

ON THE NATURE OF DRAGONS

I. Cruelty

Silver and gold seared through the gloom of the cavern as steel clashed against scale, illuminating rust-eaten armor lying blackened and burnt in beds of molten treasure. Leof grimaced as he strained under the crushing weight of the dragon's claw. He looked down in a panic as his footing slid further down the loose slope of coins. A few feet beneath him lay the bones of some poor soul, scattered around the crumpled shell of an ancient cuirass. Sparks rained down as his broadsword inched closer to his helm. His breath fogged the blade's edge and drifted against the talons which entangled it.

"Hurry, Braun!" he shouted. "I can't hold this much longer!"

Above him, the dragoness hissed as its maw opened. The chill air grew dry in Leof's throat, and he felt a wave of heat wash over him. An orange glow gathered and intensified at the back of the beast's throat, and the tip of his blade began to glow red as it bathed in her breath. Leof's nostrils flared and he grit his teeth. This was it.

Something whistled past and embedded itself in the flesh of the creature's jaw, choking it mid breath. It reared back and clawed at its own throat in surprise.

Nice shot, Leof thought as he wrenched his blade from its claws and rolled to the side, dodging streams of napalm that dripped from the wound. A second arrow thudded into the exposed throat, then a third. The dragon froze in shock as its eyes slowly rolled downwards to the shafts sticking out of her neck, and the rivers of crimson that flowed from them to stain her hoard below. Leof took full advantage of the distraction and thrust his sword skyward with a fierce cry. The dragon went limp. Its flame died in its throat and with a feeble gurgle, it slid another inch down onto the blade, then collapsed in a broken heap.

The knight keeled over, still clutching the hilt of his sword with both hands as he slumped over the massive corpse. His breastplate rose and fell in heaving breaths as the adrenaline of the fight bled slowly out of his system. He heard the soft clinking of coin underneath padded footsteps.

"Leof!" the man whistled. "Are you alright? You make it?"

Leof was silent for a few moments. His mind was still reeling. Slowly his thoughts calmed and his muscles relaxed. He started chuckling softly, then climbed to his knees and tugged at the sword. After a couple jerks, it slid free from its bloody sheath, spilling steam and chunks of molten gore from the gaping hole at the lizard's larynx. Leof cursed and lifted his visor to spit at the beast's unblinking eyes, eyeing the melted lump of metal that had once been his blade.

"Whew," Leof exhaled, shaking his head then handing the ruined weapon over to his companion. "You sure took your time lining that one up, Braun."

"You know how it is. We don't get a second shot in this business." Leof nodded. Braun sighed as he turned the cooling metal in his hands, then flung it away carelessly.

“I forget, did the contract on this one require a trophy?”

“Nah,” Leof shook his head. “Warlock's guild. They always know.”

“Great,” Braun exclaimed. “Then it's time to get our money's worth!” He slung his bow over his back and immediately began sifting through the wealth at his feet for the telltale glimmer of gems or enchanted alloys. Meanwhile Leof rose to his feet and rolled his shoulders, kicking his legs and jostling his full-body armor back into a comfortable position. As he stepped over the still-smouldering dragon corpse, he gave it a solid kick to the head. Damn thing got what it deserved. He tread carefully forwards and cast his eyes from side to side, searching. Ah, there it was-- his shield, half-buried in the debris where the dragon had knocked it. The Slayers Guild sigil was burnt beyond recognition, and when Leof tried to unlodge it, the entire thing crumbled to dust.

Why do I even bother, he mused to himself, coughing and waving the soot from his face.

“That's the fifth set of arms I've lost, Braun. One of these days I'm gonna have to find some proper dragon steel.”

“Well,” Braun offered, “I bet you could find some in all this junk, right?”

“No way. In the lair of a grayscale? And an unmated hen to boot?”

“Unmated? You so sure?” Braun raised an eyebrow, looking at something out of Leof's line of sight. “Check it out.” Leof stomped over and laughed when he saw. Tucked cleverly away in a small natural alcove lay a pile of massive eggs the color of dusk splashed with pale cyan. He wasted no time, plucking one from the neatly arranged formation and hurling it against the wall. It shattered on the sharp rocks, splattering specks of smokey yolk on his helm and breastplate. Braun turned to resume his hunt for valuables as Leof took a second and stomped it, then a third. “You don't have to destroy them all, you know. They're probably unfertilized anyways.”

Leof was silent. Fertilized or unfertilized, mated or unmated, it didn't matter. Every dragon needed to be stomped until their entire pestilent race was reduced to ashes. *And their gold put in the right coffers,* he thought smugly.

His methodical ovicide was interrupted a minute later by another call from Braun, who had wandered further into the cave. Leof blinked and wiped the dragon yolk from his gauntlets with his cloak, taking note of the number of remaining eggs, before striding away to join the archer. His eyes lit up as he rounded a corner of stone to see Braun holding a massive, glimmering blade, elegantly set into a square hilt with a simple pommel and leather grip.

“Whoah! Where'd you find this?” he asked as he took the blade from Braun's outstretched hands.

“At the very back of the cave. Seems our dragon had a bit of a hobby. Come look, there's more!”

Braun motioned forwards, and Leof followed him. The back of the cave was a strange sight. There was a sort of room carved into the stone, its walls scorched black from long exposure to

dragonfire. All around the room lay shattered and twisted swords and armors, melted into puddles which had cooled to form bizarre metallic stalagmites. Leof also noticed a sort of natural vent at the roof of the room, and a slight draft which tickled the white tufts of his hair.

