

Fertile Diplomacy

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A Patreon Request

A party of adventurers approaches the dragon queen in the interest of negotiating peace between their nations. It is hardly the first time such an approach has been used, but this time it may be the last.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains A Female Dragon, A Male Wolf, Male and Female Supporting Cast, Dragon TF and TG, Breast Growth, Hip Growth, Unbirth, Implied Oviposition, Lactation.

The dragoness sighed and sprawled across her hoard, bathing in a landslide of golden coins and glittering jewels. Even amid her riches, she scowled with disgust. No amount of basking or indulgence hid the presence of outsiders from her perception, and the dread of yet another callous encounter weighed heavily on her thoughts. She shut her eyes and let out a breath, then focused on the intruding energies. Four figures stood out against the void of her inner vision. She braced herself for the chaotic flood of essences and energies brought on by combat, but anticipation and impatience drew into curiosity when nothing happened. A heavy sigh escaped her muzzle, and with it a cloud of plasma. It seems the unwelcome guests had won the trust of her kobolds. The dragoness sank into herself and made a note to have a stern discussion with them about trust. Again.

The dragoness gathered herself and put on a regal air as the sounds of footsteps began to resonate in her chamber, first low and distant, but drawing closer. Amid the footfalls of her clan she discerned those of the adventurers, heavy and slow with weapons and tools of war. Her suspicions were confirmed when they arrived. A group of varied species and sizes marched into the cave, comprised mostly of her kobold guard. A small grin curled the corners of her muzzle as they kept the party at weapon point. At least some of her lessons had taken. The most decorated of her guard broke from the mob and approached, then knelt at her claw.

"My queen," he squeaked. "These outsiders claim to have been sent by the king to broker peace. I don't believe it, but I thought it be best that decision be best left to you."

The dragoness rumbled in approval. "You were wise to do so. Please, disarm our 'guests' and let us discuss."

The head kobold nodded, and their comrades carried out their queen's orders.

After a very convincing glare from the towering dragoness, the four adventurers reluctantly parted with their weapons. They gathered their dangerous gear into several bags, each of which took several kobolds to carry. The diminutive reptiles took two trips to remove the relinquished arms, and once they did, the chamber door sealed behind them.

An awkward silence filled the room, until the dragoness's patience wore thin.

"Did you come to talk, or just gawk?"

The party turned toward each other and murmured, until the apparent leader, a paladin, stepped forward. "Your majesty, we have traveled here to discuss a truce and end to conflict." The wolf reached into his belongings and produced a bag, then unveiled a small, ornate statue. "Our king sends this as a token of good will."

The dragoness eyed the statue with suspicion, and after a few seconds, reached out and plucked it from the canine's hands. She brought it up to her eye level for just a moment, then crushed it between her nails. "Hollow. Like your promises."

The wolf blanched. "Our kingdom is not the most prosperous in the land, please understand."

"Oh I do, good knight. And I wouldn't have cared if not for this." The dragoness split the wreckage of the figurine, revealing a pulsing crystal. A cursed relic she promptly ground to dust.

An awkward silence returned.

"You can't really believe that you were the first to come up with this, can you? This is far from my first brood."

While the paladin reeled, the rest of his party leapt into action.

A flash of light filled the cave, reflecting off the mountains of gold and blinding the dragoness. The feline mage smirked as she endowed her companions with summoned weapons, giving them a fighting chance against the queen. The dragoness regained her vision just in time to watch the rodent rouge lunge in, brandishing ethereal knives. A hiss of pain escaped her muzzle when he sliced through her scales with ease, though they left little more than a paper-cut in their wake. She swatted the scoundrel away as the bard knocked her first arrow, followed by the rest of his phantom quiver. In mere seconds, he filled the air with a volley of shimmering projectiles. Before they hit their mark, however, the dragon queen let out a thunderous roar. The treasure chamber resonated with her might and deafened her assailants, and time slowed for her as she gathered her arcane might.

A second luminous burst blinded the cave when she unleashed her lightning breath, singing the volley of arrows to motes of mana. Her electric fury jumped from adventurer to adventurer as it propagated across the tiny battle field and jumped between her stacks of gold, stunning the group and bringing them to their knees. Their weapons dissolved to aether when the mage lost her concentration, and the heat of her fury burned their leather and robes to cinders. The battle was won in an instant, and as the flow of time resumed its usual speed, only the paladin was spared. Shock and awe gripped the wolf as he processed the moments compressed to seconds, grappling with his brush with betrayal and peril. When the others simply collapsed in defeat.

"If that's all the strength you could bring to bear, I see why that was the backup plan." Her gaze drifted to the paladin. "Though I will grant that not everything went smoothly."

The paladin's breathing eased and his presence of mind returned, but with it came sorrow. "What the hell was that?! We came here for diplomacy! Not assassination!"

