

## Tipping the Scales – Part 2

For SpaceBanana

By TheSpiralledEye

*“It’s the question on everybody’s lips; where has the information gone? Mysteriously on Thursday morning many took to the internet and to their local libraries to find a suspicious lack of information concerning our draconic heritage. Despite the fact that more than twenty percent of the human race have draconic ancestry there seems to be no trace of information about it online anymore. Not only that, nobody can find any books, films or other media depicting it. It’s as if nobody, in the history of humanity has ever talked about our draconic aspects outside of fiction. There are no blogs, no scale skin care ads, not even any historical images or documents with any reference to them. The idea that could occur is ludicrous, somebody or some organisation must have purged the information, yet for what purpose we cannot say.”*

John watched the reported on the TV screen with disbelief. Ever since the egg incident he’d been scanning the internet for clues, and of course, he’d found nothing. Save a few forum posts talking about how weird it was there were no websites for scale care. He’d given up after several hours and shut the net off and reattached his phone only to have it immediately ring. Frank sounded almost panicked.

“Dude, I’ve been trying to get through for ages. I was worried, you were saying some pretty weird things the other night.”

“Sorry.” John sighed, “I’m just not feeling great. I might need a few more days off, I’ll call Michael tomorrow.”

“Okay, but you just tell me if you need any help, okay?”

An idea popped into his mind and John bit his lip; it was worth a shot...

“Hey Frank, you know how...we lay eggs.” He tested the waters and wasn’t sure whether to feel despair or relief when John answered in the affirmative, without any sign of discomfort. “What do you do with yours?”

“Most of the time I donate them, why?”

“Who to?”

“Oh...you know I can't remember right now. How weird is that? I must though, I can't just keep a half a dozen eggs sitting around all day.”

“H-half a dozen?” John squeaked; his guts twisted in a very familiar way. He silently prayed it was just his subconscious.

“Yeah, I'm a busy one.” Frank laughed, “I feel sorry some people, I hear there are dragons who lay almost every hour.”

“That sounds...inconvenient.” John replied, “I'd uh, better go.”

“Me too, now that you mention it, I feel one coming on, better go take care of it.”

John bade goodbye to his friend and slammed the phone back into the receiver as he half collapsed against the wall. Had the entire world gone mad? He was grateful for the news report, otherwise he'd have to assume *he* was the one with memory problems. There had to be somebody, somewhere who was in the same position as him, confused as hell and completely freaking out. He just had to find them. He could put a post online, but he'd probably be dismissed, plus not everybody spent as much time on the internet as he did. Hell, a lot of people he knew didn't even have it yet.

He flopped back on the couch in defeat; a horrid dread gnawing at his stomach, what if he was the only one who remembered life before this? He stretched out his legs, looking at the green scales shining in the afternoon light. They were almost entirely covering his foot now and as he peered closer; he noticed the nail of his pinkie toe had taken on a dark green tinge as well, the end sharpened to a point. Almost like a talon. When was this change going to slow down? How long would it be until he was fully covered in those fine green scales? His stomach twisted painfully and to his horror, a burst of arousal came with it; his body remembering the pleasure of his last laying. He swallowed, deciding a distraction was very much in order.

He spent the next few hours half watching tv, half thinking about his twisting guts. Nothing could fully distract him from that feeling, that knowledge that soon, he'd be squatting n the ground, pushing another egg out of his new pussy. He changed the channel, shaking his head from such thoughts when he was met with a familiar face. Morgan Le Fée was on screen, chatting away amicably with another guest, a man about his age. Just like his interview, it ended with the man standing and Morgan waving that fake magic wand about, only for John's eyes to widen in shock. Before his very eyes the man's ass began to swell, yet he didn't seem to notice. His hips widened, his pants straining to contain his now plump cheeks.

John's mouth went dry as his stomach gave another painful twist and as if feeling it himself, the man on screen groaned, bending over on stage slightly.

"Oh dear, what's the problem, dearie?" Morgan asked, placing a hand on his back. John gaped as the man's shirt shifted, revealing shiny green scales underneath.

"S-sorry I just, I need to lay." The man groaned, balancing on his toes, and curling up in a ball right on stage, arms wrapped around his stomach.

"Why, there is no shame in it, is there ladies and gentlemen?" Morgan cooed, "Why don't you stay here and lay for us? What do you think folks? This show is all about making changes, how about we make laying a less taboo topic on live television!"

