

## Aphyr's Ring

Written by Leo\_Todrius

Supported by my Patrons

The percussion of drums echoed through the air and vibrated through the ground. The thrill and excitement of the crowds was a constant chatter that crashed across the arena like ocean waves. The colosseum was both ancient and new at the same time as the sandstone platforms floated and drifted around at various altitudes within the massive amphitheater ring that housed thousands of spectators from countless worlds. While some strained to see the platforms themselves, those that had worse seats were provided holographic renderings of the various combatants. It was enough that Zalo knew he always had to look his best.

Large, broad feet padded their way up the few stone steps at the edge of the floating circle. They were calloused, a few pale scars marking the otherwise tawny toned skin. The broad feet supported legs that were obscured by baggy red and black pants and a thick, high waisted belt. The towering abdomen that spilled up and out of the pants was broad shouldered, thick armed, and wide necked. Zalo sported a quaff of black hair and a tiny triangle of black scruff on his chin, his eyes a golden hue common to the dwellers of the lava plains. Two strips of red and black cloth were wrapped around his huge biceps and a cord of white and orange material hung around his neck like a woven chain.

The volume of the cheers began to rise, growing louder and steadier. Chants fell into rhythm along with the drums. Zalo grinned wide, showing off his white teeth, and raising his beefy arms. When his display didn't manage to change the tempo or the intensity of the cheers, Zalo blushed slightly, realizing they weren't for him. He lowered his arms slowly as if he'd been stretching rather than cheering, his golden eyes sweeping across the floating ring to the towering behemoth rising up from the other side.

The late afternoon sunlight diffused across the leathery scales, each geometric segment a slightly different shade of blue. It was lightest on the dragon's underbelly, almost a royal blue color, whereas it faded almost to midnight black along his spiked spine. His torso tapered down to nearly half the width of Zalo's, making his upper half a V shape, but his shoulders were just as wide and they curved up into boney spikes on either side. Solid orange eyes with vertical slit pupils gazed at Zalo before translucent membranes swept out in the dragon's version of a blink. His face extended into a tapered muzzle with a crooked tip, nostrils flaring and snorting while pale gray membranes covered his ear canals, listening to the sounds all around them.

"Aphyr, it's been a long time." Zalo commented. The dragon inclined his head, two pairs of white horns contrasting with his dark blue body. Like Zalo, Aphyr wore a high waisted belt, but it clipped in place only a long black cloth that draped ineffectively over a rather large bulge. Nothing restrained his long, whip-like tail or the muscular ass cheeks above his powerful legs. The dragon's claws tapped and clicked along the sand stone as the two reached the top of the floating island, standing on either side of the large ring.

"You are bigger than last time, Zalo. Is it time to lay your first clutch?" Aphyr asked, grinning a grin that showed off his very sharp fangs. Zalo gave a light chuckle, though he didn't immediately have a quip ready. Some might have chalked it up to the dragon engaging in smack talk without understanding mammalian biology, but Zalo knew there was a lot more at stake.

He'd worked his way up through the fights, even getting some of his own merchandise. This was the start of the big leagues, and victory and loss brought with it a lot more.

A rapid thrum of drum beats echoed and then silence came for several moments, then two pairs of double beats. Little holes on the floating island opened up and large ovoid bots floated up above each contestant. As they took up position, slots opened in the bottom of each bot before a glistening, shimmering oil began to drizzle out. Aphyr let it coat him easily, the oil dribbling along his blue scales, running in the grooves and canals that segmented each one. Zalo had to work at it a bit more, working it into his jet black hair, across his shoulders and arms, turning around until his muscles were shining.

This time there were more cheers for the human as people appreciated his physique. Zalo wasn't certain, but he could have sworn he saw Aphyr tasting the air with his forked tongue, those orange eyes watching him closely. Zalo finished getting greased up with the oil before he flexed his fingers and took up position. Aphyr let out a soft hiss as he did the same. For several moments, silence, and then a single burst of drums.

