

# Dragoness Girlfriend

For Kayllik

By TheSpiralledEye

*While rifling through his college roommates things Ryan finds a phial of mysterious liquid which he assumes will make him smarter. That soon proves to be the wrong assumption as he starts growing wings and a tail...not to mention a huge pair of tits.*

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There were loads of benefits to coming from a rich family when it came to college; Ryan never had to worry about debt or being expelled for bad behaviour for example. One call to daddy and his worries disappeared. The one thing dad's money couldn't buy though, were good grades; he knew he'd tried it. His professors were all so shabbily dressed you'd think they would have happily taken a few hundred dollars and quietly changed his Ds to As but no. Instead he got sent to the academic integrity board and had to spend weeks being scrutinised until his father finally made the calls necessary to call off the wolves.

He'd thought that would be the end of it but his father had decided to punish him for causing so much trouble. Now he was stuck sharing a dorm on campus rather than the comfortable apartment he was used to. At first he'd been grumpy about it; he'd never had to share anything in his life after all! Now though, he saw the situation for what it was, an opportunity. If the teachers couldn't be bribed he was going to have to improve his grades another way.

The fact that his new room mate was taking the same computer science degree as him was perfect. He'd faked being sick this morning to ensure the room would be empty and he could get to work copying the guy's answers.

His roommate Nigel was about as typical a nerd as you could get. He looked like one of the loser characters out of those eighties films; thick glasses, no social skills and a pallor that suggested the dude only saw sunlight in the brief walks between classes. Ryan hated rooming with him; his chemical experiments stank out the house and he insisted that Ryan

not work out or play his music because it was distracting or could disturb his experiments.  
Loser.

Still, he was at the top of their class in computer science, chemistry and physics so at the very least, stealing his work was going to be fruitful. Ryan searched through his desk, finding a number of terms papers that would be perfect. If he could just copy the basic stuff then run it through a few online generators to make sure it was worded differently enough; he'd be golden. He gathered the papers and then noticed something, the bottom drawer of the desk was strongly cold, he could feel it through the bottom of the higher drawer.

Curious, he opened it to find that the drawer was in fact a mini fridge, the kind that opened from the top. A grin crept across Ryan's face; that bastard, he'd been holding out on him! Getting alcohol into the dorms was such a pain thanks to security but Ryan was willing to bet they never even checked Nigel's bags since he was such a goody two-shoes.

Figuring he could pay the guy back later Ryan opened the fridge in the hopes of grabbing a beer only to be surprised. Instead of cans or bottles there were what looked like phials of neon glowing liquid. Each labelled with a formula that Ryan couldn't hope to understand. There was a notebook squashed between the wall of the drawer and the minifridge which he grabbed. Most of it was just as incomprehensible as the formulas but there were a few notes he could make out.

*'Xb-2 successful, effects wore off within the hour, look to improve duration.'*

*'Xb-4 unsuccessful, produced only physical changes.'*

*'Xb-7 successful, mental changes strong and long lasting, must now pair with physical.'*

Several of the phials were empty, and a realisation came to Ryan's mind.

This was how Nigel was so smart. He was juicing! He'd heard of guys doing steroids at the gym to build their muscles; he'd never considered nerds might do the same for their brains. By the looks of it he was trying to make himself hotter or something too.

Ryan rummaged through the freezer, ignoring the labels that matched Nigel's note until he found one, bright orange and bubbling that read 'Xb-10'. It had to be his latest concoction. If he drank this maybe he could even understand Nigel's essays and copy them so well nobody would ever realise, hell, maybe the professor would think Nigel copied him!

With a grin he downed the liquid and did his best not to cough as it ran down his throat. Despite being water and thin the liquid was oddly viscous and seemed to stick in his throat, requiring several swallows to get down. When he finally did he smiled, waiting for some sort of sign that he was getting smarter. He sat down at the desk and looked over some of the essays, finding them just as boring and hard to read as before.

