

Fiona fought against the slope, brushing a sheet of sweat from her forehead. Her hands ached as she clung to the rocky sheer path, gasping in fear when one of her hands came loose with a fistful of grass. The sun beat down on her, reddening her already burned nape.

It would be sensible to turn back; that was what the other members of her tour group did when they saw the sheer heights of Drake Hill, opting to stick around Barrow-by-the-Severn and the pleasant pub instead. She was regretting not going with them; she wasn't a lover of beer, but it would be better than struggling against this hill. Cursing her hubris, she snarled at the trail marker and found another handhold, pulling herself up.

She had to be near the top by now. Drake Hill wasn't that tall in the grand scheme of things, although it loomed over the flat country near Cambridgeshire. Continuing her scrambling, she reached a level area, the path once more returning. Standing up for the first time in about half an hour, she downed the remaining water in her bottle and walked up the steep incline, the ground suddenly evening out into lush grass.

The view stretched out for miles, green dappled blue by the flight of fluffy white clouds. Fiona sat down and basked in it, leaning against some rocks. "Yes!" she cried. They had done it! The peak of Drake Hill was hers! She glanced at the rocks she touching and recoiled like they were burning.

At a first glance, the little pile of greyish-brown stones was nothing; if you looked, however, you would see the worn looping carvings swirling around them, and the way they piled on top of each other to form a small cavern. They were the Drake Stones, and touching them brought dire luck in the local legends. It also incurred a very heavy fine.

Pale, Fiona backed away. They wouldn't know I tapped them. Would they? They were said to be inspected every day, and when they arrived in the inn yesterday, she had seen people in climbing gear with what looked like forensic kits saunter through the village. A thousand pound bill flickered in her mind's eye.

It wasn't the only thing flickering; the light was too, despite the lack of clouds in the sky. She frowned, a numbness washing over her. Her body became still, fingers splayed before her and frown glued in place as the air rippled like an iridescent mirage, the wind rippling through it turning rainbow bright.

Unable to move even her eyes, they watered at the brightness of the hallucination, ribbons of bright colour dancing around her. Little ridges of brightness sprung from the flowers- dragon shaped tricks of the light, watching her with bright, mischievous eyes. Ripples of pink ran over them until each of the dragon things were varying shades of eye-burning fuchsia, at which point they flew at her like bullets. She screamed internally when they pushed through her chest, setting it on fire-

And then she fell onto the ground, and everything was normal again. She shuddered. What had that been?

It wasn't real, she told herself while she shakily pulled her pack up. Setting her eyes back on the trail, she scuffled down from the hill.

Downhill was easier than uphill, or at least it should've been. Fiona was stumbling and not finding the right paths; one time she veered right past a trail marker and almost fell off a cliff. Her stomach gurgled throughout it, tight against her clothes. It was like it was sensing her fear. Eventually she had to admit defeat; she wasn't getting down easily. With reluctance, she returned to the peak of Drake Hill and sat watching the clouds. If she couldn't get down, she would have to call mountain rescue, which would be embarrassing as hell. Poking her belly in anger at its noisy rebellion, she turned pale and stared, pulling up her t-shirt.

A quick look told her the same thing her hands had; her belly wasn't only bloated, it was growing, stretching out further as she watched. Her lean muscle was gone, leaving the fledgling rolls where it had been moments ago.

She knew who was doing this. "Stop it!" she yelled at whatever might listen on the hill. "I didn't mean to touch your rocks!" Nothing replied to her.

Her raincoat was getting tight; she shrugged it off with difficulty, the gleaming fabric clinging to her arms. They were plumping up too, fat dangling from them. She rubbed her thighs, feeling them rub against each other and poke painfully into the seams of her stretchy black shorts.

Watching her thighs swell made something snap in her head. Fiona bolted downhill without her things, fat adding a jiggling new condition to her pace. Not that she cared; all that mattered to her was getting away. Surely downhill, this curse would leave her, and she would get back to the village unscathed.

Tinkling laughter rattled in her ears. She fell on her ass, the fat pushing her legs up and forcing her to wobble for balance. The little glittering dragons danced around her again, pink light twinkling around her in ribbons. With one final cackle, it flew into her, sending an ominous tingle all over her.

"No!" Capable of movement again, Fiona gave the air a middle finger. This time, faint giggles came from the distance. "Fuck you!" she cried with as much fear as anger, feeling her belly groan and grumble again.

She pulled up her t-shirt just in time to see the next phase of changes begin. The skin turned a strange, unnatural white, which felt hard and thick. In panic, she ran every which way, too focused on her belly to notice the little flying nuisances around her. The whiteness spread from her crotch to her tits, then slowly to her chin, where she could feel the sensations on the skin become warped by the thickness, not less sensitive exactly, but different in a skin-crawling way.

Fiona was back at the peak of Drake Hill. Tears beaded her eyes, anger gritting her teeth together. Without words, she huffed and punched the Stones, snarling.

It was a terrible mistake. With a heat so fast it hurt a bit, the skin thrust out and warped on her belly in an eye's blink. She felt it, watched it. Now there was a ridge of thick white scales covering her belly, slightly rough to the touch with a faint sheen. Her mouth became dry, and she staggered away from the rocks.

What was happening to her? Not only was her body changing in terrible ways, her mind felt... fuzzy. She flushed, recognising the sensation and trying to push it aside. There was no way she could give in! She would push it aside, try to get down the hill and save herself.