Zalo took a few steps into the ring, though he didn't charge. Despite being thinner than the human, Aphyr was heavier. If he threw momentum at his opponent, it would have been all too easy to redirect and knock him out of the circle. Aphyr hissed slightly again, his long tail whipping back and forth behind him before he reluctantly moved towards the center of the ring. With more room to work with, Zalo pushed forward, creasing his chest into Aphyr's. The two became a tangle of oily, slippery arms. They grappled and grasped at one another. Zalo felt the tips of Aphyr's blunted claws scrape down his back, leaving faint white lines but not breaking the skin. Zalo put his head down, trying to push against the dragon like a bull, trying to ease him back towards the edge.

The dragon dug one foot into the sandstone before he dared lift his right leg, taking a step forward. As he dug in there and lifted his left, he brought his body forward, scooping up Zalo's with it, pressing until their groins were touching. Zalo inhaled a bit at the realization that Aphyr was... aroused? He looked up just before he toppled back, landing on the hard stone, one hand landing at the edge of the ring. As his fingers crossed the perimeter, they began to tingle and throb. The keratin of his fingernails sizzled and frothed, growing soft before it oozed out longer, curving into claws before hardening again. He could feel the claws sinking into his fingers to take up a deeper anchor while his skin grew calloused, cracking into little hexagons and triangles of scales, the skin turning to a coppery brownish-black.

"Very nissssse, you will make an exsssselent hussssband...." Aphyr growled. Zalo pulled his reptilian hand back into the ring and stood up, grinning back.

"I don't know, Aphyr, I think you'll look pretty good with hair and nipples." Zalo replied. Aphyr nearly recoiled.

"Thissss one would never look good with hair..." he protested.

"I guess we'll just have to see." Zalo said before he charged again. He crashed into Aphyr, making the dragon stumble backwards several paces. It was enough to bring him up to the edge of the ring, a familiar sizzle coming as Aphyr's dewclaws began to erode and disappear, Aphyr snarled and growled, using his rage to fuel his advance as he pressed forward, pushing Zalo forward. Zalo tried to resist, but that was when Aphyr grabbed him by the forearms and pulled him instead of pushing. Zalo yelped, reaching out to grab onto anything he could reach to keep from being flung out of the ring.

The crowd gasped as Aphyr's loincloth was ripped off, revealing the aching, throbbing segmented purple cock jutting out from a leathery sack containing four testicles. Another murmur came from where the audience watched Zalo's feet slide out of the ring up to his knees. Zalo's back arched, a gasp escaping his pouty lips as his toes cracked and snapped. The skin grew leathery, stretching tight over knobby toe knuckles. Several more gasps came as sharp black claws erupted from each toe, a sharp dew claw coming out of the back of his feet just above each heel. The arch of his feet broke down, though the muscles in each increased until they were wicked, sharp, and deadly. The late afternoon sun glinted off the brownish-black scales that rose up to his knees like boots.

"The ssssooner you give into your fate, the ssssooner thiss one can make you hissss in ecssstassssy..." Aphyr grinned, reaching down to stroke his purple cock with his large, clawed hand.

"What makes you think I won't turn you into a bearded human that likes wearing sweaters and drinking hot chocolate on cold nights?" Zalo asked, pushing himself back up, getting used to his new draconic feet. Once again, Aphyr seemed to recoil.

"Chocolate... milk?!" He protested in disgust. Zalo merely grinned, licking his lips, daring Aphyr to come at him. Oil wrestling was like an art, contrasting patience with decisive strikes. The two came crashing together, grappling and slipping from one another's grasp, trying one direction and then another.

The two pushed and pulled, spiraling and circling, grabbing and fleeing. In one particularly heated exchange, they spun one way, then another, then back, making a serpentine tangle that crossed the ring until Aphyr grabbed Zalo's head in one huge, blue scaled hand and pushed his head toward the edge. Zalo cried out as he felt the stinging, burning edge of the ring. His head began to ache, and throbbed, the skin on his right temple growing swollen, irritated, reddened, and then bursting as a black horn emerged. Likewise, his ear began to shrink and flatten, sinking into his head as scales erupted, leaving only a gray membrane over his ear hole.