For a few moments he drummed his fingers on the table, waiting for the moment when he would yell 'Eureka!' and be able to understand what the hell was written on this paper but it didn't happen. The dull thudding of his fingers began to drone on and on until suddenly, he noticed the sound had turned sharp. With a furrowed brow he looked down at his hands and drummed them once more. The sound of something clinked against the wooden desk and he lifted the appendage to his face.

It was his nails. They were oddly sharp, pointed even, as if he'd filed them into little claw-like triangles. That was weird; he was sure they were rounded normally. Then, to his shock he watched as before his very eyes they stretched out a little further, the tiny points curving inwards slightly almost like talons. They also had an odd tinge of colour to them. It had to be a trick of the morning light right? Why else would they look orange?

He shifted uncomfortably in his chair, that warm feeling in his stomach had turned solid and he was beginning to think that maybe, just maybe, drinking a strange chemical found hidden inside his roommate's desk wasn't such a great idea. As if bought on by the thought his stomach suddenly lurched and Ryan found himself leaning forwards on the chair with a groan as it churned. He felt as though a pressure was forming inside him, pushing down toward his butt. He couldn't help but strain, his lower back aching as though something were sitting on it. He looked back over his shoulder and his jaw dropped. His jeans had turned tight as beneath them his ass was starting to grow.

"Oh God...what-NNNNGGGH!"

The words failed him as he felt his hip bones begin to widen, he could feel his jeans struggling to contain him as they got bigger and bigger, his butt expanding alone with them. The fabric cut into him almost painfully for a moment before finally starting to tear. He watched as wide swathes of fabric tore open to reveal a shiny, bubbly butt that was...white? Not Caucasian, white. The skin beneath was far shiner than it should have been, no wait...that wasn't skin at all..

"Scales?!" He exclaimed, "What the fuck is this stuff! Ooooh, ooh that pressure....fuck it's building....I can't help it I have to push."

He did, his lower muscles contracting until he felt that pressure at his lower back meet its zenith and he felt something begin to grow out of him. It was thick, taking up much of his lower back but began to get thinner and thinner as it grew. It was heavy and big, coated in more of that white scales with a yellow leathery underside; it was a tail.

“F-fuck s-stop,” Ryan begged himself, “S-stop pushing...”

But he couldn't, the instinct was too strong and with each push his tail got larger and larger. It hurt, as the muscles burned but it also felt good. Really good. Far better than Ryan wanted to admit. Each second he felt his resistance slipping as he bore down on himself, forcing more and more of the tail out until it was almost twice the length of his entire body. Or at least, it was.

With a crack he felt something changing in his spine; it was elongating, his legs stretching to fit as his legs became longer and thick. His thighs growing to match and support his now heavy ass. There was another snape and Ryan cried out in shock as in turn each of his legs seemed to break; yet, there was no agony, instead he could feel the bones knitting themselves back together, forming digitigrade legs. In shock he stood, stumbling slightly as he tried to keep his balance and finding he had to rely on the tail for help.

“Oh god, what's happening, Nigel what the fuck have you done?”

Those scales were spreading all over his body now, he was naked from the waist down thanks to his new hips and butt, so he could see the white coloured rash spreading up his skin, sealing it beneath shiny snake like scales. He could feel them, spreading up his back but when they reached his stomach something else seem to happen. His skin stiffened, turning tough, yellow and oddly ridged, like the underbelly of some sort of reptile.

That same instinct was forming again, the need to push but this time it was coming from his back. Ryan fought it; enough was enough he refused to let whatever weird fetisly potion Nigel had made take over his body.

“I won't! I w-won't...oh fuuuuuuck I can't help it!!”

His thrust out his chest, his back muscles constricting as two new growths formed them. Or should he say four; for as the growths on his back began to form, two other mounds were appearing on his chest. Soon he was pumping, back arching back and forth as he alternated thrusting his chest and back forward. The air rushed from his lungs and he was helpless to stop himself as two huge, heavy tits began to grow on his chest. He found himself on all

fours, shirt ripping to tatters as two huge, scally wings burst forth from his back, allowing him to look down and see his new boobs in detail.