“It's a forge.” he concluded. Braun grinned.

“Or something like that. Maybe she was testing the quality of her hoard?” Braun shrugged. “At any rate, most of this junk turned to putty in her flames. But the stuff that came out unharmed, like your new claymore there...”

Leof was already moving. Something had caught his eye, a pair of gold-cuffed anklets wrapped in an onyx sheen, laying in perfect condition atop a smooth-cut spire which stood proudly amidst the twisted metal. He felt himself drawn to them.

They felt warm to the touch when he picked them up. He bounced them in his hands to test their weight. They seemed almost to be made of obsidian, but somehow pliable-- and light as cotton. Braun watched as Leof scowled, trying to make out more detail in the dark, before snatching them up and jogging back to the mouth of the cave. Sidestepping the blood-slickened dragon's tail which sprawled motionless towards the entrance, he held the anklets up. They sparkled in the rays of evening light which cut into the gloom from outside. Stylish to be sure.



“Sweet!” he exclaimed. “These dragons usually have terrible loot...” He removed his boots, smiling, and propped one foot up on a boulder where he comfortably slid one anklet over and up until it fit snugly against his leg. Braun walked up behind him as he slid the second on, shouldering a hefty bag of spoils which jangled with each step.

“Perfect fit,” Braun noted. Leof could barely contain his happiness. This contract was turning out to be quite a windfall for the duo. “Should we finish those eggs before we head out?”

“Nah,” said Leof, still admiring his fancy new gear. “They'll freeze anyways. Let's get moving.” He paused, remembering something. “Wait. One more thing.”

He unsheathed his new claymore and slashed at the air experimentally. Impressed with its balance, he waltzed over to the dragon's neck in his anklets and boots, eyed the armored appendage carefully, then deftly swung the sword in an overhead arc. Braun winced, expecting sparks and the

clash of metal, but to his surprise he was met with the soft thunk of parting flesh. The sword cut through the scale and muscle like butter, straight through the bone and into the ground below, perfectly cleaving the dragon's head from its neck. "You can never be too sure," Leof grunted under his breath. "Alright, we're done here. We've got a long ways to go, and I don't want to be stuck in these hills at night. Com'on."

The sun set behind them as the pair of knights strolled out, the cave and its contents already forgotten. As the last rays of daylight ebbed away, the glimmer of the dragon's scales and the shards of its eggs were overtaken by shadows, growing cold and dim in gold-rimmed pools of coagulated blood.

Leof blinked the sleep from his eyes, squirming in his bedroll as he freed his arms and fumbled around in the dark for his waterskin. Funny, when he had gone to bed, the stars of the night sky had been out in full force, but now he couldn't find a single speck of light. That was the first indication something was wrong. The second was the sudden feeling of stickiness he felt inside his bag, like someone had cracked an egg over his belly and let the yolk run down. Leof squirmed in disgust at the sensation, but the way his movement made his legs slide together left him a little woozy. Wrinkling his eyes, he planted his hands in the dirt and began shaking himself free of the damp cloth. But before he could extract himself, a twig snapped nearby. Leof froze. Ahead of him, the silhouette of a man stepped out of the dark. Leof's training told him to reach for his dagger but he found himself paralyzed. Moving slowly, he curled his legs up to his chest defensively and stared as the man approached. Leof couldn't make out much- just the faint outline of a smile, and the broad span of his shoulders. His stature radiated strength and dominance.

Leof shivered as once again he felt sticky heat bloom against his legs. Suddenly he was naked except for his black and gold anklets. His heart began racing as the silhouette drew closer and closer. With each step nearer, Leof felt his muscles shift outwards. It felt so nice to expose that heat to the cool night air. His legs found themselves opening wider, compelled to welcome this handsome visitor....

Leof flinched and shook his head to find himself still wrapped tightly in his bedroll. The stars twinkled above him, and the visitor was nowhere to be found. Only Braun, snoring from the other side of their dying fire.

Just a strange dream, then, Leof reasoned. He sat up to rummage around in his pack for water, but the motion left him wincing in discomfort. Looking down, he realized he was erect. His cock pressed painfully against its fabric covering. He couldn't remember the last time he'd woken up this hard. He must've been dreaming about women, but at the moment he couldn't quite recall. He shook the thoughts from his head and wriggled around until he found the right angle, sighing when he finally found a position that didn't feel like it was crushing him. He yawned and stretched, then took a swig from his waterskin, wetting his dry throat and lips while while waiting for the stiffness to subside. As he swished the cool liquid in his mouth, he found could not pry his eyes away from his sleeping companion.

Braun, Braun. Sometimes Leof was unsure of what exactly he felt towards the man. The moment

he met Braun all those years ago was the moment he ceased being a child and began to find his way in the world. Leof was hard-pressed to recall a time since where the archer had not been at his side. It was odd- they'd spent so much time together, but Leof had never taken the time to really study him. Now, in a moment of midnight voyeurism, he couldn't help but appreciate that lean build with all its hidden strength. Even in his slumber, Leof saw the coiled power of those shoulders, flexing slightly with each relaxed swelling of Braun's breath. Leof envied Braun in many ways. He didn't need to be boxed up in two inches of steel to be effective. Hell, put him on a battlefield naked, and as long as he had a bow in his hands and an arrow to nock Braun was still an angel of death. Leof often watched on those dewy mornings when he'd wake to the drumming of Braun's arrows into crudely improvised targets. At first Braun's movements had seemed a blur; one moment, the arrow was in his quiver, and then in the next it was quivering wherever he had buried it. But over time Leof became intimately familiar with the rituals of Braun's body. First, the left arm with bow descended from eye level. The elbow locked. Then a slight twitch of the brachioradialis. The right eye narrows in tandem with the arrow nock. Pupils dilate as the right arm draws back slightly past the shoulder.

