

[This story made possible by my friends and fans. Please consider visiting my Patreon for more TF goodness.](#)



Eggcellent Research
By
Desmond Fallout

Commission for [Han](#)
Cover Art by [Robertge](#)

Kevin was a young man with a deep appreciation for the old. The modern age was a bit of a strange paradox in his curious mind. Technology advancements had come so far humans could communicate around the world in real time, live longer lives, and access information with a single thought.

Too much information, if you asked him. Kevin always liked to use memes as a great example of his beef with the digital generation. An idea would grow, gained some attention, last about a week, and then be forgotten as people got bored with the joke. The data might still be there with no one caring to look it up, but a buggy line of code in Italy might crash half the world's economy in a second.

Kevin always felt the old structures of ancient cultures knew how to truly stand the test of time. Not that anyone ever cared to ask his opinion. No one was ever going to forget the Sphinx over a Disney animation error. Stonehenge probably gets more satellite views than a Taco Bell in Madagascar.

Or how about a castle still standing among dense vegetation in the Nainital jungle? Nothing could have been more perfect for Kevin than to be just feet away from the fortresses stone walls. If someone had told him last week that he would get to be one of the first students to explore a monument to the lost kingdom of Darge, he would have been skeptical.

Very few relics of the kingdom even existed. Any that did were either disputed heavily or just kept out of the public eye. This was undeniable proof, history in the making.

"Hey! We going inside, or do you want a few more minutes with the wall?"

Kevin snapped out of his glorified fantasies of being on National Geographic's cover to whirl around. A motion that nearly sent his glasses flying. Not five feet away a much older, pudgier, man gazed over his own glasses with an amused eyebrow raised.

"Y-yeah, sorry Dessy," Kevin muttered while adjusting his spectacles. "Just trying to savor the moment, you know?"

It was because of Desmond's hard research into Darge that Kevin found himself at this castle, much less in India at all. As part of internship credit, they got to collect initial data and catalog the forward sections of the castle for when the rest of the research team arrived with proper equipment. Desmond had to fight hard, and maybe even bribe a few professors, for this privilege. They were both heavily inspired by the legendary kingdoms small spot in the history of the earth. Most likely this was because of Desmond's research hinting this eastern civilization had a heavy religion based on western dragons. Drawings of winged humanoid reptiles were prominent in many artifacts from the area.

Both were hoping a lot more lay waiting for them inside.

"Well, let's get sentimental later." Desmond patted Kevin's shoulder, guiding them around to the mossy archway that had long since lost its door. "We're burning daylight, and there is a lot of castle to explore."

A mess of chuckles had Kevin's face burning red from something other than jungle heat. Of course, the duo had not traveled alone. A small group of Indian army rangers and guides were either setting up camp or making sure nothing would be trying to eat them. Neither American would have survived an hour among the trees without their high-powered rifles.

Any self-consciousness left Kevin the second he and Desmond entered the castle proper. It was not the main entrance like they expected, so only a dark hallway greeted them in place of a courtyard. That was fine, Kevin snapped on his electric lamp while Desmond marked the start of their trail with glowing chalk.

"Right or left?" Kevin mused trying to direct his light one way to the next. Not much was illuminated beyond a few meters beside more stones and occasional doorways leading to black voids.

"Left!" Desmond replied without hesitation. "That's got more rooms closer to our exit. We should find some goodies before nightfall."

"What about animal dens?" Kevin glanced over his shoulder worried he might have already cursed them. Nothing but plant and stone looked back.

Desmond was already marching down the left path laughing dismissively. "The boys already did a sweep of this place. I'm more worried about the bugs."

"The bugs?"

"Heck yeah! Ever see a jungle movie? A tiny spider can probably kill us in worse ways than some tigers."

"Oh..." Kevin shudders, glancing at the floor in a rush of imaginative panic. It was hard to not suddenly think about how many tiny bits of life hid under the carpet of mulch.

"Let's try here."

Kevin whipped back up just in time to see Desmond vanish into the closest room entrance. A moment later there was a click and light poured back out into the hall from Desmond's own lamplight.

"Holy hell!"

With a gasp Kevin rushed to the archway, one hand grabbing for the hilt of his sidearm while the other tried to steady the light. He would have preferred a rifle, but Indian law was generous enough to bequeath any kind of firearm to immigrant tourists.

"What? What is it?!"

