

Pretty Life

By Bartan Tirix

She was lost, tranced by the music from her headphones with the constant tempo. Staring outside at the late autumn weather, watching the wind court the colorful leaves off the trees. They would make wonderful pictures, if she wasn't stuck in class. Even if they were just personal ones, knowing that 80% of the students would likely hand in a collage of Fall Weather for a mid-term project this semester. But it wasn't possible without sneaking out of the small headcount. With only about twelve students in the room, a professor, and a TA, the stealth mission was branded impossible.

Sometimes Li wished she could afford a digital camera, but even they don't photo well through glass. Especially old glass that this building still used. It seemed like no matter how many students throw literal millions just to attend this school, it's not going to fix anything that wasn't broken. Still being able to see slight cracks and scratches from either the weather, or student related accidents. And someone going around busting windows isn't going to really send the right message.

A few taps on her shoulder got the young woman to double take, getting a stare from an older woman who'd had definitely seen better days. Speaking, but of course not being heard by Li until her headphones were out. "I believe that proves my point, Leslie." The elder one half scolded, getting some of the other students to quietly chuckle.

"What point?"

"It's a wonder you're not deaf girl. I don't mind when you listen to music while you work, but you need to be *working*. Let alone, not disturbing the rest of the class."

"I donno, I liked it Mrs. Phosture."

"Which is precisely why you'll end up nowhere in life, Mr. Stoneridge." The teacher playfully scolded. At least the old bag seemed to have a sense of humor. "It's near time anyway. I know a few of you have a long ways to go before your next class, you may head out now. Those of you who still need some time to get their projects done, you can use the room until 4pm. After that, it's being locked down." Everyone but Li sprung up, gathering all their gear and devices before heading out.

In a few moments, the woman had the room to herself. Just her, and her large messy desk. Covered in dozens of taken photos from her old handed down camera. Honestly, they came out pretty well, considering it was at least 30 years old. Going through each picture of strange items and antiques from a nearby shop. As much as she would love to buy them, Li was a bit superstitious. And purchasing claimed 'cursed objects' was far less fun than her imagination lead on to be. Regardless, the store owner allowed her to take the photos of what he had to offer, in hopes it would give him free advertising.

It was a far more interesting collage than 'Autumn Weather' for the eight hundredth time, though each object was going to need its own little description, Li was planning to do a small paper along with it. Giving a small description of each item that was to be presented. Perhaps even offer a website that would provide more information about the object.

Going through her photos, she gazed upon each one. A few of them actually giving her goosebumps as she recalled being close to them; an actual crow's foot that was nearly three times the size of a normal one. The typical shrunken heads that looked too real to be fake, even holding the scent of decaying skin faintly. An actual Monkey's Paw, with two fingers stiffly pulled down to reveal three wishes left. The cauterization was almost too much for her to take the look of, the very idea of gore once again turning her sensitive stomach.

But then there was the more pleasant items. Some that looked like jewelry, for the most part. Typical ones like the gas pedal to Old Bastard, but other exotic ones that nearly fluttered her heart. An excellent bone carving of a drake of sorts, cufflinks that were the shape of a bird of prey. Then her personal favorite; a necklace of a winged serpent. If there was one thing she would love to buy from that place, it was this beautiful piece of metal. Said to belong to some polymorphing hermit, whatever the hell that meant.

A few others still remained in the shop, but most of them seemed like a complete joke to her. A free box that apparently contained a *horrible curse*, for example. No interest whatsoever, not even to test such a thing. The slight vibration from her phone got her attention though the loud music in her ears, pulling it out nearly upset her craft box as she pushed her chair back. Barely saving it and shoving it back on the table too hard, causing her camera to be pushed off the far side of the desk. Barely snatching the strap, but causing the photos around it to fall on the other side of her long desk.

The young woman cursed, but at least she saved her camera. Checking it out just to make sure everything functioned before checking her text; just Roscoe asking if he left his own camera at his desk here. She'll check after picking up her photos, walking around the large, slightly curved desks that seemed to reach half the length of the room per row, but seating about four students per. Li found her scattered photographs on the floor. At least they were cleaned beforehand... She hoped.

Exhaling her frustrations and checking a few of them that almost seemed slightly bent, but they were okay. Grabbing two at a time, the woman got a heavy shock from one of them. Almost a sharp pain like someone driving a nail through her fingertip, lengthwise. Getting her to pull back and curse once again, loud enough to pass through her music. The sting seemed to crawl up her arm and dissipate, getting her to almost growl at it as she gathered the rest and placed them where they sat before they attempted skydiving.

Turning around too quickly started making Li a little dizzy. Getting a rather warm flash through her skin as her breaths started to get heavier. Taking off her beanie hat and letting her black hair breathe a bit as those bright orange highlights came into view, though a bit unfocused. Attempting to look at them was giving her a sudden headache, like her eyes were shifting. Starting to see splashes of colors like she was going into faint, nearly stumbling over the desk a step below hers and bracing against

it for balance.

The woman wasn't sure what was happening, but she needed to get to a hospital. That much was clear. Some kind of poison that was on the film? Something in the air? Her lungs felt like they were burning as her breaths became deeper and deeper, finally getting a hand on her chest to feel it almost... Bumping. An allergic reaction perhaps? Something that was breaking her out into swells?

There was a sharp pain in her back, then a strange pleasure after it. Echoing through her entire body as she gasped loudly, getting Li to just shut her eyes as her back began to bend slightly in reverse. Several loud snaps nearly had more stings like being poked with very small needles, but soon was immersed with a near overwhelming bliss that caused her to nearly collapse. Her pants slightly tearing as her clothing grew tighter, specifically around the torso and hips. Breaking her belt and the button to her fly, while ripping the zipper apart. Her small chest lumps morphed together into one large one that only pushed out further below her neck as it started to gain a bit of length. Her nose and mouth pushing outwards into one long snout, getting its own splash of metallic yellow that seemed to flow out from her skin. Like a thin suit of armor that was covering her, as several sharp fangs replaced her previous unthreatening teeth.

Those ears stretched back in near waves, as its stiff cartilage divided its tarp into frills. Finally pushing out her headphones so she could fully hear her own deeper whimpers. Li's lower lips began to swell quickly as her hips grew thicker, nearly tripping her until the pant legs burst from the changes. Causing her footwear, socks, and ankle bracelet to follow soon after. Caving in as her legs changed to that of a near bird's. Toes morphing together to make for only three instead of five, as her nails grew to thick black claws.

From her lower back, a large concentration of mass started to sprout out from her newly formed haunches, pushing outwards to help support her theropod-style torso and hinds. Morphing into a thick tail that was soon colored with those same golden plates and scales, while nearly pushing her to an orgasm. Dripping thin liquids on the floor between her legs as her belly rounded out and was heavily armored. Her shoulders being pushed behind as if to half rest on her back and Li nearly cried out before spraying over her tattered clothing.

As she was trying to reach for her own sex, those fingers started to lengthen drastically. Gathering a strange webbing inbetween each one that half worried her. But the soothing river of bliss kept her calm and relaxed. Submissive to the painful sounding changes, snaps of her ribs and bones. Dense muscle that built quickly within her once frail body as her arms grew and grew. Reaching a large span past her entire length.

The post-woman attempted to gaze upon what she believed were hallucinations, feeling a strange discomfort over her eyes and wishing she could rub them correctly. Like her contacts were out of place, then a thin second eyelid that was well lubricated pushed it out. One that was clear, and able for her to finally focus on very impressive eyesight. Barely making out her hair being entrapped together in small cones of scales, forcing them to remain fused as long thin spines from the top of her head down to her neck.

A few last minute changes finally caused her to release three times over and collapse on the ground. Nearly bathing in a puddle she made as Li attempted to stand. Her strange legs felt like that of a bird, specifically a chicken of sorts, but damn powerful with rock-like muscle. Getting used to her new balance, she didn't seem that much taller at least, but a look at her body was enough to tell that she wasn't dreaming. The hyper sensitive ears still being able to pick up her music from the floor, as well as several conversations at once out of the closed classroom.

Gazing around, she attempted to find some reflective surface to look at herself, but nothing terribly reliable. Her thermos was the closest thing, making her muzzle look like that of a T-Rex. But with wings? It was too hard to tell with such a warped image, making her study the new muzzle with a forked tongue. "What the hell caused this...?" She attempted to whisper, but it came out as a deep purr. Getting her to look over at the photos again, attempting to turn them over with her now strange wings. Wishing she had some kind of hands or paws instead.

This had to be a dream. No cursed item would be able to do this, not through photographs alone, right? Yet, why did it feel so real to her once her body started to cool down? Though great strength could be felt through such a form, Li couldn't stay like this. Attempting to look through her pile of photos, to determine which one could've possibly done this. Unless it was passing up on that box... It better not have been that dumb box.

The wyvern never knew how vital actual hands were until she lost hers, attempting to use the very peak branches of her wings to do the simplest of tasks. Bad enough attempting to grab her thermos, nearly impossible to flip over a series of thin photos. Perhaps her tongue could do better? Licking at them and almost sticking to her red appendage, just enough to flip it over and find a few of them that could be easily ruled out. Shrunk head? Nah. Crow's Foot? Maybe. Monkey's Paw? She never wished for this in the slightest. Not even in thought.

