

Treetop Shorts Collection
A Change of Plans - Inspired by the animation by Slate

By Smokescale Aquatos

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Alex's heart pounded away in his ears. There was so much that could go so very wrong. He was sure he wasn't going to be successful in this little venture, but he had been pushed into it. All the other knights poked fun at him, their jeers feeling quite unpleasant as they painted him as the only knight who had never drawn his sword. They all had their battle scars and trophies and such, but Alex had nothing. He complained loudly to them about being the butt of their jokes and all fell quiet as the captain approached him, telling him what he had to do to be taken seriously as one of them.

The captain simply smiled that smarmy little smile; a smile that said he knew the fox would never be able to do it, "You gotta kill a dragon."

And that was how he got where he was now, strapped into his armor, chest heaving as he panted in fear. The mouth of the cave next to him was ominous and foreboding, home to a known dragon. This one seemed to be mostly reclusive, not venturing too close to the settlements down in the valley. But to the knights, a dragon was a dragon and dragons were meant for killing.

The orange and white fellow swallowed hard as he gripped the sword at his hip. He had training, yes. He had experience through sparring, yes. He did not have any idea how to fight a dragon, let alone kill one. But it needed to be done. He wasn't sure why, but it needed to be. His breathing slowed as he closed his eyes and tried to center himself. When his eyes opened again, he turned and ran into the cave, blade slipping free and biting at the air as he held it aloft, a might war cry filling the stony cavern.

Inside, curled up comfortably in something of a loose ball, lay the beast the knight had come to slay. The dragon was a deep shade of blue, no doubt to conceal himself in the water he adored swimming in, making him somewhat rare in this particular region of the world. His head lifted lazily as the fox came screaming in. Another one? He grumbled and squeezed his eyes shut, calling upon the mystic powers many of his kind were known for. Immediately, the vulpine's charge began to slow, his legs and arms all feeling as though they were trapped in a thick suet pudding. It tired him quickly and he stumbled as he raced forward, coming to a halt in front of the beast now laying in front of him, staring up at the blue creature. His sword fell out of his hand as he lost the strength to hold it, his eyes now wide in terror, his heart pounding away as if it were about to burst.

This was it. This was how Alex's story was to end, he thought to himself. And yet, no harm came to him. The dragon simply stared at the metal-wrapped fox in utter annoyance. A huff came from his chest down below as he blinked slowly, regarding this foolish knight.

"What do you want?"

Alex paused, taken aback by this, "I'm sorry... did you just speak!?"

The dragon nodded as he raised an eyeridge, growing further disenchanted with his 'guest', "Yes, I can speak, and I'm 'delighted' to see you can as well," His voice dripped with sarcasm on the back of his utterance, "Now that we have established that... I will ask again. What do you want?"

Alex gulped noisily, peering up at the beast through the gap in his visor. It wouldn't take much for the monster to roast him alive in his armor or crush him like a tin can... or simply rip him to pieces. The correct answer to the dragon's question terrified him, but maybe he would win points for honesty. No one dared lie to a dragon. Well... a dragon that could talk... this one seemed to be the first though. Could they all talk? Did they just choose to be silent around two-legs like him? Why did this one choose to part from that tradition?

"I... I came here... to... to slay you?" He slammed his eyes shut, knowing he would surely be impaled on those sharp, nasty teeth. Instead, a groan rose from the blue-scaled creature.

"What is it with you knights and wanting to kill dragons!? What is behind this obsession!? Why do you want to kill me!? Why me specifically!?" Oh he was angry! Not necessarily at the fox in front of him but at all knights. It just so happened that the one before him was the focus of his rant. Alex gulped hard, opening only one eye to peek out at the beast poised just feet away, waiting for him to lash out at him with claws and fangs and muscle.

"I... I was told to come here! I was told to come kill you!" The fear in his voice was palpable.

"Right, and I suppose whoever told you to come kill me offered you a fat purse of gold."

"No..."

That seemed to stop the dragon, confusing him slightly.

"No one's paying you to slay a dragon?"

"No..." it was a tiny little voice at this point, the fox squeezing himself into a smaller target, hoping he might be able to play the pity card if he looked frightened enough.

"Who was it that sent you?" The beast would get to the bottom of this mystery, even if he had to make the knight wet his armor.

"My captain sent me... said they'd take me seriously if I killed a dragon... they told me there was one in this cave. Sent me with only my sword... nothing else. Said it would 'make a man out of me' if I could kill you with nothing but my sword."

