

A strange pressure in his head roused Hiccup from what were bizarre dreams. Though it was hard to say exactly what they were, images of dragons laced the mental recollections as best as he could understand. Not an unusual occurrence, given his life and his status in the village of Berk. Still, there was something bizarre in the images that teetered on the fringe of his psyche. Something like...the dragons in his dreams were...male? He certainly knew to differentiate between the sexes through visible markings, but...why did that matter so much in this instance?

To his embarrassment, Hiccup soon realized that he was sporting a rather sizable erection under his furs, one that sent waves of confusion through his mind. Never in his 20 years had he been so powerfully erect from a dream. Given his intimate relationship with his new wife, Astrid, and her presence in the bed beside him, he'd had no frame of mind for wet dreams as of late. Yet, there was no denying the sheer lust that radiated through his body as he stood up, trying to clear his head of the bizarre images and what they seemed to do to his body.

Yet, it was hard to focus on the blurry images with the realization that Toothless was absent from his usual rock in the center of the room. Though Stormfly slept outside in the pits due to her size, Toothless still took up residence in the hut that he and Astrid shared. And, it was not commonplace for him to be absent from his usual rock at this hour. There was something unusual happening in Berk, and to himself, though Hiccup could hardly understand what it was.

Looking down at the sleeping form of his wife, Hiccup decided that it was best not to wake her. Though she was a far superior fighter to even he, Hiccup figured he would let her sleep before he knew what was amiss. Besides, if there had been severe trouble, the guards outside would have sounded the alarm by now. Right?

Still, the pressure in his skull, and the unwanted arousal, were getting to him, and Hiccup had to force his way out of the hut and into the moonlit night. Greeting the guards, though he was still not used to their salutes even though he had been chief for several years now, Hiccup made his way to the edge of the village, where he assumed Toothless would be. Something in the air sent tingles through his skin as he trekked towards the cliffs surrounding their home. It was as though he was being compelled in that direction by some unseen force. To his embarrassment, Hiccup's arousal only seemed to grow stronger, cock throbbing under his furs as though ready to explode at any moment. It was everything he could do not to bring his hand down and tend to his needs, even though he was out of the privacy of his hut.

Yet, the compulsion drawing him forth was enough to prevent him from such a shameful act, at least for the moment. It was hard to deny the more powerful urge to struggle forward, defying his usual instincts for caution. Though he was just able to force himself to sneak along, he felt the powerful urge to hurry, as though he could not get to the destination fast enough. In his haste and evident lust, he had even forgotten to bring his flame sword, a blade, or any other

implement he could use to defend himself, something Hiccup had not failed to do in many years. It spoke to the direness of the situation or the drive to reach the unforeseen goal that had gripped his mind.

Far from view of any of the active guards now, the bright moonlight was enough to illuminate a familiar figure on the rock overlooking the ocean. It was Toothless's preferred rock, one he lit aflame to sun himself when not resting in their hut. His best bud seemed to be sleeping, or at least unaware of Hiccup's presence as he walked closer. Yet, the sight of something hanging around on the underside of his dragon's belly made Hiccup do a double-take. Throbbing to the point of almost flopping about the rock was the dragon's member, a red, slimy-looking appendage was leaking clear fluids down its shaft and onto the rock. It resembled the phallus of some sort of sea creature, red and slick and almost prehensile. Its dimensions were larger in relation to the Nightfury's body, an impressive male specimen for his breed. Though Hiccup hardly had knowledge of such things, especially when he'd never found another Nightfury, male or not.

It was not the first time that Hiccup had unwittingly seen Toothless's maleness, usually in times with the dragon was relaxed or when the breeding season had come, and he'd been out flying with the other dragons. Though Hiccup would generally pay it no mind, given the bestial nature of a dragon's instincts, there was something about it now that had him disturbed. This was no mere masturbatory dream or the like his dragon was experiencing. Rather, some instinct in the Viking was certain this situation was *wrong* on some fundamental level.

Peering closer, it was soon evident that his dragon mount and best friend was not sleeping. But, it was when Hiccup looked into the eyes of his best friend that a shiver ran through him. Toothless's eyes were glowing blue, burning with an intensity that Hiccup had only seen a few times. It was akin to his alpha's abilities that allowed him command of all the dragons all over Berk and the surrounding islands. Abilities that, before now, had only worked on other dragons. But, it seemed with his haze and headache, that same power to compel dragons was somehow being used to command Hiccup to come closer. There was no other obvious explanation for the aches assailing him, and it was becoming all too clear that Toothless was using his ability with painful progress.

"Hey, bud, what are you doing? Don't do this! It hurts-AHHH!" Hiccup tried to call out, but the pain in his head was growing more intense. It was burning into his head now, drawing him in closer and closer to the dragon and making it difficult for him to think about why that was such a bad thing. He wanted to get closer to the dragon, his...master? Toothless wanted, needed him to...

At that point, Toothless started to get up, on all fours and raising his wings in a dominant stance. Barely aware of his penis, it seemed to drag along his rock, leaving it slick with draconic fluids. He did not approach Hiccup but simply continued to regard him with those glowing blue eyes. It was as though he was staring into his rider and best friend, not with the intelligence and recognition that Hiccup had come to know. Rather, it seemed to be an intense display of instinct, to a level Hiccup had not seen even with other dragons in their mating season.

Just then, the waves of dizziness started to overwhelm Hiccup, prompting him to fall over on his hands and knees. Hiccup instinctively tried to stand but was left in his hunched-over state, unable to resist the crashing waves of unease that were washing over him. In vain, he tried to call out to his best bud. But the pain in his head had reached a crescendo, and he was unable to utter more than a guttural cry of agony as he was assaulted by the ongoing sensations.

