting the obvious obstruction, Beatrix spread her legs as wide as she could to alleviate the pressure. One hand pried itself off the tree bark trying to maneuver around her ridiculous stomach bulge. It took a few reaches but she managed to grab enough of the garment to tear its already straining threads from her hips.

"Gaaaah! Fuuuuuck!"

No sooner had she stripped than Beatrix's load surged downward in an unimpeded rush. Her cunny stretched to its widest point and then the massive object finally slipped free of her to the accompaniment of a wet sucking noise. The way it stroked against the underside of her clit all the way out was enough to make the opossum's knees quiver.

It hit the grass with a solid thunk between her feet. Beatrix had to pivot a lot to see around her thick rear, though she wasn't too surprised to discover she'd just laid an egg. It wasn't as large as the magic stone, thank the gods, but could still rival a decent mango. The dull grey shell shimmered in the late morning sun coated in her juices.

"HNNNGH!"

She wasn't given the chance to catch her breath, much less appraise her creation. Muscles seized up in her belly again, driving the next delivery into her tunnel. Claws dug into the tree as this time she bore down with the contraction. The combined effort sped things along faster than she could have imagined. Within seconds her vaginal lips spread open, shell pinching her clit hard against its hood, and then a second egg flopped down to join its brother. A slight drizzle of rain from her opening decorated them thanks to a small orgasm.

At least whatever dragon or mage made the relic had the decency to also make the experience enjoyable.

"Arrrgh!" Beatrix couldn't even come down before number three began its drop. Her concept of time was becoming blurred from the overwhelming sensations of unnatural labor. And it didn't look like her belly was going down at all despite her eggs generous size. "H-how many of...these damn things...a-are you going to make me h-have!?"

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Thirty-nine would end up being the answer to her question after hours of laying. Beatrix sat against the tree sore and exhausted from an experience better than some of her past sexual escapades. Both the ground and her butt were soaked from the many times she'd climaxed during the ordeal, but she still hadn't recovered the strength to bother moving. Not helping were the tits that sagged out of her bikini and into her fat lap. Their hefty weights sloshed with every heaving breath she took, engorged nipples leaked plenty of milk across her fur and adding to the mess.

Still, The opossum's gaze never left the stacked pile of ovids next to her.

Dragon Egg

Level 45 Exotic Item

Properties: Considered a delicacy food ingredient among the noble class. It is also a versatile reagent among magic casters and alchemists. Used in numerous recipes across all cultures.

Estimated value: 400 gold pieces

"Well...got my profit, at any rate." Beatrix giggled to herself. It was taking everything she had not to fall asleep in her already helpless state.

It'd be late afternoon by the time she recovered enough to stand on two still wobbly legs. By then the relic had been true to its description and reverted back to a harmless rock. Beatrix's figure, on the other hand, remained very bloated like an experienced mother. Gourd might have been an accurate term to describe her wide hips, pudgy belly, and boobs still tender from being full of milk.

Not that she minded this at all. Being inflated to different proportions was something the opossum was totally into. It felt pleasing to her nerves and always drove people into drooling ogglers. There were even a few oddities inside her backpack that created similar effect stored for when she was in a mood. It was just a shame there wasn't a breast pump among them. She was going to need a milking first thing upon reaching town.

Being reminded of that brought Beatrix's attention back to the egg pile. She clicked her tongue a few times processing possible plans and then set to work carefully stuffing each one into her backpack. As expected, post-laying was going to make the remainder of her trip an exhausting slog with this much cargo. Still, if this could lead to a big sale than she had a magic item that could potentially generate an unlimited supply of rare food.

Or for those nights when she felt like having a bit of fun.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

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