They were large, far larger than any woman's he had seen and bright, shiny yellow to match his new skin and scales. He saw them and arousal swirled inside him; he hated it, he didn't want to be turned on by this! He didn't want to feel his cock turning hard or his balls tightening and shrinking until-hang on, shrinking?

He hung his head, looking down at his cock on all fours and to his horror, saw that indeed it was growing smaller and smaller by the second. His mind suddenly made the connection, the wide hips, the peachy ass, the huge breasts...

"N-no, not that! Plea-aaaaah!"

His cock disappeared, melting into his new scaly groin before it opened up into a beautiful, womanly flower. Oh fuck, he had a pussy and he could feel it, wet, sensitive...throbbing. The pleasure and pain of the change was making him lightheaded. He wanted it to stop but he *needed* it to continue.

How whole body writhed; feet bursting out of his shoes, nails turning to talons, he could even feel his teeth getting sharper. His mouth hung open, panting for breath and groaning as it grew longer. His nose melted into a snout that shot hot breath as his nostrils flared.

"M-my head! Ugh, not again, I can't push again..."

But he did, he thrust his head back and forth, waving it side to side like a horse as two thick, boney horns grew out of his head and delicately curved above it. His skin was itching, stretching as he grew bigger before hardening with a coat of white scales. He expected the spread to continue only for it to mysteriously stop when it reached his skull. For a second he breathed a sigh of relief, perhaps this awful process was finally over and he could deal with the lingering, shameful horniness it bought. But he was wrong.

"Ahhhh...ahhhhh h-hisssss." His tongue turned thin and forked, poking between his sharp teeth.

He could feel something moving inside him, below the skin, it almost felt like something was flowing in his veins, even in his eyes. He watched as the world took on a strange blue tint, eyes seeming to become crisper as his vision focused. Just in time for something black to flop down into his vision. A tingling sensation was coming from his skull and at first he

thought perhaps the scales were spreading there. More black joined and Ryan realised with a shock that it was hair. Long and flowing, cascading down his shoulders like a river.

He dug his taloned hands into his skull, wincing slightly at their sharpness before marvelling at the silky texture his hair now had.

“What on Earth?” He gasped, confused to hear a strange, almost reverb effect added to his voice. It sounded almost...mechanical? Not to mention very, very female.

The shock of everything finally wore off and he clambered to his feet awkwardly. He was much taller now, he had to be close to seven foot tall in fact. That along with the great wingspan and tail made moving around in the cramped dorm room very difficult. Somehow, he managed to manoeuvre himself to the bathroom, squeezing his wings in close to his body in order to duck and fit through the door frame.

The mirror showed the most amazing creature staring back at him, it took his breath away and made confusion run rampant. That...creature, it couldn't be him surely? The woman in the mirror was voluptuous, huge wide hips with a heavy ass and the breasts to match; yet she was covered in white scales that matched her yellow and orange underbelly. Her eyes were the most vibrant hue of neon blue and the whites of her eyes were ironically just the opposite; sleek, midnight black. Her head was reptilian, complete with horns and together with the tail and wings Ryan realised what he was looking at. A dragon, a humanoid, beautiful dragon. Or was it dragoness? He had to admit, he wasn't quite up to date on the gendered words for mythical creatures.

“I'll kill him,” Ryan hissed, “I'll kill Nigel for this, what the fuck sort of stuff is he into!? I'll use these claws to scratch that handsome face with ribbons! That handsome...pale face.”

He shook his head in confusion. He didn't think Nigel was handsome! Well, now that he was thinking about it he did have a sort of niche appeal. His cheekbones were sort of nice and sharp and his smaller build made him look a little more approachable. Ryan bit down on his lip in confusion. What the hell was wrong with him, he was getting turned on thinking about Nigel of all people?

