

Dragon's First Concert

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The air around her was alive. It pulsed against her skin like the heartbeat of a god, and she could focus on little but the spectacle that unfolded around her. She was a single point in a sea of roiling humanity, each man and woman bouncing up and down to the dull thump of an enormous drum that thudded out a single beat again and again. It was the buildup, the foreplay, and already she was excited enough to scream her raw alongside the thousands of others that surrounded her and filled the stadium to bursting.

She was close to the stage; her ticket had cost an arm and a leg, but it had been worth it. People pressed in on her on every side, and she felt united with each of them in a single, glowing cascade of thunderous demand to see the performance for which they had all, together, been waiting. When the lead guitarist swaggered out to the front of the stage, his instrument slung low but at the ready, she, along with everyone else, miraculously managed to scream even louder. Anticipation tingled across her goosebumped skin, and she leapt up and down frantically, as if to prove that it was she for whom he would be playing, her and no one else.

He stood and stared out over them, appearing to look at each froth-mouthed fanatic in turn, singling them out, and when his eyes seemed to meet her own, she nearly stopped breathing, only beginning again to scream harder. The drumbeat continued, throbbing through the atmosphere and concussing her through the enormous speakers that felt like they were all focused onto a single point, her eardrums. Without a hitch, the rhythm increased, and she knew that she had to wait no longer. Faster and faster it got, feeding her excited energy and feeding off of her in turn, and when it felt like, rather than drums, she was surrounded by a battery of cannons that fired a constant salvo in her direction, it began.

Her own euphoric wail was drowned out by that of the guitar before her, which screamed as the man who held it struck the first chord of the song. Her thin, tinny voice rose alongside thousands of its siblings, and the roar of it, like some ancient, hungry beast, nearly overpowered the initial notes that rang out over them. She couldn't remember being this excited; music had always spoken to her, and it, over all other distractions to which she could have devoted her formative years, had gotten her through both the good times and the bad. From the death of her first pet when she was almost too young to remember to her college graduation only months prior, the thrashing of a guitar and the deep rumbling of massive drums had spoken to her very soul. Rhythm gave shape to her universe, and even the simplest melodies were enough to incite the most powerful of emotions. She'd laughed, she'd cried, she'd been shaped by what now danced across her skin and vibrated in her skull, and as it continued, she screamed for more.

She was surrounded. Bodies pressed in around her, trapping her, but she didn't - couldn't care. As tears of beatific bliss clouded her vision, the singer chanted rhymes of power and freedom, wailed lines concerning love and desire, of wide-open skies and glorious vistas as far as could be seen, heaven from horizon to horizon. She could practically see it take form before her. Sights of beauty, stunning and awesome, struck chords on her heartstrings, and she felt herself shivering with energy whose urgency steadily blossomed in her chest. She was thankful for the crowd around her, for when her legs began to tremble under their traitorous intentions her slight weight was supported by the bodies around her.

Happiness, rapture, *ecstasy* couldn't hope to describe the sensations making her hair try to stand on end as they bristled over her skin in wave after wave of effervescent euphoria. She felt like sex, but a quick moment of dazed introspection banished that thought. She felt *far* better than sex. As each note made love to her eardrums, brilliant, liquid lightning rushed up and down her spine, sparking quivers in her sinew and muscle as it exploded in each fiber of her being. Though her throat filled reflexively with the words of the song, her favorite, and the one that she had sung on repeat for years, she couldn't quite get them out of her mouth past the loud, lewd moan that slipped past her lips.

It was as if the heart of the music had taken root in her chest, and each flick of a pick across a string or the flutter of fingers across a keyboard fed it. She felt it growing, pushing at its boundaries, waking up. It filled her more decisively than the toys she kept hidden in her bedside table at home, and it throbbed inside her svelte frame like something alive. Before she knew what she was doing, her fingers rose and closed around the pert mounds of her meager breasts. Her firm, erect nipples caught on the soft fabric of her shirt, and she, at that moment, couldn't have been happier that she was small enough to not really need a bra to support her. Her hands rose and fell, stroking along her chest and raking her shirt over the supple masses of hot, lush flesh.