"Make a man out of you? What is this, some sort of rite of passage!? Some forray into adulthood by slaughtering a creature that has done nothing to harm any of the citizens of your little town!?"

Alex whimpered, able to taste the rage pouring from the blue's maw. He couldn't stop there, he had to explain the whole thing.

"They make fun of me constantly! They treat me like I don't belong there! Some of them even threaten me! I need to do something to make them stop! I need to do something to earn some respect!" Were the fox only a few years younger, at this point, he might have started crying. It took a good deal of strength not to. The dragon frowned, peering at the knight quivering in his plates of metal, clanking quietly as he did so. Such a terrible excuse to go on a mission to kill.

"That has to be the absolute worst reason anyone has ever had for charging blindly into a dragon's lair with nothing but some cheap armor and a dull sword. Had I been one of a dozen other dragons that you could have been sent to go fight, you'd probably be dead already! It sounds to me like you've quite a lot to learn. For starters, your place. Do you think I like having random knights running at me, ready to kill me just because I'm scary?" Alex shook his head, certain he was near death now, "Very good! You can show some intelligence when pressed to! No, I don't like it. It's not anyone's place to do so. It most certainly isn't your place to try and carve out my heart. In fact, I'm quite sure it's not your place to be a knight! Here you've come barging into my home, disturbed my sleep, and threatened to kill me... all so you could... fit in. I do believe punishment is in order!"

Alex's eyes grew wide as terror gripped him deep down to the root of his soul. This was it. He was done for. An appeal to the dragon's mercy seemed pointless. He would have dropped to his knees and begged to be spared, but he had not the time to do so. In the space of only a few seconds, the blue beast leaned in as he inhaled deeply. Those scaly lips were pursed together as he exhaled, breathing out across the armored vulpine. What felt like pangs of electricity arched through the plates covering the trembling fox, racing down along his entire form. The distinct sound of metal creaking could be heard as the various bolts and welds came undone. Entire plates began to fall free of the fox's limbs and chest, clanging noisily upon the stone floor. Unceremoniously, he was peeled from his suit, leaving only his fur and a handful of garments covering him. He wasn't even given the protective padding most knights wore under their armor. He truly was at the bottom rung. The dragon saw this.

"Please... please my lord... don't kill me... I beg you to spare my life!" The terrified fox continued to plead, quite certain it would not help.

"Oh no... I don't intend to kill you, knight. I intend to punish you. So eager to be seen as a man... I say we remove that possibility entirely!" He leaned in and took a sharp breath in through his nose before opening his mouth wide. A strong gust of wind, hot, moist, and smelling mildly acrid rushed out past the fox, leaving him feeling even more sweaty than he already was. He yelped as the jaws came down quickly before him, gripping his simply white tunic in those impressive teeth. With a sharp jerk, the dragon ripped the garment off of Alex, then repeated the process with the rather plain garment covering his waist to his thighs. Now completely nude, the sense of electricity rushing over him returned, giving the fox new reason to fear. His chest grew tight as did his groin. Hands moved to both, shocking him as he noticed the smooth, flat surface of his torso bulging outward into two supple curves. The features below shrank and tugged inward, causing him to cry out in surprise. His eyes squeezed shut as he felt his hips widen and his waist

narrow. Alex felt the features of his face reshaping, recontouring into a much more feminine appearance. When at last the tingling faded, what had been a young man was now a young lady, and a ravishing one at that.

Alex gasped as she looked over her new body, blushing tremendously as she explored the size and weight of her new bosom. It surpassed even that of the most well endowed barmaids. She whimpered seeing the changes, unsure if she was entirely unhappy. Part of her found this quite exciting.

"Wh-what have you done!?"

The dragon grinned as he gazed over his creation, "Now you don't have to worry about them 'making a man out of you'. You are free of that burden. Now however, I think you should thank me for the gift I have given you." He leaned in and whispered into the vixen's ear. The words were unintelligible, some archaic language she didn't understand. Instantly, she felt a surge rush through her before she was compelled to look back along the dragon's form. He was about the size of a large horse, and from what she could see as he lifted one of his legs, he was similarly endowed, in size at least. She nodded softly, understanding what he asked. It didn't seem to bother her in the slightest as she dropped onto her knees and crawled under the large blue fellow.

