

Etonderixelamus pretended to slumber. The blue-scaled dragon kept his eyes closed while he focused on listening to every sound within his lair and those moving within. His hearing was so keen that he could see in his mind where the human intruders moved. They approached him cautiously. One in particular quivered with fear and it was this one that approached him, kneeling as he placed something upon the ground. When Aton did not move, the humans began to murmur amongst themselves. Just as the lead human took one step away, Eton opened his eyes, freezing him in his steps. The dragon looked upon what the lead had placed before him, a basket full of bloody meat. Tempting and delicious smelling, sure, but not what he had been expecting.

“What is this?” he roared, nostrils flaring with smoke.

The humans in the back scrambled away from each other. The lead, dressed in simple peasant’s clothes, fell to his knees and put his arms before his turned away face.

“Sire,” he whimpered. “Forgive us. It is all we could gather—”

“I did not ask for food! Where is the Duke’s tribute?”

“The-the Duke...” the lead gulped. “He refused to pay.”

“Refused?” Eton seethed. “Why would he do that?”

“I-I...”

Eton stomped closer to the human. “Tell me!”

“He said that...he said that he feels no reason to p-pay a small wyrm that threatens him little.”

“Small?” Eton bellowed. “Little?”

The dragon got to his feet, silencing anything else the lead would have said. With a great leap, he bound over the humans then he was soaring out of his lair. He flapped his

wings, bringing himself higher and higher until his lair was but a speck from his view. He oriented his body eastward and flew in that direction.

He did not have to travel for long before he spotted his destination, a small castle. Diving downwards, he looked for the duke among the many humans that inhabited the castle. Spotting a golden gleam of the duke's crown among the most southern of the castle's four towers, he shifted his path towards it. The humans atop the tower spotted him too late so that when he landed, he sent them scattering and a few off the tower itself. Some of them were able to escape down the tower's stairwell, but the duke was not among them for Eton had grabbed him. In response, a few of the duke's more valiant men at arms charged at the dragon. A single gout of flame left them either singed and dying or frightened and crying. Eton lifted the duke to his muzzle. Though the drake was bigger, he was truly small, more of the average size for a female of his type.

"So," Eton hissed. "You refused my rightful payment?"

"Rightful?" the duke sneered, haughty despite the situation. "You have no right at all! No right to sovereignty over us, no right to demand bribes!"

"Oh, but I do. I care not for your human royalty. I care only that I am the dominant force in this land."

"Only because there isn't anything larger!"

"WHAT?"

"A bigger dragon would have you out of here in a minute!" the duke's sneer shifted to a smirk. "Oh yes, I've heard of your cowardice in Altirn! You couldn't stand up to your own kind. Why would I pay tribute to the weakest—urk!"

“Fool,” Eton said, tightening his grip on the duke. “All it would have taken was a simple yes, but you refused. Was your life really worth a few pounds of gold?”

The duke’s eyes widened with fear and he actually began to struggle. Eton chuckled, relishing the terror the human displayed. Then he tossed the duke off the tower and found that he enjoyed the screams even more and the splat at the end was an added bonus. He glanced over the tower’s edge at the bloody mess beneath. He roared and breathed a sustained burst of flame as warning to all. Afterwards, he leapt off the tower and flew off. His work here was done, for now. Later, he would send his thralls to the castle again and he knew whoever succeeded the duke would no doubt pay him his proper dues.

Despite his triumph, Eton felt doubt grow in his mind as he flew back to his lair. The duke’s words echoed in his mind. Though he knew he was superior and right and the now deceased man was undeniably wrong, he could not dispel the doubt. It was the duke’s mention of the incident in Altirn that caused him such mental distress. What had happened there had been an anomaly, a fluke in fate. The other dragon—the other dragon...that had been years ago! He was stronger now and none could best him, though he hadn’t quite put that to the test yet. Perhaps it was time to move on from the humans and their meager tribute and established dominance among his own kind as well.