Desmond turned with a glowing smile. His own freehand triumphantly held up a small utensil sporting three sharp pikes at the end. The apparent joy in his attitude seemed to be coming

from the fact it was made of solid grey metal. Moss blocked out most of it, but there were no signs of rust in the parts gleaming off their lights.

"Check it out; a silver fork! This whole room is full of old cookware. I think all of it is smelted from rare metals."

"Ugh!" Kevin's tension deflated with a loud sigh. Hand raised from his holster to his forehead. "Don't scream like that! I'm not about to rule out tigers roaming other parts of this big castle."

"I'd be more worried about a swarm of monkeys," Desmond said followed by shuddering. "Or spiders, like I said. Frick. I can't stand spiders."

"You say as you tear open places they might nest?"

Desmond's face turned a fantastic shade of white. The molded spice box he had found was gently set back upon the counter with the delicacy of handling a bomb.

"Still, it's amazing how stylized Darge became. They etched dragon stuff into everything."

"Drykmir," Kevin corrected. Nerves had calmed enough to allow him a bit of exploration of this ancient kitchen. A pair of barrels especially caught his attention with draconic figures decorating their metal plates. "They were a sub-species of dragon with a pretty strong society in their own right. Looks like the two learned to get along at some point."

"Good for them." Desmond found his attention focused on the giant flat mace he had found. At least until he realized it's true design. "Who the hell smelts a gold frying pan?"

Kevin looked over and huffed. "It's gold plated, silly. I'm sure the base is iron. That's why it's turning green."

"Ew!" Desmond dropped his, subjective, treasure back on the counter upon realizing green mold covered most of his palms. Trying to rub it off on his pants did not help the situation much. "Any luck with you?"

"We'll see!"

Kevin had been busy putting on a pair of long-sleeved gloves. The barrels looked full of muck that might have once been plantlife, and he was not about to go blindly diving into that.

Luckily some rusted metal rods were hanging off equally rusted hooks on the wall. Probably once used as a tool for skewering meats. Kevin was more than happy to borrow one to prod the depths of moldy stew in one barrel.

Clink!

Kevin raised an eyebrow at finding his rod bumped into something only a few inches deep. The impact generated a hollow metallic ring through the muck.

"I...think I found something."

Clink! Clink!

After a few more test pokes, Kevin tossed aside his rod now caked in disgusting mold. It took a few more moments of reluctant debate before gingerly sinking both gloved hands into the barrel. He was so glad that he did not need to search far for the object he had been striking. Even more of a relief was when it did not strike him back. At worst he had expected a snake and did not bring exceptionally thick gloves for this excavation.

The object in question turned out to not be a container either. As Kevin's hands explored blindly, he felt it had a more roundish shape. No. It was more like a pear or teardrop shape, but definitely metal. Dang thing was colder than the stuff it was floating in. Maybe the barrel was acting as some kind of preserve too because the thing felt smoothly polished through his gloves. Not a single jagged blemish to denote rust. Eventually, he decided it was safe enough to grab, at least, and cupped both hands along the bottom.

"Hey, cool! You found an egg." Desmond chuckled in a deadpan voice. "We going to have omelets for dinner."

"First thing; Ew! Second; What even is this?" With the glow of his lamp, Kevin could easily see the object in his hand was undoubtedly egg-shaped. Unlike a lot of Darge relics, there was no intricate etching along its smooth bronzed surface. However, an attractive looking ruby glinted in both men's eyes. It had been polished and smoothed to blend seamlessly into the tapered top of the egg itself. Kevin balanced the treasure in one hand to tap a gloved knuckle on it. Metallic echoes reverberated against his palm confirming its hollow nature.

The vibration alone resonated strongly across both his hands and even up his arms.

"Hey! Hey!" Desmond rushed forward to clasp the metal egg. It did little to stop its ringing, only causing him to gasp and yank back like it was superheated. The lingering vibrations had poured onto his arms, and no amount of shaking them could get rid of the tingling. "Y-you break it, you buy it. I don't think the professors would enjoy us destroying an actual artifact."

"An artifact!?" Kevin's eyes lit up, pulling the egg against his chest with cradling affection. "Can you believe it? We're not even here ten minutes, and we found an actual Drykmir artifact! I can't wait to rub this in the professor's faces when they get here tomorrow."

"Uh huh..." Desmond stared blankly at the strange motherly behavior that overcame his traveling friend. That was almost as strange as how Kevin's eyes seemed to glow in their light. He was pretty sure Kevin never had blue eyes before. "Well, hey, let's go clean it up outside. I doubt all that mush it was in is sanitary. I brought some polish just in case..."

