

Out of Realm Higher Scale Education

By: Firingwall

Story done for Valadez of Patreon

Crystal Henderson was nervous.

Then again, how could she not be given the situation? She was sitting in the waiting room outside of the office of the college's headmaster. Waiting to talk to the high authority figure of any school one would attend would make anyone anxious, even if they did nothing wrong.

Crystal definitely didn't do anything wrong, though the situation leading to this moment put her on edge.

She couldn't quite remember ending up in this situation. She remembered her cab coming to pick her up at home. The school was fairly fancy to send a personal ride to get her, but it was appreciated since she didn't exactly know how she would reach them otherwise.

The memories grew hazier. She had packed her things into the vehicle and had a heartfelt goodbye to her parents. She got in the car and it had pulled out of her driveway, taking her down the road. From there, it was black. Had she fallen asleep?

Perhaps she had. When she opened her eyes next, she found herself in that waiting room. The secretary on the other side of the room noticed her when she had awoken, calling out when Crystal started looking around, "Everything is fine. Please wait there.

"All humans must meet with the headmaster first."

The secretary went back to her work on the computer, her long claws typing away at the keyboard. The sight should've put Crystal on edge more than she already was. After all, how often did one see a long, blue dragon woman, let alone a dragon in general?

None of it really did though. Just the suddenness of her arrival and the wait made her nervous. She expected the dragon. It would've been unusual not to see one. When one enrolled in a prestigious, otherworldly college such as Dragonscales Academy, one had to expect dragons.

How Crystal even heard about the place, applied, and everything else in between was a very long story that took forever to explain. She eventually settled on a simplified version for friends and family: she wanted to attend a more challenging, famous college after finishing her short degree at the local one. She had heard about this academy from a mysterious, hooded

recruiter on campus. With a bit of work after learning about it, she took the opportunity and managed to snag a full-ride scholarship.

Crystal started to think over those details again when the door near the secretary opened. Two other dragon people, a guy and a lady, stepped out. Both looked younger than the secretary and were chatting with each other. The guy was incredibly buff while the lady was curvaceous. The sight made the human feel small and not in a height kind of way.

They turned back to the door and waved goodbye, walking towards the exit near Crystal. They looked at her as they left, the young woman holding her breath. They smiled and gave her a nod and a thumbs-up before leaving.

“Is Crystal Henderson here?” A new, deep voice rang in her ears. One more dragon appeared, this one taller than the rest. He had black scales with red eyes, his figure rather buff as well, while still having this older maturity to it. He would almost be intimidating if not for the casual blouse and tan pants combo.

“Yes, she’s right over there, headmaster!” The blue dragon pointed over at the human.

The black dragon looked at her and smiled, flashing some seriously sharp-looking fangs. “Ah! Miss Henderson! Please, step into my office so we can chat!”

Anxious, Crystal hurried over and entered the room. Much like the waiting area, the headmaster’s room was very mundane. There was a normal-looking desk with a normal computer and chair. There were bookshelves against the walls with potted plants dotted around. The only non-normal element was how large everything was to accommodate the dragon’s size.

The size only became more apparent when Crystal took a seat in one of the chairs before the desk. They were definitely built more for those student dragons that left.

The headmaster walked beside her, holding out his hand. “Welcome my dear!” He cheerfully spoke as they shook. “My name is Fafnir Heisenberg and welcome to my lovely college and your new home for the next few years.”

“Th-thank you for having me.” That was as much as she could muster. His clawed hand made both of hers look so tiny.

He smiled warmly, taking his seat. “Now, Miss Henderson, I can tell you are nervous. That is only fair for a human attending such a unique, prestigious academy as ours. You do not need to worry. Here, you’ll be treated as fair as anyone else here and made to feel welcomed.”

That was a somewhat comforting note for Crystal. However, she still felt uncertain and anxious. Funny really. She was so sure of this decision before, but now, there were lingering, unsure feelings bubbling up.