The man next to her, a giant compared to her slender form, hesitated when he caught a glimpse of what she was doing to herself, but she ignored his stares. No! She welcomed them! She turned toward him slightly, leaning more firmly into him rather than the others that surrounded her. She shivered against him, wailed in her excitement. She felt more complete than she ever had, and she knew that as long as the band kept playing, as long as those heaven-sent notes continued to caress her soul, she would remain that way, she would be complete.

When the first lyrics of the second verse rang out over the congregation, she nearly screamed at the pulsations of raw, vibrant power they sent coursing along the lines of her arteries. She had never been so turned on, so ready, and yet so fulfilled at the same time. There was no fucking she could receive that could rival what each note, each thump of the drum or rumbling growl of the bass was doing to her. Her hand snaked down the length of her body, snagging on where her shirt was beginning to cling to her sweat-slicked skin, to dance between her compact thighs. Her engorged mound burned through the denim of her skinny jeans, and as she writhed, she ground her palm against herself, licking her lips and moaning. Penetration wasn't needed. Even contact, sharp and blissful, seemed a decadent indulgence, unnecessary but welcomed, and she felt herself growing only hotter.

She laughed and sang and bounced on the balls of her feet, rubbing herself and panting like a maniac. The man on whom she depended to keep her upright had lost focus on the concert that roared around her to stare at her like she had lost her mind, and she thought it a waste. Such heavenly music deserved to be enjoyed. She appreciated his concern, however, as he mouthed, words lost to the storm of the music, worried questions at her display of random, wanton sexuality. She laughed again, harder, at his shock at her antics. She couldn't fathom his confusion. She felt *right*. Each syllable consummated and encouraged her sensual exploration of her increasingly sensitive flesh. Her skin ached for stimulation even as it began to numb, as if overwhelmed by what already raged beneath it. As she lost feeling in her outermost layer, she received it back a hundredfold where it mattered. The meat of her heavy breasts throbbed under her hand as she groped herself with bestial ardor, and her engorged pussy pounded out the beat of her hammering heart against her probing fingers, tangible even through the layer of tough denim that hid it.

Abruptly, and as inescapably as the sunrise, her body snapped ramrod straight. Every muscle lining her body tensed explosively, and she felt herself shudder in the midst of an orgasm that shook her to her core. Her focus shattered, and she screamed and vigorously pleased herself through her jeans. She couldn't hope to keep herself upright, but the man who had caught her fancy gasped and caught her as she fell unceremoniously into his arms. She felt the wetness of her intoxicatingly powerful, squirting release soak through her pants and gush weakly into her waiting hand. With a groan, she bucked viciously into her fingers and finished herself with violence that seemed to astound her who seemed intent on aiding her.

While she shuddered and came into her pants and over her thin digits, she gazed up at him. He was big, so much more than she, broad and strong, with rugged features and the beginnings of a well-trimmed beard that seemed intended to hide his youthfulness. Leaning upward toward him, she favored his shocked lips with a playful kiss, savoring him as she pried herself off of him to stand once more on her shaking legs. He tasted... heavy, masculine, and he lingered on her palate as she considered him. He would do perfectly for her needs when the time came. He only blinked at her as she licked her lips and continued the forceful fingering of her soaked womanhood.

Ever note burned away a little more of her restraint, and as that left her, her body seemed intent on betraying her. Her sweat-drenched skin felt numb and tight, but she still felt sensation through it, pouring into her from all sides at once. Each brush against her, every beat of pulsing bass set her aflame. She just felt it somewhere deeper than her skin, somewhere within. From her core swept pleasure, and it filled her with growing force, feasting on her own ecstasy and the melodies that carried her along. A coarse groan that she had no hope of hearing escaped her chest, having been shoved from her body by what rose within her.

The guitarist entered a fast, screaming solo, and as he played his guitar as he would an eager lover, she felt such passion reciprocated in the depths of her tense form. From head to toe, each molecule of her being, all that was her, trembled on the edge of infinity before the precarious integrity of her soul shattered under the force of her lust for freedom and power and magnificence, all that she had yearned for her entire life. Her groin was full of brutal desire. It was a point of brilliant sensation amid a sea of ecstasy, and she lunged forward as she came again, plastering herself against her future consort's broad chest.