RONUHO HUMANS! 0EI KOJK KXO JUSHOT CUNJ EV KXO DRYKMIR! COULO DEN EH
HAJB FIDAJXMODK!

If Kevin had not been cradling his metal egg the poor man might have dropped it when the thunderous rumbles shook the very stones of the castle around them. Only when they had stopped did the pair realize that it was not some natural disturbance. They stared at each other with eyes wide behind their spectacles. Kevin lacked the wherewithal to ponder why Desmond's eyes were glowing red. The fact that a voice powerful and booming as an explosion had just talked to them took urgent priority.

"D-did..did you hear that?" Desmond squeaked after swallowing several times.

Kevin could not even form words. His tongue had rolled into the back of his throat while he nodded vigorously.

"I was afraid you'd say that. It'd be better for us if I got infected with dementia."

"...w-why better!?"

"Let's just do what it says and get out of here!" Desmond moved around Kevin towards the doorway.

"You know what it said? Nggh!" Kevin had started to follow suit, but a sudden wince in his hands made him pause. Holding out the egg he thought it might have somehow pricked him. His hands were suddenly feeling oddly pinched and itchy, but the metal lump they held remained baby smooth.

"No! But I've read enough online fiction to know disembodied voices are an ill...omen?" Desmond staggered just shy of the kitchen's exit. A clumsy waving of his arms was just enough to get him to lean against the wall. The last thing he needed to think about was whatever covered the floor smearing up his face. Especially with how his shoes were feeling rough and itchy. "Ugh! What the frick? I bought these brand new for this trip."

Kevin was too busy with his own problems to appreciate Desmond's footwear. Without the glare of lamplights, he could now see the gem atop his egg pulsing a soft, red glow. More importantly was the feeling of his arms pulsing with it. Each time the light brightened, it was accompanied by the creak of Kevin's gloves straining. Every fiber of muscle would burn as if in a tight flex and relax as the light dimmed.

Except for the lingering pinch of his gloves implied something else was happening to his arms.

"Dessy? I...I think I'm in tourb-ohgawdmyhands!!"

SHRRRTTTT!!

In one big pulse, all of Kevin's fingers erupted from their latex coverings. The rest of his hands quickly followed, sliding out of material unable to stretch around their increasing girth. His real fright came upon seeing small bits of keratin flying away to land lost amidst the mossy floor. Fingernails were flying off under pressure of curved sharp claws growing in their place.

Ironic it was panic and not the transformation itself that made Kevin drop the egg.

"No! Catch it!" Desmond groaned still unable to balance enough to dive for the ovid himself. His shoes were pinching horribly while the feet growing inside made them look like leather balloons.

Kevin snapped out of his daze way too late for recovery. Soon as he realized his clawed hands were empty, there came a hallowed clang of metal below him. Reluctantly moving hands out of view, Kevin could see the once majestic egg shattered into dozens of thin bronze clumps at his feet. The ruby rolled in a semi-circle away from his, alarmingly tight, shoes to a position more between him and Desmond. No longer was it pulsing, but exploding energy that illuminated the room in red.

FFSSSSSHHH!!

And it was emitting gas. Do gemstones usually fill up rooms with gas when broken?

"Dude...y-your hands!" Desmond pointed at Kevin's raised extremities, only to grow wide-eyed at noticing his own. "Aw, shit! My hands too!?"

Desmond brought his pointing finger up to his face curiously. Like Kevin's, his fingernails were molting off so much larger, sharper, claws could take their place. Upon closer inspection, the hand itself was looking a bit crusty. More and more cracks formed all over his exposed skin, which began to flake off with the slightest of movements.

It was also getting incredibly itchy. Kevin decided to put his new claws to use scratching at the rapidly dying skin of his arms. They and the remains of his gloves were quickly peeled off in huge chunks. The relief that brought to Kevin's scales was immense.

"...wha?" Kevin looked down at the arm he had been feverishly scratching. While he had accidentally raked off almost all the skin on it, there had been no pain or even a drop of blood.

It had been like tearing off two sets of gloves. What was left underneath was a limb coated in shimmering emerald scales. Their small glossy plates practically sparkled in the magical light.