"Perhaps you did, but they did not," the queen rumbled. "It seems they only used you for your tongue."

The mage started to sputter a defense, but the paladin cut her off. "Do you have *any* idea how far you've just set our kingdoms back?! How much work you've undone?!"

"Not as much as you may think, good knight. Despite this... insult, I think peace may still be a possibility."

The wolf was stunned once more, but not discouraged.

"Your kind wears your emotions on your sleeve. It was obvious your friends wished to slay me from the start. But you, your intentions are much more honorable."

The wolf bowed. "Thank you, your majesty. I'm prepared to right the wrong of my... former friends."

A grin spread across the queen's snout. "I am glad to hear that, because this will not be easy."

"What would you have of me?"

"It is no secret our numbers grow thinner by the decade. This is only partially due to competing kingdoms, but it certainly hasn't helped." Her glare slid to the incapacitated adventurers. "If you are serious about a truce, I need you to help with that."

The wolf rested his chin in his paw. "I cannot seek vengeance on your behalf, if that is what you're getting at."

"It is not. You will help us repopulate."

The wolf blushed. "I'm uhh, not exactly equipped for that."

"That's not a problem."

The ground shook as the dragoness laid down down to the wolf's level, meeting his eyes with her own. He scratched the back of his head and looked away, though she saw all that she needed to.

"Yes, you desire this, but you fight it. Let go of your fears and let me help you fulfill your desires and destiny."

After a moment of thought, the wolf knelt before her snout.

"Good. This will not hurt, but it may surprise you."

Before the paladin processed her warning, she brought her front paw to him. The digit and claw dwarfed him, though the magic accumulating in its tip made him more

apprehensive than its scale. His shadow stretched across the chamber floor as the scent of ozone built in the air, and motes of magic crackled from its tip. Sparks arced to surrounding coins as the spell reached its critical mass, and the wolf recoiled as the queen reached out for him. For all his flinching and wincing, he received only a light touch on the snout. He cracked his eyes open at the soft touch, just in time for a lightning bolt to lance through him. The paladin's fur stood on end as the practiced jolt danced on his nerves, charging him with the queen's blessing. The initial shock lasted a few eon-spanning seconds, and smoke fluttered from his fur as he recovered.

The wolf took a moment to survey himself, glancing over his back to check his tail. His expression softened when he saw the fluffy appendage unharmed, along with the rest of him, but that relief wouldn't last long. The paladin's brow furrowed as the sensation of itching spread across his form, spurring him to tear his armor off as quickly as he could. He flexed his claws and sliced through its straps, and the protective gear fell to the floor with heavy clunks. His bared fur fluttered in the cave's soft breeze, until the slight wind began to carry it away strand by strand. The canine failed to notice at first, but he couldn't ignore the soft clumps that followed. Patches of his snowy pelt fell away to reveal plates and scales, as hard and brilliant as his discarded protection. He gripped his face as his muzzle lengthened and narrowed into a draconic snout, and his balance shifted as his tail grew and slithered across the floor. As drastic as the changes were however, it was nothing compared to the transformation between his thighs.

A whine of arousal slipped through his grunts of confusion as a heat collected in his core, stoking and building to a blaze that brought him to his knees. His tail flagged on its own and exposed his nethers to both the queen and his former friends, and he buried his face in his arms to hide his embarrassment. The gesture proved somewhat effective, as it muffled his growing moans as well. His hips rolled in rutting instinct as his spire grew to its full length, dripping pre into the gap between his legs. His sac tensed and pulsed as supple scales spread across its surface, heightening his sensitivity until the cool air against them sent him over the climactic edge. The paladin's claws dug furrows into the stone as he came, spraying his seed and masculinity across the stone. His balls shrank as he emptied his reserves, until only a subtle bulge remained. His cock contracted with it, downsizing to become the clit of his developing feminine lips.

The paladin collapsed into the pool of his virility as the rapturous transformation drained his strength, leaving him a tingling, twitching mess as his inner anatomy rearranged. His hips and thighs thickened as his externals shifted to match his internals, and a generous pair of breasts sprouted from his chest. The paladin's breath caught in his throat when his new sex fully formed, painfully aroused and in need of a proper testing. He obliged without thought or hesitation, looping his tail around to shove its tip into his heated depths. His shuddering breath rose to wavering cries as he pumped the slick appendage in and out, unleashing a torrent of fluids as he drove himself toward feminine climax. Every muscle in his new body pulsed in time with the flutters of his inner passage, until carnal release broke the rhythm down. A distinctly draconic roar tumbled from his muzzle and resounded through the cave while he shook in delight, announcing his approval

in his new role across the land. Its echoes bounced and faded as he fell into an exhausted afterglow.

