

Test Subject |

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There have been a lot of changes since I gave birth to those cute little eggs. Now, two months later, they are still sitting in their nest, but the nest is not in my bedroom anymore.

I convinced Des to let me make alterations to this whole facility. Well, by “convinced,” I mean that I just asked and he immediately agreed.

That’s how he is. He lets me do anything, including all kinds of depraved sex stuff, as long as I agree to one condition: he either watches me have sex with the beasts, or he joins in.

One hundred percent fine by me!

So, I ditched the whole lab-meets-asylum vibe of the nine monsters’ rooms and took all of them to room ten instead.

Des has explained to me that what’s behind door number ten is kind of like a pocket universe—he created it, which meant he could also change it to add features that would appeal to each of his fellow monsters.

They all roam free now—some happier about it than others.

Mehdi is having the time of his life, messing with everybody and occasionally sleeping with some of us.

Sylvan is enjoying his new freedom, and these days he seems to relish having sex with Mehdi just about every other day.

The werewolf was a little bit reluctant at first—I think because of how people usually react to him. But Des created a dark patch of forest for him, so he can roam there. I sometimes visit him just to talk, or to let him have his way with me.

The pixie, stonetroll, ogre, and minotaurs all seem to be enjoying the vast new space. I only see them sometimes, as they like being on their own.

I've seen the minotaurs sometimes having sex with the ogre, or the stonetroll, or both at once. And Des has shown the pixie how to create his own little pixie family, so they mostly keep to themselves.

Lazaros, it turns out, is quite the philosopher. He likes to spend hours upon hours talking with Mehdi about how ancient Greece (Lazaros's homeland) compares to ancient Egypt (where Mehdi was born).

I don't think there's anything sexual between them, but they're more than happy to double-team me whenever I ask for it.

Richard is also here, but he still hasn't told me what kind of "monster" he is. Des knows, but Des says it's up to Richard to share if and when he's ready.

I think he's just scared or something. For now, I'll have to keep guessing.

Des might've been a little surprised that my first request after giving birth was for a fivesome, but he did agree in the end. I chose Lazaros, Sylvan, and the ogre to fuck me along with Des.

It was...one hell of a time. Lazaros in my ass, Sylvan and Des both in my pussy at the same time, and the ogre in my mouth. I couldn't walk for two hours after that.

The eggs are in a warm, cozy place at the base of a tree, which is traditional for dragon nests. And it's almost time for them to hatch.

Des, Richard, Mehdi, Lazaros, and I are all gathered around the nest, and when the first shell cracks, we all hold our breath.

"Should we...help them?" I whisper.

Des shakes his head. "Dragons need to fight the first fight on their own," he answers, stroking my head while watching intently.

It takes about an hour until the first poor baby is free. And when I see it...I feel a wave of happiness wash over me.

"It is so beautiful," I gasp.

Des smiles, picking it up. "It's a boy," he tells me, holding him out to me.

Carefully, I take him into my arms. "I still think I might wake up any moment, from a coma or something, and this will all be a dream. But...I love him so much."

I gently stroke the little dragon's face, and he puffs air at me like a miniature dragon-purr. He's blue and has a tiny, pointy tip at the end of his tail.

“Your next child is hatching!” Mehdi says, and I turn around to see the next snout—a green one this time.

“They are...not really her children,” Des says. We all look at him in shock, and he makes a helpless gesture.

“Well, dragons can decide whether they want to inherit their DNA or the mate’s, or both. Since we want pure dragons, I encouraged them to take only my genes, so they have nothing from you.

“It’s for the best. This way, we can ensure the next generation as well.”

“So...what, you want me to give birth to all of *their* children too, when they grow up?!” I shriek. When he nods, I feel like I might faint.

“With time.” Des chuckles. “After all...you’re a shapeshifter now. Human rules don’t apply to you anymore, including the usual human lifespan.”

I freeze.

I...am a shapeshifter now? Completely? And I’m kind of immortal?

A wide grin stretches across my face. Oh, what I can do with that...

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