

A Thing About Dragons

Dragons.

The very name inspires fear in the minds of mortals. To say the word is to remind them of leathery wings beating against the sky. Of fire, raining from the sky. Of predatory things that are to mortals as mortals are to sheep. They are fanged, incendiary death from the skies. They are powerful in the ways of magic, keepers of countless arcane secrets. Secrets such that sorcerers, both man and beastman alike, would kill to acquire. They are shapeshifters, able to shift between enormous true forms and a smaller, humanoid form when they so desire. They slumber on piles of wealth that makes kings look like paupers. Even those who are benevolent towards "the lesser races", as they call every other sentient species in the world, interact with them from a position of strength. For they could snuff out dozens of mortal lives with the effort it would take a mortal to snuff out a candle flame. They are incarnations of power and majesty beyond anything else in the world save possibly gods and demons themselves. And they deserve fear and respect.

At least when they aren't being lazybutts and sleeping in.

Artamos, his scales like glistening emeralds, rolled over on his family's combined hoard. The dragon flopped on his back, making snorting noises as he slept on the piles of gold beneath his body. He'd slept long after the rest of his family had gone off to feed. His tail sprawled along a pile of rubies and sapphires, his soft underbelly scales as white as bleached silk exposed as he snored. In his full form Artamos was as wide as five adult humans and as tall as two stacked on top of each other. And the pile of intermixed wealth he was snoozing in was large enough to easily encompass five creatures his size.

The dragon finally stirred to consciousness when he felt a stiffening in his loins. He had to pee. With a quiet growl, he rolled onto his four legs, trudging off of the pile of gold and assorted wealth. As his talons hit the cool livid-colored stone of the cavern floor, he became aware he was much too large for the passageway he was moving towards. With a slurred magical trigger word and a thrash of his tail his body shrank and shifted, until he stood on two feet, just a bit under seven feet of height. In a humanoid form, the scaled wyrm proceeded forward, wings folding along his back, towards another room. The walls were covered in tapestries from various plundered kingdoms. It was an ornate way of dressing up the room where they kept a hot spring, some hygiene and scalecare supplies, and the chamberpot.

Artamos let out a loud yawn as he started working in resolving his piss erection. Yellow fluid draining into the pot below him. He felt a shiver run down his spine. Letting go always felt so amazing for him. Once the stream finished, the magical pot made a hissing noise and all the waste vanished. It was one of the most convenient magical items the family of drakes had claimed as their own. He could faintly hear the clattering of talons against stone from outside. Since none of the magical wards or alarms had triggered, it had to be family. He finished

passing water and cleaned up, before walking out towards the common room where his siblings and their parent made their den.

A tall woman, her naked body covered in pale yellow scales, looked over at him from the entrance to their cavern. Her humanoid form was similar to his, though she was a bit taller, just slightly over seven feet in height. Her slitted eyes, the color of polished gold, looked over to lock with his mossy green ones. "Lounging around in your puny midform, Artamos?" The yellow dragon's snout curled up into a smirk, as she walked forward towards him. "How very *lesser* of you."

Her emerald brother snorted and scowled. "I had to pee. What's your excuse, Glisten?" He reached up to rub at one the two pale white horns crowning his head.

"The loot I was carrying was too delicate to be carried by normal means." The yellow dragon pulled a bag slung over her shoulder down, carrying its contents with two hands, and slowly putting it down on the floor in front of the two dragons. "Father led Kazeros and I to feed and plunder around that one beastman town to the south... Harvos, I believe it was?" She folded her arms under her chest, bosom bouncing up as her arms pushed against them.

Artamos looked down at the brown sack. Whatever was inside it was large enough to bend its proportions. "You wasted the time to bring home one thing?" Suddenly something else occurred to his sleepy mind. "Wait, isn't Havros where that old archmage was? I thought we didn't go near that place as long as he was there to defend it?"

Glisten nodded. "Father said he died last year. Hence why we went to plunder the old hare's things." She began opening the bag. "And I had to be careful with this." She revealed from within the bag a large crystal body mirror, set in a rectangular golden frame. There was a black cloth fitted over the majority of the mirror, save for a few inches at the bottom. "All Father and I could determine is that it is an artifact of substantial power. As neither of us study magic as you do, we thought it safe to let you examine it before we did anything with it." She set the mirror in front of Artamos, though the black cloth obscured its surface from his sight.