The next bit was Leof's favorite: the muddy brown of Braun's irises always seemed to soak in the light as they tracked their quarry with almost-imperceptible stutters. His breath seemed to die in his chest, and with its final sigh he let fly, the feathers of the arrow sending the cold black curls at his ear dancing in the wind of their passing. Then he was breathing again and reaching back for the next. Leof felt strangely intrigued by that memory of Braun's eyes, flashing with each loosed arrow. He wished Braun would roll over and open his eyes so he could see them now. Again and again, he replayed that sequence in his head, each time savoring a different detail- the stern arch of his brow, the cut of his jaw, the roughness of his shaved beard...

Leof's recollections were interrupted by the sudden return of discomfort. He looked down and blushed. He had aroused himself again-- thinking of Braun, of all people. He closed his eyes and tilted his head, trying to dismiss the memory of this strange fantasy as nothing more than just another dream, then took a deep breath and snuggled back into his bedroll. He fell back asleep staring at the tussles of Braun's hair, shimmering in the glow of cooling embers. His legs twisted against each other as he dreamt.

“And since then, I’ve always kept a spare honeycomb hidden in the stables,” Braun declared.

Leof groaned, which turned into a yawn as he stretched his arms behind his neck. Braun stared at him expectantly. Leof stared back blankly and rubbed at his eyes. Even in the shade of the forest path they were walking, the bags underneath his eyes were apparent.

“Okay,” Braun laughed and took a gulp of water. “I’ll admit that one needs a little work.”

Leof tutted and shook his head in mock derision. “Just don’t practice it on me. The spirits bear witness, all your natural talent with a bow was drained straight from your ability to tell jokes. How do you even come up with these?”

“Family secret,” Braun smirked.

He quickly looked away down the road, terrified Braun might see his blush. The midday sun poured in through tiny gaps in the canopy above them. They had been making good time. Tonight would be their third night after fulfilling the contract and they were already almost through the Oldwoods. The Warlock's Guild was within 25 miles of here, they could be counting out their pay by tomorrow evening barring any bandit encounters. Leof doubted they'd have trouble. The roads had been empty for months thanks to the dragon. Empty roads meant no trade. No trade meant no one to rob. Though now that the city of the Warlocks had ponied up for the professionals, the trade would be back up to full speed in no time. They'd restore their precious inflow of sulfurstone. Leof wondered whether such a swift slaying might warrant a bonus of some of the warlocks' surplus... he'd heard some fun ideas about nest bombing in the Huntsman's Ward a few months back. Braun wouldn't like that, though. He had strong feelings about fire. And he had good reason to.

As had happened many times in the past couple days, Leof found himself lost in the way Braun moved his body. His stride was so... confident. After a mile or so of silent admiration Leof worked up the courage to speak.

"You know you're free to go, right?"

Braun rolled his shoulders and flexed his right wrist.

"Leof, we've been over this before."

"And we'll keep going over it." Leof blinked as Braun slowed down til they were side by side matching pace. "Back at the cave..."

"Back at the cave what?" Braun spoke tersely. "I saved your life? Is that what you're gonna say?"

"Oh most definitely. You saved my life. This is what, the fifth time?"

"It could be fifty times and it still wouldn't be enough."

"Don't be absurd," Leof insisted. "You've paid me back far more than what you owe. At this point you've done enough for me that I should be the one who owes you a life debt."

Braun sighed.

"You don't understand."

"How long has it been now, Braun? Eleven years? We can't do this forever. It'll end at some point. We'll get tired or old. And when it does, what then? Where will you go?"

"I'll probably just follow you," Braun muttered and looked away. Leof rolled his eyes.

"Look, I don't mind you, not at all." Leof's face flashed hot as he recalled feelings from the other night. "But it doesn't make sense. You're free to go. You've saved up a fortune. You could leave.

Find someone and settle down and have nothing to worry about the rest of your days. So why don't you?"

Braun looked to the dirt in silence as they continued. The sun was past its peak, and the forest around them was growing thinner, the underbrush more scattered. The Ironstake foothills were barely a bump on the western horizon.

"Can't really say I know," he finally grunted. "Can we just drop it?"

Leof sighed and shook his head. This conversation always ended the same way. As the sun drooped lower in the sky, they remained pensive, making their way steadily east towards civilization.

Later that evening when they pitched camp, Leof felt himself dozing off during dinner. He was normally in much better shape, but something about this journey had left him exhausted in body and mind. As he stared up at the moon and listened to the distant swaying of the forest's edge in the wind, he pleaded to the gods for some proper sleep. To his relief, he found himself drifting off into pleasant darkness the moment he hit the sack. The last thing he remembered before conking out was Braun hunched over the fire. Something sharp and spicy-smelling wafted through the air. And then, nothing.