The crowd cheered and John moaned; that pressure was back in his lower stomach. He could feel it, moving through him, the egg. The urge to strip off and squat was so hard to fight, it was as if some primal part of his brain had been unlocked and going against it was as anathema to him as trying to breathe underwater. He couldn't take his eyes off the screen, off that man's huge ass as it was bared for all to see when Morgan undressed him. Almost unconsciously, John felt his hands moving to his wide, scaled hips, shuffling his trousers off just as Morgan flung the man's off screen.

"S-sorry, I have to-oh fuck."

Laying there, legs spread, the man's pussy was on full display; rimmed with green scales, yet pretty and pink on the inside just like John's. His whole body pulsed, muscles tightening and John's along with it. That overwhelming urge to push overcoming them both. John watched and moaned as the man on screen experienced another contraction, knowing full well just how good they felt. His pussy was quivering, tightening and pulsing with one as they came closer and closer together.

John could feel the egg inside him enter his inner walls and he pushed, feeling the hard edges press against his sensitive inner lining. The burn, the stretch; it was so very good. No matter how hard he tried not to enjoy it the pleasure just kept creeping up on him.

"Here it comes folks!" Morgan cried with excitement.

John could see it now, pale hard shell resting just inside the man's pussy lips; his face was twisted up, yet blissful, he was right on the edge. As if in sympathy, John felt his own body tightening around the egg inside him, he was so close to the edge, all he needed was one more push...

The man on screen cried out, whole body shuddering as the egg was pushed out, slick with pussy juice. John groaned, cumming hard in tandem as his own egg slipped out onto the couch,

rolling slightly then falling to the floor with a thud. Both he and the man on screen were breathless but more than that; his chest felt...heavy?

The man on stage gathered himself, blushing profusely while Morgan thanked him for the show, as he stood, John noticed two small yet prominent protrusions on his chest that had certainly not been there when he turned the tv on. The man had tits now, perky and cute. Yet he didn't seem to notice anything amiss, surely, he could feel them? It took a moment for things to click in his brain, still hazy from the orgasm but when they did, John felt the blood drain from his face.

Show temporarily forgotten he slowly lowered his gaze down to his chest. He'd always been a big guy, and while he was ashamed to admit it, he'd had man tits most of his life. But, man tits were just that, nothing but extra flab. Looking down at his shirt now though, the material was stretched thin, he could see the outline of two much more womanly breasts slowly expanding beneath the fabric. His hands flew to his chest, gripping both of them hard in shock, as if he could stop them growing by just pushing them back down. It had no effect. Knowing the shirt was already stretched beyond repair he grabbed at the hem, hesitating for a moment before lifting it up and over his head.

"Just rip off the band aid." John hissed through clenched teeth, forcing his eyes to stay open no matter how much he wanted to close them and shut this out.

Thankfully at least, there were no scales this time; his skin was pale and human as ever. But that was where the normalcy ended. Instead of fat rolls, now his skin was smooth and tight, stretched perfectly over two round, perky breasts. His nipples had turned from a dull brown to blush pink as they stood erect, hardening in the open air. First his cock and now this! As if the scales and egg laying weren't bad enough! He picked up the egg and stuffed it in the drawers under his coffee table, not wanting to look at it.

The sound of Morgan's voice met his ears, she was on screen again, alone this time and thanking the audience for another successful show. He looked at the wand in her hand, tiny tip glowing slightly. Now, John considered himself a man of reason and logic; he didn't believe in witchcraft or the occult. A few days ago, if somebody had said, with any level of seriousness, that magic was real he'd have laughed right in their face. But now, looking at the wand and her smug, smiling face John was beginning to doubt.

What other explanation could there be for this strange change he and so many others were going through, but magic. All of this had started right after Morgan's show began airing, perhaps it would even explain why he was the only one to remember, he was her first guest; perhaps the spell didn't take to him quite as well? And he'd changed further with the second airing, what would happen tomorrow when she aired another episode? He couldn't let that happen. He had to figure this out but with nobody else able to see what she was doing; he was on his own.

John resisted the urge to run down to his car and drive over the studio right now to confront her. He had to be smarter than that, think this through. He paced, trying to come up with some sort of plan; if she really did have magic, magic strong enough to affect seemingly the entire world on such a scale, what else could she do. His mind was filled with images of himself being turned into a toad and thrown into some backwater pond, cursed to live out his days in squalor watching the world slowly turn into dragons with huge butts. He was going to have to be careful about this, he

would confront her gently, see how much information he could squeeze out of her before trying to gauge just how to get his hands on that wand. If he could somehow snatch it, perhaps he could at least turn himself back. She would be at the studio tomorrow for the next episode, if he drove down there earlier, perhaps he could confront her in the parking lot or some other more public place, preferably with security camera so that if anything bad did happen, at least there was a chance somebody else would see.