Seeing this, Desmond curiously dug some claws into his own arm. In much the same fashion he not so much as rend flesh, but peeled it off. With two motions his arm had become freed of the dried up tissue to sport sporting a coat of deep blue scales. In fact, Desmond was looking pretty muscular for never exercising in the past decade.

"Hgggnnh! D-Desmond, what's going ooon?" Kevin began shifting his weight between each foot. Not hard to see why with the indentions of large toes bulging out their tips.

"I'm not sure, but...gaah!" Desmond was pretty much in the same boat. He only managed to take two steps for the door when a sudden release of pressure washed over his feet. There was just enough time to feel the cold, moldy floor on his toes before they slipped out from under him. If only all that algae and moss could have made the stones a softer landing for his ass. "OOF!! T-this gas is definitely changing us, probably because someone had to break it."

"D-don't start!" Kevin staggered with a grunt as his own shoes exploded. The set of scaled clawed feet rushed out in their new freedom, tearing off the entire sole with their increasing size. "B-but...are we molting?"

"Looks that way," Desmond sighed, not bothering to try standing again. He looked down at his legs observing how tight his shorts were feeling around some incredibly thick thighs. The skin of his shins was peeling off rapidly much like, well, everything else itching under his clothes. At their end, his shoes had also been destroyed thanks to his feet swelling to become some sort of blue scaled human-pawed hybrid. Clawed toes wiggled about out of shredded socks to enjoy the breeze. "Kind of reminds me of...dragons..."

"W-what?" Kevin whipped his gaze over to Desmond, having been distracted watching his legs bulk up rapidly. The stitches of his jeans were starting to strain as they lost all notion of slack wrapped around him. "You don't think we're turning into Drykmir, do you?"

Desmond felt his ears twitch and sighed again. One shedding hand felt along his head to find them starting to rise up into more pointed tips. The lobes rapidly vanished to feed into this as they gained much more flexibility perched higher up his head. Bringing the hand back down brought no surprise it rubbed off a large amount of skin. "It's a strong possibility we're not becoming giant snakes. They don't have ears."

"No way!" Kevin cried with a tone of joy that startled Desmond. Both his scaled hands shot up to feel his ears. Only one had started shedding, but both were well on their way to becoming animal points as they slid higher up his skull. "That is so cool!"

"Are you serious?" Desmond managed to say between a bit of laughter. An itch had started across his scalp, which brought to attention that his once balding black hair had become much denser with new fibers. All of which joined with his already remaining ones to grow down between his shoulders.

Kevin confirmed his black hair was also gaining ample amounts of rapid growth. Despite their rich, silky, manes he was still more interested in the rest of his body. Lifting up his shirt unleashed a shower of dead human skin. That did not catch Kevin's notice as much as the cream-colored scales that decorated his stomach and chest. A hand absently stroked over this new set of plates while the familiar green ones continued to develop around his waist and hips.

"You're damned right I am! They were revered as gods, remember? We're about to become one of the strongest species in recorded history."

"Some of the only ones of their kind," Desmond lamented as he leaned back to pull up his shirt. Several large patches had broken across his fat gut to reveal protective scales black as coal decorating the open spaces. Kevin seemed to be shedding a lot faster, though that was probably because of his friend's excitement to feel out each change. Desmond was in no hurry to help literally shed off his humanity, despite the uncomfortable itching across his expanding backside. "I hardly see us walking through the mall as dragons without raising a few concerns."

"Killjoy!" Kevin said with a grin and a raspberry. They both nearly jumped at the much longer, forked tongue that shot out. Attempts to pull it back in became almost comically futile. The lump of pink muscle fell against Kevin's chin a few inches too long for the mouth housing it. "Fwha? Mah toonge? Grrah!"

Kevin suddenly winced in a way that contorted his whole face. And then Desmond winced just watching nose and jaw erupting forward in a drastic transformation. Nostrils fused with Kevin's upper lip, which cracked and stretched in a very long bridge. Lower jaw quickly followed even as it fell open in a frozen gasp of pain, although it quickly scooped up his tongue in the extra room that formed.

The real gross part was how all the skin on Kevin's face splintered from his reptilian muzzle breaking out. It was almost like punching through a paper bag, in a creepypasta kind of way. Kevin's lips hardened into a beak-like fashion, but every click of his muzzle gave a flash of some very sharp looking teeth hidden within.

"Oh god, that looks painful," Desmond thought aloud. Right on the mark, his face promptly scrunched in a sudden pressure around his jaw. "Yup! This hurts! Gaah! It really hurrrRWARGH!"