One more time, she aimed for the trail, though at this point she would've happily tossed herself off the peak and hope for the best. Her breasts jiggled about as they swelled, forcing her to hold them as she made her way down. A pink tinge glowed about her cunt and nipples, matching the flush on her still human face.

She reached for handholds, feet scrabbling for purchase. Finding it, Fiona sighed in relief and made her way down for one second before stopping. Her breasts heaved, not allowing her to get as good a grip as she could. It made her blush deepen to scarlet, the rub of her tits against the earth fulfilling a rising need within her.

The dragons reappeared, brighter than ever. They whirled and fluttered beneath her, forcing her up. And forcing her to rub her tits against the earth too, making her pant and flush as they swelled further, the need of them stealing away her thoughts.

This time, when she reached Drake Hill, she could not think about her escape. Her tits were in her grasp the moment she had solid ground underneath her feet, eyes rolling in her head. Juices dripped from her cunt as she came with a shriek, her blushing turning to fuchsia scales, cheeks bulging outwards while her mouth grew long.

Looking at herself through slitted pupils, Fiona had difficulty remembering much. A few moments ago, something had been worrying her, yet she did not know what could possibly be wrong. Was it the way her scales were only halfway down her plump hands, claws barely poking from her hands and toes? Or was it the strange absence of her tail and wings? She huffed in concern, wagging her ass in anticipation.

A little nub grew from her ass, a tiny bud of potential. Her twerking increased in intensity, her ass expanding from it. The lips of her pussy plumped from the pressure of her thighs rubbing together, encouraging her tail to grow thicker, wagging in tandem with her ass.

Claws reached for cunt, going deep into that plush hole with all the delicacy of a bull in an antique shop, reaching greedily for the sensitive spots. Her tail wagged of its own accord, though Fiona still moved her ass for her enjoyment. The last shreds of her shorts fell away, the pink scales of her ass brushing against the Drake Stones.

Her tail burst, and so did her cunt. She bellowed, sparks flying from her nostrils, tail thumping against the ground with a resonant thud. It was soon followed by her ass; the orgasm rolling

over her until she could do nothing but lie down and pant, brain too fried to so much as remove her fingers from her pussy.

Eventually she came back to herself and ended up trying to sit up- and failed utterly. Giggles echoed in her ears, the spirits of Drake Hill flitting about just beyond her reach.

Fiona growled. She didn't like these lesser dragons mocking her, their silly laughter ringing in her ears. It was what was bothering her earlier, part of her recalled with none of the other details.

She tossed herself up and failed, muscles wasted into fat. Trying again and again, met with failure each time, she didn't notice an extra weight on her back, little hand-like structures webbed with shimmering pink expanding outwards.

Until she gave one last try, and they flapped, bearing her weight into flight despite them being cartoonishly small on her body.

The little dragons squealed, alarm flashing in their eyes as they dispersed. Fiona roared in victory, flying about the hill until she was sure each and every one of them was gone. And when she finished, she sat down on the rocks, smiling as much as her snout allowed.

She didn't notice the gurgling at first until she touched her belly and felt it move. Ears twitching in alarm, she stumbled down and ended up in the small cavern between the rocks, where a nest of gold lay. This was what the spirits had been hiding, she supposed; a fine nest for a breeding dragoness, though they could not obscure the fertility charms everywhere.

Her belly surged, the growth hard this time underneath her bubbling fat; it felt wonderful to touch, the fullness of her belly making sparks fly from her nostrils. Her tits swelled up too, ballooning outwards until they rested like baubles on her belly. Milk drizzled from her nipples, and she lay down to grasp at them, though they were so big now even grabbing one nipple was a task.

The growth increased, tail pressed into her cunt, then her stomach, her attempts to move futile; the weight in her belly was just too much. However, the dragoness was unbothered, content to lie there and grope at her love handles and plushness, glorying in the pleasure her shape brought her.

Vague plans formed in her head in that nest; once this brood was here, she'd find a bigger roost because she was pressing against the walls of this one. Then she could find a well hung, dominant dragon, one who would fill her with seed and ensure she always lay. It would be nice; she could hardly wait.

As luck would have it, Fiona didn't have to wait long. Her belly gurgled, and she felt something press downwards, always downwards. As the hours passed, she felt her muscles work for the first time in a very long time to get the egg where it should be, her folds jiggling and wobbling as she pushed rather too early. Her legs spread wide in anticipation as the egg pushed its way

through her cervix; she bit her lip and growled at the sensation of being truly full. She panted, straining harder than she had ever strained in her life, contractions taking up all her efforts. Her moans filled the air, the egg pushing against all of her sensitive areas until she could barely breathe. Her hole widened, a gleaming pastel pink egg shoving it as wide as it could go. She screamed.

And in one glorious burst of release, it slipped free, her belly shrinking as the egg came to rest at her ass, gleaming in her juices. Fiona had no relief, for at that moment the next egg came, the same process coming over her again, every bit of her cunt filled to bursting.

She wasn't done for many hours, and when she was, the sticky mess she was could hardly move, so full of after aches was her cunt. Still, it had been days since she had moved, and she made herself, moaning as she felt her stretched but lighter belly, and her extra milk laden tits. With many more pregnancies, she would be immobile even without life growing in her belly.

Milk beaded at her nipples as she watched the eggs, a smile on her face. Creamy milk dribbled down her scales as the first one cracked, and she saw the first of her brood poke their little snout out. She pushed them to a teat, where they caressed the nipple with her tongue and drained the milk as she greeted the others into the world. They would be the first of many; the first members of an endless brood.