Artamos widened his eyes. Even without casting any spells of detection or identification, he could sense immense power from the mirror. He nodded. "Hrm. Aye, sister. That was wise." He looked the mirror over. "There's runes on the golden frame, look to be ancient Myrrthish, but I can translate." He bent over to look at the frame encasing the mirror. "It seems to read... 'Immortal... life... myth... second place.. indoors?' Hrm." He scowled.

"That makes absolutely no sense." Glisten let out a soft huff of air, thrashing her tail back and forth.

"I may be mistranslating it." Artamos frowned. "Or maybe not. The Myrrth were among one of the most magically talented races among the lessers, but they were also phenomenally

stupid, hedonistic creatures. Their language has far too many little quirks to it, its a wonder they could understand each other. And they had no idea what was wise and what was foolish. Toying with nearly omnipotent demons, enslaving our brethren, destroying mountains by trying to sculpt them in their image... they were fools."

Glisten circled the mirror. "Perhaps it's some sort of device which grants immortality? Imagine being freed of the infirmities of age!" She grinned, her eyes glinting as light bouncing off the mirror's golden frame reflected on them. "Regardless, its back in the lair. I'm off to help plunder the rest of Harvos!" She started walking towards the exit of the cave.

"A moment. I'll come with you." Artamos walked towards her, only to meet a stern gaze.

"I don't think that would be wise, brother." Glisten snorted. "We left you to slumber for a reason."

Artamos growled. "That was not my fault!"

"You barreled into a clocktower like a newborn hatchling still unused to its wings, and fell from the sky onto your ass amidst a militia of lessers. Father had to step in and rescue you. You *cried*."

Artamos thrashed his tail angrily. "Their spears hurt! I..."

"Yeah. Sorry, *little* brother, but none of us want you there until you are a bit less... clumsy." She walked off.

Artamos stomped a foot. "I am NOT younger than you! My egg merely hatched last!" He scowled and snorted. But he did not follow. "Calm down, Artamos... focus on the toy you have been left with..." He walked back to the mirror, placed one hand on either side of the gold frame, and carried it along with him down towards his laboratory.

Although dragons had magic that was innately theirs, such as their shapeshifting, fire breath, and much more, the fact remained that few chose to actively study it. At least not the way the lesser races did. Artamos was one of the few, and it was sensible to him to have a laboratory scaled to those lesser races, as many of his study materials were taken from the places his family pillaged. He set the mirror down next to a stone desk, which he sat down at. He grabbed a book from a nearby shelf and set it in front of him. "I'll start by translating those runes properly. Let's see if I have a spell to do it listed in-"

"The correct translation is: Immortality's a myth, but the next best thing lies within."

The mirror spoke in a strong, masculine tone. The voice came from the crystal obscured behind the black cloth.

"Who said that?" Artamos jerked back in his chair and turned towards the mirror.

"I did." The mirror replied.

"Oh ha-ha." Artamos snorted as he stood up. The dragon stood up and approached the mirror. Now, unidentified magic items, even minor ones, can be dangerous. Artamos, before he even touched most magic items of an unknown nature, would layer himself in protective enchantments and set up some manner of defenses against unknown threats. But he was angry, and his mind still a bit muddled from waking up. So without any precautions taken whatsoever, he tore the black cloth away from the fasteners that were holding it in front of the glass.

Staring back at him from within the crystal mirror was what appeared to be a tall, muscular, entirely nude lion. The beastman's golden fur was tinted a faint red. And his eyes were a deep crimson. A cock nearly twice the size of Artamos, flaccid at eight inches in length, rest between his legs, a ballsack tucked underneath it. "Why hello there, little dragon. I am Jau'andus." The lion flashed a fanged grin and licked his chops.

The green dragon stared back. "I... fail to see how you would be the next best thing to immortality." He couldn't stop gazing at the lion's physique, feeling his face getting hot. He had no use for the Lesser's concepts of modesty, nor was he attracted to males. But he found himself having trouble looking away.

"Why don't you break the mirror and find out?" The lion's smile grew wider.