Desmond kept his eyes shut, not wanting to see his muzzle grow before his eyes. The almost feral way he groaned was shocking enough. Yet he still felt the skin of his face sliding off as it

became more animal with each breath. Even his gums itched as teeth developed into meat tearing fangs with an elongated tongue.

"It's really not that bad," Kevin muttered once the last bit of jawline had popped into a more angular configuration. "Though the ears are making it hard to keep my glasses on."

"Yeah, me too." Desmond chuckled, opening his eyes once more. An expected blue, thick surface now partially obscured the lower area of his vision. Any attempts to get his glasses to stay balanced on such a snout were difficult without a wider ridge between the lenses. He took a deep breath of the pink gas, promptly coughing twice. "Maybe you're right. I'm starting to feel stronger than..."

Desmond stopped talking, a look of horror mirrored by the shocked expression Kevin gave him.

"Oh no! You sound just like a..." Kevin promptly stopped speaking, afraid to confirm what was already apparent.

With each word Desmond had spoken his pitch had changed slightly. Their vocals tightened with every breath of gas taken, rendering them an octave several times higher. Before he could even finish a sentence, he had sounded like women.

"Hnnnggh!"

"Grrwarr!?"

It struck them both almost simultaneously; a cold, hard punch to their scaled guts. Desmond fell onto his back while Kevin doubled over. Their insides gave off a chorus of disturbing gurgles, followed curiously by a rapid bloating sensation. They could feel their stomachs filling up to push against their insides.

No, not their stomach. This was a little further into the pelvis. An organ both men were sure they were not supposed to have.

"Ooooh, grwwards!" Desmond sat up best he could with hands cradling his pudgy middle. A moment later the pressure became too much. The scaled belly began to push back, becoming more round and distended with each passing second.

Kevin may have been the more fit of the pair, but was not far behind in belly size. A once flat middle had already pushed out into a thick curve that only gained more sag with each labored breath. He could actually feel solid objects shifting around inside him while the cream scaled hide stretched to make room.

"Mmph!" Hands shot around to Kevin's backside feeling a hard shift across his butt. The changes seemed to reverse direction so his rear could expand several times in size. Pants split down the middle seam while underwear clung stubbornly to hips that cracked and popped as they spread wider. From above the exposed crack of his plush green ass, Kevin could feel a little nub wiggle its way out from the base of his spine.

Not that it remained little for long. New vertebrae popped into existence to be coated in alien sinew and muscles that confused Kevin's mind. Before long he had a meter long lizards tail wagging across the span of his plump rear, and it only continued to get bigger while he watched.

Desmond had no room to poke fun. His bloated rear and hips were taking up whatever remained in his shorts and then some. Loud tears filled the room as his scaled thighs became too much for the side stitchings. The crack of a bright blue ass pushed down the hem trying to get out. That at least helped make room to avoid pinching his fat lizard tail when it began to grow.

Of course, it's thickening mass helped to push the fabric and expose his spongy glutes faster.

"Mmh!? Oh, fffff-grwar!" A tail was not the only new limbs Desmond was growing. His chubby clawed hands tried desperately to reach around his shoulders to scratch at the tension building on his back.

From his vantage point, Kevin could see that two sharp bulges were rising up just behind Desmond's shoulder joints. They tented the shirt surprisingly far before sharp spikes at each peek managed to tear through its fabric. What emerged left both of them flabbergasted at how the limbs had developed their own right-angle joints. The inner arch they created connected with a thick flapping membrane. They had studied dragons long enough to recognize them.

"Aw, no fair!" Kevin pouted when he turned to find his back only stretched his shirt taut. The lack of any new growths left him oblivious to just how far he was able to turn his head. "How come you only get wings?"

Desmond seriously had no response for that. His mind was still reeling at the fact they were undergoing a horrific transformation, his gut looked like it had swallowed a medicine ball, and they both sported asses that could get caught in doors. The idea of actually being able to fly with such heavyweight, even after his twitching wings would fully be developed, seemed highly unlikely.

"Yeah, well, you're the one with the noodle neck now."

"What?" Kevin tried to whip his head back to Desmond and ended up twisting it all the way around to view his thickened backside again. Turning it a bit more gently, his hands gently

rubbed the smooth, sensitive scales of his neck. Dang thing must have stretched almost two feet long now and was apparently very flexible. It felt almost snake-like in the ways he could bob and weave for viewpoints. "I guess we're becoming different breeds of Drykmir then. Remember how most research pointed out there were five great tribes once?"