Aphyr's tongue hung out of his mouth as he pushed harder and harder, nostrils flaring wide as he watched orange pigment spill into Zalo's right eye, tainting and corrupting it, the human's golden irises fading into citrine as his pupil contracted, shrinking to a vertical slit. His cheek blossomed with bronze scales. Zalo grunted and growled, feeling the teeth on the right side of his mouth growing sharp and wicked. He knew he could break Aphyr's grasp, but it was going to take a sacrifice.

Zalo's right, muscular arm came swinging out from where he'd been holding it. As it arced past the edge of the ring, the skin tightened and stiffened, turning brownish black as scales rippled outward. His arm hair fell out, disintegrating before it hit the ground. His fingers grew harder, knobbier, firmer as the claws he'd already started growing earlier stretched into fully fledged talons, turning black. The newly draconian fist slammed into Aphyr's auditory membrane and the dragon's orange eyes went unfocused. Zalo slipped into the ring, spun around and shoved. Aphyr grunted as he nearly lost balance, pushed back far enough that his tail began to sizzle and shimmer, growing translucent.

"Hsssssss!" Aphyr protested before he snarled, bringing his hands together to hit Zalo square in the sternum. Zalo grunted, flying back and rolling across the ring. Aphyr strode forward, his tail half as long as it had been moments before.

“Thisssss one will make you linger in your disgrasssse! Aphyr said before he grabbed Zalo by his waist and his neck, lifted him up and carried him to the edge of the ring. Zalo expected to be tossed right out and for the match to be over, but Aphyr merely held him out so he started to brush the edge of the ring in the unlikeliest of places. Zalo gasped as the stinging, tingling, effervescent sensation ensnared his groin. His cock had already been half hard from the endorphins of wrestling, but it soon swelled to full arousal... and swelled more... and grew harder...

“Oh sssshit...” Zalo hissed, his mismatched eyes rolling into the back of his head. His cock was still shrouded in his baggy red and black pants, but inside, his cock surged to eight inches, then ten, thirteen, fifteen... The skin pulled back tight to its limit, leaving the mushroom shaped tip unshielded as it began to stretch into a point. The urethra doubled in size, the skin turning from pink to red and then purple. Where the skin had grown tight, it now grew thicker, taking on a leathery, almost rubbery texture. The skin grew harder in segments, darker purple lines forming before they stretched out slightly, creating graduated segments along the length.

A drop of drool ran down the corner of Zalo’s mouth on the human side as he felt his cock push past eighteen inches, painfully tenting even his baggy pants. His sack had distended as his balls grew larger, the testicles aching and throbbing shortly before the cells rapidly began dividing, creating more and more mass until they split into four balls. A new rush of testosterone began coursing through Zalo’s body. Seemingly satisfied, Aphyr stepped back and unceremoniously dropped Zalo onto the ground inside the ring, but not before he reached down, grabbed Zalo’s baggy pants and yanked.

The fabric had been weakened already by their tousling and the oil Zalo was covered in made him even more slippery. The pants tugged off, revealing the massive dragon cock and black leathery pouch to the audience. Far louder cheers went up as everyone got a good look at his new package.

“Thisssss one doesssss not think either of ussss will be drinking hot chocolate...” Aphyr hissed, reaching a clawed finger out to rub the triangle of scruff on Zalo’s chin. He leaned down, tilting his muzzle, plunging a tongue into the human’s mouth. He favored the sharper fanged side, enjoying the dangerous feel. Zalo returned the favor, his fat, blunt tongue plunging in and out of the dragon’s mouth a few times before he realized what he was doing and pulled back. Aphyr’s brow furrowed in concern. “What issss it, my love?” he said with a hissing chuckle, reaching up to caress Zalo’s one black horn. Zalo shivered, leaning into the cress for a moment before he let out a roar and stumbled back.

“I won’t give up! I can sstill win!” Zalo panted. Once again, the dragon gave a hissing chuckle and nodded.

“Determination issss good. Thisssss one wantsss a sssstrong mate when you are laying our eggsss.” Aphyr grinned. Zalo roared again and charged. Aphyr swung his tail, though it was shorter than it had been and barely nicked Zalo’s leg. Zalo lowered his center of mass and hit Aphyr at the narrow part of his waist, pushing him back and off his feet. The dragon yelped as he came crashing down, an arm sliding out of the ring. The blue dragon’s claws began to shrink, his scales blotting out as pale ivory flesh started to emerge.