His new dragon pussy was turning from damp to wet no matter how hard he tried to stop it. His tail lashed in irritation, knocking over items along with his wings as he tried to pace in the confined space. Stupid Nigel and his stupid sexy body making him flustered! He couldn't blush, not with these scales but he could feel the heat building beneath them. It couldn't escape so instead it seemed to focus inward, making his new womb ache. He felt empty and wrong, like something was missing.

Then, a click. The sound of a key in a lock and he turned just in time to see Nigel open the door. He was his usual self; crisp button up shirt, sensible trousers and a tie over pale skin and mousy brown hair. His grey eyes were hidden behind the thick lenses of his black frame glasses and yet; Ryan felt a quiver go through him. Never in his life had he been so turned on by the mere presence of another person.

His nostrils flared and tasted the masculine scent in the air and breathing it in deeply. It was like a drug, making his mind slightly foggy and his knees weak. Without thinking his wings spread and Ryan puffed out his chest; to his humiliation he realised he was preening. Like a damn peacock trying to attract a mate. Nigel's eyes went wide.

"Wha-Who...? Oh no, Ryan?!"

"Yes!" He hissed, trying very hard to be angry.

"Why did you go into my desk?" Nigel yelled, Ryan had never heard the man speak above a reedy whisper before now and it sent a shiver through him.

It felt...wrong, seeing Nigel unhappy. It made him feel oddly guilty even though he was the one who'd been turned into a freak by this hot nerd's experiments.

"I was looking for...notes. To help me with assignments." He muttered, stepping forward. "I thought it would make me smarter but instead it's just making me...hornier. Literally."

He tapped one of his talons to his head, scraping it along his horn.

"Which one did you drink?" Nigel asked seriously, "Not the orange one right, that one wasn't finished yet!"

"...oops."

"Fuck."

Ryan shivered again, that word put such ideas in his pretty little head. Nigel walked past and Ryan watched as his eyes looked him up and down, lingering on his breasts. He felt an odd sense of pride, seeing the arousal they sparked in him and his nipples went stiff in response.

"M-Maybe you should put some clothes on." Nigel said, looking away and fiddling with his glasses. "That uh, solution contained an aphrodisiac, so...yeah."

“Oh, is that why I think you’re so hot all of a sudden?” The words escaped before he could stop them and Ryan felt more heat gather behind his scales.

He was mortified; the last thing he wanted to admit was that he found Nigel sexy, not even to himself. Still, the idea of putting on clothes, confining his aching pussy or covering up his supple breasts...no, that didn't sound nice at all.

“Why would you even make something like this?” He asked, following to lean over Nigel’s shoulder as he looked over his notes, “How did you make something like this?”

“It’s part genetic alteration, part nanotechnology.” Nigel explained, seemingly happy to have something else to focus on that wasn’t Ryan looming over him. “So essentially you are part cybernetic, the nanobots help stimulate physical growth and introduce the splice genomes into your system-”

Ryan stopped listening to Nigel’s words and instead focused on his voice. There was something sensual about it, the cadence seemed to carry in an odd way that mesmerised him, paired with the weakness in his knees from earlier Ryan found himself leaning forward slightly without even realising.

“See, personality plays a part as well, greedy people are probably more affected since the dragon’s hoarding nature-uh...Ryan?”

“Mmmm?”

“You’re ah, y-your breasts are right on my back.”

So they were, he hadn’t even realise he was pressing his new feminine draconic form up against the man until he pointed it out. He could feel the heat of his skin through his shirt and it made Ryan’s pussy clench. No! He didn’t want Nigel, he didn't want any man! He just...he was just so horny right now it was hard to think straight. He tried to distract himself.

“Nanobots right, ummmm, why did you say you made them again? Why would anybody need a potion that turned them into a nanotech dragon girl?”

“Well,” Nigel blushed, “I was going to give it to my girlfriend, once it was finished of course!”

“You have a girlfriend?” Ryan gaped, he was equal parts shocked and jealous. Who was this woman? This harlot who threatened to steal his Nigel from him.