Taking a moment to just breathe and rest her slightly sore body. That large tail lying on the desk behind her as those wings nearly made a makeshift tent, easily reaching both rows, and nearly a third without even trying. Never imagining how big such things were, but she did feel rather heavy compared to a bird. Another sigh and she went to attempt a few more photos, but her phone caught her attention, getting those frilled ears to perk and look down below where the vibration was sensed. Being very cautious not to step on it, likely turning the already thin item into a 2D object if she accidentally did.

It was hard to really do anything with it, especially when it landed face down in her clothing. At least getting something easier to grab onto and pulling it out with her muzzle carefully. Nothing special, just a notice about a club canceling this weekend. Not like Li could really attend like this without getting an angry mob with pitchforks after her. "One thing at a time, girl." She muttered to herself, leaving the device on the floor, but scooting it over under the desk for safe keeping.

Another sigh as she lowered her head towards her desk once again, though still not used to the new length of her head and tapping it directly on the solid surface covered in photos. Getting another heavy sting as two of them stuck to her jaw and making the dragon hiss against the sharp pain until she was able to rub it off. Seeing the winged serpent on one, and the bone carving of a drake in the other.

Was it one of these? And why now out of all times was it attempting to harm her? Perhaps a warning of some sort?

Regardless, it nearly put her in a hostile mood. Feeling her scales start to become warm once again with anger, at least that's what she assumed. Until it started invading her core like before. "Oh no..." She whimpered taking a step back into the other desk. "Not again..." The pain started returning around her spine, but was soon replaced with that bliss. Getting the female to whimper a bit while she carefully adjusted herself, nearly submitting to the changes the curse had in store for her.

It was nearly no time at all before her sex started dripping with excitement. Those thicker armored scales actually becoming a bit softer as her spine shifted once again. Several small jabs like small needles that were soon injecting nirvana into her system as each vertebrae seemed to change her shape a bit more. Her shoulders and it's blades shifted closer together as those joints stun harshly for a moment, coming to two points at the base of her necksides and pushing outwards. Like attempting to pierce though her thicken scales, and feeling a bit of it almost tear out by several small points. Yet the rest of that armor seemed to stick to the new appendages as they grew longer.

Finally reaching the ground as very thin sticks before feeling several pulses of matter flow through them. Taking it from her belly and chest for the most part, and really bulging those legs into powerful forearms. Birthing thick muscle around the bones, and giving her a few digits at the end of each one. Each with their own claw, black and sharp enough to dig an inch into the flooring as Li braced through another spray. Attempting to keep herself quiet during it while exhaling a near smoky heat.

The thicker spines that contained her hair were starting to break out. Sheading down her neck as if to hatch a brand new mane that flowed freely. Soon, her scales started to breathe as billions of small pores pierced through it, releasing a lot of that pent up heat as her moans grew deeper with her voice. A dense fur started to cover her entire body in a matter of moments as she orgasmed again, snapping that tail into the ground and cracking it. Feeling a significant decrease in its mass, likely due to the creation of her new appendages.

A few deep breaths from her, but it wasn't done. She could feel those lower lips swelling more and more as juices leaked out of it. Adding to the spill that was covering the floor. Yet, something was off, like her sex was getting smaller. Her opening from within being pushed out to a strange tip as those lips caved in her fleshy tunnel, feeling such a thing extend outwards as it shifted more and more. Becoming dense, like a heavy bag between her legs, as well as a massive rod of hot flesh that came out of a smaller stretched out slit.

The bliss was still there, but it was starting to fade as the sharp pains eased up. Leaving Li to finally take a few breaths for herself... Or was it...? At least her eyes were still working, able to look down and witness the male weapon stuck between the dragon's hind legs. Along with a rather swollen pouch that was covered in the same yellow fur. Did the curse just turn her into a male-?

Her powerful nostrils picked up a smell that immediately got her instincts excited. Following it to the puddle she made before, giving off a wonderful scent of a female in heat. Making that fleshy rod

throb and send waves of uncontrollable bliss through her body. Thrashing it like a wild wave with every deep breath of it, to the point where she couldn't help but drive that muzzle into the liquids for the strongest smell possible.

It was making her tip leak constantly, as those haunches thrust just above the ground. Getting Li to start lapping at the wyvern juices with her tongue and adding more and more waves to her addicted nature. The strange taste of candy cinnamon with a little something extra that nearly drove her mad with furious instinct. Growling deeply as she rapidly inhaled more and more of that scent, becoming a glutton for such a thing as it started to drive her libido harder and harder. Releasing a few sprays, but she was so close to a full one.

Every inhale was a step closer. Every lap of those clear juices made that lower red weapon leak out a large jolt of pre onto the floor. Until those hind legs could no longer stand. Instead, staggering towards the female's liquids and rubbing her tool into it. Getting those ridges slightly stroked enough to send Li past the point of no return. Stressing that muzzle shut as her muscles bulged. Her chest pushed outwards, a small breath of flames left her lips and a thick smoke out of her nostrils. That tail thrashing wildly as it placed dents into the desks, and then it released.

The single most blissful stream of white heat shot forward, flooding her body with a paralyzing pleasure that caused it to squirm wildly and keep still at the same time. Holding back the roar with all her might as she nearly screeched with every breath. With every thick torrent that shot up against the wall several feet away, just under the window. Every thrust causing it to nearly draw in the air, almost turning from a white gas into a liquid, then an instant solid by the time it touched the ground. Thickening up that fleshy rod and causing it to become recklessly sore by the time it was done.

It nearly burned between her legs, like a white brick fresh out of the furnace. Echoing deep within her chest as she attempted to hold back those flames from earlier, yet they didn't really seem to burn. Just get very hot, and cause the air around her muzzle to warp and ripple as she took her time. Those now furred ears drooping along with her wings from sheer exhaustion as she gazed upon the thick wax that was sprayed onto the floor in front of her. Nearly enough for two large bottles of shampoo.

Her muzzle caught that scent again, getting her nearly woozy and attempted to stumble back while turning about. As wonderful as the feeling was to orgasm as a male, Li needed a break. Needed rest for a few moments, as her new limbs felt like a gel. Not to mention, attempting to get used to walking on four limbs was a bit of a challenge to say the least. Regardless, she could just take a moment to rest, then plan out what the living hell she was going to do about all these changes. Almost afraid to touch her photographs again in case this somehow got worse. Once again, she was at least... *Kinda* the same size... Right?

A quick look around was enough to say that the answer was a solid negative. But she wasn't massive. Still able to fit between the two rows, but touching those cursed items again could make her 100 feet tall next time. Perhaps turn her into a Kaiju or something, there was no telling. But regardless, it seemed to be... Serpent or dragon themed. The winged serpent... And the Bird of Prey? That kinda fits what she was before: a... Dragon chicken, for lack of a better word.

Dragon Chicken. The very thought of it made her snort at her lack of vocabulary on such subjects. Then the serpent and the drake... Likely still mixed with the Bird of Prey resulted in... A bit of a whimper from her, as she got enough rest to attempt moving again. Raising up, then those furred ears caught someone approach the door. Getting her to almost yelp and duck back down as it opened. Staying completely still and attempting to figure out who was inside the room. Catching a glimpse of a male student with black hair. (Roscoe Stoneridge!?) Right, he texted her just before all this. Listening to him check his desk in the back, almost like stalking her prey. Keeping as close to the ground as possible, then moving those wings to cover her eyes as he started to walk back down.

Stopping about halfway and noticing Li's project still on her desk before stopping. Soon hearing her own phone vibrate with an incoming text and getting her to nearly curse out loud. The sound was enough for young man to start following. "Okay, stop!" She called, though in a rather deep and male voice. Getting Roscoe to halt in his tracks. "Don't... Freak out, okay? Please."

"Li?" She almost whimpered at that. "What's wrong?"

"Something... Happened to me. I don't really know-" His steps returned, getting her to almost yelp. "No-! Don't-!" The wyrm covered her head with both paws and wings as he came around and gazed upon the golden furred creature.

"Everything okay?" A noise in question from her. "...Oh. That's what you're embarrassed about? The mess?"

"What-?" Her voice half cracked in question, finally looking at her friend's brown eyes.

"It has been a while since we last tended to you." A blank stare from the dragon. "Don't feel bad. It'll get cleaned up, though usually someone would use the bathroom. Then again..."

"What are...?"

"All I'm saying is, don't worry about it. Though... Have you been breathing fire again? It smells like burning candles in here." Another noise in question as he walked down to the other row to open a window. Getting Li to just follow him with perked ears. "I know it can be hard for you to control that, but the school will have your ass if you burn something. Let alone set off the fire alarm." A long stare as the student just looked at her in question. "What's wrong?"

"...Why are you...?" A gesture to go on. "This... I'm not..."

"Not what?"

"Supposed to be..." She looked at herself, almost whimpering at her form.

"Be here? I'm sure the teacher said that it was okay until 4."

"I'm not supposed to be this... Creature, Ross!" He raised an eyebrow.

"What are you talking about, Li? You've always been..." The student trailed off, looking at her

rather seriously before coming closer. Leaning over the desk between them. "Who said something?"

"What?" She curled her neck.

"Did someone say something to you?" A bit of a hurtful look from those draconic blue eyes, making Roscoe sigh. "You don't need to tell me who, but you don't listen to them. You hear? You're not a monster, Li." Those furred ears fell, getting him to sigh and come around the other side. Opening his arms for an embrace. "Come here." Another slight whimper, but she didn't step back. Feeling the human wrap those arms around her chest, ones that used to be able to pick her up easily. "No wonder you're hiding here. But don't listen to whatever damn insults they have to say, Les. You're better than them, that's all."