The nothing didn't last. To his dismay Leof found himself once more under a pitch black sky. A smoky haze surrounded him this time, and the ground he sat nakedly on felt warm to the touch. The warmth felt like it was wicking up into his skin and seeping through his veins, and as he looked down, he was alarmed to see that his only current clothes- the onyx anklets from the cave- were glowing. Frantically he tried to pull them from his legs, but they wouldn't budge. The strange material began pulsing and suddenly Leof felt a wave of weakness wash through him from the bottom up. He collapsed against the ground, sweating feverishly and groaning. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw a familiar silhouette step out of the haze, and begin approaching him. The man smelt of fire and smoke and something wonderful that left Leof even more dazed. As he writhed on the ground, desperately trying to find purchase with his legs that he might stand and face the man, he found the ground had grown slick beneath him. His hand slipped against the unseen slickness, and Leof brought it to his head to try to discern what exactly the substance was. He peered at it, stealing a nervous glance at the watching silhouette now and then. He spread his fingers, cringing at the goop that strung between them. It smelled oddly familiar, and had a thick slimy consistency- when he tried to wipe it from his hand, it clung to his skin and oozed down his arm. The man smiled as Leof slowly put his hand back to the ground then traced the liquid to its source. It was flowing... from him?

Leof's hands traced up his legs into his thighs, following the trail. With a sinking feeling, Leof crawled over to a boulder and propped his back against it, his hand still dug into his groin. He spread his legs cautiously, took a deep breath, then lifted his hand to reveal the liquid's source.

It was a pussy. A tight, inviting cunt, throbbing where his dick used to be. Not only that, it was a dragon's pussy. Leof's eyes went wide as he traced over the intricately overlapped scales of his thick, splayed labia, and traced his finger gingerly around the lewd bulge of his feminine mound. He couldn't believe it. He had a fucking dragon pussy.

He jerked his head up and glared at the man, who continued watching smugly.

“You did this, didn’t you?” Leof pointed at him accusingly, his own juices still drooling from his fingers. “What is this? Turn me back, now.”

The man continued smiling smugly. Leof felt his pussy spasm and he cried out in surprise and pleasure- his unoccupied hand was buried deep in his slit, rubbing in and out and up over a cute little dragon clit at its apex. Leof’s muscles went slack as he felt his thoughts drift off in the haze of the moment. Gasping and panting, he looked back to the man, still playing unconsciously with his folds, helpless as the man began stepping towards him. With each step, the man changed. His face shifted from man to reptile, his eyes began to glow orange, horns sprouted from his scalp as the smoke coiled and streamed around his growing form. Leof panicked. This was no man. It was a dragon. It was coming towards him. Towards his pussy. He felt another wet schlick of arousal ooze from inside him at the thought of the dragon-man closing in, his scent growing closer and closer. The foreign sensations, the smells, the smoke... it all became too much to bear. Leof’s thoughts dissipated into white noise, and he lost all grip on consciousness.

Braun woke as he always did, at the cusp of the sun’s first break over the horizon. The archer was a heavy sleeper, the heaviest he’d met, but his body’s clock was well-tuned to the rhythm of the trail. Every morning had the same routine. Wake, dress, and rekindle the fire for breakfast. Reconnaissance in a half mile radius as a precaution. Then, target practice, until the sunrise gave way to blue.

Normally, Leof was fast asleep until the last part, when he usually woke and watched Braun’s archery over breakfast. But when Braun looked over at his friend’s sleep roll today, he was surprised to find it empty, and Leof nowhere in sight.

“LEOF!” he called out. “LEOF, YOU THERE?”

A few meters away, Leof cursed as he frantically pumped at his dick. His pants slipped another inch down to his knees. He groaned and leaned his head back against the bark of the old oak, closing his eyes and biting his tongue to keep quiet. The urge to find release disturbed him. Everything felt wrong.

“Oh God!” he moaned. “It’s shrinking.” He could tell, his dick felt smaller, quivering in his palm as he climaxed, squirting thin streams desperately over the forest floor. But he kept going. He had to. “Can’t... urk...” His balls felt scaly and hot. It wasn’t normal how they held tight to his body, but it felt so good to rub his fingers along the seam where they met the base of his shaft. If he applied a little pressure, he could dig even deeper, until his thumb brushed against tissue slick with moisture. *Oh, that felt good. Maybe if he pressed even harder...*



He came a second time and threw his head back so hard it bruised his scalp, knocking him slightly out of his single-minded self pleasuring. "... Stop." His chest heaved as he looked down at his sticky hands and spent cock, disgusted. He slumped down to his knees, shoving away intrusive images of Braun, Braun's naked ass, dragons-- especially the dragons. Mother of gods, a dragonslayer masturbating to the thought of dragons.

This was the work of foul magic no doubt. Leof traced his steps over the past few weeks before the obvious occurred to him. In the dreams, he'd been wearing the anklets. Anklets he found in a dragon's lair.

"Of course," he muttered. "They're cursed. So stupid, I should've checked." Hurriedly he slipped his boots off and began tugging at his left anklet. It wouldn't budge. He huffed impatiently. "Need to... unff... get these anklets removed..." But no matter how he pulled, the anklet remained solidly in place. It was as if it had fused to his skin. "Motherfucker," he growled. It was then that he heard Braun calling his name.

Uh oh. He was about to get caught with his pants down.

Leof scrambled to wipe his hands free of his cum and pull his leggings back into place, haphazardly throwing his boots back on his feet as he heard Braun approaching.

"I'm here, give me a moment. Just... relieving myself," he lied, calling back. "I'll meet you back at camp."

"Alright. I'll be practicing shortly."

