

“We’re here,” Leof breathed with relief. “We finally made it.”

“Actually,” Goding said, pointing to start of a pathway that twisted up higher and higher up an inactive volcano. “We’ve got some ways to go.”

Leof followed his fellow knight’s gaze. He chuckled, allowing himself a moment of respite before his expression grew sterner.

“Right you are my, friend,” he said, patting Goding’s armored shoulder with a mailed hand. “If all goes right then this may be the last journey we ever make. Come, let us speak with the others.”

The two knights turned away from the mountain path and to the rest of their companions, four other warriors by the names of Tond, Wyard, Litwin, and Elstan. They were a fairly group, all hailing from different regions of the world as evidenced by Tond’s pale skin, Wyard’s much darker hue, and Litwin and Elstan’s tanned bodies. All save one were clad in similarly crafted chainmail the color of rust over which hung a plain green tabard. Wyard the Seer, the one who did not meet their dress, wore dark purple robes, though a sword hung at his side like the others. Of the six companions, Goding was the oldest, about halfway through his life, while twin brothers Litwin and Elstan were the youngest at the young age of twenty. All of the knights looked physically exhausted from their many trials before. Before arriving at their current location, they had traveled through foggy bog filled with hags, fierce dire animals, and dark shadows, ghostly remnants of those who refused to let go. Beyond the bog had been a cavern filled with orcs, goblins, and chittering spiders. The knights had slain many of the cave’s inhabitants and lost one of their own before moving onwards into a subterranean garden. In this toxic environment there had been plant life both animate and inanimate that had

constantly threatened their lives. Somehow they had emerged unharmed to arrive at their final obstacle before the inactive volcano: a dark and cold passageway infested with kobolds, dragon worshippers all. The warriors had slain every last one of them and then exited in sight of their goal.

“My friends,” Leof began, drawing the attention of the knights. “My companions, my allies—though we all hail from different places and possess dissimilar ideas on the powers that be, we stand here united under our common hatred of dragons. Too long did their kind make us fear the skies and disturbances in the night. Together we have nearly exterminated them—but one remains!” His face became solemn. “On the lives of those who have fallen and my honor, I promise all of you that I will stand by our side as we slay this final fiend this morrow! What say you, brothers?”

As one the warriors cheered.

“And what if it ambushes us at night?” Goding asked.

“The one on watch will alert us and it will die then. In any case, the draconic scourge will end soon and forever. Now, let us get our rest. Goding, you are on first watch.”

Goding grumbled and then warriors began to disperse, save for Wyard and Leof. Prepared for what was to come next, Leof spoke first:

“What is it, Wyard?”

“There is something wrong here,” Wyard replied. “I sense something...greater and different. A draconic power still, but nothing we have ever encountered before.”

“We knew this would not be easy, but we have nothing to fear. Our armor is enchanted to withstand the elements and their breath, our weapons keen, and we are all

practiced slayers. Some of us may die, but it will be worth it if no one ever has to dread a dragon again. Get some rest, Wyard. You look more tired than the others.”

“Yes,” Wyard agreed. “I only wish I could know more. My third eye is clouded here.”

“You have done your best. It is the most I can ask of you.”

Wyard nodded and turned away from the older knight. Leof sighed and rubbed his weary eyes. Used to roughing it, he found the most comfortable rock he could, sat against it, and nearly instantly fell asleep. At first his slumber was peaceful, but soon it was disturbed by dark dreams of fire and flame, of death brought by dragon’s breath. He awoke shivering and sweating. Glancing around the makeshift encampment, he noticed all the others had fallen asleep, including Tond who was supposed to be on watch. Rather than wake the man and berate him, Leof chose to remain awake and let the others rest. Slowly dusk transitioned to dawn and the rest of the warriors began to awake, Wyard first among them. The seer immediately walked over to Leof.

“I had terrible visions,” he said. “I fear something terrible will happen to us.”

“Even if we are all to die others will come after this dragon. It is also the last of its kind—it has none to reproduce with. If we succeed today, we are merely hastening dragonkind’s extinction. If we fail, then we die but in time the outcome will be the same—no more dragons.”