“Part of feeling welcomed is this meet-and-greet,” Fafnir continued. “I like to meet our new human students before they attend the welcome ceremony. Before you’re truly introduced to our campus and life here, I personally want to make sure you’re at home as best as I can. Meeting a friendly face first, even if it looks intimidating, can make all the difference!”

Crystal blushed. He was right about the intimidating part, but his effort was appreciated. Perhaps she could do this after all. She cleared her throat. “O-okay! S-so... was there something you wanted to talk about or...?”

“Well, I want to ask you this before we begin.” His expression shifted. It wasn’t as soft anymore. There was something more serious in it. “Are you sure you are ready for this bold new step in your life?”

The question was a bit odd. She was there already, right? She was too deep in for her to leave now at this point.

Plus, despite some lingering nerves, Crystal knew for certain what she wanted. She cleared her throat, putting on the most “sure” face of her life. She nodded. “I am. I am ready for this.”

Fafnir smiled. He let out a deep breath, light gray smoke drifting out his nostrils. “That’s good. Sometimes, there is doubt within us when we confront something we want when it’s right in front of us. It’s good to see you are so sure, Miss Henderson.

“Now, it’s time to prepare you for your new life.” His mouth opened wide, wider than it seemed like it could. His sharp fangs flashed, a sharp, red, forked tongue nestled in on his bottom jaw. However, her eyes were drawn further back.

Time seemed to stop then as a cold sweat struck her. It stopped for everyone but him. In the back of his mouth, flames were lighting up, flickering. They were growing brighter and brighter, a dazzling sight. The fire was coming up.

Crystal winced, leaning farther back into her chair. *What... what is he gonna-*

His jaws somehow opened wider as fire billowed further. Green and purple flames gushed out in a raging inferno, all directed at her. She could not react. She could not speak in time. It was too late for her.

The colorful flames came forth, engulfing the young woman and her chair. She let out a scream as her body heated up. At that moment, she thought this was it. The pain would soon set in, overwhelming and putting her out of her misery. It would be over.

Yet, that wasn't the case. No pain and scorching intensity overtook her. Yes, there was heat, warmth even. However, it was merely a pleasant, toasty feeling.

Crystal looked at herself. She could see the purple and green flames dancing about on clothing, even her skin. That was all.

How... how is this possible? The question seemed foolish only a few seconds after thinking about it. She was just set aflame by a dragon who was just talking to her about attending a dragon school. Said dragon school was in... some other plane of existence? Dimension? Universe. She didn't fully understand.

Plus, the fire was a different color than most flames. Of course, there was something up.

Looking at the fire on her skin, something seemed off beside the plainly obvious. The pale skin of her arms looked brighter.

One could say that was because of the bright fire resting all over her. However, it wasn't that. Her skin was different. It looked rougher, yet smoother, the texture almost scale-like. The pale peach that was her complexion looked almost... purple? A lighter shade of purple?

Whatever it was, it was spreading! The scales were moving across her arms in a smooth motion, disappearing beneath her sleeves. They flowed down onto her hands, which twitched and trembled. They felt sore at first then numb.

There were a few snaps and pops, not from the fire. Her fingernails jutted forward to the tips of each digit. They turned black and pointy, like short claws. Her fingers lengthened a little as the scales washed over them. They looked so inhuman, yet still delicate and slim.

Nervously, Crystal held her hands to her face for a closer look. *Holy crap.* This was real. Everything was happening as she saw it.

“There we are!” Fafnir had finished blowing his flames at this moment. He had taken out a stained handkerchief from his pocket, wiping the soot from his maw. He cleared his throat. “Everything should take care of itself now. Just let it all play out. Let it burn within you and make you ready for this new leg of your journey.”

His words finally snapped her back to reality. She looked at him madly, not even sure what to say initially. She eventually settled on, “What have you done?! Why... why am I on fire and what... what’s...”