Eton arrived at his lair and found the humans were gone. No matter. He was above them. He glanced towards the heard.

“Small...” the duke’s voice echoed in his mind.

Eton roared and lashed out at the pile of riches with his tail. Golden coins and other valuable baubles scattered throughout the cave. The dragon did not feel his rage

diminish. The riches, accumulated from years of human tribute, meant nothing to him now. He craved another of his kind's wealth and he longed to spill their blood in the taking. The duke's death had satisfied him little. Truly a dragon's demise would quench his bloodlust and silence the doubt within himself. Without further thought, Eton burst out of his lair and took flight, off to kill a dragon.

He flew to the south, to lands unknown to him. He kept alert at all times for any sigh of his kind. It took several hours of travel before he smelled kin. It was a female, however. He considered pursuing her, but he shook off his lust and refocused. He would gain no respect from laying with a female and it would be pathetic to seek one out, behavior that was decidedly not common to males. When he was established, they would come to him.

Eton continued to fly, leaving behind rolling plains for craggy, snow-topped mountains. By this time, he was more than a little tired, yet still determined. He was not yet ready to give up just yet, however. His persistence paid off when he caught the scent of another male close by. He followed the smell to a fissure upon a particularly verdant mountain. He landed outside the lair and listened for a moment for movement within. The other dragon was sedentary, but not asleep. Eton flapped his sore wings and stretched his muscles. Then he stepped into the lair.

As expected, there was another male dragon within the lair, a large drake that was only a few years from going from "mature" to "old." He rested upon a vast hoard that Eton immediately envied. Soon enough it would be his.

“Worn-scale,” Eton began. Despite very much wanting to leap at the larger dragon and begin the skirmish now, he decided to stick with tradition. “Leave *my* lair now and you will be spared.”

“Oh?” The larger dragon said, looking up from the object it had been examining, a thick tome of all things. He squinted at the smaller dragon. “Is that what you’re here for, miss?”

“Miss?” Eton repeated. It was a human word and he knew what it meant. “I am no female. I am Etonderixelamus—”

“Who?”

Eton growled. “I am giving you your proper honors and you disrespect me!”

“Disrespect? Is that what this is?” The larger dragon got to his feet. “You’re the one being disrespectful here. Rushing into my home, reminding me that I’m old—as if I’ve forgotten all the years that I’ve seen—and threatening to take all that I possess, including my life?”

“Yes,” Eton replied. “That is my intent.”

“You would kill me for material gains?”

Eton nodded. “That and respect.”

“Respect?” The larger dragon chuckled. “That you would most certainly get if you killed me. Respect and hatred.”

Eton shifted his posture as the larger dragon began to pace around him. He also readied his breath weapon, sure that the fight would begin soon.

“I am somewhat surprised I do not know you or have heard of you at all. There are so few of us left, you know. It would be a waste for one of us to die here today.”

“Does this mean you will leave?” Eton asked.

“No. Neither of us are. I am going to resolve this situation with no harm to either of us.”

“I came for blood. I will not be bargained with or bribed.”

“I doubt the blood part.” The larger dragon came to a stop and glanced over Eton.

“Your claws might be a little too undersized to pierce my hide.”

“Little?” Eton repeated, his blood boiling. “Undersized?”

“Yes,” the larger dragon nodded. “It sort of describes you as a whole, does it not?”

With a roar, Eton leapt at the larger dragon. The other dragon stood firm, merely flapping his wings as the drake came close. Impossibly, this action sent out such a large wave of force that drove the drake backwards and onto the ground. He caught himself on the stone floors, yet when he tried to lunge at the dragon again, the stone floors were incredibly slick. Unable to properly move, he oriented his head towards the larger dragon and prepared to unleash his breath weapon upon him. Instead, a sudden chill tore throughout his throat, causing him to sputter and cough and extinguishing any oncoming flames. Bereft of his fire, he tried once more to charge at the other dragon but only succeeded in uncontrollably sliding towards him. When Eton skated close, the larger dragon lunged forward and pinned him down, somehow unaffected by the ground’s smoothness. The blue-scaled drake thrashed against the hold, but the larger dragon proved stronger.