Aphyr’s fang filled muzzle snapped and bit in dismay before he pushed off and lunged, flipping Zalo and sending him rolling. The dragon pounced, coming down on Zalo’s back, pinning him to the smooth sandstone. Zalo panted, his face squished on the rock, his hot breath

blasting out across it. The dragon held the human's black horn like a handle, pinning his limbs to the ground... limbs that were looking very draconic now. The two glistened in the golden afternoon light, their bodies still covered in oil. The dragon's rage momentarily subsiding, a grin crossed the dragon's muzzle as his orange eyes blinked again. A more human finger traced down Zalo's spine, dipping into the crevice between his butt cheeks.

"Thiss issssss Aphyr'sssss ring now..." The dragon hissed in triumph.

"You can't win if I'm in the middle of the ring..." Zalo grinned despite being pushed into the ground. Aphyr's orange eyes blinked unevenly, one side and then the other as he contemplated. Zalo used that as a chance to buck his ass up suddenly, hitting the dragon's narrow waist and sending his dick swinging. The dragon hissed before Zalo elbowed him in the jaw, rolled over onto his back and used all four limbs to push the dragon off of him. Aphyr went up to his feet and started to tip backwards but he reached out, grabbing Zalo's dark hair. Zalo grunted and roared a bit at that, stumbling forward.

The two stumbled unevenly before tripping and tumbling, skidding. Zalo hissed as the sandstone roughed up the skin on his left shoulder, though his right shoulder now sported scales that were more resistant. The two landed in a tangled heap, both of them panting for breath. Zalo blinked one orange and one golden eye, the right side of his mouth filled with fangs. He looked up at Aphyr only to see Aphyr grinning like a lunatic. Zalo tried to figure out why until he saw just how much of the ring was behind the dragon - and then Zalo felt the tingling spreading across his entire body.

It felt as if his body had been numb, asleep with poor circulation, and now it was all waking up. Every centimeter of his skin, every surface, even his organs were tingling and throbbing. The edge of the ring was shimmering with turquoise energy as the crowds rose to their feet, hooting and hollering. Zalo rolled over onto all fours, then rose up on his knees. He inhaled unevenly as his left temple ached and throbbed, the skin growing swollen, stretching and tearing before a black horn slid out of his skull. His left eye looked bloodshot at first, shifting from white to red and then orange. His pupil tightened up into a slit to match the other. It seemed easier for the wrestler to pant for breath as his tongue narrowed, thinning out, growing longer and pressing into forked tips. Zalo couldn't help but taste the salt in the air, the sweat of his opponent, darting his tongue out before depositing the scents into tiny ducts that had formed in the roof of his mouth.

Aphyr was slowly collecting himself, rising up to his feet, stretching a bit. He lifted his hands high in the air, feeling relief as his claws grew back to the correct length and his tail started to fill back in behind him, stretching out inch after inch. Zalo was still left there, kneeling as his face began to grow warm, then hot. His skull felt like putty, then clay, then molten steel. His handsome, brutish face pushed forward as his jaw and nose elongated, the two tapering down to a unified point. As more room was created in his jaw, his sharp fangs grew wider and taller. A clawed paw came up to rub at his chest, but the tips of his claws found scales there instead of skin. It looked like a skin condition at first, but as his tanned skin darkened to bronze-black, the scales ripped out across his chest, shoulders, stomach and back.

Aphyr turned to watch his competitor shift, licking his lips. The skin tightened across Zalo as it shifted, removing any hint of softness. He was covered in dragon hide, muscle and bone with no trace of body fat. That being said, Zalo retained his broad hips that were twice as wide as Aphyr's were. The dragon warrior wrapped one clawed paw around his cock, admiring his

prize. He stroked himself off, his long tail swinging back and forth hypnotically. He grinned, looking at Zalo's massive eighteen inch cock rising and falling in time with his heartbeats, watching with glee as scales swept down across his thighs. The large, muscled ass the human sported was slowly pried apart as his pelvis changed, allowing his tailbone to pop, snap, sink down and make room for more bones and muscle to form.