She screamed and rubbed her turgid, erect clitoris through her jeans. The petite bundle of nerves pulsed against her fingertips, the center of a raging maelstrom of vicious, primal pleasure, and the tempo of the throbbing in her body gradually matched that of the thunderous drumbeat that hammered her desensitized dermis. She had never felt more free while being trapped both in the ocean of people that surrounded her and within her own skin. As fireworks burst behind her eyes, she felt the concussive release of her own potential rush outward from her center to impact against the underside of her skin and bounce back. It collapsed downward into her, condensing into a single point just to explode again and thud against the surface of her body.

Again and again, the bursts of glorious rapture blinded her, left her shaking, and she slapped her free hand from her breast to the man's chest to steady herself while she ground her other roughly into her drenched crotch. As the singer wailed in his passion, the notes, the brutal energy swirling through the air, dove into her body to crystallize in her chest, building and building into a raging inferno that fed on her enthusiasm. The man stared down at her and tried to step away, but he was pressed into her just as she was into him by the heedless throng. He was pinned against her, and she took advantage of it, rubbing herself against him with a wordless, hungry moan as her orgasm redoubled and shot lines of eager fire through her veins.

She could barely feel her shirt on her, so deadened and useless was her skin, except for where the cotton dragged over her nipples as she gyrated through the air. He was forced to watch as she tore her hand from between her legs to lift her moist fingers to her modest chest. An immense pressure pushed at her innards as she took up the insignificant weight of her bust in worshipful fingers. It felt like it stirred her guts, shifting her organs around, changing them, making them efficient. Each breath of air she could practically taste, the sweetness of her sex mingled with the odors of a thousand people. Her heart pounded against her ribcage, heavy and forceful, and despite how her blood pressure skyrocketed, her skin lost much of its color, appearing pale and washed out.

This didn't, however, stop her from ravaging her breasts in teasingly forceful fingers. Despite their unimpressive size, they were soft and full, plump little mounds of fat and lust-filled tissue. They were cute and perfect, lacking in only one regard in her eyes, which her body seemed eager to correct. With a longing moan, she watched his eyes open wide as her shirt drew tight over her deadened, sweat-slicked skin. It pulled close to her, clinging more resolutely to her slender form as if to hold, trapped, what rose up within it. Her fingers grasped at her nipples, wringing the thick bud that rose from the pebbly domes of her ruddy areola. Over the course of barely a second, her breasts began to feel heavy in her palms, and as they swelled into her waiting hands, she shook, nearly falling once more, supported only by her savior, whom she thanked with an incoherent growl.

Her once-tiny bust ripened in her palms, and as it blossomed, she took each swelling weight and squeezed it with excited fingers. She looked down at herself to watch as each convex curve stretched outward. She filled her shirt, she watched her cleavage deepen, and she noted how her thick teats stuck like nubby diamonds from the fabric of her suddenly-strained clothing. Her new flesh screamed for her to ravage it, and each new fiber throbbed under her fingers enough to nearly shove her into another wet, messy orgasm. Each meaty globe hung, fat and heavy, from her thin chest, oversized for her diminutive stature, and they continued to grow with hot, little pulses that shoved her hands away from her torso.

Despite how they ballooned in her hands, despite how she screamed with uncontrollable ardor at the expansion of her lusty contours, she wailed far more passionately at the decreasing number of sensations that were allowed through her pallid, thin skin. Even the sublime sensitivity of her breasts was, far too soon for her liking, not enough to stimulate her to the degree she deserved. Even as her womanly shape rounded out beneath her clothes, her shirt becoming sheer to the extreme over the swells of her massive breasts and her jeans complaining as her hips thickened and creaked wider, shoved apart by the beginnings of her pelvis pushing outward, she felt her pleasure dwindling. One hand mauled her nipples, dragging from her chest every last scrap of pleasure she could while the other dove downward, between her thighs to dig into her hot, steamy pussy.