The dragon mage snorted. It took considerable will, but he averted his gaze from the mammal male's package. "Nice try. I'm not letting you out, *demon*, if that's your game." He snorted, walking back to his desk, his tail brushing up against the golden supports under the mirror, keeping it erect. "You must think I'm stupid."

"No, I think you're a child. A foolish, infantile hatchling who needs daddy and big brudder and big sissy to take care of him while he sits around playing with shiny toys." Jau'andos voice never changed, but the sound of it began to grate against Artamos' mind. "I heard everything that happened back there, you know. I know how you were a big crybaby who couldn't take care of himself in a crisis. Does your daddy change your nappies when they're soiled, too?"

The dragon mage narrowed his eyes, feeling his ire building. His tail thrashed as he pounded a fist against the nearest wall. "I am NOT a hatchling!" He exclaimed with as much force as he could without shouting.

The only response was the tinkling sound of crystal shattering.

Artamos whirled around. His tail had knocked the mirror over onto the ground. He'd felt it collide and only realized what he'd done after it was too late. "Oh no. Oh no no no no no." He saw a few stray shards of crystal on the floor. Bending over he grasped at the golden frame and started to pull it up to its proper position. He looked back into it.

The lion known as Jau'andus was staring back, eyes wide. A hairline crack running from the top left to the bottom right of the rectangular body mirror. A few flakes of shattered crystal fell from the point where the dragon's tail had collided with the center. Jau'andus threw his head back, black horns sprouting him behind his ears, growing larger, curling down and around. The tuft of fur on his tail ignited into flame. His footpaws thickened, to become cloven hooves. Somewhere along the way his eyes had become glowing founts of red, floating up out of them and dissipating.

"Ha. Haha. Hahahahahahahahaha! You really made it **THAT** easy?!?
HA!"

The demon's manic laughter and image faded as Artamos stared, his eyes glazed over, into the mirror's shattered surface. His own image stared back at him, split by the hairline crack. Yet the two halves looked different. The fraction on the right side of the image, reflecting most of his upper half, looked entirely normal. But the left side, reflecting the majority of Artamos' lower body, was clothed. A pastel green onsie was wrapped around his reflection's lower body, with two buttons along the front of the crotch keeping a butt flap covered. The reflection's legs were spread apart by how thick the onsie appeared. A little green ribbon was tied in a bow at the tip of the reflected image's tail. Along the chest and belly of the onsie, in a shimmering silver cursive script, were written words, but due to the split, only half of them could be seen.

"First, lets get you in appropriate attire..."

It was the sound of something crinkling that snapped Artamos out of his stupor. "H-huh? Why was I just staring... what am I wearing?!?" He looked down. He was wearing the outfit he had seen in the mirror. Along the chest was written "Daddy's Stinky Sissy" on it. The outfit felt bulky around his ass and crotch, pushing his legs apart.

He realized exactly what had happened then. He was wearing a diaper underneath the onsie.

"But... I didn't detect a spell... that doesn't make sense, there should have been a vocal invocation at the very least!" He felt a rising panic in his mind. He moved as fast as he could over to his books, painfully aware of the crinkling sound as he walked. "Rrr... these constricting undergarments..." He could barely walk on two legs with the thick padding pushing them apart. It forced him to waddle, a movement which curved the forward arc of his legs and caused a pronounced wiggle of his hips, which crinkled with every step. He blushed at the thought of how infantile he looked right now. The notion of removing the offending outfit,

diaper and all, occurred in his mind. But something told him that wasn't important at the moment. He had to figure out how they'd gotten on him in the first place!

"Next, lets make sure the little hatchy's play area has toys appropriate for someone his age."

Artamos tried his best to ignore the voice of Jau'andus as he bent over to his arcane tomes. "You're just being a big meanie and trying to distract me!" He had to figure this out. As he opened the first book, the mirror's cracked surface shimmered. The part on top of the diagonal crack reflected the room as it was. But the lower part...