Despite himself, Zalo fell back forward onto his front paws, hiking his ass up behind him. He let out a growl, a roar, and then a snarl as the immature tailbone stretched out to a foot in length, then two. It stung from base to tip as new bones formed, prying each other apart, all linked together by sophisticated muscles. There were small spikes on the tail, but the spikes grew thicker and taller as they crept up along the small of his back, between his shoulders and then to his head. Bronze-black scales swept across Zalo's cheeks, obscuring his human skin and pigmentation. A faint tickling came as his black hair fell out of his lizard scalp, though the scruff on his chin remained, taking on a thicker, more wiry texture.

More muscles strained, joints popped and snapped and claws scraped. Zalo snapped, biting at the air, getting used to his new muzzle. His ears were gone, left with auditory membranes. Two long curved black horns swept back from his head and his orange eyes were vibrant. A snap cut the air as his tail reached a length long enough to whip. The way he was being forward on all fours, he could feel the heat of his purple dragon cock radiating up beneath him. Zalo huffed out, raising his head, looking at the crowds. Thousands of spectators were cheering - not just for Aphyr, but also for the warrior he'd become... He was a member of the dragon horde now, a fierce warrior, a carnal beast.

Zalo pushed his paws against the ground, jerking his body upright long enough to take a step and be upright. He flexed his thick arms and glanced over his scaly shoulders, admiring how large they had remained. He swung his tail side to side before he moved up behind Aphyr. He put a hand on the blue dragon's shoulder, spun him around and leaned in for a kiss. Zalo tilted his head, opening his muzzle wide as their tongues whipped and snapped against one another. Their hot, scaly, oiled up bodies pressed tight, grinding and rubbing in every direction.

The cheers erupted even louder from the audience as they cheered and celebrated. A few of the vendors groaned, feeling a little bit of loss at having Zalo action figures and posters of him in his human form, but the arena always brought the chance for new merchandise. Everyone would be clamoring to get swag with Dragon Zalo just as much as they would have been if Aphyr had been turned into a human. It was the evolution of the sport, of the players, of how athletes got traded to other teams. It was the constant changing face of the game... but it also had been a promise.

"Sssso, you ssssaid thisssss wassss Aphyr's hole?" Zalo whispered, getting used to his sibilant tongue. Aphyr grinned brightly.

"Thisssss one will fill you with many eggsssssssss...." Aphyr grinned, lowering his clawed paw down to squeeze Zalo's ass cheek and then play with his sphincter. Zalo hissed out at that, his cock already aching with desire.

"Jussst wait until we get to the locker room." Zalo growled. Aphyr merely snarled back lovingly, giving his partner a dangerous nip.

\*\*\*\*

The sounds of the crowds were still audible three stories down into the main ring, though they were muffled. Claw clicks came as two pairs of dragon feet descended. Aphyr led the way with the cool confidence of a cold blooded lizard. He strode into the locker room, his bluish black scales looking far more metallic in the artificial interior light. As soon as he made it into the locker room, he grabbed a bottle of briny, murky green liquid and tossed it over his shoulder. Zalo grunted, catching it in his clawed paws, still getting used to his body. His orange eyes scrutinized what he'd just been given.

"Aligatorade?" He asked, lifting his muzzled head towards his partner.

"It issss the besssst thing they could come up with for usss." Aphyr murmured, grabbing a cloth to wipe down his scales. Zalo popped the cap off the bottle and tipped it back, taking half a swallow before he made a confused noise, then tipped it back the rest of the way to guzzle it down. The liquid was peaty, even mossy, salty and with a distinctly calcium rich flavor. It was a flavor that would have made him spew as a human, but as a dragon it oddly hit the spot. Zalo gulped it down in one go before letting out a contented sigh. Aphyr looked up with an admiring grin.

"Thirsssty?" he asked. Zalo nodded.