"What do you mean...?"

"You're the school mascot." A noise in question. "Well, not really, but more so than everyone else here." He let go, though didn't get any relief from those curious blue eyes. Half shocked, really. "You're also its colors, you know this." A few blinks. "Okay, 50% of Mount Ferrick's colors."

"But I'm...?" A head shake from her as he took a step back. "Ross, I'm going to ask you a few things, okay? And I want you to be completely honest with me."

"If this is about a dance coming up or something..."

"-How long have we known each other?" A strange look from the human. "Be honest."

"Since like Grade 2. It was around Halloween, the teachers were passing out chocolate bars. You gave me yours, because of possible allergies or something-"

"Because I didn't like M&M Minis."

"Yeah, that's it." The story checked out. "We found out we lived near each other, and well... Why?"

"How long have I been like this?"

"You mean...?" Half a grumble from Li. "Okay, painfully obvious? Or are you talking about something else-?"

"A creature, Ross." She tossed her snout, out of instinct. Then taking the time to wonder why she actually did that instead of rolling her eyes.

"You mean, Dragon?" A bit of a serious look in her eyes as the gold one stared into space. "I just want to make sure we're not talking about your Special Needs, is all."

"Meaning?" A gesture behind the wyrm, getting her to turn her head and look under her wing at her attempt at 'painting'. "O-oh..."

"It happens. Everyone knows it." A bit of a whimper that time, as those ears started to blush a bit. "But okay, how long have you been a dragon?"

"Like 10 minutes!"

"Buuuut we've known each other for like 17 years, Les." A strange look from her. "Be straight with me, Li. What's gotten into you?"

"I..." She looked over her project, getting the young man to do the same. "I don't know anymore... I swear something's going on."

"Start from the beginning."

"I... I touched them. The photos, and then one hurt me. Soon after, I started... Changing into a... Chicken Dragon thing!"

"Chicken...?" A groan of frustration as Li covered her eyes with a paw. "You're not a chicken though-"

"It was before this, Ross...! I touched it again, trying to find out what did it to me and I..." A gesture to herself. "It's... Better, but..."

"But what?"

"...But I'm not human."

"And you want to be?" Those wings drooped as her head fell, soon getting that chin caught by the man's hands. "Look. I know it's not easy to be... You, Li. But remember what my granny used to say?"

"...Time Spent Wishing..."

"Is Time Wasted. Yes." Another hug from him, getting her to cave in and wrap a paw around his back. "I think you're getting too stressed about school, but you do magnificent things for your conditions."

"Conditions?"

"Well, lack of proper hands can kinda cover most of them, but the main one is the major inconvenience. What I'm saying is... No one is going to treat you too differently here, Li. And if they are going to make fun of you, well... They're just burning a bridge to the coolest person in the school." That actually made her smile, nuzzling her friend back. "Come on, let me get you home. I've got classes tonight-"

"Astrology and CS."

"See? Your memory is perfect." He let go, giving the dragon a smile. "Why are you questioning

so much?"

"Because... I swear I was human when I woke up today. I-I still remember..." A heavy breath as he caught that muzzle again. Petting her slightly messy mane and getting those ears to flick when the long strains started to tickle them. "This isn't who I am, Ross. I know it."

"Li..." Roscoe took a breath. "What's my middle name?" Those blue eyes looked at him strangely. "Go on, I know you know this."

"Craig."

"My greatest fear."

"Chinchillas." A shutter from him made the wyrm chuckle. "I remember teasing you about it, nearly getting one for your birthday."

"And I almost fainted when you told me that."

"Except A: They were too expensive."

"And B: You would've probably ate it on the way home." A double take from her as the man chuckled. "They're like 60% fur anyway, it would've barely been a snack."

"Y-you mean, I would've lost it on the way..."

"Sure. **Lost**." Ross teased, getting those ears to spade a bit and him laugh again. "Point is; you know who you are. You know me, you know Erin Beth. You even know Kyle, but he's kinda been away for the past two years."

"UGC." Li half growled, tossing that snout a bit again. "Mount Ferrick should've accepted him."

"But they didn't, because the people who run campus are a bunch of dicks." A stroke across the side of her head. "You know these things, Li. You know yourself."

"But... I wasn't born a dragon..."

"Of course not." A double take from her. "You were hatched." An actual growl from the wyrm as he laughed.

"Fuck Biology!"

"Exactly!" They chuckled at the inside joke. "Look, no one knows where you came from. You and they told me you were adopted... Kinda. More as a pet at first, then they realized you could talk. But you are a person, Leslie. Maybe one with a girl's name, but-" A loud snort as that muzzle pushed him back a step. "Take the afternoon off. Let's go catch up with Erin, see if she can assist you tonight. Okay?" A deep breath from the large one. "Some good rest would do wonders for that brain of yours."

"...Alright." The two nodded, and the young man walked around her desk to help pack her

belongings. Reaching for some of the photos, until Li stopped him with a paw. "Don't-!"

"What?" He asked, pulling back, and hearing her take a breath of relief. "I'm not going to steal your idea, Li-"

"N-no. I wasn't thinking..." She looked around, finding the rags of what she wore earlier that day and pulled some out. "Don't touch it with your bare skin, is all."

"A film thing? I swear you were touching it with your paws and tongue all the time-"

"Please..." A strange look from him, but Ross caved in. Taking the rags for a moment and studying them. "At least until I'm sure these aren't cursed any longer."

"Still sticking with that story, huh?" He said, looking at the design of the torn shirt. "Your sister is going to hate you for ripping her clothes to shreds."

"They're not..." She trailed off, making sure that whatever he was touching didn't give off the same reaction. No pain seemed to be felt or noticed about Ross as he packed up everything for the dragon. Taking a breath of relief before pulling out her phone again. Attempting to navigate it with her strange paws.

"It's a wonder you haven't scratched that thing all to hell yet." Roscoe teased, strapping the large bag around the dragon's neck. "Then again, there's not enough warmth in those claws of yours."

"...Yeah." Li mumbled, following him out of the classroom. Not before taking another look behind and a breath before entering the hallway. "Are you sure...?"

"Sure what?" He half recognized the shy look on her muzzle, petting the wyrm again. "You're not new news. No one is going to stare at you anymore, they're over it by now." A faint nod and she took a breath. Stepping out into the mostly empty hallway and trying to keep her paws from suddenly slipping separate ways at first contact with the shiny floor. Just letting her instincts cover the strange rhythm that was quadruped walking. Feeling her neck almost bob forward with every other step as Li attempted not to concentrate too hard on what her body was doing.

It half got her mind off of the idea of people staring at the golden creature that took half the hallway with wings alone. Trying her best to keep the black fur tarped appendages close to her body as the branches touched a few of the walls. Nearly catching on a few papers and notice boards that were lining the walls, but little damage was done.

Even with the few scrapes and the constant tapping of her claws against the floor, barely anyone seemed to glance at her strange body. A few that seemed to be from outside the school half looked at her, giving a friendly smile or a nod before carrying on. Like they just recognized the dragon from past visits or even just seen her out in public. Was Roscoe right? Was she the only one that recognized that this isn't normal?

It seemed to be so, considering the half glances that a wyrm walking through the school

hallways was an everyday thing. Even the teachers from further down the hall, approaching the two gave a bit of a friendly wave. "Leslie, I liked your piece on Kinslayer." One of them said, passing by getting a shy nod from her. "Please tell me that you didn't rip that off the internet somewhere."

"N-no. I spent most of Tuesday writing it." She answered truthfully. The only difference was when she thought back, Li was human when it was written.

"Excellent. And Mr. Stoneridge, I'm still waiting on you to turn in."

"On it this afternoon, sir. Promise."

"Good, get at it." The professor passed them completely, letting the two students share a look and a smile.

"See? Nothing to worry about." Though those blue eyes still showed worry, Li nodded as they walked down.

"This still feels... Off."

"That's just because it's your time of the week coming up. I mean, it can get bad if you leave it too long, but not usually this bad."

"Time of the week?" She repeated, though the subject was interrupted when a young human woman approached them.

"Hey." Ross greeted first, only getting a shy nod from the wyrm as a greeting as Li once again looked around at her surroundings. Those ears constantly flicking and picking up every sound around them.

"Everything okay? You're usually not here this late."

"Yeah, left my cam in the classroom."

"Told you it would be there. But you had to look everywhere else before you found it."

"Well, I would've looked there sooner if Li got back to me." A double take from the dragon, then she remembered about the text. Almost cursing to herself, but she had a reason for the late reply.

"Everything okay?" The blue haired woman asked, recognizing the strange looks from the gold one. Getting Li to just look at such a strange pattern along that head of hair as she studied the dragon's own up close. If there was one thing she really liked about Erin, was how damn good she was with hair. Her own being stripped with a black, royal blue, and cyan. All across her head.

"I caught someone tending themselves." Ross whispered to the woman, getting a look from her own brown discs. Then staring at the dragon who only lowered her head a bit in shame.

"I swear it's getting shorter."

"I know what you mean. When we first started, it was at least eight days apart, giving us some extra time. But..." Roscoe shrugged. "But I have classes tonight, so I can't do it. What about you?"

