

Adrian's wrists chafed with the metal shackles around them, the chain connecting his hands together dangling just slightly downwards. His ankles were no better, the metal banging against them with every step he took up the mountain path. The cold wind blew past him, and the guards behind him that gave him a stern shove forward if he ever lost his pace. The walk up the mountain would already be hard enough without the guards, without his restraints, but to make it even worse than before, the weight of his fate was cemented around his feet, making them slow, the very effort to lift them a struggle.

However, he had to keep moving. He couldn't flee, the Guards would plunge an arrow into his back or drag him back quickly enough--his feet being bound with the chains made any escape attempt a waste of everyone's time. Even if he didn't have them, he wouldn't have anywhere to go, and on top of that, even if he did, he couldn't run from this obligation that was forced upon him.

For you see, Adrian was not simply being marched up to a prison, but a fate perhaps worse than that. At the top of Mount Rosira, was a large cave, and with such caves almost always came a dragon to roost within its depths. That dragon was close to the village, and a dragon's appetite was vast, their tempers as hot as their fire. It could swoop down, snatch up livestock and people alike, while setting the town on fire from above, with hardly any effort or risk to themselves. The town's guard was no match for the beast, and the dragonslayers brave, or stupid enough, to challenge him never returned. The beast could not be beaten in combat, never slain with a sword or felled by a spell, so the only choice left was to appease him as best they could. The town had a substantial number of criminals of various kinds over the years, plenty to sate the dragon's hunger, and so they were given to the dragon as nothing more than a full meal.

At first, such tributes were only the worst of the worst. Murders, rapists, child defilers, and thieves of too much skill and success. It however turned out that the threat of being a dragon's meal was a good deterrent from such vile acts, and thus their numbers per month dwindled till such crimes were hardly commonplace in the prison cells. So they turned to the more modest crimes, petty theft, drunken assaults, and yet that too dwindled to scraps, leaving the most petty of crimes to be considered. The lord of the ~~XXXXXX~~ town would give the tribute's family some compensation for the punishment of execution by dragon being held against those who committed trivial offenses, at least that is what Adrian was told--though his family would gladly accept nothing less than being rid of him entirely as a fair enough payment anyways.

Adrian's mistake was that in of itself, trusting the family that had caused him plenty of turmoil in the past, present, and now ended his future in the stomach of a dragon. His father, mother, brothers and sister all pitched blame on him for the theft of a nobleman's horse, who he highly suspected one or all of his brothers to have committed instead. None of them defended him, not even his mother, or at least she called herself it. The truth was that his family was simply the people he was left with when his mother died, his real mother. A young tavern wench that ~~WXX~~ had one night with his supposed father and never saw again. He was but six when his mother died from the winter sickness, and the only way he knew the truth was from her journal she had kept.



The tyrants he had lived with weren't his real father or mother, but rather his aunt and uncle, and their evil spawn were his cousins. Whatever reason they raised him up as their own, he was not certain~~XXXX~~ of, but he was pretty sure it was because they didn't want to be seen as housing the bastard of a tavern wench in their home. They would rather pretend he was their blood than to actually tell him the truth of things. It was still clear they treated him anything like blood--more so treated like a mutt that had crawled its way into their home. They certainly beat him like one.

They most likely only took him in to get a free servant as well, someone to do whatever asked of them or get beat for it--as if he still wasn't beat or verbally abused in other ways. And a servant that was a slave by any other name was a good one to pawn off to the guards in exchange for sparring one of their own. It was not surprising, in the least, and of course he had no chance of defending his own. They were a wealthy and influential family, though hardly respected, one would be foolish to disobey their word, and foolish to distrust even their obvious lies.