"Wow, that's a real treat for us. I'm still more concerned about what the guys with guns outside might...dude, you okay?"

"Y-yeah..." Kevin had a tense look to his mostly reptile face while bouncing between partially shod paws. One hand was still tugging to try keeping his pants from sliding off his plush green hips. The other kept stroking over the crest of his enormous belly, which Desmond noticed looked a bit tight for excessive fat. "M-my insides are still changing I think. It's making my muscles cramp-NNGGHH! Ahh, haa GRAWH!?"

A pained rawr echoed through the castle as a rather hard cramp seized Kevin's stomach. For a minute it was all he could do to stay standing, taking struggled breaths while his abdominal muscle squeezed down on his guts. Just as quick as it came, the tension released its hold allowing him to relax with a surprised gasp. Straightening back up Kevin observed his scaled belly with growing dragon tail swishing curiously.

"O-okay, I think I might be in...trouble? Desmond?"

The fact his friend sitting on the floor was observing Kevin in stupefied horror did not inspire confidence. Nor was the soft dripping sound Kevin's pointed ears were catching just beneath his gut. Desmond seemed locked on observing the source of this, so Kevin gingerly let his hand slide down the curve of his belly into his crotch.

"Ooooooh no!" Kevin's eyes shot open wide behind his unbalanced spectacles soon as he made contact. While his middle made it a bit hard to bend and see what was occurring, his pants had been forced down his hips by their superior size. This had made it easy to feel along the smooth scales of his crotch, which it had leaked out a large amount of fluid onto his torn garments.

A crotch utterly void of anything but a vertical slit further back.

"Dessy, I think I have a pussy now!"

"Yeah, me too," Desmond said rather grumpily after feeling his groin through his shorts. "I'm more concerned about the fact your water bro-oooh? Ohhh!! HMMNNNH!!!"

Both of Desmond's hands hugged his belly as the first contraction came on hard and fast. Since he was expecting it, there was no surprise when he felt something give deep inside him. A second later warm water crashed against the inside of his pants quickly soaking down to feed the mossy floor.

When it was over Desmond leaned back snorting angrily at the blimp that her belly had become. Black scaled hide had become so tight just from that short minute she could see the bumps of objects shifting in her womb.

"Oh good, now the gods put us in labor."

Kevin groaned from another contraction set in. This time something slipped out near the end, stretching the insides of his vagina trying to get out. He had wanted to try sitting down with Desmond, but his body had swelled too much for such a nimble feat. Plus the contractions were coming on so fast the already descending object was forcing his muscular legs very wide apart.

"B-but...we're not guys! Ugh, so heavy!"

"Well, at least you still look like a guy." Desmond blinked, staring up at the way Kevin's vaginal lips were pulsing wider and wider with his breathing. "I mean, for a lizard, you look tall and handsome, with a bit of soft cushion. I sound like a total slu-uuuugh!"

Kevin was pretty sure what Desmond had meant to say before the contraction cut her off. A bulge began to form around the crotch of Desmond's pants. The urge to push forced by their body's hard-wired anatomy would not be stopped by alien denim. Kevin could feel his pussy stretching as his load neared freedom. He absently wondered if their bellies were having some kind of race to see who would pop their delivery first.

"Hhnnngh! Fuckfuckfuuuuck!" Desmond was more concerned about the mounting pressure behind her chest than her crotch being torn open from inside. Trembling hands moved up to cup her chest finding the shirt still covering it had lost what little slack remained. The twin mounds that were developing in time to her contraction promptly pushed back against her scaly palms. Fat piled up upon muscle, which quickly filled up with invigorated milk glands. Desmond moaned again, this time with an unexpected air of arousal, as she rubbed her puffy nipples through the fabric. Claws helped tear the shirt apart, allowing the soft flesh to bulge on through.

The contraction ended with Desmond kneading the biggest pair of tits Kevin had ever seen. They still had a fair amount of skin on them but looked ready to feed a rather large clutch of young. Too bad those were having a hard time coming with the more stubborn seams of Desmond's shorts pushing her first egg back inside.

"Stupidfuckingcursel'mgonnaburnthiswholeplace..."

Desmond sat up railing off a surprising amount of curses for one labored breath. Clenching her stomach once more, she bored down with all the strength draconic muscle could muster. The bulge in her crotch quickly tented to a massive bubble.

