

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

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Jorgamund

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

## Dragon Noble, Part 2

### Going Home

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“By the Gods, what is that?”

Ursula grinned. “Boiled skink soup.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was a lot of pressure to be contained.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sorry, I can't help it."

"Is it the bond?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I know. It looks like a lot."

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

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

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

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

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

“Me too.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Josefina, do we fight it?”

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

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

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

“Maybe if we hold off-”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Whatever you say, my princess.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For that moment, at least, things felt right.

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

And by the slow changes occurring to her best friend.

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

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

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

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

## **Slow Travels**

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She ran her tongue across them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I - I don’t want to discuss it.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**"BANDITS!!!"**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s a dragon!”

“It’s a woman!”

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

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

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

“No! NOOOO!!”

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

“YOU WON’T HURT HERRRRR!!”

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

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

“RRRAAARRGGGGGHHHH!!!”

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

“RARRHG - OOHH! AAAH! NNGHH!!!”

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

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

“No! Josefina, run!”

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

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

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

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

Literally.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She magically healed someone.

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

"By all the Gods, that was amazing."

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

"Sorry professor!" they all called at once.

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

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

## **Gates of Herathon**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“WHAT!?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The wagon pulled to a stop.

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

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

"Gods . . ."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“She is under here?” the king said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ah - Ah - Ah - ACHOOOOO!!!”

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

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

All hell broke loose.”

## **Diagnosis**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"S-still!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, please no!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Her stomach growled, demanding more.

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

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

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

“Or three, at the very most!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“How many?” asked the king.

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

“Dozens?”

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

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

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

“For how long?” she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stepan collapsed, fainting.

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

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

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

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

It all became too much.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **Revealed**

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ursula?” Josefina said, shocked.

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Josefina woke. “Ursula?”

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

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

“Mhmm, that’s a good sign.”

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

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

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

“Was it bad because of me?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ursula, that sounds . . . amazing."

"It does?"

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

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

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

The woman frowned. "For Stepan?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

“J-just don’t stop!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It certainly sounded that way.”



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

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

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

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

"Wish she could do it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Good.”

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

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

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

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

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

“You can do this,” she said.

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

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

“I love you too,” she replied.

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

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

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

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

Silence fell at the sight of her.

**To Be Continued . . .**