Pure, sexual excitement was stymied by her obstructive outer layer, and as that emotion died away, it was replaced by another, anger. Her body was remaking itself, and she was being denied her right to feel it happen. She snarled, baring her teeth and grunting as they pushed themselves further from her gums. With quiet, little pops, they reshaped as they lengthened, turning into thick, bestial fangs that interlocked perfectly with one another in spite of how they overfilled her mouth. Her rage at her own body peaked, spiking into her mind and filling her with an entirely different kind of heat. The warmth of sensuality was overcome, consumed by the fires of wrath, and a threatening growl, drowned out by the music but audible to her, rattled in the back of her throat.

She took up the collar of her shirt in furious fingers and tensed as she yanked at it. Her muscle bunched as she worked, flexing and growing firm and taut. It stayed that way as her strength soared, and with a single smooth motion, she ripped her shirt all the way down the middle, from the beginnings of her cavernous cleavage to her trim midriff. Abruptly free from what had been trying desperately to hold them prisoner, her breasts flopped outward to taste the sweetness of the hot, humid air that surrounded her. She may not have been able to feel them, but she could still see them, and she stared at the rotund mounds as they rose and fell with her panting.

She looked like sex incarnate, and she attracted awed stares like she should have. Her thick, firm ass filled her jeans, and her broadening hips were putting an immense amount of strain on the seams that held the denim together. Her breasts were huge and fat, each nearly the size of her head and still slowly blooming into harsh, visceral reality, yet both were held high and proud against the pull of gravity by the skin that seemed stretched taut over them. She was inhuman perfection, and as the man gawked at her act of brazen lust for herself, she touched her body, running fingers over flesh that should have left her screaming in bliss, but instead left her feeling hollow amidst the sensations of full tightness that seemed to define her at that moment.

With a vicious, rage-filled groan, she gnashed her teeth together, unable to stop saliva from spilling down her chin past her lips, which were held open by the length of what filled them. Immense pressure pulsed at her body, and it rooted itself in her bones as she writhed as if in agony. She felt it happen deeper than her skin, in the quaking of her form, and her pale flesh, which already felt like little more than a poncho that had been soaked and then wrapped around her, grew even more uncomfortably tight over what it covered. Her fingers balled into furious fists again and again, desperate for deliverance from the prison of her skin, but as a single, titanic burst of energy rushed through her frame, she stopped, staring curiously at her hands.

The pale, lifeless skin of her fingertips pushed outward, deforming into little points. It was as if something was growing beneath her fingernails, and it continued to come into being as she cocked an intrigued eyebrow, momentarily puzzled. There was a twinge of discomfort from the beds of her fingernails as each nail, in its entirety, split down its length, broken from what erupted from beneath it. Glistening as if wet, razored, ivory claws ripped themselves from her human fingers to scythe through the air. She laughed as she experimentally bent her digits, watching the occasional light shine off of her new armaments, and then she was struck by a dull realization as she observed her claws extend further and further from her fingertips and curve only slightly toward her palms. Her body was gifting her with the means to free itself.

Before she could put her wicked talons to use, the skin of her fingertips was further pushed apart as, with a slow grinding sound, her fingers themselves lengthened. The roots of her claws were shoved free, and she caught a glimpse of dark, bluish green before she could ball her hands into fists once again. She cried out, raised her hands into the air, and stretched, the continuous, painless grating of her bones against one another a chorus to the song that filled her soul. Her spine crackled and elongated, and her eyes rose an inch as her legs likewise lengthened. Several people gasped and tried to back nervously away from her, but they were trapped with her by the horde of blissful ignorance that walled them all in. A few brave souls had cameras out, and a few others looked ready to faint, but her eyes were locked on the man who had first snagged her fancy. He was watching, eyes full of awe, and she postured for him, thrusting out her chest and swinging her ass around.