His stomach rumbled and John glanced over at the clock, in his stress, almost two hours had passed since he'd laid his last egg. He swallowed; hopefully tomorrow would come swiftly.

~

It had been a long night, twice he'd been awoken by his own body, stomach and pussy clenching as another egg slowly descended. He had tired so hard very hard to hold back; biting his pillow in an effort to keep that egg inside only to cum harder than ever moments later. Then, when it had happened again while cooking breakfast he'd almost smiled; brain flooding with trained endorphins as his stomach churned and breasts expanded. Already his body was being trained to like the feeling of laying, no matter how much he tried to fight it his own body betrayed him, each egg reinforcing the programming. He had to get this fixed soon before he was fully addicted.

In the shower he looked down at his body with a mixture of embarrassment and confusion. The scales seemed to have stopped, meeting normal skin around his hips yet fully covering him from that point down. His feet were finally encompassed, with green claws where his nails used to be, shiny and hooked like that of a raven. He could at least take solace in the fact that, despite the weirdness of the situation, the scales did look quite pretty. Shiny and smooth, they were certainly a lot more attractive than his legs had been before, all fat and hairy. The scales didn't stretch like skin did, they simply grew more to accommodate his wide thighs, giving them a smooth and silky, almost sensual look that he'd never been capable of before the change. Still, if it meant laying eggs every day, he couldn't stay this way, he just couldn't.

As he sank into his car John found himself wincing, a sharp pain radiating out from his tailbone. Awkwardly he reached down to try and find whatever it was he'd sat on but found nothing but a strange protrusion at the base of his spine. Oh Gods, now what? It was bad enough his butt was so wide it almost sagged over the edge of his seat but now he was growing, what, a tail perhaps? If he grew a tail how would he even drive? Just the bump was enough to make him uncomfortable, forcing him to sit hunched over the steering wheel with his new tits pressed up against it.

As he pulled out and began to the drive over to the tv station he couldn't help but marvel at just how much the world had changed over the course of a few days. There were normal people on the street yes, but every few paces there was another just like him; rotund butt, breasts, shiny green scales and even a few with red or blue ones. The radio sputtered to life with some morning talk show;

*"I'm just saying, thirty percent of the world's population have draconic heritage, Jan! Why haven't we invested in better infrastructure to accommodate that?"*

*“Do you suggest every furniture or car manufacturer make two of every model? One for normal humans and one for draconics?”*

*“See, there you go again ‘normal’ humans. As if those of us with draconic heritage are the outlier-“*

John switched the radio off; he was already nervous about facing Morgan, he didn't need this added strain.

Still, he fought to keep his eyes on the road and not on the big bottomed people he passed, some were even sporting bulges just below their hips like he had. How long before tails were commonplace as well? He arrived in the carpark early, positioning himself so that each car would have to pass him and waited. Then, after almost twenty minutes, she arrived. In a stylish purple car and thankfully, alone. John's heart leapt only to sink moment slater when a familiar tightness began forming in his stomach.

“No, not now.” He begged, “I can't need to lay again already...”

Ignoring the impulse to bare down, he instead stood, exiting the car and doing his best to push the haunting sensation to the back of his mind. He just had to get through this conversation, he just had to hold out a little bit longer.

“Miss Le Fée!” He called, doing his best to walk normally and appear friendly as he approached.

Morgan turned, a wide smile splitting across her face as she recognised him; her eyes slowly roaming across the new curves of his body. His suspicions that she was behind this all but confirmed as a look of self-satisfaction formed on her face, mischief gleaming in her eyes.

“Why John, it's so good to see you.” She beamed, holding out a hand which he took on instinct. “Thank you for being my first guest, the show has been a rousing success I must say.”

He almost had to bite his tongue to avoid saying ‘you're welcome’ out of habit. He'd somehow forgotten just how disarming Morgan very presence was; her beauty and force of personality was a formidable combination.

“That’s what I wanted to talk to you about actually.” He winced as another stab of pseudo pain struck his lower abdomen, “Before I went on your show, I was...different.”

“Oh?” Her eyes widened just a fraction but otherwise betrayed nothing.

“The dragon humans, people like me, they didn’t exist until a few days ago and yet, nobody but me seems to remember any different.”

Morgan’s smile became tight, her eyes narrowing in anger. Though interestingly, John felt that anger was directed inwards, not at him. She drew back her hand as their fingers brushed John noticed his own nails had the faintest of points to them as well, not quite the talons of his toes, but noticeable. His mouth went dry, he tried to swallow but all it did was form a lump in his throat.

“I am so very sorry, John.” Morgan sighed, not sounding sorry at all, more annoyed. “You should have been like everybody else. I must not have lingered long enough on you before I directed the magic through the cameras.