Yet, the ever-present erection continued to make itself known under his furs, as though he needed to fuck and rut right there. The lust was almost bestial, beyond any rational understanding. Though they were not something he partook in often, the needs in his flesh were getting to the point where it was hard to think of anything but his pounding erection.

Yet, even through the odd sensations of his insistent maleness, Hiccup was aware of a pressure in his hips, as though the muscle and bone underneath were starting to part and alter. It was almost agonizing, making Hiccup cry out from the sheer force of it. He struggled to move, to stand, but he was paralyzed in the moment, and was simply left to lie there as his hips snapped almost painfully, as though he'd been severely injured.

The sensations soon grew worse, though without the level of pain that had been plaguing him so badly. Rather it was like the joints and muscles in his pelvis were snapping and popping, bones readjusting and pushing through the muscle like water. Hiccup felt such a process should have killed him right there, though only a series of barely agonizing waves were felt from what should have been a defomative process. Nothing he had encountered in the wide world could explain what was happening to him, though it seemed like he was physically changing. It was like the bones had snapped and popped back into place, though not in the same configuration he was used to. It gave Hiccup the impression that...

Trying once more to stand, a jolt of adrenaline enough to temporarily overcome the pressure impacting his head, Hiccup fell forward, surprised by the motion. It was as though the muscles he was trying to move weren't there, or, rather now worked in a different way. It was almost as though his hips were designed that way, that he could no longer walk upright. Just like a dragon...

As though to confirm his suspicions, a sudden surge of pain erupted from his tailbone, his spine pressing against the back of his skin. No stranger to anatomy, human or dragon, Hiccup was sure that the bone was pushing through the skin at the point that it might match where a dragon's tail protruded from their own anatomy. As impossible as it was, it felt like his spine was pushing out into a growth, one that rubbed against his furs and made him shiver from the unexpected contact.

“GGRRR...BUUUURRRRD...You've got to...STTRRRROP!” Hiccup tried to yell, surprised by the cadence of his voice. Though he was clearly pained, there was a guttural quality to his tone that made the man worry. Nothing had ever elicited could make the tone that he made now, as though he sounded less like a human and more like a dragon!

It slowly began to dawn on him what the pain in his head was signifying. He was sure that the expression on Toothless's features was the same as when he used his Alpha abilities to command other dragons. Though it had never had an effect on him before, it seemed as though now it was burning into his brain, like a fire that would not relent. Was Toothless somehow able to command him just as though Hiccup was a dragon? And, because of that, was Hiccup...somehow changing to match a being that Toothless could compel? As impossible as it was, Hiccup had learned to believe impossible things when he perceived them before his own eyes. And what his eyes told him was that he was changing!

It was then that the pain in his head started to open up, as though he could hear a voice in his head. Evidently, he had altered just enough to understand what he was being told to do. Though the words were foreign, like a different language, the tone was one that burned into Hiccup's brain. The mental image that came with it was clear as the penis leaking from Toothless's groin. Toothless wanted to be sucked off. He wanted *Hiccup* to perform the depraved deed. And, given the power Toothless seemed to have over him, it was almost impossible to resist...

Without fully realizing what he was doing, Hiccup started crawling forward, unable to stand but still determined to get to Toothless. Toothless, for his part, didn't move, simply waiting for Hiccup to get there. It seemed to take him a painfully long time to reach the object of his desire, though Hiccup was completely enthralled by the sight of the twitching organ. In fact, he was almost drooling, the depraved compulsion now burning into his brain. He could hardly think of the repercussions of what he was doing, only draw himself towards the target.

The moment he was in range, Hiccup's tongue reached out, as though wanting to taste the twitching dragon's cock. Against all his inclinations, Hiccup felt his tongue touch the tip, the pungent, salty flavor almost overwhelming. It had a fishy quality, sensible given dragon's diets. Yet, despite how much he figured he would be abhorred by what he was doing, Hiccup had no

more resistance than a puppet as he reached out again, licking the tip of the cock and drinking down the string of precum that Toothless was leaking.

Feeling emboldened, Hiccup's tongue started to tease over the tip, running down the shaft and wrapping around as best he could. Yet, it was hardly sufficient to obey the implanted command. Hiccup then reached out with curious lips, taking the tip into his mouth and lowering his head over Toothless's member. It was too thick at the base for Hiccup to manage, but he took the fishy phallus down as much as he could, allowing himself a brief moment to get used to the size of the thing in his mouth. It took little time, however, for Hiccup to start to suck with gusto, the flavors in his mouth repugnant but not enough for him to dispel his mental command. He was prompted to suck up and down, feeling the twitching tip teasing the back of his gullet and making him want to gag. But, given the force of the voice in his mind, there was nothing he could do to stop himself. To his disgust, even the taste of the cock in his mouth started to become tolerable, to the point that he almost craved it. Though it was impossible that he could be liking it of his own volition, Hiccup could not deny the effect of the action and the compulsion were having on him.

The more than he sucked down on the draconic phallus, the more it started to twitch and throb more forcibly. Hiccup's mind became clouded, as though getting into the sensations overcoming him. Hiccup was aware of what was coming but could not stop as the pulsating in his maw intensified, and his dragon's end started to near. It was tickling the back of his throat by this point, its entire surface pushing its way inside and making it almost impossible for Hiccup to hold back. His dragon, his best bud, was going to...

