

## Dragon Noble, Part 3 (Noble to Dragoness TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Jorgamund

*Josefina Asquith is a shrinking violet of a noble who is the 'spare' of her otherwise powerful family. Never one to like being in the spotlight, she leaps at the chance to investigate ancient draconic ruins alongside her noble boyfriend Stepan and friend Ursula. But when she finds a glowing red orb and touches it, Josefina is shocked to find that her body is slowly changing to become a mighty dragoness broodmare, destined to rebirth the entire dragon race. Soon the shy young noble will find herself the centre of a kingdom's attention!*

## Dragon Noble, Part 3

### Suddenly Famous

It wasn't as if her appearance was out of nowhere: she *had* entered the city in a very public manner earlier on, and rumours spread fast. But only a portion of Herathon's population had actually seen Josefina's draconic might, and only then for fleeting moments. Furthermore, her size had only increased, her belly also, so that now she was a spectacle to behold, her red scales shimmering in the sunlight like immense rubies carved to perfection.

The crowd remained silent.

"HELLO!" she boomed, voice echoing down to the enormous gathering below the palace promenade. Part of this effect was magically enhanced, of course: she was surrounded by a team of mages and Professor Izabela was pleased to be at their head with her 'find.' But another part was that her voice now also *roared* like that of a dragon, carrying its own powerful magic. She knew instinctively that even the people of the farthest reaches could hear her. And to think that Aurelius had often mocked her for being so tiny, so waif, and so *quiet*. Even her father, the glorious king, seemed so small positioned in front of her. She had to be careful not to accidentally step on him, or swat her 'little' older brother with her tail.

"UM, I AM JOSEFINA!"

More silence, followed by whispers and discussion, a wave of murmuring across the crowd that seemed to range from awe-inspired to terrified to just plain damn confused.

"A DRAGON."

Somewhere, Josefina slapped her forehead. It was only the touch of Stepan against her scaled red belly that seemed to give her a little more flair for speaking. Josefina rapidly

worked on a calming spell as well, aided by the professor. Josefina swallowed, then expanded her wings further so that she could achieve maximum dramatic effect with this proclamation.

“I HAVE BEEN BLESSED WITH THE POWER OF THE ANCIENT DRAGONS, GOOD PEOPLE OF HERATHON. I DO NOT DESERVE THIS HONOUR, BUT YOU DO. THE GOLDEN AGE OF DRAGONS AND THEIR MAGIC IS RETURNING TO US, AND I AM THEIR . . . BLESSED VESSEL. THROUGH ME, THE ANCIENT DRAGON LINEAGE WILL RETURN TO THIS WORLD, AND SO SHALL THEIR RESTORATIVE POWERS, THEIR ARCANES KNOWLEDGE, THEIR CARE FOR THIS WORLD. A NEW AGE OF PROSPERITY IS UPON YOU, AND THIS IS A DAY THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO TELL YOUR CHILDREN AND CHILDREN’S CHILDREN FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES. I PROMISE YOU THAT I WILL NOT LET YOU DOWN. THE ASQUITH DYNASTY WILL NO LONGER BE SIMPLY YOUR RULERS, BUT THROUGH THIS BLESSING, WE WILL DO OUR UTMOST TO ENSURE THAT YOUR TIME IS ONE OF PEACE, JOY, AND PLENTY!”

She roared into the air, and a great gout of golden flame erupted. Josefina and Stepan worked out of sight to make it shimmer and shift to form the flag of Iralis, their kingdom, and the effect was astonishing. Josefina brimmed with a strange pride, and clearly this final touch won the people over, because after a momentary silence, they *erupted* into cheers and salutations. Thousands upon thousands of people roared like dragons themselves, overcome with joy at this astonishing news, and it spread like wildfire throughout the city, to the point where Josefina’s incredible draconic senses could make out celebrations and wine openings as far as the fourth corner, well beyond the sight lines of the palace itself. Josefina tried not to let it go to her head, but perhaps a small part of her had been mentally transformed as well. Dragons were wise and noble creatures, but the legends did tell of their impressive vanity and self-importance too. At that moment, she felt *very* important.

“Told you that you could do it,” Stepan whispered, rubbing her belly, which was so increasingly full of eggs.

“Thank you,” she whispered, though her whisper was more of an impressive rumble. “And thank you Ursula, too.”

“No problem,” her friend answered knowingly. “I didn’t doubt you for a single moment, Josie. You deserve every moment of this.”

Thankfully, from that point, Josefina was allowed to move backwards - carefully - to allow her kingly father and annoying ‘heir to the throne’ older brother Aurelius to take the stage. Already, her dad was announcing sweeping reforms that would allow for the creation of a new temple for his “grand broodmother of a daughter,” a phrase Josefina would have gone red at had her scales not already been ruby-shaded. She listened patiently, quite bored

and a bit overwhelmed, as other policy changes were announced, including a whole month of festivities that she was expected to be in attendance for, and not just in attendance, but as the star attraction.

“Oh, by the Gods,” she moaned to herself, but one of the mages shushed her, as her loud rumbling voice still had the power to carry. It didn’t help her calm for the remaining speeches, or for when the numerous members of the immense crowd roared and clapped with approval at the announcement of these celebrations. All she could think was that the worst had come upon her: not only was she going to spend literal centuries as a dragon as well as giving birth to eggs over and over again, but she was going to be the *main spectacle of a party*.

Somehow, in that moment, it felt all the worse for the shrinking violet.

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Ursula and Stepan could sense their friend’s dissatisfaction. After the pronouncement, Josefina was taken back into the palace to her improvised room, the great chamber big enough to hold her. She was hungry as hell, wolfing down upon roasted ducks, pigs, and large pieces of cooked cow. The room smelt delicious, but as much as the new dragoness moaned and rumbled with approval at the delicious taste, a small part of her new draconic instincts desired to literally cook the food with her own breath instead. It felt right, which was all wrong, of course. She looked up, feeling a bit embarrassed at her size and situation, as her lover and friend-slash-secret-lover approached.

“Um, hi you two,” she said. “I’m . . . well, I’m stress eating. I think.”

“Yeah, I figured, Josie,” Ursula said, smiling sweetly. “How are you holding up?”

Josefina sighed as she stared down at the diminutive blonde beauty that was Ursula. She could scarcely believe how small she and Stepan seemed to be compared against her now. It was hard to manoeuvre her body in such a tight space, so she used her long dragon neck to lower her face down to theirs. Stepan reached and and rubbed the scales of her snout, which soothed her somewhat.

“I’m struggling, I think. I know this is my new life, and I have to accept it. But it’s all so - so - so public! And humiliating! Everyone was cheering me on out there, all because I’ve got a belly full of dragon eggs and I’m huge and fat and gross and -”

“You’re not fat,” Stepan said quickly. “Or gross. You’re just, er, large-boned.”

“Nice one, wordsmith,” Ursula said, rolling her eyes. She reached out and patted Josefina too, and for a moment the dragoness felt that same slight connection; a flicker of potential bonding too, just like from her dream. And then it went away.

“Look,” Ursula continued, “you’re beautiful, Josefina. A real dragon. I know the pregnancy thing isn’t what you’d like, but I’m sure you’ll still be able to fly when your wings are fully grown.”

“Do you really think so?”

“I know,” she countered. “Isn’t that right, Stepan?”

“Of course,” he said encouragingly. “You are indeed beautiful Josefina, in your own unique and wonderful way. You know that I love you.”

Josefina smiled, trying not to reveal too many sharp teeth.

“I meant about her being able to fly, you love sick moron.”

Stepan started. “Oh, uh, definitely. Absolutely. You’re soar, Josefina.”

He peered up at her large wings, which Josefina still wasn’t used to possessing. They folded easily upon her back, which was where she left them most of the time, for reasons of space concerns as well as the fact that she didn’t want to deal with having seven limbs instead of four. Bad enough to have a tail, even if she had a slight fondness for it.

“Well, that could be something, at least, because I don’t know the first thing about being a mother, let alone a dragon one!”

“How could that be, Josie?” Ursula asked. “You’ve been the king’s daughter all your life! You’re a noblewoman, like me. We’re literally bred for breeding!”

“Yes, well, I didn’t think I’d ever . . . oh, never mind. This is all ridiculous. I’m permanently stuck as a dragon. I miss having *thumbs*, Ursula. I miss having a face that isn’t a giant snout. I miss my wonderful black hair. Oh, don’t you miss my hair, Stepan?”

The young nobleman bit his lip, and decided on the truth. “It was very lovely. You have such wonderful dark curls.”

“See! And I don’t like being on all fours, or having this super long neck. If I have to be like this couldn’t I at least look a little more human? That at least would help with being the centre of attention all the time.”

Ursula was about to say something, but paused in deep thought. Instead, it was Stepan who spoke, though not before leaning over to plant a kiss on Josefina’s large scaled forehead.

“I know it’s hard, my love,” he said. “I know you didn’t ask for this. But I am bonded to you, and would be even if there were no magic pulling us together. I promise I’ll do everything in my power to help you cope, and even flourish. And I’ll be by your side during the festivities. Not even your father could move me.”

Josefina raised a brow. Not an eyebrow - she missed having those too - but a brow.

“Even if father orders you to move?”

Stepan halted. “Uh, well, technically an order from the king . . . uh, that would be quite a pickle. Um . . . I’d ask him to reconsider?”

