

## Test Subject |

### The Result Test Subject

### The Result

When I wake up, I feel like my body is made out of stone or steel. I can barely lift my head, but I do manage to open my eyes.

I am staring at the ceiling of my bedroom.

How did I get here? Was I only dreaming of the dragon?

I try to move, but my arms won't budge. I moan in discomfort. I don't like this. I don't like feeling helpless and disoriented.

It takes a while, but finally I manage to lift my head.

And then I scream. Loud.

It takes only a heartbeat until I hear the apartment door banging open. A second later, Des is standing in my bedroom doorway, looking confused.

"What's wrong?!" he asks.

I look at him in disbelief. "What is wrong?! Have you *seen me*?" I shriek.

He comes over and pulls me by the arms and shoulders, helping me sit up in bed. "You are pregnant," he says, smiling. Then he sits down next to me, gently stroking my belly.

"I am not pregnant, I am a fucking human balloon!" I exclaim, pointing to my naked body.

He chuckles. "What did you think would happen if you carried dragons inside of you?"

"They are eggs! Aren't they supposed to be...small?!" I ask.

He laughs. "Well, they are small—compared to how big they will get after they're born."

This belly is not human; it's not possible. Except, apparently with the help of some shapeshifting cum or whatever, it is.

I cannot see my legs; all I see is a balloon of belly in front of me. That's why I can't move—trying to bend at the waist just feels like doing a sit-up while a tiger is crushing me.

I panic for a while, but then I realize something.

"So...it worked?" I ask.

Des hesitates for a moment. "For now," he says calmly.

"You mean, until we see if I survive the birth?" I ask. When he slowly nods, I reassure him, "I'm not worried about that. I wanted to have your fucking cock rammed inside of me; I'm sure I can take a little egg."

Des laughs. "You are quite the specimen; I'll tell you that." He leans over and gently puts his hand on my cheek, before coming closer to my lips. "May I kiss you?" he murmurs.

"You may do anything you want with me," I murmur back, sticking out my tongue to touch his lips. Smirking, he extends his as well, and they meet outside our mouths. I try to lean forward for more contact, but it's barely possible.

Still, this is so fucking hot.

I let his tongue play with mine for so long that I feel my pussy getting wet, so I quietly moan. Des moves closer and grabs my neck, kissing me full-on now, but it seems more like he's trying to eat me. I have never been so turned on by a kiss.

"I...need you," I breathe into his mouth.

He growls a bit and climbs onto the bed, while somehow simultaneously taking off his pants.

Then, he carefully turns me to the side. He must have dragon-strength, because I'm sure I weigh a million pounds. At least.

He keeps kissing me, and I bend my upper body toward him as much as I can while he pulls my hips to his. I groan when I feel his erect cock wedging itself between my ass cheeks.

He rubs for a while—although I'm so drenched by now, I'm completely ready to welcome him.

Des is still eating my mouth when he pulls one of my knees up and slowly slides inside of me. I cry for air, and then I orgasm instantly.

What. The. Fuck.

Is this the pregnancy, or is it something to do with his dragon cock?!

He rocks in and out, slowly and intensely. I whine and moan with every thrust. He bends his own leg, putting mine over his, so his hand is free to reach over to find my pussy.

How he does that, I have no clue, because I can't even see my own pussy; all I see is belly. But he doesn't seem to have any problems. He gently pinches my clitoris, making me orgasm again immediately.

"Go...harder," I whimper.

Des chuckles, shaking his head. "The eggs could get hurt. This way is better for them."

"But...it's...fucking torture," I moan. I pull his hand back from my pussy, pressing it on my boob instead.

"Wait until you feel this." He groans and pulls out of me, rolling me on my back and climbing down. Then he's out of sight because there is a fucking egg-filled balloon in the way.

I feel him between my thighs, though, and when something wet and hot starts ramming inside of me, I can only assume it's his tongue—though it's definitely longer than any human's.

As he goes harder with his tongue, I bend my knees and press them together, trying to squeeze out more sensation. Next he inserts a finger into my ass—then another, then a third.

I whimper and orgasm with no end, cursing myself for not being able to move.

Eventually, Des gently picks up my lower body as if it's nothing, kneels between my legs, and pushes his cock into my ass. I squeal and grab the sheets, tossing my head from side to side.

He goes a little faster here than he did in my pussy—I think because he can't actually *reach* the eggs through my asshole.

When he finally orgasms, I feel like it's the end of a torture—but a fucking hot one.

He lies down next to me, stroking my hair off my sweaty forehead.

"I...should tell the others it worked." I sigh.

Des chuckles. "They have noticed," he says with a boyish smile. "After all, you haven't come out of your room since I brought you here."

"When was that?" I ask curiously.

"Two months ago."

"WHAT?!"

He holds his ears, laughing. "Well, that's normal. Your body had to deal with the changes."

"How...did I survive so long? Without food or water, without going to the bathroom?" I ask, panicking.

"Don't worry, we took very good care of you."

"We?" I don't like the sound of that, even knowing that *all* the beings here have seen me naked.

"Richard, Number Two, and I. We took turns."