SHRRRIIP!!

It was finally enough to pop the strained seams. Desmond's egg slipped its way out with a wet pop to roll gently across the floor to her spread ankles. The blue scales of her face turned a bit purple from having experienced a small orgasm from the release.

"Aw, looks like you won the laying race, Dessy." Kevin giggled while still struggling to get his pants adjusted proper. The crown of his own egg was just there stretching out his lips eager for the next contraction.

Desmond's tail thumped once against the ground with an annoyed grunt. Whatever joy that rush of stimulation brought was killed by the sight of her belly not having reduced a bit. "Laying race? Are you serious? What the flying fuck we going to do with-?"

A loud commotion snapped both changing drykmir back to their current reality. They turned in unison just in time to spot three of their armed escorts pile into the doorway. Barrels of assault rifles trained on them with surprising steadiness for such panicked expressions.

"We...we can explain!" Desmond squeaked.

"Yeah, we...gr-GRWAH!" Kevin wanted to offer some assurances with Desmond, only to give a pained roar that echoed far into the dark passages of the castle. In the ensuing silence, the wet squelch of his vaginal lips being forced open and suddenly snap closed again. Luckily the egg forced out by Kevin's contraction landed safely in the cradle ripped pants and underwear formed around his thighs.

* * *

The jungle turned out to be just as hot the next day as it had been all week. Doctor Dread was so glad to have approved an advance team now. Stupid annoying students were always so eager to impress over nothing. At least they were useful for cutting a trail and making the real laborers job a bit easier. Now it was just a matter of making sure they did not break anything or get themselves killed.

Granted Dread had a bet with his colleges back in Mumbai they were already jaguar food. He just was not sure it was worth the paperwork on the corpses.

"Ugh, what a dump." He thought aloud when the castle finally came into view. No one was surprised when he was the last to exit the two jeeps of escort and archaeologists. "So where are those interns? I thought you said they confirmed arrival."

"They did," said a brown-haired man Dread had not bothered to remember their name. Matt or something common. Another unproductive millennial with his nose stuck to a phone checking

for said confirmation. When he noticed the superior scientist starting to scowl, he pointed defensively towards a clearing. "Their campsite is here, isn't it?"

"And where are they?" Dread promptly snapped.

It was true that signs of activity were as fresh as this morning, but the cluster of tents remained suspiciously barren. Most essentials like food and tools were missing, along with the advance team's jeep.

"Path here!" One of the armed guards shouted in broken English.

With two more in the lead, Dread followed his team around the looming walls of the castle with increasing anger. There was a clearly opened entrance not yards away from their camp. He could only imagine what resource-wasting reason they had to tread jungle all the way around to the front gates.

"Finally!" He cried when they reached the castle's main entrance. His relief at finding two guards posted there meant those failure students had not thrown everything down the shitter. However, he was still miffed when these guys nearly trained their rifles on his team before recognizing their own uniforms. "Ask them where the hell those rejects are so we can get to work."

One of the guards gave Dread an annoyed look but approached with a greeting in their native tongue. The other guard talked in a strange sort of flare. Dread could not get a word of it but noted how the guards that arrived with him looked more bewildered the longer they talked.

Finally, he came back to confuse the rest of them. "He says your boys are being taken care of inside. They became blessed by the gods."

Nothing about that made the vein in Dread's forehead recede. "What the fuck did those two idiots do?"

To his surprise, both of the gate guards broke into angry shouts. If not for the ones with Dread, they might have rushed the American.

"They saying no blasphemy the new gods. Is horrible punishable offense."

"New gods?" Dread looked back to his archeologists, who could only look blankly back. Truly the best minds a research grant had to offer. "Well, this ought to be good."

The group was escorted into a courtyard that was not as overrun with vegetation as expected. A grand fountain at the center looked virtually clear even, with a fresh coat of polish to make it shine off the sunlight.

Ascending a grand set of stairs into the main hallway was still a bit of a treat for Dread. He was going to personally destroy those interns careers, but at least he was finally able to prove the existence of the Darge kingdom.

The group also did not have to ask what had become of the other advance group members. All the guides and guards were bustling about trying to clear the great hall of its wild plant problems. Some were even taking rags to the many decorative pieces that still remained on pedestals. It was amazingly clean for being several centuries old.