Josefina chuckled, and her hot breath made him step back. Another example of awkwardness. “You’re so cute, Stepan, even if you are way too small now. But thank you. I mean it.”

“So do I. I’ll do everything I can to help you, Josefina.”

“Yes you will!” Ursula cut in, grabbing his arm excitedly. “Even if your own magical talents are meagre against mine, they are still fairly impressive when you aren’t suffering one of your annoying panic attacks, Stepan!”

“Well, that’s seems a little offensive-”

But she interrupted again, striding forth to grab Josefina’s head - a head that was half of Ursula’s own size - and pull Josefina’s snout in her direction so that dragoness and sorceress were locked in a shared gaze.

“I promise nothing!” Ursula declared, “but I may have something that could help you.”

“But the mages said I cannot be turned back! They conducted that ritual!”

Ursula shook her head. “And they were right. I’m sorry, Josie, but nothing is getting those eggs out of your womb, except the old fashioned way. You can thank your bonded lover for that one.”

Cut outside of this connection, Stepan simply blushed. “Yeah, sorry.”

“Not your fault,” Josefina grumbled. “I was insatiable.”

Ursula grinned. She knew *exactly* how insatiable the dragoness was, and still wanted more in on the action. And she knew this could be her ticket, which was why she was building the excitement up.

“Anyway,” she continued, “while I can’t *fix* you back to before the draconic orb, it occurs to me that perhaps reverting you entirely isn’t what we should be looking at here.”

“What should we be doing?” the dragoness asked.

Ursula giggled. “I’m so glad you asked that, Josie! Because maybe we should be looking at *altering* you.”

“I already feel very altered. And big. And pregnant. And far too much on display. How is this going to help me with the festival? I’ll be in front of everyone!”

“Just trust me! I’ll need Stepan’s help, and maybe the Professor’s, though probably just getting dragon information off of her. I doubt she’ll go along with this plan. I offer no promises of success, Josie, but do you trust me to try?”

Josefina considered this. Ursula could be manipulative and jealous in her own way, but she had always been a good friend. And no one knew magic better than her. And besides, there was that dream she’d had, where Ursula was also a bonded spirit to her own.

“Of course I do,” she said. “Just please, please, please don’t make everything worse. This is already way too crazy, Ursula.”

“Well, sometimes you need to get a little more magically insane before you come out right on the other side, right?”

Josefina’s eyes went wide at that particular proclamation, but Ursula was already sprinting out of the room in excitement, her tiny form moving impressively fast, blonde hair waving about behind her as she sped towards the magical academy with all haste.

“Give me a week!” she cried. “I’ll summon Stepan when I need him! You two have fun for now!”

And then she was gone, leaving the two lovers - one over seven metres tall, the other a regular human - together in the room. Josefina sighed.

“I really hope whatever she does won’t make things worse.”

“I don’t think it will,” Stepan reassured her. “Ursula is many things, but she is magically talented. And loyal.”

“Just like my cute boyfriend,” Josefina whispered. She was feeling that itch rise again, that need in her nethers. Already she was slowly shifting her immense bulk forward so that Stepan was entirely beneath her, and then she pulled her tail up, exposing her draconic slit that so readily clamped down upon his human member previously. It desired to do so again.

“Stepan,” she huffed, small flames dying in her throat, “I f-feel that need again.”

“M-me too,” he replied. Already, the bond was activating, and he was submersed in her body’s arousal. “It’s s-strong this time.”

“I think it’s s-strong when I’m worried. I n-need something to relax me. I need you. Am I - am I too big for you?”

“Not at all!” he replied. Just lower your hips, and don’t swat your tail. It could crush me these days, I think. Gods, I’m aroused, Josefina.”

His penis was hard, and he could smell her draconic juices in her womanhood. Their scent filled the air, warm and fiery and somehow sweet all at the same time. He couldn’t believe that her body needed to get more pregnant, but apparently there was no limit to the amount of eggs her draconic form could take, and in that moment he didn’t care. He needed to fuck his gorgeous dragon girlfriend, and revel in their bond.

Josefina lowered her hips, but found it difficult. With her body now that of a dragon’s, it was difficult to mate with a human, but she needed it too bad. Much like Stepan, she didn’t care that she was being even further impregnated. She could deal with the tightness of her belly and the discomforting feeling of expansion, of being filled with ever more eggs, later on. For now, she needed to be mated. Gods, she needed to be mated more than anything in the world.

“F-fuck me, Stepan!” she whined. “Please! I n-need! Aahhhh!!!”

He entered her, and not in a usual manner. Stepan was not the strongest man, but coming from a lower class he had been required to maintain his muscles. Which was why he could climb up her left leg, grab hold of her tail for support, and use these hand and footholds to plunge his cock into her entrance.

Josefina roared, flaming shooting from her throat, and it was only her good sense to swing her head around to an empty space that prevented part of the building from being lit on fire. She groaned in ecstasy as her entrance milked her lover's cock, drawing out every tantalising sensation. She could feel Stepan's bliss, and he could feel her own. It was heaven as always, and made her instincts light up, her draconic needs superseding her human ones.

"YESSSSSS!!!" she roared. "Fill me up, S-Stepan! Give me more eggs! I want your dragon babies! I want to have m-more inside me! I want to be s-so full of your eggs! I want you to breed me forever! B-Breed meeeee!!! YESSSS!!!"

He came inside her, barely able to hold off in all the excitement, and it was enough that she came explosively too, roaring flames a second time, which caused part of the stonework on the floor to turn black and charred. It was exquisite, and with each pump of Stepan's seed inside her, she was simultaneously filled with the wonderful knowledge that she would become even bigger, even more pregnant, even more *fertile*. The pleasure rippled outwards, her senses heightened, and once more - for a brief moment - she felt a connection to Ursula in the library. Her gorgeous blonde friend sat upright with a squeak, trembled in an unexpected orgasm, and broke all rules of the library by moaning in erotic pleasure. Somehow, Josefina knew this: she could feel a bond between them.

Once more it disappeared. Stepan extracted himself from her, and in the aftermath she had to move away from him, shaking the room as she did so. The next round of changes were upon her, and she gasped and groaned as she was subjected to them, rolling onto her side so she could paw at her belly with her front claws. It grew ever bigger, containing yet more eggs, and the rest of her grew too, easily gaining over two or three metres in length, her snout elongating, her limbs surging, her wings growing ever bigger.

It felt terrible. It felt wonderful.

In the aftermath she simply lay back and tried not to think about how much more attention she'd soon be having.

"Worth it," she said to the shocked Stepan. "B-but only just. Gods, what am I going to do at this festival! I'll be a museum display! A big one!"

## Readying for the Party

The festivities were not set to begin for two weeks. The kingdom needed time to prepare, get its funding ready, and hire all sorts of bards, playwrights, artists, entertainers and so forth. And there was the matter of all the food, and the foreign dignitaries who would be visiting as well. With each passing day, Josefina only became more and more aware of just how much of a big deal she was going to be during that whole month, and it galled her. Even more so was the fact that her father, the king, had already ordered the creation of a grand temple - much like the one from her dream - to serve as the centrepiece of her 'nest' in the city. It would be a future site of worship, festivities, magical blessings, academia, and - how could she ever forget? - endless birthing and breeding for the poor transformed former noblewoman.

"Just let me live out in a nowhere field of something, father!" she pleaded.

"Come now, my dear, you know that is literally impossible. In your state, you won't be able to hunt, nor take care of all your draconic children. Besides, you will bless our kingdom foremost before the world. I promise you'll be well taken care of."

"I'll be a freak. A spectacle! Look how big I already am!"

"Don't worry, the architects will account for everything, including how much bigger you'll also get. Don't think I am not aware of some of the . . . rumblings that happen here at night."

At this she simply laid her head down on the ground and tried not to think about how easy it would be to roast her father with a single breath. Already, she was having to be moved out of the palace to a highly secure pavilion area in the palace gardens, walled away from commoners but certainly seen by many guards and wandering noble types. At least it was lovely and warm, and she could bake herself in the sun. She had her own internal combustion heating, of course, but as a reptilian creature - however magical she may be - there was still a wonderful feeling to lying on warm rocks with the summer heat upon her. She spent long hours ignoring any thought of her condition, sprawled out on her side and taking up an enormous area, laying languid beneath the heat. Only the occasional tremor in her womb of eggs shifting, or the strain of muscles and scales expanding to indicate further growth disturbed her. That, and the irritable visitation of dignitaries and nobles.

That had been another thing she had pleaded with her father to avoid allowing to happen, but the best he could do was limit the visits of nobles and merchants and other important figures.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he said gruffly, "but a king's power cannot be absolute. If I keep a dragon to myself, even one who is my own daughter, I would not be a king for long, and you would have a less kindly host, I imagine. No, nobles may act like children but they must

be entertained: they want to confirm with their own eyes the miracle that is your existence, and feel as if they too have been blessed in proximity. Let us not forget that you can heal.”

It was true. Josefina still didn't think of herself as a dragon so much as a young woman trapped in a dragon broodmother's form, but she couldn't escape the genuine power of those ancient beasts that flowed through her golden blood. Several important individuals had come to her with their children, or their parents, or even with their own health concerns, and just as she had healed Ursula, she was able to do so for them. And not just injuries from some foppish jousting tournament either, but genuine conditions such as a hunchbacked child, a cleft palate, even the blind eyes of a beautiful noblewoman whose cataracts had failed her. And while a number of these visitors to her did so opportunistically, others left gifts of meat and gold and items of comfort, which Josefina readily accepted. It began to form a pattern, because when Aurelius came by, strutting haughtily like the heir he was and demanding to take the items to the treasure (sans meat), she reacted with surprising violence despite her immensely round dome of a stomach. She whipped her tail out, tripping him over, and with a flurried help of her wings she stood quickly, lunged around and chomped at the air between them, her hot breath causing the air to sizzle.

