

With nary a sound, the ancient dissolved into dust, leaving behind his vast hoard and a shaken Erent. The former dragon, now a dragoness, did not pay any heed to the abandoned lucre. Instead, she felt her changed cranium, noting the absence of her mighty horns. Afterwards, she glanced to her hindquarters and lifted her tail. Where her genital slit had once been was a slick female sex. With each passing moment, a certain warmth grew within her nethers, an ache of lust-stricken need that she would soon not be able to deny. Though it was an unfamiliar feeling, she recognized what it meant—she was in heat. She meant to growl in anger, but all that came out was a defeated whimper. This wasn't her. She was Erenttazamalicus, indomitable male alpha of Garlgrind Climbs, not a horny dragoness.

The sound of flapping wings and the grounding briefly trembling indicated something had landed behind her. Prior to turning around, a strong, musky scent told her the newcomer was a male dragon. Once she faced the dragon, she could see he was a golden-scaled drake. He regarded her with a pleasant smile, yet toothy, smile.

“Hello there,” he growled.

Erent took a step back and lowered her hindquarters to the ground, doing the best she could to hide her dripping sex. Her arousal, which had thus far increased in a linear fashion, now rose exponentially in the presence of the male.

“What are you doing here?”

The dragoness didn't reply. Instead, she tried to focus on anything but the drake and what her body was telling her to do with him.

“In an abandoned lair, alone,” the drake continued. “The old worm must have passed on.”

Erent felt a claw on her muzzle and then she was staring into the drake's yellow eyes.

"Were you one of his?" At no response, the drake's smile grew sly. "Doesn't matter. Dragoness in an unclaimed lair in heat—"

The drake chuckled as Erent looked guiltily downwards.

"Yes, I can smell it. Why do you hide it? You want it, don't you?"

Unable to control herself, Erent nodded.

"Then let's get to it."

With a flap of his mighty wings, the drake leapt over her and forced her hindquarters upwards so she was standing. Before Erent could react, the drake was already beginning to mount her.

"W-wait!" Erent screeched, hating how pathetic and high-pitched her voice sounded.

"Wait?" the drake asked. "Don't you want this? Don't you want this NOW?"

The drake accentuated this question by lightly prodding Erent's moist pussy with something hard. The dragoness shivered with pleasure and turned her head to glance at her nethers. She found her gaze unconsciously draw to the drake's thick, erect member that hung near her sex, ready to enter at a moment's notice. Her mind was filled with sudden thoughts of how good it would feel inside her, of what he could do with it to her.

"Well?"

"N-n—" Erent began. A few moments ago, she might have been able to resist, but now she was in sexual overdrive.

“Yes,” she whispered. Her next words were spoken louder and with more confidence. “Yes, yes, YES!”

Given permission, the drake penetrated the dragoness’s sex. Well lubricated, the dragoness’s pussy allowed easy entrance for the drake’s cock. The dragoness’s inner walls clamped down on the thick member. Erent roared in contentment as he thrust into her, in and out, in and out, each one more pleasurable than the last. It was at the height of this sexual bliss that the male part of Erent’s mind emerged. This was still wrong, after all. *She* was supposed to be the male, *she* was supposed to have a cock, not a pandering pussy. *She* was supposed to be the one on top, not the one getting pounded. *She* gave, not received. *She* was Erenttazamalicus, the—

Any other thoughts were drowned out as the drake roared and came inside of her, filling her womb with rich seed. The sperm dispersed throughout her womb, already combining with ready ova. Erent’s eyes became glazed and unfocused as a surge of ecstasy spread throughout her entire body. She shivered when the drake pulled out and then she fell to the ground. In the afterglow of their intercourse, both dragons remained silent. Erent breathed deeply, smoke curling out of her nostrils even as cum dripped from her nethers.

“That doesn’t have to be it,” the drake rumbled. “We can go again. I know you want to. Just ask Razzitayartalicus for another round and I’ll oblige.”

Erent lifted her head. Not only did she recognize the name—a rival that she had driven out of Garlgrind a few months ago—but she felt a sudden energy in the air, a familiar power. Then it was gone and Erent no longer cared. Instead, her male part of her mind had returned and was whispering uncomfortable truths once more. She had just

been bred like a bitch and she was sure the drake had not missed his mark. Even if he had not fertilized her this instance, it was only a matter of time before she was laden with eggs. Her continuing heat would see to an eventual motherhood.

“I can understand if you need a moment,” Razzit, walking his hindquarters in front of her, almost as if he were parading what he possessed that she did not. “It seemed like that was your first time. It doesn’t have to be our last.”

Suddenly, the proud drake shrieked as a torrent of mystic energy ran through his body. Alarmed, Erent looked to the drake and saw that he was...shrinking. It was a strange though not unfamiliar process to the dragoness as Razzit’s shedded bulk and muscle, powerful legs slimming, tail shortening, and wings diminishing in size until the drake was smaller than her. Then the drake’s shimmering golden scales darkened in hue until they were a blood red color. They smoothed out while Razzit screeched when he realized something else was shrinking. With his smaller foreclaws he reached for his still erect cock, but it quickly became out of reach while it withdrew into his genital slit, contracting along the way. By the time it the head reached the slit, its size did not even befit even the least endowed of dragonkind. Razzit actually squealed as the last of his malehood disappeared. His genital slit sealed shut, leaving the drake with a smooth crotch. The drake wailed in pain as changes were made unseen internally, leaving him with an expansive womb. With a wet rip, another slit opened up, though different than the last. Razzit stared at *her* draconic pussy in disbelief, an altered sex that was already beginning to moisten and build up sexual need as Erent’s had. The once-drake reached a foreclaw back and touched her nethers. She shuddered and turned her gaze to Erent.

“You—” she began, ceasing speaking at the sound of her voice. It sounded demure and almost dainty. “I—how...?”

Erent had an answer, but she did not share it. She was more focused on the growing weight in her belly, as well as the arrival of two silver-scaled drakes. They landed gracefully and stared with unabated lust at the two females before them.

“Hello, ladies,” the bigger of the two said.

Some time later, two used dragonesses lay spent and exhausted, their wombs filled with the product of recent matings. Across from them two silver scaled dragonesses looked at their bodies in alarm and confusion. The next drake to arrive was pleased to find an undefended horde and a veritable harem of mates. He muttered his name upon entrance and didn’t even get a chance to satisfy his lust before *she* was left with a female sex and a similar, yet different kind of sexual need.

And so it went...

Miles away, still being carried by the wind to his next destination, the ancient mentally chuckled.

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