"Yeah, probably my body getting ussed to the changesss." Zalo said, still a bit alarmed at how easily his tongue slipped into hissing. Before he had time to think about it, though, Aphyr had crossed the room, grabbed him by the head and pulled him into a kiss. Their muzzles parted, their heads interlocked and forked tongues started swatting and batting at one another.

Clawed hands slipped over Zalo's big, leathery shoulders to follow the curves of his mighty, thick biceps and triceps. He had retained his physique, but it seemed even more imposing now that he had scales instead of skin. It was as if he was poured from the heart of a volcano rather than a self made man. Aphyr kept kissing Zalo, though his hands slipped down lower and lower. One caressed the wide, round, full hip of his partner. The other hand bypassed the athlete's big dick and found his heavy sack instead, cupping and fondling it. Zalo's nostrils flared in excitement at that before he broke the kiss, panting for breath.

"I'm not ssssure where to sssstart." Zalo said. Aphyr considered for a moment.

"Thissss one thinkssss we already did." Aphyr purred. Zalo was about to say something when he felt something long and slender slithering up his leg. It caressed his ankle, brushed his knee and squeezed his thigh before it curved around his hip, slipped over his ass cheek and then slunk down deeper. Zalo's orange eyes widened as he felt the tip of a blue scaled tail start to enter his body. He hissed a bit, clawed fingers clenching and unclenching. He murmured before the tail slid deeper and he was forced to grab onto Aphyr. Aphyr grinned wide, leaning down to lick and then bite at Zalo's neck. Zalo leaned into it, his newly plated skin more resistant to injury. Nips and bites, grazed claws, and a tail plunging in and out of the former human's ass.

Zalo let out a moan that sounded distinctly mammalian, but Aphyr didn't mind. Inches of blue tail slid in and out of that widening ring, spreading it apart, flexing the tight rubbery flesh to be more accepting. After all, it would have to be pliant with what he had in store. Unlike a penis, the tip of the tail flexed and moved, dragging as it was drawn out, probing as it was inserted, exploring and maneuvering. The friction did more than just please the former human. It was awakening tissues and organelles that Zalo didn't even understand he'd grown during the transformation in the ring.

While the wrestler's exterior was covered in fierce bronze-black scales, his interior was soft, warm and welcoming. The tissue was growing spongy in places, developing pockets that made use of Zalo's wide hips. The grin on Aphyr's face was full of fangs from ear membrane to ear membrane as he knew his mate was ready. Zalo shuddered a bit as the tail was withdrawn, though his clawed hands tightened as he felt the tapered tip of the dragon cock brush his sphincter.

A large paw pushed Zalo forward and he slammed against the cool metal of the locker. Despite presumably being cold blooded now, it was a welcome contrast in temperatures to how hot his body was. He panted, nostril slits flaring and constricting, forked tongue hanging out over sharp fangs. Aphyr pushed forward, sliding into the ass he had claimed. He slid in three inches at a time, then six, then nine. He lingered, ground around, pulled back and slid in all the way again.

The point of Aphyr's muzzle nuzzled and then nipped at Zalo's neck before, without warning, he clamped down. The fangs started to wear against the bronzer scales, scraping away the metallic gloss on the surface and revealing lighter, softer brown beneath. Zalo's eyes rolled into the back of his head and he groaned, pinned to the lockers and clamped in his mate's bite, feeling the cock inside of him.

Aphyr fell into a rhythm, thrusting rapidly and with strength, his powerful tail slapping the locker room floor with each rebound. That slap slap slap was like the beating of Zalo's heart. He grunted and groaned, one clawed hand slinking down to where his much larger, prestigious dragon cock was throbbing. He began to work himself off as Aphyr pounded his ass, unable to do anything else... except... Zalo began to experiment with how he could control his tail, allowing it to coil its way around Aphyr's leg, sending it upwards towards his narrower waist.

"Thisssss one isssss impressssed..." Aphyr hissed into Zalo's ear membrane, licking the scratches on his neck before he came clamping down on Zalo's shoulder. Zalo threw his head back, hissing out loud, his tail constricting on Aphyr's leg.