“Do. Not. Touch. My. Stuff. Brother.”

He scampered away with so much boyish fear that the guards had to restrain themselves from laughing. They were assigned to protect *her* after all, not him, and who was going to fight a dragon? It earned a strong talking from her father, but it was Professor Izabela that put it into an understandable explanation for her.

“It's simple, my student,” the Professor said. “You're protecting your lair and your hoard.”

“My . . . hoard?”

“Of course!” she said in a peppy, excited voice. “You have the instincts of a dragon broodmother, but that doesn't just come down to breeding, Josefina. It also means that you are feeling the need to have your own space, your own belongings - specifically, a hoard that you can sleep upon and around - and your own followers. I've noticed that while you don't like being visited and gazed upon - you are very shy and always have been, after all - that your guards don't seem to bother you.”

Josefina considered this. “I didn't realise - they just sort of feel in the background. They protect me, I guess.”

“They *serve* you,” the Professor said knowingly with a smile. She looked a lot less stressed these days. Just a week into this new glorious age, and Izabela's funding for her courses and research was not just assured, it was booked out. Classes were being expanded, and she had full control not only over the curriculum, but the very Mage Academy's access to Josefina, and all magical artefacts and knowledge regarding it came

through her. Someone at least had majorly benefited, though Josefina was happy for her: the Professor may be milking all this newfound fame, but she was using all the funding possible to help her, including how to aid her own draconic magic growth.

“I guess they do serve me. It feels kinda right, as weird as that is to say.”

“And have you noticed your magic comes more easily the bigger your hoard grows?” Izabela asked.

Josefina blinked. She raised her long neck, looking down at the professor. It wasn't an angle she often went for, as it made her feel too big and superior, but in this moment a strange pride came over her. “Yes, I have. Actually, I really have. I was able to weave stronger illusion magic than I ever could before when entertaining that little girl that visited!”

“Lord Hawswith's daughter? Yes, I'm told your silent image was impressively large.”

“Wow, I had no notion it was because I'm a really greedy dragon now.”

“Nonsense, you're not greedy. Just protecting your hoard. It's just like Ursula and her books. Where is Ursula by the way?”

Josefina lowered her head to the ground with a loud thunk. Her tail swatted frustratingly to one side, accidentally knocking over a well-groomed tree.

“Oops,” she said, grinning with her sharp white teeth. “But I don't know where she is. Well, not all the time.” She opted not to tell Izabela about the strange, flickering second bond until she knew what was going on. She didn't want to be fussed over *even more*, especially by her over-eager professor.

“She's been asking a lot of questions about draconic power and artefacts and the old legends,” Izabela mused. “Is she planning something?”

“I have no doubt,” Josefina said honestly, “but I've got no idea what. Hopefully she can shrink me.”

The Professor laughed in a high note, before giving a guilty look. “Sorry. I shouldn't mock, particularly when we're discussing your health, my student. But I don't think any force is going to stop those dragon eggs from coming, Josefina. As your hoard grows, so will you.”

Josefina sighed again, causing nearby hedges to rustle. A few leaves turned crispy just from her hot breath.

“That's what I'm afraid of,” she said, and then, with great effort, she rolled her gargantuan body further away from the hedges and let the sun's rays fall down upon the golden scales on the other side of her belly and haunches. She was so full of eggs that she felt she might burst, and yet still she could feel the urge to grow. The professor had the good sense to leave her in peace.

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Stepan visited her often, keeping her company when needed. After a particularly humiliating incident in the evening when - looking resplendent in a new court-approved outfit, his moustache perfectly trimmed - the need to mate had come over her once more, a new tent had been erected to allow them privacy during the necessary breeding. Stepan was far more red-faced about this, surprisingly. Josefina chalked it up to the fact that at least she could roast a guard that displeased her. She never, ever would, of course. The very thought made her ill. But the fact that they didn't know that, and that she cut an increasingly intimidating figure even with her overstocked womb, meant that few were willing to say anything to her face about the fact that she'd fucked her boyfriend in plainview of several dozen guards in the middle of the gardens.

The same could not be said of Stepan, who was the subject of sniggers, rumours, and even quite a few bardic tales. The common crowd loved him, something that brought him mixed joy and anxiety, but higher ups viewed him with some disdain. So from that point on at least their necessary lovemaking was, as he put it, "back in the tent where it all began, right?"

Thankfully, their bond was not just magical, but born of love as well. He spent a great deal of time reading her poetry, finding lovely paintings to add to her hoard, and generally acting as her advocate when she was tired or hungry or needed massaging. He also loved giving massages himself. She didn't have the heart to tell him that Ursula was far better at them. After all, a massage was a massage, and she loved her boyfriend dearly. Despite all the insanity of her changes, and the fact that her name was now being sung across the entire continent, if not the entire world, he was still by her side. He wasn't as anxious about the attention as her, but he was always questioning his own abilities and his worth. Being looked down upon by 'higher up' members of society will do that.

"I just worry that I'm not worthy of you," he said one day. He was lying on her stomach, several metres off the ground, his arms behind his head as he gazed up at the stars. Her belly was taut enough that she didn't mind the extra pressure, and besides, she got the sense that her boyfriend, as much as he was nervous about literally being the father of future dragonkind, liked being near his progeny. That in turn helped soothe her. Perhaps even made her feel just a tiny, wee bit maternal as well. Her womb appreciated his presence too: it felt less overworked in his presence, and more . . . efficient.

"Honey? Did you hear me?"

She opened her dazzling golden eyes and craned her neck right around so that she rested it against her own belly and beside him.

"I'm sorry, Stepan, I was distracted by your presence. You just feel soooooo comfortable. I can't even describe it."

He winked. "Glad to be of service. Don't mind me, I was just . . . complaining."

She rolled her eyes. "Well, I don't know what *you* have to complain about. You just get to breed me. *I'm* the giant dragon monster carrying all *your* eggs."

He rubbed her belly scales, and she shivered in pleasure, nearly knocking him off his perch due to her tail slamming against the ground.

"Sorry," she said.

"Don't be. You're right, of course, this is all my fault and-"

"Don't be stupid, it's not your fault, Stepan. And it's not mine. Well, it is mine, actually. But I don't deserve this. I just have to . . . live with it. For a very, very long time. Gods, that's a lot of pregnancy. A lot of birthing."

"I'll be right by your side."

"Again, not that you'll be complaining! But seriously, that just means you *are* worthy of me, whatever that even means. I don't care that I'm the king's daughter, I never even held the actual title of princess - I missed most of the confirmation ceremonies that would have done it! I just wanted to find out what my purpose is in life. Turns out it's going into labor with hundreds of dragon eggs."

"Thousands, I think," Stepan added. "Technically. Not that you want to think about that."

"Don't ruin this. You're beautiful, and amazing, Stepan, so please just don't make me think about *that* part."

"Sorry."

"My point is that you're wonderful, and I never once cared that you were lowborn, or what station you were. I had a crush on you because I liked *you*. And . . . I hope you still like me too, even if I'm stuck like this."

Stepan crawled across her scales, causing a couple of large eggs inside her to shift. She let a moan out, though it was not entirely without pleasure, because he cradled her dragon-snout face in his hands and kissed her gently above her nose. More than ever, she missed having lips. Still, she purred softly, belly rumbling with fire, as he held that kiss for a long time. Then he gazed into her eyes. It struck her that the love he showed was not dissimilar to Ursula's own gaze a week before.

"We are bonded, love. I may be nervous as a man in the Nine Hells, but I would never leave you, Josefina."

"Aww, you're so romantic!"

A chuckle. "I try!"

"Good," she countered, "because this stupid horny dragon body needs your seed in it again. Gods, it's embarrassing, but I need to grow bigger. I've been having these pressures all damned day. I really, *really* need to grow bigger. I n-need more eggs in me. Can you help me?"

“That’s one thing I can do,” he replied, perhaps a little too easily. Goodness knows, she could smell his own arousal too, and see his dick pulling tight against the fabric of his pants.

“Then please get to it. Guards! Scram!”

The guards did, moving away from the courtyard as Stepan climbed upon her back and she lumbered towards the centre of the garden. The tent was too far away, and she needed him now, beneath the stars once more.

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As the festivities drew closer and closer, Josefina grew more and more nervous. She only occasionally saw Ursula, and when she did, it was more often for some private ‘massages’ than it was for magical study, though in the aftermath of the much-needed pleasure, when the bonded connection between them manifested briefly, Ursula quickly whipped into action studying it, drawing upon all manner of arcane power in order to unlock its potential. Josefina watched this happen, and with her draconic vision, found that she could actually see the magic being weaved in a way that she never could previously. She told her best friend this.

“Josefina, that’s wonderful! You can help me chart the connection, when it’s strongest, and when it’s weakest. That way, we can-”

“Ursula, I have to talk to you about this.”

“Not right now, Josie! This bond is the key, and if I can tap its power, even strengthen it, then-”

“Ursula,” Josefina roared in the privacy of her pavilion. “Right. Now. I say this like a dragon, not as a noblewoman.”