The dragon blinked. He had been staring off into space, and he was aware of a small bead of drool running down his chin. "What... no! It happened again!" The book of magic he'd been about to read had been replaced with what appeared to be a Myrrthish Alphabet book, a single letter printed in colorful block letters with an image of a red apple next to it. "H-how..." He threw the book aside, letting it settle on floor open to the letter T, a teacup with a cartoony smile staring up at him from the page. He opened the next book on his shelf without even bothering to look at the cover. It was a pop-up book about a little kitten with a wiggly bottom. "No... no no!" He looked up. Every book of purloined arcane texts, nay, every single book on his bookshelves, had somehow been converted similar fare. He saw titles such as "The Cub Who Did Not Know Fear and other Nursery Tails" or "Mommy's Big Book Of Lullabys" where once he had possessed stolen wisdom from many kingdoms.

Artamos whimpered. Again, he hadn't noticed any signs a spell was cast. "How are you doing this?" He turned around the room. His desk and the worktable next to it had become a large playpen colored in a rainbow of pastel colors. Four of him could fit in it comfortably. "You haven't even chanted, or done any of the som.. som..." He was having trouble remembering the big, confusing word for some reason. "Som-bat-icks for the spell!"

The demon lion's voice echoed through the room. "'Somatics', little hatchy. Do you know what that big word means?"

"Shut up!" He closed his eyes and pounded the wall with a fist. Instead of stone, the wall felt like comfy, cushy foam. "Magic doesn't just happen! You hafta do stuff first!" He thrashed his tail, his pretty ribbon swaying in the air as his tail moved.

"Adorable. And how much do your picture books tell you about magic, Hatchling? You're less than a hundred. Is that even old enough for a little baby hatchy to read? Daddy Lion was watching when your world was first forged, child."

Artamos bit his lip. Soft walls and floors, a playpen, a bookshelf filled with childish literature, and what even looked like an open chest, stuffed with toys, in the corner. His treasured laboratory had become a nursery. And what was even worse, part of him wanted to waddle up to that chest, sit his padded tush down, and just play. A drop of something moist hit his foot.

He reached up to his chin. He'd forgotten he had drooled a little bit. He blushed at the realization that he'd been waddling around with drool on his face like a little baby.

"Like a little baby." The realization hit him like an arrow. "Gods... you're doing something to my mind!" His eyes widened, as he clutched his hands around his scaly skull. "Defenses. I have to-" he looked around the room. There was nothing left in his nursery that could help him. "No, the nursery, not my nursery..." he mumbled, correcting himself. He had to keep his perspective straight. He wasn't a little hatchey, he was a big boy. He didn't play in nurseries. "Grrr... it doesn't matter!" he took off out of the room as fast as his midform could carry him, crinkling with every step. He felt his bladder trembling as he went. He needed to pee. But part of him reminded himself that it wasn't important right now. If he stayed undefended, the big mean demon was gonna get him again!

He burst into the hoard chamber, waddling as fast as his diaper would allow. He'd left some supplies here in case of attacks. He ran over to a portion of the stone wall. "Where is it..." He ran his fingers along the surface of the wall until he found a small part that could be pushed in. "There!" A hidden part of the wall popped open. He'd spent hours convincing Glisten to carve a hidden chamber there. Inside where some emergency supplies: materials needed for certain spells. He grabbed a bag of azure cloth and opened it up. Inside it were a few pale white mushroom caps, dried but still useful. "Ok! The Giant's Wort is still fresh enough, I think! What about the other thingy..." Alongside the mushrooms were several sticks of scented incense, anointed by some priesthood of a god of the Lessers. He hurriedly breathed a small gush of flame out to light a stick of incense, enjoying the intermixing scents of cherry and talcum powder. He smiled a bit. He liked those scents. They were so soothing... He shook his head. "No time t'get lost in my thoughts. I gotta spell to shape!" He waved the lit stick of cherry-scented sacred incense around, making sure the smoke, and the scents, encircled him. The smells of cherry and talcum powder clung to his body, as he took out one of the white mushroom caps, considered it for a moment, and shoved it into his mouth, suckling on it, part of the head sticking out of maw. He felt his face wrinkling. "Icky..." he grumbled. Mushrooms always tasted bad, but he had to be a big boy and eat it for the spell to work.

