

Little did either of them know that Sheyla had already been blessed by her enhanced fertility; the viral agent had worked its wonders already, and though the dragoness had taken enough pills to effectively neutralize *any* possible pregnancy, that was hardly a challenge for Drash's new, far more potent seed. Already the eggs were beginning their fertilization, forming a hard nucleus that would eventually grow into a proper clutch; whereas most of the time, a dragoness could expect to go for a few weeks without even knowing that they were pregnant at all, Sheyla would barely get a few minutes before the tightness in her belly made itself too obvious for her to ignore, all-but forcing a sigh out of her when she noticed her fertility was about to make a scene yet again. The rest of her body went along with the changes as well, causing her to start shuffling around in her seat, and coincidentally drawing enough attention from Drash that at least *someone* noticed what was happening to her: not only were her pants becoming increasingly tighter, leading to plenty of flesh spilling out and even the telltale signs of seams being ripped apart, but her *breasts* were filling as well, enough that her shirt had already begun to ride up her midriff. Sheyla herself wasn't even thinking about it, and after a certain point, it became something she *didn't* think about at all; whether through the effects of the viral agent or her own mind turning against itself, the dragoness had come to see her transformation as part of her daily routine, and in fact something to be expected. A broodmother like herself needed a body that reacted to being pumped full of cum in a *proper* way, so really, what Drash accomplished barely registered compared to what she was *truly* capable of. So when her breasts began to lactate, heavy droplets of cream protruding from her engorged buds and staining both the shirt she had on *and* her lap as well, the dragoness didn't even bat an eye; when the size of her bust grew so much that what used to be a baggy shirt turned into a short top with a scandalous amount of underboob on display, Sheyla accepted this as just another part of her daily life. In fact, were she aware of the *internal* changes being wrought to her, it's likely the dragoness wouldn't have cared either; why would she, when it was perfectly normal for her ovaries to discharge their contents almost completely into her womb, before splitting into two and restarting the process? Why should she care, when a single load of spunk was enough to make a couple of dozen eggs end up properly fertilized, ready to grow at a much faster pace than should be expected? It was all part of the experience, even if no one else around her seemed to think so; Drash in particular was so surprised by what he was seeing that he almost failed to notice how his own package had begun to bloat outwards as well: his two nuts, already feeling like he hadn't emptied them in *years*, passed right by watermelons and rapidly approached overinflated basketballs, while his dick broke the one-foot line while *flaccid*, making it clear that the beast's fully turgid size would be something unlike anything Drash had ever seen. The pressure he felt, however, also made it clear that this wasn't the end, and though he knew he should have, the drake chose not to remove his jeans, though by that point his balls had already tore through the middle of them, and his cock was well on its way to ripping apart one of his pant legs. The rest of the class went by surprisingly quickly, given that both Drash and Sheyla were so busy holding back their libidos from going out of control that time seemed to fly by; as soon as the lecturer dismissed the two of them, both afflicted draconids rushed to get up and leave the auditorium as quickly as they could,

drawing every single eye in the room once word began to spread of just what was happening to them. Sheyla, for her part, ran straight to the bathroom in order to splash some water on her face before the sweat got too out of hand, while Drash wandered aimlessly around that section of the campus, no particular goal in mind; he just needed to do something, *anything* in order to get rid of all the excess horny energy built up inside him... which made it unsurprising that he would eventually end up near one of the women's bathrooms, at which point he dipped inside, surprised plenty of people all at once, and was promptly surrounded by eager mouths and even more eager slits; it didn't seem to matter to his newest lovers that they were throwing themselves at Drash, the runt, the useless, infertile dragon who couldn't offer them anything whatsoever. All they saw was a cock big enough to stretch them out and a pair of balls so stuffed and dense that it would be a downright waste if they *didn't* try and milk them for all they were worth. As for Drash himself, he could hardly complain about being the center of attention for once; he could hardly do anything *other* than stand there and let things happen, lacking the strength and willpower needed to get away from the increasingly large crowds of eager breeders who all wanted a taste of the biggest dragon around campus. Really, if the drake were in any better mental state, he would've objected to them treating him like little more than a cum dispenser after kicking him down when he wasn't as hung, but frankly, as long as the pleasure kept coming, Drash couldn't think of anything else, couldn't *do* anything else. Meanwhile, Sheyla, already feeling the effects of her rapid-progression pregnancy, was all-but stuck inside a bathroom, staring at herself in a mirror, trying