Ursula raised an eyebrow. “Not the most intimidating dragon.”

“Would you prefer me to start breathing fire in a tent?”

“Good point.” Ursula became more serious. She put her clothing back on, falling silent and readying herself to listen, and Josefina found it quite a shame. She’d never known that she swung, well, *both* ways, but increasingly she was finding pleasure in Ursula’s appearance, not just her ministrations. The short blonde beauty had even more curves than Josefina had realised, and the feeling of her naked softness against her red scales was . . . nice. Quite nice. Very nice, actually, and getting nicer by the second until Ursula had pulled away. When Josefina had come from Ursula’s pleasure spells, she almost could have sworn that her womb had quickened. But that would be impossible, right?

“Okay,” Ursula said, placing her hands on her impressive hips, now covered by her magic student robes. “What’s going on, Josie?”

"It's . . . this," Josefina said, gesturing to herself using the points of her wings and her prehensile tail. "All of this. And us. And me and Stepan."

"Stepan and I. You're a noblewoman, use the right grammar!"

"Please, be serious, Ursula."

Ursula looked up at the immense body that her friend now possessed, and her grin fell away. "Oh, my poor Josie. I've upset you. I'm sorry. I'm trying, honey. I'm really, really trying. I've been working myself sick for nearly two weeks now."

Josefina could see that. It wasn't just the evidence on Ursula's face or her tired demeanour - recent carnal pleasures aside - but also the fact that with Josefina's own increased magical talent, she could also somehow sense that Ursula's own had been depleted quite a lot recently, and often at that.

"I know, Ursula, but I don't know *what* you're doing."

"I just don't want to let you down, Josie," she said. "I don't want to get your hopes up either. If this doesn't pan out, then you won't be any the worse, at least."

But Josefina narrowed her eyes. Summoning a bit more courage - the courage to stand up to a friend, no less - she snaked her long neck down in front of Ursula, to the point where her friend actually took a step back.

"Ursula, you're my best friend. I know I can trust you with whatever you're doing. I'm just . . . worried about *why* you're doing this. Is it really for me? Please, I have to know."

"It is for you," Ursula admitted, but she withered beneath that golden stare. "But . . . it's also for me too. I'm sorry. Gods, I'm so sorry. I have to come clean, don't I?"

Tears began to bubble in her eyes, and they were honest tears. Josefina, surprised once again by her draconic powers, could literally *smell* the truth in them.

"Please, Ursula, you've been just so - so *weird* ever since this started! You've helped me so much, just like Stepan, but I need to know what else is going on. Is this just because you wished you could be a dragoness instead of me?"

"Of course it is!" Ursula cried. She threw her hands up in the air, causing her hair to spill all about. She collapsed dramatically against one of Josefina's claws: she rotated it to catch the woman easily. She was, after all, over ten metres in length by that point, and that *wasn't* including her tail.

"It should have been me," Ursula sighed.

"You think I don't agree!" Josefina whined in her rumbling dragoness voice. "I'm stuck pregnant, full of eggs, and the thought of pushing them out - for centuries - terrifies me!"

"But that's just it," Ursula said, "the magic *chose* you! I looked further into this Josie, and I don't even know if it would have opted for me if I'd found that orb before you. The legends I've been able to uncover - legends that only make sense with the revelation of the orb - all seem to indicate that it *chooses* a so-called "perfect vessel," or at least only endows

its power to one that meets the criteria that comes across it. I guess . . . it's just another strike against me. All my love of dragons and their history, and I *still* might not have been chosen."

Josefina fought the impulse to say something nasty. It wasn't in her nature, but she couldn't understand Ursula's obsession. Who in all the planes would ever want to be stuck in a bloated, pregnant dragon body, and borderline immobile due to all the eggs? And that wasn't to mention the feelings of growth, the constant hunger, and the eventual need to push and push and push for literal centuries! She communicated this to Ursula who nodded, unable to meet her gaze.

"I know, I know. It sounds crazy. It would be most people's worst nightmare. But to be the centre of attention, and to know that my body was breeding new dragons into the world. A whole new age through me, after all my hard work. I just . . . wish I could be in your place. And since I can't be . . ."

Josefina, not usually considered the brightest person, felt like she'd had an intelligence boost. Or perhaps she simply knew her friend. Either way, she could sense something else.

"And if you can't become like me, you thought you'd form a connection in another way," Josefina said. "The bond, like what Stepan and I share."

Another tear fell down Ursula's cheek.

"Yes," she admitted. "I did think that. And . . . I pursued it. In fact, I pursued it pretty much from the start."

Josefina raised her neck up. The fire within her great belly burned. "That's why you were so close to me from the beginning. Why you fed me so insistently? Ursula, what in the Nine Hells!? You *wanted* me to keep changing? Is that why you - why *we* - together!?"

Ursula was full on sobbing by that point. She nodded profusely, wringing her hands together in the shadow of her friend, who was now unbelievably bigger than her.

"Yes. Gods, it sounds so horrible when you put it like that. *It is* horrible. I'm sorry, Josefina. I just thought that if I could change you, and be the one to be so close to you, then perhaps I too could have a dragon bond like you have with Stepan. And - and it worked a little, didn't it? Haven't you been feeling it? A connection?"

Josefina glared. She was aghast, and when she was this shocked, she fell silent and simply waited for the other person to speak. Ursula rushed to fill the silence.

"I can't describe it, Josie. It's amazing. To feel you. To know you. Stepan doesn't know how lucky he is! Do you know he'll live as long as you do? He'll get to bask in your wonder, to worship and love you forever. I just . . . wanted that too."

She hung her head in shame.

"But I don't deserve it. I'm sorry."

Josefina had tears herself. They sizzled in her eyes.

“Me too, Ursula. Gods, this is so unfair! I can’t believe you’d do this to me! Please - please just get out of my sight. I don’t want to see you again, at least for some time”

“Josie, what if I made it up to you? What if I could -”

“Please, just go. I just . . . I need space. Thanks to these stupid dragon instincts and this stupid dragon body, I *always* need space. Just go.”

Ursula reached out, but Josefina pulled her claws back, scraping against the stone. Faced with the looming broodmother, the short blonde beauty sniffled, wiped away another few tears, and fled from the tent, overcome with guilt. Josefina could smell that guilt too, and it turned her stomach. She felt terrible, but then Ursula deserved to feel terrible too, didn’t she?

“Oh Gods, what have I done?” she roared to herself as soon as Ursula was out of earshot. “I have three people supporting me, and even the professor is iffy. Now I just have Stepan. This is all so - so - so *shit!*”

She laid her head down on the ground, and cried too. Her tears boiled before they reached the ground.

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Stepan comforted her, of course, and the Professor too, in her own way. Her father even visited, though being the kind of man he was, he continued to not understand the kind of woman that Josefina was, and so the father and daughter instead spent time in awkward silence. Even that was a bit comforting for the dragoness, particularly with all the anxieties ahead. She felt larger than ever - she *was* larger than ever - but more than that, the contents of her belly was worrying her. She hadn’t experienced any prophetic dragon dreams again, nor felt that connection to Ursula either - it was only Stepan. But there was a tightness in her overstuffed womb that felt like a ticking time spell or clockwork bomb. At night, she would occasionally awaken to feel a tremor run through her scaled belly, and for just a moment her draconic slit would quiver, just a little painfully.

There was pleasure too. A spike of excitement. That too concerned her.

“My stupid dragon brain actually *wants* to go into labor, Stepan,” she whined to her boyfriend. He was coiled in her tail, and her neck was lying against her own side so she could face him. It was oddly comfortable.

“Isn’t that what you want?” Stepan suggested. “I mean, obviously birth can be, uh, not *relaxing*, but you’ll get the eggs out of you, won’t you?”

She snorted a bit of smoke from her nostrils. “Sure, but I still have to push them out! And I’m a *broodmother*, remember? I’m stuck like this for the rest of my life, which is

measured in *godsdamned* centuries! You're just going to get me pregnant again, probably even *more* pregnant since I keep growing. Not that you'll complain about that act, I'm sure."

Stepan grinned, and his suave expression made her heart skip a beat. "Well, I won't lie, my beauty, it would still be a pleasure."

She chuckled. "Oh Stepan, I just wish I were more human. Even if I can't be exactly human again, just to have hands to hold you, and hair for you to stroke, and lips for you to kiss. And to be able to stand upright!"

He stroked her tail, causing it to writhe gently, soothed by his touch. "I want that too, Josefina. I truly do. I'm nervous about all of this, to be honest. But when I'm with you, at least I know things are right. My magic is more powerful, my confidence too. And you still make me happy. You are still beautiful."

She grinned. "That, at least, I know is kind of true. I thought I was becoming a monster, but dragons really are beautiful, aren't they?"

"Truly. The legends are there for a reason."

But that just made her glum again, and her huge claws raked at the stone of the garden walkway beneath her. "But then it just means that I understand Ursula's perspective even more, and realise just how much *she* should have been like this, instead of me."

"Hey, you can't get lost in hypotheticals, Josefina. Otherwise you end up like me, always imagining what it would be like to be born in a higher social class. You ended up like this, and she chose to take advantage of it."

"But she's my friend," Josefina said softly - at least as softly as a massive dragon could. "She was in tears, and I pushed her away. I didn't realise how much I'd stolen her life's dream. I know she was manipulative, but we did actually have a bond. I just . . . I just wish she had tried to help me without trying to help herself."