“There’s no need to struggle,” the larger dragon said. “I promise you will not be harmed.”

“I’m not going to leave!” Eton shouted. “I will kill you before you force me out?”

“I already told you neither of us will leave. I keep to my word. I will not waste a life, but neither will I allow you the opportunity to take more. Now, what to do with you?” The larger dragon paused as he considered. “I mistook you as female when I first saw you—a failing of my deadening sense of smell. Perhaps you should match your appearance more.”

Eton continued to struggle. What was the larger dragon going on about? Suddenly, he hissed in pain as his captor dug his claws into him.

“Temporary,” the larger dragon said. “It will heal over during the change. I apologize, it is my first time doing this.”

“Change?” Eton said. “What change?”

The larger dragon tilted his head. “Weren’t you listening?”

Eton’s eyes widened as he realized what the larger dragon meant. It couldn’t be possible, could it?

The drake found out first hand when eldritch energy flowed into his body from the minor cuts the larger dragon had inflicted. He relaxed as the energy spread throughout his form, any negative emotions temporarily suppressed while the magic prepared to do its work. Now that Eton was at ease, the larger dragon could ease his grip, allowing him to concentrate on his mystic workings. He spoke a few words in a sibilant tone, words that seemed alien yet at the same time so familiar to Eton. The drake’s form tingled momentarily and then the changes began.

Though Eton was the size of a female, he did not look like one truly. Thus, the horns atop his cranium burrowed into his skull while a smooth fin grew out between

where they had been and down the back of his increasingly longer and slender neck. His rough scales and any uneven protrusions on his body smoothed out, leaving his form sleek and streamlined. His tail lengthened the slightest bit while the cuts healed over like the dragon had promised. Then Eton felt a pull on his manhood. Nestled internally, the member began to shrivel and writhe. This alteration brought Eton out of his calm and into panic.

“No!” he cried out, his vocal chords shifting at that precise moment so his words sounds more like a high-pitched wail than a defiant yell. “You can’t—”

But it happened anyways. The dragon’s manhood was reduced to practically nothing at this point and it was not long before it ceased to exist. Then Eton’s inward facing genital slit twisted into the inviting puffy lips of a draconic pussy. The new dragoness moaned with desire as a new sexual desire sparked within her new sex. In the meanwhile, a new chamber formed in her hindquarters, a womb ready and waiting for the final ingredient for new life. The changes complete, Eton squirmed as she struggled to see the extent of the energy’s work. The larger dragon’s hold tightened again, allowing her to barely turn her head just far enough to catch a glimpse of her new sex.

“No...” she whispered.

The older dragons suddenly relinquished his hold on Eton. Before the dragoness even thought to move, he was on top of her, almost as if he was about to mount her and—

“No!” Eton cried out again. “What are you doing?”

“Copulation,” the larger dragon said. “Switching your sex was intended to have three effects: to humiliate you, to take the fight out of you, and to ensure the continuation

of our species. As I've said, our kind's population has dropped dramatically in the last few centuries. You will help recoup some of those numbers."

Eton looked back, hoping her expression of distress would be enough to dissuade the dragon from his current course of action. However, instead she found her eyes draw to his hindquarters where his thick cock stood erect. The sight of the dragon's member made the heat in her sex increase and her inner walls to grow slick and lubricated. Her body was ready and willing while her mind was still getting there.

"Nothing to fear, my dear," the older dragon said. "I'll make sure you enjoy just as much as I do."

Eton lowered her head in defeat. There was a growing part of her mind that did want what the dragon offered and she could not suppress the urge, at least not by herself.

"Ok," she said. "Just—"

"Don't worry," the dragon said. "I'm more experienced with this than you."