Leof relaxed as he heard Braun turn away. If he was seen not only pleasuring himself like some sort of whore, but doing so to the thought of Braun himself... the very thought was mortifying. Leof would be done for. Braun would leave him, no doubt, and he couldn't bear the thought of losing his friend. With his clothes back in their proper places and the anklets still secured tightly to his shins, Leof took a moment to breathe and collect his thoughts. Afterwards, he slid out from the cover of the tree and began walking briskly to join the archer for breakfast.

Things didn't improve much as the day progressed. Leof often found himself tripping over sticks and stones as his thoughts wandered to strange places. On more than one occasion he found his legs sticking together, damp with the constant leaking of precum. If only he could get ahead of Braun, keep him out of his mind, maybe it'd stop then. But something held him back. He didn't want to admit it, but a part of him loved staring at Braun's back and feeling desire trickling down along his thighs.

"I hate curses," Leof mumbled to himself as the towers of the Warlock's Citadel took shape on the horizon. "I just hate them."

"What was that?" Braun asked, confused.

"I said, 'We're almost there.' Let's pick it up a little so we arrive before dinner."

Braun nodded.

“Sure, we can pick up the pace.”

A few hours later, as they were waiting at the foot of the citadel’s massive dragonsteel gates, Leof’s throat burned with thirst and his thoughts raced with increasing paranoia. They were walking into a city of warlocks; surely some of them were sensitive to the presence of curses and cursed items. Would they even let him into the city? And even if his affliction went unnoticed... Leof felt filthy. Like he was somehow naked under all his armor and everyone on the street would stare as he passed. That they might smell the sweat and musk caked onto his skin, that they’d know. Or worse yet, what if Braun smelled him? He knew he’d have to tell Braun at some point. Curses were not something to be taken lightly- and not knowing when you were close to one could be dangerous. Besides, Braun was his friend, his longtime partner; it would be wrong to keep the truth from him, however embarrassing. Surely Braun would understand. After all, he was quite handsome, and he knew it. Was there anything so wrong with getting a little hard here and there thinking about his chiseled abs or his twinkling eyes or his.. or his...

Well. Maybe it would be okay if Leof didn’t tell him the entire truth, just enough for Braun to know there was a dragon’s curse placed on him that needed removing. Leof was convinced he could hide the more salacious symptoms in the meantime.

They were in the streets now, cutting through swaths of red and black-cloaked acolytes and ragged slaves hauling carts of arcane goods. The heart of the citadel lay at the end of the avenue they walked. On either side of them stood imposing stone towers, each one unique in the style and design of its architecture. Some had colorful or glowing parapets, others ended at their peak in featureless black spheres, and even the more mundane designs often were capped by massive torches, bathing the city below in sweltering light even as dusk approached. Leof had seen many kingdoms and cities in his roaming, but this place in particular never failed to enthrall him. The warlocks were not only powerful and wealthy, but they had a sort of jovial wisdom about them, a kindness that had grown warm but not brittle in the arid climate. He and Braun’s first real contract had come from here, and they’d continued serving on-and-off as the Magus Council’s exterminators ever since. Leof knew one of the council members well. They shared blood through a distant ancestor, but more importantly they had similar tastes in alcohol.

“Perhaps I can go to him for help. He might be able to remove it outright, he’s powerful enough. Braun doesn’t have to know a thing,” Leof plotted silently. Yes, after they had their audience with the council, he’d tell Braun to reserve a tavern and a hot meal, and then he’d pull Taggel aside for a quick chat.

They were to the keep’s entrance now. Guards in copper-red plate and silver cloaks watched them carefully as they passed through the portcullis. The duo slowed at the courtyard’s edge, looking up into the yawning rafters of the hall they were entering. The Moot Chamber was impressive as always. Seated in a semi circle at the center of the ancient structure were five golden-robed figures. Four men, and one woman, if Leof remembered correctly. Pillars of light streamed over them from strategically placed skylights in the dome above.

“Leof. Braun. Welcome back,” one of the councillors spoke cheerily, his hands clasped politely at his chest. One of the other councilors drummed his fingers against his desk, and the woman councilor was staring off into the rafters, lost in thought.

“Good to be here as always,” Leof approached and bowed to a kneel. Braun stayed back. “We’re here about the contract.”

“Why else would you be here?” the councillor laughed. “You can confirm our scryer’s report?”

“Yes. The dragon shouldn’t give you any more troubles, and the scent of its rotting eggs should keep the Ironstakes free of any fire-breathing pests for a few years at least.”

The woman councillor suddenly turned her attention away from whatever had distracted her, and regarded Leof suspiciously. “You smell like dragon magic. Can we trust everything is fine?”

Braun spoke up, taking a knee himself. “Yes, Councillor. We found some dragonforged gear in the lair while scouring it post-slaying. I suspect you are sensing Leof’s new dragonsteel.”

The woman raised her eyebrows, then sat back, once again disinterested. The councilor drumming his fingers yawned and scratched at his neck, then spoke. “Dragonsteel? In a grayscale hoard? That’s quite some luck you have Leof.”

Leof grinned. “It surprised us too, Tag. We had a good haul.”

The first councillor continued. “Well, no need to waste time here then. Your contract has been fulfilled. Your payment,” he motioned behind him at a servant, who brought forward a bag of coin, “is, as agreed, 500 sar. Don’t even think about asking for sulfurstone,” he shot a coy glance at Braun, who coughed nervously, then at Leof. “Even if we had surplus, it has far more important uses than making things go boom.”