Any joy in the setting was overshadowed by what Dread saw sitting on the thrones at the end of the room. One of the others of his team had spotted it first, giving a startled cry and merely pointing when everyone turned to question it. At first, he was having trouble processing what those creatures were, and then why they should be existing. He had done extensive research on the myths of Drykmir. While the kingdom of Derge had many clues to their existence, there had never been anything to elevate dragons beyond childish imagination.

Yet there two of them sat being pampered by what were supposed be killer mercenaries. The scene felt utterly ridiculous to Dread, right down to their very composition. One was a short blue female with a very rounded body.

The other was a skinny green male or skinny by dragon standards. The extended length of his neck and legs made him a pillar among everyone present.

However, they both did match in the way their stomachs were incredibly big and rounded, with large hip spans that looked almost stuck in their chairs. That was no surprise considering the amount of food surrounding them.

Their attire was also strangely matched in a jungle style of loincloth and tank tops made from animal leather. Large amounts of glittering jewelry adorned almost every limb, including rings around the tips of their tails.

Dread made a soft note that gold was somewhere in this castle.

The green one perked up when Dread accidentally made eye contact with it.

"Oh, hey professor!" It said in a voice that made Dread's face turn white. There was no way this was what it sounded like. "Glad you guys got here okay. We kind of had a little accident upon arrival."

"Accident!?" Color rushed back into Dread's face making him look like a giant tomato bowling past his surprised guards. He stomped his way closer to the base of their thrones, looking from one transformed intern to the other. "Kevin, I told you not to touch a damn thing, and you got

turned into a fat assed dragon? You two look like worthless whores, which is a mild improvement over just being worthless."

"Well, someone's had a cranky trip over here." The blue one giggled as she finished eating an orange. Unlike the green one, she seemed completely unphased by the scientist's anger. Most likely this had been Desmond if Dread had anything to go on. "Sure, Kevin did kind of break a priceless artifact, but I'm learning that being a Drykmir ain't that bad. They keep calling us gods and stuffing our faces."

"God of stupidity!" Dread ascended the stairs to glare before the pair of mythical beasts. "You might have destroyed or disrupted all kinds of history. Do either of you have any idea what you are even doing now?"

"Ushering in the second coming of the Drykmir? BWURP!" Desmond gave off a loud belch, patting the top of her distended gut. It had a pleasant drumming sound to it. "That's what these guys keep saying to us anyway. By the feel of things we'll probably be laying our second clutch before nightfall."

"Second...clutch...?" Dread glanced from one rounded scaled belly to the other. His gears worked slowly to realize the shape of their figures was too tight to just be fat. The glare he gave them made Kevin blush and fidget in his seat. "For the love of all...you disgusting, piss poor excuse for researchers. You'll be lucky if the labs don't discet-HEY!"

Dread tried to yank free when several pairs of hands grabbed him from behind. Too bad a college professor in his fifties was no match for the three buff rifleman that were once his escorts. He was dragged back down the throne steps kicking and screaming. At least until they forced him to kneel at gunpoint.

"My fertile masters," said one of the guides with a bow to the perplexed Drykmir. "How would you wish we punish this blasphemer for insulting your greatness?"

Kevin glanced at Desmond, who stared back at him. A knowing smile crossed their reptilian snouts, and it was Kevin who spoke first.

"Looks like we found our first slave. Get him dressed in something appropriate and find some chains for safety."

"WHAT!?" Dread cried but was already being dragged away. His angry shouts and threats faded off the stone upon vanishing into deeper parts of the castle.

A thought struck Desmond soon after. "Think they know where the dungeon is?"

"To be fair; neither do we." Kevin then directed his gaze upon the archeologists, who recoiled in fear. The guards they had paid to protect them were clearly of a mind to side with the dragons lording over them. "And these guys?"

"Eh!" Desmond huffed and shrugged. She scratched some dirt off her chin scales lazily observing the poor humans. "Any of you guys feel like making a milk run? These guys didn't bring nearly enough supplies to restore our palace to its proper glory."

Kevin giggled, only to groan and pat his belly at a sudden shifting in eggs. "Dessy, I think you're going mad with power."

"Of course I am!" Desmond grinned back a full set of sharp fangs. She reached over and stroked the crest of Kevin's belly feeling the Braxton hicks contraction tensing the hide. "Imagine how much more I'll be when we got an army of our own sons and daughters running around."

Kevin gave off a growling moan, smoke trailing from his nostrils. "When you put it that way, I can get behind our big butts sitting as overlords."