His Nigel? What the fuck why was he even thinking like that. Oh Gods. He couldn't help himself, he pressed his body up against Nigel's back again. Some primal part of his new lizard brain was taking him over, the jealousy it called him to claim what was his.

"Whaaaaaaat are you doing?" Nigel said in a high pitched voice as Ryan's arms came round to encircle him.

"I don't know." He moaned, "I can't stop."

His tail coiled around the man's legs and he felt a shiver go down Nigel's spine. He could feel the man's heart beating in his chest and Ryan couldn't help but press himself against him harder, enjoying the way his nipples tingled thanks to the pressure.

"F-fuuuuck I want you." Ryan moaned helplessly, taloned hands gently slicing down Nigel's shirt to remove it before grabbing at his hips, "Want you so badly."

"It's the n-nanotech, it's reacting with your personality, dragons are naturally greedy and well, no offence you're sort of a greedy asshole so now you-OOoohh, w-what are you doing with your tail?"

As if it had a mind of its own the tail was pressing against the front of Nigel's pants, feeling the half hard cock there.

"You want me." Ryan crooned, feeling so happy that Nigel found him attractive. The dragon part of him wanted to please Nigel so badly.

"I-I made the formula turn you into my dream dragon girl it's only...o-only...oh fuck..."

Ryan sliced away Nigel's pants, pressing his warm pussy against the man's bare ass and groaning as the tip of his tail coiled around the man's cock.

"I can't help myself!" He wailed as his tail began to pump Nigel's dick, "Oh god, I'm so horny I-I feel so empty NNNnnghhhh!"

He began to thrust his mound against Nigel's back, feeling his new clit squeeze between his soaking wet folds as he continued to jerk the man off with his tail. His length felt so solid and good there, gripped in his new appendage.

"Ryan you have to...stop...gah! Oh, Oh fuck that's so hot to look at fuck!" Nigel groaned and Ryan drank in every word, his voice was so sexy.

He could feel Nigel's balls starting to quiver and tighten as he got closer and that only spurred him forwards. He was so ashamed, so humiliated by his own behaviour but his new, horny dragon instincts wouldn't allow him to stop. Nigel was now leaning into his embrace, letting the dragon's tail jack him off harder and harder until.

"O-Oh fuuuuuuuck-!"

Nigel's cock began to spurt wave after wave of hot seed onto the desk, soaking his notes, likely ruining them but Ryan didn't care. He just roared with approval; Nigel's pleasure was almost his own and his hole burned, almost cumming himself.

He uncoiled his tail gently, using the tip to stroke Nigel's length up and down to ensure it did not soften. He was so horny he couldn't stand it, that empty feeling inside his pussy was unbearable and there was something else, some new dragon instinct that he felt compelled to follow.

"Okay, that was...really good." Nigel gasped, "But you should probably stop now before things get out of hand..."

"No, please." Ryan whinged, hugging him close, "There's something I need. I-I don't know what but fuck I need it so bad, your cock for one but there is something else."

Nigel blushed, turning to face him and getting a face full of Ryan's tits. Ryan could feel his hot breath on the sensitive skin on his breasts and underbelly and it made his whole body shiver.

"I think I know what it is." Nigel said slowly, running his fingers up and down Ryan's clavicle.

It felt incredible, he couldn't help but arch his throat to allow Nigel to scratch the soft, sensitive skin under there. His fingers were so good, he wanted them in his pussy so badly.

"You're a dragoness now." Nigel said slowly, "You want to be ridden."

Oh. Oh yes, that was it, he wanted Nigel to ride him so bad. Fuck. Without thinking he turned, Nigel barely had time to dodge the wings. He positioned himself on all fours, legs spread, wet hole presented to Nigel in desperation.

"Ride me." He begged, "Fuck I just need it so badly."

"Are you sure?" Nigel said in a husky voice, gently patting Ryan's tail causing him to preen more.

He tried to say no, he tried to fight this part of him that asked to be broken in, to be domesticated and dominated but he couldn't.