A vibrating purr ran through the dragon's body as his cock shook violently within Hiccup's mouth. Toothless's compulsion made sure that Hiccup could do naught but keep the member gently in his mouth as a slimy appendage throbbed and pumped a modest load of jism down Hiccup's throat. He tried to cough and sputter but was forced to drink down the fishy, salty flavor without any ability to resist. Not a drop was missed as all of Toothless's cum was forced into Hiccup's gullet, making the Viking attempt to retch. Though, the compulsion to obey the alpha was so strong that there was no chance of even that.

Eventually, he was released, abhorred by what he had done and disgusted that Toothless would make him do such a thing. It seemed that he was under the sway of instincts, obviously sexual ones. In all the years they had known each other, Hiccup had never found a female Nightfury for him. Was it that lack of companionship promoting him to do something so extreme as...*this*?

Yet, Hiccup hardly had the wherewithal to comprehend what was happening when a pressure in his chest started to build up, making him groan. It was as though the infusion of

semen had done something to him, infecting him in some way that was accelerating the process. He tried to spit out what had been force-fed to him, but it was far too late for that. Therefore, he was forced to feel the strange pressure building, almost to the point of drowning out the sensations coming from his own prick.

Yet, his arousal seemed to be accompanied with another sensation, this one on his skin as though the flesh was on fire. No stranger to heat, living with dragons, the intense warmth was rather comfortable, if not more arousing than he figured it should be. Still, it continued to grow, centering on his nipples and sending a shuddering tingle through them that made the Viking moan and writhe.

“Oh...why does it frreeell so...grrroood?!” Hiccup managed to sputter, though his voice was stammering with that guttural draconic quality that sounded familiar, yet not one that had ever come from his lips.

The heat was still centering in his nipples, and Hiccup moaned, reaching up with one hand to rub at the skin through his furs. Though with the contact hardly enough, he decided to instead pull off his furs, the heat powerfully uncomfortable by this juncture. Rubbing the skin, his fingers were met with swelling of tissue and fat the likes of which were impossible from his lean, muscled frame. Yet, the skin was so sensitive, that he had no choice but to continue rubbing, eager to explore the sensations.

The swelling of tissues seemed to center on his erect nipples, growing more and more sensitive with each passing moment. It was starting to become powerfully uncomfortable, though rubbing his nipples seemed to relieve the pressure somewhat. The fat and tissue continued to swell, now weighing heavily on his chest and still growing the more he rubbed. Yet, in the moment, there was nothing he could do to stop, given the intensity of the sensations and the corresponding tension in his cock from the erotic contact.

The more he rubbed, the more Hiccup was starting to understand what was happening to him. The feeling of the flesh under his touch, though never from this angle, was very familiar. Though he was just starting to explore his sexuality with his new wife, the texture of her firm breasts was something not lost to him. It almost seemed like...was he becoming female?

At that realization, Hiccup moaned once more, the pressure in his cock reaching a crescendo. He cried out with that beastly cadence as his own cock shot out streams of semen, coating the stone under him as it pumped in and out without ever having to touch himself. The smell was pungent, like nothing he had ever detected before as more semen he should have been able to produce was expelled from his body. Far from giving him pleasure, however, it seemed as though the fleeting sensations were voiding all of his semen with little fanfare.

Toothless was on him then, licking the cum from the ground and teasing his still-pulsating cock. Hiccup moaned, finding the sensations more sensual than he had been expecting. The fact his best bud was doing this brought with it more conflict than satisfaction. He almost wished it would be a random beast he could try to fight, rather than his friend of almost half their lives. But, given the circumstances, he could do naught but moan, rubbing his breasts eagerly for every iota of pleasure he could, as desperate as a drowned man gulping for air.

The force of Toothless's tongue sent a shiver of pleasure through Hiccup's body as his penis seemed to be pushed up tight against his groin. Yet, it soon went beyond that, the head opening up the length of his flaccid shaft as it was pulled inward. Soon, the slit had stretched over his groin, opening a hole of sorts that ran through his fleshy sack. Deflating, the orbs within started to pull into his body, sending confusing shivers through his entire being. No sensation could have ever prepared him for what was happening before him now. Yet, given the ache in his groin, he could not deny that his sex was altering.

At first, Hiccup wondered if the transformation into a dragon was simply pulling his sex inside him, as male anatomy evidently lay in Toothless and other dragons. But, given his seminal secretions, and the feminine assets his chest possessed, it seemed likely something else at play. His testicles were shrinking, nothing left in them as they converted into some other form of anatomy. And, given the sight of Toothless's maleness, surely he would detect something of that magnitude protruding from the slit, especially with how aroused he felt. In fact, his lust had somehow increased ten-fold, as though whatever had happened to his cock had made his sex more sensitive.

Worse than that, there came with it a desire to be penetrated that defied all logic and understanding. It was a primal need, one the changing man could not ignore. Though he had sucked his best bud's cock, he felt he needed it again only...lower. There was a heat coming from his groin, one that was almost maddening with the need to be satisfied. And the only thing that he could imagine doing so was...

The thoughts permeating his mind told him all he needed to know. The sight of Toothless's maleness, erect and throbbing even after receiving his pleasure sent a shiver of fire through Hiccup's loins. Toothless, like the other dragons, had surely wanted to find a female. And, no matter how much it defied his understanding of the world, it seemed as though Hiccup was being turned into that perfect dragoness mate!

Yet, despite his fear and disgust at the prospect, Hiccup hardly had the ability to resist the urges playing in his mind. Hiccup tried to call out to Toothless, but only a guttural cry escaped, followed by what sounded like pleading bellows that seemed to invoke Toothless's interest. His

face was expressionless, the same cold blue eyes that had killed his father, carrying that same lack of compassion. It was like his intelligence was completely overcome with instinct, enough that he couldn't hear or understand Hiccup's cries for it to stop, taking what he wanted without regard for anything else.