John was shocked by her brazenness, just admit it all aloud without any pushing on his part. He’d been prepared for denials, arguments, anger, maybe even some sort of magical retribution. Yet Morgan was reacting as if he’d just told her she misfiled her taxes.

“What to do, you must be so confused, poor thing. I could try wiping your memory or replacing it but at this point it might do more harm than good.”

“What-no! I don’t want you doing anything to my mind.” He spluttered, “I just want you to fix this!”

“Fix it?” She blinked, she actually looked confused, like she couldn’t believe what she was hearing. John felt his blood boil and he clutched at his stomach, sharp nails digging into his thin shirt.

“Yes, turn me, turn everybody you messed with back into normal people!”

“Why on earth would I do that?”

Another sharp stab of pain, followed by a rush of endorphins. He had to finish this quickly.

“B-because it’s fucked up! I’ve got scales, I’m laying eggs! Everybody is going around confused because the world isn’t made for dragon folk. You’ve fucked up the whole world, Morgan. And for what?”

“Spice, my dear.” She smiled, “I haven’t ‘fucked’ the whole world up, I’ve given it some spice.”

She shook her head almost sadly.

“Life used to be so exciting, John. Back in my day; there were dragons and monsters, great knights saving princesses in towers and magic flourished. It was a time of wonder, a time I sorely miss.”

“What on Earth are you talking about?” He gaped, she had to be crazy.

“Hundreds of years ago, back when I was Morgana le Fey, back when dragons and magic were the norm, like had spark, it was adventurous and exciting! And then that Merlin decided magic and its users were ruining humanities chance to move forward and whisked it all away. I was the only one to argue and as punishment he left me here, alone. Callous old coot that he was.”

“It took me years to get my magic back, thankfully my immortality gave me more than enough time for several attempts and now I can finally make life interesting again! Don’t you see, John! I’m brining back magic to the world, through all of you. I’m melding the old world with modern humanity.”

“...By turning us into dragons?”

“Only half dragons, bringing back the real deal is far beyond anything I am capable of.”

Only a few days ago this would have gone in one ear and out the other; the idea that all those old fairy tales were real was just too ridiculous to comprehend. Yet now, as he stood here in front of a confirmed witch as his stomach began to contract in the most delicious way as something solid moved down and through him; John found himself believing it all wholeheartedly. His whole body shuddered involuntarily and he bent double, both hands now twisted into the front of his shirt. Morgan laid a hand on his back and rubbed soothing circles.



“I couldn’t help but make a few...changes to my new race of dragons though.” She cooed, hand slipped down his side to cup his new breast through the shirt.

Instantly his nipples began to harden to tiny, sensitive points and he moaned despite himself. A haze of instinct and pleasure was descending over his mind, the primal urge was back and stronger than ever, it felt so good, he couldn’t resist...

“It’s okay honey, I made this feel good for a reason.” Her smile was soft and motherly, yet her eyes were wild. “You go right ahead; nobody will judge you.”

Her arms were around his shoulders now, gently guiding him over to the side of the building and then moving them to his hips. He should feel violated but honestly, in that moment all John could think about was how good the egg felt inside him and how grateful he was somebody else was removing his pants so he didn’t have to deal with it. Soon he was naked from the waist down, his scaled legs glimmering in the morning light as he squatted on the ground, groaning. It was getting closer to his pussy, each contraction pushed it down deeper and increased the ecstasy.

If only there wasn’t that burning sensation in his lower back to distract him, he’d be in a world of pleasure. With each new push, the burn got stronger, like that of muscles stretching, not totally unpleasant. With each stretch he could feel the itch of new scales, of that bump becoming thicker as a tail began to grow. Morgan stroked down his back, sliding her hand along the developing tail and making him shiver as the newly developed scales were stroked.

The egg entered his inner walls and began sliding down, spreading that wonderful feeling as it went. He was moaning, panting and grunting with exertion, no longer fighting the instinct but following it as best he could and being rewarded with wave after wave of dopamine for his efforts. His hips bucked and rolled as he neared the edge, he hovered there for a moment, suspended in pleasure before finally tumbling over the edge. The egg was expelled with a gush of liquid and he moaned, Morgan still stroking his now fully formed tail.

The effort left him breathing hard, face red from embarrassment and lust. He was on his hands and knees, thick dragon tail hanging between his legs, newly laid egg between his knees. He felt lightheaded and his vision almost swam as he looked up at Morgan, now standing over him. She smiled, reaching down and running those painted nails through his hair.

“See, John. Isn’t this so much better than life was before? You’ll get used to it, I’m sure.”