"I am glad you enjoy your new role in my court, even if you're not completely sure of your duties yet."

The former wolf spent a moment catching his breath, but wasted no time answering his queen. "You are right my Queen, on both accounts." He prostrated himself before her, still rolling his hips. "But I appreciate this boon no less, and I will work until the end of my days to repay your for it."

The dragoness smirked. "You will work, but it will be a labor of love. Quite literally."

The transformed paladin gave her an inquisitive look.

"You are satisfied for the moment, yes? Though you still feel a heat in your belly, no doubt."

"I do indeed."

"You are in heat, my breeder-to-be. Your body longs to be full and productive."

As if in agreement, his inner passage flexed and rekindled his lust in an instant. His thighs trembled with renewed need, and it took every ounce of his willpower to stop himself from abandoning the queen's presence and mounting one of her kobolds. "You are... not wrong Your Highness."

"The desire in you is as obvious as the sun. But I'm afraid there is a problem. There are no dragons in my court with male endowments anymore."

The paladin blanched.

"I am not so cruel as to leave you in permanent heat, however. Luckily for you, there is a solution."

"Whatever it is, I'll do it."

The queen grinned. "I know you will. That is the entire reason I gave you this gift. All you must do is unbirth your former friends."

The paladin's loyalty wavered.

"The act will not destroy them, I assure you. And perhaps they will spend their time reflecting on their actions. You'll be giving them an opportunity for atonement."

The former paladin still hesitated, despite his claw drifting between his thighs. "That still

seems a harsh punishment."

"I can assure you I would not be so merciful. If not for you, they would already be a part of my hoard."

The paladin gulped and repressed the perverse thrill that notion sent through him. "I can't say I blame you."

The queen rumbled. "So I suggest you get to work, unless you'd rather see how much gold they're worth."

The former paladin nodded in affirmation, then lumbered on shaky legs to the fallen mage. The feline found the strength to look up as he neared, though her expression was unreadable. A mixture of emotions, shock and regret and perhaps a touch of lust and jealousy washed across her face, though it was all lost on her former comrade. The needy newly formed dragon eagerly gave into instinct, allowing his baser needs to take control. A blissful grin spread across his muzzle when he straddled the feline, taking a moment to let his juices rain down on her. The cat's cheeks flushed in the presence of his arousal, and curiosity spurred her to look up into his flexing passage. The former wolf's lips were swollen and pulsing with need, and they squelched out a carnal invitation with every lustful flex. The cat began to wonder if she would have been able to resist even under better circumstances.

A shiver ran through the transformed wolf, a flutter of anticipation, before his restraint finally gave out. He dropped his widened hips squarely on the mage's muzzle, slipping her nose deep into his inner reaches. Something between a roar and groan tumbled from his snout with that wondrous penetration, and his inner muscles immediately grabbed hold. A yelp of surprise echoed through his anatomy when he squeezed down on her muzzle, drawing her several inches deeper in a single contraction. His rhythm faltered with the a burst of pleasure, but coordination came swiftly as he adjusted to his new figure. Another clench wrapped his lips around the cat's neck, and another claimed her shoulders. The heat of the new dragon's body wrapped around the caster's mind and slowed her thoughts, pushing the possibility of preparing a spell out of her head. Instead, she weakly struggled against his tireless tugging.

Instinct set in, and the transfigured paladin made swift work of his former comrade. His tongue lulled from his snout as he rolled his hips, claiming the feline inches at a time. A lazy climax rocked through his figure when he conquered the swells of her chest, which easily dragged her in to her hips. The subtle curve only briefly slowed his progress, though it forced him to improvise a new technique. The dragon's tail shuddered as he rose up and adjusted his stance, guiding the feline to her feet. The instant she stood upright within his passage, he bent his legs and dropped to the ground. A thick slurp echoed through the cavern as he took in all but her ankles, and another climactic roar shook the walls. The mage's flexing toes disappeared into his depths with a tide of lust, and his claws flew to his belly as she curled into his womb. He traced her bulges with equal parts lust and affection

as she settled in, and a rumble of approval resonated in his chest as she settled in. Her weight in his core quelled the needy fire in his loins, though his queen's will kept the embers smoldering.

"Excellent work, I knew you were a good fit for your role," the queen smiled. "It's apparent that a single mortal isn't close to a challenge for you, so how about two?"

The prone bard and rogue looked at each other with apprehension and hint of embarrassment, which blossomed as they drew near each other. The queen's telekinetic hold brought them together with surprising speed, hugging them to each other and biding them in arcane energies. "Why don't you test your limits~?"

Even if it wasn't a direct command, the former paladin couldn't resist the challenge.