There was something else off. Before, she looked up high from her seat at the headmaster. Now, she stood at proper eye level with him. She was taller, and longer. Her sleeves and pants showed more skin than before.

“I understand your confusion,” Fafnir said, capturing back her attention. “You are in the dark about your situation. It’s all part of the process of becoming more fit for our campus. Now, our college is open for all to enroll and learn from. It does not matter the species or plane you come from. You are welcome.

“However, you must understand that being here would be dangerous. It was made for and, to this day, is primarily for dragons. To not be one would be hazardous to one’s health and put themselves in constant danger from our natural body functions and other aspects that only scales and dragon strength can protect from.”

There was some aspect of truth that Crystal hadn’t considered in that. But, still, she tried to argue. “Be that as it may, I’m not sure that-”

The sound of tearing filled the room. Crystal looked down to see her shoes had broken open. Claws were sticking out of the toe caps, three of them all long and curved. The rest of the shoes split apart as scaly purple digits broke free. Her feet were long, more reptilian and striking, much like the others.

Whoa. She gulped slowly, her heart beating harder than ever. This was something else. She wasn’t sure how to properly respond to it. All she could do was wiggle anxiously in her seat, her pants slipping down in the back. From above her rear, a nub poked out of her tailbone. It was dark purple except for the lighter scaling underneath. It grew almost a foot in length.

“Will this be a problem?” Fafnir asked, stroking his chin. “If there is, I could undo the spell after you’re finished. To stop it mid-change would be risky.

“But, again, I do stress the potential dangers and perils you could be exposed to if you remain a human on campus. Just being without an immunity to flames or smoke would cause some trouble for you.”

Hearing that brought pause to any concerns or issues Crystal would've tried to raise again. She had considered everything about attending a school for dragons, but not that aspect. It was true that she had no chance of withstanding the heat or smog a dragon could emit naturally.

As her waistline narrowed, she considered the situation more. Perhaps becoming a dragon for practical purposes wasn't a bad idea, especially since it sounded like it could be reversed.

However, even with all of that, she was still peeved. Such information should've been disclosed before she enrolled or even talked about before fire was blasted into her face. It was all incredibly off-putting and definitely did not help with that first impression like Fafnir wanted.

Adjusting herself in her chair as scales slowly climbed her legs and torso, Crystal stared firmly at Fafnir. “Well, I understand your concerns and why you did what you did. It is very considerate that you try to help your students as best as you can.

“However, you went about this the wrong way, I feel. You should've explained what you were going to do first. Just randomly shooting fire at me without explanation is ridiculous! Plus, transformation should've been mentioned way before this point.”

Fafnir nodded. “Hmm, I hadn't considered that. My apologies, Miss Henderson. I'll be sure to emphasize the changes in future recruitment and discuss what I'll be doing beforehand with others as well. Will that be better?”

“That is reassuring, but oh!” She started leaning back but quickly leaned forward. Her back felt weirdly sore. Unseen by her, her shirt had opened up behind her, revealing her scaly back. There, two bumps had emerged, growing larger ever so slowly.

Crystal cleared her throat. “As... as I was saying, that's reassuring to hear that you'll do better next time, but it isn't much comfort for me now. Are the classes here going to be this unpredictable and dangerous too?”

“Oh no no! They will not. We teach only the most advanced arts and sciences here with an emphasis on safety and care. Though, again, it is still recommended to be a dragon to handle anything on the off chance something may occur.”

Crystal nodded. Again, she understood why he did that. The longer things went on, the more she seemed to get it. Heck, besides the physical changes, mentally she was feeling different. She felt more talkative and less nervous. If she had to describe it in an artsy, poetic way, the flames were burning away the old and leading her rebirth as a far more fitting form for her new life.

But she didn't think about it further. Suddenly, a new warmth struck her. It was hotter, more intense than the flames that still flickered and raged upon her body. It came from somewhere deeper in her.