Leof took the bag offered by the servant and rose to his feet. “Not a problem. Your generosity is much appreciated.” He turned to Braun as he too rose and dusted off his shin. “Braun, I’ve got some personal business here that needs attention. Why don’t you go find us room and board at The Highcobble. Get us food, I’ll join you there shortly.” Braun nodded, catching the bag of coin that Leof lobbed his way, then turned and strode out of the room. Taggel watched as he left.

Once Braun was gone, he turned to Leof and hummed. “He always was a little oblivious, hm?”

Leof lowered his eyes. “If you have no further business to attend to, Council, I might ask a short moment alone with Councillor Taggel.” The woman councillor threw up her hands in a carefree shrug, then promptly stood and walked out of the hall. The other three shared furtive glances before scooting their own chairs back and following after her in a line. Taggel smirked slightly and waited.

“May we go somewhere more private?” Leof asked.

“Of course. Follow me.” Taggel rose and began moving to the hallway at the right of the chamber.

Leof took a deep breath and jogged to catch up, tagging along behind as they left the expanse of the Moot for a smaller, cozier personal study. As soon as he shut the door behind them, Taggle turned to Leof with concern in his eyes. "Go ahead and strip, I need to see what's up."

"W.. what?" Leof stammered.

Taggel rolled his eyes. "The curse, jackass. Strip naked so I can see the damage." Leof hesitated, then began peeling off his armor and clothing. As he got down to his undergarments, dark with the stains of his sex, Taggel frowned and put a hand against his chest.

"That's plenty for now," he said, shaking his head. Taggel pulled a chair out from a desk and sat leaning forwards, grabbing Leof's arm and studying it closely.

Leof felt his cheeks burning with shame. "How soon did you know?"

His head still cocked sideways at the arm, Taggel glanced his eyes upwards momentarily at Leof, then back down.

"Immediately," he stated. "The moment you walked in the doors." He took a breath and released Leof's arm, leaning back into his chair with a low whistle. "Spirit's blessings, this is a doozy of a curse. Is it bound to something?" Leof pointed down to his shins silently. "Ah, the anklets. Convenient dragon loot. I suppose if you could've removed them, you would've already. You've gotten yourself into something more dangerous than you know." Taggel stared at Leof's groin and scratched his chin. "I've never seen a curse quite like this... these transformative properties..."

"Transformative? What do you mean by that?"

"It's messing with your body. Giving you strong sexual urges, correct? Bizarre. Perverted."

Leof nodded. "Can you help me get them off, then? Get rid of this curse for me?"

"Hell no!" Taggel exclaimed. "If I had the ability to control this sort of wild magic, I'd have grown myself wings and fucked off to some quiet corner of the world to sleep and screw all day, every day. This is way out of my reach."

"So... so the curse will wear off eventually? I'll just have to wait?"

Taggel yawned. "If only. This enchantment will keep intensifying until... well, I don't know actually. It won't go down without a fight, that's all I can say."

"Ugh." Leof buried his face in his palms. "There's gotta be a way," he moaned. "I can't fight like this, it's degrading."

"Well," drawled Taggel. "There *is* a way. There's a man who specializes in this sort of magic."

"WHO?" Leof looked up excitedly. "Where do I find him?"

Taggel stood up and paced around the walls of his study, thinking. “Wait, wait, I’m trying to remember... last I heard, Zenir-- I think that was his name-- Zenir had set up shop deep in the firelands. Yeah, he was working on some secret forbidden project. He was a nasty one, that Zenir. A wizard of the dark. If you find him there’s no telling whether he’d help you or not.”

“The firelands? You mean the Andestin Firel-”

“No.” Taggel cut him off. “The. Firelands. You know the one.”

“But they’re on the other side of the world!” Leof curled his fists.

“Yep.”

Leof snatched his shirt from the ground and started forcing it back over his shoulders. “Well then there’s no point is there?” he grumbled. “I’ll just have to find some other way to deal with it.” He slipped his greaves back over his anklets and jammed them up into place. “The Firelands. The fucking Firelands.”

Taggel shrugged. “Look, that’s all I can give you. You wanna get rid of this curse, head west. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have an appointment with Councilwoman Lyral.”

“Appointment,” Leof snickered, making quotation marks in the air. Taggel grinned.

“You can’t really blame me now? And Leof...” he looked back one last time before slipping back out the study door, his eyes darkening as they lingered on the struggling man. “... good luck with it all. Try to come back. Good dragonslayers are in short supply these days.”

Leof gave him a thumbs up as he buckled his breastplate. “Love you too, Tag. Take care.”

As his old friend disappeared down the hall, Leof’s exasperation cooled. Honestly, he could just learn to live with this curse. It really wasn’t so bad. Felt quite good actually. Leof was a knight: disciplined, strong willed. He would just go on with life normally. He could control this until it took care of itself.

Leof coughed uncontrollably as the smoke poured into his lungs. His eyes teared up as he forced them open, braving the stinging clouds to search for the thing chasing him. It was nowhere to be found. Grateful for a moment of rest, he leaned against a nearby boulder, still coughing and waving away the thick smoke. *There has to be a way out of this*, he thought.

“Oh, there most certainly is.” Leof jumped at the honey-smoothed gravel of those words, losing his grip on the rock and landing over it with a *hmpf*. He groaned and rolled off onto the floor, clutching his chest where he’d hit the rock. He watched as the smoke coalesced in front of him into a now-familiar entity: Leof only knew him as the Drake. His naked body was covered from head to toe in black scales which flashed red when the light hit them just right, but they did

nothing to conceal the hard lines of his muscled chest- nor the terrifying manhood that jutted proudly from a sheath above its bulging scrotum. The Drake looked down at his prostrate prey and flashed a mouthful of glistening white fangs.