"I know," Stepan said, continuing to stroke her scales. "Maybe Ursula just needs some time to fix her priorities. It doesn't have to be the end of your friendship."

Josefina snorted some further smoke, which trailed above their forms. "Maybe," she said. "But I'm not bonding with her. She's closed that door for good."

## **The Festivities Begin**

The time for the month of festivities came, and Josefina's dread for it made no difference upon its eventual arrival. Despite her pleading with her father not to put her 'on display' in the great centre of the city, where all the greatest marches and performances were conducted, there was no dissuading him. She understood his position: he was making a statement of

power for Herathon and unity for the world, and allowing all to see the reality of this new age: the Age of the Return of Dragons. But for Josefina, it simply meant that her huge dragon body was rested upon an enormous stone dais with numerous treasures and gifts piled upon her, and thousands upon thousands of city residents finally getting a look at her up close. Even among the numerous plays, performances, comedies and food, she was clearly the main event, and the citizens of the Kingdom of Iralis flocked from outside the city to see her with their own eyes as well, so that Herathon was stuffed full with people. The city guard had a big task on their hands, that was for sure.

Stepan was by her side, as much as he could be. But even he had to be dragged off by Aurelius and the King to talk to visiting dignitaries, ambassadors, and even other royal family members. He was the man who was the fire that set the fuel of Josefina's womb alight, of course, and so he was of particular interest to many. He was under the King's protection, and this was made very clear, but he was also now an elevated man, something Stepan was still getting used to. Titles were already being conferred upon him.

Josefina had titles too. They were conferred with honoured sacrifices, gifts, treasure, coins, marble busts, and so on. She was named Queen of Dragons, Mother of a New Age, Princess of the Red Scale, and all sorts of made up things that she had never cared for. But the treasure at least gave her a lot of joy: enough so that despite being the star attraction of a literal month-long ceremony, she could sometimes ignore the immense amount of pressure upon her. She had to act with poise and wisdom, after all, and speak to numerous important figures herself, even a few minor kings.

"It is good to meet you, your majesty," she said mechanically, trained in the words again and again by Aurelius and various court tutors.

"And I you, great dragon mother!" one replied, a king whose origin she'd already forgotten among the hustle bustle of it all. "Tell me, when do you think you shall birth your first clutch of eggs? When will this new age fully commence?"

She had to give a mysterious expression, which at least was pretty easy as a dragon. "In time, when the stars are right and the magic is most appropriate," she said, which was just another way of saying "I have no fucking clue but you lot love omens of great portent."

It seemed to satisfy him, because then the questions turned to her plans as broodmother, which kingdoms she planned to patronise, what gifts would be most appropriate, could she stop people from aging, could he heal her daughter's skinscale disease, and so on. She tried to stay distant, but the opportunity to heal always felt good, and for once her draconic instincts and her own residual human ones were in alignment, and so she accepted some nice rare coins in exchange for the service. The young princess giggled - she had to be only five or six - and literally *hugged* Josefina's tail, an act which brought her a surprising amount of comfort. It was something she noticed again and again in

those first few days of festivities: while the diplomatic aspects of her new 'job' were anathema to her, and frequently embarrassing, she did love the little children, even allowing them to climb all over her. Aurelian and her father hated it as they felt it unseemly, of course, but she put her heavy feet down.

"Father, I am a giant, pregnant, hormonal dragoness. Even if you don't count my tail, I'm nearly twelve metres long and I weigh as much as half a manor. And these kids are the first fun I've had during this whole festival that didn't come from growing my damned hoard or being able to eat a heap of mint-scented cow. So I *will* have my way on this, because I'll be damned to the Nine Hells if I'm just going to lie here for a whole month entertaining boring politicians who can't stop asking me when I'm going to give birth."

Her father frowned, but relented. "Fine, but just . . . schedule the times, perhaps. Please, my daughter. I know this is difficult, but it is important, politically speaking."

She sighed. "Fine, father . . . so long as I can have that marble bust of Aurelius on the third floor."

Aurelian beside him blanched. "What? That was commissioned by De Santiago himself! I would never-"

"Fine," the King said. "But that is the deal."

He turned and left, leaving the haughty Aurelius flabbergasted. She stuck her long, forked tongue out at him, before puffing a bit of smoke out in victory. Unfortunately, before she could get a good jape in, she felt another one of those painful tremors down her side.

"Uughhnnn," she groaned.

For a moment, the entire crowd seemed to go very still, and the celebrations fell away. The eyes of hundreds turned on her. It was only when the tremor passed and she blew out a little flame of annoyance that she was able to dispel the tension in the air.

"False alarm," she simply said, voice echoing across the great plaza.

There was a collective sigh, or murmur of discontent, and Aurelius simply smirked.

"Well, it can't be too long, sister," he said, and walked away.

She lowered her head in annoyance. Stepan found her later, still sulking even while peasant children used her tail as a slide, something which lifted her mood a little.

"Everything okay?" he said, rubbing her scaled cheek.

She looked at her lover, so comparatively tiny.

"No," she replied, whispering as much as she could. "We're only five days into this festival, and I'm already bored. Everyone looks at me, just wanting me to give birth, and apparently father has some special new announcement tonight about a lasting alliance treaty that I need to be in attendance for. And worse, I keep getting those tremors."

"I know, I can sense them through our bond. Do you think you're close?"

“Gods, I hope not. But also . . . I hope so. Well, no, that’s just instinct. Oh Stepan, it’s impossible to explain! I just - just fucking hate the anticipation. If I am to give birth, please not around so many people! Worse, I haven’t even got the chance to fly yet. My wings keep growing, but my belly grows quicker. I’m practically immobile already!”

“Things will change, my love,” he reassured her.

But she just grunted. “I know. I just miss Ursula.”

“I haven’t seen her anywhere.”

“I can’t sense her. The bond she tried to make is gone.”

“Perhaps that’s a good thing.”

She shifted her heavy form. “I hope so. Gods, I hope so. But it felt so nice when it was there. Would it be so bad to be bonded to two people?”

To her surprise, Stepan shook his head easily. “Of course not, Josefina. A bond is not the same as romantic love, though I’m sure it overlaps somewhat. But you are a dragon now, and they were known to have bonds with those they cared most about. It makes sense to me that you would gain from one with Ursula, had she not tried to engineer one.”

Josefina sighed. “Thank you Stepan. I don’t know what I do to deserve you.”

“Well, I like to think you’ve given me some pleasures that make the exchange worth it.”

She moaned, more loudly than she wanted. Thankfully, it was night, and so the festivities were brighter and more drunken by that point, allowing her not to be the centre of attention for once. “Don’t talk about pleasure! I’m trying to hide this arousal. It’s so f-fucking hard. It’s like I still need to get more pregnant, to have even more eggs! Can’t we find a spot for you to breed me?”

Stepan considered this; he too was feeling the heat. “I’ll ask the king. Um, not in those words, though.”

Thankfully, the request was granted, and they were allowed to leave the plaza for a short time. It was a difficult journey for Josefina to make, but all the worth it for when - after immense difficulty due to her increasing size - Stepan was able to cum inside her. She grew yet more, to the point where the journey back required many stops.

During one of them, she felt a brief flicker of connection to Ursula, back in the Magic Academy. She was tired, sorrowful, yet alight with the fires of redemption, working hard upon something. What was she doing up there?

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While this was happening, Ursula was feverishly working. She had not rested nearly as much as her body required, but she knew she needed to redeem herself in some way. The

bond, that wonderful connection to this new age of dragons, was still something she coveted, but she knew she had destroyed her chance at it, and she pursued it no longer. For all her ambition, she knew that she had 'stuffed up' as the younger mages colloquially put it during their alchemical experiments, and hoping to still achieve a bond was a fool's errand.

More than that, though, it was also morally wrong. Ursula had spurred on Josefina's changes even when the poor girl was terrified and anxious about all that was happening to her. It had been cruel, manipulative, and all the kindness she'd poured on after had been little more than a salve for her sins. She knew that now.

"I don't need a bond," she said aloud as she continued to read and encant, read and encant. "I just need to make things right. Or as right as I can make them for Josefina, and for Stepan too."

She wiped away a stray tear from her tired left eye, took a deep breath, and turned the page. She was having to read passages twice over now she was so tired, but she couldn't stop. If her calculations were correct - and as the most studious of the three (possibly former) friends, she was rarely incorrect - then Josefina was due to lay her first clutch any night now. She was potentially overdue. And once the birthing began in full, even her own magical power would not be enough to help Josefina.

"I just want to be her friend again," she muttered. "I just want to make things right."

She continued to study. She needed to be ready for the following night. The pronouncement, with all the nobles and royal blood in one place, could well be a trigger for Josefina's labor. There was magic in such events, and with all eyes on the dragon broodmother, it could well happen.

"I won't fail you again, Josie," she said. "I promise."

She turned the next page.

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The following night came the announcement that the King had been looking forward to proclaiming. An ongoing alliance and trade deal between Iralis and its five neighbours, which also included peace between them as well. It was a recognition that this new age needed to be one of peace, though no doubt having the future of dragons in Iralis' heartland made the neighbours more inclined to take the deal. Of course, the public didn't know any of this yet, why else have an announcement? Instead, hundreds of important persons of higher classes, as well as the greater mages of the Academy, and various diplomats and rich merchants, were all placed in resplendent seating near the dais upon which the King, his son, the Kings of the other nations and their right-hand men and women, all sat.