That same lust was taking over Hiccup's mind as well, it seemed. The mental image of that dragon's cock, combined with the presence of a virile male made him incredibly horny. Even trying to fight it yielded no resistance as the dragon approached, cock leaking on the ground and triggering a moistening in his own crotch, one that was impossible to resist. In fact, Hiccup felt compelled to take off his cum-stained robes, leaving him naked in the cool night air. Though, his body heat was more than sufficient to prevent discomfort as he turned around, raising what felt like a nub of a tail in invitation.

As though a catalyst for further change, Hiccup moaned as his moist opening started to rotate towards his anus, which had puckered with the strange need for stimulation. It was as though the two orifices were moving closer to each other, the skin at the fringes of each touching and spreading like bubbles on water. Hiccup gasped, feeling his internal plumbing moving to match what was happening to the external opening. As if to confirm his suspicions, the skin around his rectum started to moisten in tandem with the flesh of his new femininity, making him shiver with terror. It seemed that he was now in possession of a reptilian cloaca, just like the dragoness that Toothless was willing him to be!

Yet, despite his fear and disgust, Hiccup seemed eager to bring about an end to his lusts. He raised the growth on his backside even further, his newly combined orifice now likely at the perfect position for him to be mounted by the other dragon. It seemed to prompt Toothless to come closer, though painfully slow for the changing man. Hiccup needed penetration more than any sensation had a right to force him into!

“Oh...Bud...SO GRRRRRRRR!” Hiccup cried out as his dragon's tongue started teasing the fringes of his sex. Waves of pleasure shot through him then, stemming from his sex and through what he assumed to now be a womb. It was getting harder and harder to focus on why it was such a bad thing when even a modicum of pleasure could provide so much promise. He was going to be fucked, taken, *bred*, and his body craved it more than anything he had ever known!

It took no time for Hiccup to become lost in the sensations, Toothless savoring the flavors of Hiccup's new dragon hood and stimulating his best bud in the process. Hiccup fell into the situation, powerfully aroused and even pushing back into the ministrations, raising his altered hips as far as he could into Toothless's muzzle. It felt sublime to be teased like this, the hot, eager tongue the perfect thing to bring his new sex to orgasm. It was almost too much, the tremors of shockwaves making him twitch and sending pounding waves through his body. Toothless was a



generous lover, drinking down the fluids that Hiccup was producing like a thirsty beast as he sexually pleased his would-be mate.

Yet, the powerful reptilian tongue could only reach inside of him so far, and Hiccup, in his lust-fueled haze, needed more. Toothless, sensing his mate's desire, seemed to respond by pulling out and then getting up on Hiccup's sloped back. He began rubbing his slimy cock all over the bare skin of Hiccup's backside, as though trying to get into position for the fucking that Hiccup so desperately craved. Reflexively, Hiccup could feel his hips rising, trying to position his sex in line with the dragon's seeking penis. Toothless, having never mated in all his life, seemed to struggle a little. Though, soon, he found his mark, and plunged in, rocking Hiccup to the core.

The feel of a thick, slimy cock inside of him felt more amazing than anything Hiccup could have been prepared for. His entire body shivered, the penetrating tip crawling around inside of him, as though seeking his womb. Hiccup was in bliss, the prehensile penis finding all the crevasses and spots that made up his new dragoness being. Never before had sex felt so divine, and Hiccup was lost in the pleasure, rocking back and forth with the desire to be taken and used as Toothless saw fit.

Lost in lust and the bliss of rut, Hiccup was scarcely aware of the increasing rate of changes overtaking his body. It was only until his teeth had loosed from their sockets did he think to spit them out, realizing that he was fast becoming like his would-be mate. Yet, he could not bring himself to care in the moment as his discarded teeth collected in front of him and his body was rocked with pleasure. His gums were bare for the moment, though he could tell from the tingles within that more teeth were forming, his widening mouth making room for them.

“Rrrroooooorrrroottt rrrreeeeeseeesss!” Hiccup tried to yell, but the cadence of his voice was now all too familiar with that of dragons, the creatures he held in such reverence for all his life. There was so little of his humanity left, and the changes were getting worse with each passing moment.

A deep-seated shame set in just then, making the changing man shiver. It was powerfully embarrassing for the chief of a Viking village to be in such a compromising position, though that was of less concern at the moment. Greater was his worry that he was being used, fucked, and bred like a beast in heat. All his cleverness, all his reasoning, and wit were being systemically robbed from him as his body betrayed his new deep-seated desires.

Perhaps the biggest hit to his pride was the level of raw pleasure that having his new dragoness cloaca fucked provided him. It was beyond what mere sex or even romance could manage to elicit, a primal need not different than that for air or water. It simply felt too good, too

right to be taken in such a manner. The cravings in his cunt to be fucked over and over were maddening, made even better by how flexible his mate's penis was inside of him. It seemed to dig into areas that he didn't even know existed, making him squirm in an effort to take even more inside of him!

All the while, the changes were steadily encroaching over his form, hair now falling out and sliding down his widening cheeks and maw. Sharpened, draconic daggers burst forth from his fleshy gums, the skin pulling back until Hiccup felt that he could retract them if he was so inclined. The sensation was almost bizarre enough that it momentarily distracted him from the seeking penis pushing into his forming uterus. Yet, the pounding pulsations of penile pleasure were making him white-out regardless, human thought and reasoning being erased for draconic lust and desire.