Adrian at the very least felt proud of himself--he would be free from that hellhole and do a service that benefited the entire town, and he was sure the dragon would appreciate ~~his~~ the meal. It was quite the bitter paste in his mouth knowing this would be his end...  
~~XXX~~

But dragons were majestic creatures, and while it was doubtful, he would be spared from his hunger, he could at least try to reason with him to show gentleness and mercy, to make it quick and painless. Though Adrian knew that some dragons were just as vile and monstrous as his own family, and took pleasure in the pain of others. As they made it up the last stretch of trail, the rear guards stayed put, while the front guards dragged him forward and pushed him ahead, staying just below the beam of the hill the trail ended on, just as it opened up to a wide expanse of flat dirt and rock right in front of the gaping maw of the dragon's cave. Adrian steeled himself, walking forward toward the cave, giving only a quick glance back to see all four guards having left. The trail would still be guarded, being the only real way off the mountainside, so there would be no use in escaping that way. Not that he had any time to, before he could even begin to plot an escape, the loud footsteps of dragon paws were heard, the slithering of a long tail dragging behind it.

Out of the shadows of the cave, a snout appeared, long with ridges across its side, two horns underneath the chin, and a nose that ended at a swept point. The dragon's nares took in Adrian's scent, and the young man held his choking breath in his throat. The dragon's eyes were next to appear, yellow and contrasted against his red scales, his brow having another ~~XXXX~~ set of spikes and ridges. His cheek contained another three spikes, swept facing backwards, on each side, and the back of his head ended with two long straight horns. The dragon's neck was next, its spine dotted with spikes as well, and Adrian could see the dragon's forepaw come down onto the dirt, his claws long and sharp. His hand would be big enough to grasp him entirely, his arm being as wide as he was! His jaws would be no different, able to bite down onto him in one bite, swallow him whole and intact if he really wanted to, not that he couldn't use the sword length fangs inside his jaws to tear him apart with ease...that is if the dragon didn't prefer to roast his meals before hand, to send a hot plume of fire onto him to char his flesh. It is said that a dragon's fire is that of liquid than air like a typical flame, coating and sticking to you--one could even drown in it.



The dragon had fully emerged from the cave, his form that of pure broad musculature, arms and legs of pure strength and power. His haunchers were thick coils of muscle wrapped in red scaled armor, his long tail dragging behind him with a bladed tip leaving a mark against the stone itself. His red scales gleamed in the sun above, and his yellow eyes pierced directly into Adrian's. The dragon towered over the human man, whom was shaking, his eyes wanting to avert their gaze from the creature of legend that stood before him, but entirely unable to. The dragon's very presense established a sense of reverence, but also struck a paralyzing fear within Adrian. How could he turn away from such a powerful creature, both out of respect for the status of a Dragon, and out of fear of those claws and teeth.

A more surprising thing to note was that the dragon had no sign of aggression. No snarl across his jaws, no growl in his throat, nor did it seem the dragon was poised to strike. He simply stood there, gazing upon the man who would be his tribute for the week. Adrian honestly couldn't take the dreadful silence and waiting, so could only choose to start the conversation himself--it wouldn't be like he could make things worse for himself, at any rate.

"Great Dragon...I...I am Adrian. I have been...sentenced to become your tribute by the Lord of my village. I pray to the Gods that I am a worthy tribute, so your mercy may extend to my village."

"Adrian..." The dragon's voice rumbled in its chest, a heavy voice, though one that was oddly relaxing. "Just Adrian? Do you not carry the name of your sire?"

6 Adrian was puzzled; why would a dragon care for such things from his own meal? In any case, it would be rude not to answer.

"I apologize, Great Dragon, I am afraid I do not possess a family name anymore. My mother was a tavern wench, one who had to sell services to the men who patroned themselves at the tavern. She did not know my father. I am ashamed to admit I do not recall what her maiden name was either, I was far too young to recall it. And...though I was soon raised by my Aunt and Uncle, I do not dare hold the name associated with scum such as them. I would rather ~~xxxxxxx~~ not soil myself

with taking the name of such a vile family. I shall go nameless, holding the one piece of my mother that I have left, the last thing she has given me that I still possess--my name."

The dragon tilted its head at him, then produced a low chuckle.