"I have one class in about twenty, but I have the night free. Take him to the apartment, and I'll get some work done while Li's sleeping." A noise in question from the wyrm. "Sit down." Erin asked, getting the gold one to obey after a look in question, then those brown eyes dropped towards the floor, getting Li to whimper. Knowing exactly what she was staring at. "Holy geez...!"

"Yeah, and that's after a mess in Phosture's classroom."

"It's only been maybe five days." The woman crouched down, even after someone was passing them without any regard to the dragon's held yelp when a certain hand squeezed her pouch. "Yeah, that's getting almost dangerously full. Okay, I'll get to him tonight."

"W-what?" Li whimpered.

"Thanks. Let me know how it goes-"

"Wait-wait-wait..." The gold one interrupted them, getting a couple of strange looks. "A-are you thinking of...?" A whimper from her as the two humans shared a look.

"He's been acting odd all afternoon." The young man explained, getting Erin to tilt her head slightly in an almost playful matter. "I feel like I've been explaining everything to him all afternoon, so don't take any questions personally during his release."

"Alright then. Still, I gotta run. York's class is on the other side of campus." A soft chin scratch nearly entranced the dragon as she stepped away, nearly getting the wyrm to follow her down the hall. "I'll see you tonight, Li." Once out of reach, the woman's control was lifted. And the dragon was left with a blush over her ears again.

"...Is..." She slowly looked over at Ross again. "She...?" A shrug from him.

"It needs to be done, Li. You don't remember this at all?" Just a whimper in response as they started walking again. "We've been doing it ever since you were in high school. Humans don't need to be tended too that much, but dragons... You always seem to get a little too full to the point where it gets uncomfortable for you. And it really shows."

"And so...?"

"You remember that night you were going to pay someone to help you relieve yourself? Your paws aren't the greatest for such a thing." It got the gold one to stop and look at her forepaws. "And that tail of yours is flexible, but..." A glance at it from behind. "Still, me and Erin caught up to you before you found someone."

"S-someone to...?" Roscoe slowed to a stop, looking over the dragon and her blushed red ears.

"...This has got to be the first time you have ever been embarrassed by this. Are you sure you're

okay?" Those ears fell. "Anyway, we told you that you are not spending 500 dollars for sex every week, so... We made an agreement to take care of your needs."

"And... You've been...?" It nearly made the dragon stop and sit down for a moment to take in such a thing.

"We've been doing it nearly every week. But it seems to be getting slightly worse after every five years or so. More just shortening about maybe 4-8 hours, at least we thought." An exhale from the gold one, and Li felt a hand on her shoulder. "We needed to do something to make up for all the times we pulled or stepped on your tail. Rode you around, or forced you to be the monster in most of our play fantasies." A sad look from her. "Sorry, shouldn't have mentioned it."

"It's... Alright-"

"No, it's not, Li. We were all dumb, and didn't think about how it was going to affect you long term. You're not a monster, you're not some villain or antagonist to this town or world. No matter how often you see it in movies, or many times people suggested it in drama class." Another sadly puzzled look from those blue circles. "You don't remember Kyle punching the TA in the face for considering that during the school play? Guy had detention for a damn week."

"I..."

"We ended up busting him out after the first day, with your help. Pushing the school dumpster under one of the detention room windows and we climbed up each other to make a human plus dragon ladder to get him out." The gold one's gaze drifted off into space. "So, yeah. We empty you about once a week for all the shit you put up with us, Li. You don't remember any of this?"

"Not..." A breath from her, but somehow she could imagine such stories like they were memories. Both as a dragon, and as a human. "Kind of... But..."

"You've never made a big deal about it, to the point where we never thought it was that important. But you've never acted so shy about it either. You're known around here for two things Li: being the dragon of the country, and being slightly too opened to the point that new parents worry for their children." A double take from the wyrm. "Kids ask questions. Can't say you've ever really held back. You're kinda missing that morality, but I think it's more instinct than anything."

"And so... You guys...?"

"Act like a dragon, yes. We empty you when your balls get to the size of baseballs, and in return you don't eat us or light our hair on fire anymore." A bit of a shocked look that made the man sigh. "Come on-!"

"I-...!?" A chuckle from the man as he covered his eyes for a moment.

"Only twice. Me and Kyle." A whimper from her. "Once was an accident when you were getting over a cold. You sneezed and set Kyle's pants on fire. They were old anyway."

"And... The second time...?"

"Technically the first. I played a practical joke on you by putting your jam sandwich on your sitting pillow before you sat down during middle school. You were so mad that you breathed fire for the first time. Lighting my hair up and causing everyone to panic." That shocked look never let up. "We all kinda agreed to end our pranking phase die there. I mean, we deserved it, really."

"I..." She sighed heavily.

"Don't remember it?"

"I remember us pranking each other, and how much I damn well hated it." The dragon grumbled. "Let alone that one, but I..." A breath as she held the side of her head for a moment. "I hit you with something. I think it was my lunchbox." An eyebrow of his raised, getting another breath from the wyrm. "I remember things, Ross. But in my memories, I'm... Human."

"I don't know what to tell you-"

"A human woman. A girl." A stranger look from the young man. "Have I ever...?"

"Been a girl? Let alone female?" A faint nod from the dragon. "Nope. I don't think dragons can transgender like some reptiles can. They're not really reptiles, I think closer to cats than anything." A blank stare from the gold one as they left the building.

"...Cats?"

"Yeeep." A couple of blinks. "You ever notice the way you walk? Your hind legs pick up pretty much where your forepaws left the ground. You also sleep a lot, and tend to have a big ego." A curl of her neck. "Even your ears are like large, thick cat-ears... Kinda."

"I was always more of a cat person."

"Tell me about it." Another look. "Remember Ricin?" A faint nod from the wyrm. "You named it something else that we couldn't pronounce-"

"Rai'Kalthin." She instinctively answered, getting a bit of a surprise from her own tongue.

"There it is. I don't know how you pull off those growls, but you remember it." Ross slowed to a stop. "Can you be real with me, Les?" A bit of a sad look from her. "Are you making this up?"

"What?"

"You seem to be able to remember these things, but if you just need someone to talk to or something..."

"N-no. Ross, I'm telling you the truth. I...!" A heavy breath from her as those wings drooped. Getting the two to just stare into each other's eyes for a moment. "Please-"

"Okay." His interruption cut her off. "Alright, I believe you. But I don't know what else to say. Other than today, you've never acted like this." A breath of relief from the wyrm as they continued walking. "You say you remember this stuff as a woman?"

"Yes. Thin, a bit thinner than Erin. She dyed my hair-"

"Mane." The man corrected her, getting a bit of a grumble. "It's the correct term, according to Beth. And that was just last-"

"Week..." Roscoe nodded.

"That's why you're walking around with orange highlights. Though, they might turn yellow after a while. You did have to bleach the tips."

"Yeah, but I remember that day. My back was sore after sitting in that chair for so long."

"Chair?" Ross questioned. "I thought she did it after you passed out."

"Passed out?"

"Y'know, after your release." A few blinks, then a bit of a blush. "There it is again. You are definitely not faking this."

"Of course not-!"

"Those ears of yours can't lie." They went flat against her golden head as she grumbled. "But that was the only time she could make sure you stayed still. So, perfect time to do it."

"Why?" The two stared at each other again for a few moments.

"You mean-right. You mentioned something about girl earlier." A nod from the golden one. "Well, when you get empty, you get so tired that you sleep, is all."

"But I don't feel tired now. Though, have to..." A look in question made those ears and head lower a bit. "Have to use the girl's room-"

"Bathroom. Litterbox. Little Wyrmling's Room. You've called it all three of those before, but never the Girl's room. Restroom when you came back from that short trip to Canada for some reason." Another whimper. "And you didn't empty yourself in the classroom."

"But I...?"

"Do your stones feel empty?" She actually had to look back for a moment to almost feel for them. Still finding it kinda strange to have this weighted bag between her hind legs... Let alone, having hind legs, among other things. "You didn't empty yourself, just enough for a bit of a release."

"Do all guys release that much?"

"Only you. And it's about a hundred or two hundred times the amount any of us have done." A groan from Roscoe this time. "I really shouldn't have told you that."

"Why?"

"Because you rarely let us live it down." The man chuckled, getting a shy smirk from the dragon. "...You really don't remember at all, do you?"

"No... It's like everything about me being..."

"A dragon?" A nod from the gold one. "Has just completely disappeared from your memories, suddenly replaced with you being a girl?"

"According to you." A sigh from Li. "And the rest of the world. For me, it's the opposite. I remember seeing the world through blurred eyes, glasses, or contacts when I got them."

"Really?" A nod from her. "Because you've had perfect vision, even while flying or on the move, you can spot a needle in a haystack at the bottom of a buried well that had a national landmark paved over it-"

"I get it, Ross." The two laughed. "It does seem... A lot better." At least she started to feel better about the event now. "But why hasn't someone tried to take me?"

"Take you?"

"Y'know... Like the CIA or some government thing, come to abduct me and experiment or attempt to clone me for something?" A shrug from the man.

"Beats me." Li grumbled at that answer. "It's not like you're doing any harm here."

"You just told me that I set your hair on fire like five minutes ago."

"It's not like we didn't deserve it." They shared another laugh as they started to enter a large building. "Do you at least remember where you live?"

"I'm hoping still this building." A nod. "Second floor, 188?"