There was a moment of confused movement, almost as if Zalo had been riding a vibrating vehicle so long that he still felt the vibration when he got off. Aphyr had thrust in as deep as he could go and held himself there, pinning his mate, unmoving in a way that was alien and animalistic... except that Zalo could still feel movement in his ass. That cock was quivering, squirming... pulsing. It moved from Aphyr's base to his tip, making its way deep into his guts.

'Thisssss one will fill you with many eggssssssss.' That was what Aphyr had said in the ring. Zalo had assumed it was a euphemism, a metaphor, or a throw back to the way the natural born of the dragon horde functioned... but as he felt something new entering his body, oozing out of Aphyr's dick, he realized how literal it was.

Neither of the wrestlers could see what was happening, but Zalo could feel it and Aphyr could picture it in his mind's eye. Aphyr's slit irises had constricted to the point they were narrow, razor thin lines. His breathing was trapped in his chest. His cock pulsed, his four testicles offering equal parts lubrication, fertilization, and something more. While it was hard for Aphyr to pass the eggs into Zalo's body, they were at this point still soft. Translucent golden jelly ovoids that compressed as they passed through Aphyr's rather generous urethra before slipping free deep inside of Zalo.

The eggs drifted in a sea of sperm and lubricant, settling onto the spongy tissue that had been made ready for them. They anchored there, at least temporarily, surrounded and

nourished. This clutch was entirely Aphyr's, though their presence would start Zalo's body on the path of producing his own eggs that would share their unique blend of qualities. The dragon horde were alien to the mammalian ways of gender. Zalo felt a strange flush of joy, of contentment, though a little bit of regret that no part of this clutch was his... but he would protect them, he would raise them, he would-

"Hsssss-sssss...." Zalo groaned suddenly as his own huge cock began to rumble, throb, and then eject thick clear jelly across the floor. It came in copious gushes of ooey-goopy goodness, splattering out into a puddle. It wasn't just a little coming steadily for several long moments before it eventually slowed, leaving a long, sticky string between the tip of his cock and the shiny puddle on the floor. A light hissing chuckle came from behind Zalo.

"Not bad.... Thissss one thinkssss you will sssire many offssspring." Aphyr said, stroking Zalo's horn. Zalo said nothing, leaning into the caress.

\*\*\*\*

The late summer air was warm, especially on the lava plains. Vast stretches of slate gray seemed to rise and fall like frozen, gentle waves lapping across a great stone lake. There were no trees, no shrubs, but there were tide pools of sorts where flash floods or rains had collected, allowing anemones, crustaceans and amphibians to thrive and prosper. The pools held tiny windows to another world, as well as delicious snacks. There were a few homesteads made of flashcrete, looking as poured and harmonious on the landscape as the lava flats themselves - though the homes were a pale off-white so they didn't disappear entirely.

Somewhere in the distance, this world's version of cicadas chirped in their evening chorus. They were almost loud enough to mask the cheers of the audience coming from the arena, even kilometers away - almost. The arena, much like the fighting platforms inside of it, appeared to be a vast floating sandstone mountain, elevated above the mundane world below it. Columns of lights rose up into the sky while a dull blue haze emanated from the anti-grab engines below.

Zalo stood, leaning against the doorframe of their homestead, orange eyes looking up at the arena. He had such lofty ambitions, of rising to the top. His season had come to an end, but there would be others. The question was, would he re-enter as a human, or as a dragon horde? The bronze-black dragon lifted his cup to his lips and tipped it back. The tea would have been far too alkaline for a human, but his new tongue enjoyed it. It also brought a welcome break from the cravings for seashells he'd been having the last week. His teeth, even though they could grow back if lost, were welcome for the respite.

"Ugh!" Zalo suddenly grunted, feeling a cramp blossom through his pelvis. It was powerful and sudden enough that he dropped his tea, the cup clattering across the rock below. He bit his lip, trying to wonder what had happened when another, stronger cramp hit. His tail went rigid, his toes arched, his chest tightened. "Unhhh!" He snorted.

"What isssss it?" The question came from inside, the blue dragon emerging from the house. He looked down at where Zalo was holding his hands and the almost electric jolt that raced down his tail. Aphyr's head reared back slightly, though he smiled, "Ah, it isssss time." he said knowingly, wrapping one arm around the small of Zalo's back, crossing the other over himself to hold Zalo's paw. Zalo panted between the cramps, looking up at his partner.