Leof glared at the Drake as he pulled his back up to the stone and folded his legs in tightly, concealing his own nakedness. It was always the same, every time. He'd get chased around the seemingly endless cavern, then there was the heat and the *urges*, and then he woke up when the Drake closed in. That meant he was close to waking up, right?

"You sweet summer child," the Drake sneered. "You think you're getting out of this again, don't you? Not this time," he laughed, licking his lips. "This time you're ready."

Leof furrowed his brow, confused. Ready? Ready for what?

"For *this*," hissed the Drake, then lunged at the startled man. The Drake tackled him to the ground, pinning his arms to the side and straddling his legs. Leof gulped and struggled to find his breath as he stared up at the Drake's toothy, lecherous grin. The dream hadn't ever touched him like this before. Leof's eyes roamed down along its torso. The Drake watched as Leof's eyes grew wide at the sight that greeted him there. Resting on his pale belly was the Drake's throbbing member. He could feel the weight of its pulsing heat bearing down on him, dwarfing him with its mass. Leof gagged as the Drake pressed it into his skin, dragging it up to his sternum and leaving a thin trail of musky fluid in its wake.

"Go ahead. Drink it in," ordered the Drake. "I can tell you like it already."

Leof wanted to protest but couldn't find fault with the accusation. It was true. From the moment the Drake had pounced, Leof's body had been of two minds. One flailed weakly against its captor's strength, and the other was already drooling in anticipation. The struggles of the former grew more pathetic with every breath he took. Leof felt himself grow rock hard, wincing as the flesh of his head rubbed up against the rough scutes of the Drake's taint.

The Drake closed his eyes and breathed deeply, flaring his nostrils and raising his snout in bliss as he ground his cock back down Leof's torso. He leered down at Leof, who had stopped struggling and was now settled into slow, tortured breaths. Leof's eyelids fluttered and he could smell his own arousal. His *need* to give in.

"There we go. Much better," the Drake sniffed. "Now that you're in the mood..."

Leof froze as the Drake released his arms and scooted lower down his body, positioning his cock against Leof's own. "Mmmmm," it rumbled pleasantly as it fit the two together snugly, the swollen tips pressing and sliding against each other. The Drake began grinding against him in short, gentle thrusts, teasing him with the friction of each inch of scale and erect flesh. Leof stared, his eyes growing vacant and his jaw going slack as the frottage sparked a churning heat deep inside.

"Oh, no, no, this won't do," the Drake whispered. "This is all wrong. Maybe you're not ready after all." A brief panic crossed Leof's face. "It'd be a shame to leave this unfinished. Don't you want to

finish getting ready for me? Become a proper little slut so I can get rid of that heat you're feeling?" Leof nodded softly, totally enthralled by the handsome Drake. "Oooh, wonderful!" the Drake smiled above him. "A wise choice. Then let's continue," he said as he reared himself back and thrust HARD against Leof, crushing the human's length his reptile girth.

Leof clenched his fists and bit his lips as he pressure drove him to orgasm, his cock shooting a short burst of cum up his belly where it began oozing down his sides. The Drake reared back again, and in the short moment where he could see himself, Leof swore he'd cum half his dick out of existence by the way it had shrunk. When the Drake thrust forward a second time, he again climaxed with a shudder, painting his chin with a splash of pearly cream. Leof shut his eyes tight as the pleasure washed over him, freezing him in his moment of satisfaction. He didn't even see the Drake pull back for a third go.

This time when the Drake threw itself against him, the pressure lasted only a moment, before Leof felt something give way. With a shocked cry he felt the Drake *penetrating* him, sliding into him to the very hilt. It was a feeling of fullness he'd never imagined possible, in a place he hadn't even known had felt so *empty*. The Drake above him moaned softly as he plunged forward, feeling his shaft rub against the inviting velvet walls of Leof's newly tunneled fuckhole.

"You're one tight little hen," the Drake grunted as he slid back out, then thrust in again, building a steady rhythm of sawing back and forth into the confused human beneath him. "Didn't even need to warm you up, you're like a waterfall down there."

Leof was far too lost in the quelling of his heat to respond. He could feel every vein, every ridge of the Drake against his innards, and it was the most incredible thing he'd ever felt. Every time the Drake pulled back, he found himself almost angry, whimpering in need, begging for the fullness to return. And each time that fullness returned, he couldn't help but moan in ecstasy. Leof couldn't believe this was what girls felt during sex. Men had no idea what they were missing.

The knight linked his arms around the back of the Drake pounding into him and spread his legs to hug around him, wrapping tightly against the scaly, toned muscle of its ass. The two of them shared a breathy, vacant moment of eye contact, then the Drake grinned and lifted Leof by the bottom, rising to his feet with Leof still bouncing hungrily over the pillar on which he was impaled.

"I want you to see this next part," the Drake panted. "This is where it gets good." With that he leaned Leof against a wall and held him in place on his cock, ceasing all movement. He tenderly placed his palms on Leof's cheeks, staring into him, before pulling Leof's gaze downwards. "Look," he pointed excitedly. "What do you see?"