Lust dripped from between his thighs and marked his path across the cave, filling the air with the essence of his need. The pair of adventurers squirmed against each other as their bodies reacted to those powerful pheromones, spurring their own arousals to emerge. The bard gave his companion a bashful grin let his hips roll with rhythmic footfalls of the approaching dragon, while his partner was far less enthusiastic about the situation. Still, the rogue's fruitless struggles only pressed their members together, and by the time the swollen dragon reached them, their clothes were saturated with need. A shudder shivered down the former paladin's spine when he nosed their hips and sampled their need, sending a rolling contraction down his passage. The lips of his sex parted with rekindled need, the pulsing passage beyond demanded their entry. In the short time with his new form, the dragon had learned not to deny his desires.

The bound adventurers renewed their struggles when he turned and presented them with his need, which translated to a long sigh of bliss when he took their muzzles. The pair muttered and groaned as their snouts were pressed together, stretching the flexing tunnel far more than its previous meal. The former wolf relished the extra thickness however, even if it slowed his sexual meal. The dragon rolled his hips in time with his internal contractions, walking his entrance over their heads and down to their shoulders. A free claw drifted to their considerable bulges and explored its contours, tracing over their faces as their noses neared his cervix. The rogue and bard's progress slowed at their shoulders however, but the transformed wolf adapted with ease. He coiled his tail around their chests and doubled their bindings, then pressed them inward with all his strength. A shuddering gasp broke his concentration mere inches into the maneuver, Though he reset his grip and pressed onward with each recovery.

The stretch of their chests brought the raw hedonism of the act to the forefront of the dragon's mind, whittling away his stamina more than their intrusion itself. His lust slicked and saturated their fur, matting it to their frames for an even smoother entry. He carved trenches in the stone when they stretched the entrance to his innermost chamber, and his moans of bliss filled the queen's cavern when his occupants battled for space. The feline bulged out his middle as she planted a paw of on her companions' snouts, doing everything

in her power to deny them entry. The former wolf's desire proved far more powerful however, and each rolling clench broke her traction and pushed them deeper. Stretched by their chests, their hips presented only a minor challenge, and a dexterous shove from his tail overcame it. The dragon slumped onto his chest and raised his hips high into the air, allowing gravity to assist with the final leg of his meal. Soft squelches and shlicks bounced from the cave's walls, until the sensation of his stretching middle eroded the last of his carnal stamina.

Another blissful roar thundered through the mountains, and the last of his former party squeezed through his hips. His legs trembled with exhaustion as afterglow set in, and he fell onto the dome of his filled belly.

"Excellent work, brood-mother."

The Queen's praise and inflection sent a tremor of bliss through his form. "Thank you, my queen." He huffed and caught his breath. "What would you have of me now?"

"For the moment, nothing. You've more than proved your competency and loyalty, and I think it best you rest for a while. Let the last aftershocks of my magic run its course, and let the fertile energy you've absorbed suffuse through you."

"Of course your highness."

"When I feel you are ready, we will see how genuine your king's offer for peace really is."

Alarms sounded through the castle, and the sound of heavy wing flaps thundered through the sky. Archers and artillerymen raced to their positions, though they couldn't hope to out-pace the Dragon Queen and her envoy. A gust of wind swept the battlements as they passed, spoiling their efforts in an instant. Knights and swordsmen filled the courtyard as the small group of dragons landed, kicking up a cloud of dust that scattered them like leaves in the wind. The disorganized army scrambled from the ground and prepared for the worst, but to their surprise and relief, it never came. The dust settled, revealing the peace party of dragons and their queen. She towered behind the four of them, by far the tallest and largest, though her underlings still towered over their former peers.

Her court stood before her, each gravid with a clutch large enough to immobilize a lesser being. Their bellies hung from their forms, clad in nothing but protective scales and nearly perfectly round. The sharpest eyes could spot the subtle bulges and swells of the eggs with, though most of them would be distracted by the breasts resting above them. Constant streams of milk trickled down forms and tranced their curves, tempting those with the weakest of wills to partake. Their hips were wide enough to destroy any door created by man, perfectly suited for carrying their fertile figures. Silence filled the castle and its grounds as they stood in the open, until the Queen's patience thinned.

"Ugh, its a wonder you mortals ever get anything done," she muttered. She cleared her throat, then spoke with her full authority. "I seek an audience with your king," she boomed. "What you see before you is the so-called peace party sent to my throne moons ago. I will not tolerate these feeble assassination attempts any longer. If you do not wish to meet the same fate, I suggest you throw open your gates and face me."

While the notion of defecting took root in the minds of his men, the king reluctantly opened his throne room. The queen crouched and crawled through the tall archway, but turned to her court before disappearing into the darkness completely.

"This will only take a moment," she grinned. "Feel free to show these men what's in store for them if they join our cause. We still have many nests to fill."