"Your sister's apartment, yep." His hands softly pet the dragon's muzzle a bit. "Are you going to be okay here alone until Erin comes around?"

"Yeah... I think I should just really take a rest until then."

"Sleep the entire weekend off if you need to. But not really." Another chuckle, as Ross gave the furred one another hug. Feeling it be returned, if not a little too strongly. "Easy you. You don't quite know your own strength yet."

"I-I really..." A poke at her sensitive nose got her to grumble and snort the provoking action.

"Feel more like yourself tomorrow. I'll come visit you and help you with your Photo project, okay?"

"Okay." She took a breath as he left for the door. "See you then, Ross."

"Later."

"...And thank you-" The door shut, making the wyrm feel a little awkward, but he still turned around to wave on the other side of the glass door before nearly stumbling down the stairs playfully. Still getting the dragon to smile at the goofiness of her friend. At least they never seemed to change too much. Whatever this curse did... It only altered so much of her life. Not the entire thing.

Even the simplest of actions seemed weird to her, like climbing stairs. Though, at least the body was built enough that she never became winded after two flights. It was just awkward for the footing, but the instincts managed the rest. Li never thought being such a thing would feel this powerful, taking a moment just to look over her new form that was mostly covered in fur. Sending a shiver down her spine that caused her coat to puff up in one solid wave down to her tail.

Still, a mirror would give her a better look, and she remembered a full body one mounted on the wall of her bathroom. Something a certain region was calling for, getting the wyrm to trot down the hallway. "Hey, Leslie." A floor neighbor called, getting the gold one to double take. "Tomorrow's your release night, isn't it?" She barely caught the sharp whimper in her throat before it escaped, getting her to almost freeze. "Can you try to keep it down? My kids will be staying with me this weekend, and it's kinda hard to keep explaining what's happening a few doors down." Those ears blushed deeply as she almost lost her voice.

But this was her chance. (Be confident!) She thought to herself. (Mr. Phillips already knows what you're doing, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. Confident! **Confident!**) "Y-yeah. I'm getting it done tonight, Mr. Phillips. I hope that's okay."

"Sounds great. Thanks." A breath of relief showered over the gold one as she continued down to her room. Unlocking the door with her paws the best she could and closing it behind before dropping the bag on the floor. Taking to the washroom immediately and using the rather small toilet to relieve herself while sighing. Barely being able to see her new face through the mirror on the wall from where she rested.

It was definitely a dragon. Glossy golden fur like that of metal, black nose with some black of her lips barely showing through it. The same blue eyes, though the iris was different. It honestly seemed to come in several points like a pair of contacts she had when Li was younger. Sadly lost quite a while ago after some stunt involving flying-

Flying? She never flew as a human before. It was... Biking? Maybe with rollerblades? Li could hardly recall, even though those same shade of blue discs, it was like she was a different person behind those eyes. Not even trapped, but almost hiding.

Well, her body was done, so she got up. Checking up on that golden sheath to spot the red tip. Wondering if she needed to wipe it or something, but it seemed fine. Regardless, she attempted to with the paws, attempting to be careful with those sharp claws and patting it with the pawpads over anything. Even getting a few presses into that fluffy full bag and getting the dragon to purr slightly. Discomforting a bit, yes, but also started returning that feeling of bliss from when she changed.

A breath to compose herself, Li couldn't help but look at her new equipment through the mirror. Never seeing anything like it up close, but it kinda resembled a dog's or a horse's. Thick furred protection, and a weighted pouch hanging there a bit below it, in the background. A turnabout, and she could see the backside. Almost a horizontal slit-style tailhole that was barely made out through the fur, and again: a rather obvious sac that was really hard to miss.

No wonder in this world everyone was so comfortable with such a thing. Wondering how awkward it must've been for her during those early school years when they dropped. But all she could recall is how... Proud she was? Sounds like something an alpha male would say, prancing around to show off how big their balls are.

Male... That's what she was now, wasn't it? No longer that near frail little girl who loved taking pictures of her friends. Instead, Li was a male dragon named Leslie. Still the same friends, still the same photo enthusiast. Just altogether more... Powerful.

Maybe just for one day Li could at least try to think of herself as a male. See what it at least felt like. Taking a deep breath, He exhaled and thought of himself as one. No longer hiding behind a shell of clothing that he was forced to keep on. No longer censoring himself for the sake of children or others. Li, for one day, was free from being female. From being human.

Now that he relieved himself, the dragon attempted to wash his paws in the sink. Operating such devices with instincts using that furred muzzle, the paws and claws when they were needed. Walking out to the kitchen and grabbing some leftover take out. Half wondering if there was something he was allergic to, or something Li should avoid eating. Ross mentioned something about chocolate earlier, so that was kinda a no-brainer.

The question did lie, did he even have a doctor or specialist to go to? In case something bad happened? Li recalled a few accidents and seeing his family doctor before, but nothing was really different about it. And an actual Doctor too, not a Veterinarian. Still, something to worry about when things got bad. Especially today out of all days.

The vibration of his phone was picked up by those ears within the bag, getting the wyrm to purr in curiosity, and almost giggling at the sheer cuteness of his own instincts. If only he could capture that on film, but... Maybe that's something he could help Roscoe out with for the human's project.

Pawing his way through the case to find it and discover a text from Erin Beth, stating she was going to be a little late. Dinner with a friend to discuss a future project, but she was still planning to make it later on. Was fine enough for him, all Li was planning for was napping until then anyway. Taking

a deep breath and carrying the bag into his room, that same old room, just like how he left it this morning. Bedding in the exact position and everything.

A quick return for his food and he navigated the laptop to watch a show while devouring leftover pizza. Finishing up quite soon and just relaxing a bit until the stream was done. Getting a bit tired and releasing a loud yawn before snapping that jaw a few times. Licking inbetween each large fang to almost clean them with a forked tongue, then closing the laptop and window before getting comfortable in the corner bed.

A deep breath, and everything still felt the same, if not a little smaller. Though the body itself was still different, his tail definitely reaching past the foot of the mattress with ease, it was still... Home. It still smelled like home. At least that was comforting.

A few minutes of just resting was almost enough for the dragon to recharge and start shifting again. Those deep breaths turning into purrs as those wings shuffled a bit to find a better position to remain comfortable. Laying on his belly, and feeling... Almost frisky, as his red tip touched the satin sheets and blankets. Getting the wyrm to purr a bit and almost shift into it a bit, letting those bloated stones press up against that tailslit slightly.

The brushing of the fur only added to it, making Li feel a wave of pleasure though his chest. Those claws wanting to dig into the bed and almost tear it up, but he had to be cautious about them. Instead, getting up to carefully lay on his back instead. At least there were no horns to worry about, aside from one that was slowly peeking through that furred sheath.

He never got a good look at it before, too fixed on that deep scent that still half echoed in his mind. Feeling each breath send a pulse of fluid to that red tool as it grew and grew. The flare finally making it out of his protection and being greeted with a heated exhale, one that felt so wonderful. Is this how it always felt? Even just for a male alone? Well, it's how it was feeling for a dragon.

Carefully, Li started to paw at it gently. Watching those claws and letting the weapon come out at its own pace. Studying it's strange form that was covered in dozens upon dozens of fleshy spines. Each growing bigger along with the entire rod as the dragon whimpered a bit. Wagging his tail in excitement as he was watching that tool grow for the first time, like a curious hatchling watching a bug.

Soon, the waves started to pick up while that sheath thickened. That tip starting to leak as it was reaching its standard size, those fleshy spines rubbing their way out of the protection. Overloading the dragon with bliss as he resisted assisting with it. Feeling that tailhole of his wink while those haunches squirmed a bit.

That full length was fully reached, getting Li to take a very large breath as he attempted to slow down. Lightly pawing at the large red weapon a bit, but unable to properly grip it with a single paw. Trying two paws was a little better, but still not quite. Roscoe did mention something about this earlier, hence the reason why the dragon needed help.

The wyrm half grumbled at it, attempting to coil his tail around the tool like a snake did better,

but it was a bit uncomfortable for the furred appendage. Needing to unravel it and snap the kinks out of it every few minutes. He wondered what else he could do until Beth got here to assist, getting the urge to just mount something. But the only thing big enough would be the couch, really. Even then... Claw marks.

That weapon just almost winked at the dragon, leaking it's precious juices with a wonderful scent to it. Not as wonderful as that female one, but close enough. Making Li want to taste it again, but could his tongue even reach it? A lean forward, and easily so. Licking up the slight mess it made on his furred belly before lapping at the tip a bit. Sending the wyrm into several purrs and shutters that caused him to dig claws into the blankets.

A little closer, and he could reach the very tip with his lips, lapping around the flare and its entire head. Making out every soft little spine and flossing inbetween them as the tower rewarded it with that sharp, hot cinnamon flavor. Making him try it a little further, perhaps reaching the tip past his teeth?

A careful try, and it was easily done. That long neck really coming in handy as the golden one purred loudly. Focusing that tongue and maw on the weapon a little bit, until the red flesh surrendered it's jolt that danced around those tastebuds. If only his shoulders had a bit more support...

The dragon got up and leaned his back against the wall easier, almost pressing his shoulders past the corner and squeezing himself onto the bed. Able to take in most of his own shaft with little effort. Lapping past the flare and really studying the rows of fleshy spines that spread across such a magnificent work of art. Bobbing his muzzle over the upper half as that tongue scouted ahead, gathering what liquids it could muster and lubricating the upper half of such weaponry.