And, of course, Josefina lay behind them on her side, her enormous golden-scaled stomach expanding and falling with each great breath. The day had really taken it out of her, and even more because she was living with the consequences of last night's passionate lovemaking with Stepan: the evidence of which was in her overly-full belly. It truly felt like she was going to explode, and yet she had been unable to resist further egg-making. She was paying for it now: every so often she let out a long groan which sounded like a hefty, husky *roar*. The crowd would stiffen, fall silent, and watch, hoping to see the very first dragon egg enter the world. Each time they would be disappointed, but Josefina got the feeling that their disappointment would not last too long, if her over-gravid stomach and its consistent tremors were any indication. She was filled with anxiety, and it made her enormous stomach turn knots within her. The notion that she might possibly give birth to her dozens and dozens of eggs in front of thousands was horrifying, because beyond the crowd of nobles and very important guests were the ordinary citizenry, watching as the King made his pronouncements. Izabela was at his side, proud to help amplify his voice using her magic.

*"People of Herathon, of Iralis, and of the greater world, tonight we bring yet more grand news!"*

There was another applause, and Josefina winced as her stomach trembled like an unstoppable earthquake. It visibly shifted, eggs moving within her. She grunted, and her tail thumped on the stage. Several mages used auditory silencing spells in order to dampen the effect and not take away attention from the king. Aurelius looked back with irritation.

"What are you doing?" he whispered.

"You try being a big fat pregnant dragon!" she uttered back, annoyed. Her talons scraped against stone, and again the mages had to flank in order to conceal it. Step remained by her head, stroking her neck, trying to calm her.

"Is it happening?" he asked.

"I th-think no. Maybe. It could just b-be the first signs. Gods, Stepan, this is so ridiculous, can't father go faster?"

*". . . with the neighbouring kingdoms of Grudd, Hythamere, Parak, Kaleth, and Veer. This contract will ensure not only a lasting age of peace, but that we may all prosper from the return of dragons, whose magic will bring forth healing to the lands. With their wisdom, our arcane arts will better serve the people, increase our wealth, and allow living standards to rise from the highest king to the lowliest peasant. Which is why . . ."*

Josefina grunted again. Another tremor. Stepan winced, and she knew that through their bond, he could feel it too, albeit not nearly as powerfully: lucky him. She clenched her claws, all four of them. For a moment she was tempted to simply rise to her feet and move as quickly away as possible, and damn and fuck the consequences and what it would mean for her father. But as she tried to at least stand, she realised that she couldn't. Her wings

were still not fully grown, and might never be able to lift her when so fully gravid. She was literally immobile, resting on her side like some fat sow feeding her piglets, only her 'piglets' were still trying to evacuate her womb.

"S-Stepan," she said, as her draconic slit was hit by a sudden discomfiting pain. "I th-think it might be happening."

"Just hold on, Josefina. I think he's nearly finished. Ahh! Oh, was that a big one?"

She closed her eyes for a moment, bore out the pain, which mingled with an increase in pressure and even a strange, instinctive *pleasure*. It had to be a contraction, and her ridiculous reptile brain was interpreting this as a *good thing*.

"Ohhhhh, I don't want to enjoy this," she moaned. She knew that Stepan could feel that undercurrent of desire. That need to not only be pregnant, but to birth and birth. To lay and lay. To bring forth as many clutches as she possibly could. "Gods, Stepan, I don't know how m-much longer I can hold it in!"

Someone tried to hush her. The Professor looked back, and her eyebrows raised in alarm. She indicated nonverbally for her to hold on as long as possible.

*"With the signing of this treaty, we believe that the new age will formally begin. So I invite my fellow monarchs to step forward with me, before the eyes of Herathon and their visiting peoples, to make this alliance - and new age - official beneath the eyes of the Gods."*

More applause as the figures moved and assembled. Josefina could barely hang on. Her wings fluttered, sending waves of wind through part of the important crowd, who grabbed at their robes.

"Please, just a few more moments!" Izabela hissed, coming over to try and soothe Josefina. But not even Stepan could totally soothe her now: she was at the mercy of her broodmother body, and she could feel the eggs beginning to shift downwards, her stomach contracting to squeeze them forth towards her entrance, which itself was beginning to dilate. She hissed with her forked tongue. Gods, what she wouldn't do to at least feel like a woman again! If she had to give birth, why as a pure dragon? She missed her curves, her butt, her breasts! She missed her hair - Stepan had loved her hair!

"I m-miss Ursula. Where's Ursula!?"

"I'm sorry," Stepan said, "she's not here. Just focus, Josefina, you can do this."

"I can't. I can't. I CAAAAAANNNNN'T!!!!"

She roared into the air, and an enormous fireball lit up the sky like fireworks. It cascaded for a long time, until finally it dissipated, leaving the audience stunned. Only half the monarchs had managed to sign the elaborate parchment treaty, and Aurelian and her father were looking at her with a mix of dread, fury, and shock. Then both their features changed, and the king spun around, grabbing a mage to amplify his voice again.

*“My daughter, great dragon broodmare, goes into labor! The new age is already beginning! Let us finish signing the document, and all may witness the birth of the first dragon eggs back into this world!”*

Josefina could have died right there and then, and even more so when she lifted one leg up automatically, the strain of contractions beginning to reach a conclusion: she was almost ready to push. In fact, her instincts were already trying to make her do just that. Gods, she needed to push. Her mind was going crazy, and increasingly it seemed like the best possible outcome: to get these dragon eggs out of her, to relieve the insane pressure, and then go back to making more, more, *more* eggs. To getting even more pregnant!

“N-NO!” she cried. “DON’T WANT! CAN’T BE! WANT TO B-BE HUMAN!!”

“It’s okay!” Stepan and Izabela said at once. The dais was erupting into minor chaos as the visiting kings tried to sign the declaration quickly, along with their advisors, all while a giant dragon squirmed and shook the platform, writhing in contractions. Several individuals had to move as her tail slammed against the ground, and her wings began to beat furiously, a reaction of hers to try and calm herself. She was hyperventilating.

“Sister! Stop this at once!” yelled Aurelius, only to be pushed embarrassingly off of the platform by the wind produced by her wings.

“STEPAN, I CAN’T DOOOOO THISSSS!!!” she cried.

“Yes you can!” shouted a familiar voice. For just a moment, the contractions and the immense pressure let up, and Josefina gazed across the dais, through the crowd, to the tiny blonde figure lost among the much taller ones.

“URSULA!!” she cried.

“You can do this, Josie! I know you can! Don’t listen to anything other than your body if you have to, but if you can wait just a moment, I can help you!”

Her voice was lost in the awe of the crowd, and the shouts of those pushing back as she thrashed. Stepan stayed loyally near her, as did Izabela, who was checking on the progress of her contractions, but Josefina remained fixed upon her friend, who was trying to approach but being stopped by numerous guards. Josefina roared.

“LET HER THROUGH!”

She spat a stream of fire into the air as a warning shot, more defiant than she ever had been. Labor will do that for a woman. The guards took one look at her, another back at Ursula, whose face was full of determination, and they parted to let her through, just as Josefina had demanded.

“Josie!” she cried, running up to the platform to stand alongside Stepan. She was panting heavily. “I’m so, so sorry! I was so stupid!”

“It’s oohhhhh! It’s okay!” Josefina said more quietly. “I f-forgive you! Just don’t - ahh! Try anything like that a-again! I j-just need your help! I need you and Stepan! Both of you!”

Stepan was already 'holding' her hand, which was more akin to placing his whole hand around one of her red-scaled digits, and invited Ursula to do the same.

"Thank you for coming, Ursula," he said, though part of his voice seemed to hold a degree of caution, perhaps even judgement. Ursula bowed a little in shame.

"I'm sorry to you too, Stepan. I never should have stepped in on your relationship. I was an idiot. A selfish moron. A student who couldn't find the glossary even if the back of the book was right in front of her-

"CAN YOU JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP M-MEEE!!?!"

Josefina gasped, roared again. The urge to push was so powerful, but Ursula was warning her not to push just yet.

"Whatever you do, don't push!" she cried. "I just need time!"

"This isn't the d-damned bond again, is it? Because I told you-

"Don't worry!" Ursula said. "This is something I'm doing to make it up to you. Old magic, and an old ritual that only makes sense with dragon magic back in the mix as well."

The king was soothing various individuals, and they were all pulling back to look at the stage. Josefina used her tail to push aside more guards as gently as she could, so it was just her and the professor and Stepan and Ursula on stage. She tried not to think about the thousands of individuals who were currently watching her.

"M-make it q-quick then! I don't kn-know how much I can take! I really, really n-need to give b-birth! Ohhhhhhh, I don't want to, but I also have to, and I really want to! I can't explain it! I need more *eggs! I need MOOORRE!!!*"

She roared again, shooting fire. The urge to push was frightening, and her body gave in for a moment before she pulled herself back. Ursula was burning several components, and getting Stepan to draw a wide circle around in chalk around Josefina's draconic body. The professor was also aiding Ursula's enchantments, boosting them and adding wards where necessary. Ursula was chanting something, but Josefina could barely take it in. Her worst nightmare was coming true: she was going to be a dragon for life, and condemned to birth egg after egg in front of a massive audience of the entire city, kingdom, and its neighbours.