"Mehdi," I say, and Des furrows his brows. "That's his name. Not just 'Number Two.'"

Des makes an agreeable noise. "He was very helpful. His magic is quite fascinating."

"Okay." Mehdi is not the biggest thing on my mind right now. "How long will I be like this?" I ask, pointing to my belly.

"Oh, the gestation period is quite quick. Thanks to your shapeshifting organs, the eggs can grow faster. You'll be back to your old self in two more months."

"WHAT THE FUCK," I scream again, frustrated.

Des just laughs. The bastard.

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Two more months. It doesn't sound a lot, but it *is* a lot when you can't move at all, when all you can do is watch your belly grow bigger.

Mehdi magically cleans my body every day, Richard makes sure all my bodily functions are properly working, and Des helps me *endure* during the night.

Sex with Des is always a bright spot, but I suspect he has an ulterior motive. Every night, his cock is a little thicker, like he's trying to stretch my pussy with his cock even more in preparation for the birth.

But finally, it's the day.

I awake to a wrenching pain like my pussy is being ripped apart from the inside. No labor pains, nothing, just immediate ripping. I scream, and not in a pleasurable way.

Des, who was asleep next to me, wakes up instantly and helps me sit up.

"They...are coming out," I say, sweating already.

"Let me help you." Des pulls me to the edge of the bed, taking my hands and pulling me up. I'm not able to stand, but I don't need to. He turns me around so I can kneel on the floor with my arms on the mattress.

I am scared of what's to come, but Mehdi has been roaming around freely for the last few months, so he's here in an instant.

"Mehdi," I say with relief, reaching for him.

"I can soothe the pain," he suggests, sitting on the bed, "but...you won't like how."

I look up at him quizzically, but he's waiting for Des's response, not mine.

"Just do it," Des says, looking agitated when I scream at a fresh wave of agony.

Mehdi nods. Then he pulls down his pants and starts stroking his cock. The symbols along his shaft start to glow, a red color very different from the usual silver. Are you fucking kidding me?!

"What...the...fuck?" I groan, but Mehdi smiles, stroking my head.

"I promise, it will help."

He crawls to the edge of the bed, straddling his legs to the left and right of my head, while my arms are now resting on his thighs.

"Open," he says, and I can barely look at him.

"I'll...bite...it off," I say through clenched teeth.

"You won't." He chuckles and presses his cock to my closed lips. I involuntarily open when another scream washes over me.

He inserts his cock, but it's nothing sexual this time. The glowing red symbols feel warm against my tongue, making me kind of doze off. I hardly feel anything anymore, and my head starts falling to the side.

“You need to push, Cat,” Des says. “It’s not like a human birth. Just once.”

I want to, but it’s not working. I can’t feel anything anymore.

Mehdi smiles at me like he’s having some crazy idea, and then there’s an invisible hand crawling down my throat, replacing his cock.

Maybe I’m a shapeshifter now, but Mehdi’s still the best at this kind of stuff. The hand crawls perfectly into my uterus, pushing out the eggs from the inside without me having to do anything.

I’m still in a daze when Des gently turns me around and sits me on the bed. I expect blood and goo everywhere, but the floor still looks relatively clean.

And there they are—six little eggs, sitting by the end of the bed, in a nest that Des built for the purpose. And by “little,” I mean each egg is about the size of a gallon jug.

“You...did it,” Des says, shaking his head in disbelief as he looks at the eggs.  
“You...saved my species.”

Mehdi smiles and disappears to give us some space. Des stands between my legs and takes my face into his hands, gently kissing me.

And while he does, I can feel something slide down my throat, something warm but insubstantial, like light or energy. The farther down it goes, the lighter I feel.

When he pulls back, I look down at myself and gasp.

“I’m...back to normal!” I exclaim in shock. “Well...with huge boobs.”

“I know you always wanted those,” Des murmurs.

I look at him in disbelief. “You can just...change me?” I wonder.

He laughs. “I am a dragon, love. I can do so much more. And you just fulfilled my biggest dream. I will do anything for you.”

“Did you just call me...love?” I whisper.

He softly smiles, gently stroking my lips with his finger. “Yes, you are my love. But...I should tell you something.” Des starts to pull back a little, but I cross my legs behind his, keeping him close.

“What?” I ask.

“I’m afraid...I can’t let you leave, although I promised you I would,” he says.

I freeze for a moment, then start laughing. "Do you really think I *want* to leave, ever again?" I can't stop laughing.

Des frowns. "Don't you?"

"No, dummy! I fucking love you, and I never want to give up all those beasts fucking me brainless!" I say.

Des grins. "Who says I want to share?" he moans as he leans in closer.

"Who says I give a damn?" I reply.

He laughs, pressing his whole body against me. "Well...how about I let you choose another creature and we'll do it together?" He starts kissing my neck.

"How about another three?" I reply, reaching down for his cock.

"Three?" Des looks at me in shock, but I just laugh. "Isn't that a bit much?" he presses.

"You fed me, dragon." I lie back on the bed, bending my legs and looking at him seductively. "Don't expect me to stay hungry now."

Next Chapter

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