But the red idol demanded more from the muzzle, getting it to come deeper and rewarding the dragon with a thick spray that painted his maw. The flavor was dense and nearly caused the wyrm to spark a sharp breath of flame. Exhaling the very heat over it and getting such flesh to once again gift his body with a wave of pleasure. Nearly constant now that the muzzle was taking most of it.

A lap ahead got him to whimper heavily before getting a large torrent down his own throat. Almost driving Li mad with greed as those sensitive ridges were barely touched, getting softly caressed by that red appendage as his haunches squirmed. His neck still having room to go further, and giving into those instincts to just push forward.

With the help of his haunches, that black snout touched his own sheath. Getting the faint scent of the female juices he sat in before, and that weapon to spray several times into that maw. Not caring about how much leaked out over the bed or how much he swallowed. Just go, push further, lap furiously, draw the fluids from deep within. Suck harder!

Every few moments was another squirt of that wonderful cinnamon, the dragon trying his best to keep most of it for himself. Growing slightly more aggressive towards his own tool as those fangs started to press a little deeper while sliding against the ridges. That tongue thrashing wildly against the

spines and provoking wave after wave to be sent through his curled up body. Fighting off the dragon the only way it knew how; by spraying such delicious seed.

A constant rise was felt deep within Li's haunches though, as the heated breaths began to release a thin smoke. What flames that were slightly made being quickly doused by the fluids of his shaft, constantly leaking out of that tip nearly at the back of his throat. Getting the wyrm to try to take more of its length, and pressing that snout almost to that bloated sac, but it just wasn't going to happen. Still, he needed more. Just a little something extra to push him a bit closer.

It was a strange idea, but his tailhole felt neglected. Soon feeling one of his forepaws start reaching around his hind leg to press a digit into it. Though, he had to mind the claw attached. It was almost enough, really, as the gold one shifted his hips and neck to a reverse thrusting motion; both going separate ways can coming together at the same time to maximize the ecstasy.

The sprays and torrents were getting harsher, attacking with more pressure as the taste grew more potent. It's volume was climbing a little more with every release, every press into that tailslit. Every lap of that tongue, every heated breath. Climbing that strange energy within the dragon moment after moment. Keeping up the motions while trying to go a little faster. Just a little more.

But he was stuck, right there at the very edge. With a thick hiss, Li latched onto his very own weapon and sucked the entire torrent out of the flesh. Feeling it start to flood in from inside his pelvis like a plug being pulled, thickening up the base of his length just past the sheath. Thickening up behind the dragon's fangs and attempting to lock itself within that muzzle. Li barely making out that pouch starting to scrunch up and taking the tailhole paw to grip it harshly. Squeezing the entire thing empty as that thick tool erupted into the dragon's maw.

The sheer power of such an immense orgasm almost stunned him, spraying down his throat until that belly was slightly bloated before letting go of the weapon. Letting it just release wildly into the air and around his room. Reaching the ceiling and walls across as thick white ropes painted the room. That paw still pressing into his pouch as the other attempted to keep focus on those ridges.

Even after a full minute, that tool was still spraying until the dragon was sore. Completely spent, yet still thirst for it. Reaching down once again and lapping at the red fountain until it slowed down. Trying to swallow every last drop until his body demanded him to get out of that cramped corner.

There wasn't a single space left to place a paw down without getting wet, as a white glaze covered the floor. Still even dripping on his wings from time to time as Li held his full belly. Feeling like he ate too much, but longed for a nap of a lifetime. Barely being able to get comfortable in the small bed before nodding off to sleep.

A discomfort woke up the wyrm as the phone vibrated on the desk across the room, getting the

golden one to growl a bit at the sudden sunset attempting to pierce through the thick curtain. Getting up, a slight sting of something swelled getting squeezed got him to hiss a bit, but it was too dark to really see completely clearly. Right now, Li was irritated at the phone, then a knock at the apartment front door.

First, he checked the text. Erin asking if the dragon was home, odds are it was her at the door. Quickly going through a bit loudly to tell the woman he was coming and opening it when he could. "Everything okay, Les?" She asked, before the door opened, chuckling at the messy mane and disflow of fur around his neck before being invited in. Closing the door and locking it before- "Holy Christ!"

A double take from the dragon as he followed her eyesight, staring down at the area of discomfort and finally seeing it clearly through the kitchen light. A certain pouch that was empty before resting a couple of hours ago was now almost three times its size, and looking very... Frail. "W-what!?"

"Geez, what happened?"

"I-I don't know...!" Li whimpered, trying to keep himself from sitting down, just in case the bag couldn't quite take it. Though getting a pet along the dragon's underbelly where a certain dried... Substance was caked on. Getting a bit of a stare from the female. "I... Got a little..."

"And you couldn't wait for me, huh?" A bit of a whimper as those ears, wings, and head lowered. Blushing a bit as Erin placed her bags down. "Did you swallow it?"

"Y-you mean...?" A slight gesture of the juices that still stuck to him and she nodded. Getting him to do the same.

"Christ, Li. You didn't learn that from last time?"

"Last time?" He double took.

"Yes, last time. When we were like 15. You attempted to, your words: Muzzle Yourself," A whimper from the gold one. "And this happened. Nearly causing your balls to explode."

"I-I..." The wyrm started, but only groaned at the discomfort. "What do we do about it?"

"Empty it the old fashioned way. I guess we'll get started now, unless you want something to eat."

"No, I'm full." A blank stare from the woman and the dragon slowly looked at her.

"Of you own-?"

"And Pizza! I had leftover Pizza too!" The gold one hissed, making his way to the bathroom as she had a gigglefit. Opening the door to the rather large shower and half wondering how she was going to do this. A bit uncomfortable with the idea of his best friend stroking her off, but only in his mind. Yes, Li the human would be uncomfortable with it, but not Li the dragon.

Hearing Erin come around, the gold one took a breath with his back turned to the door. Was he

really going to go through with this? His best friend for as long as he could remember? "You already did that one." The woman said, getting those blue eyes to look behind at her. "Well, almost. You were sitting last time, but right now that's forgivable." She joked, but it went right over the dragon's head. After going through a nearby cabinet and closing the door, Erin caught the puzzled look. "Everything okay?"

"Y-yeah... But...?"

"A little late for having second thoughts, Les. Start the water." A bit of a sad look, but he did anyway. Waiting for the water to start coming in at least warm as the woman took off her shoes and socks. Placing on what almost looked like a plastic patient gown you would see at a hospital, and some splash pants. A hair net on her head after putting up her multi colored mane. "Funny, the one time since that you don't do it, I want it."

"Do what?" The two stared at each other, making the wyrm blush. Forcing the human to raise an eyebrow. "I-I..."

"Are you... Blushing?" Li's head lowered. "You haven't done that since the first time. What's wrong?"

"Erin, I..." A whimper as she couldn't finish.

"Ross said something about you acting strange, what happened?" Those wings drooped. "Did someone say something?" Beth barely asked, getting a head shake and a breath from the larger one.

"Erin... I don't remember being a dragon."

"What?"

"Everything about me... Being this, I don't remember. I can't remember, and I can't tell if it was real or not." She expected the odd look. "Okay, I remember very few things, but most of my... They're me, but when I was human."

"*When* you were human...?" The woman repeated. "Li. You've never been-"

"I know, that's what Ross said too. But..." A heavy sigh from the gold one. "I swear I was. When I woke up this morning, I swear it..."

"And you don't remember anything?"

"I remember you guys. You, Roscoe, Kyle. I remember our time together growing up, High school. But everything that involves me being..." He looked at a single paw, turning it over to study the digits and how they strangely bent compared to his once human hands. "That's what Roscoe meant. And I've been stuck between his stories and my own memories, unable to tell what's real."

"That's why you were acting strange after we met up?" A slow nod. "But you remember me?"

"Yes."

"But not...?" A gesture around the bathroom.

"Well, you've never 'emptied me' when I was a woman." The dragon awkwardly grumbled.

"So that explains it..." A sad look in question, but she motioned for the gold one to get in. "Let me wash you up first." A slow nod and they entered the large shower. "You used to tease me, almost every single time you did this."

"Did what?"

"Multiple things. One, messing over yourself, saying it was great for your fur. And how great it would be for my hair, if I would just try it." A whimper from the wyrm. "Yeah, you're definitely not the Li I remember."

"I'm not sure if that's a good thing or..."

"I'm not sure either." A bit of silence as she started washing him with shampoo and a large cloth. "You also used to put yourself in very provocative positions everytime it was my turn to do this. Doing your damndest to get yourself hard and on display, often with that camera and attempt to take a photo of my reaction."

"...Did I get any good ones?"

"That's more like you." A playful shove from Beth, and the two chuckled. "I'll admit it, a couple. Considering your aim with that thing." Another look at those golden paws, as the woman met it. Washing it while it was up. "But growing up seeing it so much..." Erin trailed off.

"What?" No response and the draconic muzzle nudged her. "What is it?"

"...You promised before that you'll never tell anyone."

"And did I?"

"Not that I know of." A few scrubs around the wyrm's ear and mane. "So, I'm going to threaten you the same exact way, just in case Li."

"Threaten-?" A clamp on that furry ear made him yelp and whimper as it was slightly pulled down.

"We're friends, right?"

"R-right!"

"Best Friends?"