not to be too loud whenever the pleasure waves crashed into her. There was still a small part of her that wanted to openly question what the *hell* was going on, but most of her was taken over by such overwhelming thoughts of maternal bliss that the first instinct she had was to take her control pills and flush them down the nearest toilet, then lock the door to keep anyone from coming in just so she could appreciate her body for what it was: an egg factory. Much like Drash, she skipped lunch that day, though unlike the drake, she did so willingly; she wasn't *stuck* there, pinned down by a mob of adoring fans eager to get every last drop of spunk, she was there before where else should she be? She had her belly, her swollen, egg-filled belly slung out in front of her, with a pair of soft, yet delightfully stuffed tits resting on top of it, and a lower body that seemed intent on bursting from whatever was left of her pants; she couldn't even rub her legs together the way she used to, seeing as her mound had puffed up *considerably*, leaving it big enough that she wouldn't be able to wear anything below the waist even if she wanted to. Her lower lips *begged* for something to fill them, something big, long, hard and filled with delicious cum to fertilize her further; she did try and stave off this need by using her own hands, but it quickly became apparent that it just wouldn't be enough. She needed Drash again, even if she didn't exactly know *why* him in particular; surely there were other, similarly-hung dragons out there who would be more than happy to take her up on her offer to be bred, dragons who were far better breeders than Drash ever could be, but for whatever reason, she *wanted* him. It was alarming enough to snap her out of her funk for just a few seconds, but inevitably, she fell right back down: in between her tits swelling to the point where they were bigger than her head, her mound puffing up even more, her thighs thickening and hips widening in preparation for her

laying her clutch, everything was ready for the grand finale. A single afternoon, that was all it took for her to be impregnated and lay her eggs, which *should've* set off so many red flags in her head that her eyes were left glowing because of it, but as far as Sheyla cared, only meant that she was about to be emptied and ready for yet another batch, just like she was supposed. So, while Drash was busy trying to attend class now that his jeans were completely ruined and he had to just sit with his cock and balls hanging out, while Drash was busy wondering where Sheyla could possibly be, the dragoness was making a racket in one of the ground floor bathrooms, screaming her head off as the first egg came out. It was a first for her, a new experience; she'd gotten fucked plenty of times before, but *bred*? Actually impregnated, with actual eggs that she could actually lay? That much was whole new ground for Sheyla, whose reaction to it was... explosive, to say the least. Everyone in the damn floor heard it when she came for the first time that day, the sheer pleasure of having her first clutch far too much for her to handle. Thankfully, it provided plenty of lubrication for all the eggs to come out, even if it did leave a massive mess on the floor; lacking any experience, and having no idea what to do beyond natural instincts, all Sheyla could do was push and hope for the best. As soon as her first ever egg came out, however, it was all over for her conscious self; whatever was left of her vanished underneath an ocean of natural instincts, subsumed into a more primal and animalistic dragoness who saw fit to take over now that her civilized half had faltered. The goal there was to lay a clutch and experience a series of unbelievably powerful orgasms, and for that, the ability to think straight wasn't required, only the capacity to *feel*. Simultaneously, Drash himself was stuck in what felt like a perpetual climax, courtesy of his cock and balls receiving such a workout over the past several hours that they hadn't stopped growing ever since they began; in fact, his balls in particular seemed to fill faster than his dick could output cum, a worrying development that the drake nonetheless completely ignored in favour of focusing on how *huge* he was: three feet to his shaft while flaccid, about half his height without him pumping any extra blood into it, with two cumtanks underneath that were mere inches off the ground already, throbbing and pulsating so loudly that the lecturer for the class he was in had given up trying to pretend like things were normal. The poor man tried, but there was no use carrying on with the plan for that day when everyone in the room had turned around to throw themselves at Drash, hoping to be the one to get to suck on a rod of an unlikely massive size. The drake, as much as he'd loved to have saved himself up for Sheyla alone, couldn't help but go along with it; he was popular, after all, now more than ever, so why should he deny himself the ability to breed the whole damned school now that it was offered to him? As for Sheyla, she returned to her senses some time after the last egg dropped out of her, finding herself gasping for breath on the bathroom floor, surrounded on all sides by a mixture of milk, femcum, and other assorted fluids; her eyelids were heavy enough that she couldn't raise them for a good while, and when she did, she wished she hadn't, because she was *not* ready for what she saw: two dozen eggs, twenty-four of them, neatly stacked up in a small pile. They were hers; she had laid them, all by herself, somehow breaking the world record for the largest, most fertile pregnancy without even realizing it. The previous record holder had only managed *ten*; *she* had more than doubled it. Not that this would matter in the long run, seeing as, unbeknownst