"Very well then, Adrian the Nameless. Oh but where are my own manners. I am Draco, Son of the Sire Koran and the Egg Bearer Lykyna, 2nd of the 3rd clutch...but you may simply call me Draco."

"I-it is an honor to meet you, Draco...I hope to provide you, a fitting tribute..."

"Tribute? You are tribute? To me?" Draco's eyes narrowed, with a curious smile on his face.

"Y-yes, Great Dragon. I am your offering, so you may spare the village your hunger and wraith..."

"You don't seem like tribute..." Draco's snout leaned in, his nares flexing as he took in Adrian's scent. "Yes, you are hardly like those that came before. You are not fitting tribute."

"I...I do not understand. Surely I am...enough to sate your hunger."

"Oh you would be a decent meal, that is certain. But not tribute. You are not one that deserves such a fate. The tributes that came before you were far less of a kind soul as you, my boy. Do not tell me they are sending me more tributes of ~~xxxx~~ decency again, I had long told them I do not except anything but the worst of your kind."

"Y...you won't eat me?"

"Of course not. I am not a monster."



"But...I am your tribute. What about your hunger?"

"What about it, little human?"

"How will you sate it? My village...I...besides I cant just return. They'll think I tried fleeing from you..."

"I can fly you away, let you start over somewhere else. I told you, Adrian, I'm not a monster. I don't kill those who do not deserve it. I will fend for myself, ~~as~~ I always have done before your village threw your garbage at me to eat. Your farmers have a nice selection of cows..."

"No! Please...the village needs those, you cant..."

Draco leaned in, his snout brushing up against Adrian's face.

"I can and I will. Its just a few cows, nothing your people wont miss. Its not like they've given me them as tribute before, either."

"T...they have?"

"Of course. I told them once before when they tried sending me an innocent soul as tribute, that I do not want them. They didn't have any of your more vile criminals, so they gave me cows instead."

"But...we were told only the driminals were given to you...that You preferred them..."

"Oh of course they did..." Draco had a chuckle in his throat. "It is any easy way to control you, by having the threat of ~~X~~ ~~XX~~ becoming a dragon's meal. In all honesty, I don't even like the taste of you humans, but I don't pass up an opportunity to feed myself AND help remove some filth from this world. You my boy, are not one of them."

"I see but...I cant just run. I...I need to...dos something. I have no where to go anyways."

Adrian felt a weird sense of disappointment, of failure. It would be a simple thing, just to be tribute to a dragon, and he could do so much for his village. He could actually be something, than the simple bastard of a peasant tavern girl who had sold herself to so many men that he could point to have the men in the village and be just as likely to find his father. Not that he blammed his mother for her choice in career, especially after he was born. She did so much for him, all for him. He wanted to return that kindness somehow, even if it didn't really matter. The village may not have been in any real danger, but he could still do something for someone...

"Great Dragon...please. Let me...help you. Somehow, anything. Anything you want me to do, I will do it! Let me just...do something in my life. Let me show you my gratitude at least for being meriful."

Draco lifted his head up high, his eyes studying Adrian with a sly smile on his face.

"Well, if you are so insistant on providing me some sort of tribute...I guess I can find something good for you to do."

"Yes! Please, Draco, anything..."

"Well, my hunger can be sated by other means, so that much is taken care of...but a dragon has other forms of hunger ~~XX~~ ~~XXXX~~ that are in need to be...satisfied."

Adrian blushed red in the face; Wait, what was this dragon implying?! What other forms of hunger could a dragon have, ones he could...oh. Oh my.

"D-draco?! Y...you do not mean to imply that you...wish to..."

"Mate with you? Oh you're right, you're not quite of my preference. I do prefer more...softer things. " Draco's voice took on a sultry edge.

His clawed finger moved over to Adrian's chin, tilting it upwards to look right at his eyes.

"But that can be easily fixed. What do you say then? Would you be willing to let yourself be changed to suit my own desires? To take on a more...feminine visage?"