It was something pleasurable. Crystal tried to hold it back but couldn't. A soft groan left her lips, her legs rubbing together. She could feel that heat burning within her chest.

Suddenly, there was a bit of pressure. Her eyes went down, just in time to see swelling. Her breasts jiggled slightly before slowly inflating. So small once, they grew heavier and rounder, her shirt stretching as best as it could to hold them now. Her collar seemed to dip with the growth, showing off her new, sensual cleavage.

Big... She blushed, biting her bottom lip. *I'm big.* Sweat began to drip down her face as the heat intensified. Where sweat went, it melted and burned away any makeup that had been applied there.

She brushed her forehead, looking at Fafnir. "Umm... is this... is this usual?"

The black dragon nodded. "Dragonkind is the height of all species. When one becomes a dragon, they are upgraded into the best, most perfect form of themselves. The perfect form is what they desire deep within their soul."

Crystal looked at herself. She blinked a few times, her pupils turning to slits as her whites went to a fierce yellow. *I guess I desire big boobs, eh? Huh. Well, I guess I did want to look better, but...* She pressed her chest. *I didn't think I wanted them that big!* Still, she could hardly feel her mammaries on her back, so that was nice.

There was a soft sigh from her as the warmth began heating up again. Her mind began to blur as her head felt aflame. Her ears slowly shrank, pressing tightly against her head and sinking into it. Only small, barely noticeable holes were left for hearing.

"I feel..." She muttered, falling back into her chair. "I feel so hot." Her back still felt sore and odd, the bulges there getting ever bigger. However, the burning sensation was too much that she didn't care to move.

“Yes, at this point, most of our human students will reach the euphoric state of their change,” the headmaster explained, “Just take a moment to soak it in and enjoy it. We’ll continue with our chat afterward.”

Crystal nodded, barely understanding him. She slowly breathed in and out as her short black hair quivered. Her locks began to grow, falling onto her shoulders and cascading down her back. From her root, color brightened the black with a striking, flaming pink. Its tone was glossy and smooth.

She brushed her forehead again, her arms almost too weak to lift. *This... this is... is incredible. A weak smile formed. So shocking at first but... I love it!*

The green and purple flames upon her body began to brighten, internal heat across her form intensifying. From her hair, two horns sprouted, piercing through her locks. They grew forward before curving back at the tips. She was pushed forward in her seat after, her tail growing longer and longer, filling the seat up.

The fire grew even brighter than before, filling the entire room in dazzling light. Her mind grew fuzzier and wilder, overcome by the wonderful feelings. *Oh my... god! This is amazing!* She licked her chops, a serpent-like tongue crossing her mug. *I love this. I love this so much! Gimme more! Gimme MORE!*

She quivered as she rose in her chair. Her lower half took on quite the expansion. Her hips widened for some impressive curves. Her thighs filled, soft and rubbing against each other. Then there was her rear that ballooned, growing big and wide, but fit and full. A large, impressive bubble butt that partially popped out of her pants was hers.

The flames began to die down, but the feelings remained. “Almost there, my dear,” Fafnir softly spoke.

Crystal panted, scales at last climbing her neck and onto her face. Her eyes closed tightly, her eyelids taking on a darker purple coloring compared to the rest of her scales. Her nose shrunk and shifted, leaving behind slits instead. The shape of her head pulled and morphed, growing more reptilian and pointed by the second. Her humanity was almost gone.

And, with one final push, it left. Her teeth sharpened as her jaws popped and cracked. Her face was dragged forward, extending into a point. Her eyes shifted slightly to the sides as her nose bridge widened, the nose slits being taken along with the stretching.

“Oh... oh yes!” Her eyes opened wide as she fell forward, a big puff of smoke leaving her maw. Her back shook as her bumps broke open. Two long, wide, powerful wings burst forth from her skin, giving off a powerful flap now they were free. The wind blew out the rest of her flames as her transformation finished.