Wyard looked with haunted eyes to the volcano’s peak. “Perhaps there are fates worse than death...”

“Don’t speak a word of this to the others,” Leof said with a grimace. “We *will* succeed. Trust me.”

Leof stepped away from the seer and gathered the rest of the knights. They began to climb the mountain together with Wyard following slowly behind. Their ascent was a solemn task. They did not have fear in their hearts like Wyard did; rather, each warrior reflected on the gravity of their future actions. Soon they would slay the last of a line of creatures that had taken loved ones, lands, and their homes from them.

The pathway was clear and never difficult to use, as though it had been specifically crafted to be trodden upon by men. Leof thought this a big strange, but he focused his mind on other thoughts like predicting the dragon's shape and size. Would it be a red-scaled fire breather? Or a frosty drake with chill breath? Would it be large or small? Young or old? Speculation kept the knights from boredom as they ascended higher and higher as the sun dipped lower and lower. As it grew darker, Wyard conjured globes of light that followed each knight. By the time they reached the volcano's opening it was nightfall and there had been no trace of the dragon.

"Where can it be?" Tond asked. "Can it be already gone?"

Leof shrugged as he walked to the volcano's rim. He looked far below into the filled in opening and immediately noticed the glimmer of scales by the moon's illumination. He waved his hand, quieting the idly talking knights and pointed at Wyard. The seer sprinted over.

"Do you see it?" Leof said, pointing to the scale's glitter. "Is that it? My eyes aren't as good as they used to be."

Wyard squinted and then nodded. "Yes, that is a dragon's form. What's the plan?"

"It's too far to climb down." Leof looked at Wyard questioningly. "Do you have a spell?"

Wyrd nodded, procuring a feather from his robes. Leof motioned to the others, who hastily moved over to him. The older knight explained the situation as they gathered along the rim's edge. As soon as Wyrd had extinguished his conjured lights, they all jumped. While they fell, the seer held up the feather and spoke a single word. The feather dissolved and soon all of the warriors floated slowly down the crater. They controlled their fall, careful to land behind a large outcropping of rock directly in front of the dragon. Once all had safely grounded their feet, they hid behind the rock. Then, one after another they began to creep out of their cover and towards the sleeping blue-scaled dragon, swords drawn and ready.

As the knights drew close to the dragon, Leof noticed the air began to smell as of something rotten. The smell only grew worse the nearer they drew, until Leof began to wonder if something was wrong. No, he realized, something was very right. He held up a hand and the group came to a halt.

"It's already dead," he announced.

"Dead?" Goding said. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, even a sleeping dragon moves." He pointed to the motionless dragon. "And the air—it reeks of decay. It must have died a few days ago at least."

"Let's just make sure," Goding said.

"Of course."

This time as they approached the dragon, the warriors moved with jubilant haste. If the dragon was already dead, then this was truly the end! Coming onto its side, Leof experimentally jabbed the dragon with his sword. When the dragon elicited no response, the warriors cheered.

“It’s over!” Tond shouted with glee.

“See, Wyard,” Leof said, turning to knights. “There was nothing to—”

He paused as he noticed the seer was not among the others. He glanced to his left and spotted Wyard at the dragon’s forefront, trying to take something from its foreclaws. He struggled for a moment and then freed the object though he fell onto his rump. Leof squinted at the object and saw that it was a glowing dragon egg. It began to pulse dangerously with an intense orange glow the longer the seer held onto it.

“Wyard, what are you—” Leof gaped. “Let it go!”

Leof was too late as the egg exploded, pelting the warriors with the yolk inside. The aged warrior wiped his face and looked around. Everyone seemed to be ok.

“I guess the last one was a rotten egg!” Goding joked. All but Leof joined in laughter, but even he managed a chuckle.

“All right,” he said. “Let’s get out of here. I would rather rest on the rim than these depths.” He looked over to Wyard. “Wyard, do you have something that could get us up?”

Wyard nodded and looked upward. Just as he was about to speak, he froze in horror. Leof followed his gaze until his eyes lay upon a spectral green dragon that was diving towards them. Reacting rather than thinking, he shouted:

“Get down!”