His sheath welled up before her, seeming to possess a quality about it that made her mouth water. Without another word, the girl leaned up and pressed her muzzle to his length, what little of it had emerged from its protective hiding place already. Her lips sealed around the end of his sheath, moaning quietly as she felt him extend his way deep into her mouth, even working down into her throat. He hissed and let his jaw hang agape as she began. As if she had practiced all her life, she began to suckle away, gulping and lapping frantically at the grand spire lodged inside her neck. A hand rose to stroke along the plump orbs hanging just before her, each one the size of a goose egg. How much of the dragon's seed they must hold. The thought sent a shiver up Alex's spine. She moaned all the louder around the dragon, squeezing his sizable, weighty swells in her hand. A growl of delight escaped her as he hoisted his tail higher and higher, his hindquarters beginning to thrust against the small fox. He saw no reason to hold back. A roar filled the room as he lifted his head, arching his back to push deep into his new pet's gullet. A sudden gush of thick, musky ooze splashed free into Alex's throat, taking her by surprise with its force. She gagged lightly as she felt her stomach bulge to contain so much, swelling until she looked visibly pregnant. Once her belly refused to hold anymore, she was thrown onto her back by the fierce blast from the dragon's shaft.

There she lay for the moment, dazed and unclear of mind. As she tried to cobble together what she felt, a sense of warmth welled up inside her. A gurgle rose from her belly as her stomach complained of being overfed, and yet it felt absolutely marvelous, a satisfaction unlike anything she had felt before. A smile crossed her lips, growing wider as she felt the blue beast's lips come to brush along her neck, his tongue trailing softly up across her cheek in an affectionate lick. A new crackle of electricity crossed over the surface of her form, seeming to energize her anew and she sat up eagerly, her tail swishing softly behind her.

"Well done my dear girl. I think you've got the hang of this already. Perhaps I should show you where you will be sleeping tonight."

The vixen nodded eagerly, letting slip a word that seemed to be on the tip of her tongue already, "Yes master! I would love to!" She knew exactly what was to come, and reveled in it. She could not wait.

The dragon smiled again, licking his lips before leaning down to nuzzle into the lady's chest. Her arms wrapped quickly around his muzzle and reached up along his jaw to stroke under his neck. He cooed and inhaled her scent, already quite strong for having been a woman no more than ten minutes or so. He pulled away and watched as she leaned forward. The dragon opened his mouth and eased down over the girl, grinning as he felt her arms reach up to stroke his neck again. His tongue washed across her lovely form, amused by the gravid swell she had gained from swallowing so much of his seed. A gulp tugged her head into the heated, moist confines of his throat, silky flesh gripping her firmly yet comfortably. Her mouth parted in a muffled moan as she felt his dexterous tongue locate her new womanly cleft, toying with it before sinking in deeply to drink of her honey. Her legs parted instinctually to allow him in, but it was short lived. He was hungry and would play with her later. Another swallow pulled her hips in past his jaws and his chin rose to the sky. Gravity tugged her deeper as he swallowed again, relishing the feel of her sliding through his throat. The vixen wriggled about, trying to push herself along until she felt his head drop again, taking one last good swallow before clapping his jaws shut behind her feet and tail and gulping hard. The sizable lumps she had formed in his long neck raced down through him, vanishing into his chest as his belly sagged quite noticeably towards the ground.

There Alex settled into the dragon's stomach, the warm, slick walls pressing in tightly around her. There was give enough for her to find a more comfortable position, but only barely. The taut dome she now resided in refused to let her gain too much leverage, perhaps to keep her from trying to escape... or perhaps because he wasn't used to such large meals. The dragon sighed happily and moved to roll onto his back, a hand moving to his stuffed belly, stroking over the bulge, even as his still rigid, tapered member stood proudly above it. He felt her turn about inside him and heard her moaning anew, likely with a hand shoved between her legs to explore her new womanhood.

"Very good my pet. Enjoy yourself. Revel in your new body. I may change it further in the future to suit my tastes. For now, pleasure yourself while I enjoy your flesh, your squirms... Tomorrow we begin your new life. You've much to learn about being a dragon's servant. I suggest you get some sleep once you tire yourself out. You'll need your rest." He grinned, pausing as he felt something rising up inside him. He let his jaws part as a belch escaped, few tufts of the lady's fur flying free. He smiled again, licked his lips, and laid down once more, pressing a hand firmly against the writhing bulge in his middle, adoring her frantic efforts to grind against his stomach wall.

She would make an excellent pet.