Adrian blushed a deep crimson--He wasn't sure what was more scarier, ~~XXXX~~ ~~XX~~ being a dragon's meal or....well this! The dragon's proposal was nothing he would have expected to hear. To not only be offered such an intimate interaction with a creature as majestic, and terrifying, as a dragon was one thing! To do so as a member of the fairer sex, soft, vulnerable, and feminine....was another. The dragon had offered Adrian the chance to show his gratitude, and it would be at the cost of his own manhood. But, it was an offer two-fold.

He would be able to start over, a new life, unburdened by the rigors of his past and wildness of his family. He could escape from the guards, as they would never suspect a maiden to have been their former offering to the dragon! But to make such a change...it was something he would have had to think about. If he had such time to. Draco, the Dragon of Mount Rosira, would not wait long for him to make a decision. The dragon's gaze was intense, dominating, and was glaring eyeing him up now. He had enticed a more primal form of draconic hunger, and Adrian would be a fool to refuse it. IN any case, if the dragon was able to transform him into a woman, then it could transform him back--right? At least it beat being eaten.

"I...I would be honored to take the form of a fair maiden, Great Dragon, if it would please you so...just...promise me you will spare my village from any wraith you may have."

Draco's claw trailedg up Adrian's cheek, a possessive gesture, and his lips smiled.

"Of course. As I said, I am no monster, my dear Adrian. I will not harm your village for how long as you are mine tonight, and thereafter."

Draco turned back to his cave, glancing over at Adrian, before motioning with his snout toward the entrance. Without an exchange of words, Adrian entered, Draco following close behind him--a possessive form of close at that, as if the dragon's own body was containing the man within his own embrace. The two ventured deeper into the darkness of Draco's lair, a place known to many as the last they'd ever enter. Not Draco's specifically, but a Dragon's lair ~~XX~~ in general was always said to be a dangerous place. Vast, dark, and contained the beast's most prized possessions, ones that would cause any dragon to fiercely defend. Those who ended up in such places were either doomdriven Dragonslayers, potential meals, and tributes such as himself, though he had not known that there were other hungers of a dragon to fill that weren't their stomachs. A hunger of lust and carnal pleasures.

The darkness of the cave soon faded to a more dim light as his eyes adjusted to it, the dragon's heat close to his back, his breath~~X~~ warm against his neck, and yet a cold shiver ran down his spine at the mere knowledge of the dragon walking behind him. A strong, powerful beast, teeth sharp, claws long, muscles hidden behind a layer of armored scales, and a primal hunger behind his eyes. Adrian already felt vulnerable in this majestic and terrifying creature's presence, without ~~XXX~~ having a maiden's softness yet. How would it feel to be so soft, so vulnerable, so delicate, in the midst of such a powerful creature? Especially one who's desires were already fixed on ravishing that feminine form once it doned itself over Adrian's bones? And yet, so far, this powerful beast that could tear him apart in seconds, was been so gentle to him. Draco's presence was terrifying but equally as reassuring--after all, no one else in Adrian's life had ever shown such kindness. His own family treated him like flith that belonged in the fields, this dragon treated him like a priceless treasure--and perhaps would ~~XXXXX~~ claim him like one later on.



The short walk felt like an eternity, and ended at a pile of furs, soft and laid out over the floor. The dragon's bedding perhaps? Behind him, the dragon let out a small jet of flame over a blazier hanging from the ceiling, and caused orange light to flicker over the cave walls, the stone floor, and over Adrian's face. The dragon walked over in front of him, sitting down on its back haunches--large and thick cylinders of muscle covered in metal strong scales. Draco's eyes gazed over Adrian, as if he was a jeweller appraising a precious gemstone, before his hand reached out to tilt Adrian's chin up, locking his draconic eyes upon Adrian's.

"Hmmm yes, I think I know exactly how to...correct you. The perfect way to cut away all that stone and rough, to find the diamond within..."