When she brushed her claws over her ghostly, insubstantial skin, she let out a shocked cry of her own. She could feel! Her dark, blue-green fingertips caught the wet, smooth texture of

her skin, and she let out an exultant squeal as she shot her hands to her chest to touch and rub her tremendous assets. She was firm, yet pliant, and she felt the potential for more, if she would just free it. She teased herself, raking her claws over the curves of her breasts as, with another spurt, she gained another inch in height. A glance down at her hands showed more and more of her true fingers baring themselves and tearing open what was left of her human digits. It looked like her arms were pushing longer, and her hands were simply sliding out of the sleeves of her former skin. Part of her palm could be seen, glimmering and moist, hatching from her extremities, and she cackled at the spectacle of her rebirth.

With each inch of hard, scaly hide that was bared, she gained another inch of sensation, and she yearned for the process to continue. She had to crane her neck less and less to gaze at him, and with each millimeter that she gained in height, her skin stretched and strained over her. She felt as if she were wearing a garish costume, a parody of humanity to hide what she truly was, and she sank her new, powerful claws into the denim that hid her lower half from the stares, some awed, some frightened, that she was getting. With a quick, resolute tug, she ripped her jeans free of her body, doing little to sate her desire for sensation but greatly fulfilling her need to show off, to inspire lustful looks. Her panties, soaked, lacy fabric, dug forcefully into her, sliding between the cheeks of her full ass and riding high into the lips of her drooling womanhood. She took them by the waist and yanked upward, ripping them away with a pair of tinny twangs and sliding them through the sea of thick girlcum that soaked her crotch. Tossing them away, she was free to drool down her legs, drip along the length of her lean, lissome thighs as their bulk increased, hard, defined muscle rising up beneath her dead, pale skin.

The rest of her form was given the same treatment. As she inched taller, slowly approaching the height of the giant that had towered over her before, her body stiffened. Firm, rigid strength rose to her surface, visible through the distressingly snug blanket of lifeless flesh that was wrapped around her. She had been skinny her whole life, a whip-thin stick of nothing, but that all changed as, in time with the beating of her heart against the inside of her chest, her whole frame thickened with taut muscle. Her midriff tightened into the beginnings of a modest, feminine six-pack, and she glanced over at her arms as their diameter bulged and stiffened with resolute, physical power.

Through sheer determination, the people nearest to her were clearing an increasingly large ring of space around her. That was good, she would need it to stretch, but she grinned as best she could with her oversized teeth at the lone, brave soul that stayed next to her, seemingly rooted in place by her budding majesty. Her grin turned into a leer as her lips were drawn tight over her teeth when, with a soft crunch, her nose and mouth jutted forward an inch, blooming into the start of a bestial muzzle. She gasped and moaned, running her freed hands over her deforming face. Her nose flattened against her skull, melding into her stretching snout as the cartilage that held it pert and erect was consumed by her morphing body. Her head was full of the wet, cracking sounds of her reshaping bones, and the pressure that powered her transformation swelled against the inside of her skull, throbbing against each bone in turn.

She yelped and shuddered as, with a pair of sharp snaps that sounded on the heels of one another, the skin of her scalp was pierced from within by a pair of sharp, alabaster horns that sluggishly rose up through her mop of messy, reddish hair with the continuous crackle of her altering form. She could see her muzzle stretching forward from her face an inch at a time and making room for the teeth that continued to sprout from her stretching gumline, and she fingered her horns, feeling them sweep back over her head and thickening with the nearly explosive sounds of their growth.

And then, suddenly, she felt something give within her. Her skin, long since proven useless and weak, surrendered its hold on the scaly jade hide that lurked beneath it, separating and becoming little more than a grotesque human suit. A sudden rush of sensation nearly brought her to her knees, and she screamed as she abruptly felt *everything*. She felt her breasts, her real, true breasts ache beneath yet another layer that hid them. Her pussy gushed slick lube as her clit swelled with blood. She felt her body, beautiful and potent, growing within the human-shaped cocoon that had held her for so long. Her humanoid lips, pale and limp, opened wide to permit the exit of the beginnings of her long, draconic muzzle from its prison. Her mouth split at the sides, being shoved wider and wider as her snout slid wetly from it with the grind of growing bone. Her tongue, dark and slick, licked her true lips, thin and predatory, and before the man who stared, now upward, at her, she reached up to her face.