Leof looked down and saw. He saw his well-filled pussy, its lips stretched around the thickness of the Drake, oozing lubricant that smelled of spice and sex. He saw its inhuman contours, its animal thickness. He saw the scales covering it, spreading before his eyes, climbing his slimming belly and widening hips. Something at the back of Leof's head beat its fists against the walls, screaming indignant rage at his traitorous body. But he ignored it. Instead, he found a happy warmth at seeing himself become so much sexier, his figure becoming much more suitable for a fertile hen such as herself.

“It makes me so happy,” Leof answered meekly. “I’m getting so beautiful...”

The Drake’s eyes lit up and his fanged grin practically broke his jaw. “Yes, so beautiful, my hen. You’re not finished yet though. Not until that belly swells with eggs,” he gloated.

Leof looked up desperately at her mate. “Please,” she gasped. “I would like that. Please fill me.”

Without another word, the Drake hoisted Leof and then slammed her down, over and over and over again. The cycle of filling and emptying resumed, and Leof quickly became a quivering mess of lovely juices and moans and the scrape of scale against scale. As they fucked, quicksilver dragonskin continued blanketing her body. Her teeth grew sharp and the back of her throat grew hot as smoke began drifting lightly from her nostrils to waft around her growing horns. Her arms became graceful, but no less powerful, raking her virgin claws lovingly down the charcoal plating of the Drake’s chest. Her legs’ embrace around the Drake grew stronger as her bones and muscles found a new configuration, her heels stretching and toes hardening until her new four-taloned dragon claws could support the weight of a digitigrade stance. The bruising on her chest from where she had fallen under the Drake throbbed painfully before disappearing as she felt her chest gathering outwards, expanding into supple flesh that trembled delightfully with each piston of the Drake’s hips. They grew and grew, nearing the sort of D-cup that Leof had seen Braun lust over in bars before.

Oh. Braun. BRAUN. Leof suddenly remembered who he was and what was happening. He could not deny the pleasure that was overwhelming him but he knew. He knew this was wrong. This was betraying Braun somehow. His scattered thoughts tried to pinpoint exactly what it was that was wrong about this. His eyes closed. He wished Braun was here to help. OH! That must be it. *It should be Braun who’s fucking me*, she concluded. Yes, that’s what was wrong with the dream. It was Braun who should be humping her like a rabid animal, not this scaley thing. She kept her eyes closed, imagining Braun’s cock inside her, pretending that her lover’s scales were simply Braun’s armor, cold and hard against her.

“Braun....” she cooed. “Oh, Braun.”

Leof felt Braun seize up, embedded deep in her slit, and then begin exploding inside her, pumping thick torrents of warm seed straight into her belly. Her walls clenched around him and her mind likewise exploded in white-hot pleasure, cannons of dopamine let loose to ricochet inside her head and sear the backs of her eyes.

“Brrraaaaaaunnnnnnn,” she moaned. “Mmmmmmmmmmm... it feels.. feels so good Braun...”

They were still for a moment. Then Leof felt powerful arms lift her and plant her quivering, oversexed body on its ass.

“Can you feel it?” Braun growled. “Your belly swelling?”

Her eyes still closed, Leof put her hand over her belly, the other playing idly with her engorged breasts. Yes, she could feel it. The liquid heat of Braun’s cum solidifying inside her, cooling into hard shelled spheres. *Her eggs*. Her belly rose under her touch, swelling outwards further and

further as she felt herself rapidly becoming gravid.
“It’s time, Leof. Time for your first clutch.”

With that, Leof opened her eyes and tensed her muscles. She could feel something shifting inside her, pushing at her, plowing methodically through her inner workings. Her breathing grew heavy once more as she pushed, and then felt something thick and round pop. Her egg. Her egg bulged from her slit, its pale purple shell smothered in the nurturing slime of her womb. It pressed painfully, persistently, stretching her tender folds. And then it slipped out and Leof felt an immense pride well up through her entire being.

“You’ll make such a wonderful broodmother,” Braun’s voice rumbled behind her.



Leof gasped and rolled over violently, coughing and sputtering. Glancing at the other side of the tent quickly to make sure Braun was still fast asleep, he hastily clambered out of his bag and slipped off his leggings, then sat with legs spread against their piled equipment. He glared at his glistening, puffy vagina. The very same dragon parts he’d just had so thoroughly violated in his dreams.

“S- so...s-sensitive!” he sputtered as he began digging his fingers in to rub at his needy folds. “G-getting too h-hard to ignore-” He savored the lewd schlicking of his motions. “-feels.. so..” He gasped and began stroking his clit. “Feels.. so.. GOOD,” he finally squealed, feeling the rush of climax as his muscles spasmed and gushed out his juices into a forming puddle on the tent floor. He murmured and collapsed against the earth, mortified at his shameless noises, praying

fervently that Braun hadn’t heard. He pulled a rag from his pack and began the familiar ritual of wiping himself down, soaking the cloth in his shame and then hiding it away to clean and reuse in secret. As his breath slowed and he wiped the last of the mess from his white-scaled, juvenile, stub of a tail, he thought back over the last month. He had been working normally, hiding the curse from Braun, suppressing his thoughts. And every night he had woken hotter and needier than the previous. It was too much. He couldn’t handle it anymore. If he didn’t do something about these cursed anklets, he’d be jumping Braun’s bones before long. And he couldn’t have that.

“Fine,” he muttered to himself. “Fine, we’ll go to the fucking Firelands.”

Finished, he tossed the rag away and rolled into bed, snuggling into the nearest heat he could find. As he fell back into darkness, he curled up into the small of Braun’s back, spooning against his longtime friend and business partner with a wide smile plastered over his placid features.