The warriors immediately dove prone as the ghostly dragon neared them. Strangely the dragon continued its descent until it hit the ground, bursting into insubstantial flames that washed over the knights harmlessly. Afterwards Leof quickly got to his feet before helping Wyard to his own.

“Strange,” he said. “First the egg and then that. What is going on here, Wyard? Can you see?”

“L-Leof,” Wyard sputtered. “Your eyes!”

“My eyes?” Leof blinked. He looked into Leof’s eyes and watched in shock as they shifted in wide, fearful reptilian pupils. “Wyard, *your* eyes just—how can? What—”

“ENOUGH!” A voice close by boomed.

Leof turned to the source, taking a step back as he realized it was the dragon he had presumed dead. The blue drake got to its feet. Leof dragged away Wyard as the other knights scattered. The aged knight nearly tripped, his feet feeling strange and unfamiliar as he sought cover behind a small boulder. He watched in fascinated horror as the dragon began to grow larger and bulkier, its blue scales shifting into a pitch-black color, continuing to grow until it was the largest dragon Leof had ever laid eyes upon.

“WHY DO YOU FLEE, SLAYERS?” The dragon asked, looking towards Leof with its hateful yellow eyes. “Do I really scare you so?”

Leof glanced around the crater for the other knights and caught sight of the twins behind the outcropping they had originally hid behind. However, they seemed to be rolling and spasming on the ground, though Leof could not tell why. He could not catch sight of the others until he glanced back towards the dragon. His breathing stopped as he realized Tond and Godin were caught beneath the massive dragon’s talons. Then he began to breathe again he tried to come up with a solution to the dragon problem.

“Wyard, you’ve got to get yourself together. Tond and Godin are trapped and the twins—I don’t know,” he glanced down at Wyard. “Wyard?”

The seer looked up at him, not with his usual face but that of a white-scaled draconic muzzle. Leof cried out and used his clawed hands to move him backwards. The aged warrior paused and brought his hands within his vision. He froze in horror as he realized they had been transformed into dragonlike foreclaws.

“Why do you not fight, slayers?” The dragon snarled sardonically. “Is it because you can’t?”

Leof groaned in pain and fell to all fours as his skeletal structure altered into an arrangement better suited for quadrupeds. He bellowed as his cranium began to lengthen and patches of green scales began to appear all over his body.

“Pathetic humans!” the dragon roared. “Cast aside your weak forms and grow greater!”

“Nooo!” Leof cried out in pain as his head completed his changes, leaving him with a fully formed draconic muzzle. He blinked his red eyes—the change had not only affected their shape but quality as well. He could see better than ever before. “I won’t—”

“Oh, but you will. You cannot resist for I am a GOD!” the dragon snarled, laughing sinisterly. “You could kill my mortal children, but you cannot kill their immortal father!”

Leof’s changes continued as his earholes formed, greatly improving his hearing. As the last of his body hair retreated inwards and his skin and cartilage was completely covered with scales, he could hear the pained cries of his changing companions. Mental anguish joined physical pain when Leof realized there was nothing he could do to help them, at least not yet. While his feet took on the same taloned shape as his foreclaws, he

resolved to rally his friends to kill the dragon after they had completely changed into their new forms. It would be six on one after all.”

“Ha ha ha!” The dragon snorted. “Prideful to the end! I can read your weak mind, human, and your plan is flawed. If I can change you, what else could I do?”

Leof’s frame began to put on more mass and muscle, as he grew larger and large, bursting his armor apart. His rear condensed into a single unit as a thick tail grew out above it. At the same time, tiny nubs, the beginning of wings, sprouted on either side of his broad and large scaled back. Meanwhile, the scales on his underside softened and his reptilian member slid further down into his body into a waiting genital slit, where it nestled internally. Inside, Leof’s organs shifted and new one joined them to match and support his now draconic form. His wings quickly burst into completion as his body finally finished growing, stopping at a size somewhat smaller than the black dragon’s own. The last thing to change was his lengthening neck and then Leof was truly a dragon.

Pain gone, Leof looked down at his changed form with a mixture of shock and hate. He moved his forked tongue around his mouth, feeling his sharpened teeth. Lifting one taloned foreclaw, he noted how much more weighty and massive he had become. Flapping his wings and experimentally swinging his tail, Leof’s mind grew intrigued and overwhelmed by his new form.