A tingling in his spine was enough to make itself known as something pulled on his back, cracking and twitching with growth. It was surreal to feel something akin to an extra limb moving and writhing, almost in time to the phallus poking away into his feminine sex. Soon, the underside of what he knew to be his tail started to thrash against the ground, making him moan as the skin turned red and then black with the development of new scales.

Another strange sensation erupted all along his back, sticking up in a row of what Hiccup could scarcely understand were to be his spines. He had felt them almost every day since his youth when he flew on Toothless's back. Now they were a part of his anatomy, running from the back of his shoulders all the way down to his still-growing tail. The same sensations were poking from the tip of the new growth, and Hiccup wondered if he was developing tail fins, needed were he to eventually fly himself. But, the bizarre changes were hard to focus on with the spasms from his sex preparing him for an enviable release.

“Hiccup? What-oh great Odin!” Came a familiar voice, loud enough that it shook Hiccup from his reverie. Hiccup looked up, one eye human and the other with encroaching yellow sclera and blacked slits like the dragon he was becoming. His wife was here! She was witnessing Hiccup in the most compromising position possible, and he was helpless to resist or even call out to her!

“Rrrssssrrriideee!!! Rreeeeoowww rrrreeeeoowwe!” Hiccup tried to yell out, but his vocal cords were impossibly altered at this point, and he could scarcely hear any difference between his voice and that of his best friend.

Toothless, for his part, simply quickened his thrusts inside Hiccup's uterus. It was as though a wounded animal caught in a compromising position, wanting to finish and escape from any possible danger. The intensity of the thrusts wracked through Hiccup's shifting body,

making him growl as the pressure built to a crescendo. Though Hiccup had felt the onset of carnal pleasures before, particularly with his wife in recent months, nothing could have prepared him from the slow burn of female draconic orgasm that washed through his loins at this moment. It was like he was on the shore, waves rushing through him and eradicating all rational thoughts as his insides quaked around the seeking rod rubbing his vaginal walls.

Lost in the most powerful release of his life, it was almost impossible to focus on his wife's screams as she ran away, either to get help or in disgust at the display. Hiccup wanted to call out to her again, though part of him had an impossible time determining why that was. After all, with the powerful orgasm washing from his sensitive cunt lips, what more could be more urgent? The pleasure was simply beyond his former imaginings.

Better yet was the realization of what his orgasm was to bring. The tight clenching of his cunt lips on the rod inside him was just the thing to prompt Toothless to spill his seed. Though the taste of the dragon's fluids was still on his thickening, splitting tongue, Hiccup could feel that Toothless was close, and that brought him an excitement that surpassed all expectations. A growl escaped his lips as his vaginal walls reflexively clasped down on the squirming rod inside of him. He wanted to be filled with a warm wash of semen, and he wanted it *now*.

Hiccup's altered psyche was soon to be rewarded as the cock in his backside relented and filled his cloaca with a warm splash of semen. The sensation was almost more than he could bear, more sticky fluid than he'd been expecting streaming from the pulsating rod. The release was so potent that his sensitive lips could feel it oozing out of his backside, the backwash more than his vaginal walls could bear. Toothless was truly a virile male, it seemed, the perfect one to father his...what?

Much too quickly, Hiccup could feel his mate's cock exit his backside. Even after orgasm, the sensitivity of his vaginal walls seemed to long for the prick of a male to stimulate them. The sensation left him powerfully confused. It turned him on like no human experience could hope to manage, but it left him powerfully ashamed and embarrassed. How could he have been so hypnotized to allow such a depraved act!?

In his brief moment of clarity, Hiccup tried to stand up, as though nothing had happened and that he could simply rise and return to his chief's hut with no repercussions. But, too soon, he was reminded that his hips had been altered in shape and that he could no longer stand. Though his legs were currently longer than a Nightfury's, at the moment, there was no way to achieve the bipedal movement he had come to appreciate all of his life.

A bestial groan escaped his thinning lips as his body continued to stretch and grow, tearing at the fringes of his skin before it could keep up. The flesh itself was warm, turning red

before peppering with thick, black scales. His body was getting longer, spine stretching not only into his tail but forcing his stomach outward as well, pulling the flesh taut. He was sure that his internal organs were shifting as well, becoming able to sustain only on fish, and, likely, to breathe a blast of plasma without harming his innards.

Anywhere his human skin persisted was soon torn apart to be replaced by a layer of scales underneath. It was worse on his chest and belly; any of the limited definition on his form was pulled into a uniform torso, the skin tugged tautly apart by lines of harder scutes to cover his underbelly. Even the breasts he had formed were enveloped inside of him, deflating into a bare chest as befit his increasing draconic being. The relief of having scales was immediately present; though they were cooler than his skin had been, a dragon's ability to regulate heat was evidently lacking, hence their preference to heat a rock before lying on it to sleep. The heat of change was seeping from his form, though the lust in his loins still persisted.

Hiccup had little time to reflect on this further, however, with how much his boot was starting to ache from the presence of thick claws that were threatening to pierce the material. The only garb to remain on his form, Hiccup regretted the lack of foresight to remove it before the aches from his foot shoved bone-hard talons through the fabric. He could feel his toes cracking and tried in vain to move them, but was unable to do so. They seemed to sink into the very flesh of his skin, as though his feet were swelling to encompass the digits. It felt like his foot was now akin to the shape of a tree trunk, and, a quick glance at Toothless's own made Hiccup sure he was gaining the same. Though, they were obviously larger than what could be contained within his modest boot!

A surprising sensation played over the nub where his former foot now sat. as though muscle and bone were bubbling from the stump and pushing away at the prosthetic that allowed him the ability to walk. It, too, was quickly covered with scales as the trunk of the bottom foot erupted with claws of its own. Though part of him felt he should have been excited by the regrowth of his foot, it was of little consolation with its current draconic state.