“Isss thissss what you meant by filling me sssso full?” Zalo asked. Aphyr gave a small shrug, his tail brushing the back of Zalo’s leg.

“You cannot get a clutch without laying ssssome eggssss.” he shrugged.

“Where are we going exsssactly?” Zalo hissed.

Aphyr let go of his hand to point to a spot a few meters away from the house, half covered by a frozen cresting wave of magma. Because of the outcropping, the depression in the ground had not filled with a tide pool and was merely a bowl like concavity in the ground. Zalo nodded a little, putting the pieces together. It was defensible, private, and perfectly shaped.

“You’ve thought of everything.” Zalo murmured, allowing Aphyr to help him get into position. Humans couldn’t crouch for very long, but the dragon tail acted like a tripod, allowing him to shift his weight evenly and prevent fatigue. He hunkered down lower, expecting more of a painful cramp. With him crouched, though, it seemed to pass over him more like a thundering cloud than an inescapable crush. “Oh...” he said in relief.

“Better?” Aphyr asked. Zalo nodded at that, opening to speak before he gasped, feeling an almost orgasmic flutter from his ass. His eyes grew heavy, half lidded as he murmured, surrendering himself to the experience.

“Better...” Zalo moaned before another wave crashed over him. He knew that his human self would have been baffled, possibly even unnerved, but it felt wonderful! His body throbbed and pulsed, working in a downward peristalsis, maneuvering and shifting until something large, firm and ovoid began passing down. His rubbery sphincter had been stretching with each cramp. It stretched a lot more as the egg started to emerge, expanding his ring to the limit. Zalo clenched and bore down, pushing on top of the muscle flutters until the egg emerged, slipping safely and easily into the natural bowl.

“Gooooood.” Aphyr purred, reaching to caress Zalo’s head ridges that led to his horn. Zalo groaned and bore down, allowing another to stretch to the point of breaking before the egg emerged and a rush of relief passed over him. Two, three, four... Each time one came out, he felt a shifting in his gut like some sort of vending machine, but as the fifth egg began passing down through his passage, he knew it was the last of his clutch - at least for now.

“Almosssst...” he groaned, “Almosssst!” he said more loudly before he grunted. The last egg slipped out, rolling slightly to bump into the others.

Zalo wobbled, nearly falling over, groaning as he felt tingly all over. It hadn’t taken that long, but it had taken a lot out of him. He started to move and Aphyr supported him, allowing him to back up to the rim of the bowl before sitting down properly. Zalo’s tail zig-zagged on the ground in a serpentine fashion, his legs splayed slightly. His tired eyes looked down before his muzzle dropped wide in shock. Resting in the deepest point of the stone basin were five grapefruit sized eggs, each one coated with a silvery-gray eggshell, though there were faint swirls of tie-dye like blue mottling them.

“No wonder I wanted sssseasshelssss...” Zalo hissed.

“Calcccccium-carbonate... Good for babiessss.” Aphyr said, petting Zalo’s head more before he leaned in and kissed him. Zalo returned the affection for a long moment before eventually pulling back, looking at the eggs again. Aphyr’s head tilted. “Do you regret that thisssss one won the match?” he asked. Zalo looked up in surprise before shaking his head.

“N-no, not at all! Like you said, thissss issss Aphyr’s Ring now.” Zalo grinned, patting his round butt cheek. Aphyr hissed and chuckled at that, wrapping his arms and tail around any part

of Zalo he could reach. Zalo looked at the eggs fondly. They were his step sons, in a way, but he would be happy to raise them. Five new mouths to feed, a lot of responsibility. Slowly, Zalor raised his head and looked to the floating arena in the distance. He was going to have to train up, get even stronger, and do the dragon horde proud. He was one of them, and the next clutch would be his direct sons. Perhaps, if they won over a great many competitors, he would lay his eggs and let Aphyr fertilize them in their next recruit... Zalo grinned at that idea, passing his forked tongue over his many deadly fangs.