

The ancient dragon slept peacefully upon his vast hoard, snoring contentedly as he dreamed of unfathomable things. The cave in which he dwelled permitted just enough light to warm his old scales, but not too much that his slumber would be disturbed. The sanctity of the dragon's lair was suddenly broken as a young blue-scaled rake swooped in and landed gracefully on the pitted stone ground a few feet in front of the ancient dragons. Without a moment of hesitation the intruder roared:

"I, Erenttazamalicus, challenge you for ownership of this lair!"

Erent held his breath as he waited for the somewhat larger ancient dragon to respond. However, the elder merely continued to sleep. While he waited Erent flapped his wings with irritation as smoke began to curl out of his nostrils. Patience worn thin, the young drake took a deep breath as he prepared to speak again.

"I, Erenttazamalicus," he repeated, this time louder in an effort to wake the elder. "Challenge you—"

"I heard you the first time," the ancient rumbled, opening one yellow, weary eye.

"And?"

"And?" The ancient echoed, opening his other eye. "Are you not a little early? Could you have at least waited until I died?"

"No," Erent sneered. "I am here now, before all others. That's why I said—"

"I know what you said, and I think you are being impetuous."

The ancient dragon stood on his four legs. Erent shifted to a defensive posture as he held his ground. Instead, of initiating an assault, however, the elder stretched like a great cat, meandered around in a small circle, and then lay down again, head raised and

gaze focused on his younger brethren. Though confused, Erent relaxed, not quite sure what to expect next.

“So,” the ancient said. “You wish to drive me out and lay claim to my hoard, wealth accumulated over a span of years several times your lifetime? And you think you can do this because I am old and weak and tired?”

“You are not only weaker,” Erent replied, puffing out his chest. “But I am greater. No other drake in this territory could stand up to me!”

“So this will not be your first lair to take?”

“No, but it will be the richest of countless many!” The drake crowed.

“Hmm.” The ancient considered this staring into the distance. He then turned a critical eye towards the blue drake and an expression of recognition alighted in his eyes. “And how is your mother?”

The drake turned his head in confusion. “My mother? I have not spoken to hear for many years. Like other females she did not confine herself to my father’s lair and moved elsewhere long ago. I am no hatchling!”

“Perhaps I am wrong and my long memory deceives me, but I only mentioned her because you look very familiar.” The ancient scratched his chin with claws still sharp but beginning to dull. “A young male blue dragon—your age, I believe—came to me in a different time and place and spoke the same challenge you did. Different name of course, but the same intentions: to steal the possession of a weak, dying, and elderly dragon. He thought his physicality would be enough to defeat me, that I had no other way of defending myself. He didn’t understand that perhaps I knew something he did not, that maybe even if—I’m borrowing a human phrase here—you couldn’t teach a old dog new

tricks, that the old dog might know a few old and forgotten tricks.” The ancient paused and glanced over to Erent. “Humorous, isn’t it? He made the same mistakes you did.”

“Enough delay, worm!” Erent shouted. “I came to conquer, not to hear old—umph!”

The blue drake was suddenly gagged as eldritch chains materialized around him, immobilizing and silencing him. He struggled against the mystic restraints to no avail.

“Did no one teach you manners?” The ancient huffed. “Anyways, I believe that other blue dragon must have been your mother or your mother’s mother or even your mother’s mother’s mother—I’ve lived so long its hard to recall. It would not surprise me if that blue dragon, your mother, never did tell others what I did to him—it would surely be shaming. You must wonder how he could be your mother if he was a male; well, he was at the time.

“You see, Erenttazamalicus, names have power. In my time one’s true name was closely guarded and kept secret for it described one’s essence and physical form. I don’t know when the magic of the name was forgotten or not passed on, but I do know that the naming conventions of our kind have remained and thus the power in those names too. I could do a great many things to you, but I think I will let you off relatively easily, just like your mother.”

Erent’s reptilian eyes widened as he realized the implications of the ancient’s words. He frantically flailed, but the eldritch chains remained in place, preventing escape. The ancient chuckled darkly and then began to chant incomprehensible words. Their strange intonations and sounds echoed through the lair and dazed Erent’s addled mind.

The elder dragon spoke just a few more words and then quietly watched their effects upon the young blue drake.

The immediate changes the magic wrought were on Erent's cranium. His upward facing horns on either side of his head, hallmarks of a male of his type, shrank and ultimately disappeared into his skull. In the meanwhile, the vocal cords in his neck subtly shifted so that Erent's voice changed from a deep bellows of struggle to a higher pitched cry. Next, his body as whole began to lose mass, effectively decreasing his overall size. At the same time, his unkempt scales became softer and smoother, shining with a new cleanliness. Then his legs grew more sleek and sensual, his rear plumping out just the slightest bit. Finally, the magic reached the dragon's crotch where it conducted the most significant of its changes. Erent whimpered as his internal dragonhood began to wither and shrivel, wasting away beneath his genital slit. In seconds it was gone, and then his genital slit twisted and warped into a draconic pussy. Simultaneously, a womb, prepared to incubate and hold many eggs, opened inside within Erent. Subsequently a passageway formed between the womb and the dragon's new sex, giving the once male dragon the ability to foster and lay eggs. With this the changes were complete, leaving Erent a fresh and fertile dragoness.

The ancient waved his claws and the eldritch chains vanished. Released of his bonds, Erent immediately lowered his head and looked between his legs. He wailed as he recognized *her* wet sex.

"No!" she screeched. "Change me back!"

The ancient laughed, a deep chuckle that echoed through the caves. The elder dragon's frame grew cloudy and ashlike and a moment later a strong gust of wind blew

him away into many millions of dusty particles. Before the ancient's consciousness completely left the lair where it would reform with his body in another far away, he worked a little more magic. First, he put Erent into heat. At a time outside of breeding season, the new female would have many males drawn to her location, along with the others who had also heard of the ancient's riches. Then he placed a ward over the lair so that any males who entered would share Erent's fate. The ancient did not know how long it would last, but he did not particularly care. Rather, he was just happy that there would be more females around and as a consequence less intrusive males to interrupt his treasured rest.