After a moment's more hesitation, he chewed the dried mushroom and swallowed it down. "What were those words again?" he thrashed his tail, crinkling his butt as he tried to remember what to chant. "Nnngh... still gotta pee..." He squirmed, getting a bit antsy as he wracked his brain. Thinking was hard when he was trying to avoid wetting his diapers at the same time! "Um... Septas... Syssie... Barrias... Trepanium!" He felt his whole body tingling as he the spell took effect. The faint cloud of smoke from the incense took on a pinkish haze, as he giggled. "There! Hah! Now you can't force your way into my brain, demon!" He held onto the diminishing stick of incense, letting the pink haze growing from it gently settle on his scales. "I think..." He bit his lip. He had remembered there were four words, but he didn't remember if all four of the ones he said were the right ones. But he'd cast a spell! So it had to have been the right one.

Artamos shuddered, reaching down to rub the front of his diaper. There was a sizable bulge along his crotch, sticking out amidst the padding and his onsie. Rubbing it felt good, but he had to pee, and urgently. "And I'm a big boy, I'm not gonna do that in my diapers!" He said proudly. He'd beaten the demon, so it was alright to go visit the chamberpot. As the pinkish smoke from the incense settled on his scales like dew, he turned towards the dragon's hygiene chamber and crinkled down towards it. The room containing the chamberpot had the shattered golden mirror at the back of it, reflecting everything. Artamos' eyes widened. "W-wait, how did you get-" He saw his reflection in the fractured mirror.

And screamed.

Pink. His emerald scales were now a bright neon pink. His onsie matched. Even the white of his horns and the white of his underbelly scales had a pale pink frosting covering them, making them look like a faded pastel variant of the same color. The shock of it all was so unsettling, he felt woozy and a bit warm. And wet. Especially down near his crotch. It took him a second to realize what that meant. "N-no... I'm not... am I?" He reached down and pressed his onsie and diaper up against his cock, feeling just the faintest hint of a flow. He was soaking himself, and couldn't even seem to control it. The warm wetness was causing his diaper to puff up like a sponge. "No! I don't use diapers! I don't!" He turned to the chamberpot, trying to find a way to get the onsie off so he could pee like a big boy into the magical waste-clearing device. He finally unfastened the two metal snaps at the bottom of his onsie, but in doing so brushed his hand against his puffy wet diaper, bumping his cock again.

And made him moan.

The warm wetness of the diaper felt amazing against his cock. The incense dropped out of his right hand as he moved his talons up and down against the growing bulge on his crotch, shuddering. Artamos was virgin. He'd never sought out a mate. He was only eighty four, just four years older than what was considered the low end of "adult" for his species. Yet the warm embrace of the swollen diaper, wrapping his cock in it's moist folds... this felt like everything he'd ever imagined sex to be like. Awash in the new sensations, he fell to his knees in front of the chamberpot, rubbing his wet diaper against his crotch as he let out loud howls and groans of pleasure. Artamos was discovering he'd be a screamer if he ever managed to have sex.

Almost without thinking about it, he picked up speed in his diaper rubbings, stroking himself off. He arched his back, throwing his head up in the air. "Aaaaaah!" he closed his eyes. "I'm.... soooo.... WET!" he wailed, the tip of his tail curling as he experienced the first climax he'd ever had. He fell backwards, laying on the cool stone floor as he panted. "That was... that was..."

"Incredible? Amazing? Something worth repeating?"

The dragon pushed himself up to a sitting position, shuddering a bit as the movement caused his wet diaper to rub against his cock again. Jau'andus, in all his glory, was standing in the mirror, his arms folded and pressed against his fuzzy pecs. "W-what? I beat you! Go away!" He snorted, inflating his cheeks as he he gazed at the demon. "You can't get into my head now... 's protected by a spell."

Jau'andos stepped out of the mirror, as easily as one would step through a doorframe. "Oh indeed. You cast a powerful spell there. Were I to try and get into your mind now, I'd find it quite difficult. It might even stop me from doing such a thing." The demon stroked at his flaccid cock, while trotting forward towards the drained dragon. "But it wasn't meant to turn you pink, was it? Let me clear up the little mystery for you, little hatchy. You didn't intend to change your scale color, *I* did. The second you smashed the mirror I was setting up my metaphorical shop in your brain. The spell keeps things out, but it never bothered to push out things that were already in." His cock was growing erect as he stroked at it. "What you saw and heard before was just an illusion for your benefit. Makes you feel less like a crazy person that talks to themselves." The lion-demon's grin grew wider. "Aren't I such a nice guy?"