Draco's finger moved away, and tapped against Adrian's nose, sending a magical shimer of light around the human man, a dazzling bright light of various colors swirling around his form. The cave's darkness gave way to a blinding light that shielded Adrian from everything, and a sense of displacement overcame him. He could hear nothing, feel nothing, only the blinding light filled his eyes. But as quickly as it came, it was soon over, feeling regained in his legs, the light returning back to the flame-dim lighting of the cave and a strange new shape and weight over his body. Long strands of brown hair were felt over his shoulders, his eyes tracing their length till they came upon the first sign of his new femininity--well rounded mounds of a decent size sat right on his chest, his clothing gone and his body bare for him, and the Dragon, to see. The Dragon's eyes followed Adrian's, his being that of shock while the dragon's was that of appraisal, and perhaps possession. Both their eyes moved across Adrian's narrowed waist, down to modestly curved hips and thighs, and right to the junction of them both, where Adrian's most fundamental change was quite apparent--the folds and opening of his, or perhaps now her's, new womanhood.

Adrian stood still, either in awe of the dragon's abilities or the shock of ~~XXXXXX~~ actually standing as a member of the more fairer. Even as Adrian opened his, or her, mouth, there was no mistaking the signs of feminity, their voice now becoming more elegant, softer, and almost buttery smooth in comparison.

"O-oh...great dragon, I...I don't know what to say."

Draco smiled, lips and jaws parted slightly to show the hint of his sharp white fangs.

"You don't have to say anything right now, my dear. You look absolutely perfect. I would be lying if you didn't put most of my other tributes to shame, not that they weren't beautiful in their own right. Even the finest of art could not compare to the masterpiece of feminine design I see before me."

"O-oh, Great Dragon, please, do not be so...m=modest. It was your magic that made me this way..."

"My magic was simply the key to unlock the cage that trapped all this within, my sweetling. She was always there, waiting. No, my dear, this is all you, as you would have been if fate had been different. Believe me, the last thing I would want to do is to witness something tailored exactly to me. I desire to claim the truest of yourself, sweetling."

Adrian stood in silence, still gazing down at their new, softer, feminine form. It was also becoming increasingly apparent now that their earlier assement was correct. This ~~XXXXXX~~ body brought about even more intense feelings of vulnerablity, delicateness, and a sense of inherent smallness when standing in front of the dragon. But now it was nothis strength or power that caused this, but his eyes, how they roamed over their new body, pierced through it, and claimed it for his own with jhst a simple gaze.



"You look nervous, sweetling." Draco's voice broke the tension between them that was stuck in the air itself. Adrian swallowed and nodded to the dragon, who smiled widely. "You have no reason to be, sweetling. No need for fear, not with me. I'll keep you safe tonight, and cherish every inch of that elegant form of yours. I know how to treat a maiden right...believe me, I have the experience."

"I...I know, Great Dragon...you are just so...big. strong. I feel so small standing here before you."

Draco smirked before leaning in, his snout brushing up against their cheek, his long tongue extending out and giving a rather tender lick across it. Adrian felt a shutter ripple through their spine, their legs feeling weak.

"Hard to stand isn't it? If you thought you were small standing in front of me, imagine how small you'll feel on your knees before me?"

The dragon simply stared at them, the question lingering in the air before Adrian realized it wasn't a question but a suggestion that bordered on a request--no, not a request. A Command. One they were unable, or perhaps unwilling, to refuse, and such Adrian found themselves lowering to the floor, sitting on their legs, their body shaking. The dragon smiled, pleased with the result, and shifted himself closer. His thighs flanked them on either side, their face coming close to the smooth scales of their crotch--Adrian was a little surprised at the lack of a visible...well, maleness there. And a tinge of disappointment? Did they really feel that?

"Go on..." The Dragon said with a slight growl. "Feel me. Worship the strength that keeps you safe, worship your dragon...get him ready for you."