She could have used the numerous rents that already riddled her scalp, showing splashes of glossy blue-green, but that wouldn't have showed her strength, her determination. She laced her clawed fingers through her hair, sinking them into her scalp, and with the bunching of hard, fresh muscle, she pulled. With a wet, rubbery *pop*, her skin gave under her power and she split her humanlike features down the middle. She blinked as she freed her face, her pupils narrowing to hungry, reptilian slits and her dark green irises taking on an almost gemlike, emerald sheen. Her horns snagged on the skin that had parted around them, and as she pulled her human head apart, she tore it to shreds. Before she could even finish the process of baring her true visage to the people now focused on her more than the concert, her scalp tingled furiously. She let old face, undersized and empty, hollow and lifeless, hand down onto her immense chest and lifted her hands to her head to feel the scales the rustling against one another.

Rising upward in a draconic facsimile of hair, long, feathery scales pushed themselves free of her head to fall around her long, tapering horns, each seemingly a slightly different shade of deep, oceanic blue that contrasted favorably against her glittering, jade scales. As her snout cracked and grew to its final, bestial length, she snapped her teeth together and stared down at her half-formed body. She continued to swell, bigger, more overwhelmingly beautiful. Her shoulders strained at the coat of humanity that lingered over her body. Fully half of her forearms stuck out of her dead, human "sleeves", yet she still felt trapped, pinned within the remnants of her body, and though she could have sliced through the thin, insubstantial layer with a casual swipe of her claws, she waited, bearing the discomfort and prolonging the process.

With a loud snap, she nearly tumbled forward as her balance was robbed by the sudden jerk of her ankles cracking and shifting beneath her strained, nearly translucent flesh. Huge, bestial talons ruptured her shoes and dug into the ground as the balls of her feet broadened to carry her weight. The muscle of her calves strengthened and reshaped as she stumbled around for a moment before, by instinct, she got her balance and hunched over to watch as her shoes finished bursting around her powerful, draconic feet.

As if her body had only needed a foundation, a surge of explosive growth rushed upward beginning with her taloned, digitigrade limbs. From the tatters of her feet, her skin was ripped up the length of her legs as her calves surged and elongated. Her thighs bulged with sinewy, feminine muscle, and the pallid flesh that hid them split over them, revealing immense, scaly strength. Her pelvis popped and shifted outward, pushing her luscious hips even broader as her rounded ass filled with lustful, muscular power. Her waist thickened, and her abdomen became deeply rutted with alluring might.

Her skin pulled away from the scaly hide that it incubated. It slipped away from her cleavage and made her appear as if what was left of her humanity was just another shirt to be

torn off. Her human nipples slipped away from the huge, turgid lumps of hypersensitive flesh that were concealed behind them, and she watched with a giddy grin as her breasts grew and grew into her waiting hands, stretching her leftover skin tighter and tighter, thinning it until the deep, sea green of her scales could nearly be seen through it. As more than a foot poured onto her frame over the course of seconds, she loomed head and shoulders over the man before her, and then more, leering greedily down at him, showing him how her thick, teats poked stiffly through her skin.

She laughed, singing along with the musicians on the stage behind her, who were still blithely unaware of what unfolded before them. Her voice was rich, deep and mellifluous, beautiful to her true ears, long, elfin organs that ended in finlike growths. She grunted coarsely as her shoulders burst wetly through the prison of flesh that held them contained, and her entire torso rose from the tube of misshapen skin by nearly another foot, until the massive swells of her breasts resisted being bared any further. With a laugh, she took twin handfuls of her old, useless skin and tore it open down the front in a mirror of what she had recently done to her shirt.

She ripped her arms free and pulled her hollow flesh open until her old navel split. She then released it, letting it hang limply over her thick hips. Her upper body glistened in the light, wet with the amniotic fluid that had birthed her but drying quickly under the heat that poured from her body. Jade covered her with the exception of her turgid, ash-colored nipples, which she took up in eager fingers to grind and twist and pleasure. Her tongue hung languidly between her teeth as she felt her breasts balloon, finally free, to their tremendous, proper size, soft yet supple in her hands. Each was larger than her head and hung heavily, suspended by the tension off her scales, from her chest to swing as she contorted her sexualized body back and forth for the man who had long since dropped to his knees in awed worship.