At this, the dragon took his position and pierced the dragoness's new sex. She hissed in pleasure as soon as she entered her. IT could not be compared to her one experience mating as a male—it was different and wonderful. The feeling of his cock grinding against her inner walls caused her to shiver in bliss and claw at the hard ground with her foreclaws. The dragon's experience did seem to benefit her, for there was never a moment where she felt bereft or cheated out of sexual joy.

Their mating went for quite some time, long enough for Eton to assert her thoughts over the pleasure and actually realized what she was doing. She was being bred and she had been male only moments before. She could enjoy this now, but she would have to leave right after. If the dragon could change her sex, what else could he do? Not

only that, but their sex was for more than pleasure. He meant to impregnate her, something she could not let happen, yet something she did not truly have control over. Perhaps he would fumble or put out too early or—

Any further thoughts were lost as the dragon came inside her, filling her womb and causing her to experience her first female orgasm. While she trembled with pleasure, her inner walls clenched tightly on the member to milk it of every last drop of seed. Only when this was accomplished did the male pull out, causing Eton to quake with further satisfaction. The afterglow of their coupling was short, far too short of a time before reality came crashing down on her. She began to sob when she realized she could feel his sticky sperm within her, no doubt already getting to work.

“Don’t weep,” the larger dragon said hypnotically. “Sleep.”

Eton meant to look up at him, but she had neither the energy nor the will. She slumped down, exhausted and defeated. As the first tears fell off her face, she began to drift into unconsciousness...

She awoke refreshed but groggy. It was dawn, which meant very little light and that the lair was fairly dark. She lay still for a few minutes, wondering why her body was so sore. Everything seemed so peaceful and quiet. Why not just go back to sleep and—

Eton suddenly recalled the events of the day before including her encounter with the larger dragon, her change in sex and form, and their coupling afterwards. She quickly glanced around the cave. The male dragon was nowhere to be seen. She had to leave now before he returned, she had to escape and go elsewhere where she could hide and bear her shame alone.

The dragoness unsteadily got to her feet. She took a step forward and noticed she felt much heavier than before. She looked back and saw that her belly was swollen. She flapped her wings experimentally, already knowing there was nowhere she could fly like *this*—impregnated and heavy with eggs. Still, she could at least walk out of the lair, she was *sure* she could walk down the mountain and find cover somewhere where she couldn't be found.

The tears returned, flowing down her scaled face as Eton took a shaky step towards the lair's entrance. It was humiliating how slow she was, how much energy that was required to just take one step, and how *she* was female and already egg-laden. She took another step and the male dragon inexplicably appeared from the shadows. She sobbed and came to a halt, cowering before him.

“Looking well,” he said.

“Well?” she whimpered. “I’m...I’m—”

“Gravid,” the dragon said. “And very much so. I’m glad to see my spells worked.”

Eton choked back her tears. “You meant t-this to happen?”

“Of course. I wasn’t jesting when I said you would aid in the continuation of our race. Our coupling along with a few spells of fertility and haste meant you could be ready to lay almost overnight.”

Eton was mortified. “Lay?”

“Yes, actually any moment now.”

After those words, the dragoness felt a new pressure within her sex. She blubbered as pushed a ready egg painfully through her birth canal and onto the stone

floors. The slimy egg landed with a *plop*, giving her but a moment of satisfaction and then the next one was on its way.

“Ah, very good,” the male said. “Hearty and healthy. You should be done within the hour.”

Hour? Eton wasn't sure she could endure that. How many could she be carrying? She had no time to think as she pushed out the second and then the third.

“You should be proud. Your first clutch, and not your last. I'll make sure of that. Of course, I won't be the father for every one—I like to move around, learn some new things—but you have quite a lot to look forward to. I'll probably stay around for at least the fifth and then I'll leave you. You can have this hoard like you originally intended, though I'm sure another male will occupy this lair soon, which is to your benefit. After all, you'll have quite a few whelps to raise.”

Eton whimpered as the fourth egg plopped out. She glanced over to the male's riches. It no longer meant anything to her. She had lost her appeal for the treasure along with her manhood. The only thought on her mind was whether this nightmare would ever truly end.