Crystal panted hard, clutching her chest. The intensity was dying down, but she was left winded with her hands trembling.

Panting slowed as she began to sit upright. She rubbed her face, taking in her new snout and scaly complexion. Looking down, she saw and took in her curves and impressive figure, though mostly got a face full of breasts, having increased one final time. She saw the end of her tail, hanging limply out of the chair and on the ground. Turning her head slightly, she could make out her new wings

The sight was shocking. If not for her clothing, which thankfully grew to fit, she would not recognize herself. She was fully a dragon now. She was a beautiful, striking, elegant dragon woman.

Crystal trembled, her heart beating fast. *Oh my god... this... this is amazing!* It truly was. She felt alive, truly alive! Her tail wagged slightly as her wings shook.

Then, they flapped. They flapped too hard. She launched herself into the air, knocking the chair and one beside it over from the wind gust. She nearly hit the ceiling before falling to the ground. At the very least, she managed to gain some control and land on her toes.

The new dragoness panted heavily. “Oh... s-s-sorry! I didn’t-”

Fafnir chuckled, waving it off. “It’s quite alright. It happens to all new dragons here. Once you spend some time in your new form, everything will come naturally to you. If it would help, we could also set you up with some courses to better control your new abilities as well, free of charge!”

“That’s nice.” Crystal barely heard him, still looking herself over. She was in awe of her new figure and scales. It was almost like a dream, but the occasional pokes of her body dissuaded that notion. She really was this now. This called for a few selfies to share with her family and friends back home. That’ll surprise them!

“Anyways, thank you for meeting with me,” Fafnir said. Crystal snapped to attention. Apparently, he had been going on and on while she was busy checking herself out. Hopefully, he

didn't say anything too important. "Well, you can head to our welcome ceremony and orientation now. It's time for you to meet the rest of the student body."

"Well, that sounds nice, but there's a bit of a problem," Crystal sheepishly said, "This is the first time I've been here. I really don't know where to go."

"Oh right! How silly of me!" He reached over and pressed a button on his mike. "Hello! Miss Henderson is going to need some assistance getting around today. Could you send in one of our special students to help her?"

"Of course!" His secretary replied over the intercom.

A few moments later, the door opened. A new dragon stepped in, one that was just a little taller than Crystal. He was fairly buff, coated in dazzling ruby-red scales. There was a certain, warm glint in his eyes as he approached, giving her a sweet smile.

Wow. Her heart began to beat quickly again. He's... he's impressive. He walked up and began talking to them. He's so strong. Those muscles... that muzzle...

Crystal quivered, toes clenching. Where was this coming from? She had never been attracted to anything inhuman before, let alone dragons. Was this some kind of side effect of her transformation?

I'm being silly. A heat from before began to burn within her again. I mean, sure he's handsome and all that. I wouldn't mind seeing what those muscles look like up close. Maybe see him without all those clothes or...

She shook her head. *Gotta focus here! My first day on campus and I can't-*

"Heh, you okay?" Crystal flinched. The red dragon was looking at her now, smirking amusingly. "We've been trying to talk to you. Are you ready for me to show you around?"

The two guys were looking at her curiously now. *Crap. How long were they trying to talk to me?! Ah, better play it cool!*

Crystal cleared her throat and looked at the red one, smiling back. "Sure! I am more than ready to go. Please show me around... Mister?"

The dragon smiled. "Ahi. Just call me Ahi."

“Of course! Lead the way! I’m in your hands!” He nodded and began to leave, Crystal following behind. Fafnir waved goodbye.

Crystal tried her best to focus on whatever Ahi said and where he led her. Her heart still raced looking at him. She knew then that this would be a wild, unexpected year for her. Her perception of her new college life had rapidly changed since she arrived. Who knew where it would take her by the end?

Either way, she eagerly looked forward to seeing how it all played out. Hopefully, maybe, with Ahi around her.

THE END?