“Enjoying yourself?” the dragon asked, sneering in amusement.

Leof shook his head as his mind returned to reality. Anger surged through his body, causing smoke to pour out of his nostrils. He glanced around for his companions, finding them in the same place and that they shared his fate. The twins had become

matching red dragons, Wyard a snow colored drake, while Tond and Goding, still pinned under the dragon's talons, were scaled silver and gold respectively.

"Friends!" Leof began in an unfamiliar voice. "Recover so that we may—"

Leof was silenced as an invisible power forced his muzzle shut and drove his front body low into the dragon so that it almost as if he was prostrating in front of the dragon. As the dragon stepped away from Tond and Goding, Leof could see that they too were immobilized. From this, he surmised his other companions were as well.

"Despite your defiance, I must congratulate you," the dragon rumbled. "Pitiful and mewling, the last dragon did come to my summit to die. So, you did manage to eradicate my children if only for a few days. Bah," he snorted. "If they could fall to a weak race as yourselves they didn't deserve to live anyways. But now—you, all of you will bear a stronger, smart breed."

Bear? What, Leof wondered, could the dragon be talking about? There were no females to breed and even if there were, he would never—

Leof's reptilian eyes widened as his member slipped out of its slit and became erect. Just as soon as it emerged, it began to pull inward, shrinking and softening as it did so. By the time his manhood was out of sight, it had withered away to little more than nothing. Leof's form lost a portion of its previous size as he shrank somewhat, his entire body becoming sensual and streamlined. His genital slit shifted into another configuration, becoming the swollen and puffy lips of a draconic pussy. Finally, a womb opened within and connected to Leof's new sex, rendering the dragon a dragoness.

Suddenly the bindings of force disappeared, allowing Leof freedom of movement. She spun around and lifted up her rear as she turned her head and glanced at her new moist sex with astonishment.

“Thanks for the view,” the dragon snickered.

Embarrassed, Leof lowered her tail to cover her pussy and turned to face the dragon. A whimper to her left caught her attention, causing her to shift her gaze to the source. Wyard, now a beautiful white dragoness, appeared distraught as she reached a foreclaw towards her sex. Before she made contact she quickly pulled away and looked at Leof with mournful eyes. Ashamed, Leof looked away and found that none of the former warriors had been spared the transformation into dragonesses.

“We’re not finished yet,” the dragon announced. “We’ll never be finished.”

At this, Leof felt a new weight in the lower half of her body. She glanced backwards, quickly realizing with horror that her womb was filling with eggs, and lots of them. She became so heavy with eggs that it became difficult for her to move comfortably. She looked over to Wyard who had suffered the same fate. Worse yet, the white dragoness closed her eyes and whimpered as she pushed an egg out of her sex. Still wet, it plopped to the floor, another soon on the way. Leof was shocked to find the rest of the dragonesses likewise gravid. How were they supposed to fight the dragon like this?

“You can’t,” the dragon crowed, stepping back and releasing Tond and Goding so they could get to their own releasing. “You’ll be here the rest of your lives, fertile and birthing dragons. Some of our kind can live for thousands of years...”

Now Leof began to feel her own body begin to go through labor. It was extremely uncomfortable to push out the egg, but when she did so she felt slight satisfaction before

remembering that she was giving birth to dragons, the very creatures she had dedicated her life to annihilating. Then the pain began again as another egg moved on its way out.

“I have given you some small mercy,” the dragon continued. “First in sparing your lives. Next, by making this clutch fertilized of its own merit. But soon this clutch will be fully laid and we’ll have to move onto more traditional means.”

Leof barely heard the dragon’s words and his implications, so focused was she on laying her eggs. However, when she did feel a bump at her side she looked up and into Wyard’s eyes. They showed a sad determination, reminding the former knight that if anything they were in this together. There had to be a way out of this. Perhaps in the future other slayers would arrive and slay the dragon and either put the dragonesses out of their misery or find some way to revert their changes. She could not give up. There had to be hope, there *must* be hope for her own sanity if anything else.

As she pushed out another egg, Leof was not sure how much longer she could believe this.