But then something happened. Ursula had made a loud, fierce chant, and from her very body came life energy. Josefina felt it leave her friend and cast right into her own form, mingled with magic and love. Ursula fell to the ground, looking utterly thin and pale, and in that moment the dragon broodmother realised how much her friend was sacrificing to make things right.

"NO! URSULA! DON'T!"

But it was too late. The magic was alive, and powerful red cords of lightning-like energy emanated from Ursula, who began to float into the air, still chanting even as her

features weakened. Josefina tried to reach out, but the birth pangs were too great, and she needed to push. Before she could though, her body began to shift and transform right before the eyes of the entire kingdom.

“OOHHH!! AHHH! What’s - what’s h-happening to m-me!? Ursula, what are you d-doing!?”

“Making up for my sins!” the other woman cried, going in and out of unconsciousness as the spell sucked her dry. “I hope this will h-help, Josie!”

Josefina tried to reply, to beg her friend to stop, but she was suddenly overwhelmed by a series of changes. Her forelegs tightened and reshaped, bone extending and growing longer even as her digits changed. All of her was growing bigger, in fact, except for her womb, though that would in time. Her tail lengthened, her shoulders expanded, and hips cracked and popped and creaked wider and wider. But not her neck, or her head. Instead, those reduced. To her astonishment, Josefina found her long, serpentine neck clicking skeletal digit by digit down in size, even as her snout began to shrink back into her face. She almost giggled in excitement as she regained a set of lips, and as a curtain of dark black hair began to push through her scalp once more, long and curly and just as wild and misshapen as ever. She had missed her messy hair.

“Ursula! You’re doing it! You’re making me human - or humanoid, at least!”

Stepan was in awe. “My love, I can see your face again! It’s your face, even if it still has scales!”

It had to be true, because she could feel all her bones realigned, jaw reshaping to become humanoid once more. It was amazing, and she closed her eyes, relishing each fine adjustment of bone that left her more and more human. She moaned in pleasure, both sexual and cathartic, as she regained her nose and eyebrows, even her chin and lips.

“My face! Ohhhhhh, finally I have my f-face again! Yes! YESSSS!!”

Ursula smiled. Even as the magic continued to leech away at her body, she beamed at the sight of her friend’s changes. Of course, Josefina was still becoming larger, more powerful, and more ready to birth her eggs. The pressure was mounting ever more to push, but the dragoness was reinvigorated. She held off against even the most powerful instincts to wait out the effects of the spell.

“Yesssss, thank you Ursula! My legs! Ohhhhhh, I missed my legs! MMMHMH!!!”

They weren’t *her* legs exactly. She still had golden talons at the ends of her toes, and the red scales, and the digitigrade stance that marked her as a powerful magical reptile. But they were bipedal, and longer, and even as they altered her forelegs become *arms* again once more, toes re-extending to become taloned fingers, her muscles and bones gaining a flexibility that would let her grab things, manipulate things, hold *people* and objects with far greater ease. She bit her lip - actual lips, even if they were scaled - as more ecstasy coursed

through her. To her utter bliss a pair of breasts reappeared on her chest. They were small at first, just like the pair she once had, at least in comparison to the rest of her body, and just like Stepan had enjoyed playing with.

“Ohhhhh - nnggh! They’re growing! OHHHH!!!”

Then they rose. Fit for the pregnant dragon-woman that she was becoming, her red-scaled breasts surged forth, gaining considerable weight and heft until they were astonishingly big, nearly the size of her own head in fact. They had a surprising wobble and softness despite the ruby red scales, and her nipples were bare and pink, flushed and full. She groaned as her chest filled with milk, her human aspect returning in a way she certainly hadn’t anticipated.

“OOhhhhhh Gods! S-Stepan! Am I - oh Gods, am I!?”

Stepan looked up in shock, then stepped aside just in time to avoid being splashed as her breasts became so full and tight that they literally *sprayed* prodigious quantities of milk outwards, catching a number of other noblemen and women and even some guards. There was laughter from the back of the crowd, but most were looking on in awe as Josefina’s body finally found an equilibrium with her human self. She moaned out loud, experiencing a powerful orgasm as the changes settled, squeezing her breasts instinctively in order to empty them faster.

“Why. Does. It. FEEL. SO. GOOD!?!”

More milk sprayed, and then the streams finally emptied, gallons having been expressed from her now incredibly full chest. Josefina beheld it with awe. She’d always wanted a larger chest, but the current melons on her form were massive to the point that they literally rested on her belly, at least after she had managed to shift to her bottom. She couldn’t make out all of her feature without a gigantic mirror, reflective spell or body of water, but she had little doubt that she now resembled a draconic woman who was heavily pregnant, rather than strictly speaking a dragon. She had arms and feet, a human rear (albeit one with a huge dragon tail sticking out from above it) and a human face, complete with her old nose and chin and hair. She even had her breasts again, thank the Gods! But there were other, more dragon-like aspects, such as her full covering of scales, her fan-like spine, her big tail and marvellous wings. She also was still exhaling fire when agitated, which was what she became in the aftermath of her pleasure when she realised that poor Ursula had fallen from the air and only just managed to be caught by Stepan.

“What’s wr-wrong with her?” she breathed, barely coming down from the pleasure of the change, the chance to be at least human-like again, even if she was nearly fourteen metres tall.

“I don’t know!” Stepan said. “She used her life energy to power the change.”

“Fool!” Izabela said, the professor striding over. “She could have killed herself! She may yet - her life energy is still bleeding out!”

Ursula opened her eyes, barely. “S-still worth it.”

The pressure to give birth was now utterly unbearable beyond all measure. Josefina could barely focus. Even her vision was blurring. The need to push was not just physiological but psychological. She *needed to become* a mother. She needed to feed her hatchlings, with her breasts if necessary, now that she had them. Gods, she was happy to have boobs again, even if they were very, *very* big.

She shook her head. Her friend was her first priority though. If she began birthing, she might not have the energy to help her.

“B-bring her to m-me,” she moaned.

Stepan and Izabela did so. Josefina felt the life energy through her dragon senses. She scratched at the horns that still protruded through her dark hair, sensing the power that she had, and what she might be able to do. She had never been a good student, but perhaps that lack of rigid thinking made the dragon magic she now possessed come naturally to her, because she reached out and easily took the withered form of the dying Ursula.

“Josie, just f-focus on yourself,” the blonde woman said.

But Josefina just hushed her. For the first time in her life, she didn’t care that the eyes of the world were on her, even with the massive crowd watching silently. And more than that, for the first time, she knew exactly what she had to do, and how to do it. She was in tune with herself utterly.

“Shhh, Ursula,” she said, as sweetly as her still-husky voice allowed. “Just drink. Drink, okay?”

“But-”

“I know it’s really weird, but I know it will help. Please! They’re really stupid full anyway. Drink. Gods, I’m so f-full! Drink, you stupid, wonderful, crazy friend!”

Ursula did as she was ordered. She opened her mouth wide, and drank from Josefina’s new human-dragon body. Sweet milk flooded her mouth, and she swallowed it. It was utterly delicious. More than that, it was incredibly invigorating. Josefina moaned, and so did Ursula, as healing energy poured into the blonde mage. Slowly, the body that had been withering mere moments before was being restored, coming together, wrinkled disappearing, grey hairs becoming blonded once more. Finally, Josefina pulled her friend away when the rejuvenation had finished. Ursula looked at her body as she was set back down, marvelling. Even Izabela and Stepan were without words.

“Josie, you healed me,” Ursula said. “I owe you everything.”

“We all do,” Stepan added. “My love, you look incredible! Like a dragon version of your human self. You are very beautiful. I hope that -”

“NNGHHH!!! No time! Have to - AGGHH!! BIRTH!!! HELP!!!”

The three of them set to work as the enormous anthro-dragoness positioned herself like a human woman in labor. She just managed to lie back against the stone wall behind the great platform, her tail off to one side and smashing against the ground, while her wings extended to cover her from view as much as possible. She spread her legs wide and rubbed her enormous belly. As humanoid as her arms were now they *still* couldn't reach all the way around to hold her entire golden-scaled stomach: she was simply that gravid.

And now the eggs were coming, and no force of will or magic or desire to help a friend would help them. The King gazed on in shock, as did Aurelian, until Professor Izabela launched herself towards them.

“This is not an appropriate sight for a father and brother!” she shouted. “The broodmother of dragons requests *some* modesty, thank you!”

They were too astonished to argue back, and quickly herded the other royals back. But there was no stopping the crowd of thousands along the partition from viewing this moment, the spectacle beyond anything they had seen. Each shoved and moved to be the first to see the new dragon eggs enter the world, and the mages had to act with stalling magic just to avoid a crowd crush.

“NNGHHH! HAVE TO P-PUSH!!” she cried.

Stepan went to one side of her, and Ursula to the other. They each held her arms, even though said arms were larger than they were. What mattered was the encouragement.

“You can do this,” Stepan said. “I know you can!”

“You're stronger than you think!” Ursula cried. “I know you are, Josie!”

She didn't feel strong enough. The pain was unbearable. Stepan struggled with the pain of it too, the bond transmitting the agony of impending childbirth to him. It was not something he ever expected to feel, nor the instinct to push that he now understood completely. Simply put, one bond was not enough. It was an epiphany to Josefina.

“One - ah! - bond is not strong enough!” she cried. “It's not enough!”

She looked to Ursula, who had redeemed herself so dramatically, and was now by her side. She felt nothing but love and admiration for her friend again. Something flickered between them, and this time Josefina used her own arcane draconic magic to reach out and keep that connection, to make it grow stronger. It secured itself, and suddenly there was a rush of energy that made Josefina and Ursula both cry out. For a moment, the blonde mage was in shock.