“Please. I need you to fuck me and ride me.”

Nigel needed no more encouragement and to Ryan's delight he felt the man position himself behind him. His hands stroked the length of his scaled body, running along the line of ridges that now grew from his spine until they reached his horns. Gruffly he yanked them back and Ryan gasped, his throat was exposed, Nigel's grip on his horns tight.

Thanks to his increased height, in order for Nigel to keep his grip he had to lean over his body and that meant his cock was pressed right against Ryan's hole. He moaned, feeling it enter him. His new dragon pussy was so tight and wet he couldn't stand it. As soon as they were flush together his jaw opened and a sound that was a mix between a wail and a roar escaped.

Using his grip of Ryan's horns to anchor himself Nigel began to thrust, riding Ryan hard and fast. Ryan could only moan, his pussy quivering and pulsing with each and every push. His new G-spot was burning with stimulation as Nigel hit it again and again and in response his whole body began to undulate.

“Ngh! Ah...ahh! Ahh! Ahhhhh!”

He felt something shifting inside his brain, a sense of belonging. That emptiness within him, body and mind, was now filled with Nigel. His new rider, his master. Oh, it gave him such pleasure to be ridden like this and the fact that it gave Nigel pleasure as well was icing on the cake.

With every thrust Ryan felt a new sort of mental programming taking place. Making him Nigel's, he would never stray, never let any other man ride him. He would live to give this man pleasure, to have him cum inside him and bear his eggs. The thought made him shudder; how would it feel to have his belly swell with a dragon egg? What would it feel like to bare down and push it out his tight pussy? He wanted to find out, he wanted that so very badly. Almost as badly as he wanted to cum right now.

Nigel's grip on his horns increased and he started to grunt. Ryan bent his back inwards, thrusting his ass to the sky and allowing Nigel's Cock to push as deep as it could inside him. He felt a pressure building, one of pleasure that just kept rising until it was no longer tenable.

“Oh god, Oh fuck I’m going to cum.” He quivered, “Oh fuck, this is so hot I can't stop, I’m...I’m...AAAAAAAAHHHHH!”

It was the stronger orgasm he’d ever experienced, ecstasy filled every pore in his body and his jaw hung open as his eyes rolled back into his head. Nigel kept riding him and Ryan’s world narrowed to the feeling of his pussy pulsing and Nigel’s hands still gripping his horns. He would have collapsed forward onto the floor were it not for the instinctual need to allow his rider to finish as well.

A moment later he felt it, something wet filling his womb and causing his body to shudder in another, smaller orgasm.

‘Nnnnhg yes!!’ He gasped before finally letting his body still as Nigel pulled out.

No semen dripped from his hole, his body was absorbing it all. His new dragon brooding instincts taking hold.

“C-crap I can't believe we just did that.” Nigel breathed, taking a few steps back as Ryan rolled over onto his back to face him. “My girlfriend, fuck.”

Ryan just growled.

“You don't need her, you have me.” He rumbled, a purr like sound echoing in the back of his throat. “That felt so good Nigel, we should do it again.”

“I don't know...”

“Come on,” Ryan cooed, tail already coiling round Nigel’s leg, “I’m sure when this wears off I’ll be mortified but for now we may as well have some fun.”

“T-that’s the thing.” Nigel laughed nervously, “The more we indulge your ‘draconic’ instincts, “The longer this’ll last.”

“Oh.”

Ryan paused; he knew he wanted to change back but...he also wanted Nigel. He tried to tell himself it was just this potion and that if he could just control himself for a few hours, all this would go away. Then his pussy pulsed, it wanted more attention, as did his tits that were yet to be touched by those soft, wonderful fingers. One more round, he decided, continuing to curl his tail around Nigel who looked as though he were fighting a similar mental battle against his own temptation.

One more round, maybe two, or three. Yes, then he'd be able to stop, he was sure of it. Though even as he pulled Nigel to him once more Ryan had to admit, spending his days as the man's dragoness girlfriend didn't seem like that bad of a fate.