"Y-yes!" A sharp whimper.

"So, if this gets out, I'm going to rip these things from your head. Understand?" A few painful whines. "Understand?"

"Y-yes!"

"Yes, who?"

"Erin Beth!?" The woman let go after a few moments, getting the dragon to cover the ear and look at her friend with a bit of surprise and fear.

"...After doing this for so long, Li..." A noise in question. "I kinda... Developed a bestiality fetish. Kinda."

"Bestial...ity?" The wyrm questioned. "You mean...?"

"...I enjoy doing this." Erin half shrugged, looking down at her gown and the bottles. "Maybe I shouldn't, but I... Like doing it. Even the after."

"You mean..." She nodded, and the dragon leaned a little closer. Now no longer shielding that ear. "No offense, but... Why?"

"Have you seen yourself?" Beth half grumbled. "Not like I really need to feed your ego."

"N-not that, but..." A sigh from the woman, but Li took a step forward to hug her. Feelings were still a bit mixed, but hell if he was going to let his best friend down after such a secret. "How long have I... 'known'?" She attempted to quote.

"A few years." Erin admitted. "...Funny, I was half thinking that I almost didn't want you to know."

"Why?" A shrug was felt.

"Maybe because you were teasing so much during it. Trying to send me signals from time to time that were a bit suggestive. I almost felt ashamed."

"Why?"

"Because..." A breath from her, but the dragon just held her tighter. "Careful you."

"-I don't know my own strength, I know." Li teased. "But go on. Please."

"Li..."

"I want to hear this. I want to hear what you have to say, Erin." Another sigh from the woman.

"...You're not human. And everyone seems to think that if you're something else besides it, everything is completely wrong."

"Well... That's half understandable." The dragon half whimpered. "Especially with animals..."

"But you're not an animal, Li. You're a different species, yes, but... You are able to think for yourself. You're smart enough to give your own consent about these things." Another breath as Erin slowly motioned to break the hug so she could continue. "But knowing that I told someone... I almost waited for the day that someone would find out. Right now, everyone is okay with me doing this for you, because they think I don't enjoy it in a..." A nudge and a lick from that muzzle against her neck, drinking the water that was running down. "The stress of it was keeping me up at night."

"Yet, you still tell me...?" An exhale from the smaller one. "Because you like me. You like this."

"...I do. And I'm afraid I'll miss it too much." Another nudge as she moved behind the dragon's wings. Getting the tail to coil around one of her legs instead of teasing her with that muzzle. "You trip me, that'll be the end of that tail of yours."

"But I like the tail."

"You're not the only one." They chuckled. "...See, this is what I'll miss about it."

"What exactly?"

"How... Fun you always made it. You never told me it was wrong." She slowly hugged the dragon's behind and haunches. "You just accepted it. Even if you weren't being jerked off by one of us, I knew you would accept it."

"That's why you ended up telling me before, isn't it?" Another nod was felt, and that tail just attempted to nudge her. "...Y'know, I'm supposed to be in that position." A chuckle from Erin as she playfully spanked the golden hip. Getting an equally playful yelp in response.

"Please, you want it. But you can't have it, stud."

"And why's that?"

"Have you seen how much you tend to release? You just took yourself in your own maw and you somehow didn't drown."

"I-I never said I..."

"Please, you've tried shooting it into a bowl before. You just got it everywhere but the bowl." The two laughed as Li covered his face with a paw as she continued scrubbing.

"...Have you ever done anything like it before?"

"You mean, taken you?" A whimper from the large one, but he nodded. "No. Never attempted that."

"And... Nothing else?" A breath from the woman.

"...I tried some oral stuff, yes. You liked it, but you were also so used to your own mouth that mine didn't really do it justice." Another slight whine in response. "So, I stuck with my hands, for the most part."

"They've always been soft." Li mumbled. "A lot softer than mine."

"Yeah, but you make a better pillow in bed."

"We've slept together, have we?" A noise in confirmation.

"We all have before, mostly in camping trips. And yes, you were everyone's pillow." The two chuckled. "But even during these visits... Once we cleaned you up."

"...Was I right?"

"About what?"

"It being better for my fur?" Half a grumble from her.

"I'm not answering that."

"Why?"

"Because then you'll suggest it for my hair, and no." A chuckle as she washed his tail. "Keep teasing me about it, and I'm going to punish you."

"Oh?" A sudden soapy cloth pressed into the dragon's tailslit, making him yelp a bit, but purr after. "Oh..."

"You always liked it in there. To the point where I almost dropped two hundred on a strap-on for your hatchday." A whimper from the golden one as he got a few taps. "Alright, let me do your underside. Your wings look fine today."

"How often do you do this?" He started to lay down in a good position. Though his wings and tail were touching the sides easily. "And how lucky am I to get a shower made for someone in a wheelchair?"

"Very lucky. And it depends."

"Depends on what?"

"How often you get messy." Erin teased, getting a bit of a purr before she sat on his thick chest. Actually getting those ears to blush a bit as she worked on his neck and muzzle, easily getting the dragon to purr at the thick strokes. Scrubbing the messy fur and rinsing it soon after. "I just put your mane dye in, so we're leaving that too."

"That's okay." Working on his collar, that shoulder purposely shifted. Getting the woman to almost fall forward and become very close to the tip of his muzzle, keeping her there for a few moments

while smiling as that heart fluttered in his chest. Pressing that nose against hers and exhaling a heated breath, waiting for Erin to make the next move.

It took a few moments for a response, a gentle touch of her lips against his. Letting the two share a small kiss that lasted a bit, until his tongue lapped a bit into hers. Almost rejecting it, but then dropping the cloth to really press her lips against that furred muzzle. Sharing a few breaths while almost wrestling with each other for a few moments.

Those paws stroked her back and sides a bit, slowly reaching down towards her behind and massaging them. Just as her hands went down the dragon's jawline and found that sweet spot towards the end of his chin. Getting Li to purr loudly and submit to her own playful domination. Though, getting a few claws near her own sex and a wave of pleasure through her.

The two just stopped for a bit to breathe, almost wanting to go further, but knowing it was a bad idea. "...Sorry-" The wyrm started.

"-No." Beth composed herself. "No. I... I went for it." A sad look from those blue eyes. "I just can't, Li. Not... Not right now. Not tonight." A slow, but slightly disappointed nod.

"...I want it." The dragon said, getting her to look into those eyes again. "I'll wait for you, but... Know that I do want it, Erin." That made her smile, and share another small kiss. "Until then, you can do something else for me."

"Like take care of that rod behind me?" The two chuckled, and he nodded a bit shyly. "Since you asked so nicely..." The woman took the cloth and started washing that golden chest. Moving down with the showerhead and scrubbing the best she could until that red member was in sight. Tucked neatly between those two spreaded hind legs.

A soft scrub around it got the dragon to start purring quickly, getting washed with an orange scented shampoo as it leaked its cool gel over the weapon. Feeling the cloth softly wrap around it and slowly move up and down, stroking everything in one easy motion. Every ridge, every spine and inbetween as the large one exhaled heated breaths. Getting the steam to start fogging up the glass walls quickly.

The vibration of the purrs were flowing down his furred body, actually being felt by the woman's legs as the tail started to wag a bit. Pressing up against her own lower lips from time to time, being felt through the thick cloth between her and the dragon. Those haunches starting to squirm a little bit with the motions and that pouch almost pulsing by the moment. Beginning to leak out its precious juices.

The woman couldn't help but smile at the sight of it still, both the dragon and his equipment. Though the vast size of his pouch, likely being able to hold two grapefruits, did concern her enough not to quite wash them yet. Still not completely sure on its durability as a whole, but this is the biggest it's ever gotten. All the more reason to do this, but it doesn't mean Erin could enjoy making him squirm and nearly beg for it a bit.

The cloth started to shift a bit, twist and turns added to the stroking motions and getting several whimpers of bliss out of the dragon. Those paws, both hinds and fore, clawing at the air as the waves rushed through his body. His haunches, almost thrusting into it as the weapon started to release more and more jolts. Soon making those whines climb higher and higher, until-

A sudden stop and let go of the entire cloth. Rising it out and hearing Li growl a bit in irritation. "You couldn't do it just a little longer?" He snorted, getting a playful stroke up the weapon's length from her bare hand. Once again putting him so close to a release, but only a tease. Rinsing the weapon off and tossing the cloth aside a bit as those hands started to softly touch the red flesh.

Spreading from its pointed flare, down the many large spines that flowed from its beautiful form. Touching and teasing each one with her fingertips without making direct contact with the rod itself. Just brushing against the spines and following the almost wavy designs along the shaft. Watching it pulse a bit and leak out white juices as the large one attempted to get the woman to completely grasp it.

But for every attempt, she started right from the tip again. Softly brushing down the length and hearing the golden one growl time and time again. Trying to be patient as the soft fingertips tickled down his weapon. Finally getting to the ridges a bit and hearing Li hiss loudly as they were barely touched. Going past the red flesh and onto the wet sheath, the hands folded out around it, pressing into the dragon's pelvis just around the weapon and above the bloated pouch.

Massaging it only teased the wyrm more and more, feeling him squirm as that tail under her pressed up between her legs. Getting Erin to giggle a bit at his reactions, but enough was enough. A careful brush against the tip to remove any leaks as she adjusted herself with a step back.