Artamos felt his eyes growing moist. Part of him really wanted to cry, to cling to something for security. "Why... why are you doing this?" He sat up, his right arm moving towards his snout.

"Hey, I'm just following orders." The lion-demon purred. "'Immortality's a myth, but the next best thing lies within.' It was written on the mirror frame. The mirror was just a trap containing an absurdly large amount of magical potential and an entity bound to it to shape it. Me." He held a paw up, investigating his claws. "I'm obligated to inflict a Second Childhood on whoever broke it. I think the mage who trapped me in there intended for me to use the mirror's magical potential to regress you PHYSICALLY, but that's a ton more work than just messing with your head and your stuff. If youth magic were easy, any halfwit schmuck with magical talent would turn back their own clocks just to live forever. Doing it my way saves potential magic I can use for my own uses." He licked his lips, a bead of black slime forming at the tip of his fully erect, foot long shaft. "Besides... Incubi like myself feed and grow stronger off of lust and desire. This is a waaaay more fun interpretation of 'Second Childhood' for me."

Artamos pulled his thumb out of his mouth. He'd been suckling it to stay calm. "It's not fun for me!" He growled and slapped his tail against the ground.

"Isn't it?" The incubus stood over Artamos, looming. His head turned to look at the chamberpot. "It feels sooo good to just let it alllll out, doesn't it? I'm in your head, hatchling. I can see your memory of how you felt peeing in this thing this morning... and how much *more* fun it was, letting it all out into your diapey just now. Or are you going to tell yourself you didn't just make a sticky mess into your soggy underpants, Baby Arty?"

The dragon stood up, painfully aware of how his diaper was drooping down from how wet it was. It felt amazing, sliding down his shaft. "I... I didn't wanna be a baby! You're makin' me like it..." He sniffed, on the verge of tears. He was so confused...

The demon chuckled. "Heh heh... maybe I am. But how is that a bad thing when it makes you feel so good?" The lion incubus stepped forward, his erect shaft dripping blackened precum. Bobbing right in front of Artamos' eyes. The dragon licked his lips, wondering what it'd feel like to suck on something more like *that* instead of his thumb. "Listen, I can feel you still fighting in your head. I could torment you for hours, whittling away at your adult mind until you're nothing more than a brainless newborn. But it doesn't have to be that way." He knelt down, his red founts of hellish energy shifting back to a pair of crimson eyes. "Stop fighting it. Submit, and I'll have so much more energy left to make the experience more fun for you. If your family is going to treat you like a baby, shouldn't you at least enjoy it? Think about it... one moment of weakness in exchange a lifetime of pleasure."

"You'll... you'll dee-stwoy my mind..." Artamos mumbled, his objection sounding barely even like a protest.

Jau'andus' response was merely a chuckle. "Silly hatchy... I have far more use for a sissy crinklebutt hatchymage than I ever could a brainless big baby." He patted the dragon on the left shoulder. "You can keep your big boi learning. It doesn't mean you won't be able to enjoy playing like the little hatchling you know you are. Daddy Lion might even teach his stinky sissy a thing or two so he can help Daddy pervert others."

The dragon's eyes widened. "Y-you'd be my daddy?" He felt his face getting hot.

"What second childhood is bereft of parents?" The incubus looked around the room. The dragon's lair was isolated, filled with treasure, and had inhabitants he could feed off of. Now unleashed upon the word, why wouldn't he stay here to build power for his plans? "Daddy will even make sure you have friends to play with! All you have to do-" He pushed his erect shaft right up against the dragon's mouth. "-is surrender."

Artamos could smell the precum on the lion demon's cock. His mouth was watering and his face felt hot. Part of him wanted to bite at it. To resist with everything he was. but it was hard to remember why he should. "Submit... submit... submit..." The demon was repeating it like a mantra. Echoing through Artamos' head. Making it hard to think too deeply. The lion-demon pushed the tip of his cock up against Artamos' lips, smearing the blackened precum around them like some sort of lipstick. His lips curled into a smile at the thought. Lipstick made him look pretty... he liked being a pretty sissy.

Artamos made his choice. It was easier than he expected, like opening a door. It barely felt like a choice at all.