Adrian took a breath and extended their hand toward the dragon's body, their hand rubbing up the smooth yet equally rough scales of his inner thigh, up to the junction between them and his body, and moving to the smooth featureless part of his crotch. As their hands moved over the space, Adrian could now see the slight parting of a slit, the seam of the dragon's body finally visible; Adrian's breath quickened with the knowledge that this is where the dragon's maleness was concealed within. And with their movements, it would soon grow and free itself, become untamed and primal as the Dragon's deepest desires were. As Adrian's hands moved, caressed the dragon's inner thighs and groin, that maleness emerged, first the tip, draconic and bestial in nature. The head was ridged, with a backswept 'horn' extending from the base back toward the dragon. The rest of the length followed, ridges lining the underside of the beast's shaft, before coming up to a thick bulbous section, the Dragon's knot. The entire length was about 12 inches of pure draconic virility, and it was all for Adrian tonight.

"Big isn't it, sweetling?" The Dragon said with a sultry growl. "Don't worry...you can take it. You're going to take it, aren't you? That's what a good girl does for her dragon...."

Adrian shuttered at the mention of those words. It wasn't the fear of taking this length, or being so coerced into doing so, but the raw realization that they actually wanted it--To taste it, to take it, to be claimed by it in the most primal way.



With those words echoing in their head, Adrian reached forward with their hand, their fingers wrapping around the dragon's impressive length, feeling its girth, weight and the heat it gave off. There was no denying the desire dripping from Adrian's new feminine loins, a wetness that started to coat their thighs, and an overwhelming need to have this dragon inside them. Their hand now secured around his shaft, Adrian began to stroke, timidly, slowly. They glanced up at the dragon, who smiled at them, his eyes giving them a dominant glare though one of understanding and patience.

"Take your time..." Draco said, a low growl in his throat. "We have all the time in the world for you to get accustomed to my...size. And I do love it when a fair maiden such as yourself takes her sweet time exploring these new experiences...exploring me. Worshipping me. And you definitely want to worship your dragon, don't you?"

Adrian nodded meekly, their hand continuing its movements.

"Of course you do...so enjoy. Take your time. Worship your dragon and his strength, his power, and know that he'll keep you safe. Because you're all his now..."

Adrian shuttered with the Dragon's words, their movements speeding up. Their hand caressed the thick and long shaft, moving up and down, their fingers running over the tip and their palm caressing the knot as they moved from the tip down to the base and back up again. They could feel it throb in their hand, hear the dragon's light but pleased growl in their throat. There was a warm feeling throughout their body, a feeling of purpose, of satisfaction in their own efforts. A desire to be good for their dragon, to please him, and with that feeling came the loss of all their fears and worry. Right now, on their knees in front of a dragon that towered over them, they not only felt safe but cherished by him. His eyes gazed down upon her in a ~~possessive~~ possessive way, but also affectionate--as if she was the most priceless gem in the world, second only to none, and he would protect and cherish her all the same.

Adrian looked at the dragon's shaft, seeing the tip leaking ever so slightly. Her lips felt wet, her mouth watering at the sight of it, her tongue desiring the taste. And so, she leaned forward, kissing the tip of his mighty girth, tasting it, savoring it. The Dragon let out a pleased growl, followed by a deep chuckle.

"Oh my...such an eager girl aren't you? You just couldn't resist a taste of your dragon's cock now could you?"

Adrian replied with another kiss, slipping the tip between her lips. Adrian...now that didn't sound right. Didn't sound proper anymore. Adrian sounded better now, still holding on to something from her past, the one thing she still had from her mother. Her mouth moved further, slipping more of the dragon's length into her mouth, the tip of his cock finally hitting the back of her throat. She had to stifle a gag, then a cough, before pulling it out of her as quickly as she took it, panting and coughing as she regained her breath. The Dragon above her gazed at her with concerned eyes, a hand moving to her head, stroking through her hair.

"I appreciate your eagerness, sweetling, but please take your time. You're new at this, and I don't want to see you hurt..."

Adrian regained herself, smiling at the dragon. Here she was, being used for his pleasure, and yet he treated her far better than his entire family ever did. This Dragon, this handsome, strong dragon-- Her Dragon.