to her, the two dozen eggs were nothing but a prelude to a much greater spectacle down the line; just as Sheyla got up to clean herself, barely even impressed with her productivity seeing as she *knew* she was capable of so much more than that, her body already began modifying itself where none could see it. With the dragoness blissfully ignorant of it, her womb started to split down the middle, not so much halving itself as it did *double up*, giving her an additional baby-maker with its own set of ovaries attached... at least, until the egg factories divided themselves as well, with each of Sheyla's wombs being given a grand total of *four* ovaries to work with, already working on eight by the time she walked out the door and into the hallway outside, not quite knowing why everyone was staring at her so intently; she was, after all, known to be that large already, so why all the weird looks? She had one last class that day, and given how she'd irresponsibly skipped most of her other ones because of that unfortunate liaison before lunch, the least she could do was attend it before going back home; of course, this did mean walking into the auditorium while completely naked, having decided that, after a breeding and egg-laying like that one, the least she deserved was to go with some comfort. To her, nothing was out of the ordinary; she was just slightly hornier was all, nothing to write home about. It wasn't like it was her fault to begin with, not after Drash went ahead and knocked her up during a moment of unbridled lust in the bathroom; little did she know that when she sat down and felt a bit tighter than usual, it was because her tits were already too big to fit between her chest and the small deployable table attached to her seat, or that her ass was side wide it had already started to spill over from both sides of the cheap chair. She saw herself as always having been that large, which made it difficult for her to understand why the seating arrangements weren't properly adjusted to someone of her size. Drash, meanwhile, had managed to disentangle himself from the thicket of happy and eager breeders that had found their way to the bathroom he was stuck in, rushing to get to the same classroom as Sheyla; he wasn't exactly in a rush to attend class, but somehow he *felt* like the dragoness ought to be there, and thus, he needed to be as well. Words could not describe how ecstatic he was when he saw her sitting haphazardly in the back of the auditorium, ignorant of the fact that everyone was staring at her with wide-open eyes; he sat beside her, hoping perhaps that in doing so, his presence might calm her... only for the both of them to immediately react to one another in a violently explosive fashion, with their proximity apparently being enough to trigger such an immense rise in experienced pleasure that both Drash and Sheyla felt another orgasm quickly approaching. It was as if merely *being* together was enough to set them off, even if the dragoness was still incapable of seeing it as such; while the drake immediately placed both hands on his shaft, by that point about as long as he was tall and in desperate need of some attention, Sheyla kept on looking forward, confused as to why the class hadn't started and the lecturer was instead looking up at her as if she was supposed to answer a question that wasn't posed. Had they never seen a dragoness in heat before? Why was everyone so shocked that she could output that much? Honestly, it was just her luck that the only person who seemed to care was Drash; heavens only knew what might happen if the other breeders in the room caught wind of the fact that she was *quite* horny and in need of a good filling, especially after what happened between herself and the drake. Thus, when her body finally broke

and the dams were opened, when her lower lips *gushed* with femcum in such absurd quantities that it audibly splashed against the ground, Sheyla herself was merely left relieved that she'd *finally* cum her brains out properly after such a long period of self-teasing. Drash, meanwhile, reacted to this with his own release, painfully aware of how heavily the viral agent had changed the both of them, yet entirely unable to do anything about it... assuming he *did* want to do anything, and not just roll with the punches; after all, he'd been fantasizing his whole life about being able to cum so hard he could break things with it, and he certainly did manage to *shatter* several seats in front of him with the first spurt of cum alone, never mind the amount of damage done with the follow-ups while the rest of the class scrambled to run away from the impact zone. It didn't take long before class was dismissed either; as much as dragons around the world were used to making their breeding potential into the centerpoint of their social hierarchy, there *were* still some ground rules that had to be abided by, some decency that needed to be upheld. Having two of their kind openly cumming all over the floor in the middle of class was just not acceptable, and though no one could really blame them, given what their bodies looked like, no one was going to sit there and take it either; Drash, for all that he'd wanted to be seen as a breeder on par with every other, could do little but blush and offer hushed apologies to people walking by... but he did see this as an opportunity as well. Turning to the side, the drake gulped, and through