Hatchy Arty giggled, the black precum on his lips sinking in as he opened his muzzle and began bobbing up and down on Daddy Jau'andus' fat prick. As he did, his lips tingled, turning from the pink of the rest of his body to an ebony black. They swelled up in size, puffing out like plump, soft pillows. He felt Daddy in his mind, shifting things around even as the little hatchling was making him purr and moan. The little hatchy felt his tail lifting and curling. He snorted as his cute crinklebum began pushing out a heavy load of stinky mush into his diaper. He felt a familiar shiver run up his spine. Letting go into his diapeys felt so good, and he found he even liked the smell. He was after all, just like his onsie said, "Daddy's Stinky Sissy".

The lion he was sucking off tilted his head up and roared, firing a load of his salty seed into Arty's closed maw. The sissy hatchling rolled back in his diaper, pausing to feel the pleasant smooshing of his mush against his seat, and suckled on the head of his daddy's cock like the nipple of a bottle, drinking all the cream his demon daddy would supply. He didn't let go until his fleshy bottle ran dry. Once he was sure he'd gotten as much as he could, he pulled off. "How was dat, daddy?" He giggled at the sound of his own voice. It was higher pitched, breathy, and sounded a bit like his big sister's voice a few months after hatching.

Jau'andus panted for a few moments before looking down at the dragon: Clad in an pink onsie that matched the color of his scales, his face smeared with saliva and precum, in a diaper so heavily used that the buttons on his butt flap were near bursting open. And the hatchling was smiling. The demon laughed, long and hard.

"You did an amazing job for your first cock, hatchling." He said as he finished his cackling. "But it looks and smells like someone's diaper is near bursting. Maybe we should fix that."

Arty looked around. "But... I don't have any more diapeys, daddy..." He pouted, his lower lip quivering.

The incubus smirked, patting the femboy's head. "This thing should be able to help with that, Arty." As he put a hand on the magic chamberpot. "All we should have to do is spend a bit more of the mirror's stored potential to pervert its nature somewhat. Hell, lets retool the whole room to be a bit more... 'hatchling friendly'. Just watch!"

Arty looked over at the mirror, as it shimmered and began to work. The upper half of the reflected image showed the room as it had been before. But the lower half showed how it would be after. The dragon sat on his diapered butt, clapping as he watched the changes happen. The tapestries on the walls re-wove themselves into brightly colored wall cloths depicting infantile hatchlings romping through a sunny, flower filled field. The hot spring started bubbling, producing a natural sudsy foam. Several rubber toys floated along the surface. Arty imagined himself splashing and playing in the bubbles and giggled. Underneath the foam looked to also be various protrusions underwater clever hatchlings could sit on, or rub against their various holes.

Something firm behind him pushed him from a sitting position onto his belly. He turned to look at it. The magic chamberpot had grown into an enormous changing table, the top surface covered in padded leather cushions. Two golden arms poked out from underneath, with a small placard reading "Auto-Changer" on front of it. Several drawers underneath looked to be bursting with fresh diapers and supplies. His eyes widened as he stared at it.

"You'll never lack changing materials, little hatchy." the lion incubus patted the leather cushions. "Now crawl up here so Daddy can change your first loaded diaper."

Arty folded his arms and looked away, huffing. "But... I just got my diapey!"

His new daddy folded his arms and thrashed his tail. "Do I need to tell a naughty hatchling twice?"

The dragon pushed himself up to all fours and crawled as fast as his legs and arms could carry him up onto the changing table. Rolling on his butt with a squish and a crinkle, he spread his legs for Daddy Jau'andus and popped his thumb in his mouth. His wings sprawled out along his sides, he looked up to watch the demon pulling away his onsie's butt flap and undoing the pins of his diaper.

It wasn't long before Daddy Jau'andus was fucking his cleaned virgin butt on the changing table, the dragon making girly noises as his butt was rut. His pucker, stained with the incubus' dark juices, turned into a ring of black flesh, a mark of his submission to his new daddy.

Suddenly his daddy froze mid-thrust, then jerked his head up and cocked it, as if listening for something. "I do believe your sister has returned." He said, the smile on his face growing far too wide and containing far too many teeth. "Shall we go play with her?"

The End...?