The same ache soon began assailing his hands, and Hiccup was prompted to look down to see they were swollen, the pale flesh bubbling before it tore and revealed black scales underneath. They were soon massive and bulbous, leaving only the stubs of nails where once were functional fingers. Like his toes, Hiccup tried in vain to try to move the digits, but there was nothing he could do in the face of a horrific change. Soon, the muscles, bones, and tendons were removed from his features, sucking them inside and rendering them functionally vestigial.

Yet, the stubs of fingernails were not to set on the ends of useless paws for long, the keratin thickening and sharpening from the tips as they started to dig into the earth with their rapid growth. They were relatively blunt, at least not sharp enough to pierce Hiccup's flesh as

Toothless hopped on him in excitement all those times in the past. Hiccup was all too familiar with their contours as the two of them tussled for all those years. Now, they were part of his anatomy, and worse, he wanted them to be if it meant a moment more of that momentous mating!

By this point, the pressure in his boot was reaching its zenith, though Hiccup no longer felt any pain. Rather, it was his firm foot that was tearing at the boot, far too powerful for such weakened trappings. The firm stitching, expert craftsmanship as it was, was rendered inept by the force of a draconic foot forming. Soon, the black scales shone through, and Hiccup was left with four useless paws, good for nothing but supporting his weight while on the ground.

By now, bizarre bumps above his shoulders were pushing outwards with a vengeance at this point, likely growing into the wings that would allow him flight as Toothless possessed. Though Hiccup was no stranger to the air, there was something exhilarating about the prospect of growing the new appendages. For what dragon rider didn't want to know what it would be like to take to the sky under the power of their own wings?

It soon felt like tiny arms were stretching out from his sides, the tips cracking like snakes were being birthed out into new fingers. With some shock, Hiccups realized that he could move them, and was rather intrigued by the tactile ability they seemed to possess. It was almost like having his hands back, in a sense, and Hiccup was remiss for the relief that he felt. Yet, soon, the joint where his thumb would be started to extend out the length of the thin arm, spasming with the new muscles and joints required to move them. Hiccup was stunned; though he had observed dragon anatomy as much as possible, he hadn't even considered the possibility of ever being one, thinking about their features being on his own body. Now, his waning mind was all too aware of the more than halfway changed form he possessed and what he still had to gain as the changes continued on.

By this point, his new wing fingers were impossibly long and spindly, twitching only slightly so as to not break from the force of complex movement. But they were soon to be put back in place with the swelling of skin in between each, far thinner than even the fingers themselves. They restricted the side-to-side movement of the digits, quickly spreading down all the way to the tips as Hiccup flexed them experimentally. He had what seemed to now be functional wings, and could likely fly away if he was so inclined to.

Yet, the moment that Hiccup tried to move, the female heat wracking his body seemed to dial itself up to an eleven, making him twitch and moan in his reptilian hiss. He needed to stand still so that his mate could properly fuck him, and raise his tail for Toothless to see his sex. Even though his nose had not fully altered yet, Hiccup could still scent his heat, surely an intoxicating

aroma for his former friend. His tail was firm and to the side, his body betraying his intention as his mind teetered on the edge between escape and instinct.

His tail was altering all the while, almost longer than his body now and thick at the base to connect them together seamlessly. Several pinpricks of pain erupted from the spreading scales, forming fingers that were far stiffer than the ones on his wings. Without even looking back, Hiccup was aware that he was developing fins on both the center of his tail and the very tip, ones to be used like rudders for flight. He could move them somewhat, flicking them up and down in an almost interesting display. Had he not needed to be fucked so badly, not turning into a dragon against his will, Hiccup might have found the whole experience fascinating. Yet, with his needs as strong as they were...

At this point, Hiccup could hardly focus on anything other than the intense desire to be fucked and bred once more. It felt so sublime to be taken in the way that he had been, and he needed it again in the worst way. Calling out in a draconic cadence, it was a beckoning sign to Toothless to take him, to fuck him into the dragon that his body longed to be.

Still, there was something servant in his mentality that made the formerly scrawny Viking feel further shame as Toothless got into a position to fuck his friend once more. He wanted to be a good mate for his male, to serve all of his needs. He could willingly suck his cock once more if it was offered, despite the human offense to the action. Yet, even still he might protest that offering, if only not to waste the cum destined for his cloaca!

The sensation of the rest of his human hair falling out was soon swept up by the cock in his backside, making the changing dragon moan once more as he was filled. His already abused sex was being taken forcefully, making him squirm and writhe to take as much as possible inside of him. Though, with the flexibility within Toothless's penis, Hiccup needed hardly to do anything to feel filled and fucked in a way that made him close to orgasm within the first few moments of penetration.

There was another instinct in his mind, one that made him twitch in excitement with his inner walls, trying to take them tightly to coax the cum from his testicles. The spurts of semen would impregnate the soon-to-be dragon, his heat indicative of that. There was something both frightening and fulfilling about that reality, something that terrified the human him but energized the swelling draconic instincts. He would be able to birth offspring, lay eggs, and propagate the species. That realization left him feeling more fulfilled than his chief status, his envoy and peace with dragons, or even his marriage. For what could be more fulfilling for a dragon rider than to be one himself, to help in such a direct way?

The only part of his body that was as of yet unaltered was his limbs and face, though that was soon to change. His face had already started to stretch outward, but by now, his skull was compressing in on itself somewhat as it began to flatten. It was not painful; none of the transformations had been particularly agonizing, save the extreme discomfort that came with such extreme alterations. But the alterations to his head made it harder to think like a human the more than he transformed into a dragon like his best bud.