Nudging the red flesh with her own nose, the woman started to playfully lick at the shaft of such a thing. Exiling the breath from the dragon's fiery lungs, as her hands continued to massage the area around it. Those growls turned into whimpers as Beth's lips kissed around the tower, almost playfully pulling the bigger spines and grappling what she could with that tongue.

A few whimpers and some squirms lead to another few jolts running down the hot length, eventually being caught by her tongue and getting a shocked reaction out of the woman at first. Not that it tasted bad, but it was the idea of the thing. Still, she let it pass and used it instead. It wasn't like the substance was harmful in any case, feeling a hand brush up against the ridges a little bit and make the dragon sing for a few moments.

It barely took anything to start getting those jolts out to a constant leak, making it much easier to lubricate the wet weapon. Finally biting the bullet and glazing her clean hands with the transparent white before stroking the length again. Those purrs returning, then getting louder when her tongue teased his very tip, lapping at it constantly.

A few squeezed caused thicker jolts to release out of the tower's top, starting to pile up over his just cleaned belly, but it was bound to happen. The strokes grew thicker as she started to put her entire

body into it, like churning butter slowly. Getting rewards of that warm cinnamon flavor being milked out of the dragon as he continued to whimper in bliss.

After a larger squirt, Erin took the head of such a thing into her mouth. Lapping at it constantly while pulling and sucking the juices within and really sending that tail into squirms. The gold one struggling to keep his own muzzle shut to contain the many noises he was making. Attempting to shift those hands down to the ridges finally to make him race for the edge. Getting closer with every breath, like a sneeze that was approaching. Until-

The woman stopped again, getting a hiss from the dragon, but he was releasing an upcoming load of pre. Watching her take the tip out, but plug it with her thumb like the rod was a toy joystick. The flesh pulsing and building up pressure as Li whimpered a bit, feeling it almost become full and stretch slightly wider and wider with every moment. Until she released her hold, letting it spray like a shaken bottle of champagne.

The preseed rained over the dragon a bit, but was soon down to a drizzle leaking out of the weapon. Getting the gold one to sigh in relief. "Be careful, you." He snorted.

"You'll thank me for it later." She teased, getting another grumble from the large one as she went back in. Mouth and everything, but at least this time brushing the ridges from time to time. Getting the furred one to purr loudly once again as the streams of white were constantly leaking into Erin. Holding onto the head tightly until quite a bit was piled up before she cracked her lips opened a bit.

The gathered seed started to flow down in thick rivers, working around the woman's hands and over the many divides of flesh. Soon trekking over the ridges that got the dragon to squirm again and shoot a torrent of flame out of his maw. One that was extinguished very quickly due to the moisture in the air. At least it didn't frighten Erin in the slightest.

An upcoming load was felt through that thick tower, getting her to withdraw and aim the tool at the dragon. Letting him spray himself with a few airborne ropes, one getting into his opened maw and lolling tongue as he finally got some relief. Lapping at the streaks around his muzzle after a few breaths. "Don't swallow it." A growl from him and she grasped his ridges a bit harshly, getting Li to hiss at her and squirm a bit. "Spit it out." She playfully scolded, getting a growl and those ears to spade flat against his head. "Do it."

Another growl, but he did towards the drain. "Good boy." Getting released from the grip and she continued. For several more minutes, she built the wyrm up close to a release before giving him time to cool down. Making the large one more and more agitated, but Erin knew more about this than he did, so he endured.

The feeling of constant bliss was almost worth it though, no matter how much he squirmed, hissed, growled or grumbled. The returning nirvana was always worth the teasing, nearly making the golden one pass out as the sprays and torrents got bigger and bigger. Each one painting the dragon's chest a little more, along with the wall. It was no wonder the woman was in such a getup, especially

after the mess Li made in his bedroom... Which he has yet to tell her about.

Surprises for tomorrow's Li to figure out. Or be punished. Right now, he was currently being punished with pleasure as the feeling was climbing quickly. Faster than normal. Was it possible that his body was tired of the constant edges as well? Perhaps attempting to fool the human by racing for it? The wyrm attempted to keep himself composed for the time being. Keep his breaths to a steady, low pleasure pace while his weapon made a dash for it.

A few more strokes... Almost there... Then a sudden grip on his ridges again, getting the gold one to whimper as the other hand plugged his weapon's tip. "You're faking it." A sharp whimper from him, as those ears attempted to fall and look innocent. "Admit it, and I'll let go." The pressure was building up within his weapon, getting it to pulse wildly as fluids were rushed into it. Thickening up the flesh a bit more as he whimpered, attempting to endure.

"...Alright!" He hissed, finally giving in. Yet she didn't release her hold. "I-I was trying-! Please just do it already!" Another thick jolt was felt adding into the backed up mess that was already within his thick tool. To the point where it hurt, until that thumb was released. Making it shower over his furred body for a few moments, and breathe. "How...?"

"Did I find out?" Another innocent whimper from Li as those ears and eyes attempted to look as cute as possible. "I can feel it through your package, melon-balls." A grumble from him. "-But!" A perked ear. "If you can give me that look like before, that sad innocent one, I'll fully release you now. Deal?"

"What for?" She shut the water off and walked out for a moment, returning with her camera and getting into a position where the weapon was hidden. Sighing, and giving it the innocent puppy-dog eyes with sad droopy ears until the camera shutter noise was heard. "Happy?"

"Yes. And my computer desktop thanks you."

"How are you going to explain...?" A gesture towards the dozens of preseed stripes.

"Pfft, shampoo. Anyone will buy that." A snort from the dragon as the door was closed. Erin got into position once again for the final stretch, gently grasping that weapon after getting some more of that pre to lubricate her hands and stroke the flesh once more. Not taking long before the dragon was back into rhythm and purring his symphony loudly as that tool leaked it's white gift.

Those haunches shifted wildly as one hand started to get lower, teasing those ridges a bit until there was a large rope shot out of the weapon. Then reaching down to those bloated stones, now at least relieved a bit after all the sprays that left it. Carefully pressing and massaging it, even if Li was whimpering from the pressure they gave. Getting the package to just relax and prepare it for a full evac.

His whimpers were climbing higher and higher, as she started stroking the length faster. Really trying to grip and focus on those ridges a few times before going back up to the top half, regardless of how often he hissed at her just not continuing. The dragon's entire body was shifting and jerking with every wave that thrashed through it, getting those ears to droop and wings to fold in a bit. His chest and

back curling forwards as the energy within climbed higher and higher.

Li whimpered loudly through his shut muzzle, and that tail curled up to Erin's shoulder. That pouch started to deflate a bit, signaling a large release incoming as the golden one's breaths started to stress deeper and deeper. That fleshy weapon thickening up greatly as it started erupting pre constantly in a false display of a release. Covering his metallic muzzle with more and more streaks of white as those blue eyes shut, unable to remain opened any longer. Feeling several more pulses specifically under those ridges as the weapon's base slowly thicken up during the prep for the final release.

More and more his body shifted as the woman placed her hand on the ridges again, keeping them there to stroke him up to that edge. His body almost not believing her word, and expecting the betrayal once again. But once it finally reached it, that energy launched forward with a thick spray. Throwing his entire body back and bracing upwards as everything wildly squirmed.

The wyrm roared in his shut muzzle, passing through his teeth as his nose scrunched up to a heavy and loud hiss. That pouch suddenly being squeezed by Beth's offhand and pressing every last drop of fluid it had into one mighty orgasm of the dragon's. Letting the first torrent spray powerfully against the wall, and actually cracking it a bit, as white rained everywhere. Covering every surface as the weapon almost whipped from the pressure of such a thing.

Constantly being stroked by the hand and unable to be controlled, the dragon's equipment sprayed nearly everything it had. The tool being stretched out to its limit in order to relieve as much buildup as possible, and continually launching the ropes of white long past each breath the dragon was desperately gathering. Unable to even whimper as his entire body spazzed through the long, over one minute climax.

With the bloated pouch finally almost empty, that off-hand traveled down a bit further to the gold (now white) one's tailslit. Actually surprising him when a sudden press was felt around it, then a yelp when it slipped inside. Sending a heavy, backup-wave of bliss that tensed every muzzle in his body, and triggering another series of thick sprays that painted over his once golden fur. Squirming her fingers into the tight tailhole, she pressed into one of the walls to get a massive reaction from Li.

It was almost too much for him to remain conscious through, as the remaining fluids rushed out of his already thick weapon. Erupting in a large geyser of white that nearly deflated the wyrm, collapsing even before it was completely done and letting it leak over his chest and belly. Constant drips over his muzzle and head as it washed around his eyes and weighed down his black mane.

The dragon almost struggled to breath as his muscles spasmed from the overstimulation, even after the woman let go of him and withdrew from his tail. Knowing that the 'threat' of a mess was now over, she opened the door and got her camera once again. Aiming it at the exhausted looking dragon, completely coated in his own release. That red weapon still erect and releasing, those balls deflated against his slightly widened tailhole. To top it all off, those blue eyes barely opened, and trying to focus on what she was doing, as Li panted heavily. Unable to get up.

"This one is for me." Erin smiled, taking a few pictures before the golden one's vision faded to unconsciousness. Completely overwhelmed by pleasure and stimulation, along with the heavy scent of cinnamon. Letting out one final whimper as the last camera shutter was heard, and slipping into the most blissful slumbers imaginable. Unable to worry about any of the troubles the day brought Leslie.

Not bad for the first day as a male.