After her brief respite, she returned her lips to the dragon's shaft, taking it in slowly this time, working it over inch by inch over the next few minutes, allowing herself to adjust to every bit of his malehood.



Adria continued her tender ministrations over the Dragon's shaft, her lips sealed tightly around it, her tongue licking over it as it brushed by it. The Dragon let out pleased growls, his hips lightly jerking toward her mouth, his large hand placed on to the top of her head to hold it still. Gulks and Gulps filled the cave as he used her mouth for his own primal need, his cock throbbing hard ~~XX~~ within her, his growls picking up intensity.

"I...I'm close. You're going to take it. Drink every last drop...you can do it, I believe in you, sweetling....fuck, such a good fucking mouth, what a good f-fucking cocksucker you are..."

X The Dragon's words sent a shiver down Adria's spine, his expectations giving her a burst of energy as she pushed harder, taking it faster, all to coax out his seed. She could feel his length pulse in her throat, and knew he was so close--and close he was, for moments later he erupted, shooting ropes of hot thick dragon seed down her throat. She drank every drop, savoring the taste, her stomach feeling quite warm from the copious amounts of it. The Dragon had a deep growl in his chest as he released, his hips jerking forward with every spurt down her throat. His hand gripped her head tightly, butt not enough to cause pain--just a firm grip to keep her in place.

Soon enough, he pulled out of her mouth, leaving her panting and not a drop of his seed on her lips, for all of it went down her throat. Something he was quite pleased to see.

"Gods above, you surely are a great tribute, sweetling. I never had such a good cocksucker like you...such a good girl for me."

Adria panting, wiping her spit off her lips and looked up at the dragon, who's gaze was even more intense than before.

"I...I am glad to have pleased you, Draco."

"You pleased me greatly, sweetling. I'm so proud of you...but this night isn't over yet. A dragon's needs are many and while your mouth was a nice warm and wet hole, there's only one hole that will satisfy me tonight....and I won't rest till that cunt of yours is nice and bred tonight. So don't keep me waiting...on all fours. Now."

Adria took a moment to catch her breath~~X~~, and with the Dragon's words filling her, not with fear, but with a thrill. His words were demanding, a true command if there ever was one, but Adria never felt an ounce of malice or threat in his voice. The thrill came from the fact that no matter how commanding he got, no matter how thunderous his voice was, he would always keep her safe, that she was always safe with him--that he was going to make her feel so fucking good.

And so, Adria took her position, on her hands and knees, her rounded ass presented to her dragon. Draco took his position, his weight pressing into her back, his hips nestled against her rear, with his legs flanking against her own, and his still hard cock poking right at her entrance. It would be with this act that she knew her life would finally change, that all the pain and burden would go away, as it didn't matter anymore. She had her dragon now, and that was the only thing that concerned her--Becoming His.



With one solid motion, the Dragon thrust his hips forward, his shaft sliding into her virgin depths, spreading her wide and filling her deep. Adria couldn't contain her moan, its sound bouncing off the walls of the cave. The dragon nearly hilted himself in her tight tunnel, leaving his knot out for the ~~XXXX~~ time being, leaving it pressed against her, just waiting for its chance to enter.

"FUCK!" The Dragon shouted. "So tight...so warm. I'm going to enjoy fucking you, sweetling."

With those words, Draco began his movements, his thrusts coming in slow but deep for now, his length sliding out then back in. Adria could feel every single ridge along his draconic cock, could feel the backswept protrusions of his cock's head sliding into her walls. The sensation of her new feminine slit being so thoroughly fucked was so alien, so foreign and new to her, to someone who lived as a man for the past two decades--but it was not unwelcome, nor unpleasant. In fact the pleasure was overwhelming, her body unable to process the feelings at all, causing her to tremble with every thrust, causing her to moan every time the Dragon hilted inside her.