His chest, too, was compressing, nipples and thin belly all becoming uniform as the scutes of his underbelly formed fully. The force prevented his arms from being able to move back and forth as the human Hiccup was accustomed to. The limbs themselves were shrinking, though the muscles underneath were swelling somewhat. They were much shorter, half the length of his humanity. His legs, too, soon lost their length, knees still facing forward as his hips forced his tights inward, under his body. Though with his legs in their current state, Hiccup was more inclined to move back into his mate's thrusts, better able to take more of the male's slippery cock inside of him.

Free of his human hair, the bumps of horns where his ears once were came to the forefront of his awareness. The pressure was intense, bones present within them as they pushed from his skull to match those of his mate's. A smaller pair erupted in perfect symmetry from the back of his compressing skull, though once they finished their formation, Hiccup was hardly aware of their presence, weighing so little on his head. His head was flattening all the while, and with it, his human thoughts. Though he knew who he was, or, rather, had been, the pressure on his brain was making it harder to hold onto the fear he had felt. It was so much easier to allow himself to be bred as much as he craved, not to think about why it was such a hassle to another life. To him, in this moment, there was no other life, only the penis in his cloaca and all the pleasure it provided. He was about to cum already from the intense prodding of his sensitive backdoor, and Hiccup couldn't be happier!

A bite on his shoulder was all it took to send him into orgasm. Toothless seemed to wish the insolent female stayed in formation before Toothless spilled his seed. Hiccup felt only a slight ache, the skin on his back designed to take such a gesture from a male. It was harder for him to recall that he himself had been male, that he had been anything other than this female dragon, prepared to rut and take his mate's seed. He allowed himself to stay still, his mate's prehensile penis doing all the work. Hot on the heels of his first full Nightfury orgasm, Hiccup felt that he could cum a second time in as little a time frame as it took Toothless to fill him with sperm. Hiccup was elated!

In his lust, Hiccup was hardly prepared for the sensation of his teeth popping up through sensitive gums, almost drooling with post-orgasmic bliss. Yet, the scents of draconic semen and rut in the air took precedence, his nostrils thicker at the front of his muzzle breathing them in.

They only served to draw his arousal forward, bringing him to the edge of a second orgasm. The stamina of a female dragon was beyond anything that he could have fathomed, though he was hardly in a place to really give it much reflection, given the limited capacity to think about such things.

By now, his other eye had altered, the sclera yellow as the irises turned black and rounded with the low light from the crescent moon. Hiccup blinked a few times, getting used to his change in vision and perspective. The night had lit up more than he had been expecting, though the colors were all muted, difficult to determine in his current state. Though, he was remiss to care, lost in lust as he was, and preparing for his second concurrent female orgasm.

Mind whited out by this point, Hiccup could feel the now familiar building of feminine release and did not wish to hold back. Part of it was due to the pleasure that such a release would elicit. Yet, another part, a more urgent aspect, knew that he needed to coax the male's semen inside of him. He knew it was the only thing that would alleviate the aches in his sex, rather than even the present pleasure. Still, he was remiss for not enjoying the here and now. Hiccup cried out in a draconic tone when his spasming sex sent shockwaves of shivers through his form and he rocked as best he could while keeping the male inside of him.

Toothless was not to be far behind, not with his female clamping down on every inch of his penis. Despite his multiple orgasms at this juncture, he was a virile male that had missed many years of mating seasons and was both pent up and ready for the explosion of semen to leap from his loins. To his excitement, the female Nightfury that had once been Hiccup was eager to take as much as Toothless desired to grant him, the perfect mate for his altered sensibilities. Toothless's own mind was altered beyond explanation, the needs to rut and mate stronger than the bonds of friendship and the understanding of what he was doing to his former best bud.

Even after his cock retracted into his draconic slit, finally spent, another instinct in his mind, soon took precedence. Taking to the sky, Toothless beckoned for his new mate to follow him, needing to take her someplace far away. It was not safe here for her to birth their offspring, even though the village had been their refuge for many years. There was another location, however, that he knew of where they could make a nest and raise the offspring that were surely brewing in the female's womb...

Hiccup, for his part, was all instinct as he flapped his wings, hovering in the air below Toothless. The instincts within his psyche were potent enough that it was no trouble to fly of his own power without ever having done so before. It was certainly aided by the human memories that still persisted in his altered skull, ones that had years of experience in the air. But, it was the desire to follow and obey his male, as well as a budding sensation in his loins, that compelled him up into the air and away from everything he had ever known.



Even as Hiccup rose to the air, the sight and call of his wife came to the forefront of his attention. Astrid was down there, along with Fishlegs, Snoutlout, Tuffnut, Roughnut, Gobber, and almost everyone that had been awoken in the village to try and help their leader. But, Hiccup could hardly feel any remorse for their loss as he took to the sky as though he had been born a dragon, following Toothless out to sea. The need to pursue his mate, to nest, overrode any sadness or loss for his village or former life. He had more important priorities to attend to now.

The two Nightfuries burst through the skies at impossible speeds, enough so that even the other dragon riders would not be able to catch them before they reached their destination. Toothless seemed to have their goal in mind, with Hiccup simply along for the ride. He could still feel the cum in his vagina, soaking into his insides and fertilizing...what?

It was what appeared to be a waterfall in the middle of the ocean that prompted Toothless to descend, looking to enter some sort of massive chasm. It was one that Hiccup's diminished intellect did not recognize, something they had not discovered in the known world through all their years of exploration and mapping. Far from any known islands or lands, there was little chance of the dragon riders finding this place. That internal knowledge only served to relax Hiccup as the two of them descended into what almost seemed like a hidden world.