She wasn't even mildly surprised when her spine shifted beneath the scales of her back. She could tell it wanted to be longer, and though she continued to grow, it wasn't fast enough for its burning need to extend past the bounds of her current form. Pressure built and built, and she groaned loudly, her voice ringing out over the heads that were turned up toward her. Finally, the music dwindled as the band saw what they had begun, but it was too late. She had already become the music. It rang in her soul and filled her with bliss the likes of which she could never have previously imagined. Despite this, however, she felt the potential for more, and as the tension in her bones swelled unstoppably, she spun and dropped to her hands and knees, clawing at the ground as she presented the full, firm roundness of her ass to the man who now knelt behind her.

She jerked helplessly when a crack reminiscent of a gunshot broke the stunned silence. Nearly a foot of some new growth tented the limp flesh that rested over the curves of her upturned rump and pulled it taut against her oozing pussy. She arched her back and let out a long, bugling moan as what she knew to be the very tip of her tail pushed outward from the base of her spine. As it inched longer, the tension on her flesh forced it to bend, and she felt it curl downward between the cheeks of her real, draconic ass. She asserted what control over it she could, trying to lift it, to tear it free, but her humanity clung stubbornly to her like a wet shower curtain. Her thick legs trembled, and were she not already prostrated, she would have likely fallen under the weight of the rapturous sensations that fueled her delirious outcries.

Along with the dock of her tail, a pair of spots to either side of her spine around her shoulders bunched and shot lines of icy bliss up into her brain before they rebounded and rushed down to her crotch to make her already yearning femininity pulse in the middle of her rapture, neglected but not forgotten. As her wings began to push themselves from her upper back, she

took her weight up on a single arm to snake the other down her swelling body to run a finger cautiously along the folds of her slick vulva. Despite looking much like that of the puny human woman she had been, she felt powerful and virile, she shamelessly tucked a clawed finger into her pulsating passage, making sure that her audience was able to see.

Unhidden by her failing humanity, her wings had an easier time of it. As her tail bunched and writhed for what room it could within its prison, huge, fingerlike struts burst from her back to her stunned, trembling groan. Muscles wrapped over each armlike limb, bulging beneath her beautiful scales as they gave her the strength to haul the bulk of her sensuous weight from the ground. Dusky, ashen membranes, translucent but tough, grew in between the delicate-looking bones, and she stirred the air as she flapped them experimentally, carefully articulating them and testing their strength even as one arm worked to worm another savage finger into the depths of her avaricious dragonhood, past where her human labia made her appear meek and fragile.

Her wings shot straight out as her tail pushed further and further from her. Muscle made it thick, and it strained almost playfully of its own accord against the flesh that clung resolutely to it. It coiled up and over itself, bunching as much as it could, as if to prolong that one, single moment. That distressing tightness, the last she would feel, tugged all the way around her hips and pulled apart where her skin, miraculously, still held resolutely to the edges of her weak, mortal mound. Each thrust of another inch of thickening tail pushed at her, teasing her, and the tip of it eventually snaked upward, into the air past the edge of where she had split her empty flesh like a savage, scaly butterfly bursting from its cocoon as it completed its metamorphosis. Her huge palm scraped against her outer folds as she shoved her fingers as far as they had any hope of going into herself, and she lingered there, on the precipice of oblivion, for what seemed like an eternity.

Her claws posed no threat the toughness of her depths, and she boldly scraped her fingertips over each internal fold, finding every spot of divine sensitivity and milking each for as long as she could with as much force as she could muster. She brutally fingerfucked herself as her tail wriggled its way to freedom, seeking instinctively, like a hatchling from an egg, the freedom of open air. The bulk of the growing appendage began to fight against the tightness of her overstretched, nearly shapeless skin, and she knew that there was little hope of extending her evolution for any longer.