It was only the start as well, the Dragon growled and picked up his ~~XXXX~~ pace now, a steady and intense speed that caused her to lose her strength in her arms, causing her ~~XXXXXX~~ upper half to collapse into the furs of the dragon's bed, and her ass raised up high.

"That's it! Take it...take my cock you slut..." The Dragon said, his words filled with an even deeper growl. "SO fucking tight. You just love getting fucked by your dragon, don't you? Oh Sweetling, I admit, I love fucking you...you're taking it so well..."

The Dragon's snout brushed against her neck, his tongue tracing up her neck to her cheek, before his lips stopped at her ear.

"Mine." He said, his pace picking up faster, his breathing picking up as well as he drove his length into her, faster and faster.

"I'm going to fucking breed you, sweetling. Make you MINE."

Adria couldn't help herself but moan, rocking her rear to meet the Dragon's thrusts. She couldn't deny herself her own desires either, couldn't keep it hidden any longer.

"Yes, my Dragon! Take me! Make me yours! M-Make me mother your children! F-fuck me! Breed me!"

The Dragon growled, and bit down on her nape of her neck, not drawing blood, but enough to leave a mark. He rutted into her, now trying to force his swelling knot in, his large hands pinning her wrists to the fur of the bed.

"That's a Good fucking Girl. I'm going to fucking breed you, like I've done to so many of my tributes...fuck, sweetling, you're going to be such a good mother...."

The Dragon growled, and with a roar, shoved his knot in, and ~~XX~~ Adria could feel it swell and lock him within her fertile depths. The Dragon continued to thrust into her, still knotted together, his shaft throbbing and pulsing within her. Below her, her new breasts swayed and bounced with the thrusts, and her body was starting to be ravished by the pleasure. But she held it, held back her climax till the right moment, till her dragon filled her, bred her, and made her his!

And soon that moment came, with a thunderous roar from the beast above her, his tail thrashing behind them, and his claws digging into the furs below. He pressed forward, his hand pushing and pressing her head down into the furs as he pressed his hips flush with her own, and released his seed deep inside her.



Ropes of hot dragon seed flooded Adria's new womb, spraying all within her feminine tunnel. The Dragon's heavy breaths came in from above, his body pressed as close to her own now. At the same time, Adria let herself release, letting her body give in to the pleasure of being bred by her Dragon, being claimed by this amazing beast. The two of them stayed connected for some time, panting and exhausted, the Dragon's hard shaft still twitching in her depths. After a few minutes, he withdrew, his seed dripping out from her. Draco sat down on the furs, panting still, looking over at Adria some more.

"Are you okay, sweetling? Was that enjoyable for you too?"

"Y...y-es. It was, m-my Dragon..." Adria found it hard to speak she was that out of breath. The Dragon smiled at her and reached over, picking her up and bringing her close to his chest, before falling over onto his back. Both his large arms wrapped around her, his wings acting as a blanket for her.

"Rest up. You did great. I'm so proud of you, sweetling. I'm glad you enjoyed it so... I always want to make sure my treasures are taken well care of, in more ways than one."

Adria smiled at him, laying her head against his chest, feeling his scales. She never once felt so safe, so secure and loved like this.

"Tomorrow, I'll fly you to a new village, let you start a new life. I'll give you some gold, just in case you're ~~having~~ ~~my~~ carrying my little one. Oh, how I'd love to see you glowing like that..."

Adria glanced up at him, thinking about it for a moment, then smiled at him.

"I...don't have to leave, do I?"

"Oh..." The Dragon paused. "N-no. You don't have to. Do...you want to stay with me?"

"I do, Dragon. Very much. I want to be yours, forever... I never had someone like you in my life. Someone to love me, take care of me."

Draco stared at her for a moment, before planting a kiss on her lips, pulling back with a smile.

"Then you'll be mine, forever, and I'll be yours, my sweetling."

With those words, Adria laid her head down, smiling as she drifted off to sleep, with the knowledge of a new life ahead of her with her Dragon--as well as with the start of a new life within her, as well.

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Laika L. Gagarin