Within was a world that Hiccup's humanity could never have fully comprehended on first glance. It contained an entirely different ecosystem, warm, filled with plants and animals that defied his understanding. Bioluminescence lit what should have been a dim cavern, as dragons of every species and size flew around them, as though inhabitants of a large community. It seemed rather peaceful if his diminished intellect could come to terms with that understanding.

But it was a pressure in his cloaca that was taking precedence over his examination of the community they had stumbled upon. The pressure had been steadily building as they approached their new world, and it was now starting to become rather insistent. Hiccup felt he needed somewhere to land, to...nest? What that the right term?

Toothless, it seemed, had the same notion in mind as he eventually settled on a ridge out of the way of the other dragons. There was a series of rocks that Toothless was prompted to blast with his plasma, and Hiccup followed suit, using the superheated fireball to warm the rock just shy of melting it. His draconic skin was not at all inconvenienced by the extreme heat, rather comforted as he found a suitable position, Toothless wrapped around his body as though in support.

Prompted to squat down, Hiccup could feel the pressure start to build, as though something had formed inside his cloaca and was pushing it open from the inside. It was different

than being fucked, certainly far removed from having to relieve himself even though he had no experience with such things as a dragon. It was far larger, smoother, almost sensual on its own as the force of the object slowly opened him up, as though descending from deep within.

Reflexively, Hiccup began to push his rectal muscles, copious slimy fluids leaking from within to allow it a smooth transition to the outside world. The sensations were almost as pleasurable as being fucked, opening him up wonderfully as the object descended from his innards. Hiccup was prompted to push, feeling it slide through his uterus towards his vagina, the tip of a black, oval object crowning the surface of his newly grown cunt.

It was soon obvious to Hiccup's altered mind that he was in the process of oviposition, that he was laying an egg. That seemed to set well with both his faded human intellect as well as his overwhelming draconic instincts. He was fulfilling those powerful draconic urges that had plagued him since the change began, to mate and acquire the semen necessary to quell his heat and lay his brood. And he was experiencing pleasure in the process almost akin to being fucked, though in reverse. It was enough to make him moan as he felt the edge of the egg push past his opening, and he strained, trying to expel the rest of it.

Making sure that his cloaca was touching the heated rock, Hiccup pushed more, the center of the object opening him up impossibly wide. With a series of minute squelching sounds, Hiccup felt the egg finally leave him, slowly sliding onto the heated rock. The shell, too, was made of sturdy stuff, its ridged surface protected and requiring the heat for its development.

Yet, Hiccup was hardly done. The pressure was starting to build once more, though more intense than the last time. He needed to push, the strain of obviously more than one egg inside of him waiting to be expelled. Now that the first egg had passed through his cloaca, Hiccup was steadily becoming aware that he was full of eggs, at least a dozen if the sensations from his innards were any indication. He would be here for hours, slowly laying his clutch and depositing a pile of eggs on the heated nest that Toothless had prepared for him.

Yet, Hiccup was not at all disturbed with the notion, feeling the next of his eggs crowning the edges of his cloaca. It was exciting to know that he was birthing offspring, the desires of his mating fulfilled. Better than that, it seemed as though the pleasure from laying them was more than he could possibly stand, nearly as good as being fucked over and over again. His innards were being stretched wonderfully, pulsating open and closed in rhythmic measure as a third, and then a fourth egg was laid to add to the pile.

Toothless was behind him all the while, rubbing his head and neck and encouraging his process through Hiccup's strained grunts. It was far more intimate than anything he had ever felt, Toothless putting his wings around his mate as though to protect him from harm. Hiccup felt a

companionship with the other dragon, far more intense than their friendship as dragon and rider. It was his delight to have bred with such a caring, virile male, his pleasure to birth their clutch as a four, and then a fifth egg passed his cunt lips.

Soon, he was done, his innards expelled of all of the eggs that had been prepared by Toothless's insemination. A part of his mind that remained human was aware of the repercussions of their mating act. Each egg would contain a baby Nightfury, a new life that only he could have made with Toothless. He had one day wanted children with Astrid, but there were plenty of Vikings in the village, and millions of humans in the wide world. The offspring he had just produced were much more rare, special, and unique, only possible through the draconic lust he felt for Toothless.

And he was not done yet. Though he had laid a half dozen eggs already, Hiccup could tell that he had many more inside of him, ready to be fertilized by his mate's sperm. And, despite the intense ache from their frequent copulations and the sensation of opening up to lay eggs, Hiccup's sex still begged for the touch of Toothless's prehensile cock. Without a hint of resistance, Hiccup raised his tail up and to the side, his swollen sex on full display. He would take Toothless as many times as his former friend now mate could rut him until he had expelled every egg from his sex and prepared a new generation of Nightfuries into the world.

With draconic clarity, Hiccup could smell that Toothless was erect, eager to take his cunt once more and provide Hiccup life-giving semen. But, in an odd display, Toothless came up to Hiccup's cheek, reaching out and licking it before nuzzling against him for a moment. It was a far more intimate experience than they had performed thus far this night. There was still some reminiscence of their time as friends, reminding him of their companionship even though their relationship was forever changed. Even though both of them were coming down from their lust-induced stupor, it seemed this new relationship sat well with the two of them, excited for what they had achieved and what it would mean. It gave Hiccup some hope for the future, which, in tandem with the heat and the knowledge of how good it would feel to quell it, made him relax into their rut. He now welcomed Toothless's weight on his back, his prehensile cock on his cunt lips as he growled in contentment, eager to take the draconic phallus inside of him and all it, and his new life, had to offer.