rampant abuse of his uncontrolled libido, asked the dragoness if she wanted to go out with him "to get something to wear" now that class was over. A weird suggestion, at least when he thought about it, especially since the two hadn't really interacted in any meaningful way before that day, but one that Sheyla actually accepted! The dragoness looked to be a bit confused overall, but in her mind, it only made sense that she take the drake up on his offer; after all, Drash and her had fucked earlier that day, so the least the runt could do was take her out after class, even if it was to buy new clothes. Overjoyed, the drake practically jumped to his feet, still slightly encumbered by having a cock that large attached to him; he wasn't yet used to a member so massive that, even when it retreated to its flaccid state, it still nearly reached the floor, to say nothing of the pair of nuts he was dragging behind him that *did* squish against the wooden boards underneath him. Still, it went wonderfully with Sheyla's engorged frame as well, though Drash was sensible enough not to play with fire again just yet; he might not have been aware that Sheyla had laid multiple eggs, but he *did* know the threat was there, hence why he suggested the two of them should get some new clothes to help fit their "new size". Sheyla, of course, was left confused by this, being unaware that she had a new size at all, but figured that the drake was talking about the possibility of her being knocked up; how bold of them to suggest that she would give him another chance without him working for it. It was almost wondrous, as well, just how shocked everyone reacted to the two's passing; the dragoness might have her perceptual filter keeping her from seeing it, but Drash? Drash *basked* in the adoration, knowing that he was now seen as a *proper* breeding dragon, even if no one could explain how in blazes he'd grown so much in so little time. He didn't care though; he had Sheyla by his side and that was all that mattered, even if it *did* take much longer to get to the nearest tailor than it would've if the two weren't as heavily laden as they were. The tiny shop, usually accustomed to making student

uniforms for celebrations and large events, was absolutely *not* prepared for the arrival of the two giants who squeezed through its front door; the old man behind the counter even less so, judging from how widely his eyes opened when he saw the two youngsters stumble inside. He didn't know what to say; surely they couldn't be thinking of asking for clothes in the state that they were in, could they? Indeed, even Drash, who had suggested the outing in the first place, couldn't bring himself to ask for anything; much as he *had* fully intended for the two of them to get measured, having to walk by Sheyla's side for the better part of half an hour had left him so horned-up that the moment the door closed behind them, he was already on top of her, with the dragoness gleefully spreading her legs wide as she collapsed onto the floor, eager for another breeding. Of course, to her, this was little more than foreplay; it truly didn't register with her mind that she was about to be filled with eggs, nor did it seem to matter that she didn't have her pills anymore. Thankfully, none of this was even remotely important, not when the two had one another and could give themselves up to the pleasure of it all, with Drash pistoning as hard as he could into Sheyla and the dragoness giving back the loudest, lewdest moans her throat could muster. And with every moan, with every thrust, with every motion, the two grew larger: Drash's cock would lengthen and widen, further stretching the dragoness out while filling her double wombs, with Sheyla's body replying in kind by not only giving the drake bigger tits to sink his hands into, but adapting to meet the demands of such a productive breeder; after all, if she had split her womb into two, nothing stopped her from further dividing it until she was left with four babymakers, each one with an accompanying array of about two dozen ovaries *each*, granting the dragoness the sort of fertility that could only be expected from a literal goddess. Then again, she might as well only be snuggling as far as she was concerned; that sort of heavy fucking, the same kind that left the floor of the tailor's shop a mess of cum, femcum, milk and copious amounts of sweat, was par for the course as far as the dragoness was concerned, and indeed, was merely Drash *approaching* what she expected a proper breeder dragon to be capable of. Nevertheless, the two would find something else to worry about, seeing as, by the time they were done, both of their forms were significantly larger than before: Drash with a cock that was still bigger than him even when fully soft, a pair of nuts that, even while on the ground, still rose to about halfway up his back; Sheyla, with a pair of tits so massive they covered her whole torso, an ass wide enough to get stuck in door, and enough milk to open her own dairy farm if need be. All of it accompanied by an internal array of egg factories and wombs that were ready and waiting to kick into high gear at the first sign of seed, meaning that by the time the two of them got up, Sheyla was already laden with enough eggs that her belly had begun to bloat again, prompting Drash to actually take notice for once. Only then did it finally hit him, just how *enormous* and *virile* he was... and though it certainly awoke a breeder's instinct he never knew he even had, it also made him realize he should probably try and take a step back before things went *too* far out of hand.