“But - why? I don't deserve it!”

“I know!” Josefina said, gritting her still-sharp teeth. “But you will! And I need you with me! Both of you! Help me PUSH!!!”

They each groaned, holding fast to her, and finally she felt powerful enough to do what needed to be done. She gave herself entirely over to instinct, and the world seemed to pause as she pushed, pushed, and pushed.

Something large and rounded descended between her hips. She bucked them, scraping against the stone of the platform, and her tail writhed as well. Her wings extended outwards further, sending great gusts up as they flapped.

“IT’S C-C-COMING!!!!”

She strained, whining in response to the discomfort. And then, as if by magic itself, the first of her many eggs entered her tunnel, descended, and pressed against her lower lips. Pain gave way to mere discomfort, and then discomfort gave way to a raw, animal pleasure. She was a broodmother. This was her purpose. She could feel it in her bones, and so could her two friends, her two lovers, her two bonded ones.

“OH GODS! IT’S HAPPENING!!”

She roared into the air, but there was no gout of flame this time. Instead, she spread her legs wider, pushed again. Her womanhood bulged, and the scales parted, allowing a large ruby-coloured egg to exit from her. It squeezed out of her, sending ripples of unimaginable pleasure through her body, better than any sex she’d ever had with Stepan or Ursula. And then it was out.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh,” she moaned, voice lowering. “Ohhhh, I did it. Did I do it? Stepan, my love, did I - did I do it?”

“You did, Josefina!” he declared, grinning from ear to ear. “You laid your first egg!”

“Ohhhh, Gods. My first egg. By the Black Mountain, that was only one. How many more must I - oh! NGH!! MORE COMING!!”

Labor continued, and she realised she was in for the long haul. The crowd erupted in their own roars of excitement, and numerous individuals cried out what had to be prayers of worship to her. Josefina felt very embarrassed by it all, but less so than she imagined. The pleasure of birthing had been far too erotic to be so public, but her instincts were her instincts, and labor was labor. She needed to lay her clutches, *now*. So she strained and squeezed and moaned and pushed, bearing down for more of the eggs to leave her body. They did so, coming much faster now that she was fully dilating.

“Another one already,” Izabela marvelled, using her magic to shift the eggs out of the way so that they formed a clutch at the end of the platform. Numerous guards gathered at the King’s orders to protect them. Josefina was glad: it allowed her to see entirely to her responsibilities, and push more dragon eggs into the world.

"I c-can't believe it," she said, able to speak more quietly again. "I'm b-becoming a mother. I'm giving b-birth to actual dragon eggs. With dragons inside them! Stepan, Ursula, this is crazy! I'm a dragon mom!"

"You are," Stepan said, marvelling. "You can do this, Josefina. It's a good thing. I'll be right there with you."

"And me as well," Ursula said. "This is so exciting! Thank you, Josie!"

'Josie' gave her a weak smile, but then a new need to push began.

What followed was actual hours of pushing. Only a small segment of the crowd left: the sight was too spectacular, especially since her eggs were in many different colours, ranging from red to blue to white to silver to even some rainbow-coloured ones. Others were metallic, or glowed a soft green, or shimmered under the starry night in a strangely magical manner. And yet still they came, pouring forth from Josefina's gravid belly with alacrity, as if they were long overdue and tired of her previous hesitation. She was immobile before her belly, forced to push and strain and buck her hips, with only her wings to fan her and her allies to encourage her. And yet the pleasure was mighty: the pain never went away, but the bliss of birthing was so much stronger, and despite herself it was borderline impossible to keep from moaning in arousal and delirious bliss.

"Mmhm! Yes! More! I need to b-birth more! More eggs! OHhhhhh! YESSSSS!!!"

The King and Aurelius blushed, trying to ignore this. Others in the crowd were more amused, or even titillated. But the womenfolk cheered her on, particularly the mothers in the crowd, which gave Josefina yet further strength to carry on. The feeling of eggs leaving her body seemed even better than having Stepan put them in there, and while her human side was still utterly hesitant about her new life, it was so easy to fall into her draconic mindset and relish each birth.

"Mmhm! Yes! More eggs! More clutches! Ohhhhhh, it feels so g-good! So w-weird!"

"But so right," Ursula said with a smile, encouraging her.

Josefina smiled, whimpered as she pushed the last of her ready eggs from her belly.

"Yesss, ohhhh. S-s-so right."

Her stomach had deflated somewhat. Large enough, perhaps, for her to even fly, but it was still a large dome, that much was obvious. Her body was still gestating her more recent eggs, courtesy of Stepan of course. Already, the desire to make more was infecting her mind, only this time she wasn't trying to push away those thoughts. Her arousal was slowly peaking, and the warmth in her full breasts was returning. She imagined feeding Stepan and Ursula both at them before commencing sex at the same time. It made her moan.

"I did it," she said, staring at her clutches of eggs in their many colours. "I did it. And I'll d-do it again. I can make more."

“Yes, you will,” Izabela pronounced, checking over all the eggs. “The broodmother has laid her first clutches! Many new dragons will return to this world! Praise Josefina, mother of dragons!”

There was a roar to eclipse all roars from the crowd, and she basked in it, uncaring that she was the centre of attention for once in her life. With her arms she easily scooped up her two bonded ones, placing them on her massive stomach so that they stood above the crowd, and all could see them.

The three of them, and the professor, took it all in. Josefina’s broodmother role had begun in full, and with the help of her friends and allies, she felt she could do it.

“I’ll need a really big temple, though,” she said to herself.

And then she fell asleep. She could get impregnated later, after all.

## **Aftermath**

From that day, Josefina truly came into her role as a true dragoness broodmother. Ironically, it had taken becoming more of a human/dragon hybrid to really make her accept the position, but now she finally felt as if she straddled two worlds, and could finally dip her toes (or claws) in both without feeling as if she had to leave her human side behind entirely.

She was pregnant on a permanent basis now, of course, but to her delight there were still times she could fly, the great anthro-dragoness soaring in the clouds with Ursula and Stepan (and occasionally the rather terrified but curious Professor) upon her shoulders or clutched in her arms. But those times were few and far between, as most often her instinctive need to breed left her so gravid with eggs that she was literally immobile. It would take her years to get fully used to that state of being, she knew, as well as the fact that her temple, still under construction, would have potentially hundreds of worshippers and attendants to see to her needs. It was still a lot of attention to take in, but she was slowly getting accustomed to the sacrifices, at least: her love for her hoard and the magical power it granted her had not waned, but only grown with her.

Still, Josefina birthed and birthed, laying her clutches regularly, sometimes even daily where there was an unlucky stretch (though she didn’t call them unlucky when in the throes of birthing pleasure). After just six months, her eggs were already in the hundreds and still counting, and her earliest laid eggs had already hatched. While they were far more draconic than her changed self, she felt a strange compulsion to feed them from her breasts, and they nuzzled against her, suckling at her vast quantities of milk. Her magic told her that it made them even stronger and longer-lived, and formed a bond between them that would last for life. Not the same kind of bond as she had with Stepan and Ursula of course, but a bond that

would allow her to always know where her children were, and to help heal them even from a distance if needed. When not nursing her dragon babies, her milk was used in all its great gallons to feed those with sickness and disease in the city. It was even preserved and traded to other kingdoms for its vast healing properties, magically sustained on the travels.

Embarrassing, yet, but it felt good to be helping others. More severely injured persons came directly to her, though, where her magical dragon breath could do even greater healing work.

Of course, she was a powerful political figure now, and that was a role that she would grow into over time. Professor Izabela was her advocate in this regard, and Ursula helped her too. Stepan was a bit over his head in that regard, and so he too had to learn at a fast pace. Each had agreed that while Iralis would remain their home, they were here to help the world. The Age of the Return of Dragons belonged to everyone, after all. So when Josefina was able to fly, she sometimes opted to stay in other kingdoms, despite the anger of her father and brother, so that she might bless them directly with eggs for a time, leaving at her choosing and taking the unhatched with her.

Stepan and Ursula stayed at her side during all of this. Just like in her dream, they were regal in new robes and vestments of her draconic temple. And they did worship her, in a way: both were empowered to take care of her constant breeding lusts. It had been a shocking discovery the first time Ursula got her pregnant when the two had made love, but then it made sense: Stepan's seed was the ignition that made her pregnant, but he was not directly the father, per se. The real fathers were the great lineages of ancient dragons. So Ursula's lovemaking too was able to impregnate her, and soon the great anthro-broodmother was finding herself even more fully pregnant than she could imagine, panting on her side as she reached full term again and again, and laying larger clutches than ever.

It was a life that would take many years to get used to. There were still embarrassments and shameful moments, births she wished she weren't so public, and moments of lust that were difficult to hide. And her followers could sometimes be too worshipful, which just felt odd. But in a way, she truly had become a goddess of sorts, ushering an entire species into the world. Already, peace was trending, and great projects undertaken across the continent. Disease was being eradicated, and people were living more prosperous and longer lives. And Josefina's life, even if marked by strange changes and a lot of pregnant immobility, was also full of pleasure, love, and joys, even if they were not the ones she would have initially chosen. She was a noble dragon, and would be for centuries to come. She could come to accept that life, and to even love it. In fact, she felt that this might already be the case.

**The End**