Flapping numbly in the height of her rapture, her wings nearly lifted her from the ground as her spine bent and her tail thrashed behind her. With a sudden jerk, her fingers dove into herself, reaching not nearly deeply enough to sate her, but enough to trigger the final step of her transformation. She came again, her human gash gushing not thin, human cum but real, true virility, feminine fluids that nearly scorched her scales with the heat of their potency. She squirted over her hand and dribbled down her thighs, and as she did so, her tail finished its explosive, shuddering growth. It burst from above her swollen, firm rump, thick and powerful, and with its birth died the rest of her humanity.

With a loud, wet rip, the last vestiges of her mortality, her slick, spasming womanhood, came apart as she vigorously pistoned her fingers into herself. Her skin simply ripped away with a single violent motion, baring the ashy out lips of her draconic pussy, thick and engorged with her lust. Her clit, distended, nearly vibrating with the strength of her orgasm, and bare at last, was found by her palm and was brutally stimulated as her tail snaked in on itself, hooked her rent flesh and flung it off of her in rebellion. Her humanity fluttered like a dying moth to land in a tattered heap next to her, hollow and lifeless. The empty holes through which she had once

viewed the world stared blankly at the creature she had become and watched her complete her shift to the dragoness she had always yearned to be.

She threw her head back, her horns slicing through the air, and opened her mouth to roar her victory out over the audience that had, as one, turned toward her. Her voice shattered the atmosphere and cascaded through each concertgoer in attendance, demanding recognition. She finished mining her fleshy, enraged pussy, drenching her forearm and splattering her leavings over the ground, before she forced a foot beneath herself and rose to stand at her full, intimidating height. She towered over all, easily twice the size of even the largest of the men who stared, slack-jawed, up at her divine perfection. Her lengthy tail slithered around behind her as it worked its newborn muscle, coiling impishly around the bulk of her leg for a moment before sliding away to dance between her half-outstretched wings. She panted heavily, her weighty breasts heaving on her powerful chest, and her fingers clenched and relaxed in a rhythm of her own making as she explored herself.

She was power, and she was beauty. She was savage, feral allure tempered with keen intelligence and the vague memory of what she had once been. The crowd, as one, seemed to hold their breath, waiting to see what she would do. She let them linger, basked in their openmouthed stares as she idly lifted her finger and licked a strand of her sticky liquids from her jade scales and pearly-white claw. Her legs ran wet with the fluids of her pleasure, and though she still felt the burn of need tingling through her loins, she forestalled her instinct for a moment to simply enjoy the freedom of her true form. Her thin lips tugged upward in a sneer as she glanced at her limp, shed skin, and she turned her back to it with imperious dignity, refusing to consider that she had once been so timid and frail.

With a growl, she commanded that the band resume playing, and they nearly tripped over themselves to fulfill her wish. She had no need to work the power she possessed over these people, for they had all gathered for the same reason, to feel freedom, to depart, for a time, to a land where dragons fly and righteousness always triumphs over darkness. It would have been callous of her to rob them of their desires, and if she could slake her own in the process, all the better.

Forgiving the musicians their hesitation, she nonetheless glared down at them until they could manage to keep a rhythm. They had left her song unfinished, a travesty, but as it began shakily, the singer's lilting voice raising and the drummer sluggishly building to the beat he had let falter, she smiled. Her heavy body swayed as she rocked her hips to the rhythm and hummed along with the melody. Her eyes were focused now on the new object of her desire, who remained where she had left him, separated from his brethren and kneeling in voiceless awe at her brilliance. Her steps shook the ground. He was strong and sturdy, and would do for a suitable consort, and as she approached, she watched him reciprocate her desirous grin.

She laughed and shuffled her wings comfortably against her back as the crowd watched her straddle him and shove her crotch into his face. As he instinctively, but tentatively, began doing his duty, others strode forward, pulled from the mass of humans by her pure, primordial magnetism, the bravest, the most worthy. She smiled and opened an arm while the other dropped to the head between her legs, guiding its owner. They were welcome, and she had so much to grant those who were bold enough to hazard her savagery. As reverent hands lightly, hesitantly, touched her scales, she purred invitingly, and as more mouths and fingers found where she was most sensitive, only a single coherent thought crossed her mind.

She should have done this long, long ago.